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Vol. IX.—No. 1.—Whole No. 209

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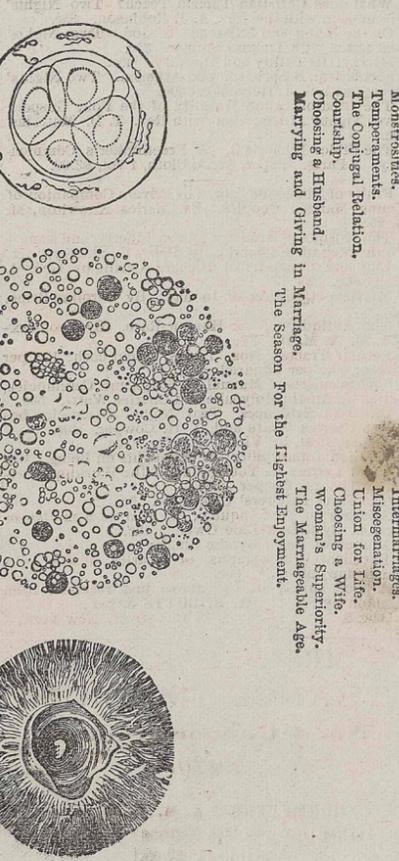
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While the admiral was superintending the execution of these details, Criss and Bertie conversed together. The matter was one of which they seemed unable to make up their minds; for, addressing the admiral, Bertie said:

"Admiral, we want your advice, not professionally, but as a man of practical knowledge and wisdom. You may or may not know that in this country the prestige of the crown has long been bound up with its possession of a certain heir-loom, called the *Talisman of Solomon*. It consists of an exceedingly magnificent set of diamonds and other gems—crown jewels, in fact, of the ancient empire of Abyssinia—whose royal family, as you doubtless know, claim direct descent from Solomon—and now of the united empires of Abyssinia and Soudan. I cannot, perhaps, better illustrate the transcendent importance attached in this country to the possession of this talisman, [than by comparing it to the place formerly occupied in any country by the sacred books of its religion; as, for instance, in our own land, prior to the Emancipation, by the Bible. We now hold the Bible to be of such high intrinsic value as to be incapable of gaining in prestige by being converted into a Fetich. It is the same with these jewels, only the people here are still ignorant and superstitious, and so think more of traditions and sorceries than of any intrinsic worth and beauty.

"Well, the *Talisman of Solomon* has been believed to be lost. The prince himself supposes it lost, and mistrusts the stability of his throne for want of it. Thus he may, when it comes to the point, hesitate to trust himself back in the country. My young friend here, however, has pledged himself to the people to bring back not only the prince, but also the crown jewels, provided the dynasty be restored. We have agreed to go and fetch the prince at once. What do you think about the jewels? Is it better that they come with the prince or after a certain period; and then on condition of the continued good conduct both of people and Emperor?"

Criss could not help smiling at this very elliptical statement. He was not sure whether it was by accident or design that Bertie had made the omission which rendered it utterly unintelligible.

"It strikes me you are in a second scrape, young sir," said the Admiral to Criss. "It is a pity they are lost, for one great blow is worth any number of successive taps. The prince's return with the talisman they think so much of, would produce far greater effect than any subsequent proceedings. There is nothing for it, that I can see, but to postpone the diamonds until past time can be made."

This ingenious solution of the supposed difficulty drew hearty laughter from both Criss and Bertie. The Admiral looking surprised, Bertie hastened to explain.

"We are laughing, Admiral, at my stupidity in omitting to mention that, so far from being really lost, the jewels in question are safe in England, and actually in possession of my young friend here. How they came so is too long a story to be told now. No, the question is, whether we shall let them remain there for the present, or telegraph for them to be sent to meet us and the prince at Jerusalem, and then bring them on with us."

The Admiral was too stupefied with astonishment to be able to make a suggestion. The point was finally settled by Criss's remarking:

"I am thinking that I ought to have some guarantee for the good conduct of the prince, as well as you for that of the people. So I have made up my mind to retain possession of the jewels for the present and make their return conditional. I shall fix his coronation for the anniversary of his accession, and if I am satisfied with him, let him wear them for the first time on that occasion."

"Well, gentlemen," said the Admiral, "I remember reading the Arabian Nights in my youth; but I do not remember that the Genii who played with kingdoms ever took the form of a young man of twenty-one. Supposing, however, that I am not in an Arabian Night at this moment, and that everything about me is real and genuine, I can only say that the last notion strikes me as an exceedingly sensible one. When one has a hold on great people, as you seem to have on this

prince, it is well to keep it. That settled, there is no longer any cause for delaying your start. I presume you feel confident he will consent to return with you? If he does not, you must lose no time in telegraphing the fact to me, that the return of the fleet be not needlessly delayed."

"What do you think," asked Bertie, "of lending us an escort, Admiral?"

"Impossible, without leave from home; and Jerusalem is about the last place with which the Council would run the risk of having a misunderstanding. Besides, you must not lose time; and my heavily-armed craft do not sacrifice everything to speed. I shall not, however, hesitate to take upon myself the responsibility of granting you, Mr. Greathead, the leave of absence needful to enable you to quit the fleet. And when the prince returns, with the approbation of the country, I shall be happy to join in any demonstration that may both serve as a compliment and mark the termination of a successful mission."

So Criss and Bertie set off, Criss in his favorite Ariel and Bertie in his more capacious vessel for Jerusalem, Bertie being furnished with a formal document, granting him leave of absence from the expedition for one week in the interest of the foreign settlers in Soudan.

CHAPTER XI.

The Prince desired, before returning to occupy the throne of his ancestors, to fulfill an appointment he had made with the Soudan Bondholders' Committee of the puissant Stock Exchange of Jerusalem. Between the fears entertained by these of a total repudiation of the debt, and the desires of his countrymen to be relieved of the burden of its interest, he hoped to effect a compromise agreeable to both parties.

Criss readily agreed to the delay of a day, or even two, before returning, as he was anxious to visit Damascus and the Lebanon in order to ascertain some particulars about his family. Bertie accompanied him on this quest, but before quitting Jerusalem they consulted a solicitor respecting the laws of inheritance and abandoned property.

The solicitor perfectly remembered the fact of the disappearance of the old merchant and his family from the country, and said that the property thus left without a claimant would remain in the custody of the local authorities for twenty-one years, at the expiration of which it would be sold and the proceeds applied to the public use. These, however, were liable to be reclaimed by the natural heirs at any time during a further period of twenty-one years.

"The twenty-one years," he said, referring to a register, "since the disappearance of which you refer took place, have quite recently expired. You will probably find, therefore, that the houses in question are at this moment being inspected and cleared in order to be taken possession of by some incoming purchaser. Property in this country is too valuable to be long left idle."

It was not without considerable emotion that Criss found himself at length about to visit the home of his mother. Of her unhappy fate there was no room for doubt. But he did not know whether his father was living. If he were, Criss thought, surely he would put in a claim for the property of his wife's father. If he had not done so, surely the fact might be accepted as an assurance of his death.

On inquiring in the proper quarter, Criss found that shortly after the disappearance an attempt had been made to obtain possession of the property in question. It had been done through an agent, who had kept the name of his principal a profound secret. The attempt had failed, owing, it was supposed, to the inability of the applicant to prove himself legally entitled to the succession, for the claim had never been renewed.

The story told by Bertie before the local court in Damascus created extraordinary interest. Many of the older members declared that they perceived a strong resemblance between the young man and the members of the lost family. The case could not be finally decided at once, but in consideration of all the circumstances, and upon securities being given for the restitution of the property in the event of the claim being ultimately disallowed, Criss was permitted to take possession of all documents and other movables found in the houses.

These articles, therefore, were put into the train (for this excursion had been made by railroad) and taken to the hotel in Jerusalem, where Criss and Bertie spent a great part of the night in examining and deciphering their contents.

The result of the interview between the Committee and the Prince had been unsatisfactory, owing to the inability of the latter to give any confirmation of the intelligence upon which he had relied to influence their decision. The telegraph between Bornou and Jerusalem had been stopped by the revolutionary chiefs, and the Jews knew that such a result as the restoration of the Empire did not come within the scope of the Federal Expedition. In common with the rest of the world, they had learned the news of the safety of the settlers. But the Prince did not deem himself justified in revealing at present the grounds of his expectation of a speedy and happy restoration.

He himself, in relating all this to his two friends, ascribed much of his difficulty with the Board to the hostility of one of its members, who seemed to have a personal feeling against him and his cause. This was the President, a man of vast repute for commercial sagacity, not famous for scrupulousness, and believed to be mainly of Greek origin, though naturalized as a citizen of Jerusalem.

In answer to a taunt from this personage, the Prince had requested an adjournment of the Conference until the following afternoon, in order that he might consult with his friends as to the expediency of placing the committee in possession of further information.

The result of the previous day's conference had been to excite immense interest respecting the affairs of Soudan. The confident tone and bearing of the fugitive Prince had produced a profound impression on the Board, although its members had studiously concealed the feeling from him. His positive assertions that his father was dead; that the throne was awaiting his acceptance; and that the indispen-

sable *Talisman* had survived one more startling chance, and would be forthcoming on his coronation, had excited the curiosity of the millionaires of Jerusalem to the highest pitch; and it needed only the notification which the Prince sent them after again seeing Criss and Bertie, that he would produce his authorities, to fill the great salon in the Hall of Commerce with an attendance unprecedented.

The question for the money-kings of Israel, whose fortunes were to a great extent involved in the stability of Soudan, was whether the Prince should be regarded as virtually Emperor, and entitled to their highest consideration, or whether he should be regarded as a penniless fugitive and the dupe of unprincipled adventurers.

The Stock Exchange of Jerusalem—a new and magnificent building—stands upon the site once occupied by the famous Temple of Solomon, and subsequently by the Mosque of Omar. The arrangements of the salon are such as to give it the aspect of a court for state trials. The place assigned to the appellant, as persons holding the Prince's relation to the Committee are styled, is a small, isolated stage, situated opposite the centre of a vast semi-circular platform, but at a somewhat lower level.

On this platform sat the Committee and a large assemblage of the principal members of the Stock Exchange, the heads of all the great mercantile houses and the governing chiefs of the Jewish people. It was an assembly representative of the world's wealth of accumulated industry and realized property; an assembly transcending in mere money power that of any government on the face of the earth.

The meeting was only so far not public in that the reporters of the press were not admitted in their recognized capacity. But that the press did not lack competent representatives on this occasion may be seen by the report of the conference contained in the following chapter, which appeared the same evening in a special late edition of the *Zion Herald*.

CHAPTER XII.

Zion Herald Office, 10 P. M.

We doubt whether, since the days of Hezekiah, when the Assyrian emissary Rabshekah held his memorable interview with "the men that sat on the wall," Jerusalem has witnessed a more remarkable meeting than that which took place this afternoon in the Hall of Commerce. Certainly the only event of modern times which can parallel it in interest is that of the restoration itself. We have kept our readers so well posted in the affairs of Central Africa, that we need not waste their time and ours in recapitulating the situation of which to-day's occurrences are the climax.

It will be remembered that on the breaking out of the revolt, the Emperor Theodoros disappeared, together—in point of time, at least—with the crown jewels, which are reckoned the palladium of the country; and that his son and heir, the Imperial Prince of Abyssinia, took refuge in this city. Our report of yesterday's meeting of the Soudan Bondholders' Committee, conveyed to our readers the startling change in the demeanor of the Prince, who, for reasons entirely unknown to them, had suddenly changed his role of suppliant for that of dictator.

The meeting was scarcely less remarkable for the number and standing of the persons who attended it than for the singularity of the events which it witnessed. Among those present were the heads of all our great mercantile and banking houses, numerous members of the Sanhedrim, including the venerable chief of that august body, the representatives of the allied provinces of Persia, Arabia and the Euphrates, and nearly all the foreign ministers accredited to the Jewish Government. The predominant expectation was that the Prince would fail utterly to show ground for the new position he had taken up, and the betting was accordingly against him.

On entering the salon, which was already crowded, we found the Prince with two other foreign gentlemen, one somewhat past middle age, the other considerably younger, sitting in the appellant's box, awaiting the commencement of the interpellations. These began by the president of the committee, who is also president of the Stock Exchange, addressing the Prince, saying that the board readily acknowledged his status as heir to the throne of Soudan, and sympathized in his misfortunes; but that before admitting his right to represent that country by entering into business relations with its creditors, they must have sufficient ground for believing, first, that the Emperor, his father, was dead; and, secondly, that the country acknowledged him as successor to the crown.

Here the Prince rose, and bowing with dignity, replied that he was now prepared to afford the Court the same information that he himself possessed. He would first, therefore, present to them his friend, Mr. Carol, of London, and request him to state what he knew of the Emperor's death.

The young man whom we have mentioned as sitting beside the Prince then rose, and stated that he was ready to answer any questions affecting the matter before the Court, but should reserve to himself the right to be silent respecting matters which were private to himself—a reservation at which the President very visibly arched his eyebrows; while the Prince himself appeared somewhat surprised not to say disconcerted. The elder stranger, however, unmistakably betrayed his amusement by a smile and a glance at his companion, which was easily interpreted as signifying, "Well, you are a cool hand, young sir." As the sequel proved, the occurrence formed no exception to the maxim contained in our Jerusalem normal school copy-books, that—

"It is easy to be self-possessed in the presence of millionaires, when one happens to be a millionaire himself."

"We will endeavor to respect the reservation," said the President, with the formal courtesy of the man of the world who knows the value of such a demeanor. "The Prince has described you as his friend. We will not, for the present at least, dispute the satisfactoriness of his voucher. Pray, then, be so good as to state the circumstances which are within your own knowledge respecting the death of the late Emperor of Soudan."

The young man then proceeded to narrate, in a manner so simple and voice so touching as to win all hearts, how that

about the middle of last month, while returning from a visit in Central Africa to keep his birthday with his friends in England, and traveling as he was accustomed by himself in an aerial car, he passed over the Bornou capital while the insurrection was in full progress and the royal palace in flames. That continuing his way without touching ground, he chanced, while traversing the Sahara at a very low altitude, to hear a sound as of some one in pain; and on alighting, found a disabled flying-machine of old-fashioned construction, whose sole occupant was a wounded man. That he carried with him to Algiers this man, who must otherwise have perished in the desert, and deposited him with a surgeon, and would have remained by him to the last had not his duties required his presence in England. He had, therefore, after remaining in Algiers a couple of days, committed him specially to the care of the British Minister, intending to return to Algiers with all speed. That this intention was frustrated, as on Christmas eve a special messenger came from the Minister, stating that the man he had rescued from the desert had died of his wounds, and bearing a packet with a written communication, which made it absolutely certain that he who had been thus picked up was no other than the unfortunate Emperor of Central Africa.

This statement was received with profound astonishment by the Court; but, what seemed most curious, by no one was it received with such evident surprise as by the Prince himself. It was clear that even with him his friend had made certain "reservations," and that he was now for the first time learning the particulars of his father's death.

"May we be made acquainted more fully with the nature of the communication to which you refer?" asked the President.

"Its main purport," replied the young Englishman, "was to thank me for my services in his behalf, and to commend his son to my friendship. The original is in London, in keeping of the lawyers of my guardian—Lord Avenil."

Here the elder stranger whispered something to the witness Carol, from which he seemed to dissent. He then said aloud to the Court:

"The British Minister, who I believe is present, can state whether he has received from the Minister at Algiers the corroboration of my statement for which I requested him this morning to telegraph."

"It is true," said the British Minister, rising and addressing the Court, "that a stranger of Central Africa, evidently a man of distinction, arrived badly hurt at Algiers at the time and in the manner we have heard related; but he made no revelation to the Minister concerning his name or quality. His sole confidences were given to this young gentleman, for whose genuineness and trustworthiness my colleague at Algiers energetically vouches."

Here the elder stranger rose, and said that he was present when the packet in question arrived, and was acquainted with its contents.

In answer to the Court's inquiry, this witness stated that his name is Greathhead; that he is a professional aeronaut, officially attached to the aerial expedition of the Confederate Nations to Central Africa, and at present absent on special leave to come to Jerusalem. He exhibited a document to that effect, dated three days ago, and bearing the signature and official seal of the admiral in command.

A glance of astonishment ran through the assembly on finding so stout a testimony to the accuracy of the prince's information, and finding it too in the person of an official of the expedition. The President alone seemed unmoved by it. In the same tone of cold, measured courtesy, which had marked his manner throughout, he said:

"It seems strange to the Court that your services could be spared so soon after the expedition reached the scene of its intended operations."

"Not stranger to the Court than to myself," answered the aeronaut Greathhead, in a loud, hearty, abrupt tone, which contrasted curiously with the keen inflection of the President's voice: "not stranger to the Court than to myself; but my dear boy here can tell you all about it if he chooses. It is all owing to him that the revolution in Soudan is over, the white settlers safe, and the throne waiting to receive the new Emperor as soon as he will let us carry him back."

The President did not give the assembly time to indulge the surprise it felt at this speech, but addressing the last witness, said:

"You are, perhaps, not acquainted with the superstitious character of the people of Soudan. But it is an undoubted fact that no sovereign has a chance of acceptance unless he be in tutelary possession of certain jewels, known as the Talisman of Solomon, from whom the royal family of the country claims descent—"

"And therefore I have promised," interrupted the younger Englishman, "that, on the occasion of his coronation—which I have in my own mind fixed for the first anniversary of his accession—the Sacred Talisman shall be forthcoming; that is, provided he proves by his conduct in the meantime—as I have no doubt he will do—that he is not unworthy of his high position."

And having said this, he turned and cast upon the Prince a glance of such warm friendship as only a long and intimate acquaintance would seem to account for.

This speech, so extraordinary for its apparent and manifold presumption, was uttered in a simple, eager manner, and without a particle of consciousness of its almost preternatural boldness on the part of the speaker.

The Prince himself was for several moments absolutely stupefied with surprise. Then starting to his feet he confronted the youth Carol, with an air that demanded an explanation as to who it was that thus constituted himself the arbiter of his destiny. But the young man merely said to him:

"Not now, my dear Prince. You shall know all in good time."

"If we are to make the concessions desired, it is necessary that we be fully enlightened; and for that, it seems to the Court, no time can be so good as the present."

et my reservation," answered Carol, "I especially

exempted anything that touched upon my private affairs. All that I care to state now is that the secret of the crown jewels and their whereabouts has been committed to me, and that I shall reveal it at the fitting time."

They had been standing side by side since the Prince had risen, and it now became evident from the whispering going on among the audience, that some startling suggestion was being discussed by them. The whispers became general, and then all eyes were turned upon the pair in intent scrutiny. Then the President, addressing the young Englishman, said: "Have you any objection to giving the court some particulars of your birth and parentage?"

"I cannot," he returned, "of my own knowledge give the information you ask, though no doubt I was present on the occasion. But there is one here who is both able and free to relate what he knows about it." And he indicated the elder foreigner.

"Mr. Greathhead," said the President, "will you have the kindness to give the Court any information you possess on this head? The birth, for instance, of Mr. Carol, where did it take place?"

The witness stood erect, and assuming an air of the utmost gravity, pointed upward and said solemnly:

"In heaven!"

"We are aware," said the President, "that you are an aeronaut. Did it take place in one of your own aeromotives?"

Everybody, probably, except himself, noticed that the President's voice had of late entirely lost its keenness of tone and his manner in severity.

"It occurred thus," said the witness Greathhead. "I and some others were stranded on an iceberg in the Arctic seas, when a balloon was blown to us—a balloon of old-fashioned and foreign make—a floating rather than a flying machine. This child was in it, evidently only just born—"

"And the other occupants?"

"When the balloon reached us it had but one, an old man, an Asiatic, who expired shortly afterwards."

"But—but—you said the child was but just born. The old man could—could—could not have been its mother! Where was she, then?"

The loud, eager, and excited way in which the President jerked out this extraordinary speech, his eyes almost starting from his head and his forehead streaming with perspiration, attracted the observation of the whole assembly. On being further informed by Greathhead that there was reason to suppose a woman had fallen out and been lost very shortly before the balloon reached the iceberg, he seemed to be gathering up his whole strength to ask one more question.

"When—when was this?"

"Christmas day, twenty-one years ago."

At this, with a cry, the President dropped senseless into his chair.

Fortunately a medical man was present and to him the patient was committed, while the people talked together in groups. Some who knew the President intimately said that it must be a heart complaint, to which he had been liable ever since a loss he had suffered many years ago. Presently it was announced that he was better, and refused to suspend the sitting for more than a few minutes, when he expected to be himself again.

At length the President announced the resumption of the sitting. He asked the full name of the young foreigner.

"Christmas Carol," was the reply.

"I knew it! I knew it! Mr. President," shouted a voice from the back part of the platform. And there could be seen struggling to the front the venerable figure of one of our most successful and therefore deservedly respected citizens, well known in connection with the diamond trade.

"I knew it, Mr. President," he cried, "the moment I saw Mr. Greathhead, the aeronaut. To my knowledge those jewels were in his possession nearly twenty-one years ago, having been long previously spirited away from Bornou and lost in the great volcano of the Pacific. I myself was the agent of their sale to the Court of Soudan, at the time of the late Emperor's coronation. I ask now by what devil's magic they have again come to light and in the possession of this youth?"

"Do you dispute his right and title to them?" asked the President, with a curious smile.

"It is for me to do that, if anybody may," interposed the Prince.

"And do you dispute it?" asked the President, with some perplexing expressions on his face.

"I am too much in the dark to affirm or dispute anything," he replied.

Here the young stranger rose and said that he thought they were rather wandering from the main question. It was necessary for the Prince to start with himself and friend without delay, if he was to redeem the pledge which had been given on his behalf to the people of Bornou. It was important, moreover, that his return should have the benefit of the distinction which the presence and homage of the Federal expedition would give it. He added that the circumstance that the people believed the Prince to be at that moment actually in the country and living as a voluntary hostage with the commander of the expedition, made any delay most perilous to his chances. So that, whether the committee acceded to his wishes or not, it was better for him to go at once than to wait.

This was a new complication, and after listening to some suggestions of his colleagues, the President, still with an undefinable expression, but with a manner full of suavity, inquired of Carol how the people of Bornou came to labor under such a delusion.

"In the conference which I held with them," replied the witness, "they took me for him, and insisted that I was the Prince."

The singularity of the President's reply to this answer, added to the peculiarity of his manner, produced at first the impression that his mind was still affected by his recent attack.

"It is clear," he said, "that you might return and

personate the Prince and occupy the throne as Emperor, without suspicion or risk. We can see for ourselves the resemblance of which you speak. It is as close as could well subsist even between nearly-related members of the same family. For my part, and I have every reason to feel secure of the assent of my colleagues, I am ready to grant the terms asked of us, provided you yourself occupy the throne of Soudan. You evidently have all the mental requisites for such a position, and the strange fatality which has once more put you in possession of the sacred gems, marks you out for the post whose previous occupants have been so ready to abandon at the first sign of danger."

It was not the first time during this remarkable conference that the prevailing sentiment had been one of profound astonishment. But it was the first time that an expression of surprise had been suffered to invade the self-possession of the young Englishman. His voice, when at length he recovered himself sufficiently to speak, betrayed yet another feeling than that of surprise; for he spoke in tones of anger and indignation, demanding of the President:

"Do you, sir, when you counsel me to a course of treachery and dishonor, really know to whom you are speaking?"

"I know that you are worthy of a kingdom, both by merit and by station. Why refuse to be a king?"

The interest with which this strange colloquy was listened to was of the most intense description. Even those who had deemed the President's mind affected, thought they now discerned a sound meaning beneath his words. Whatever their meaning was, they evidently did not strike the young Englishman as irrational or incoherent. Faintly and slowly, yet with intense distinctness, he at length said:

"No kingdom of this world possesses attractions for me. To no spot of earth do I care to be tied. My life and interest lie yonder," and he pointed upward, in manifest allusion to his passion for atmospheric yatching. "Why tempt me thus?"

A haggard look came over the face of the President. He shook like one in a palsy, and his voice was harsh and hoarse as he essayed to reply. He commenced a sentence and then broke off, and commenced another of different purport. At length he said:

"Am I to understand that you finally and decidedly refuse to avail yourself of the chance I have put before you?"

Instead of answering this query, Carol turned to the Prince, who sat lost in amazement at what it all could mean. The Prince rose at his look; when Carol, grasping one of his hands with one of his own, and throwing the other round his neck, cried:

"Fear not, my cousin! It is not I who will supplant you."

At this arose questionings as to who this could be that thus claimed close kindred with the best blood of Israel. It was while the two young men, looking so marvelously like each other that none could have told them apart, gazed into each other's faces—the Prince evidently bewildered, as at a revelation he could not all at once comprehend—that the President, demanding silence, said:

"Christmas Carol, now that you positively refuse to entertain my suggestion, I will answer your question why I tempted you thus. It is because I am your father! And, being your father, partake the enmity which your mother's branch of the family bore to the branch reigning in Soudan. I have sworn that so long as that branch occupied the throne in which it supplanted ours, Israel should deal usuriously with its people. I would see my son Emperor—that son, who by belonging to the elder branch, is the true and rightful heir. Tell me, has my revelation taken you by surprise?"

"I knew all, save that you were my father."

"When did you obtain your information?"

"Last night, from the documents I found in my grandfather's houses in Damascus and the Lebanon. I learned, too, what yonder diamond merchant will be interested in knowing how the crown jewels were saved from the crater of Kilauea. The Californian sovereign carried them in a belt upon his person. His confidential agent and minister was no other than my grandfather himself, who had obtained possession of them before his exile from Soudan and sold them to him. He accompanied the Emperor of the North Pacific in his flight; and seeing them on the point of being lost when the Emperor fell into the volcano, he darted after him in order to rescue, not the man, but the jewels, and this at the imminent risk of his own life. And he succeeded; for he grappled with the falling monarch, and as they rushed downward through the air together tore the sacred gems from his person, and then let go to save himself, while the king pursued his downward career and was lost in the fiery gulf. This have I learned from my grandfather's papers."

Here a private but animated conversation occurred in a group in which we recognized several of the most distinguished members of the Stock Exchange and of the Sanhedrim. They appeared after a little to have come to an agreement on some knotty point, for the venerable chief of the Sanhedrim came forward, and addressing the Court, said that while in all matters affecting the foreign policy of the nation they deferred to the authority of the Stock Exchange, it devolved upon him as chief of the home and local government to put certain questions to the young gentleman respecting whom such remarkable revelations had just been made.

"And first," he said, "I have to inquire precisely respecting the gems composing the sacred Talisman of Solomon. Whom do you, sir, consider the lawful proprietor at this moment?"

"Myself, undoubtedly," replied Mr. Carol (who will forgive us for not encumbering our present narrative with his newly-discovered titles of honor)—"myself, undoubtedly. But I consider that I hold them in trust for the future Emperor of Soudan."

The old man shook his head and smiled blandly.

"There is a want of legal precision in your language. Not that this detracts from your merits, my dear Prince, as a Prince, if you will allow me to be the first so to call you. If you hold them in trust for another, they are not your own. May I ask you to define your title to them more precisely?"

"I consider that I have four distinct grounds of ownership," replied the young man. "First, I inherit them from

my grandfather, to whose property there is no joint or rival claimant. Secondly, they were found on an iceberg, when otherwise they were hopelessly lost, and settled on me as a free gift by the finder, my beloved foster-father and guardian here, Bertie Greathead. Thirdly, they are mine by right of a clause inserted in the bill of sale by which they were transferred to the late Emperor, a clause reserving to me the right of repurchasing them within one year of my coming of age."

"You are a better lawyer than I was giving you credit for being," interrupted his interrogator, "though you have failed to perceive that all this depends upon the validity of your grandfather's title. But, my dear sir, are you aware that few men, even in Jerusalem, possess a fortune sufficient to purchase those jewels."

"I do not lack the means," responded the young man, with the admirable simplicity of one born to large fortune. "And I have yet another title to them, and one that renders it unnecessary to rely on my inheritance from my grandfather. But for me they had been lost forever in the great Sahara. Moreover, my right to them was recognized by the late Emperor, both in the fact of his purchasing them of me at their full value and his consenting to my reclamation of them. His dying injunctions prove this. At the same time he commended his son to me. It is at my option, then, either to restore him the jewels or to give him their equivalent in money. But for the happy termination of the revolution which excluded him from the throne, he would, of course, have preferred to receive their value."

[To be continued.]

SOCIALISTIC.

SOCIAL REFORM.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 16, 1874.

Dear Friends of the Weekly—Knowing your space inadequate to accommodate all the contributions of your friends and co-workers, I rarely intrude upon your crowded columns, but I deem it my duty to put in an occasional appearance that it may be known that I can still be relied upon as a faithful soldier in the great army of social reform.

The work goes bravely on, and at every turn develops new issues, as the eliminations of the basic principle of freedom—the personal sovereignty of the individual. As the channel deepens and broadens, we are surprised to note the falling off of many who started out with us in the inception of the movement; but on taking a second thought, we need not wonder at their hesitancy to accept the whole issue. Too many have not divested the old Adam of selfishness, too many object to being put upon their good behavior to win and retain love, and too many have not so much faith in the world's ability to regulate its sexual relations by nature rather than by law, as in their own ability as individuals to do the same. Thereby hangs the issue, so that the free lover who appreciates or has a due understanding of the principle of personal sovereignty, is often loth to accord to others the right which he arrogates to himself.

It is hard to break away from the customs and usages of centuries. The path trodden has been the only thoroughfare of the human family for thousands of years; and each succeeding epoch has riveted the closer the chains of earth's fastening millions, from the days of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob down to the time of Romish wickedness and princely extravagance, forward to our time, wherein woman is still taught that in her the unpardonable sin consists in wearing the crown of maternity without the sanction of priest and civil law. It is the old, old story of a false system of marriage, of which there was nothing but the bond to make it legal, in which ran the ancient and modern idea of man's ownership of woman, of her inferiority to man, of her fitness for naught but to pander to lust, of her unfitness for aught but the menial or toy, despised or petted as her social position may give license. No wonder the heaped up wrongs of centuries clamor to be righted; no wonder women are rising in a rebellion that shall make them self-owning—their freedom striking the keynote of man's emancipation.

No woman is free in legal marriage. If the bond galls not the slave's shoulders, it is because her owner is too generous to use his power, or cares not to brave the aroused indignation of a womanhood that is struggling into self-ownership across the threshold of a nineteenth-century martyrdom, and, with clear prophetic vision, discerning a time, not far distant, wherein woman attains a pinnacle of power, born of the impulse of cultivated head and enlarged heart, free to own herself; her sexual organs no longer her sole staple commodity and the sceptre of her power.

For a common womanhood, you, oh, Victoria, have made this result possible, and the ages of futurity will rise up and call you blessed. Hold to your course as unswervingly as of old, and "the good time coming" will vindicate your name and claim; for the cause of humanity is ever so near and dear to us that its workers never die, and I gratefully add my mite to kindle a lamp beneath the shrine wherein is placed the life and work of Victoria C. Woodhull.

Fraternally thine, as sister, friend and co-laborer,

NELLIE L. DAVIS.

A NEW AND YOUNG BROOD OF SPIRITUALISTS.

BY WARREN CHASE.

The recent experiments of eminent scientists in Europe and America fully sustaining our facts, theories and testimony, as often repeated for the last few years—but nothing more—have hatched out a new brood of believers, among which are several old and young roosters, who, at the head of popular and widely circulated papers, have been in the habit of slandering, abusing and vilifying Spiritualists, and all other unpopular subjects which they had no interest in. The prospective popularity of the new religion has brought them now to the front in advocating the scientific facts; but, as they had so often slandered and abused its old defenders when it was unpopular, they could not retract, and hence still continue to abuse us while they assume the champion-

ship of the cause with the aid of a few old and unpopular advocates, who, disappointed in not becoming leaders and turning it to personal account, have faced half about, and joined in the popular cry against free love, while most of them are practical illustrations of what they denounce. Prominent among this new brood is Brick Pomeroy with his cudgel *Democrat*, and Story, of Chicago, with his widespread and floating *Times*, which has always mixed truth and error so that the devil himself could not sort them. These papers belong to the "rule or ruin" class. Although they hate to do it, they are sometimes obliged to take back or eat their own words, but in the present case hope to escape by an artful dodge on the free-love question. Brick, being severely chastised by some old political friends for going over to Spiritualism among the Republicans, hauled down his canvas, and put in a rejoinder, filling up a column or two with the most vile, vulgar, slanderous and scandalous abuse of the late National Convention in Boston; but, as he had been so long accustomed to doing this for any political or other convention which he was opposed to, he was like the shepherd boy in the fable who cried wolf, wolf so often when there was no wolf, that nobody pretends to believe his cry of alarm at the approach of the imaginary free love wolf. We often hear the remark that "poor Pomeroy is played out," and his abuse hurts nobody. As for Story, his wife having gone to the summerland, he will soon join her, since he has found out where it is, and there he will not be troubled by free love. But what our old friend of the R. P. J. will do for a stream of filth to run through his journal when these sources fail we do not know, as the younger and weaker roosters are not bad enough for him. We had a nest of these half fledged spiritualists in our ranks long ago who, after serious experiences in social corruption, found they could not satisfy their lusts without the aid of the law, and hurried back to the church terribly disgusted with free love after they had sufficient experience to disgust all the spiritualists with them and their conduct. They can now come half way back and join our new allies in rescuing spiritualism from free love and sustaining the social institutions that furnish them and their ilk all the wives and concubines they can use or abuse. The whole trouble with these pin-feather roosters is that Mrs. Woodhull and others attack the institutions that the church has set up, by which a libertine can run at large among women, ruined by such men, and abandoned by society; or, if he choose, can hold legally half a dozen wives, one at a time, and kill by his licentiousness one after another of them; or, if they refuse to submit, get a divorce and catch another; and we, who would destroy both these evils, are to be attacked and put out of the spiritual ranks!

This new brood evidently think that they can, joined with a small portion of the old workers, take the lines and leadership of the great movement out of the hands of its old pioneers; but they will be terribly disappointed if they expect to do it by ignoring social freedom, or what we call free love—for what they call free love we do not. We ignore the latter, in precept and practice, while many of them stand on the Beecher platform and cry aloud the old cry of stop thief, with their pockets full of stolen goods. It would not surprise us to see most of these disappointed leaders go back to the churches for sympathy when they find both the visible and invisible workers in the cause leaving them to fall to the rear or into the ranks to serve a time as soldiers before they are promoted to office, while our old friends, who have half deserted the cause, may find themselves like the bat in the fable when the victory is won by the rascals, as it surely will be. We would advise these wise new converts to look up the names of those who support houses of ill fame in their respective cities and they may find out, as we long since have, that the advocates of free love are not registered there, while most of the opponents are among the patrons in some sly way. We are also informed that these houses and their supporters are largely patrons of the press that advertises them into notoriety by various kinds of abuse, such as Brick Pomeroy uses to give credit to most of the worthy measures and objects of public interest. When Brick first came out in our favor, and did not discriminate between the free lover and the pure, he hurt the cause by advocating it; but now he is not harruing it as he has registered, as usual, against reforms.

THE BETTER WAY.

Speaking of divorces brings to mind a very pleasant anecdote. A gentleman who did not live very happily with his wife decided to procure a divorce, and took advice on the subject from an intimate friend—a man of high social standing. "Go home and court your wife for a year," said this wise adviser, "and then tell me the result." They bowed in prayer, and separated. When a year passed away, the once-complaining husband called again to see his friend, and said: "I have called to thank you for the good advice you gave me, and to tell you that my wife and I are as happy as when first we were married. I cannot be grateful enough for your good counsel." "I am glad to hear it, dear sir," said the other, "and I hope you will continue to court your wife as long as you live." Husband—wife—go thou and do likewise.

SHALL FREE LOVE BE ENFORCED?

RAVENNA, Ohio, Nov., 1874.

Editors Weekly—Your comments on my article in the WEEKLY, of Oct. 17, indicate that you draw the inference that I would have free love enforced. Your inference is correct. I would have free love established by law, and marriage (whether monogamic or polygamic) made a penitentiary offense. It seems to me that you yield a vital point—indeed, the whole question. If free love is not to be enforced, then we cannot have free love (only rape and murder and enforced maternity, as at present,) until men all become so manly and just as never to trespass in the slightest degree upon woman's right to freedom and self-ownership. If you were a non-resistant you would be consistent, but I do not understand you to be. If a woman is not to be protected by law against ravishment, there is little need, comparatively, of having any law. This (call it by whichever name, rape or

marriage) is the crime of the ages. Never shall we have a government worthy to be respected or obeyed till we have a government that shall make a business of protecting human rights, especially woman's right to her own personality.

You say: "We claim for people the right to manage their own affairs in their own way." Exactly; that is free love and nothing else is free love. But you go on and spoil what you have said, by saying, "whether that be after the requirements of monogamy, polygamy, or etc. The whole object and spirit, both of monogamy and polygamy, is to prevent people from managing their 'own affairs in their own way.'" Monogamy, according to Webster, is having "one wife." It does not mean an exclusive love relation—not even an exclusive sexual relation. Do I become a polygamist by having two lovers? Not much! No more do I become a monogamist by having only one! I am not willing to dignify monogamy or polygamy by admitting that they have anything to do with love. I know there is a lying pretense that marriage has something to do with love. A more barefaced lie never was concocted by the "Father of lies." Though married people hate and loathe each other, though they quarrel and fight like cats and dogs, or very fiends of hell, they are just as much married as though they loved like angels and cooed like turtle-doves.

You say: "If we cannot have freedom for individuals, then there can be no free love." Nothing can be truer than that statement. "Freedom for individuals" and free love are one and the same thing, and it is this freedom for individuals that I would have secured by law. In Massachusetts they imprison people for what they call "adultery." Now, what would you do in case you were president, dictator or protector? I will tell you what I would do. I would, before I had slept, march at the head of an armed force sufficient to liberate such imprisoned persons, and, if need be, to disperse those sanctified mobs, styled the Massachusetts Legislature and the Massachusetts courts. What does anybody's freedom, of any sort, amount to if it is not to be protected by law?

You say, "Let those who want to marry or to contract do so, freely." Now, it is quite evident that in using the word "marry" as you do here, you mean something different from what is generally meant by the use of that word. Exactly what I do not know. My rule is to use terms according to their common acceptation, and while of course people have a right to use terms just as they please, it is quite certain that the latitude taken in this respect leads to confusion and misunderstanding. Of course, after marriage is abolished, as I expect it will be, people will not be able to marry, but there will be nothing in the way of their making any "contracts" they please. It is true that I would not "contract" to believe, or to love, or to hold a sexual relation; but those who choose to do so have a perfect right. It is true that a contract to hold a sexual relation implies prostitution, for the idea that lovers need to "contract" to manifest their love is the height of absurdity, and all who are not lovers and yet engage in sexual manifestations are prostitutes. But people have a perfect (not moral) right to prostitute themselves, and there is no way to hinder it.

I am well aware that many honest people think that I indulge in too great severity of criticism. I never mean to be personally offensive. For such noble reformers as J. H. Severance, Lois Waisbrooker, Warren Chase, etc., I cherish the highest respect. They are pre-eminently intelligent, honest, earnest and devoted, but their efforts to dignify marriage need to be thwarted, their influence in this direction is a thing to be resisted and overcome.

I know well that they repudiate the idea of saying anything in favor of the popular marriage. But I know of no other marriage. In different periods and in different sections marriage may vary as to its details, but it is always the same infernalism. It is always the slavery of woman. No other marriage exists except in the imaginations of rare-done reformers. The relations of the sexes is either slavery or freedom. In the one case it is marriage, in the other it is free-love. I care not whether sexual relations are exclusive or non-exclusive. That is a question not worthy to discuss. Whether one woman, or more is owned, it is slavery, it is marriage. Whether one woman is loved in freedom, or more, it is free-love.

"True marriage" is the greatest and the worst of humbugs, and it bids fair to soon become a popular humbug. Soon, if the semi-free lovers continue their efforts, there will not be a canting priest in the land but will be mouthing it and praying over it. It will be alike easy for the priest and the debauchee to advocate and claim to have the "true marriage." Unless semi-free lovers save it, marriage will soon go to disgrace and destruction. In humanity's name let it go, and let all lovers of humanity say, Amen!

FRANCIS BARRY.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

[From Harper's for November—Editor's Easy Chair.]

At a pleasant dinner of the dominant sex, the "Woman" question, as it is technically called, came up, and it was languidly agreed that when wives gravely and thoughtfully urged upon their husbands, and mothers upon sons, and sisters upon brothers, and sweethearts upon lovers, that they felt themselves radically wronged, and insisted upon the suffrage, it would be granted. And the question passed. But one of the guests said to another that the real difficulty was, that what may be called the best women—those, that is, who in the minds of the best men stand for the whole sex—are supremely indifferent to the subject, or are positively opposed to the proposition. The women who advocate it, he said, are conspicuously vain, shallow, self-seeking lovers of notoriety, and of an evident coarseness of fibre; not, indeed, in every individual case, but as a class. And what makes the prospect more hopeless, he added, is that the character and method of their arguments are so feeble and inefficient, their logic is so fatally defective, and, indeed, there is such a total want of what we understand by intellectual ability in their presentation of their own case, that the dispassionate spectator is forced to ask himself how the conduct of human affairs could possibly be improved by an infusion of an endless amount of such incapacity.

The smoke of his cigar curled lightly, and he watched it silently.

"Have you got no farther than that?" asked his friend, smiling; "for this is but the most threadbare form of the oldest Tory argument. Have you nothing to suggest to the court or jury upon the merits of the case?"

The guest who had spoken first replied that the senior counsel, Goldwin Smith, Q. C., had made his plea.

"Not exactly Q. C.," answered the other; and he went on to speak of the recent paper of Professor Smith upon the subject.

It is undoubtedly admirable in force and clearness. It is short, for it is only a magazine article, but one of the few rejoinders which have been made to Mr. Mill that deserve attention. He considers Mr. Mill's theory of the historical subjection of women to men to be fundamentally unsound, and asserts that the lot of the woman has not been determined by the will of the man in any considerable degree, but that the condition of both has been determined by circumstances which neither could control. The family was a unit, politically as well as socially, and nothing, he thinks, can be more unfounded than the theory of Mr. Mill that the present relation of wives to their husbands has its origin in slavery. Sarah's lot, he says, was essentially different from Hagar's; and although Hector was absolute over Andromache, her position can in no way be likened to that of her handmaidens. But Mr. Smith forgets that Mr. Mill does not assert nor imply that the relation of the wife to the husband who loves and honors her is not different from that of a mere slave to her master, but that his powers and rights in the law are not essentially different from those of a master, and so far as they are now ameliorated are but modifications of such rights. The father was the head of the family; but of the whole family, which comprised wives and slaves as well as children. He could marry his daughter at his will by the same right that he could sell his slave. Coming from ancient to modern times, Professor Smith, of course, is familiar with Blackstone's dictum that "the very being and existence of the woman is suspended during the marriage," and that of Baron Alderson, that "the wife is only the servant of her husband." The fact that there may have been the tenderest relations of affection between wife and husband did not change the fact that she was subject to his will; and to be subject to another's will is slavery.

This subjection, however, like the ancient inability to hold property, Professor Smith holds to be a relic of feudalism, and in no sense the contrivance of male injustice. But nothing is plainer than that under the feudal system the woman was, upon whatever ground, absolutely subject to the man. This, says Professor Smith, was due to circumstances. But there was certainly some kind of human agency under the feudal system. "Circumstances," applied to that system, is a word expressing conditions largely determined by human character and feeling. If actual force of arms was the tenure by which rights of every kind were held, the want of that force or weakness would be regarded with a feeling in which contempt mingled. And this feeling must necessarily extend to the dependent sex. Consequently women in the feudal times were both toys and slaves. They were truly loved, indeed; they were the mothers of families; they were queens, but they were still subject to the arbitrary will of another.

As fast as a real Christianity and civilization have prevailed, disabilities of every kind have fallen from women. Professor Smith himself admits it, but says that while feudalism lasted the disabilities or anomalies in the laws of property, for instance, were indispensable to both sexes. But as his chief argument is connected with one of the feudal principles, let us look at this more closely. His real and most plausible position is that law rests at last on the actual force of the community. But in case of rebellion women could not execute a law. Men know this, and therefore if any law in the interest of women were passed contrary to the male sense of justice, men would refuse to execute it, law would not be enforced, government would fail, and society would lapse into anarchy. But the anomaly of the law in regard to real property under the feudal system sprang from the same principle of force. The reason of the feudal inability of women to hold property was that they could not bear arms to defend and maintain it. If, then, women should not have the suffrage because they cannot bear arms to enforce the laws, ought they to have property which they cannot bear arms to protect? But does Mr. Smith accept the logical inference that a return to the feudal system is the true policy of modern society? On the other hand, if the right of women to hold property, although without the force to defend it, has been found upon the whole to be advantageous to society, is there any good reason to suppose that the right to vote without the force to maintain the law would be disastrous? Has not Professor Smith forgotten facts quite as important as those which he mentions? And among these the very vital fact that the interests of women, upon a broad scale, cannot be separated, as by his supposition, from those of men? Moreover, the very kind of law that he proposes as that which men would not defend, namely, that punishing some special offense against the sex would hardly be enacted if women had a real responsibility. So far as this instance is concerned they are like a party out of power, full of the most vehement and uncompromising assertions and pledges. Could they vote as well as speak, they would be like that party suddenly clothed with all the responsibility of government.

But while the inability of women to help to enforce the laws which they might help to make is the strong argument of Mr. Smith, it is evident that under all his plea is a very strong feeling which is even more powerful than argument with him, as with very many generous men and women. In the opening of his article he says, with emphasis, "The very foundations of society are touched when party tampers with the relations of the sexes." This is a strong way of stating a feeling, not an argument; what is meant is the relations of the sexes as they exist within the writer's experience, not the abstract and ideal relations. For the relations of the

sexes have been constantly changing in the sense of larger independence of the women and an increasing equality, not of function, but of opportunity. That, indeed, is the real substance of the proposition which Professor Smith combats. It is not the political responsibility of women, as such, but the welfare of society through the co-operation of the sexes: all the aggregate and various forces of society directed to its development. Men and women co-operate in the family and in domestic life. But that is only a part of the life and interests of intelligent men and women. Let the same co-operation extend to their other interests. The greater the liberty, combined with intelligence and conscience, the happier the result.

The error of Mr. Smith and of those who agree with him is the supposition that the political liberty of women would in some manner conflict with the natural feminine charm or function. They must be candidates and officers and orators and ward politicians, it is said, and how can the delicacy of womanhood bear the strain? But is the delicacy of womanhood the creation of law or custom, or is it a part of the nature of things? The great multitude of women in the most highly civilized countries are compelled in the discharge of their family and most natural duties to chaffer and sharpen wits with tradesmen of every kind. They do this with no necessary sacrifice of the charm of womanhood. But if they may thus associate with men in the market without feminine loss, why not in spheres of a nobler interest? Mr. Smith asserts that the women, whose public judgment would be most valuable would be generally excluded from public life by conjugal and maternal duty. Does he not, then, so far dispose of his own objection? Such women would still have, as they have now, interest and intelligence in public affairs, and their good judgment would certainly prevent their voting for a woman merely because of her sex.

Mr. Smith evidently has Mrs. Jellaby in constant view as the result of the political liberty of women. But why not Florence Nightingale? And why suppose that women must of necessity wish to be Lord Raglan rather than Florence Nightingale? Larger liberty does not make men meaner, but more manly, and why should it be feared as the ruin of women, however much it may destroy a false idea of woman? Mrs. Jellaby is a picture of what a foolish woman may become in the absence of political responsibility; and the public women who justly disgust Mr. Smith and his friends, and who seem to them to represent women as they might, could, would, or will be, were they politically enfranchised, are, on the contrary, the very phenomena which the political disability of women produce. In the amusing little parlor farce of *The Spirit of '76* a female judge is the most ludicrous of figures. Yet the court of women in Siam, of which Mrs. Leonowens tells us, is not a jest; and Portia, although a fair young judge, is not the less "one of Shakespeare's women," the women of the heart's ideal.

Those who appeal so constantly to human nature and the radical differences of sex should at least trust them a little. Political ambition, however strong, is not the master-passion of human nature. How absurd and how revolting, exclaims some shuddering soul, the spectacle of a husband and wife each the candidate of an opposing party for Governor of a State! Yet is a son often an opposing candidate to his father, or a brother to a brother? Not often. It seems hardly worth while to torture the fancy to figure possible troubles. If such a conflicting candidacy involves grief and confusion to the family, is an affectionate wife likely to countenance it more than the husband? If the right of a wife to a separate property and to her own earnings does not abolish the family, her equal right to an expression of her political preference, with entire liberty of political action, cannot harm it. "The only difference between the sexes is sex," says Dr. E. H. Clarke, in his address at Detroit on "the building of a brain;" and he adds, "but this difference is radical and fundamental." Then it should seem that as the liberty of women to acquire and own property has not ended in driving men from the entire management of great corporations, there is no reason to fear that their equal political liberty will lead them to occupations for which the "radical and fundamental" difference of sex unfits them.

A YOUNG lady resident in the famous Peruvian city of the Incas, Cuzco, applied lately to the proper authorities, asking permission to enter the law school of that capital, an institution supported by the State, as a student of jurisprudence, and at the same time inquiring if her sex was an obstacle to the obtaining of a degree of master of laws provided her acquirements were sufficient. The Minister of Justice replied, in an official dispatch, that all Peruvian citizens should enjoy equal rights; that women were virtually considered by the laws in force as on the same footing with men, as far as the privileges to be accorded by the Republic were concerned, and that it was a matter of peculiar pleasure to the Administration to improve the opportunity of making public such a declaration.—*N. Y. Herald.*

PASTORAL VISITS.

Ministerial associations all over the land have lately been discussing the safety or perils of clerical visitations. Some suggest that ministers ought to take their wives with them when they call on their parishioners. Others say better be accompanied by a church officer in order to avoid scandal. All of which humbug arises into the positively sublime. Dear Dominies! the ladies are not so crazy after you as you have been led to suppose. As far as we have observed, they are perfectly harmless. Mind your business and they will mind theirs. Use common sense and the Lord will take care of you and your reputation forever. Do not go about, as many ministers, with promiscuous demonstrations of affection. Kiss your own wife and children and sisters-in-law and cousins as much as you please, but do not feel called upon to treat with similar ardor the attractive people of your congregation, unless it be the deacons and sextons. Greet these last with a holy kiss as often as you have a mind to. Solomon says hard things about the women; but if he had contented himself with six or seven hundred less of them,

he would not have had so much trouble. With ordinary prudence, there has not since the foundation of the world been a single instance where a good man's name has permanently suffered. A dark cloud may hover for awhile, but afterward the clear sunshine.—*Christian at Work.*

"MARY MAGDALEN."

Down the warm and dusty street,
With aching heart and trembling feet,
And a faded gown (though that was neat),
Came Mary Magdalen.

She paused at a place where dresses were made,
And entering, asked if they needed aid,
"For unless I find work I must starve," she said.
Poor Mary Magdalen.

And still came the answer, as ever before,
"Not for such as you," and, "there's the door."
Poor Mary's heart was very sore—
No work for Magdalen.

Homeward she turns, with face hard set,
"There is one more chance for my baby yet;
If that shall fail to the river we'll get,"
Says Mary Magdalen.

Onward she goes in her hurried flight,
Till she stands by a mansion cold and white;
She enters, and stands in the ladies' sight.
Thus speaks the Magdalen:

"Your son was the father of my child;
He was almost my husband—you think me wild—
But now he will marry you lady mild;
He cares not for Mary Magdalen.

"Oh, his voice was soft; with my curls he played;
He won the heart of a foolish maid;
But my baby and I may starve, and be laid
With other poor Magdalens."

What did they do, these ladies fair?
Did they kiss her cheek or smooth her hair?
Even with pity did they answer the prayer
Of Mary Magdalen?

No, their pity was spared for the lover and son,
Who, 'tis true, is "sowing his oats" while young;
"But no doubt that girl had lured him on,
That Mary Magdalen."

And they showed poor Mary into the street.
Onward she came with her poor tired feet:
Death is the only thing she can greet
With pleasure, poor Magdalen!

The river is waiting, so dark and still,
To take her away from this world of ill;
And the pitying angels weep their fill
O'er Mary Magdalen.

"One more unfortunate gone to her rest,"
Gone from a world that scorned to bless,
Or even do justice at the request
Of Mary Magdalen.

But the man who lured her on to her shame
Can show to the world a spotless name,
And the world will give him the honor and fame
Withheld from Mary Magdalen.

But to him the reckoning will surely come;
For not one wrong has he ever done
That will drag him down to the Evil One
Like this to Mary Magdalen.

A PLEASANT VIEW OF SELF-LOVE.

Man being a child of God—an offspring of love and wisdom—all the parts composing him must have their origin in the pure and loving heart of the universe. Therefore all his members and faculties ought to be loved and esteemed, their wants heeded and respected, that man, by loving, respecting and identifying himself with every part of his divinely organized being, may come into a state of perfect harmony with himself, and thus with God and heaven; for until the different thoughts and affections of the soul recognize in each other the pure and the divine, the warfare, sorrow and shamefacedness that the individual so often passes through can never give place to the tranquility and peace of heaven. Man, individually, can no more come into harmony with himself till all the members and faculties pertaining to him learn to love and respect each other, than can men collectively be brought into a state of peace and order. While refusing to recognize the divine life in one another they persist in looking down from their imaginary elevation with pride and contempt upon their fellows.

I love to look upon the different parts, physical and mental, of which I am the compound, as possessing individualities of their own as distinct from one another as are the different individuals of the one great man of which we all are parts, and yet so thoroughly in love with each other as to make a perfect one—to become actually identified—my individuality being the result of their identification. This view of one's self causes one to fall in love with himself all over. The arms become enamored of each other, the hands fall in love with the feet, while the head is captivated by the charms of the breast, and the eyes delight themselves with the beautiful proportions of all the different parts. Then, too, the thoughts and affections actually run away with the ideas these different parts suggest. Nor do they stop on this, their love trip, till, having reached the pure, clean heavens above, they quietly sink to rest enraptured by the divine loveliness of angelic forms. Then, when anxiety concerning the poor undeveloped ones of earth intrudes upon their peace, the inner ear, ever in tune with heaven, responsive vibrates to its music as it flows forth in the words: Be still and know that Heaven's loving heart can ne'er forget one humble child of earth—can find no soul with sin so deeply stained its own pure love cannot make sweet and clean. Heaven's heart toward all with ardor flows—angelic love no limit knows. As sure as the lovely face and artistically-moulded form of an innocent child can, through the cruel selfishness of earthly

surroundings, be changed into the repellent features, the tough and ugly form of a grasping, self-seeking man; so sure can the same man, under the softening influences of tenderness and affection, be brought back into a state of innocence and love, yea, and wisdom, too, purchased by the hard and sad experience of an earthly life. The body, so unlovely now, will then be a perfect mirror in which the purified thoughts and affections of the soul will all be truthfully pictured.

If man, individually, is to be brought into harmony with himself and heaven by having all the members and faculties composing him taught to love and respect each other, instead of permitting certain ones to clan off as lords and nobles and rule with an iron hand the ones they choose to look down upon as publicans and sinners, then he, being a part of that larger individual, mankind, must treat all his fellow-men with a corresponding love and respect in order to do his part toward bringing about a state of peace and harmony in society. Consequently this kind of self-love, instead of making one selfish, causes him to cleave with a deeper sympathy to all his fellows.

All God's children, springing as they do from the same divine source, must have within them a pure and noble life, which the gentle breezes of loving Nature can fan into activity. And until they fall so deeply in love with each other as to open their eyes to this truth, peace and tranquility cannot obtain among them. Nor will it do for this love to be of that quality that flows out toward the soul, but ceases ere it reaches the body; for love, to be effectual for good, must be of that thorough kind that stops not at primates, but rushes through to the very ultimates of its object. Love that contents itself with praying for the soul of some unfortunate being, and shrinks from contacting the person physically, is not worthy of the name. When we thoroughly love another, our affections flow out in torrents to the very particles that compose him, and the body of flesh and bones, the whole and every part of it, is loved through and through; for till we conceive of substance without form, we must identify the soul, or thing itself, with the body, its manifestation. And when our spirits cease to clothe their bodies with earthly particles, and pass beyond the reach of the external senses, in that higher state of existence the head will yet find its bosom, the hands their feet, and our love for others, intenser grown, will still be responded to by the warm and loving form of angel friends.

If, knowing that all our life from God proceeds, we look within, the good and true to find, we soon shall learn that all our loves are heaven-born—all our thoughts both pure and clean. Let us then fall in love with our own inner selves, and thus become one with the Father that dwelleth in us. Having thus brought ourselves into harmony with God and heaven we shall become healthy factors—perfect units—in the great body of mankind, and our outflowing lives shall be for food for the hungry souls that seek the heaven that we have found.

C. W. B.

FOURIER, THE SOCIAL PROPHET.

A DEAD (?) MAN ON LIVE ISSUES.

BY ALFRED CRIDGE.

Born in 1772, passed away, unappreciated, 1837, he has yet left his mark on the century. In the "Social Palace of Guise," M. Godin, one of his early disciples, has begun to actualise Fourier's magnificent conceptions of a new social order. His writings, though partially translated, are less known than they should be to the social radicals of the United States. Finding in the Congressional library a complete edition of his works, published in Paris in 1843-8, I have made extracts therefrom, which may serve to throw some light on the path on which the vanguard of society has now entered. He has not only anticipated the social issues of the present generation, but of many succeeding ones. He roughly outlines the routes we must follow to reach permanent social amelioration, without which no permanent spiritual or material progress is possible. Orthodox theology is sounding a retreat from its long and obstinate battle with physical science in order to concentrate its forces with tenfold bitterness on the pioneers of social science. Whenever "social palaces" multiply, whenever science is thus applied to domestic life and the sexual relations, dire will be the anathemas of theologians against enemies in comparison with whom Darwin, Huxley, Wallace, Tyndall, etc., are their friends. If such speculative questions as those concerning the origin of life and man arouse theological antipathies, what must occur when practical issues pertaining to the continuance and improvement of that life are presented not merely as theories, but as persistent and potential facts?

Explorers of this *terra incognita* through which we must shortly pass to the promised land—yes, through which we are even now passing—would find in Fourier a guide and armory. I do not propose to explain his system in detail, and much, even of the outline, may be open to adverse comment; but I am less anxious for critical accuracy than to present great, suggestive, practical truths in as intelligible a form as the subject permits, so as to aid in solving the social problems of *now* and *here*. Causes and conditions not necessary to specify have rendered Fourierism unduly sterile in the United States. Fourier made some very great, but very natural, mistakes. He desired to avoid making enemies, or rather to make friends, among the rich, the pious and the powerful. He put the cart before the horse when he expected freedom of the affections to be an effect of that new societarian mechanism, of which it will eventually prove to be the cause. He may also have been insufficiently alive to the philosophy of evolution, or he would perhaps have devised more effective methods of transition from the existing mechanism (or rather chaos) to a higher social life.

For those not familiar with his views, it may be well, as preliminary to the extracts proposed, to present a brief outline. Partly from *a priori* reasoning (which I do not in detail understand), and partly from *a posteriori* reasoning, which appears to be faultless, he concludes that the greatest possible industrial economy and social happiness could be

reached in communities, where the domestic interests are combined, co-operative and unitary, of about 1,600 persons; but that communities of 200 or 300 could realize far greater industrial and social benefits than the present heterogeneous methods by which the results of labor are mainly wasted through social war and want of system; that in communities of the larger number, labor, by division, variation and interlocking, consequent on a certain mechanism of "groups" and "series," would become attractive; that while *production* would thus be very much increased, both in quantity and quality, giving to all concerned that abundance, luxury and refinement rarely realized now, even by the most opulent, the labor of *distribution* would be, by means of the unitary home, largely diminished, as the life, health, thought and effort, now so painfully and uselessly expended in diminutive kitchens, would be available for useful purposes, and women, freed from their domestic drudgery by these enormous economies in household labor, would become in every sense the equals and companions of men. Indeed, without such facilities as the unitary home alone can furnish, "woman's rights," for the majority of the sex, can be but little better than a dismal joke.

Even children, down to three years of age, would spontaneously and joyously add to the product, and become increasingly valuable to the community, instead of being, as now, regarded as nuisances to be abated or malefactors to be punished. Education, instead of being a repulsive occupation, conducted by over-tasked teachers, driven by whip and spur of ignorant parents or conceited school committees, and compelled to urge on unruly and equally overtasked children, to acquire information three-fourths useless or mischievous—education in these communities would fulfill the poet's definition as a "delightful task to rear the tender thought," and become an attractive because practical process to both teachers and pupils, as the latter would be learning things, not mere words and dogmas. In fact all would be teachers more or less, in such communities as he describes.

He divided material results into twelve parts, of which five-twelfths are apportioned to labor, three-twelfths to skill and four-twelfths to capital. He enters into minute details intended to show that such an arrangement would satisfy all concerned; that the great variety of employments in which each would engage, the corresponding number of "series" in the result of which each person would be interested, would so interlock ("engrener") interests and varied capacities, that the apparent inequality, so far as skill is concerned, would be very much diminished. The free play of the affections, leading to alliances between rich and poor, and consequent heirships, would, he thinks, obviate dissatisfaction in regard to the share of capital. He also proposed to divide the members of these "Phalansteries" into three classes, according to wealth, etc.

These distinctions in favor of wealthy persons, however suitable to France at that time, where wealth may have been some index of refinement and intelligence, would, of course, be utterly unsuitable here. Besides, he supposed that the advantages of association would be so appreciated that a whole neighborhood would be organized at once, taking all the people just as they were. Subsequent experience, however, indicates that he attached too much importance to mechanism and too little to individual or interior conditions. Picked men and women are indispensable to the preliminary success of methods of life for which the masses are not yet prepared, and never will be, as long as they are priest-ridden, caucus-ridden or believers in any sort of bodily or mental ownership of one person by another. The ideal, the spiritual, must precede the actual and material. Ignoring this fact, failures have occurred by trying to make "a silk purse out of a sow's ear" and expecting to "gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles," and while many persons in existing society are not only adapted to, but intensely long for somewhat such communities as he describes, the masses must remain in present conditions until the "little leaven" of successful experiments shall "leaven the whole lump" of existing society. Children, too, by suitable sexual relations which a partial freedom may admit of can and should be born socialists.

The idea of giving one-third of the product to capital, in harmonial life, is too preposterous to consider seriously.

Fourier has anticipated or foreseen some forms of the movement for woman's freedom; and it is believed that his works furnish means for making the movement far more effective than is now considered possible.

Reformers have been wandering in pathless woods and unknown seas, and beating their lives out against iron-bound shores. In Fourier, we find maps, charts and compass, so that we can ascertain where we are, "whither we are drifting," and thus so collect our scattered wits as to drift no longer, but steadily work toward the desired destination.

"Is he a pilgrim returning from Holy places? Is he some anchorite arrived from the desert? No, he is a man dwelling in your midst, but who, furnished with an unknown compass, with a new science which your strong minds [*esprits forts*—term applied to free-thinkers] do not possess, can show you the egress from the labyrinth in which you have wandered for so many centuries." (VI, 357)

With these preliminary remarks, I desire to introduce a series of extracts entitled, "Gems from Fourier," exhibiting his views on social questions, negative and positive.

WICHITA, Kansas, Nov. 17, 1874.

Dear Weekly—At length I send you a little money for the paper, and in doing so, permit me to express the great estimation in which I hold it. It is a sharp, two-edged sword, and the mightiest agency in this marvelous time in the hands of the angels for the agitation and reconstruction of society. I earnestly trust and pray that it may ride buoyantly, bravely and grandly over the mighty billows that its own agitation, as well as the vast and manifold influences of the age, will cause to roll around it.

Again expressing my deep sense of the many and lasting obligations to you and the WEEKLY, I remain faithfully and truly yours,

S. A. M., A. M., M. D.

[From the New York Herald.]

THE SHAKER CONVENTION,

HELD AT STEINWAY HALL, NEW YORK, NOV. 20, 1874.

The morning attendance at the Shaker Convention, in Steinway Hall, was not quite as large as that in the evening. In the latter portion of the day the hall and galleries were crowded. Much interest was felt in the various addresses, some of which touched upon sociological topics that were singularly treated, and with, perhaps, far less propriety than many people expected. The audience seemed to be composed of that numerous class of people in this city who attach themselves to no church in particular, and takes anything that comes along in the name of reform as a delightful change. The stage of Steinway Hall was occupied by a Shaker delegation, numbering about twenty persons, half male and half female. The latter sat at the left hand of the stage, clad in purple dresses, with white mantles wrapped around their shoulders. The men wore their hair long, and their dress was simplicity itself. The ladies made quite a picturesque appearance in the evening. The address by Elder Loomis caused unusual astonishment among the Gentiles, and several scores of ladies left the hall during the gentleman's address. He spoke learnedly on the subject of procreation; but his remarks would hardly suit the columns of the *Herald*. He spoke at great length on his indelicate subject. His train of ideas was quite similar to that of the free-love apostles, of whom the country already knows something. In the afternoon session, Elder John B. Vance, Elderess Antonette Doolittle, Elder Evans and others spoke.

CLASSIFICATION OF MANKIND.

First—The prophetic class, who receive the inspiration of the coming degree. These are the radicals, who proclaim liberty to the captive, whether it be the captive man and woman, who are bought and sold like animals, or souls captive to some appetite, some lust of the flesh or mind that has had its day.

Second—The second class are the moderates, who have been progressed by the radicals and repelled by the conservatives. With this class wisdom was born. And when it becomes extinct wisdom will die with it. They have, like the middle of a stick, a horror of the two ends—of all extremes.

Third—The opposite extreme, or conservative class, whose stomachs are the gods they worship, whose intellects are enslaved by their appetites, and who reason only to make the worse appear the better part—to prove that what they want and will have is agreeable to their conscience, which is subordinated to and enslaved by the stomach.

COMMENT.

We doubt the truth of the statement that "with this class"—the moderates—"wisdom was born." Furthermore, we unhesitatingly assert that if there were no prophetic class, there would be no moderate class; for the latter are merely the rearguard of the former.—WEEKLY.

[From the Philadelphia Press, Nov. 12.]

At a time like the present, when all the political doctors desire to prescribe for the Republican patient, Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull offers her prescription:

NEW YORK, November 9, 1874.

To His Excellency U. S. Grant:

Unless the Republican party does something commensurate with what it needs for salvation nothing is more certain than that it will be wiped out of existence in the next Presidential election. You have the means and the power to save it, and if you will do only what, in justice, you ought already to have done, you can retrieve its otherwise lost fortunes, and win from it the right to the succession.

There are two methods in which what should be done, may be done. The first and the one that I should choose, were I in your position, is to issue your Proclamation of Emancipation for Women, as I have heretofore suggested to you. The second, and less positive, is to urge upon Congress, when it convenes and before the newly-elected Representatives take their seats, to pass the declaratory act, as recommended by the minority of the Judiciary Committee three winters ago. The fate of the party lies in your hands. It must have the votes of women at its next general election, or else it will be buried beyond any future resurrection.

Respectfully,

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

THE spiritualistic phenomena have now reached their most extraordinary phase in what are known as materializations. The tests of Prof. Crookes in London and the experiments of Dr. Child and others in Philadelphia and elsewhere, as recorded in the December *Galaxy*, establish three things, if human testimony can establish anything. First, that the most remarkable of these manifestations are not to be attributed to legerdemain, trickery, cunning devices or machinery. Second, that if the materializing process or phenomena are not in accordance with spiritualistic laws governing spirits, they do occur and are governed by subtle laws of nature, whose operations we do not yet understand. And, thirdly, if the latter alternative is true, it follows that the teachers of so-called physical science have hardly entered upon the threshold, have scarcely learned the A. B. C. of that science. The day is past when scientists can shut their eyes before these astounding phenomena. Their duty is to explain them. The cloud of witnesses is greater by ten-fold than was deemed sufficient to authenticate the New Testament miracles. If the day of miracles has gone by, what are the physical laws which explain the so-called materializations? Scientific men must grapple with this problem or cease talking about physical laws, cause and effect, and other matters which they now appear to know little or nothing about.—*The Capital, Washington, D. C.*

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 5, 1874.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It must be remembered that, for the last year, we—Victoria C. Woodhull, Tennie C. Claflin and Col. Blood—have been almost all the time absent from New York, and consequently that we have had personal supervision of but a very small proportion of the correspondence addressed to the office, although we have done most of the editorial writing. This correspondence has passed through the hands of one who has not been aware of the real significance of some of the letters, because, coming from friends with whom we only are personally acquainted, they did not have the meaning to him that they would have had with us. We feel constrained to make this explanation, since we learn that several valued friends think that they have not had the proper attention. We beg to assure everybody that if there has been any seeming inattention it has never been intentional, and that it has arisen from the circumstance stated above, for which, for the reason given, no blame can rightfully attach anywhere.

CAUTION.

All moneys sent by mail to the WEEKLY should be transmitted either in Registered Letters or by Post-office Orders. We cannot be answerable for the receipt of moneys sent through the mail in any other way. Will our friends please note this word of caution, and act upon it, for we believe that we are daily losing remittances sent without the above precautions.

A THOUSAND DOLLARS.

We need a thousand dollars to bridge over the chasm caused by the untimely illness of Mrs. Woodhull and the consequent compulsory suspension of her lectures, which make it impossible for her to defray the current expenses of the WEEKLY over its receipts.

The following has been received already:

J. G., Vineland, N. J.	\$25 00
C. E. M. Alliance, O.	50 00
S. & M. S., Wilmington, Del.	15 00
L. G., Norristown, Pa.	5 00

That there are souls here and there over the country who, as if it were involuntarily, spring to the rescue when danger threatens the WEEKLY, is a fact, which of itself is sufficient to cause us to buckle on our armor anew for the desperate struggle that is before us, and to not only bid defiance to every obstacle, but to challenge every enemy to immediate battle, with the fullest confidence in the issue of the contest. Who shall be the next to rally to the support of the greatest, grandest and most glorious cause that was ever advanced in the world—a cause that when gained will result in peopling the earth with a race of perfect men and women, physically, mentally and morally?

IMMEDIATE AND IMPORTANT.

Our friends, and the friends of justice anywhere in the country; especially in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago, who can and are willing to make affidavit to the fact of the circulation, either by sale or gift of the notoriously obscene and libelous pamphlets that have been written, printed and put in circulation regarding the Editors of the WEEKLY, by a brood of malicious people here in New York, supported by contributions of money from various outside parties; or of the fact of such contributions, printing or assistance of any kind whatever, given to such writing, printing or circulation, will confer a favor by sending us their names, with such facts as are in their possession, upon any of the points stated, preparatory to criminal indictments being found against the whole lot,

TO SOCIAL FREEDOMISTS.

BY VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

I wish to speak to this class of persons, let them be where they may, or whether they feel friendly toward me personally or not. All who favor and labor for woman's emancipation from the slavery that has held her in bondage since she lived on the earth, are my friends, or rather I am their sister and their friend, whether they are such to me or not. I do not live or labor for any personal end to be gained. I long since left personal ambition for whatever might be gained to myself, far behind. I long since said that there could be no position worth the having that did not contribute to the general good of the people, and if I seemingly strive for it, if I know myself at all, it is from this motive. Certainly I have gained nothing by my three years' strife, personally, that any woman would covet upon selfish motives; and none have labored more earnestly than I have labored; while to do this I have surrendered almost everything that women are supposed to hold dear—home, friends, fortune.

Notwithstanding this, however, perhaps there is no person living who is more accused of personal selfishness and ambition than I am, and I am sure none so pursued by those who desire to destroy them, and prevent them from accomplishing their work.

It would be folly for me to say that these efforts, directed against me with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, have not affected me. The mental efforts, merely, of a thousand people acting together, can kill any person upon whom they may be directed. There are many thousands whose individual minds have been concentrated on me, wishing me dead; but not, perhaps, a thousand acting together. Until my physical and nervous energy was overcome during our trials on criminal indictments, I could resist, successfully, all the machinations of my enemies. Whatever they might do or wish, I was impervious to their shafts; but when once broken down and without the power to resist, fairly gloating with fiendish delight, they pounced upon me and have never desisted in their purposes to effectually destroy me.

I know all this and have known it for a long time, but I did not intend ever to notice it. Nor would it ever have been noticed had my wishes been consulted. I saw proper to expose myself to this malice, and was and am content to suffer the consequences. Nobody asked me to place myself in jeopardy. What I did I did voluntarily, and I expect to receive all the consequences of these acts without complaint. I have, however, the right of self-defense, and of having assistance to make it; therefore, those who desire to aid me in this behalf can rightfully join their wills to mine to hurl the imprecations that are pouring upon me back upon their authors, to settle upon their heads instead of upon mine, as designed by them. This action of mind upon mind is not unlike the assault of an army upon a fortress. If the fortress be weak it yields; but if it be impregnable the attacking forces are hurled backward, while all the damage they sought to inflict is borne by themselves.

We have to do with things as they are. So long as relations exist between the sexes by which monstrosities, physically, mentally or morally, are born into the world, so long will the world be cursed by such monstrosities. The monstrosities themselves, however, are not to be blamed. Whatever painful things with which they may inflict us, are to be expected, and the most that we can do is to hope and work for a better fate for reproduction. When the thorns and briars that now grow all around us shall be replaced by constant perfume and flowers that shall aid and cheer us on our rough ways, instead of making them more difficult than they would be if it were not for their unwelcome and unfortunate presence thrust into our faces and paths, then there will be less of personal animosity and malice to make desolate the paths of those who live for humanity.

Therefore, as against the persons who, for the past year, have devoted themselves to my destruction and to the destruction of the cause of social freedom as advanced by the means inaugurated and supported by my friends, I feel no personal ill will. I regard them as honest in their efforts. Like the persons who thought they were performing God's service by the rack and screws of the inquisition; by the fires of Smithfield; by the scaffold of Salem; by the expulsion of the Quakers from Massachusetts, no doubt the self-constituted present representatives of the Infinite, also think they are performing this service. If I could think otherwise, it would be my duty to, and I should take advantage of the law for such cases made and provided, and secure their incarceration in Sing Sing or other similar place. I have the names and proofs to send a hundred there; but I prefer, at least for the present, to give them all the latitude they may seek, trusting to the righteousness of my cause and to the purity of my motives to be sustained.

If there are not a sufficient number of people who are interested in the cause that I advocate to support its various needs and its only present organ, then it must wait until the oppressions that it aims to remove, sting more into resistance. It is not my place to complain, nor shall I do so. What I could do I have done to urge the people to uphold the banner of individual freedom. I had faith enough in its justice to devote my means, my strength, my talents to its demand. I should have continued to do all this until it should have grown large enough to have stood without my

personal efforts; but being overtaken by sickness, brought on, I am conscious, by the continuous efforts of the people who, in council decided that "the world would be the better if I were dead," these efforts are temporarily suspended, and the WEEKLY, the only organ in the world that has pronounced formally and unconditionally for woman's freedom, lacking the sustenance of these efforts, must also be suspended until they can be removed, unless the same or similar aid can be obtained from other sources.

While I did not intend to state these conditions to the readers of the WEEKLY, they have been partially informed of them without my assent, and now it becomes my duty to further explain the situation, and then to leave it to the judgment of its friends whether the WEEKLY shall suspend until such time as I shall again be able to take it on my shoulders and carry it along. Since the venom of these people of whom I speak has circulated among its readers, the renewals of subscriptions have fallen off about fifty per cent. To such as have thus fallen away from its support I have to say that I am sorry that they have read its pages so long as they have to so little effect. They are not wise enough to see that one of the principal desires of these people is to force me upon a defense, and thus practically to compel me to a denial of the very principle upon which my whole demand for woman's rights—the right of individual judgment and the wrong of judgment by others. If they have the right to question me, then there is no such thing as freedom; and if it be my duty to reply upon being thus questioned, then again is our cause in vain; we must die in our sin. This and nothing more.

Now, as has been already stated, I have been very ill but am convalescing slowly. Dr. Paine, whose skill snatched me from the grasp of these godly people's desires, prescribes absolute rest for some weeks to come. I have no alternative. I have no use of my right lung, and shall not have until it is relieved of the effusion of water and mucus with which it is now loaded. So long as a vestige of these remain I am liable to have a relapse, upon the slightest provocation. So whether I would or no, I am compelled to rest and wait, which I shall do with all the patience that I can command.

But in the meantime what of the WEEKLY? Shall it stop? This is a question beyond my power to answer. A certain sum of money is required every week to insure its regular issue. Nothing can be done on credit. Each week's bills have to be paid. For the last six months I have contributed on an average a hundred dollars per week from my own earnings. These are now exhausted. But the responses that have already been made to the situation I am justified in accepting as a reply—that it shall not stop. If this be the verdict of enough of our readers, then the gulf that yawns before it will be bridged over. It is my duty to say all that I can, properly, to insure this, and to make whatever suggestions I can to aid it. There are various methods that may appeal to different people as best suited to them individually. Some may prefer to contribute whatever they can outright; others may choose to subscribe for an additional copy of the paper; others, still, may think it best to obtain a few new subscribers. But whatever method is chosen let it be done quickly, so that the aid that is proposed may reach the WEEKLY in time. And especially would I appeal to those whose subscriptions are over due or about expiring. Don't delay a moment, but, as soon as you read this, hasten to procure a post office order or send a registered letter to renew your subscriptions. Let this be done to the extent it ought, and I will answer for the life of the WEEKLY.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

Politicians for once are confounded. Republicans and Democrats alike gaze in astonishment upon the wreck of the recent elections. Of course everybody professes to have the reason for the Republican catastrophe; but they are all about equally inconsistent and foolish. The reason that the Republicans were so badly defeated was because those who had, for years, voted with their party refused or neglected to vote at all. The returns of most of the elections show conclusively, not that the Democrats have made great gains in the number of votes cast for their candidates, but that the Republicans have sustained immense losses. This shows, then, that while those who neglected to vote had lost all confidence in the integrity of the Republican party leaders they had gained none at all for the leaders of the Democracy.

It is refreshing, however, to see Democratic organs crowing lustily over the "sweeping condemnation of the corruptions of Republican domination. Forgetting Tammany, they insinuate, if they do not exactly assert, that all things will be purified now that the immaculate Democrats are again to assume the rule; just as if the change in officers is anything more or less than a change of one set of thieves for another set equally as voracious. The N. Y. Herald, however, admits that corruptions would be the same even if the Workingmen's candidates were to be elected. This is equal to saying that our systems have become so corrupt that it is impossible to have honesty or purity anywhere. Nor does it require much wisdom to see that all our institutions are fast crumbling to decay under the blight of hypocrisy or the mildew of corruption.

The people generally have come to a realization that the Government is run utterly in selfish interests, to which the real public welfare is always sacrificed, and they are becoming

ing indifferent about the success of this or that party. They feel, instinctively, that changes of great moment are at hand, and they stand waiting the denouement, knowing that any change that may come must be for the better. Republicanism and Democracy, so far as political principles are concerned, are meaningless terms. Upon the questions that have divided the people into parties there are now no party lines. Democrats in one section of the Union profess the doctrines which Republicans hold in another part, and *vice versa*. So political contests are merely contests for persons. The Democrats themselves own that the issues upon which the Republican party sprung into power are settled, and that they do not wish or intend to interfere with them. There must, therefore, be new issues that have not heretofore entered into political questions—issues upon which the very considerable number of Republicans who staid away from the polls at the recent elections may be again drawn into the arena. The leaders of each party know this, and are watching with intensest anxiety lest the other grasp some new idea first; for they well understand that whichever party makes the first prominent move upon the political chess-board will have the advantage of being in the aggressive, aggressiveness always being positive, and defense or denial negative.

After looking the political ground fully over it will be found that there is but one issue that can be made available as the point around which to rally the masses, and that is woman suffrage. All politicians with any political forethought acknowledge that this is an issue that has got to be met and settled soon, and it will, by some means, be made the next issue. Whichever party shall first place it upon their banners will, by so doing, take the first step toward the supremacy (politically) for the next twenty years. It will be remembered that the Republican party have only avoided this issue so long because there did not seem to be any necessity for a new question in politics. They felt safe resting upon the laurels gained by the elevation of the negro into citizenship. This became a dead issue as soon as the former opponents of negro suffrage accepted the new situation, as they have, and began bidding for negro votes. In this fact is to be found the reason of the recent triumphs of the Democracy. There was no longer any vital issue between the two parties. That which had been vital was settled and accepted.

When the telegraph announced the Republican rout along the whole political line we saw instantly that the time had come in which to make a bold strike for suffrage for women, and we decided to do whatever we might to induce the President to issue his proclamation declaring that women are constitutionally entitled to the suffrage, or, failing in this, to press upon Congress for the passage of the Declaratory Act recommended three years ago by the minority of the Judiciary Committee. We intend, if our health permit it, to put forth all the efforts that we can command to induce Congress to do women this justice before 5th of March next. It may be that the new party of the future may begin from this rallying point. One thing is certain, that whatever party, or set of politicians from both parties, succeed in this movement will have the political supremacy from the moment it is done, since this party or set would by its act secure the vote of every woman in the land. The Republican party have the name of having conferred suffrage upon the blacks in order to maintain its supremacy rather than because it was an act of justice. Let it now take the same step with women and it will be equally as potent to its purpose as was the former. With this as its political motto the Republican party may be revitalized again under its present name, since the suffrage for women is a movement toward perfect republicanism; but if as a party it does not adopt it the Republican party in name will be defunct, since the name of even a political party must bear some relation to the issues upon which it stands. We trust that the Republican party will see the needed salvation in rendering justice to women—may for motives of policy, if it be incapable of anything higher, permit women to assume their rightful and constitutional prerogative of the suffrage.

PARSON HUNTING.

Saint Anthony is one of the heroes of the Catholic Church who was much exorcised by the attacks made upon him by the "old Adam," otherwise called "the lusts of the flesh." He tells us in his confessions that he was daily, and, what is worse, nightly beset by gangs of the most beautiful and enchanting female Diakkas of every type of loveliness. Although aware that such kind of evil spirits are only to be subdued by prayer and fasting, more especially the latter, he speaks of his piety and his abstemiousness, and also of the flagellations and macerations he submitted to, in order to exorcise them. We are glad to add he eventually succeeded in gaining the victory over his black-eyed and blue-eyed spiritual adversaries, in spite of their whisperings, and mockings, and sighings, and eye-rollings; for, notwithstanding all their unholy contortions and suggestions, he did not yield to their charms, but, as the old story tells us—

"Still St. Anthony kept his eyes
So firmly fixed upon his book,
Shouts nor laughter, sighs nor cries,
Could ever steal one guilty look."

—and, therefore, it was only just, that for his (we will say not gallantry but) bravery, he has since been worthily

enrolled as a saint—in the Catholic Church triumphant.

But, our readers will take note, that the she-devils by whom the good saint was attacked, were spirits out of the form, and, for that reason, were probably not so successful as the she-Dick-Turpins that have latterly made such successful inroads upon the chastity of the clergy of the present day. From this it would appear that women in the form are much more potent than Diakkas out of the form, and that Byron was right in his surmise, viz.:

"That soul and body—as a whole—
Are odds against a disembodied soul;"

—and, by-the-bye, not only against disembodied but embodied souls also—as the poor, miserable, deflowered clerical pilgariacs among us, amply prove. But we feel that the effort to limit the potency of women is a question far too deep for us to solve, and therefore we pass on to the more practical details of the modern female sport of parson-hunting.

That woman, in modern times, should reverse the ancient order of society, and act the role of the solicitor, has not come on us unheralded. The prophet, Sam Weller, of the Pickwick Club, foreshadowed it. Our readers will remember that when he was invited by his brother footmen to a "private swarry" at Bath, which "swarry" we are told consisted "of a biled leg of mutton and trimmings,"—Mr. John Smauker broached the delicate subject of love to the immortal Sam, by telling him that "he (Smauker) could not tear himself away from his situation because the young ladies he waited on delighted in beholding him in his handsome uniform;" and, after discussing the distressing dilemma he was in with regard to making a choice between the two, he asked Mr. Weller "if he was concerned in any little matrimonial affair of the kind?" To this Sam replied, "No; he was engaged to wait on an old gentleman, and had not given any thought to marriage. Not," said he, "but what I might give up my state of single blessedness, and enter upon that of connubial felicity—if I were made *very violent love to by a female Markis.*" This statement plainly proves that, in the mind of Dickens, the time was rapidly approaching when the women would propose instead of the men, as appears now to be the case as regards many of our unfortunate divines.

The victims of the present social epidemic appear to be mainly comprised in the ranks of the ministry, and may be divided into three classes: First, those who are absolutely captured by their Amazonian enemies; second, those who have waged, or are waging, doubtful battles; and third, those who, like St. Anthony, have met woman, and have gained over her a glorious triumph. These are the main divisions of this grand subject, but almost every single phase presents points of difference. These, however, are too numerous to note, and too complicated to unravel in a newspaper article, and therefore are left for those philosophers to discuss who distinguish themselves in our reviews and magazines.

Of those who have been absolutely captured, the most distinguished is certainly Pere Hyacinth, who has left his church and got married, and who has a better right to be called "father" now than ever he had before; that is, supposing him to have previously been true to his ecclesiastical vows; then there is Gerdemann, who has followed suit, but has not, we believe, as yet established his natural right to his former priestly distinction—as "pere" or, father. Again, there is the priest who stood by and saw his friend married—in other words, "carried captive to Babydom." We do not know what to think of his case; it looks very alarming—to stand by and see his friend slaughtered, without drawing a Missal to protect him. But we cannot declare him to be as yet absolutely overthrown; here is what he says in his own defense. We are indebted for it to the *New York Telegram*:

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 19, 1874.

It is rumored to-day that Father Baumeister, pastor of the German Roman Catholic Church of the Holy Trinity, intends leaving the Church with his friend, Father Gerdemann, and also that he intends to marry Gerdemann's sister. Baumeister denies the latter rumor. He says he means to leave his Church and go into some town in the central part of the State. He was with Gerdemann when the latter was married. He proposes going to Germany in the spring. He and Gerdemann were classmates at college in Germany.

Of the four priests mentioned, three are certainly gone cases, and if the above extract is to be credited, the fate of the fourth hangs tremblingly in the balance. Hence, it would seem that, in the present period, the champions of the Catholic Church are not always so successful against the wiles of their subtle foe "woman" as the good St. Anthony was in the past era.

The second class above mentioned, viz.: those who have waged, or are waging, doubtful battles against these female freebooters are by far the most numerous. Setting aside the cases of the Rev. W. H. Buttner, Lutheran, who was charged by his young housekeeper with breach of promise, as too trivial to be included; and that of Austin Hutchinson, Methodist minister, charged by his daughter with incest, as too infamous to be discussed here, we have before us now the cases of Glendenning, the Presbyterian, and H. W. Beecher, the Congregationalist, which are now in process of solution.

Our readers will excuse us for glancing only at the clergyman's side of the Glendenning tragedy. We do not profess to be particularly sensitive, but we claim to be human, and in that case we will try to forget, for once, the sorrows of woman. But we propose to defend the Presbyterian parson to the extent of our ability. If innocent, how cruelly has

he been used, and he asserts that he is innocent. He admits and denies the gift of the watch. That the Presbyterian "kiss of peace" passed occasionally is also admitted. But what shall we say of the confessions, that he asserts were made to himself? Remember, the parties were to each other a maid and a bachelor. Was such a thing ever known or even dreamed of by the wildest romance writer as a confidence of the kind proclaimed by Mr. Glendenning? If the convention now examining the case can credit that statement, it is submitted that they will by so doing exhibit to the world a greater act of faith than has ever been previously exhibited by any church, either Pagan or Christian, that exists now, or ever will exist, on this planet.

In the Brooklyn sorrow, with which all are familiar, but which the public is not to see the end of soon, we feel we have greater latitude. Who could peruse the document sent in to the Council by that much-persecuted parson, Henry Ward Beecher, without admitting his sufferings. Had he been the original Adam, we feel that things would have been very different from what they now are. The spiders would play with the flies at "Puss in the Corner," and the lions and tigers would wear out their claws digging potatoes. We infer this from the diversity of the answers made by the above parties on certain occasions. We have little respect for our reputed ancestor, preferring the Darwinian theory to that of the Hebrews. There is something ineffably mean in Adam's answer, when "charged" with fruit-stealing: "The woman gave me, and I did eat." Certainly such a defense would disgrace a respectable monkey. How much better would have been the denial of the Brooklyn pastor! He assures the world that he "didn't eat." Oh! but he was sorely tried! Picture him seated on the ragged edge of despair, wishing for death, and you naturally feel that it only needs a lawyer in the back ground bringing the "little crocodiles" up to make the most ridiculously sorrowful tableau that the world has ever seen. We say ridiculous, because any one who can believe in the innocence of the Brooklyn pastor must readily perceive that all the turmoil and trouble that have surrounded his case are simply—"Much Ado about Nothing."

Dismissing these pending cases, we come now to the last division, of which we have one grand exemplar, viz.: "A clergyman who has been tried in the fire, like good St. Anthony, and not found wanting." We feel that it is impossible for us to do justice to the occasion, and therefore call in the aid of the pastor himself to testify as to his trials and triumphs. Here is his letter, which we reprint from the *Sun* of the 18th of November:

13 CHAPEL STREET, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR—I read your excellent paper this morning as usual with great interest, and was glad to see that you are determined to stand by the right and see that justice is done to all. My attention was particularly directed to the closing remarks in the article on the Glendenning difficulty, which reads as follows:

"If Mr. Glendenning has been falsely accused—and we think the weight of evidence, so far, is that he has been—it is difficult to imagine a more cruel wrong to which any one, and especially a minister of the gospel, could be subjected."

I am a minister of the gospel, and the pastor of Bishop Chapel in Williamsburgh. This is probably the last year that I shall be permitted to serve this society, as I have been appointed here four years in succession by Bishop J. J. Clinton, of Zion connection.

I have been kindly treated by the members of my church. My bereavements have been great, my companion having fallen asleep in death on March 30, 1873, and on the fourth day of July, in the same year, my oldest son departed this life. That left me with six motherless children to care for. I resolved to be faithful to my children, and care for them until they could care for themselves. Considerable has been done by my members in the way of expressing their sympathy for me and my motherless children, but I have always been very careful never to make a practice of soliciting aid from females, unless in case of great necessity, for fear some advantage might be taken of my unfortunate situation.

But notwithstanding my great desire to do right and be an honor to the cause of Christ, there was a certain female who was determined to do her very best to bring about my destruction, and leave these helpless ones with no one to look to except a disgraced father. She united with my church shortly after the death of my wife, and was very kind to me and my children. She said to me before my family that she was an unmarried woman, and that her object for calling to see us so often was through pure friendship and sympathy for me as her pastor. Finally she became quite uneasy, and proposed to stop in my family for a short time, and would pay me what was right. I began then to think all was not correct with her, and I called to see the lady of the family with whom she lived on North Fifth street, and was informed that the woman in question was a married person, her husband living in the South. The lady also informed me that she considered the woman to be in such a state of health as to make it essential that she should go home to her husband as soon as convenient. I have every reason to believe that had I not been so very cautious in this matter, a wrong no less cruel than the one referred to this morning by you in the Glendenning case would have been inflicted upon me by that wicked woman.

I know nothing of Mr. Glendenning whatever, and do not write this with any invidious motives, but only to show that however pure a minister may be, he is always in danger of being injured by such persons if he is not remarkably careful.

Yours respectfully,

NATHANIEL STUBBS.

Cavillers may observe that all the implied excellence in the above note rests on the worthy pastor's statement, and depends upon the testimony of the same immaculate individual. But our readers will remember that his evidence is good until it is impeached. But we question the propriety of his withholding from public execration the name of the woman whom he charges with "having done her very best to bring" so good a man "to destruction." Piety and charity, not to say gallantry, shine through the whole epistle,

and may all be found exemplified in almost every sentence therein. No one can read it and not trust that the worthy clergyman will be well supplied with mittens (or at least a mitten) this winter, to protect the hand, that has done such good service with the pen, from the inclemency of the weather.

From these and other instances, too many to be recapitulated here, we trust that our national legislators at Washington, when they assemble, will perceive it to be their first duty to pass an "Enabling Act" for the special protection of the clergy, which shall authorize them to pursue by law and claim damages from all suspicious females who may approach them. If what Mr. Beecher says be true, it is he who ought to claim damages from Mrs. Tilton for criminal conversation, which, according to his statement, must have been all on her side. Priests cannot be expected to remain Josephs forever, and unless something be done, and that speedily, to prevent the further aggressions of the women upon the pulpits, we shall have a right to hold the aforesaid national legislators as derelict in their duties to a large and highly meritorious body of the people. Our motto is: "The chastity of the cloth must and shall be respected;" and we trust that all artful hussies who dare to invade it will receive condign punishment. It is true that some ministers may have escaped from the late raid upon them by the women, perhaps many; but the passage of stringent laws for the protection of clerical chastity should not be set aside on that account. We may find a hero and a man of extraordinary piety here and there, but it is not to be expected that every minister will prove, like the Rev. Nathaniel Stubbs, of Bishop Chapel in Williamsburgh, a modern Protestant St. Anthony.

PROGRESSION.

It is the boast of Spiritualism that it is progressive. All human creeds preceding it have claimed and do claim to be finalities, and must be, in consequence, stationary. True, none of them have really been so; they have all been compelled by that old police officer "Time" to move on. From first to last, according to the Bible, Christianity is the result of five changes of credal belief, each of which, the Scriptures tell us, was a perfect work instituted by a perfect God. First, the faith of Abel; next, of Seth; then of Noah, Moses and Jesus. But the old idol—perfection—cannot be set up for anything in this world, and in these days Spiritualism has smashed it to atoms. The *New York Herald* admits the fact of progress in religion in the following leading article of Nov. 18:

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS AND THE CHURCH.

The fact that religion is progressive is of vital importance to the world. Its fundamental truths may be immutable, but the interpretation of them changes. As the mountain stands unaltered, yet as men approach it new ranges are upheaved and unseen peaks disclosed, so Christianity appears to change as humanity is better able to comprehend it.

The old-fashioned Sunday is no longer possible in the large cities. A new civilization exists and has its own peculiar spiritual and material necessities. A hundred years ago, when America was thinly settled, a strict observance of Sunday as a day of rest and in a Puritanical manner was possible and perhaps proper; but New York could not now, if it would, direct its Sunday in the spirit of 1776. The Church does not do it. Insensibly the Church has yielded to the spirit of the age and adapted its forms of worship to modern wants. Magnificent edifices, high-priced pews, fashionable music, long salaries and short sermons—all things, indeed, that help to make religion attractive—the Church now employs as its instruments. If, then, the clergy itself recognizes that Sunday cannot be religiously observed exactly as it used to be, it is not strange that other innovations should be made by the public. So many persons in New York have no other time for relaxation than Sunday that they naturally seek amusement, and one great social question of our time concerns the kind of amusement that can be recognized as respectable and proper. The debate which has been conducted in our columns with so much warmth and intelligence will go far toward defining the nature of suitable Sunday amusements, and in the meanwhile we would again urge the importance of opening the public libraries and reading rooms. On all days these popular institutions are a benefit; on Sundays they would be a blessing.—*N. Y. Herald*.

Here we have the admission of progress; now we propose to discuss the subject of popular amusements. The Greeks thought the conduct of these a matter of the highest public importance, and so it really is. Previous to the Reformation the Catholic Church took charge of and jealously guarded the holidays of the people. In England, in the fifteenth century, these amounted to about one-third of the year. Some idea of the number of days then set apart for harmless pleasure, practicing archery, etc., may be formed when we are told that an act of Parliament was passed in 1545 limiting those in harvest time to three. However, when Protestantism came in it changed all that. With it praying and money getting were established, and the holidays of the people have gradually disappeared. If our world has been bettered by the right of private judgment, the mother of religious liberty, for which we are indebted to Luther and his confreres, our people have paid for the same by the deification of money, and by the extra labor demanded from the masses, and their degradation in consequence. We shall soon find that nationally as well as individually, all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and, as our police reports amply prove, a wicked boy.

Previous to what is called the Reformation, Sunday was the happiest day in the week. In old times, as now on the continent of Europe, it began with a mass and ended with a dance. This latter was an abomination to our puritan forefathers. They hated to see happy faces. Their only joys were bestial. If they indulged too much in strong waters, as many of them did, they got drunk to the music of their nasal prayers. Presbyterian Scotland consumes

more whisky per head than any other country; when the people pray there they raise their hearts to heaven by means of toddy. Strong waters and strong faith go together. Where people consume light wines for a beverage they are rarely fanatics. Happy people are seldom noted for their religious zeal. When Sunday was considered to be a feast day and treated as such, men were certainly not less moral than they are now. For these reasons we rejoice over the innovations that this century has made on the old puritan Sunday, and gladly hail the powerful advocacy of the *New York Herald* in favor of a still greater degree of progress in that direction.

HEDGING STEP BY STEP.

From the reports of the Beecher Sunday sermons we clip the following:

When Mr. Beecher drew the picture of ill-assorted unions and family relations of all kinds that gall and fret and degrade and lower instead of elevating, his auditors became breathlessly attentive. "I once knew a lovely and noble woman," he said. "No one here knows her. It was long ago. She was filled with noble thoughts and sweet fancies, lovely sensibilities and refined and cultivated intellectual faculties. Such a one did I know united to a coarse, sensual, obscene, brutal husband. No one here knows him either. She leaned upon him, she touched him, he was her husband. She lowered to his level until she became like him." The ladies in the congregation were touched, their faces paled and saddened, their eyes were downcast. The men gazed eagerly into the preacher's face. "I knew a man also," he continued. "He was possessed of Godlike intelligence, of noble aspirations, of pure and high ambitions, of generous sympathies. He married a wife, a woman who possessed only the talent of censure and criticism, a keen-tongued, selfish woman, with no religion, who checked every noble expression of that man's soul. He was in the condition of a man with a wasp in his hat, that could only buzz and sting him. [Prolonged laughter.] There are a good many in that condition. Well, this man succumbed too. He feared that sharp tongue and eye, every noble utterance was checked; every generous impulse dammed up; every expression of his higher nature nipped in the bud, until he became—what? A marvel of reticence, a prudent, selfish, strong man. Yes, strong, but dry—dry as a hickory post cut thirty years ago. No leaves, no flowers, no fruit." Now came the turn of the men to look sad and cast down their eyes, and of the women to gaze fixedly on Mr. Beecher's face.

And yet the people still talk about the holy marriage covenant. Bosh! Isn't it about time to stop such cant, and look the fact squarely in the face: that the race has outgrown the modern idea of marriage, and that people, generally, not in isolated cases, fret and chafe under the galling of the unwelcome chains, and that soon they will burst the bonds? Is it not the part of the wise to consider this condition, and not attempt to frown it down, and cover it up, and utterly damn anybody—everybody—who attempts to call the public attention to the facts. It is no use to attempt to conceal the fact that marriage is a stupendous failure, as compared with what people expect of it before entering its iron gates. Mr. Beecher's isolated cases stand representative for the whole institution to-day. The holy institution! Holy, indeed! Damnable rather, since does it not crush all the manliness out of men, and all the honor and purity out of women as Mr. Beecher states of these two cases; selected strangely enough, one from each sex, just as if he intended they should stand representative for their sexes respectively as a whole.

CHEEK.

We copy the following from the *Daily Graphic* of 21st inst.:

The morning papers are beginning to follow the example of the *Daily Graphic* in urging that work be supplied to the laboring classes during the coming winter. It may be necessary to reduce wages in certain trades, but enough work can be furnished at fair prices to keep all men who want work fully employed, provided the authorities and private capitalists will act wisely. It should not be forgotten that a reduction of wages increases the distress of those who are dependent upon charity. The poor are the best friends of the poor, and there are many laborers who now support their helpless relatives, but who will be unable to do so if their income is seriously lessened. Still any wages are better than idleness and no pay. We must give work to every industrious man, and sternly refuse to engage in indiscriminate charity or the folly of public soup-houses.

We call this cheek, since the *Graphic* means to claim by this that it was the first to urge such an employment of the needy classes. The fact is that this has been the demand of the *WEEKLY* for more than two years, urged at sundry times, not only for the unemployed of this city, but as a general policy for the government all over the country. If the *Graphic* will look back to No. 91 of the *WEEKLY* it will there find this idea framed into the Constitution proposed for the country by the Editor-in-Chief of the *WEEKLY*; therefore it is our place to say that "the city papers are beginning to follow the example of the *WEEKLY* in urging that work be supplied to the laboring classes."

SIGNIFICANT.

The following extract is from the *N. Y. Sun*; but the same fact was stated in several other city papers:

The fact that over eight hundred young girls, most of whom had never been on the stage, answered an advertisement calling for two hundred girls to take part in the ballet of a spectacular drama, is very significant. There are not hundreds, but thousands of respectable young women in this city to whom the problem of life this winter looks very

serious. At the best barely able to maintain themselves, the "hard times" have taken away the slender support, and a soup-house existence, or worse, stares them in the face.

To what a condition does this fact point! Eight hundred young girls, from 13 to 20, answering a single advertisement in a single paper. What must be the number in the whole city needing employment, if this large number could be thus called to apply for ballet-dancing, when it is remembered that before being engaged they are obliged to pass a satisfactory examination of their physical conformation, none who are not possessed of finely, formed and symmetrically developed limbs being acceptable.

THE ULTIMATUM.

FROM THE SPEECH "TRIED AS BY FIRE."

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

[From the *Intelligencer*, Lancaster, Pa., Oct. 28, 1874.]

WOODHULL.

Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull lectured on Friday evening in Fulton Hall. She was plainly but elegantly dressed in black, with white cuffs and white standing collar and bright bow of ribbon. Her hair is cut short, which gives her head a masculine appearance. She has a tall and graceful figure, and moves with great ease upon the stage. She has a broad brow and a very fine face. When flushed with the excitement of speaking it may fairly be called beautiful. She is manifestly a woman of naturally very fine intellectual powers, and displayed a degree of ability and force which we were not prepared to see. The first part of her lecture was a well, but calmly-delivered recitative from the pages of her manuscript, which she held in her hand and occasionally referred to, although its matter was well memorized. After twenty minutes or more the lady, warming up to her subject, soon began to pour forth extemporaneously a succession of well-conceived, strongly-worded, and warmly-delivered sentences. Some passages were exceedingly eloquent and well constructed, and her language well chosen. In fact, the lecture was delivered throughout with an earnestness and effect which showed the lecturer to be possessed of high power as an actress.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARRIAGE EXTRAORDINARY.—A remarkable marriage recently took place in British India, in the presence of a large congregation. The bride had no arms, and the ring had to be placed on the third toe of the left foot. At the conclusion of the marriage ceremony she signed the register, holding the pen with her toes, in a very decent "hand."

A new *Monthly Spiritual Magazine* is to be published by Rev. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tenn. He is well known to the readers of the *Banner* as a liberal thinker and talented man. Success to the new enterprise.—*Banner of Light*.

[The Rev. Samuel Watson is a convert to Spiritualism from Methodism. He is the author of the talented works "The Clock Struck One—The Clock Struck Two," etc. We hope he will prosper in his undertaking, and that the *Monthly Spiritual Magazine* will be generously sustained by the friends of spiritualism and the public.]

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.—Victor Woodhull Brown, infant son of Capt. H. H. and Fannie M. Bowen Brown, on Sept. 26, 1874, at Moingona, Boone county, Iowa. May the parents live to be blessed with another Victor is the sincere wish of their numerous, warm friends.

A CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.

The president of the Second Avenue Railroad, who is a Hebrew gentleman, has determined to appoint hereafter, as conductors on his road, none but Jews. The reason for this has not been stated, but it is surmised that, according to the president's notion, Jews are more trustworthy than those of other nationalities. Quite singular.

COMMENTS.

We trust that the president of the Second Avenue Railroad will put confidence in his co-religionists, and set an example to his Christian confreres, by rejecting the bell-punch and all other despicable contrivances of a similar kind, which only generate the evils they seek to remedy and are an insult to the whole community.

SKIRMISHING.

The following cable telegram is taken from the *New York Herald* of Nov. 19. It refers to the battle now instituted by the Catholic Church between it and the governments of Europe:

"LONDON, Nov. 18, 1874.—A meeting of Roman Catholics was held at Willis' rooms this evening to consider the questions raised in the controversy between Mr. Gladstone and Archbishop Manning. Speeches were made denouncing the imputations on the Vatican decrees, and a resolution was unanimously adopted declaring that 'the civil loyalty of

Roman Catholics is in no wise affected by the decree of Papal infallibility."

When it is remembered that the Catholic Church authorities are now engaged in Germany in forming workmen's associations, in which it proposes "to seek the practical solution of those perplexing questions connected with their state of life," with which questions the freedom of the land, interest for money and communism are largely connected, all of which are legislated upon in the Bible; and when to that we reflect that a Catholic Congress is about to be convened, the call to which is the result of direct instructions from the Vatican, "one of whose objects is the 'reasserting the Pope's right to 'temporal' as well as spiritual power,'" it is manifest that questions will soon arise under which differences of opinion will occur between the government of Great Britain and the Catholic Church which will demand an affirmative or a negative solution. The above is the answer now. What will be the reply then.

[From the Santa Barbara Index.]
"SPEAK PLAINER YET."

It is the prevalent impression that women who can so far overcome the sway of sex as to study anatomy and physiology, at a medical college, with male professors, are exceptional—a peculiar type—in fact, devoid of the usual feminine characteristics.

Let us tell you a little story.

We attended the series of physiological lectures, delivered in Santa Barbara, to ladies only, by Prof. O. S. Fowler. We requested a lady friend to accompany us to the lectures, to which she assented. The lecture was well attended but was marked by a plainness of expression that perhaps, none of us had anticipated. Young ladies, of whom a number were present, turned rosy red, and tittered; and even wives and matrons blushed, and laughed, and glanced at each other in their astonishment. My friend saw in all this a sign that the Professor was delivering his last lecture in this city. Nobody, she declared, would go to hear him again, after he had once *spoken so plain*. Consequently, just before the hour of the next lecture, I received a note from her saying she thought it hardly worth while for us to go, as nobody would be there. I took a different view, and prevailed on my friend to accompany me, but she protested that we would be the only ladies who would have come to hear him. We opened the door, and we mentally whispered, "I told you so." The same faces were assembled, and even a larger audience than before; and as we entered, a comical smile passed round, as of acknowledgment. We seated ourselves, and soon the Professor began his discourse. He talked about as plain as ever. Presently said he, "Ladies, I have another point of great interest I would like to talk to you about, but to do so I should be obliged to *speak plainer yet*. I will leave it to you whether I will proceed to do so. All those in favor of plainer speaking shall manifest it by holding up their hand." And all over the room hands were lifted, saying "*speak plainer yet!*"

The Professor nodded and grinned, and launched forth boldly into his discourse. Esoteric Anthropology was his theme, and he talked, seemingly, we thought, leaving not a shred nor a leaf as a concession to modesty. He lectured thus for a considerable time and the matrons laughed and blushed and nodded, and the young ladies tittered and looked very much outraged. But presently the Professor, not at all discouraged by the exhibition of seeming feminine disapproval, paused as before, and said, "Ladies, there is still another point of interest I would tell you of. It is very important you should know it, but to do so I should be obliged to *speak plainer yet!* Shall I do so, ladies? All those in favor of it will hold up their hand," and away went the ladies' hands, each one encouraged by the other, until all over the room the ladies, blushing and smiling, said, "*plainer yet!*"

And again the professor launched forth, and into a still bolder strain. Science unveiled came to the front. Truth was naked before us. Eve was brought out without sin, and Adam, knowing not that he was Adam, and "the demands of society" went blushing and hid their heads in a corner.

And this cunning old philosopher, with a masterly understanding of the real desires and of the concessions made to society's edicts by his fair hearers, went on from plain to plainer, and from plainer to plainer yet, until even the fair maidens, who looked so much outraged at the outset of his discourse, were engaged in an examination of *papier mache* models of the various parts of the human frame, and, finding their interest in physiological study, for a time at least, allowed to be legitimate and womanly, had forgotten their personality, their laugh and their shame, and met the scientist face to face, unprotesting, interested students of physiological science. It was a fair sight—a delightful study. To me, the girl who had emerged from the tittering, shocked, prurient minded, self-conscious animal, into the thoughtful, curious, self-forgetting student of God's creation, was nobler and more loveable than before.

Alas! how much that passes for modesty is but a disgraceful sham, worn as a concession to the demands of vulgarity!

AN ODE ON OLD MAIDS AND BACHELORS.

Tell us not in idle gingle "marriage is an empty dream," for the girl is dead that's single, and things are not what they seem. Life is real; life is earnest; single blessedness is a fib! "Man thou art to man returnest," has been spoken of the rib. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end or way; but to act that each to-morrow finds us nearer marriage day. Life is long and youth is fleeting, and our hearts though light and gay, still like pleasant dreams are beating wedding marches all the way. In the world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life, be not like dumb driven cattle! be a heroine—a wife! Trust no future howe'er pleasant; let the dead past bury the dead; act! act in the living present, heart within, a hope ahead. Lives of married folks remind us we can live our lives as well, and, departing, leave behind us such examples as shall "tell"—such examples that another, wasting time in idle sport—a forlorn, unmarried brother—seeing, shall take heart and court. Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart on triumph set; still contriving, still pursuing, and each one a husband get.—N. Y. *Teleregam*.

(Written for Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.)
MY HOPE.

BY HELEN WILMANS BAKER.

One day my whole world changed; and over all
The face of nature came a fearful pall;
The sky oppressed me like a dungeon wall.

My heart pulsed faintly in its sickening pain;
My life at ebb-tide flowed out toward that main
From whence scarce half its flood returned again.

Quite aimlessly I wandered round, bereft
Of hope, as some lone tree, by tempest cleft,
Whose limbs are gone and only life is left.

So did I linger on from day to day,
Nor did I care that God seemed far away;
He smote my heart so dead I could not pray.

Since everything means something, then, I said,
By unity of God interpreted,
Tell me why he is numbered with the dead?

How strange, and yet how childish, seems to me
That plea absurd for loving cruelty!
Will our God kill that we may chastened be?

Our God! say, does He dwell in Heaven above?
Or is He that great principle of love
Whose pulse the universe of systems move?

Whose law, unseen, through every atom runs,
From astral systems, with their worlds and suns,
To sod beneath our feet, whose soul outruns

Its germ cells, bursting to a brighter mould
In flowers still yearning upward from the wold,
Whose fragrant souls in spirit-life unfold.

A law whose links form one unbroken chain,
'Gainst which our ignorance beats itself in vain,
Recoiling thence each hour with new-born pain.

We call it God; but call it as we may,
Years cannot move nor supplication stay
Its channeled tide, nor prayers arrest its way.

Then is my trust quite shattered by the fate
That raised the portals of a soul's estate,
And left my widowed heart so desolate?

No, no; for in one hope I yet abide.
Since my heart's longings are to him allied,
They have the power to lift me to his side.

For all things upward reach; nor do I deem
The thought absurd, that hopes are what they seem;
When heavenward grown they shine with steadier beam

Than they can shine in this dim light of earth,
Where, all unknown, we count them little worth,
Till, reaching upward to a nobler birth,

We see them crystallize—one radiant whole—
A diamond pure as dew (which erst was coal),
Thoughts, longings, hopes, all bloomed out in a soul.

LOWER LAKE, California.

A BLUE LAW MANIFESTO.

Governor Talbot, of Massachusetts, in appointing a day for National Thanksgiving, incorporates in his proclamation the following passage: "And, above all, for the higher hopes and aspiration, which spring from the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

The Pope of Rome has a better right to demand from the various governments the recognition of the Roman Catholic Church as the Universal Church of Christendom, than the Governor of the State of Massachusetts has to call upon the citizens to recognize the particular creed which he happens to profess. The former is the official representative of a large religious society, the latter represents the civil state, and if true to the spirit and letter of our Constitution has no right to speak in behalf of any church.

We protest most solemnly against the open violation of the rights and privileges of American citizenship perpetrated by the Puritan Governor of Massachusetts.—*Jewish Times*.

CLYDE, O.

Dear Weekly—I knew that I was held for some purpose from sleep; I could not even touch the pillow; and, to allay the nervousness that burned in my cheeks like hectic fever, I took the WEEKLY, of Nov. 21, and my eyes fell upon the editorial which held me spell-bound till I read it through. It is only by strong mastery over myself that I can drive the pen along over the page.

Victoria prostrated again! I catch words from a page of hers that I've just read aloud to a friend. It is a good omen; I will believe she will not die. "And there shall be no more death, since it, too, shall be swallowed up in victory." These words started up as illumined, and I will believe she cannot die, but overcome, before her life is ended, this "living death" her soul has been inspired to "conquer." It is well you lift the curtain sometimes and unroll the hideous lurkings of the malicious foe who has pursued her with ravings comparable only to the mad-house or the slaughter-pens, where the brutal executioner strikes down the unresenting victims, and grows lusty and strong on the smoke of blood and quivering flesh. Every nerve in my body quivers with a secret pain. I know not how to rid myself of—a nameless fear that if her life is still spared she is to suffer on in just this way to the end. When I read page after page of her speeches, and comprehend in small measure what this great soul in its delicately-strung body dares to utter, I am not surprised that devils come reeking from the bottomless pit, to smother her with their vileness and pollution. It is a wonder that the Church has not long ago clutched her and sent her headlong into Sing Sing; it is a wonder that the libertines of the land, both men and women, have not openly declared the vengeful hate they feel; it is a wonder that enemies of free speech and free love have not sent their minions to crush her; nothing but an overshadowing of the angelic presence, under whose wing she abides, has spared her thus far. I express the deep, the awful hungering for the food she has given to starving humanity, when I say the

whole land would be plunged into mourning were the life-spark to go out now from the body of Victoria Woodhull.

Good angels spare our sister. Yet a little while leave her with us, for our light is gone out in darkness, and woman's eloquent, suffering, pleading saviour is our only hope. Call on the churches to pray, if that will save her. Call on the rocks to hide us if she be taken and we are left. Where shall we find one to fill her place? None; none! God have mercy upon us. Have we not suffered enough? Oh, the suffering wives, and the wrecks of men and women who are begotten in our marriage beds! The barter and sale of our sexual slaves! The agony of mothers, the wailing of wretchedly-begotten children; the cry of the daughters served up in the holocaust of seduction, desertion and the world's censure! Who but her, Victoria Woodhull, would suffer as she has done from the world's hate and scorn? Hundreds of brave women I know, but not one will bear the heavy cross up the hill of crucifixion as she has done. My thoughts wander out over the theatre of action. There are many bold, out-spoken ones, true and pure ones there; but not one soul who brings with it such instincts of love to the race, and such power to wield the sceptre over mind as our sister, Victoria. The gifted ones who started out gaily under the flying banners of welcome from every "society" in the land have had their day, and fallen back in the ranks to make way for this woman of free thought, social and sexual emancipation. For over a year the spell has been upon the people. Beecher himself, with the approval of Plymouth Church gaping at his back to swallow all his sins, has been paraded in vain. He is sinking out of sight, and the glory of the woman who hurled the decree of heaven into the face of the Church and nation is transcendently greater than his! Behind all this lurks the hand of destiny. The God of nature, that this woman has set up, will be the expression of the soul's purest worship when all temples consecrated to a sensuous religion, where lecherous divines lead the people to unspiritual loves and hellish hates will have crumbled to dust.

CHARLOTTE BARBER.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., Nov. 1, '74.

EDITORS WEEKLY:

About ten years ago Mr. A. J. Davis published in the *Herald of Progress* a notable vision that he saw, and which prefigured the disruption of the American Union, the destruction of the Capitol at Washington, the parting of the States into several distinct nationalities or sections, the removal of the seat of empire to the west, etc., etc. Mr. Davis attached much significance to that memorable vision, being prophetic of the future history of his nation.

I think the time for its fulfillment has nearly arrived, although no dates were given, if I recollect rightly. It would be a matter of general interest at the present time, when the political caldron is boiling again so fiercely, to have the vision published in the WEEKLY. It would be new to thousands of Spiritualists and interesting to all. Some style it the vision of the "golden hammers." You will find it in the volume entitled "Arabula," and chapter headed "Remarkable Vision." I have not seen it for four or five years, but would like to read it again, and I would be glad to see it in the WEEKLY.

The "golden hammers" signifies, I think, that this government is to be wrecked upon the rocks of financial folly; also, a hammer being symbolical of labor or industry, that when the money power shall overthrow or paralyze the government, the laboring masses will strike down the money oligarchy and disperse its legislatures and subvert its over-awing institutions.

The reactionary results of the veto of the currency bill by Gen. Grant is seen now in the marvellous changes in Ohio and Indiana and elsewhere. When the same result becomes general in the West and South, repudiation will be a foregone conclusion. Europe will be outraged. The armies which Davis saw coming across the Atlantic Ocean will be mobilized and embarked. America will be divided and torn by internal dissensions and powerless to repel invasion. General bankruptcy and anarchy will prevail. The oppressed and starved and down-trodden masses will be incited to revolution, rapine and violence. The bogus "republic" will pass away "with a great noise," and all other bogus institutions will follow in its wake. God speed the day! "Third term" and "Cæsarism" will produce much the same results. So it seems almost morally certain that "the great day of the Lord is nigh." Let us have the vision; it may bring other things to light.

Yours for revolution and communism.

EMERY FLETCHER BOYD.

P. S.—The following paragraph I find in the *Spiritual Scientist*, but in what connection with the author's works I am unable to tell:

"One of the most astonishing spiritual storms the world ever saw will begin before the year 1875. A literal and unprecedented outpouring of the spirit (world) upon the land and peoples. Revivals of truth, not error, will occur all over the world, especially in the Southern States among the blacks. A baptism of fire and blood upon the heads of all civilized people—the battle of Armageddon—and woe to him who shall refuse to go up to the new Ramoth Gilead.—A. J. Davis."

BREATHING THROUGH THE MOUTH.

A fact which cannot be too frequently impressed on the mind, says the *Science of Health*, is, "that the pernicious habit of breathing through the mouth while sleeping or waking is very hurtful. There are many persons who sleep with the mouth open, and do not know it. They may go to sleep with it closed, and awake with it closed; but if the mouth is dry and parched on waking, it is a sign that it has been open during sleep. Snoring is another sure sign. This habit should be overcome. At all times, except when eating, drinking or speaking, keep the mouth firmly closed, and breathe through the nostrils, and retire with a firm determination to conquer. The nostrils are the proper breathing apparatus—not the mouth. A man may inhale poisonous gases through the mouth without being aware of it, but not through the nose."

EDUCATED TO DEATH.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

[We introduce the following article from the *Popular Science Monthly*, to show that the best magazines now dare to publish what the press denounce Mrs. Woodhull for discussing upon the rostrum, and not as indorsing the view that it was injudicious study altogether that produced the fatal result.]

At the age of fifteen Mary was a remarkably fine and healthy girl; she seemed to be over the critical period, and, till after that time, had never suffered as many girls do at the commencement of their womanhood. Her thinking powers were quick and vigorous, and she was the pride of her teachers and joy of her parents. Unlimited mental progress was laid out for her, and it seemed that there were to be no bounds to her acquirements.

She had then finished a good common school education, at the best high school, and had entered an institute for young ladies (a boarding school) of the highest character. The curriculum of study there was comprehensive, and it required the closest application of an ambitious scholar to succeed.

One hour was allowed for walking and recreation during the day; and half of that hour could be spent, if the pupil desired to do so, in the music room. As the months wore on, I began to notice that her complexion, which had been pure rose-leaf, became almost transparent, and that the fresh blood left her cheeks: still she did not complain nor lose flesh, but said sometimes if she could sleep a week she would enjoy it, and that it almost always happened, when she was unwell, she had the most to do and the longest to stand. Her progress in her studies was wonderful; and it seems incredible to me now that we should have let her devote herself so entirely to them. Her musical talents were great, and they were under cultivation also; when she was seventeen she was the first soprano singer in the choir of the church to which she belonged.

At last I began to be alarmed at the remarkable flow whenever she was unwell, and at the frequent recurrence of the periodical function. I felt as if something should be done, and consulted our family physician as to what could be given her, and how this increased action could be stopped or diminished.

He prescribed iron as a tonic, but said that we should do nothing more; for that "every woman was a law unto herself," and, as long as nothing more serious occurred, she was to be let alone. This from a man who had daughters himself, and eminent in the profession! Never a word about rest—never a caution that she could overwork herself, and thus bring misery for the remainder of her life. She left school in June of that year, with noble honors and an aching frame, and after two months' vacation and rest, which seemed to do her a world of good, began in September another year of unremitting hard study. Loving and gratified parents, proud and expectant teachers, looked upon her as capable of accomplishing all that had ever been done by faithful students, and of advancing far beyond all who were in the graduating class with her.

Her teachers were as kind as any could have been. I think the fault was in the system that requires so many hours of study, no matter what the condition of the pupil may be.

As an instance, twenty-five questions were given her to be answered. She was seated at a table, without books, from 10 A. M. till 8 P. M., ceaselessly thinking and writing; and the twenty-five questions in classical literature were faultlessly answered, and that, too, at a time when, had I known what I know now, she should have been resting on her bed.

Her father, to whom the paper was shown for his approval, wrote on the margin: "It seems to me that the task imposed here was a great one, indeed; but it has been performed with good success." I do not for a moment mean to find fault with her teachers, for kinder, more interested ones no pupil ever had; and the delight that a teacher derives from a painstaking and appreciative pupil cannot be understood by those unused to teaching.

While the dear child was meeting our utmost requirements as a scholar, the foundations of her life were being sapped away.

In May, 1872, a little more than two weeks before the June commencement, she was taken with fearful sickness and severe chills, just after one of the hemorrhages that came every three weeks regularly. Our doctor was called, and the first thing she said to him was: "Doctor, I must not be sick now. I cannot afford the time. I must be well for commencement." For four days she suffered very much, but quinine and all sorts of tonics brought her up; and the two weeks that should have been taken to get well in were spent in study, study, study. All the examinations were passed successfully, even brilliantly, and she was graduated with all the honors of the institution. Oh, how proud we were of her! and when she came home, frail and weak as a wilted flower, we said that she should have a long rest, and every comfort that we could give her.

All summer she remained in the Highlands of the Hudson; yet, when autumn came, she was not as well as we thought she ought to be, though very much improved with regard to the monthly turns, they recurring at right times now.

In September she commenced studying again; her French and music were continued, so that she might become still more accomplished in those branches, and lectures on rhetoric and moral philosophy were attended also.

The habit of studying was so strong upon her that she could not give it up. Now came swelling of the joints and fingers and the old trouble, all of which she would have kept to herself if she could have done so; but I was so anxious about her that I ascertained her condition, went to the doctor again and begged him to tell me what to do that would stop the weakening periodical disturbance, as I was persuaded that was the cause of her trouble. He said she had inflammatory rheumatism, and prescribed *soda*. But I was not to do anything for the other matter, and, against my own convictions, I let things take their course. Oh, if he had said, "Take her home and stop her studying!" Armed with such

authority I should have done it, and how do we know but she might have been with us now if I had done so?

But she worked on till December 25. Then she came home, and said decidedly she would study no more till she was well.

We were rejoiced at her decision; for although we were anxious that her education should be completed and thorough, we had felt for a long time that her health was becoming impaired. Still we were sure she had a good constitution, and thought that would carry her through. She did not grow thin, but stout and pale, and such a transparent pallor that, now I think of it, I wonder all who looked at her did not see that her blood was turning to water. Her sweet and lovely soul was so uncomplaining, and her smile always so bright, that we never for a moment thought she could fade and die.

She brightened up somewhat for the next month, but still did not "get well." About the last of January her limbs swelled so much that, in haste, I rushed to the doctor. Then he said her kidneys were congested, and that Bright's fatal disease was her malady. All that despairing love could do was done now. In five short weeks we laid her in Greenwood. Whatever was the form of the disease from which she suffered, I am convinced that what she did have was brought on by incessant study when she should have rested, and that it was fixed at the time that she got the severe chills—in May, 1871.

She was by no means a frail girl when she entered the institute. She was tall, finely formed, with a full, broad chest and musical organs of great compass. Her bust was not flat, neither was it as full as it might have been. Her features were not too large. She had brown eyes, brown hair, a very sweet and pleasing face. With every indication at first of strength and a good constitution, she fell at last a victim to want of sense in parents and teachers, and, shall I say, of physician too.

MURMUR.

BY E. C. TRENCH.

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task
And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

H. L. EADES ON JESUS.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

So anxious is this correspondent to be considered a follower of Jesus that he makes a second attempt to explain himself. He says:

"A man is a follower of another so long as he adheres to his doctrine and teaching, and obeys him so far as he is able. Nor God, nor Jesus, nor reason could ask more, nor would either deny that such was his follower."

But Jesus does ask more. I have pinned him to the Christian's record. He flies from that, and says if he does the best he can he ought to be an admitted follower of Jesus. I stated that according to the recorded words of Jesus Christ he has not a follower on earth. This is acknowledged to be true. There is so much Christian cant about "following Jesus" that I desired to show it was all empty sound, signifying nothing. Furthermore, that if J. C.'s teachings were followed they would have proved disastrous to the race. If Napoleon Bonaparte had said to his soldiers: "Keep all my commands. If you do not keep even the least you cannot be my follower." Then for a soldier of his to say, "I kept them as far as I could, and am, therefore, a follower," would be a contradiction of Napoleon's words. This is precisely the way in which H. L. Eades contradicts Jesus Christ, who insisted that his disciples should "observe all things what soever" he had commanded. "If ye love me," he said, "keep my commandments." That was the test. The "beloved John" said, "Hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his commandments." I have never denied that there are millions of professed followers of Jesus; but I did deny that there is one genuine follower. Mr. Eades presented himself as a true follower; but, like all the rest of the professors, he is "weighed in the balance and found wanting." According to his own confession, he is only a "far-as-he-is-able" follower. There are plenty such. All the Christians, and the present salaried ministers, whom Mr. E. said were not Christians, profess to be followers. But there is not one Simon Pure Jesusite, not one pure-wool-sheep of Jesus. It is not what is usually considered followership that will meet this case; for Jesus Christ himself declares what will constitute a follower of his, so that every one who is compelled to admit, as Mr. Eades admits, that he is only a follower as far as he is able, surrenders.

Even on the matter of money Mr. Eades convicts himself. He says that Jesus taught the doctrine not of poverty nor of riches, but a comfortable, neither-rich-nor-poor state. If that is so, then the WEEKLY was wrong in saying his teaching was "to stay poor." If Brother Eades is right, then one of my ablest opponents, E. F. Boyd, was wrong, for he acknowledged that "Jesus enjoined poverty on his followers, and that he was poor himself." Any one who can read the New Testament knows this is a fact. My opponents fire into each other. Those who undertook to combat my position do not agree among themselves as to what J. C. did teach. Mr. E. says I "falsely" accuse Jesus when I charge him with advocating poverty. The WEEKLY is wrong, Boyd is wrong, Jamieson is wrong, everybody seems to be wrong but Eades,

Even he falls on his own sword, Saul-like; for in his former article (July 4) he said:

"There is nothing in riches to satisfy the spirit. Natural riches can satisfy, in some measure, the natural desires of the animal body, but it takes spiritual riches to satisfy the immortal or spiritual man and woman, which it is our duty to accumulate and 'lay up in heaven,' even if it be at the expense of all natural relations and things."

When I showed up the utter absurdity of such a principle, he comes now with a hapless, shivering afterthought—"Neither poverty nor riches," just comfortable, you know!

The man and his wife, who started in life with the determination to become rich, found that it took less wealth to accomplish it than it required to make their neighbors "only comfortable." The latter were neither rich nor poor when they owned one hundred thousand dollars! Now, hear, Mr. Eades:

"Who does not know that if all would comply with and follow the teachings of Christ, that there would be neither rich nor poor, but *quantum sufficit*, and consequent happiness for all."

He gives not the least proof that J. C. ever taught any such doctrine. On the contrary, he said: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth." Mr. Eades, unfortunately for himself, proceeds to quote that, "those who sell all and give to the poor shall receive an hundred fold now in this time, houses and brethren and sisters and mothers and children and lands, with persecution;" and yet, according to Mr. Eades, they will not be rich? Will possess only a *quantum sufficit*!

And this is what he dignifies with the name of logic!

The unwarrantable assertions which I showed he indulged in, he now explains were "hypothetical judgment" on his part. That is evidently true of nearly all he has said about Jesus. When I showed the foolishness of his statement that "riches and bliss are incompatible" he hastens to inform us that that was a "categorical judgment" of his.

He says it is not true to assert that "according to Mr. Eades poverty is bliss." Here is where he contradicts Jesus Christ, who said, "Blessed be ye poor." Mr. E. could amend it by saying, "Blessed be ye neither rich nor poor!" He now repudiates the teaching of J. C., while professing to be a follower of His.

He says, "I am happy to unite with Brother J. in denouncing salaried preachers. None such can be counted among the followers of Jesus."

I never denounced preachers because they are salaried. There is where he misrepresents me again. The Jesuites worked without salaries. Did that constitute them followers?

His second attempt to explain "Be Thyself" is still more obscure than his first. A writer who tells how a sister is not a sister surely ought not to stumble over this maxim. If a drunkard is himself when he is dead drunk, if a madman is himself when he has not enough reason left to recognize his dearest friends, then I confess that the advice, "Be true to thyself," or "Be Thyself," has no meaning. People who say, "Be a man," blunder sadly, according to Eades' logic! For, don't you see, it would be useless to say to a woman, "Be a man," and unnecessary to advise a man to be a man, for is he not a man already? Such is Eades' reasoning. He would have us understand he has studied logic. Remarkable. It don't agree with him. If his promise had the itch his conclusion would never catch it.

He thinks he was "in print" when I was in my "cradle." Perhaps. What of it? It does not prove his logic sound. Great age does not always bring great wisdom.

My aged friend quoted St. Paul to help him out of his difficulty, "The love of money is the root of all evil." He never seemed to question, "Is it true?" Are there not many evils with which money has nothing to do? Is it not much nearer the truth to say the love of money is the root of nearly all progress and civilization?

One of the most amusing features of my friend's letter is his lament over my lack of seriousness. I confess it was ill-behaved in me to laugh when I perused that solemn passage. I will try to feel sorry that my good humor affects my aged friend's disposition, as thunder sometimes spoils milk—sours it. Just see how he tries to "rasp" me! Said he, "With a public lecturer *truth*, regardless of all things else, should be paramount." Is it not a sectarian spirit which prompts a mind to say another does not regard truth because of difference of opinion?

He hurls a lot of epithets at me (Christian fashion), makes a garland of them, puts them on my brow as the religious people placed a thorny chaplet on J. C.'s head. Here are the beautiful flowers which he heaps upon my unworthy self: "ingenious equivocation," "false foundation," "perversion," "willful or ignorant," "quizzical fun-making or repartee," "unadulterated obstinacy," "a mere quirk, not to say dishonesty," "wit and twaddle," etc., etc. The religion of Jesus affects him that way; breaks out all over. It must be awful to carry it around. The man can't help it. Think of him tenderly. But that is the way he wiggles through more than two columns.

After my friend had, with frowning front, deplored my fun-making proclivities—as if the Puritanical idea should rule that fun and sin are synonymous—we were certainly unprepared for the following exhibition of wit:

"Had Jesus only promised an hundred fold of wives as he did of other things, just as the parties might agree, who knows but what he might have secured Brother J. as one among his most ardent supporters."

Mr. Eades imagined that because the word "wife" is not repeated in the enumeration, that a hundred wives were not promised. The word *wife*, as well as *father*, is omitted by Mark. Mathew does not enumerate any of them. Mark repeats mothers, brethren, sisters. Will it not be in order to have a hundred fathers as well as a hundred mothers? Was not the man who sacrificed his wife and father not promised a hundred fold? There is nothing to show that the author intended to repeat every detail. If a man is not to have a hundred fathers and wives to compensate for the forsaken he will be cheated out of a hundred fold. Perhaps Mark thought if he mentioned a hundred fold of wives it would be too suggestive, and would spoil the inducement to forsake

the one wife—it would suggest a hundred *mothers-in-law*! Ask Tilton—and one or two others.

Mr. Eades has shown himself no better informed upon heathen teachings than about J. C.'s maxims. He says such teachings as those of J. Christ "never entered the 'noggins' of the heathen." It is complimentary to the heathen, if many of his teachings never did enter their "noggins." For many years I have given a great deal of attention to heathen literature, finding it a more profitable field than Christianity. Many Christian theologians have been obliged to admit, as a result of their personal investigations, that Christianity is not, as is claimed, an original system. It is made up of borrowed material from the heathen and covered with accumulated rubbish. Any gentleman who had read extensively the sublime theologies of the heathen, their aphorisms, their grand moral maxims, could never have descended to designate their heads "noggins," implying that the heathen brain is of a quarter-of-a-pint capacity. This has been the shameful course universally pursued by Christians toward heathens, Jews, infidels and others. And such language as this from a would-be follower—so humble—of Jesus. Heaven save the mark!

Rev. W. H. H. Murray, of this city, is compelled to admit, in the hearing of thousands, that the heathen "have developed more of art and science than we shall in five hundred years more." He acknowledged that New England could go to school to China, Japan and Ceylon. He confesses the heathen teach a pure rationalism "better than any Ralph Waldo Emerson ever taught, except what he borrowed from it." How would it sound for the heathen to call Emerson "noggins?" They never would apply such an epithet, even if they knew he stole his whole philosophy from them. They are too polite.

The learned Dr. Rebold, of France, shows how enlightened were the Egyptians 4,000 years before the Christian era. Hermes, priest-king, who lived 3,360 years before Jesus Christ, was a Spiritualist. In dying he said, "Until now I have been exiled from my true country, to which I am about to return. Shed no tears for me." Talk about J. C. bringing "life and immortality to light." Rev. H. Malcolm, who traveled through South-eastern Asia, says, "In almost every respect it [Buddhism] seems to be the best religion man has ever invented," and that "there is scarcely a precept or principle in the Badagat which is not found in the Bible. Forbes, in his "Oriental Memoirs," says, "Piety, obedience to superiors, resignation in misfortune, charity, hospitality, filial parental and conjugal affection are among the distinguishing characteristics of the Hindoos." "Types of Mankind" says that the Egyptian was a "mighty nation in full tide of civilization" 4,000 years B. C. Bunsen bears witness to the same fact.

Jesus Christ was nothing but an imitator. Take the much-lauded "Golden Rule." Why, even that was stolen, soul and body, from the heathen. Millions repeated it as household words many centuries before Jesus Christ was born. It really is pitiable for Christians to call heathens "wooden-heads," "mugs," as indicated by Eades' "noggins." Surely it is bad enough for Christians to steal heathen valuables (discernible beneath Christian slime) without adding to their thievery insults to the heathen.

Mr. Eades assures us that he did not "propose to offer anything 'brilliant' himself." That is the most brilliant as well as the truest thing in his whole article. He faithfully kept his promise!

And still Jesus has no pure-wool sheep, only a scraggy as-far-as-able breed. Poor Jesus—poor sheep!

WHAT MY THOUGHT TELLS ME.

I propose a series of articles under this caption, in which I shall endeavor to make my thinking soul familiar to others. In doing this I may be open to the charge of repetition, since one thing is so linked with another that, for the sake of making a point clear, I may have in some way to call up something that has been previously stated. In defining thought I shall give its general significance as appertaining to its uses. And just here I find it to be the methods of the mind in the analysis of facts. That there are few thinking people is just as true as it is that the multitude depend upon reading, hearing and association for their knowledge. It is almost an anomaly even in this age—for one soul to swing off independently into unexplored being, with no other chart or compass than the instinctive, conscious selfhood of an immortal existence, finding itself limited only by its own inclinations and wants, and eternally capacitated to follow its own wishes and find its own satisfactions in such directions, as little caring whether this conscious freedom from dependence in healthful soul life meets the approval of educated noodleism as the morning light seems indifferent to the blinking bat that crawls unobtrusively into some dark crevice to hide from its presence. In pursuing this subject we may see how little there is of importance to a beautiful life that has ever been told man by gods, spirits or book, that he could not have better ascertained had he put the questions to himself with as large a confidence as that with which he has gone to foreign sources for information.

So he who is to travel must make a start, so my thought, to express itself, must begin, and here goes: My consciousness of the fact first told me that I existed, and that same consciousness tells me so still. My thought tells me that I cannot consent not to be, and hence, as a personal creation in form, that I am immortal. And my thought tells me, if another mode of being is not worse than this, that I shall live there much as I please; for, except as mankind embarrass each other here, they make this life much as they please to have it. And my thought tells me if I find a heaven it must suit me, not somebody else; nor conform to any possible general rule; for to do this would be to ignore all that could make a heaven, and that is the sweets of individual enjoyment—a music and harmony within each soul, not outside of it. My thought tells me that good men and women, who have left this plane of being, and who love it still (as really

more important than any other; since here all rational life has its origin as connected with this planet), have ever been at work to expose the causes of those unnatural conditions under which we are forced to pursue life, almost in every respect distasteful to ourselves. My thought also tells me that a class of unseen geniuses (or weaknesses who love power) have been no less assiduous to prevent all intelligent profit that man might make by a quiet soul association with better spirits. When we look over the world and note the advent of all new theories, instead of denominating them progressive steps, we shall see them much like the wrecks of baggage trains after a battle; and, if we listen, we can hear the groans of the wounded and dying. Point me to a theory that did not originate in the death of a better state of things. Christianity had its origin after the light of a beautiful life had left the earth. Methodism, Quakerism, Spiritualism, and every other ism, got their rules and regulations for holding men and women bound to sustain them after all free and spontaneous life had left the devotee; for each will quote to better times than the present for something in their notions worthy of interest. Did we suppose that any or all of these theories were gotten up in their day and time to give man another bone to pick with his fellow-man, and to multiply divisions only where unity is wanted?

Each awakened interest, all the way back as far as intelligence can carry man, has been designed to carry the thought forward to clear up the network of mysticism that enshrouds the unseen from the human soul's inspection—for it is really man's home; he is here, simply camping out. That the unseen is more to be revered because intangible to our false ways of getting at a fact, and our educated methods of appreciation, is neither true nor desirable. As well claim that the stars are extravagances because of their distance. Man has always been lost just where he has been duped to adopt anything as a marvel.

Weaknesses are very apt to conceive that what is concealed and unfamiliar with them is worth a great name. Hence the enshrouded unseen must be a wonder, when the shroud would be gone, if man lived in his spirit nature—and it is all the nature the man ever had. My thought tells me if men and women exist in another mode of being, and I know they do, as I know I shall (for I hold the right to exist to this indestructible inner man, superior to any power to snuff it out), that they are to be in a form, and personal as they were here, for the question of a perpetuated existence involves form and personality in their best style. But mark—there is no compulsion anywhere to prevent man living in violation of such an existence, as the stream of lies always poured through the negative human brain will inform us. My thought and my experience tell me that loved ones unseen are by no necessity, in their essential natures, shut away from my association, since I am to-day and at all times spirit as really as I shall ever be. That there is in the fitness of things an artless language that can transmit the beauties of soul to soul as really as the summer sunshine woos the dewdrop from the window-sill, I know. I live within the radius of its attraction, and realize myself most fondly at home. Hence my thought tells me that those delicate feelings that quiver in ecstasy of sweetness through my sensing nature, and so welcome lie satisfied within my inmost being, speak of the devoted and mingled loves of my unseen surroundings—that this is heaven, and dependent upon no place, but is the simple result of harmonious conditions within the individual, wherein content only can report itself to him whose welcome greets it.

My thought (and this is no hasty conclusion) also tells me that those shadows that gloom up the mind and conflict with its quiet, inducing uneasiness, heaviness, darkness and despair, are to be credited to uncongenial, unseen surroundings; for such a state of things would be as far from being the product of myself as from being pleasing to me. It would be an unutterable horror to be possessed of an existence that was, by any necessity, doomed to war upon itself; for it would tell me that I was not immortal, that these jarring elements would at some period part company, and I should cease to be. And my thought tells me that this condition of my being is produced by a distasteful and meddling class of spirits, who assume the right to mind everybody's business; for they early set up to run the world under the sobriquet of a great name, and give man laws to swindle him out of himself, just as this same class seek to enforce their teachings now under the spell of some great name, either by education or direct influence, or some unhappy mortal whom they can worry into making war on our peace in the way of meddling, much as a religious fanatic took me to task for fairly running over on a Sunday morning, while my inmost being was brimming with bliss unutterable. He bluntly asked, "If I thought I should go to heaven?" I promptly answered, "No, not if you go there, for you have not self-respect enough to mind your own business, and you would make a hell of any place." This man was as directly a medium as if he had made a profession of it, for, unimpressed, he was a good-natured man. And my thought tells me that this condition of things, where men and women worry one another, though conscious of not wishing to do so, is hell, and run by meddling spirits, even though unrealized; for it is a condition where a fabled fire and brimstone hell would be some relief, if only for the sake of variety. That this business is carried on by intelligence is demonstrated in the fact that it is a work and worry on the mind, and, shift positions as it may, the annoyance will meet it at any point. Let man become familiar with his rights as an intelligent entity in being, and he can toy with all that man consents to call a trouble. This living, happy soul tells me that these things are only trifles.

E. WHEELER.

TAKE NOTICE.

The little jackal, in his letter to "The Great Jackal, Anthony Comstock," published in the WEEKLY, August 9, 1873, says:

"The temple of Diana was one of the seven wonders of the world, and therefore its very destruction must commemorate him who effected it." [The italicizing is mine.] "So, Victoria C. Woodhull is, and is to be, a greater wonder yet, and your

name gains notoriety as being connected with hers! She can say, 'I belong to the World and to Time; who touches me, touches both, and his memory must meet the touching'—and yours will! Even it will be seen that you are a great part of her immortality, but immortality to her will be infamy to you!"

Who stood over him when he wrote that but the Angel of Fate! He was writing his own epitaph! I have but few words more to say on this matter, but the hour is coming when the "universal hell," such as that to which he "dooms and damns" the "Comstock Jackal," will open its jaws widest for him! He cannot expect more of life hereafter than the bitter dregs of passion. His day is not yet. No woman will stain her soul to come into open fight with a stiletto-assassin, but one is yet to hold the thunderbolts of God's vengeance in her hand, and unsheathe the lightnings that are gathering to spend their fury on his head. Be lifted up and take courage, oh, Victoria! Every word on those vile sheets that crawled, and hissed, and spent their venom in our households, will become a part of the glorious book of life, whereon your pure name shall be written in heaven, and every page be transmitted into the white wings of angels to become your convoy into peace. Other Charlotte Cordays than the one France carted through the streets of Paris will gild the pages of history before the nineteenth century is closed. Her spirit will come back and send pangs of remorse to the hearts of tyrants who would crush out the last spark in the life of a woman!

CHARLOTTE BARBER.

RELIGION IN POLITICS.

THE Massachusetts Young Men's Christian Association have just held their eighth annual convention. The Boston Association alone reported a membership of 2,300, "about 900 of them active." What they are "active" about is perhaps explained in part by the following resolution, one of a series reported by the committee on resolutions: "Resolved, That we recommend to the convention not to divorce religion from politics, but in every political canvass to conscientiously and prayerfully use their influence in sustaining such men and measures as will, in their opinion, best serve the interests of morality and temperance." This phraseology means, in plain English ("morality" being inseparable from "faith"), that only evangelical Christians should be elected to public office; and to secure this result is undoubtedly one of the chief objects of the Young Men's Christian Association. In all political questions involving the interests of evangelical Christianity (and they are multiplying daily), a compact, well organized body of practical workers stand, ready for active exertions in support of "such men and measures" as shall promote them. No wonder that it is such an herculean task to unloose the Church's grip from the State! Protestantism is drilling its Jesuits for the coming struggle, and means to be prepared. But what is Liberty doing?—*The Index.*

"THE LITTLE BUILDERS OF THE EARTH."

The lecture in Redpath's Lyceum course on Tuesday evening, Oct. 27, was by the Rev. E. C. Bolles, of Salem, whose subject was "The Little Builders of the Earth." The lecture was illustrated by means of the stereopticon, which threw the microscopic images against a large screen that covered the entire front of the great organ. The circle in which the pictures were shown was thirty feet in diameter, and the enormous magnifying power thus afforded gave marvelous and beautiful results. Mr. Bolles said that there was no story more interesting than that which geology told us. Fifty years ago but little was known as to who the real builders of the earth were, but the microscope had thrown a great deal of light on the subject. He would speak first of the rock-builders. He described a little organism found attached to seaweeds. These consisted of little cubes of crystal joined like necklaces. These cubes inclosed a little spherical dot or cell, which was a living organism, and which had the power of attracting to itself the silica or the flint from the water around it, and forming a hard covering which would melt no sooner than glass. This was one of the simplest forms of plant-life known—only a single cell in a crystal cube. These diatoms, as they were called, though almost invisible, were shown by the microscope to be covered with beautiful sculpture, in regular and symmetrical forms. The city of Berlin was built over a bed of rock formed of these diatoms. The bed was one hundred and twenty feet thick, and the diatoms were so small that there were seventy millions in an inch. The city of Richmond was also built over such a bed, and if human mummies were substituted for the diatoms, they would be piled to a height equal to half of the earth's diameter, or four thousand miles. These diatoms were propagated with marvelous rapidity by another cell forming, and the cube containing it splitting off. One single diatom would increase to twenty-two in one minute, and to one million in twenty-four hours. The Nile and the Ganges were made shallow by them, and to them the Arctic Ocean owed its hue of deep olive green. Along the coast of Patagonia they had built a great band of white stone, and the Victoria barrier, four hundred miles along the great Antarctic glacier, was built of them. Wherever water was they were found, slowly and surely building up the substance of the globe. The stone blocks of the great pyramids of Egypt owed their existence to animal life. They were formed by microscopic animals, simply little masses of jelly, which had the power of attracting to themselves a calcareous secretion from the water around them.

The sea was filled with these creatures, which, dying, dropped their living covering to the bottom of the sea. The delicate gray limestone of which Paris was built was made by these creatures, and the great range of the Andes was in places entirely formed by them. Thus it was seen that the most minute microscopic creatures had had a far greater influence in the formation of the earth than the elephants, whales and mammoths at which we wondered so. We had been told that in the depths of the sea there was no life; but deep-sea dredging showed that it was teeming with life. The dredge often came up filled with a slimy ooze or gelatinous mass, all of which was living matter. The bottom of

the sea was carpeted with a living mass of creatures, the like of which had built the chalk cliffs of England. So the microscope gave a good look and a long look into the history of the world.

Mr. Bolles went on to describe the fuel-builders. He showed on the screen, pictures of the beautiful fern impressions found in coal beds. The coal formations of the earth were built by the lives of plants. The propagation of ferns by the spores on the back of the leaves was described. Whole masses of coal were accumulated and compressed fern spores. Coal was formed not only of the ferns, but of the gigantic vegetation.

Much good poetry and bad science had been written about the coral insect building the islands up from the bottom of the sea. The truth was that there was no coral insect, but the coral formation was owing to the polyps who built on the flanks of the sinking islands of the ancient sea. The coral was simply the skeleton of the dead polyp, secreted in the same way as our bones were formed.

The last described were the frost-builders. Mr. Bolles first told about the concrete, the glaciers, ice-fields and snow-drifts. We were accustomed to speak of winter as the season in which there was an absence of life, but it was a time when mighty forces were at work. He went on to speak of the powers of crystallization, and showed some beautiful forms of snow crystals. We might as well try to count the sands of the desert as the various forms of the snow crystals. It was remarkable that when masses of solid ice melted the crystals appeared in exactly the shape in which they were formed. The lecture closed with a beautiful illustration of the forces of crystallization at work, made by flooding a glass plate with salts dissolved in alcohol. The evaporation of the alcohol produced crystals on the glass, and on the screen the rays could be seen shooting and forming, much as the auroral light shoots across the heavens.—*Banner of Light.*

STOCKHOLM, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1874.

Editors of Weekly—I hold the pen this morning in extreme physical suffering, and in little less mental grief. I have a strong hope that two or three years, at the most, will give me a discharge from so painful a body. I deeply regret that in my last days I am compelled to differ so seriously from some of the "old guard" of radicals, and my long and true friends. But for over forty years I have spoken and written what to me was truth, without consulting my own or my friend's feelings. No friend desires me to do otherwise.

Some two years ago I asked and tried to answer the question—"Who killed Horace Greeley?" To-day the question forces itself upon me—Who are most likely to succeed in killing Victoria C. Woodhull? I have no thought of attempting a full reply here. But I must add: One or more persons may succeed in killing Mrs. Woodhull; but no radical, after doing it, can rise on the work she has done—can "build themselves up" on the "ruins" of her labor. Such person or persons will, in this, write their own death warrant as to much more usefulness in the radical cause in this life. It will prove to have been an act of moral suicide. It will indicate another dark hour for the radical cause, and I fear too many of them will have aided in bringing it on their own heads. John Calvin's mantle is still with us, and can be found where it ought to be least expected. John Calvin, the Protestant Pope, burned Servetus because he did not teach his idea of God and truth. Those who wear his mantle in this day can only build fires about the characters of men and women who do not live their idea of a true life. It is still popery in another guise. I have little doubt that the Pope is conscientious. I think that is often, if not generally true, of all Popes. If one fails to kill the material life or moral influence of another, how much less is his crime? May the gods have mercy on us all!

AUSTIN KENT.

JUDGE PITMAN'S chimney had been foul for some time, and when he mentioned the fact at the drug store Mr. Squills said he could easily clean it out by exploding a little powder in the fire-place. The idea seemed to Pitman to be a good one, and he bought almost ten pounds of powder in order to do the work thoroughly at the first blast. Some men were busy graveling his roof that day, and just as the Judge was about to touch off the charge a workman named Snyder leaned over the top of the chimney to call to the man below to send up some tar. Then the Judge lit the slow match. The view which met the eye of Mr. Snyder as he went up was a fine one, embracing as it did Cape May and Baltimore and the Sandwich Islands, and when he got enough of drinking in the scenery he came down into the river, apparently with the intention of exploring the bottom. When he was fished out he was glad to learn that not only was the Judge's chimney thoroughly clean, but that it would need about four cart loads of bricks to repair damages. After this the Judge will clean his flues with a brush tied to a clothes-prop.—*Lancaster (Pa.) Examiner.*

BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

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

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

Among the speakers to be present are Lois Waisbrooker, Editor of *Our Age*; J. M. Spear, the Traveler; Augusta Bristol, the Poet.

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

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

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

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

E. M. Flagg, dentist, 79 West Eleventh street, New York city. Specialty, artificial dentures.

DR. L. K. COONLEY has removed from Vineland to Newark N. J. Office and residence No. 53 Academy street, where he will treat the sick daily and receive applications to lecture Sundays in New Jersey, New York or elsewhere in the vicinity.

THE Universal Association of Spiritualists, Primary Council No. 1 of Illinois, meets every Sunday at 3:30 P. M., at Parlor 16, 181 Clark st. corner of Monroe, Chicago. Free conference and free seats.

ERNEST J. WITHEFORD, Cor. Sec.

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

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

The First Primary Council of Boston. of the U. A. of Spiritualists, have leased the new "Parker Fraternity (lower) Hall," corner of Berkly and Appleton streets, where they give lectures every Sunday afternoon and evening.

JOHN HARDY, Cor. Secretary.

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

IMPORTANT TO PERSONS WANTING TO SPEND THE WINTER SOUTH.—A lady and gentleman can be accommodated in the house of a physician, on moderate terms, in one of the most beautiful cities of the South. For particulars inquire at this office.

Send Austin Kent one dollar for his book and pamphlets on Free Love and Marriage. He has been sixteen years physically helpless, confined to his bed and chair, is poor and needs the money. You may be even more benefited by reading one of the boldest, deepest, strongest, clearest and most logical writers. You are hardly well posted on this subject till you have read Mr. Kent. You who are able add another dollar or more as charity. His address, AUSTIN KENT, Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., Box 44.

R. W. HUME, Associate Editor of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, is prepared to deliver lectures on Radical Spiritualism, and on all the reforms of which it is the base. For further particulars, list of lectures, etc., address box 3,791 New York City.

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

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

E. C. MANCHESTER, President.

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

DR. R. P. FELLOWS, the great healer, announces to the afflicted who have heretofore been unable to avail themselves of his remarkable healing power, that he is now within their reach, and that they can be treated just as effectually at their homes as at his office by means of his Magnetized Powder, which he thoroughly magnetizes, and when taken commences upon its healing mission with marvelous effect. Invalids who have been looked upon as tottering on the brink of the grave have been restored to perfect health by one or two boxes of this potent remedy. \$1 per box.

Address: Vineland, N. J.

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

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

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

MRS. NELLIE DAVIS will lecture in Cleveland, Ohio, during December. Societies, East or West, desiring her services, can address her at 235 Washington St., Salem, Mass.

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

[CIRCULAR.]

BUREAU OF CORRESPONDENCE OF THE PANTARCHY.

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

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

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

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

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

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

PROSPECTUS.

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.
[The only paper in the World conducted, absolutely, upon the Principles of a Free Press.]

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

It advocates, as parts of the new government—

1. A new political system in which all persons of adult age will participate.
2. A new land system in which every individual will be entitled to the free use of a proper proportion of the land.
3. A new industrial system, in which each individual will remain possessed of all his or her productions.
4. A new commercial system in which "cost," instead of "demand and supply," will determine the price of everything and abolish the system of profit-making.
5. A new financial system, in which the government will be the source, custodian and transmitter of money, and in which usury will have no place.
6. A new sexual system, in which mutual consent, entirely free from money or any inducement other than love, shall be the governing law, individuals being left to make their own regulations; and in which society, when the individual shall fail, shall be responsible for the proper rearing of children.
7. A new educational system, in which all children born shall have the same advantages of physical, industrial, mental and moral culture, and thus be equally prepared at maturity to enter upon active, responsible and useful lives.

All of which will constitute the various parts of a new social order, in which all the human rights of the individual will be associated to form the harmonious organization of the peoples into the grand human family, of which every person in the world will be a member.

Criticism and objections specially invited.

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THE MAGNETIC HEALING INSTITUTE

314 EAST NINTH STREET,
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This Institute, organized upon the combined principles of

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Makes a specialty of all those diseases, which, by the Medical Faculty, are usually considered incurable. Among these may be mentioned

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MAGNETIC HEALING INSTITUTE,

314 EAST NINTH ST., NEW YORK

Testimonials.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels Cured.

NEW YORK, July 20, 1870.

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

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

Spring Valley, N. Y.

JOHN A. VANZANT.

Bright's Disease of the Kidneys Cured.

NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 3, 1869.

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

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

T. P. RICHARDSON.

Inflammation of the Face and Eyes Cured.

NEW YORK CITY, June 21, 1869.

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

JOHN FOX.

No. 3 Clinton avenue, near Fletcher street, Brooklyn.

