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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF
WARREN CHASE.

CHAPTER III.

At the foot of the Jenness Hill was the farm of Moses Norris and his son Bracket, who, with their wives and two maiden sisters of Bracket, then near fifty years of age, comprised the entire family. The elder of the sisters had been troubled from her earliest womanhood with epileptic fits which had utterly ruined her for all purposes of usefulness, and which might, probably, have been cured in the earliest stages, but never after. This and the fleshy, aged and feeble condition of the mother had rendered the life of the other sister a necessity at home, and deprived her of all advantages of social and sexual growth, and the comforts of the otherwise pleasant home. Bracket had just married the house-keeper of the Jenness farm, and her short acquaintance with Warren soon secured for him this new home for the remainder of his boyhood, and there, with winter schools and summer work, he spent the four years for a similar compensation to that promised by David in the bond. This was to him a pleasant home, with the best of care and kindness, and, as it was here that he took on the principles and character for his future and active life, I must be excused for giving the true character of the family, which is partly a historic one without this narrative. The father and mother were of the mental and physically strong, honest, enduring character of the old New England stock, and gave great vigor to their children. The first born were twin sisters, of which one was the epileptic, and the other died after suffering many years with the same malady taken at the same time, viz., when girlhood changed to womanhood sexually. After them was the other girl and three boys, the younger of which was Moses Norris, Jr., who was three times elected to the U. S. Senate by his State, and died at Washington. Bracket, who remained at home subject to severe fits of phthisis, was like his father and brothers, honest, steady, and of no religious creed, yet free from bad habits of swearing, etc.; but, by advice of physicians, took up smoking, and from him our boy acquired this pernicious habit which stuck to him about fifteen years, greatly to his injury, as it is to all young men.

This being his age of receptivity, and having the ardent and ambitious nature of his natural ancestors; he partook largely of the models about him, especially of the young Moses, who returned from college, studied law, and furnished the boy books and advice gratis. The stern old political principles of democracy of the Jackson school were easily and readily received for his political creed. Perfect freedom in religion, with no creed, equally easily satisfied his conscience on that subject, because he found this family honest, upright, kind and charitable, and that secured to him and them all the religion needed for this life, and any other if other there should prove to be. As stated, smoking was the only bad habit acquired, swearing, lying and cheating were all ignored at this house, where honesty was considered best policy.

With no children's society, and never a kiss from a female, although with the best of care and kindness, his social nature was still struggling in the cold, icy embrace of the stern formalities of social life without the inspiring element of love, which is "to the human heart what sunshine is to flowers." The paternal character found opportunity for growth, but the maternal element of love, with which his young soul was full to overflowing, was still stifled under the cover of social respectability. Only a few slight and unimportant incidents in the six years of this life were given it to ever catch a transient glance at the sunny side of social life, for which his whole soul burned with youthful and ardent intensity. The years wore slowly away, and each one made a new and permanent stratum from the school-house in his growth of mental development, as piling rocks and other farm work did to his physical strength and familiarity with labor, while the germs of social life and development were left uncultivated and waiting the later impulsive action, which would be almost sure to plunge him, as it does its thousands annually, into relations for which he was not prepared to extract happiness, for lack of that proper training and education which is still so almost universally withheld from the young, to be regretted by the old.

When this term of service expired, he repaired to the

Academy at Gilmanton Corners, a good school, but sadly afflicted with the religious *dip theory*; but as no offers were made to dip him, he was not troubled with religion, but on the other hand got hold of "Volney's Ruins" and some other liberal books, that opened his eyes rapidly to the "wonderful scheme of salvation," by which priests obtained an easy and luxurious living, with little or no return to society—priests who had not yet proved they had saved a single soul, nor even proved there were any souls to lose or save beyond this life. As his knowledge and education extended, he became confirmed in infidelity to all Christian creeds, while yet his religious nature was strong and omnipotent over his life to lead him into honesty, integrity, morality and virtue, but not to prayer or praises of God. In this reading he was largely indebted to a fellow student, J. L. Folsom, whose later life, after a West Point education, closed in the army in California and in wealth. From this school our boy-man returned to Pittsfield and to the new Academy, then under the tuition of J. F. Joy, now the great railroad king of Detroit. While at this school and after, when clerking, he boarded in the family of the younger Moses, who had married and opened a law office in the village. In this family were the young wife and babe, and the lovely and loving sister of the wife. The two sisters were orphans, with a little means left after their good education was completed; but they had been brought up in the best society in refinement, though not luxury, and left alone in the world as both parents went to spirit life.

Here and now began the development of the social element in his life. He saw the life of the married pair apparently under the blessing and fragrance of affection. For the first time he thought he saw how happily the mingled lives of lovers might blend and run into each other, and a new light began to dawn on his lonely and saddened life; and yet he saw no chance for any such life to become his, for at least a long time to come. How could he and the sister live in such family and witness such happiness, and not begin to feel the first turn in their own hearts? They did not keep the flame down, for it soon began to warm each, and turn each to the other with the purest and most sacred love. How could he, a brother brotherless, a lover penniless, a child parentless, born without the right to be born, and in such way that he could neither earn nor inherit it, afford to love or be loved? Marry he could not, at least in that town. Love he must not, and to be loved he could not endure without that reciprocity which his nature could enjoy so keenly, but which in his ignorance of the law of love and the true relations of the sexes, he was illy fitted to enjoy even with the most favorable conditions. Like the seeds which had lain in the ground all winter waiting for spring, his love-nature sprang up at the first touch of tender affection, and shooting forth in the first warm rays of a love-life was only born to be nipped by the later frosts that came to check the premature development of the youthful passions. Notwithstanding some few playful fragments of boyish shyness and natural rudeness among the school girls, incident to all boys' lives in schools, spelling schools and parties, yet this was his first real taste of love in which the heart yearned for its native elements, and felt the loneliness of its situation, but it could not drink at this fountain; it must not yield to this delightful dream of happiness; that was not for him, and he soon formed his resolve, and prepared to carry it out as soon as he could earn a sum sufficient to transport him to a distant part of the country; and it was not long before the parting in the short hours of the lingering night—the last earthly parting with Mary—was consummated, and the stage bore him away to Albany, and the boats on canal and lake to Michigan. Here he only stopped for want of money to go further, as he still feared the home-sick, lingering heart would get him back before he could stifle its love; and it probably would, had not sickness seized him before he had earned money enough to get back to his native town, even though his judgment told him he must avoid the locality which could not recognize his right to be born, nor grant him respectability without it. True, he had been assistant post-master, and clerk in the store of Mr. Norris, and also in sport made tithing man (an obsolete office) in the town before he left it; but the more he was known the more the inquiry and contempt of narrow minds of his origin, and his sensitive nature could not endure this, although the Norrises and some others would ever respect and defend him against any imputation for what was not his fault. She waited, but there was no prospect of his return, and not long after it was

certain he would not return, she was united in marriage to another Warren, but did not stay many years in the body, and was not long in finding the object of her love after her separation from her body, often making her presence and love known to him from her new condition of life. It was twenty years before he returned to his native town, and then he first made himself known in the town hall to a crowded audience, assembled to listen to a speech from their United States Senator Clark, and which he addressed at the close of Mr. Clark's speech. Not one of the members of the old homestead was left alive. Bracket's wife died first in child-bed, and soon after followed each of the other five, the father lingering till the last. But Bracket did not go till he had married a second wife, and left her and two children, who occupied the home and welcomed the western stranger back to the very room in which he had soundly slept many a night.

(To be continued.)

RESPECTABLE JOURNALS.

SIoux CITY, Iowa, March 9, 1875.

Dear Weekly—What is the status of the Chicago Times? Is it not most eminently "respectable," ranking with the first-class of our "immaculate press"—a newspaper that carries a weight of responsibility in its popular columns; and was it not one of those that, in the time of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S publication of the Beecher scandal, howled forth anathema and encouraged Comstock & Co. on the scent for obscene literature?

What are we to think of the Chicago Times now, since its quadruple sheet issue of Sunday, March 7? I call the attention of the Y. M. C. A. to the fifteenth page, and to the column under the flaming head-lines of "Saturnalia of Vice—A Fourth Avenue Palace of Sin becomes the very Vestibule of Hell—Wild Orgies, Surpassing in Indecency the Worst Recorded in History—Men and Women, in a State of Nudity, Revel in the Mazy Waltz—And Perpetrate Indecencies Shocking Beyond Characterization—What will the Police Authorities do about it?"

And after those most "attractive and catching" head-lines follows a vivid description of the time, place and scene minus names and particular locality, which I do not hesitate to characterize as the most disgusting, the most indecent, the most utterly obscene and absolutely filthy matter I've ever seen dished up by any of our "respectable" newspapers to suit the taste and tickle the fancy of a low, vulgar, prurient public.

If the simple, shocking fact had been simply told, and the names of the low-lived men given, also the house pointed out to the public, I should have judged the Times might have some "interest in public morals." But as the matter stands, dressed up in all the florid verbiage of a sensational penny-a-liner, and decorated with flaring head-lines, while the names of those "eight gentlemen" and the locality of the house they visited are kept a profound secret, I pass the judgment that the "interests of morality" had as much to do with that publication as the man in the moon, and that the whole thing was gotten up (if, indeed, not manufactured out of whole-cloth) to cater to a prurient taste, and that it went into that paper at the sanction of a prurient taste which attempts to gloss its prurieny over with a show of virtuous indignation.

What a tender compassion is manifested for those "eight gentlemen" in the suppression of their names! And what a comment on the influence of social rulings! Eight men, according to the Chicago Sunday Times—"three of the best known commercial travelers that 'do' Chicago every two months for leading mercantile houses in the cities of Phila. and N. Y.; a fourth, a prominent official connected with one of those bugbears of the granger mind—a through freight line; the other quartette were of the 'bloods' of this city well known on the Board of Trade, at the opera, and two of them members of one of the swell musical societies of the city." I have quoted from the sweet (?) columns of the Chicago Sunday Times. They were eight such respectable representatives of our healthy modern society, who started out "on a little lark," as the best of men will sometimes, you know; and the details of the "fun" they indulged in are served up with *sauce piquant* in the Times.

In the "interests of morality," purely and simply, the Times could have made mention of the filthy affair under a heading of *obscenity* in ten lines. But in the interests of a

Ms. Journal

perverted public taste for pure nastiness, that "responsible" sheet has used up a column and a half of its "valuable" space. If ever an indecent emanation from the press needed a sleuth-hound from the ranks of the Y. M. C. A. to hunt it down, it is that foulness without palliation that issues from the *Chicago Sunday Times* of March 7.

What of the essence of nastiness is there the "respectable" press of this country will hesitate to foul its columns with? Nothing; while it hesitates "in the interests of morality" to publish to the world the names of "revered" sinners. But let Victoria Woodhull attempt, in the line of principle, to open the social sores and show the world a shining clerical example of our delectable system; let her point out the hidden foulness of society and teach the world a lesson in pure sexual morality, and such immaculate journals as the *Chicago Times* cannot find words wherewith to characterize her crime against decency!

Supposing those "eight gentlemen" had been instead "eight ladies," how scrupulous would the *Times* have been about giving their names? O, but women haven't social *carte blanche* to "go on larks."

How many of those "gentlemen" left wives at home to become debauched, diseased and hopelessly corrupted by their filthy embrace after their return from that little lark in Chicago?

How many of them are paying their highly-flavored addresses to "pure and innocent" girls, and who think they have a right to demand only such to share their marital immaculateness; and who would go straight to a meeting of that "swell musical society" of Chicago, and infect the women present with the bawdy-house contagion contracted the night before on that "little lark?"

I almost dread to come into the presence of men of the world, so many of them are steeped neck-deep in the horrible debaucheries, such as the *Chicago Sunday Times* depicts with such a smack of carnal gusto. A woman cannot live in an atmosphere poisoned by the emanations of such men, exhaling disease and patent medicines with every breath, without becoming spotted all over like a plague.

Queen Victoria's court is a model of purity, for no suspected woman ever gains admittance there. But a licentious prince or duke can contaminate his wife with his own foulness, and still come into that "virtuous court" of St. James followed by all the debauched horde of lords and gentlemen that pattern after his vices! Virtue is good, but I protest it needs to be comprehended before it is assumed.

What a sham is society! And the *Chicago Sunday Times* nothing but a false-jointed old *roue* in the garb of maiden innocence.

HELEN NASH.

THE PLUM STORY.

FYTHE THE FIRST.

In the garden of Eden we're told
There flourished a beautiful tree;
With apples of silver and gold,
Most fair and delightful to see.
But all were forbidden to taste
The fruit that so temptingly hung;
And the same now is surely the case
With us—save the apple's a plum!

One Dory, he picked off the same,
A long-legged, innocent chap;
Intending to eat it in school
When the master was taking his nap.
But alas! when he opened his bag,
He found that his treasure was gone;
So he put both his paws in his eyes,
And made a most terrible moan.

Then Libby, to comfort him, said
One Harry had taken his plum—
A boy who could stand on his head
And beat a most thundering drum.
A regular master and more,
He domineered over the rest;
Poor Dory glanced at him, and thought
That patience with him would be best.

So it would, in the long run, perhaps;
But Dory could not be content
To see Harry go bustling round
And smacking his chops as he went.
So he plucked up his courage, and swore
That Harry had stolen his plum;
And the boys and the girls gathered round
To have a good look at the fun.

But Harry, with anger, declared
That Dory had told a big lie,
And called upon six of his pals
The difficult question to try:
So they coaxed little Libby at first,
To deny the plum story she'd told,
Then asserted "that Dory had eat it,
And Harry was honest as gold."

This passed very well for a time,
Till the boys and the girls came to see
That Harry had picked all the lads
Who so kindly had let him go free.
Then whispers began to be heard,
"If Dory had chosen the six,
That a different tale might be told,
And Harry would be in a fix."

So the school all got up in a huff,
And declared that the master should say
If Harry had stole Dory's plum,
As far the more sensible way.
So they called them before the great judge,
Though Dory averred all along,
If Harry would prove him a liar
He'd not put a price on his wrong.

But Harry, he twisted and wriggled,
'Twas plain that he wished it to drop;
So Dory went in for his penny,
And swore that the game should not stop.

Then off they all went to the master,
And asked him if he would preside;
So he called all the lads in the schoolroom,
And ordered the lasses outside.

Then golden-haired Dory, the beauty,
Got up and asserted that he
To school brought a plum in his satchel
Most fair and most pretty to see.
But at noon, when he looked for his treasure,
He sought for it oft and in vain;
And Libby, she told him that Harry
At prayer-time had eaten the same.

Then Franky stepped forward, declaring
That Harry to him had oft said
That the plum he had cribbed was delicious,
And juicy, and luscious, and red.
Then a girl was called up to approve it,
That Harry had stolen the swag,
And had moaned o'er the sin he committed
In taking it out of the bag.

Then up got another boy, swearing
He marked Harry's hand in the trap;
'Twas painful to hear him defining
So plainly—a sister's mishap.
And "Katy" asserted most boldly
That she saw the plum in his hand;
That he looked on it loving and gracious,
In a "fatherly" manner most grand.

But Harry, the rogue, was undaunted,
He would not the battle decline;
So he called up his comrades and bravoes,
Intending to take Dory's time.
They declared with one voice that said Dory
Was a lad full of evil and guile;
That he'd stolen plums by the dozen,
And all of his doings were vile.

They said, in Connecticut Valley,
They'd seen him an orchard to rob;
And called up a witness to prove that
He'd caught him outright in the job.
Dick Teamster then followed, instanter,
Declaring, by hook and by crook,
He saw Vicky and long-legged Dory
A paddling about in the brook.

Then, having exhausted the white folk,
He called up the blacks to his aid,
Who swore they saw shadows and scarecrows
Where Vicky and Dory had staid.
With lying, and dreaming, and guessing
They filled up the rest of the day;
While the boys and the girls of the village
Were waiting to see out the play.

So matters go on for the present,
And Harry, the villain, stands back;
While Susan, and Libbie of Jersey,
Are elbowed right off of the track.
But the birds of the forest sing clearly
That truth will come out after all;
That justice will triumph with Dory,
And Harry, the knave, get a fall.

MORAL.

[Addressed to the women of the United States.]

With Dory and with Harry this trial was begun;
But you, if you are wise, will ne'er forget the plum.

"THE UNITED LABOR VANGUARD."

A SECRET ORDER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THOSE WHO TOIL.

This Order was founded on the 13th day of January, 1874, and is secret only so far as its mystic forms and membership is concerned; the objects and aims of the Order are published to the world.

Employers of labor have of late, so persecuted those known to be engaged in Trade Union and other labor movements, by cutting them off from employment, that secrecy has become a necessity.

It consists of National, State and municipal departments, and is founded upon the representative system; is beneficial and protective as well as political in its character, and proposes to act only when its numerical strength warrants success.

In order to purify and make attractive its local gatherings, provision is made, whereby our wives, sisters and daughters are admitted to membership; thus guaranteeing the moral superiority of the Order over all others where the sexes are separated.

The Order recognizes the existence of two basic evils, namely, unjust and fraudulent legislation, and the impossibility of those who live by labor of finding employment sufficient to render life a blessing. And therefore propose the following platform:

1. The Referendum, or the enactment of a law, whereby all official acts shall be referred back to the people for ratification or rejection. This will compel honest legislation, as none will dare violate their trust when the people have to pass judgment upon their official acts.

Under this law, oppressive legislation, bogus eight-hour laws and unjust conspiracy-laws will be known no more for ever. Our legislators will cease to be public masters, and from necessity will be compelled to be honest public servants.

2d. The Nationalization of Labor—in other words, whenever private capital fails to furnish employment or fails to pay sufficient to procure the necessaries and comforts of life, or in any manner endeavors to degrade the worker—we can, through the State and National Governments, institute the various branches of industry, and employ ourselves upon equitable terms; and, by dispensing the products at cost, can compel our would-be masters to become useful citizens, instead of speculators in the sweat and blood of their fellows.

This nationalization of labor, with compulsory honesty in legislation, will settle the labor question. As all will be compelled to labor in order to live, labor will be dignified, and

in order that all may have an equal opportunity, the labor day will be reduced to its minimum.

To entreat is useless, to protest is folly; neither strikes for wages, petty co-operation, increased taxation nor co-operative purchasing will guarantee employment or make legislation honest. Nothing short of united action with a view to wrenching the political power from the hands of capital and the placing of government upon a labor basis, will suffice to remedy the giant evils that now afflict the industrious classes.

We cannot longer afford to suffer and starve to satisfy the greed of private capital. By our labor we must live, and that labor must be guaranteed.

Nine persons are required to organize a Branch Section of the U. L. V. Charter fee \$10.00, one-half to accompany the application. Deputies will be appointed in all places where no Branch of the order exists, and all friends of human progress willing to aid in extending the order, will address

JOHN T. ELLIOTT, W. N. Sec.,
236 East 28th street, New York City.

LEANDER THOMPSON, W. N. Pres.

A DANGEROUS ISM.

A good story is told of a certain very zealous divine—a man bound up, heart and soul, in the work of the Master—who had noticed the absence for several Sabbaths from stated worship of one of his oldest and wealthiest parishioners. It hurt him. He wondered why it could be. Meeting a mutual friend on the street one day, he asked why Mr. C— did not attend church as usual.

"You haven't called upon him?" said the friend.

"No. It might seem officious. You know Mr. C— is a peculiar man and he might take offense. But, really, I should like to know why he does not come to meeting."

"Well, parson, I'm afraid he is influenced in this by one of the prevailing isms of the day."

The good clergyman was horrified. Very shortly after he met Mr. C—'s black servant, a genial, though pious darkey, and a constant attendant at church, to whom he straightway said:

"Cato, can you tell me why your master absents himself from divine service?"

"Well, parson, de fac am, mas'r's in a bery bad way."

"Is it possible, Cato, that your master has allowed one of the alarming isms of these degenerate times to seize him?"

"I'se 'feared he has, sar."

"I have been long fearful," said the clergyman, with a sad shake of the head, "that his deep and constant study of abstruse subjects would, sooner or later, lead him astray. For what dark ism has he thrown aside the blessed privilege of the preached Word? Is it spiritualism?"

"No, sar; it's wus'n dat," answered the darkey, mournfully.

"He has, I know, been fond of old mythology, and of the vapid speculations of later philosophers. Perhaps he is verging upon pantheism?"

"Ah, wusser'n dat, sar."

"What! Worse than that? Surely he cannot have come under the influence of atheism?"

"Wusser still, sar," muttered the darkey, most lugubriously.

"In mercy's name, Cato, what can it be?"

"Why, sar, it am de berry wus kind of rheumatism!"

(From the *Ionia, Mich., Sentinel, Feb. 19, 1875.*)

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

Union Hall was filled on Wednesday evening, to hear and see Victoria C. Woodhull. "The Destiny of the Republic" is the title under which Mrs. Woodhull attacks the institution of marriage, and this she does in such a manner, that the audience listens to an undisputed ground-work of facts, dressed in brilliant language. There is little doubt that she has been largely misrepresented in her character and life, and that she honestly believes and maintains her position in regard to social questions. In pointing to the imperfections, miseries and crimes of life in so-called Christian countries, she does not over-state the truth. In declaiming upon the terrible condition of women in the marriage relation, facts sustain her only too often.

She used perfectly plain language in discussing the delicate but important themes connected with the marriage relation, and no one could listen to her without being convinced of the great importance of more general information on these matters, and a stricter adherence to natural laws in all that relates to reproduction.

She defended her free-love ideas from the charge of immorality, claiming that the law of love sanctified the intimate relations of the sexes, and it was the only law that could. She insisted that it is woman's right to own herself and be free from the impulsive imposition too often forced upon her under cover of a marriage which subjects her like a slave to the passions of any sort of a brute she may have been bound to by the law, in mockery of true marriage.

There is very much in her lectures to challenge thoughtful attention, and she is capable of doing much good by her agitation of topics which are treated with too much prudishness by public teachers, and yet which involve more than any other—the moral and physical welfare of the race.

MRS. WOODHULL IN THE WEST.

[From the *Genesee Democrat, Flint, Mich., Feb. 27, 1875.*]

VICTORIA WOODHULL AT FENTON HALL.—Monday evening this lady lectured at Fenton Hall to a large audience of ladies and gentlemen on the "Destiny of the Republic." The disagreeable state of the weather no doubt prevented many from attending, nevertheless the wide-spread fame of the speaker was sufficient to draw an almost crowded house. The lecture lasted two hours and was listened to attentively, interrupted at times only by applause from her listeners. She is an out-and-out woman suffragist, in the broadest and fullest sense of the words, stopping at nothing short of absolute and complete freedom of life, person and property. She is a rapid and eloquent speaker, in downright earnest in

all she says, and says it in the plainest and most comprehensive manner. Her sentiments of course have their supporters and opposers; but it matters little to her what any one thinks or says about her. She speaks her views fearlessly and without any regard for place or person, believing that she is doing that which will eventually lead to the elevation of her sex in all the duties of life which they are called to fill.

[From the Republican, Lansing, Mich., February 19, 1875.]

MRS. WOODHULL'S LECTURE.—A good audience was in attendance at the opera house last evening to listen to this eloquent woman. Mrs. Woodhull thinks the republic in a bad way; that politically it is rotten to the core, and in fact is no republic at all as long as the women are denied the right to vote, hold office and receive the same pay for the same work as men do. When this desirable point is reached, she says, the gallows and penitentiary will no longer cast their black shadows over the land; for women, enfranchised and free, will form only harmonious unions, by which a better race will be developed. Mrs. Woodhull's oratory and dramatic powers held her audience throughout and her remarks were frequently applauded.

GREENSBORO', Ind., Feb. 22 1875.

MRS. VICTORIA C. WOODHULL:

Dear Madam—Knowing you and the cause you so faithfully advocate are worthy of patronage, I, with a few others, send you our mites to enable you to keep your valuable paper afloat.

I believe in equal justice, and I think that is what you are trying to accomplish. I am sorry you have to endure so much persecution, and I am impatient for the day to come when woman will be delivered from bondage. You certainly are the woman to unfurl the banner of freedom, and show the oppressor where he stands and what ails him. I hope you may live long and good days see, and accomplish the work you have so zealously engaged in.

SUSIE FENTRESS.

A GIRL'S OPINION OF THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

Parents do not take enough pains in educating their girls. They think by sending them to a fashionable boarding-school, and giving them a fashionable education they will be enabled to get wealthy husbands, and this is all that is necessary.

It is different with their boys. They send them to some military school, where they get exercise and a healthy education, or bring them up to some profession, or mercantile or mechanical pursuit, thus rendering them independent and self-sustaining if they chance to lose their property; while girls, if a similar misfortune overtake them, are compelled to depend upon others, or resort to houses of prostitution to obtain their daily bread, shelter and clothing. Before their loss of fortune, these same girls would scarcely deign to look at servant girls, while now they would gladly do such work if they could, but they are too delicate and have neither skill nor strength, and their only resource is a life of degradation, for "Woman's inhumanity to woman makes countless millions mourn." Mothers say, "my daughters will never need to earn their living, or resort to that infamous life."

How do they know what will happen five years hence, or after they have passed on to the other life? The only way to protect them from such a life is to educate them to some profession, and not to depend upon some man or on making a good match.

ZULA WOODHULL.

BIG INVENTION.

Lloyd, the famous map man, who made all the maps for General Grant and the Union army, certificates of which he published, has just invented a way of getting a relief plate from steel so as to print Lloyd's Map of American Continent—showing from ocean to ocean—on one entire sheet of bank note paper, 40x50 inches large, on a lightning press, and colored, sized and varnished so as to stand washing, and mailing, for 30 cents, and plain for tourists 25 cents, or mounted with rollers ready for the wall, and delivered post-paid anywhere in the world, on receipt of 50 cents. This map shows the whole United States and Territories in a group, from surveys to 1875, with a million places on it, such as towns, cities, villages, mountains, lakes, rivers, streams, gold mines, railway stations, etc. This map should be in every house. Send price to the Lloyd Map Company, Philadelphia, and you will get a copy by return mail.

THAT MIRACULOUS NIGHT ATTACK.

Miss Bessie Turner testifies that Theodore Tilton entered her room, lifted her out of bed, and carried her into another room while she was asleep. A practical pater-familias, who has many daughters, instructs us that he has made good use of the above very remarkable statement. He no longer trusts to the bell to rouse his children, but marches into their dormitories and cries, "Wake up, girls, wake up! Theodore Tilton's coming!"

CANCER.—Can cancer be cured? is a question that has long been agitated. Our best medical writers have said there is no cure for it, and most physicians being mere imitators, settle down satisfied with this *ipse dixit* of the authorities, and let the patient die because of their ignorance. It is folly to say a disease is incurable, simply because physicians have failed to discover a remedy. Science is progressive, and every scientific physician should aim to perfect his knowledge. An imitative practice is like cows going to water—they follow the beaten path instead of going the direct way across.

To come to the object of this article: the writer having been afflicted for 13 years with a cancer, and having applied to a multitude of physicians who pronounced him incurable finally resorted to Dr. J. M. Comins, 143 East 26th street, New York, who applied his remedies, and in seven days the cancer dropped out without the aid of the knife or pain, saving only a common sore which healed rapidly. The

remedy is the Doctor's own discovery, which I am informed is the only one that effects a radical cure without pain.

I give these facts to the public in answer to the many questions I have been called upon to answer, and to correct erroneous statements which have been made. My advice to those who are afflicted with cancer, is to resort to same remedies before letting it run too long, or experimenting with physicians unskilled in the disease.

DUNKIRK.

A. H. GALE.

CLIPPINGS.

A WILLIAMSBURG man woke his wife the other night, and, in a startled tone of voice, informed her that he had swallowed a dose of strychnine. "Well, you fool," said she, "lie still, or it may come up."

A NEW YORK lawyer, of large experience and some observation, defines the art of civilization as getting your neighbor's money out of his pocket and into your own without making yourself amenable to law.

"Does the word 'mankind' embrace woman?" asked Digby of one of the strong-minded females of the day. "Most assuredly, sir!" was the emphatic reply. "Why shouldn't mankind embrace woman, I should like to know?"

THE church of the Rev. A. B. Burdick, at Westerly, R. I., does not accept his denial that he is innocent of the charge of nest-hiding, since that denial is not supported by any evidence beyond his own word. They think him guilty, and he will probably have to step down and out.

THE late Hon. Sam Galloway, of Columbus, Ohio, was a remarkably homely man. On one occasion, while dining with a personal and political friend in Chillicothe, the six or seven-year-old daughter of his host, who had been intently studying Galloway's face, said, loud enough to be heard by all at table: "Ma, didn't that man's mamma love children mighty well?" Why so, my dear?" asked her mother. "Oh, just 'cause she raised him."

QUESTIONS FOR DEBATE.

Which are the heavier encumbrances—the rich or the poor paupers who live on the labors of their industrious neighbors?

Which is the more valuable member of society—the man who makes an article or the man who sells it?

In a country where there is a short supply of clothes, ought not the weavers and the tailors be the last men to go unclad?

Which is the best policy for Great Britain—to ship off her gentlemen and millionaires, or the workers who make gentlemen and millionaires?

Are the people of a country likely to obtain sure, cheap and speedy justice in which lawyers monopolize the halls of legislation?

Whether is it best to have, like the Indian aborigines, good teeth and no dentists, or to have excellent dentists and no teeth?

One more for social science reformers. Who can tell best where the shoe pinches—the philosopher who examines it, or the man who wears it?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. J., Toronto, Canada.—Human art has placed the sexes on a level as regards self-protection. A Laura Fair with a Derringer is master of a Hercules and his club. Of course, in what is called law, woman is yet treated as man's inferior, and is far less likely to obtain justice, as witness Mrs. Tilton's position in the present trial in Brooklyn.

Practical Christianity.—A tract commenting on the text—"Judge not, that ye be not judged"—has been forwarded to our office. If the writer, Henry Mickle, of Glen's Falls, N. Y., would send a few into the Brooklyn City Court, we think he would be doing the State some service. From the stand-point of the WEEKLY, his little exposition seems to be badly needed there.

Postman, Cincinnati, Ohio.—The WEEKLY holds that Congress is not morally in power to make invidious discriminations between United States citizens in postal charges. There is no reason why millions of poor men should be taxed to build up the fortunes of hundreds of rich publishers.

B. B., Syracuse, N. Y.—Judge McKean's decision, awarding a divorce and alimony to Ann Eliza Young, Brigham Young's nineteenth lady, recognizes and legalizes polygamy as well as condemns it.

X. Y. Z., Cairo, Illinois.—In social questions the WEEKLY prefers to deal with causes rather than with effects. To limit prostitution, it attacks prostitute makers.

J. B., Milwaukee, Wis.—Vice and gunpowder are the weapons with which so-called Christian nations have succeeded in dominating over other nations. The former is more potent than the latter. A solid traffic in soul-debauching opium heralds the Bible to the notice of the peoples of China and Japan; and lues venerea, small-pox and whisky are the pioneers of the vanguard of missionaries in both continents; after them are introduced bayonets, soldiers and cannon; subjugation, annexation and annihilation appear to be next in order.

Thalia, Belleville, New Jersey.—Although we are justly taken to task by a correspondent of this paper for "misquoting" Shakespeare, we venture to give two more extracts on the subject you have chosen, though the beauty and peculiar construction of the human hand will not bear you out in

rejecting the Darwinian theory. The first is taken from the "Winter's Tale," act 4, scene 3:

"I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fanned snow
That's bolted by the Northern blasts twice o'er."

The second may be found in the play of "Troilus and Cressida," act 1, scene 1. We speak by the card this time, as we would not willingly lead any one into error.

"Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman;—this thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love has given me
The knife that made it."

V. M., Utica, New York.—Salt, leather and shells have been used as money, and the circulating medium of the Spartans, for centuries, was iron.

(?) Brooklyn N. Y.—Diseases are generated by moral as well as physical causes. There is now certainly a very heavy moral malaria hanging over the City Court of Brooklyn, but we cannot assert that it has been the cause of the illness of Mr. Jeffreys, the sick juror. The verse you quote:

"Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us;
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion;
What airs in gait and dress wad lea' us,
And e'en devotion?"

was written by Burns, and therefore was not intended for Henry Ward Beecher when it was first published, as he was not then alive; whether it is now applicable is a question for the public to answer rather than the WEEKLY.

BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

PROF. LISTER, the astrologist, can be consulted at his rooms No. 329, Sixth avenue. Address by letter, P. O. Box 4329.

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

Dr. Slade, the eminent Test Medium, may be found at his office, No. 25 East Twenty-first street near Broadway

WARREN CHASE permanent address is Colfax, Iowa. He will spend the summer mostly in New England, and next winter in California, "if the Lord is willing."

ALL families and invalids should have Prof. Paine's short-hand treatment of disease—a small book of forty pages. Sent free on application to him at No. 232 North Ninth street, Phila. Pa.

DR. WINTERBURN, the astrologist and physician, whose predictions have been spoken about in these columns as having been remarkably verified, still has his office at No. 101 East Twentieth street.

CANCER.—If any of our readers or their friends are affected with the terrible scourge, cancer, we would invite their attention to the notice in another column of a method by which they can be cured. Dr. Comins has as many as fifty cancers that he has extracted preserved in alcohol, and weighing all the way from a half ounce to five pounds. We deem it a duty to call this attention, as cancer is generally considered to be incurable, and people are left to die a horrible death when they may be saved.

BOARD AND TREATMENT FOR INVALIDS.—No. 53 Academy street, Newark, N. J.—Dr. L. K. Coonley, clairvoyant, with long experience in all kinds of diseases, warrants satisfaction. Uses medicines, plain and homo-electricity, and magnetism. Solicits correspondence. Sends medicines by express. Has good accommodation for boarding patients on liberal terms

DR. R. P. FELLOWS, magnetic physician, is successfully treating the sick in various parts of the country—as appears from his letters—as well as at his office, by his original system of practice, using no drugs or mineral medicines of either the old or the new schools. The doctor is constantly in receipt of letters from persons that have been cured by his magnetized powder. Theodocia Blair, of Woodstock, Ill., says: "I have taken the powder; am ever so much better; can eat well and sleep better than I have for years, and have been up on my crutches for the last two days, for the first time in six months." Mrs. M. Heasley, of Wheeling, W. Va., says: "The powder that you sent me is all taken and I can now hear the clock tick and strike distinctly, for the first time in three years." M. A. Charlton, of Allegheny City, Pa., says: "My bronchial and catarrhal difficulty is perfectly relieved, and my health continues to improve, so much so that I never felt better in all my life." \$1 per box Address: Vineland, N. J. The doctor employs no agents.

MRS. NELLIE L. DAVIS speaks in Salem during May, in Maine during June and July, in New Haven, Conn., during August. Further engagements for the autumn and winter months may be made on application to her permanent address, 235 Washington st, Salem, Mass. Mrs. Davis is an agent for the WEEKLY, and is constantly supplied with photographs of the editors of this paper, which may be purchased upon application to her. She will also receive and forward contributions in aid of the work which we are striving to carry forward against such fearful odds. It is desirable that the friends should render all the assistance possible. She says: "With the resumption of my active labor in the field you may expect me to do everything in my power for the WEEKLY."

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1875.

A WORLD'S SOCIAL CONVENTION.

In accordance with a general desire, which is expressed in the replies to the suggestions contained in last week's issue, a world's social convention is announced to convene in New York City in May next, the date and place of gathering to be named hereafter.

The purposes of the convention will be:

- 1. To ascertain the natural relations of men and women socially.
2. To inquire if there may not be a better system for propagation than marriage.
3. To discuss the methods for securing to woman her right to control her own body, of which she is deprived by marriage.
4. To discover the law of sexual health, virtue and purity, and that which ought to govern intercourse; in a word,
5. To determine, if possible, how a better race of people than the present may be generated and born, with a view to hastening the time about which seers have prophesied and poets sung in all ages of the world.

Everybody who has anything to say about these important subjects is cordially invited to the convention, having his ideas, theories or facts carefully and tersely prepared, so that the best thought about them may be properly presented, digested and appropriated.

[All communications should be addressed to this office.]

REMOVAL.

The office of the WEEKLY has been removed to No. 50 Broad street, next door to its former office, where friends visiting the city will hereafter find us. All letters should still be addressed to Box 3,791.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Those of our subscribers who have received bills for renewal must not infer, because we spoke hopefully of the outlook two weeks ago, that they are thereby justified in any delay in sending in their subscriptions. A bill of three dollars is a small one to pay and ought not to be delayed, because when it is repeated by thousands and not paid, it becomes a serious matter with us. We trust that our friends will see the propriety of renewing at once after receiving bills, without being continually urged to do so. We prefer to use our limited space for other purpose.

NEXT WEEK'S PAPER.

Our readers will no doubt read with interest our article in this number, "A Fatal Error of the Defense," a part of which is an article copied from the N. Y. Herald of Saturday last. In Tuesday's Herald there also appeared, surreptitiously, a letter written by Mrs. Woodhull some seven weeks ago, but never published. This letter is a severe criticism of Mr. Tilton's testimony, but it was deemed by Mrs. Woodhull to be in better taste to withhold it until the end of the trial, when she will review all the false testimony of the case. But this publication of the Herald defeats her so far as this letter goes. Hence in our next number we shall publish this letter as well as another written to the Herald in reply to the same. Let those who want extra copies send in their orders in season.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S REAL DEFENSE.

We think that there is a question to be settled by the public, of the existence of which the public itself has as yet no conception, and which, if it exist and is settled, will stamp Mr. Beecher as a most consummate conductor of a most radical campaign against established customs and notions, even of what right and wrong really consist; or else that he is the most tractable instrument in the hands of a higher power—the Spirit World—to accomplish a revolution, remaining himself really ignorant of what he does, or of the meaning of what he does while he is performing it. Hundreds of the brightest gems that adorn the pages of recorded eloquence were spoken by persons who, at the time of their utterance, at least, had no conception of the real purport of their words. Mr. Beecher is one of this kind, or else he is purposely accomplishing, by seeming indirection, something that he thinks he could not accomplish so well by a direct issue upon the unvarnished statement of principles and their evident relations to the facts and things which they manifestly are intended to overthrow.

We have been sometimes in doubt as to which of these classes of God's instruments for human good Mr. Beecher really belongs, but have inclined to the latter. We have said so much several times in the WEEKLY, and many times upon the rostrum. We have even said what a surprise it would be to the world if it should come out after all that Mr. Beecher should go before the public with a justification of his acts, let them finally be proved to be whatever they may! In this view of the case, Mr. Beecher's real defense is not before the bar of legal justice, but before the infinitely greater and more important bar of public justice. And if we do not mistake the meaning of his sermon of Sunday, March 21, he has already transferred his real case—his real defense—from the city court of [Brooklyn to Plymouth Church pulpit. This sermon is at once a most careful statement of a Bible—not the modern Christian—doctrine, and, as such, also a most remarkable step toward self-justification, at least, if it may not itself be considered a final justification. We cannot print the sermon in full, as we would be glad to do, but will give sufficiently copious extracts to make the line of argument clear.

But if any man say unto you, this is offered in sacrifice unto idols, eat not, for his sake that shewed it, and for conscience sake; for the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.

Conscience, I say, not thine own, but of the other; for why is my liberty judged of another man's conscience?—First Corinthians, x., 28-9.

I don't believe, said Mr. Beecher, that there is another book in creation that inculcates the duty of courtesy or conscience—the politeness of conscience. We learned, in learning our rights in social life, in ordinary affairs, not to stand up entirely for ourselves, but to respect the feelings of others. That is the way to get along easy in the world. But if there is one thing upon which men have been taught to stand perpendicularly and unbending, that is conscience. On the question of conscience men are straight up and down, and refuse to budge. Oh! conscience, conscience! Paul was the boldest writer of all literature in commanding respect toward another man's conscience and forbearance, because it happens to differ from our own. Another man's conscience is not to be judged by you. No matter what yours tells you, his tells him different, and his is as worthy of respect as yours. Have you a little God conscience in you? Have you a little chair of infallibility upon which you can seat yourself at any time and decide upon what is right or wrong without possibility of error? You may not be right when you go according to your conscience. Others may not be right either, but their consciences are their guides and yours is not. You are not called upon to render an account of your neighbor's sins, although you will be compelled to account for your own. Yet, if there is any one popular feeling that only hits the truth here and there—if there is one public sentiment full of error and mischief, it is the notion that prevails in regard to conscience.

We have been taught that conscience affords a knowledge of good and evil; that it interprets right from wrong; that it serves man as a light with which to determine what is right and what is wrong. Now, if there is a complex moral statement in the world that is fundamentally mischievous and wrong it is the ordinary interpretation applied to conscience. Conscience is only a sentiment. It is only an emotion.

So there are men who have good hearts because they have plenty of sense, although they have very little conscience. But there are others with plenty of conscience and very little sense, and their conscience has an awful time trying to follow their sense. An intelligent conscience is one of the greatest of luxuries. It can hardly be called a necessity, or how would the world have got along as well as it has to this day?

Man is not strong enough in sentiment, although he may have good sense, when his conscience does not respond easily, but when his moral sense is feeble how does his conscience act? At this point I wish to show the auxiliary faculties, whose influence thrown upon the conscience awakes it into activity. It has been found that man is often susceptible to remote influences when direct ones will have no effect. Suppose I were to go before a large assembly and argue in favor of anti-slavery principles? I can do this now with perfect safety. But I am an abolitionist, and I know that my hearers will burn me at the stake for the utterance of the sentiments I am about to talk. Still I go before them, and they sit in front of me not only doggedly, but like dogs ready to tear me to pieces. Shall I argue with them? I know that they are set against me, and that argument will have no effect upon them.

What is the use of arguing? I begin afar off and gradually encroach upon the outskirts with wit and humor, the best missionaries that were ever sent for the enlightenment of mankind. They do not rise up against me as they intended. They say "Let him go on; he's smart." By and by I get into the avenues of their understanding, and by aid of wit and humor open a channel through which I can pour the truth, and secure for it a lodgment in their minds. Argument would not have done this. Wit and humor are the auxiliaries I employ. They are some of the most civilizing of all influence upon this soul of man.

I know men who never were more conscientious than when they turned the screw and drew the last drop of blood out of the poor clerk. So intense is such conscientiousness that nothing can drive it out of them less powerful than bolts of lightning. "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit—there is more hope for a fool. And there is precious little hope for

a fool." [It is supposed by his friends that Mr. Beecher here referred to Mr. Tilton.] There are persons who form their conceptions of what is right through veneration, and they think there is no religion in anything else. When they hear a familiar, colloquial discourse on sacred things they are shocked. As they approach a church their voice grows lower, they perform the virtue of lifting up their hands, and they lay God under an obligation by speaking under their breath. These persons give expression to their religion by looking not to the right or the left. Do I ridicule these persons? I do not. I criticize only what is narrow in them, and I praise their sincerity. But when they turn round and venture to judge me, I say to them: "Who are you who presume to criticize my conscience?" In this spirit I respect another man's conscience, but do not permit him to judge mine. When we are ignorant of the auxiliaries that work in men's consciences, and of the manner in which they work, we should not presume to set ourselves up as judges. Why should I, who have the sense of beauty, judge another man whose senses are not fitted to appreciate gracefulness. There is one man who is a devotee of art, and there is another who is absolutely dead to every instinct of art—a Stylites who thinks Heaven can be gained only through pinched cheeks and starved bellies. Is he competent to judge the red-cheeked Raphael? Both are conscientious men notwithstanding. Parents are sometimes incompetent to judge their children. Take a man who is stiff and precise, who pays every cent he owes, and is careful to get every cent that is owed him, who is wound up every day by prayer, and who runs until winding up time again. He has a merry spirit that has come down to him away back as far as his grandmother, perhaps. What a trouble she is to him! It is as if an elephant had inherited a canary bird. The auxiliaries in the two work so different that the father is not fit to judge his child.

It is not enough to say of a thing, "Mine thinks it is right." We must see if it is condemnable in the light of another's conscience. This willingness that others' consciences may enjoy liberty, how quick it takes down arbitrary dictation and bigotry! How many men are there that we know are obstinately lovely in their habits; so lovely that we wish they were in Heaven. A minister hammers for twenty years upon a theme, and in the end his hearers are not persuaded of anything different from when he started. In a city they can get out of earshot of him, but in a village they are bound down and have two opinions, one of their own and one make-believe. The minister thinks he is right; but is not Christian liberty of more consequence? If every musical note was alike we would only have a monotone. There have got to be bases and tenors and altos and sopranos and all the others to produce the grand, noble choral harmonies. So men are made up of infinite variations of conscience, and the true teacher has cognizance of the special variation of his pupils and essays to bring them into harmonious relations with each other. So ought it to be in the garden of the Lord. It is indispensable that men should have this recognition of others' rights, this distinguishing sense of humor and good nature. I wish that men would hate the Pope more than they do. Who is the Pope? You, yourself. He thinks that you should exercise absolute authority over the consciences of all men. So do you. Every man wants to sit in judgment of what is right for everybody else. The Pope of Rome is a good man. He has acted as a good Christian under the most enormous difficulties. Pius IX. and I will sing hymns in heaven together one of these days, and I expect to have some sport with him if humor don't die out in the meantime. [Laughter.] God never ordained any man to have the keeping of the conscience of everybody else. We must judge charitably.

Those who have tempers—a very bad thing—even if their Vesuvius does burst forth now and then in smoke, do not give the man who has a snow-bank in him the right to claim credit because he has not set it on fire. Profanity may not be a great crime. There are some men who never wake up enough to swear a good oath. The man who sees the point of a joke the day after it is uttered, because he never is known to act hastily, is he to take credit for that? I would not have you understand that there is not an infinite difference between good and evil. What I wish to impress upon you is that you judge your brother charitably, and according to how he is made, not according to how you are made.

The two men meet, and they become angry and dispute. The one says, "You ought to go to hell because you don't believe in it;" and the other looks up and says, "If there ain't a hell, there ought to be one for you." [Laughter.] Each follows his nature. Even a book so large as this [holding up the Bible], which it took 1,000 years to write, and which was compiled during so many different ages and customs, is not a safe guide for every man to interpret.

The Church is going to Babylon because a race of unbearded young ministers has arisen who preach things not in accordance with the old philosophy. They preach the concrete God. Old-style churches have taken alarm, and their alarm is veritable, but I don't see how they are going to get over it until they die, when I guess they will get over their fright.

The old idea that the establishment of the church is more important than that this man may suffer, or that man live, is the secret of all persecution. If a heretic stops the way of religion, churchmen say, "Kill him." The world has been saturated with blood in this manner at the hands of men who were just as conscientious as we are; nor do we need to go back very far for illustrations.

It will scarcely do to say that this sermon could be preached by Mr. Beecher at this particular time, and have no more than a general significance. He is on trial before a court upon a charge, of which, if he be proved guilty, he will, according to all modern Christian practice, be deemed unfit longer to be a public teacher. During the progress of the trial, and as it is at last approaching completion, when a verdict may be rendered against him, he goes before the world with this sermon, which, if we are to credit the reporter of the Times, he had prepared. Indeed, it shows preparation. It is different from his usual off-hand efforts. It is consistent, connected and argumentative, which his usual discourses are not, as well as being sparkling and mirthful throughout, which his sermons always are. Besides being a happy effort, it is also a truthful statement of one of the most important doctrines of Christianity—real Christianity, we mean, not that sham stuff that is peddled out nowadays as such.

But now mark it: what does Mr. Beecher really say that is specially and unmistakably applicable to his own position now, and in this sense is his special pleading in his own behalf? Why, this: your brother is to be judged "according to how he is made, and not according to how you are made;" that every man has a conscience that is peculiarly his own "on the question of which men are straight up and down;" "another man's conscience is not to be judged by you," and he cites St. Paul as commanding respect toward another man's conscience.

Now, in making the application, Mr. Beecher virtually says: I am made as I am, and not as you are; therefore, my acts cannot be the subject of your judgment. If I have done things that you pretend to think I ought not to have done, what right have you to pronounce your judgment upon them as wrong? and answers according to the Scriptures, None! Besides, I have a conscience that tells me what is right and what is wrong for myself, and this conscience may be different from yours. I cannot be governed by your conscience; I must go according to the dictates of my own; and the demands of my body, which are different from yours, must be regulated by those dictates. So long, therefore, as I do this, without depriving others of anything they do not wish to give me, so long you have no right to interfere to judge my acts by your consciences. "Who is the Pope?" he asks pertinently, and answers: "You yourself." Pio Nono "thinks that he should exercise absolute authority over the consciences of all men; and so do you," and when you judge me, you attempt to exercise this assumption, and to become "Pope" over me. So whatever I may have done, my conscience and not yours is to be my judge, and I have a right, "when they" (you) "turn round" (from your own business), "and venture to judge me, to say: Who are you, who presume to criticize my conscience?"

We do not well see how Mr. Beecher could have more strongly said: Suppose that I have had sexual intercourse with Mrs. Tilton or anybody else, or any number of other women, what business have you to meddle with it, which is my business! My conscience tells me it is right, and when you attempt to push the nose of your conscience into my affairs I shall resent the insult by demanding: Who are you who presume to criticize me who am endowed with a conscience of God, which is my guide, and rule of right and wrong? This meddling interference of yours can only be treated upon the principle that "if there is one public sentiment full of error and mischief it is this notion that prevails in regard to conscience," or "if there is a complex moral statement in the world that is fundamentally mischievous and wrong it is the ordinary interpretation applied to conscience."

Having thus pointedly and flatly laid down the Christian law by which he justifies his conduct, let it have been whatever it may, he next most ingeniously goes on to justify his delaying so long to explain his position by illustrating how he deals with people or audiences who are not in sympathy with him upon any given matter. If I were to go before them with the plain unvarnished truth or fact they would "sit in front of me not only doggedly, but like dogs ready to tear me to pieces. Shall I argue with them? I know they are set against me, and that argument will have no effect, so I begin far off, and gradually encroach upon the outskirts," etc., etc. Just as he has done with his people, even from the first sermon he preached after the publication of the scandal. Our readers will remember his allusion soon after that time, as stated in the WEEKLY, to the love that existed between Jesus and Martha and Mary, as much as to say: If Jesus loved the Marthas and Marys of that day, why should not I be permitted to love the Marthas and Marys of the present day in imitation of Jesus, and be held blameless.

If Plymouth Church accept the Bible doctrine—the true theory—of conscience as laid down by Mr. Beecher in this sermon, it must also accept Mr. Beecher, as we have always said that it would, let him have been intimate with whatever woman he may have; and whoever else, after this sermon, accepts Mr. Beecher, also stands in the same position that his church stands, and accepts and adopts this doctrine, which is that of individual sovereignty, stated in other terms.

In this regard how wonderfully are the predictions made in the original Scandal article verified. In that, the following language occurs:

"I have the power, I think, to compel Mr. Beecher to go forward, and to do the duty to humanity from which he shrinks; and I should, myself, be false to the truth if I were to shrink from compelling him. And I believe that he will not only survive, but that when forced to the encounter he will rise to the full height of the great enterprise, and will astound and convince the world of the great new doctrine of freedom, by the great depth of his experiences and the force of his arguments."

This having been so fully confirmed, may we not also hope that something else also in that article may come true; that the time may come when "he will thank God that I have lived and compelled him to this encounter." When this shall be, then indeed shall we feel that we are justified by those whom some have thought we have pursued for other motives than the welfare of humanity. God speed this time! In the meantime let the world know that Mr. Beecher has begun his real defense in earnest, through which millions of souls in bondage will be set free, to rise into true manhood and womanhood.

GRECIAN PHILOSOPHERS ON MARRIAGE.

Physical beauty was a characteristic of the ancient Grecians, and we are inclined to believe that it is an adjunct of sexual purity. Of course all are aware that there were monstrosities among them, but if the marbles they have left us speak truly, no nation ever equaled them in bodily perfection. We might go further, and assert in intellectual force they are unmatched also. The orations of Demosthenes which were spoken to the artisans of Athens, prove that masons and carpenters in those days were men of taste and learning, or they could not have appreciated his excellencies.

We claim that sexual virtue lies at the base of both of these; we do not assert that it is to be monogamic or promiscuous, holding that it may exist in both instances, but simply of itself, virtue.

When we consider the comparatively free condition of the women of Athens, we do not wonder at the physical superiority of the ancient Greeks. The Aspasia and Sapphos were more respected than the Penelopes and Xanthippes. The hard Mosaic rule did not oppress such women in Greece, and consequently, when they possessed eminent abilities, they were honored and not ostracised by society. Indeed, the most eminent philosophers of ancient Greece did not hold monogamic marriage in any respect whatever. Plato and Diogenes asserted that wives ought to be common, and Zeno, the father of the stoics, maintained the same doctrine. The WEEKLY does not go so far as these ancient worthies, holding that power over the sexual condition or conditions of humanity is naturally, and should be legally, under the control of woman, firmly believing that whatever is best for our race she will establish.

SOUND DOCTRINE.

No more truthful utterance has ever been published in the columns of the WEEKLY on the social question than the following leader, which is taken from the *N. Y. Sunday News*, of March 21. We commend it to the careful perusal of all the women of the Republic, more especially to the Pharisees of the sex, who too often lack the modesty of those Pharisees of old time, who refused to stone the woman taken in adultery. If they please to follow the example set them on that occasion by the Great Nazarene, they will not only refuse to stone but even to condemn their sisters:

Miss Anna Dickinson is going around delivering a lecture upon "the social evil," that is, (in plain terms) upon prostitution, as it exists. Miss Dickinson addresses her lecture to persons of both sexes; but she ought to confine it solely to her own sex. It is not men who need to be lectured into pity and into sorrowful, kind and generous treatment toward fallen women (which treatment is the theme of her discourse); it is women, who need to be taught charity and toleration toward the erring of their own sex. Teach that, and all is taught. When Miss Dickinson appeals for the fallen let her appeal to those who pitilessly and remorselessly strike down the fallen—to those women who have been so fortunate themselves as not to fall.

In the present advanced stage of civilization, it is not in man's power to oppress woman, unless woman herself aids and abets him in so doing. It is woman who is her own deadliest foe. The throne of the so-called virtuous matron is planted on the necks of her sisters. How many women are there, who for the wretched mess of pottage offered them by society, readily swap their own and their sisters birth-rights? When will such women, rising to the true dignity of womanhood, refuse longer to wear the blood-stained crowns presented them by their oppressors, and strike, with their sisters, for freedom?

BACKSLIDING.

"There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons," says the Bible; and if that book be true, there may have been considerable rejoicing and trumpeting in the celestial regions on the evening of Tuesday, the 23d of March, when (not the Woodhull eagle, nor Gen. Tracy's Eagle, but) the Brooklyn Eagle shrieked forth the following scream in its editorial columns. Under the heading of "The Case of Mr. Carruth in Vineland," and in deprecation of the act of Mr. Carruth in attacking the family of Mr. Landis, it says:

This violation of the sanctities of men's homes, this laceration of the feelings of women and of children is seldom, very seldom, the work of a real journalist, trained in his profession, and capable of understanding its true mission and its real offices. It is the work of men who have failed as journalists, or who have never succeeded—of men ostracised from the confidence of reputable papers, and of men who have adopted the profession without either the preliminary education needed, or the instinctive refinements of the gentleman—of men who have sunk to be blackguards, or of men who have sought to pass from the ranks of blackguardism to those of journalism, yet retaining the habits and moral obliquity of their former lives and associations.

Remembering the harsh and cruel words it had applied to the Proprietors of the WEEKLY, and the brutal attack it made lately upon Miss Anna Dickinson, we fondly hoped on reading the above that it had seen the error of its way and had resolved on amendment. We are sorry to add that we are disappointed; for, on the day following, we find another woman singled out to be traduced by this merciless Haynau of the American press. Mrs. O'Gorman, for the offense of delivering a lecture to ladies only "On Chastity and Kindred Topics," is termed a fraud, an illiterate, flippant female, an impostor, and other epithets equally disgusting. As specimens of the style we make two extracts from the conclusion of the article:

According to her statements there is no such thing as virtue, purity, or even questionable honesty among women or men, and she alone, of all the world, is holy. In painful contrast to her self-laudation was her bearing and manners on the stage. Vain and flippant when not coarse and vulgar, and at all times insincere and ill-bred, she pretended what she was not, and stated what she knew from first to last was utterly false.

But in future such carrion will not be allowed to so freely feed upon the name and fame of those they choose to select as food, nor will women permit them to make money in so disreputable a way as this woman is doing in scandalizing the name of woman and the religion to which she once belonged, as well as the one she now pretends to represent.

In the first of these extracts, Mrs. O'Gorman is virtually called "a liar," and in the second termed "carrion." We

scorn to comment on such vulgar vituperations. But, of necessity, we must admit that we have been deluded, and that we no longer believe that there has been any extra music in the spheres in consequence of the "sham repentance" of the Brooklyn Eagle. Alas, alas! we have to select a very different text now to express our feelings in consequence. It is, however, from the same author, viz.: "The dog has returned to his vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire."

A FATAL ERROR OF THE DEFENSE.

The defense in the Tilton-Beecher case surprised the prosecution last Thursday (March 25th) as they had not surprised them before since the opening of the trial. Indeed, it was so much of a surprise to Mr. Tilton's lawyers that they seemed to be disconcerted and unable to make anything whatever out of the cross-examination; while Mr. Tilton himself sat by dumbfounded, and unable to make a single suggestion with which to trip what they all must have known to be manufactured evidence. With this testimony of the three colored people who were once in our employ standing unscathed to be added to that given by Judge Cowley and Thomas Cooke, we have no doubt but the week's business closed looking dark enough for the claimant. Although they knew the testimony was untrue, they did not know where to turn to find its rebuttal. It had been pretty extensively circulated (whether by connivance of Mr. Beecher's lawyers or not we do not know) that we were "being used" by the defense to destroy Mr. Tilton, and doubtless Mr. Tilton and his lawyers thought that all of this testimony had been procured through us. We are well aware that neither side has called us—not because they have not wanted to do so, but because they have not dared; but both sides ought to have known that we were neither bought by or sold to either side, and that all we care for is to have the truth come to light, which it most certainly will before the trial closes.

It has probably been pretty well understood from the course of the WEEKLY that we have not been in favor of either side as against the truth—indeed, that we desired to be kept out of the imbroglio; but when we read the evidence of the three colored witnesses, Friday morning, our sense of justice was too grossly outraged by the tissue of falsehoods that had been woven to permit of our remaining quiet. Circumstances seemed to have conspired to favor the defense. The court adjourned over Good Friday till Monday, giving three full days for this damaging evidence to work its effect against Mr. Tilton upon the public. Under these circumstances it became no less our pleasure than it was our duty to forget the grave injuries that we have suffered, and put forth an emphatic denial of the preposterous evidence, and, so far as we could, roll back the tide of public sentiment from overwhelming Mr. Tilton until he should recover himself from the shock of Thursday. The letter given below was prepared and published in the *Herald*. As soon as it became known, Saturday morning, that there was such a publication the *Herald* was sought by the people *en masse*, and before ten o'clock there were no *Heralds* to be found, but the inquiry for them continued to be unprecedented throughout the day. So high did the tide run that both the Brooklyn evening papers copied it in full, and they in turn caused an intense excitement in the home of the scandal, thousands of copies being also sold in New York. Probably there was never a publication made in a more opportune time, or that had so much effect upon the public to reverse a suddenly acquired sentiment. Even Mr. Tilton's warmest admirers shook their heads, looked gloomy and despondent all day Friday; but on Saturday it was the turn for Mr. Beecher's partisans to look dubious, and they improved it well. This testimony that had unhorsed Mr. Tilton was shown to be of such a character that it might be so completely demolished as not to leave a single vestige of any moment remaining, as will be seen from the following, a single correction only being made in the *Herald* article which will be found in a foot-note.

(From the *N. Y. Herald*, March 27, 1875.)

TESTIMONY FOR THE DEFENSE REVIEWED BY MRS. WOODHULL.

To the Editor of the *Herald*—A colored man, formerly my servant, named James B. Woodley, testified, in substance, at the Beecher trial on Thursday last, as follows: That he was introduced to Mr. Tilton by me, and that I instructed him, in the presence of Mr. Tilton, regarding what I meant by free-love; that Mr. Tilton was in the habit of going with me to lunch at Delmonico's; that he was in the habit of visiting me at my residences, No. 15 East Thirty-eighth street, No. 118 West Twenty-third street and No. 23 Irving place, and remaining all night, eating breakfast the next morning; that he was arrested on November 2, 1872, and held as a witness, he having the day before come to my office from a sick bed, having been ill about a month; that a short time before this illness, on a given Monday and Tuesday, fixing the time in the fall of 1872, Mr. Tilton came to my office, having some writing in his hand, which he read to Miss Claflin, Colonel Blood and me, and that he urged its publication; that Colonel Blood objected to having anything to do with it; that he urged that there could be \$100,000 made out of Plymouth church through it; that Colonel Blood, again refusing to have anything to do with it, locked the safe, put on his hat and left the office, returning in the morning following, not going to the house that night; that he (Woodley) was at the house that night and saw Mr. Tilton there and also at breakfast next morning, this being in Irving place; that whenever he saw Mr. Tilton and me together it was usually with his arms around my waist, and various other stuff.

This testimony, if true, will fall heavily upon Mr. Tilton, and it ought to, but if false and can be shown to be so it will stamp upon the defense the infamy of procuring manufactured testimony from the servants of people when they could have obtained the facts from the people themselves. Now, mark the utter impossibility of the truth of this tes-

timony. The scandal was published October 28, 1872, the paper being dated November 2. At that time our office was at No. 48 Broad street, we having removed there from No. 44 the May previous. At that time we were living at No. 23 Irving place, having gone there in September before, having left No. 15 East Thirty-eighth street the April previously, and No. 118 West Twenty-third street in May. At the last two places of residence we did not keep house, but boarded with a sister.

Now, Mr. Woodley was not in our employ in the office at any time while at No. 48 Broad street. Consequently, whatever conversation he might ever have heard about anything must have been while our office was at No. 44. Mr. Tilton never visited us at No. 48. Hence whatever conversation he may have heard in which Mr. Tilton took a part must have been at No. 44. But Mr. Woodley says that all of this lengthy and important conversation occurred in the fall of 1872, shortly previous to the publication of the scandal, and in the office described as No. 44. The whole story is a pure fabrication from beginning to end, and is not relieved by a particle of truth. There was never any such conversation between the parties named, either at the time mentioned or at any other time. Mr. Tilton never mentioned the sum of \$100,000 or any other number of dollars as the merchantable value of the scandal in Plymouth Church; nor did Colonel Blood ever make or have occasion to make objection to the publication of the Beecher article. Nor was the Beecher article prepared until a few days before its publication; nor was there ever a slip of it in the hands of any servant in our employ.

Moreover, the last time that Mr. Tilton visited me was at my office, No. 44 Broad street, the day that he left the city to attend the Cincinnati Convention that nominated Mr. Greeley for the Presidency, which was in May, 1872. Since that day I have never spoken to Mr. Tilton nor he to me. I suppose he was ashamed to come to see me after that. I should have been had I been in his place. Mr. Tilton was never at No. 23 Irving place, and but three or four times at No. 118 West Twenty-third street, and he never remained in any house in which I lived over night, with a single exception, and that was a night in August, 1871, when he was preparing my biography; nor did he ever eat breakfast there save the next morning after this occasion. Nor did Mr. Tilton ever enjoy the honor of a formal introduction to this colored gentleman, nor of hearing me discuss the question of free love with my servants, or with anybody else, in the language recited by Mr. Woodley, or in language to the same effect; nor was I in the habit of regaling my servants with tableaux in which Mr. Tilton and I were the subjects. If we desired to kiss and embrace there were plenty of opportunities to do so beyond the sight of vulgar observers. Whenever Mr. Tilton did me the honor and the favor to spend his evenings with me, we were engaged in entirely different pursuits from those with which the defense wish to impress the jury. 'Tis true that Mr. Tilton was a more constant visitor at my house and office—frequently lunching there at my request—than he testified to having been when on the stand; but we never lunched either at Delmonico's, where this colored gentleman makes such a parade of having seen us, nor at Kurtz's or any other place in the vicinity of Broad street. Indeed, I never was in Delmonico's in my life. I have been at Kurtz's frequently, but never with Mr. Tilton. Still there is just as much truth in this part of this person's narrative as there is in any part of it that relates to the imaginary conversation in the Fall of 1872. I owe Mr. Tilton a too great depth of gratitude for the many services he rendered me to permit of my remaining silent when such testimony as this is offered. No matter how inconsiderately he has treated himself—not me—in regard to his relations with me, I forgive him heartily all his intended harm, now that the defense are making use of those relations to crush him in this case, and do what I can in this way to relieve him from the effect of this testimony upon the public, not having the pleasure of denying it in a better way upon the stand. Most of what I have said can be established or verified by the testimony of competent witnesses.

Another servant, Lucy Ann Giles, also testified that Mr. Tilton remained at my house the nights of July 3 and 4, 1871; that on the night of the 3d she made a bed for him in the front parlor on a sofa lounge, on which she put a mattress and bed-clothes, and that he was there at breakfast the next morning; that the next night—that of the 4th—he slept in my room on the third floor, she (the servant) being called to the room to get refreshments late at night, and seeing me in my night garments and him with his coat, vest and boots off.

The evident intention for which this evidence is introduced is to leave the effect upon the jury and the public that Mr. Tilton and I occupied the same bed those two nights. They (the defense) know very well just how much truth there is in the story, and could settle it beyond doubt if they desired to do so; but it is their policy to go just far enough not to prove the truth, so that the supposition that they wish to enforce may remain. For instance, why did they not ask this Lucy if she knew that I remained in the parlor the first night and in the third story room the second night, or if she knew that I did not? No! They didn't want to go quite that far. They wanted to stop just short of the truth or the fact and leave the rest to be inferred. I am sure there is one thing for which the public will give me credit. It is well enough known that I am my own mistress, and that I always remain in control of my own person, and that I would not lie either for myself or for anybody else in a matter such as is presented in this testimony—that is if Mr. Tilton and I had occupied the same bed those two nights I would never deny it. I may be called what it may please any one to call me, but it can never be said that I contract any alliances of this kind of which I am ashamed, or for which I would blush when confronted with them publicly.

But, now mark again: the sofa-lounge which this Miss Lucy says she drew out and put a mattress and bedclothes upon, is a creation of her fertile imagination. There was never such a piece of furniture either in the front parlor at No. 15 East Thirty-eighth street or in any other part of the house. She never made a bed in that room that night or any other night for Mr. Tilton or for anybody else. The furniture of that room consisted of a single set, parlor sofas and chairs, upholstered in blue rep silk, made by a well-known city maker, and there was nothing simulating to a sofa-lounge that could be used for a bed. Nor was there anything of the kind anywhere in the house. Miss Lucy never made up the bed, as she has testified, and Mr. Tilton did not sleep in the house that night, although he was there late in the evening; nor did he eat breakfast there the next morning, or any other morning save the one to which I have referred above. The second night she changes the scene to the third story. Of course, it would not have done very well to put us all together in my own room—the second floor, back—because it was there that Colonel Blood had to sleep; hence she takes us another flight further upward, and deposits us, with cake and wine, in the room which was occupied by my father and mother; or, perhaps, into the front room, which was occupied by my sister and her children.* It seems to me, Lucy, that you had better have left us down in the parlor, where you had us so nicely the first night; or did you happen to remember, after keeping us there the first night, that the sofa-lounge had been removed, or that it had changed its form into a common sofa, upon which mattresses and bedclothes were impossible? The night of the 4th of July, 1871, I slept in the second story back room, as I always did in that house, with Colonel Blood, and not with Theodore Tilton. We had no spare rooms in the

* The front room at the time named was occupied by Stephen Pearl Andrews instead of my sister and her children, which I had forgotten when the statement was prepared.

House; every one was occupied by members of my own and sister's families, and were so used every night. Mr. Tilton was never in the rooms above the second floor but once, and that was in the daytime, almost the first time he was ever there, when I took him all through the house to satisfy him that the stories in circulation that I kept a gorgeous, improper house were false. But he frequently went up the stairs with me to the roof of the house to enjoy the starlight and cool breeze of pleasant summer evenings.

Furthermore, I wish to say that Mr. Tilton never conversed with me about the scandal in the presence of any third parties, nor did any third parties ever converse with me about it in the presence of Mr. Tilton—by third parties meaning persons outside of Miss Claflin, Colonel Blood and myself. The testimony that has been given to that effect by two gentlemen is erroneous, they probably having confounded conversations had with me with conversations when Mr. Tilton was present. Still I cannot imagine how such an error could have been made by them unwittingly; I suppose it must have been so made, the same as was probably the error of the two gentlemen who saw Mr. Tilton with me in the international procession in honor of Rossel. Mr. Tilton neither walked by me nor rode with me that day, nor with Miss Claflin. So we see how easily people may be mistaken about things in which they have an interest, and we ought not to be surprised that a great many persons make slight mistakes in so important a case as this one, where the most powerful of interests are combined to support a man in a way and with an earnestness that no other person in the country could ever have commanded. Nevertheless it seems to me that a case compelled to resort to these alternatives—to supposed "amorous glances" and "tender embraces" and "preparations for retiring at night" in places and in ways in which none but fools would indulge—resort to these I say because they would be impossible of observation where and when they might occur with people having their senses—in an emergency.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL,
No. 50 BROAD STREET, New York, March 26, 1875.

"MERETRICIOUS REPUTATIONS."

In commenting upon our *Herald* letter, copied into the *Brooklyn Eagle*, the editor of that paper has unwittingly given us an excellent opportunity to contrast his and our relative positions before the public. He said that the letter, on account of the subject matter and the meretricious reputation of its writer, would be very generally read. Meretricious reputation, eh! Mr. Eagle. Well, yes! perhaps so. But mark it, that our meretricious reputation prevails altogether among that part of the public who know nothing of us, personally or otherwise; while the reputation of the editor of the *Eagle* is most meretricious among those who know him best.

THE UNSEALED BOOK.

Among Christian nations there is no book that ever exerted nearly the same influence upon the people as the Bible. It has in all ages been held in uncommon reverence as the only and the infallible word of God; and the only revelation of Himself to man. Those who accept it thus, hold that it contains the words of everlasting life, and that any one who will come to God through its teachings may have that life; while those who do not come that way are consigned to eternal hell after death or at the Judgment day.

But there is no inconsiderable class of people in Christian countries who utterly reject this idea of the Bible, and hold, having all there is of reason on their side, that such a claim for it is preposterous, and that at best it is only a record of the spiritual writings of past ages which can be of no possible use now, when there are so many newer and as they say better writings of the same kind. It would be a waste of time to go over the change of thought that has been going on in regard to the Bible, since the lights of science have dawned upon its pages and shown the utter impossibility of its acceptance as a record of literal facts. No enlightened person now assumes that the world was created as it was once held to have been and as recorded in Genesis. To be forced from that belief by well-established facts, was to overturn the book as the infallible word of God; indeed, was to destroy it altogether as His word, for to be so it had to be infallible. Those who have not rejected the Bible in toto as many have done, are continually laboring to reconcile its language with every new development of science; and a most difficult and thankless task they have, since the reconciliation of to-day becomes the contest of to-morrow.

Of one fact, however, no reasonable person can have any doubt. It is evident throughout that there is a line of fulfilled as well as unfulfilled prophecy running, which stamps it beyond question as a forecasting of many of the leading events of the world. The history of the Jews, when compared with its prophecies, is a remarkable verification of them. We are aware that it does not necessarily follow because some of its prophecies have been realized that all of them will be; but enough of them have been so realized to warrant its claim as a book of prophecy. We accept it as such, and from recent investigation and spiritual enlightenment, are led to the belief that if its present hidden meaning were fully understood, a flood of light would be shed upon the world such as has never shone upon it.

No one can read the Bible, understandingly, who does not know the origin of the various terms that are everywhere used in its pages. For instance, if many of these are used symbolically and not literally, he who reads them after the latter sense can have no understanding at all. And this is the way that the world has been always reading it, and this is the way that almost the whole Christian world is reading it now, and the reason that it is to the people a darkness and a hindrance rather than a light and an aid.

Moreover, the Bible itself claims to be a sealed book, not to be opened until the fullness of time. To this claim we are of opinion that the Christian world has paid no attention, but gone blindly onward in its interpretation,

as if that time were fully come, and they were the angels appointed to remove the seals. But instead of this they are the blind leading the blind, and are constantly falling into the ditch, out of which they have to be continually helped. From the fall of man by the original sin, on through and closing with the Revelations of St. John the Divine, there are great and grand lessons but little understood. That fall was not that of a man (Adam) and a woman (Eve) as a natural result of eating the apple of the tree of knowledge of good and evil; but it was the fall of universal man represented by Adam, and of universal woman represented by Eve. If that record be read even with this understanding an entirely different meaning will be perceived from that which has hitherto prevailed in the world generally. Nor was this fall of the moral nature; but was brought about by improper physical habits, and mankind is still suffering from the effects of that fall.

But we do not propose to now attempt to begin the spiritual interpretation of the Bible from beginning to end, but rather to make a few statements about the last and the most important part of the Book—the Revelations. This is, indeed, a book of symbols. Even those who pretend that the rest of the Bible can be understood or read literally are obliged to concede that this is impossible of these remarkable visions of John upon the Isle of Patmos. We do not hesitate to declare our belief that this remarkable series of visions symbolizes the great events that have occurred in the world's history, and those that are to occur hereafter; nor that the pouring out of the seventh vial of wrath has already begun upon the earth, and that as a result there are "voices and thunders and lightnings," and there is "a great earthquake such as was not since men were upon the earth," and that

"Babylon is falling, falling to rise no more."

In this event the seventh dispensation, or the Kingdom of Heaven, is already established, or is about to be established, upon the earth, and realized to man; the seventh seal to be broken, and all of the mysteries of the entire Bible to be unfolded, and a new heaven and a new earth to be ushered in, because the laws are all fulfilled which is the establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth, wherein the "tree of life" by the "river of life" shall "yield her fruit every month," and this fruit shall be perfect, and shall minister to all the wants of those who inherit the Kingdom.

BROOKLYN OR SODOM?

The WEEKLY is not mealy-mouthed in descending on the sexual horrors of the age, and is therefore willing to welcome Mr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, as an assistant in exhibiting the same. Friday, March 26, the *Brooklyn Argus* instructs us that he took the words that head this article for his subject, and drew the following picture of the present moral condition of the City of Churches:

The time has come for some one to speak, and I take the responsibility, being as able as any man to endure the assault which such a step may provoke. People, referring to the famous law suit now in progress, say Brooklyn is under a cloud. Nay, Brooklyn is in the trough of the sea, leaving to the twelve competent jurors and able counsel on both sides and to an impartial judge the legal settlement of this miserable business. There is a word which the pulpit needs to utter. Where is ancient Sodom? It became so polluted that an ordinary washing would not do. Instead of water, God took fire, and instead of soap, he took brimstone; and the traveler to-day picks up a piece of sulphur or bitumen where once that great city stood. Brooklyn is rushing on toward the same licentiousness and to as terrific a doom, unless a merciful God balk the influences now at work. Down at our Court House, day by day, there is uncovered a corpse of an abomination vaster in its flight than Sodom ever knew.

This is staggering, but it may be so. And we should think that the features of that "lively corpse" were those of Lindley Murray, the grammarian. After a description of the present condition of Brooklyn, we come upon the following prayer:

Oh, Eternal God, when will this surging, groaning, stupendous and overwhelming nastiness come to an end? The city needs a thorough fumigation. Will somebody burn a rag or carry about a shovel and lighted charcoal?

To this we say, Amen! only excepting to the elegance of the language; and for this the WEEKLY has let the daylight of the press into the social fogs and moral miasmas that have so long shrouded and decimated Brooklyn. But it appears that this does not suit Mr. Talmage. He shrieks:

For God's sake, and for the sake of the purity of the rising generation, I respectfully implore the secular papers of New York and Brooklyn to declare eternal abstinence from this subject.

We commend the prudence exhibited in this prayer when looked at from the standpoint of the clergy, but object to it *in toto* on the part of the women. The question between us and Mr. Talmage is: Whether it be best to hide crime or expose it? We advocate the latter process. But we are surprised slightly at the premium proffered by Mr. Talmage to some one who will edit a paper that will not give reports of *crim. con.* trials of the clergy, because "there is a large fortune to be made" by so doing. When a rich man came to join the Great Nazarene, the latter told him to "give all be had to the poor." Nowadays, Mr. Talmage exhorts men to do what he believes to be right, because much money is to be made by that operation. Such is modern Mammon worship, which is exactly and diametrically opposed to the teachings of the Great Nazarene.

A BAD BREATH.—Some people allow themselves to become objects of pity to their friends, because of their offensive breath and decaying teeth. All such should use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice, which purifies the secretions of the mouth, prevents tender teeth, and bestows comfort and beauty.

BUREAU OF CORRESPONDENCE OF THE PANTARCHY.

The increasing number of letters in respect to the nature, purposes and prospects of the Pantarchy, suggests the propriety of organizing a bureau for the purpose of answering such and similar inquiries.

To serve this great want, THE BUREAU OF CORRESPONDENCE will undertake to answer ANY QUESTION (admitting of an answer) upon ANY SUBJECT.

The fees charged are: For a reply on postal card to a single inquiry, 10 cents; for a letter of advice, information, or sympathy and consolation, 25 cents.

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PROSPECTUS.

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

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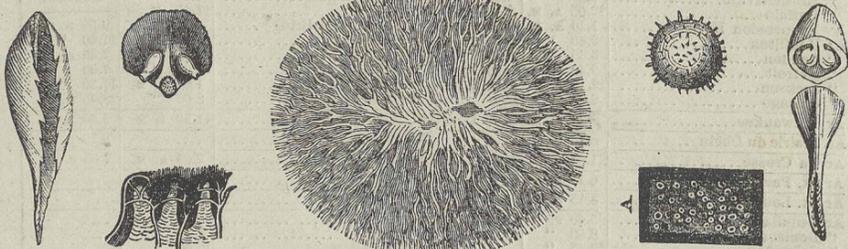
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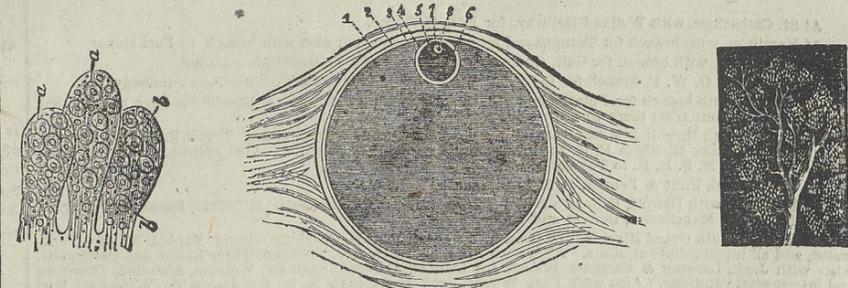
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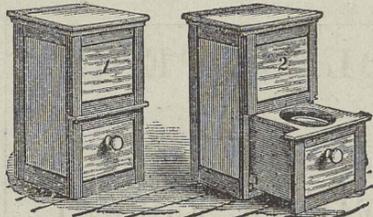
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