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BY AND BY:
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE.

BY EDWARD MAITLAND.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"But even if you cannot wear it at present," he said, "you can keep it until you have attained the necessary qualifications."

"No; I shall never marry," she answered, shortly.

"You never marry! My dear Nannie, what a fancy! Why, to see you with that child, any one would think you were made for no other purpose."

"Appearances are very deceitful," said Nannie, demurely. "I could only marry where I was properly loved; and no one will love me like that. I am not a woman who could tolerate a man coming to me, and saying, 'Oh, I do love you with my whole heart so dearly, that I beg you will let me take you for a time on trial, to see what sort of a woman you will turn out.' That's what they do in Soudan. Mattie, my sister, was properly loved and properly married, for Frank took her for altogether at once. I am like her in that. I wouldn't be married in any other way. No rehearsals for me."

"You forget, Nannie, that the women as well as the men have the benefit of the trial. Suppose you found yourself irrevocably tied to a man who was unworthy of you, or who did not 'properly' love you. One cannot always judge beforehand how people will agree in a new relationship."

"A woman who is a woman can always tell a man who is a man when she sees him; and if she is a woman she can make him love her as he ought."

"Well, Nannie, at any rate you need have no misgivings on the score of not being properly loved when your time comes. No man can be indifferent to your sweet face and winning ways."

"I don't believe you mean a word of it," exclaimed Nannie, "for you are quite indifferent to them yourself." And she composed her pretty lips into a pout, while her eyes sparkled, and her whole frame vibrated with quick vitality.

"So far from being indifferent to your charms, Nannie dear," replied Criss, "I have found myself wondering sometimes whether, if you had not been possessed of them, I should have acted by you as I have done, from a sense of duty only."

"Oh, I hope not!" cried Nannie; "I could not bear to have you do things for me from a sense of duty, and not because you admire and—care for me."

Nannie's profound sense of superiority to all codes whatever of morals, and her habit of unconsciously referring all conduct to the criterion of affection, had often struck Criss as a remarkable element in her character. It coincided with his own intuitions in respect to the infinite; for he had found himself as much at a loss to discern the connection between the spiritual and moral, as between the physical and moral worlds. And here was the animal world, as represented by one of its highest types—a lovely, impulsive girl—repudiating it also.

"Ah!" he said, "what a world this would be if the promptings of love were always in accordance with these of duty! We might drop the word *duty* out of our dictionaries altogether then, and *I like* would rightly take the place of *I ought*. But we must have very well-regulated natures for that to be so, you know."

"I am sure," returned Nannie, "that if it was anybody's 'duty' to like me properly, it would be his duty to do whatever I liked, too! And I know he would be repaid by being very happy in return."

"I don't doubt it in the least," replied Criss; "and I think he will be a very fortunate fellow who shall win the whole of your affectionate little heart for himself."

Nannie made a gesture of impatience, and turning to some article in the room, began asking him questions about it. The morning passed rapidly, and in the afternoon several of Criss' friends came, much to Nannie's discomposure, for it put an end to her exclusive possession of him. While resenting the demands made by these upon his attention, she was struck by the greatness of the deference they showed him. Having no conception of the position held by him in the regards of men, and having, moreover, seen him only among his oldest and most familiar friends, she found her-

self now compelled to make some modification in her view of him. And as nothing gave Nannie greater annoyance than having to modify a view once taken, this, and his engrossment by strangers, combined to make the afternoon pass as disagreeably for her as the morning had passed pleasantly.

In the evening they were alone again, and Nannie's good temper returned; though she was still disconcerted at finding herself obliged to regard Criss as a personage of more importance than she had ever before deemed him. Nannie was very proud, and held herself to be as good as any one. It was intolerable that any should deem themselves too good for her. And she shrank from the thought of Criss looking upon her as the occupant of a mere corner in his occasional regards, as might easily be the case if he were a great personage, engaged in important pursuits.

However, all reflections of this kind vanished in presence of the wonders revealed to her for the first time in the splendid microscope which Criss exhibited to her. For some time her faculty of surprise and admiration was so excited as to overpower all other faculties; but at length her manner changed, her delight and vivacity disappeared, and she pushed the instrument away, saying she could not bear it—it made her feel so insignificant. It was no good being bigger, or cleverer, or prettier than those tiny, ugly specimens, if when you magnified them you found them just as beautiful and perfect as yourself. And it was but a qualified submission that she made when Criss told her that he, on the contrary, derived more spiritual comfort from the microscope than almost from anything else; inasmuch as by revealing the same perfect organization pervading the infinitely small that we find in the large, it demonstrates that nothing is too minute or unimportant to be the subject of the Divine law and providence.

Nannie expressed her approval of this thought, but said that, after looking through the microscope, it seemed to her as if there were no such differences as small and great, ugly and pretty.

Criss spent the next day in London, returning to Bertie's in the evening. Nannie passed most of the time he was there in the garden, saying she felt the house too close for her and preferred the air. Again they talked about her, and Bertie said that Nannie had confessed that she had never been so happy and so miserable as yesterday. The strength of her feelings, he said, fairly frightened him, and he did not know to what they might bring her, unless she were provided with some object on which to bestow them.

"But why should she have been so happy, and why so miserable at my house?"

"Well, so far as I can make out, she was happy because she was with the only friend she has in the world; and miserable because that friend did not seem to be equally engrossed by her."

"But," said Criss, "that is very much like what is called 'being in love.'"

"Very much, indeed," said Bertie, drily.

"But you do not mean to say that Nannie is in that condition as regards me?"

"I believe that if ever young woman was over head and ears in love with young man, she is that at this moment with you."

"Dear me," said Criss, "I never thought of such a thing."

"You don't seem over pleased at what any other man of your age would give his ears for," said Bertie, unconsciously repeating and recalling to Criss' memory almost the very words Nannie had used of herself in the Ariel.

"I suppose she is very beautiful," remarked Criss, as if he had never made up his mind on the subject.

"Not a man beholds her but declares that he never saw her equal, and that not for beauty of feature and form merely, but for the peculiar feminineness of her look and ways. One cannot fancy her other than always young and blithesome."

"And as good as her looks?" said Criss, interrogatively.

"I believe," answered Bertie, "that her nature is a force which she will find hard to control. Way it will have, but its direction will depend upon the circumstances in which she will be placed, and the people with whom she will have to deal. Indeed, the responsibility of supervising her is already become more than I like to contemplate. Yet I cannot think of any change that would be for the better, excepting one. Only a husband can really influence her develop-

ment and lot. Her whole nature throughout is genuine, rich and untitled as a virgin soil; and, like it, ready to bear a crop of good or evil, according to the will of the husband-man."

Here Bertie chuckled at his own unintended double.

"The strength of her character," he went on, "consists in her affections. She will abandon herself utterly to their dominion. Whatever she may do, whether in love or hate, will be done heartily. The man who marries her will be tied to no inert mass. Her intense vitality will not let her be ignored, or get accustomed to as a mere habit. But she will be an active element in his existence, whether for his happiness or his misery. There is no sameness about her. Reading my Shakespeare the other evening, when I came to his description of Cleopatra, as infinite in variety and lovely in all, I was irresistibly reminded of the dear child. And I truly believe she needs only a return as genuine as that which she renders to insure the happier fate."

"Well, Nannie, how is the head now?" said Criss, joining her in the garden. "I hope you like my house well enough to give me the pleasure of seeing you in it again soon."

"I like the house and everything about it so well, that if it belonged to me, I should not always be leaving it, as you do, for other places. But was it really a pleasure to you to see me in it? I hope it was, because I like nothing so much as giving you pleasure."

"My dear Nannie, while flitting about on the lawn and among the flowers, you looked like a fair young angel. And when you were nursing and singing to the child, you appeared such a bright and joyous creature that it seemed as if nothing but brightness and happiness could ever come where you were. I really could not help thinking that if only that young fellow who has been so fortunate as to touch your fancy had seen you yesterday, he could not long have remained obdurate."

"What! whom do you mean?" cried Nannie.

"Am I not right in understanding your expression of a wish to return to Soudan, as an admission that there is some one there to whom you are attached? Well, now, coupling this with your liking for my house, I have been thinking that if the gentleman in question be really worthy of you, instead of your going back to Africa, I will send for him to England, and you shall have my house, or one just like it, for your own."

"But—but—" gasped Nannie, "I did not mean that I liked your house for itself. I liked it for your being in it. There is no one in Africa I care for. Oh! Criss, Criss, why did you save a poor girl's life only to tease her? I did hope you cared for me a little bit. But now you offer to give me up, and get rid of me altogether! I wish I had jumped overboard from the Ariel, and made an end at once. I should have been spared all this after."

"My dear Nannie, I thought I was showing that I cared, not a little, but a big bit, for you when I proposed to do all I could to make you happy."

"Care for me when you would give me to another! No, no; that is not caring. Caring means wanting all for oneself. It means love, and jealousy, too, for no love is without that."

"If ever a woman were to care for me, Nannie, the last thing I should expect from her would be jealousy. I should not give her cause. Surely, you are not of a jealous disposition? For jealousy and happiness cannot possibly exist together; and I am sure you would prefer to give happiness."

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed; "but I can be very naughty sometimes; I know I can, and shall. But I know I can be very good and nice, too, at others, to make up. Why, do you know, I think it is partly because I am sure to be so naughty as to make him want sometimes to get rid of me that I shall insist on my husband marrying me for altogether at once, when I do marry."

"I dislike the idea of limited liability marriages as much as you do," returned Criss; "but even other kinds are not absolutely irrevocable, you know. Good behavior is always necessary, just as in other partnerships. But, Nannie, it is not as a safeguard against a true and genuine nature that such release is permitted, but against falsehood and insincerity. And it is not in you to exhibit those."

"I like you to praise me," said Nannie, simply; "it helps me to be good."

"Tell me truly and seriously, Nannie. Do you think you would be perfectly contented and happy if you were to come and live altogether in my house, and take care of it as you do of Bertie's, and let me take care of you as my own dear little wife?"

Nannie uttered a sharp cry, and gasped out:

"Do you mean it? Is it for real love of me, or only for pity?"

And without waiting for his answer, or rather, perhaps reading it in his eyes, she fell in a swoon upon the floor of the arbor in which they were sitting.

[To be continued.]

W. D. Lawrence

AT HOME, Dec. 20, 1874.

Dear Weekly—Aye, doubly dear in the face of the fear that it may ere long be lost to its readers, who, whether they be aware of it or not, can ill afford to lose the best conducted organ of principle and reform that has ever been ready to the popular need. A sad comment it is upon the spirit of progress of the time, that the bodily illness of the little woman whose heaven-inspired enthusiasm has kept alive the interest in the social problem should even cause a diminution in size of her cherished WEEKLY; for it cannot be that the ill-directed shafts of malice and envy from small souls have had power to lessen the influence of the paper! The strong and true souls on all sides are not even bespattered by the slime cast up from foul stomachs, even as a serpent sends out its venom.

But for myself, I feel, indeed, like a laggard in the ranks—a most unfaithful and unprofitable steward, a hider of my talent in the dirt. And when some earnest soul sends me greeting through the columns of the WEEKLY, or by private letter, I blush for shame of my long-neglected duty in not giving to hungry souls of the truth that burns within me. A most inharmonious companionship for six months is in part my excuse. A state of inharmony that has given me a taste of the torture of those poor souls who are tied in legal bonds by a nearer tie than that of mere acquaintance. If a casual companionship, that I knew was to come to a speedy end, could so rasp and torture me as to drive all the sparkle from my wine of life, and deprive me of all inspiration for the cause I love so dearly, I can but reflect what a perfect hell must that be when two souls are bound together for all time, "till death do them part," and the conditions are one long, never-ending inharmony.

My silence certainly has not been for lack of a theme, for I even pick up themes out of dust-pans when sweeping my room, as, for instance, this morning I similarly picked up the following gem of poetry, which appeared in the *Cincinnati Commercial* of yesterday, written especially for that very conservative sheet. It surely is worthy a place in the columns of the WEEKLY, if not for the truth it contains, to show how a strong principle, sugar-coated and put up in poetic measure, will slip down the "sanctified" throats of the "Lord's anointed":

I.
A bird with plumage of golden hue
Sang in the hedge-rows all day long,
And the traveler went with lighter heart
For the echoing joy of the happy song.
And the plowman whistled a merrier tune
As the brown earth turned from his shining share,
And the clouds sailed low, like drifting ships,
That anchored by islands green and fair.

II.
Little the singer knew of the song
As the swift, bright hours of the summer flew,
Only the gladness of happy wings,
The golden sunshine cleaving through;
Only the joy of a sheltered nest,
With the watchful love of a faithful mate,
And the song went up the livelong day,
Like the song of the lark, to heaven's gate.

III.
But some one caught in a silken snare
The careless bird with the golden wing,
And never more by the hedge-row fair
The traveler pauses to hear her sing;
But all day long, in a gilded cage,
She dreams of the meadows green and free,
And mourns for the song of her absent mate,
And the nest in the far off forest tree.

IV.
And the world is full of cages fair,
Where sweet-voiced singers forget to sing,
And hearts are beating 'gainst prison bars,
As the restless captive beats her wing—
And travelers plod on the dusty way,
Uncheered by the songs they love so well;
And whether the tree or the cage is best
None but the captive bird may tell.

Thousands of imprisoned hearts will read this little poem from the columns of a "most respectable" newspaper, and their hungry, tuneless souls utter a fervent "amen!" to its intrinsic meaning, when, if the same truth came in plain prose from WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, the same hearts most needing the medicine would spew it from their mouths as unholy and unclean.

'Tis not only since the advent of Victoria Woodhull that weary wing have vainly beat the bars of gilded cages, or glad songs been hushed in the green hedge-rows of the free fields outside the pale of modern Society. But 'tis only since she dared tell the miserable bond-women there is balm in Gilead, that imprisoned hearts have looked up in hopefulness to the bended bow of promise in the clear arch of the future.

"And whether the tree or cage is best,
None but the captive bird can tell."

And those who do know the blessing of freedom in nature's tree of knowledge are recreant to a high trust if they keep sun light hidden under a bushel, no matter what the social consequence to them or theirs of letting their light so shine as to be seen by men.

Instead of "wavering in my views and opinions of the social question" as some anxious souls would like to feel convinced, all the observations of my life and all the experience of the most sanctified of my acquaintance only serve to convince me, more firmly if possible, that Victoria Woodhull is the world's evangel to-day and her inspired principle the rock of our salvation, to which I cling with all my soul from out a wreck of strong waters, murky with the sins of our fathers. Were she to die now, ere her work seems done, nevertheless, in spite of slanders and all manner of falsehood and misrepresentation, the tide she has set in motion against such fearful odds will sweep on down the stream of time, till the children of men shall yet rise up and call her blessed. What she has done for a sin-sick world can never die, for the breath of God is the motive power.

HELEN NASH.

SOUTH NEWBURY, Dec. 20, 1874.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL:

My Dear Sister—I trust my silence since your late illness has not been construed into forgetfulness or indifference in regard to you and your work. On the contrary, I have never had such a vivid sense of the magnitude of your labors, and never been so impressed with confidence in your fitness to accomplish the work whereunto you have been called, if by any means the powers of earth and hell can be held in restraint until the army of progress and reform can be marshalled into order and be made to comprehend the vital question at issue.

But how to do the latter is to my mind by far the weightiest problem we have to solve. When I see so many of our honest, earnest, well-meaning reformers so utterly fail to understand even the basic principle of any true reform, I confess the outlook is anything but encouraging. This view of the case is made all the more apparent by the tardiness with which our most blatant (if that term seems disrespectful I must be excused, as I know no other word in the English language that expresses what I mean) reformers (?) of abundant means have come to the rescue of the WEEKLY in this hour of its extremity. That there has not been one dollar contributed where there should have been hundreds, is a mournful commentary on the mental and spiritual condition of those who profess to love the cause of which the WEEKLY is the truest and ablest exponent. It really seems as though if the WEEKLY were allowed to go down through the parsimony of its professed friends, the race is doomed, and its damnation is both sure and just.

I do not like to speak in this fault-finding strain. I remember with joy and gratitude the self-sacrificing efforts of hundreds to sustain a paper wherein the most radical thought of the age may find expression, but I cannot forget, on the other hand, the scores of men who roll in luxury while professing the warmest devotion to the WEEKLY and its brave editor, who have not contributed the first dime to its support, save, perhaps, their own annual subscription.

Inclosed I send you a moiety to help bridge the fearful chasm, only regretting my inability to increase it a hundred fold.

D. M. ALLEN.

NO RELEASE TILL DEATH.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

In a sermon delivered on the Sunday of Nov. 23, the Rev. Dr. Hall, of the Brooklyn Holy Trinity Church, took occasion to give notice to his congregation that the Episcopal Church would soon take active measures looking to the enactment of more stringent divorce laws.

Does the learned Doctor suppose that law can legislate happiness into a family, make the drunkard a sober man, the "indiscreet" wife a virtuous woman? Can law alter the nature of the brute who neglects his family and spends his earnings to appease his own selfish lusts? Why make the divorce law more stringent? To rivet still tighter the slavery and the misery of mismatched pairs, and thereby cause the commission of the very sin he seeks to expunge from our midst. The fact is, our divorce laws are too stringent now. Those who are blessed in their wedded life, whose lives are made more pure and beautiful as time moves on, and who find more and more to love in their chosen one—they care not whether divorce laws are stringent or liberal; they never think of such a thing. But to those who find they have made a fatal mistake in marrying, and whose lives are made miserable by continuance with one another, the only cure for which is the commission of a crime by one or the other, and the consequent publicity and scandal following—should we not extend a helping hand to such by offering facilities for their escape therefrom without the loss of social status or the marring of their reputations? The learned Doctor takes alarm at the spread of such views among his congregation, and he gives them notice that he will reforge the adamant chain which already holds them, and make it of a texture that shall outlive their mortal lives.

Does he suppose virtue will be strengthened by this means? Alas! for the perversity of human nature. "On the contrary, it will be quite the reverse." He is putting a premium on hypocrisy; he wants those who are married to live together in sweet Christian unity and love on the outside, when discord and hate dwell in the heart.

Look around a church. A hobbling, rheumatic old man sits beside his young and beautiful wife. Her eyes wander away from him, anywhere but on his old and ugly face, and on the other side sits a young man. Is it any wonder her eyes linger on his face and a blush mounts her cheek as a truant thought (she herself dares scarce entertain for a moment) finds its way, through the medium of natural affinity, to her mind, and perhaps, by slow degrees, shapes itself into acts for which all true Christians would "stone her to death?" But "legal" marriage must never be invaded with a thought of its dissolution. Happiness just within reach, but without its portal, must not be thought of. The wasting, hopeless, dreary monotony of a dulled despair may carry its victim to an early grave, yet merrily sounds the Trinity chimes, and still the preacher protects by his shallow arguments the "sanctity of the marriage vow."

No person should ever make any kind of a civil contract for life, much less one that involves such close personal relationship as marriage. How often deceived are those who marry! He sees the sunny side of her nature—all smiles of sweet welcome, sly little artifices seeming naturalness, and such a sweet disposition. She beholds him especially got up for the occasion—a look of manly nobleness, heightened just a little by a curl that will fall down upon his forehead, and every act indicative of love and gentleness toward her. But when, after six months of married life, he is unmasked as a libertine and a drunkard, treating her with more than brutal ferocity, she revealing the temper of a virago—why should they not be allowed to get rid of each other without the intervention of the law, which, indeed, should never have controlled the marriage question at all?

JUSTUS.

EDITORS WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY:

Allow me a little space in your columns to give the legal answers to the questions asked by Warren Chase in your late issue.

"Are all wives, husbands and married parties under the law the same as Theodore Tilton and Elizabeth? What was or is the real amount of property Theodore owned in the person of Elizabeth? Was it the full value of her person or only a part? Was it her whole person or only a part?"

A close and critical analysis of the law will demonstrate to Mr. Chase conclusively, that Elizabeth was and is the legal, lawful property of Theodore; he owned and does own her, body and bones and spirit, bought her from her father, her first legitimate master, in that great slave mart, the church, by the marriage fee. This property was damaged to the amount that Theodore valued the body of his slave at, he being the best judge of the worth of his property; and she has no more legal voice in the question of trespass or damages than if she was a horse, cow or mule, which Beecher had surreptitiously purloined out of Tilton's stable for his private use and comfort, and through carelessness and abuse had rendered worthless to its owner. Theodore came by his title and ownership by purchase, paying the stipulated price, his name, and the marriage fee supplemented indorsed the bargain when concluded. Tilton is still, and will continue to be, its legal, lawful owner, until a divorce is granted to her with his full and free consent; she will then be a manumitted slave. The marriage law distinctly and positively recognizes the right of property in a wife; if it did not, divorces would be null and void.

It does not differ from slavery, and the girl or woman has no option of consent in the sale of her person. Mrs. Tilton does not own her children; they are the property of her master, Mr. Tilton. It is only a proclamation of emancipation that can destroy Mr. Tilton's property rights in Elizabeth and her children. The trespasser knew that he was trespassing, just as surely and unequivocally as Mr. Chase would know that he was trespassing if he should steal his neighbor's horse and use him without his knowledge and consent.

If Elizabeth had been Henry's wife he would have had property rights in the use of her person, and would have done his will with her; not being his property, she is seriously and fatally damaged and injured, both physically and morally. The trespasser is and was just as much of a robber and thief by thus appropriating this kind of property to his own use and purposes, as if he had put his hand into its owner's pocket and stolen his purse. Tilton's acts have no bearing upon the case, and can in no way, as long as he did not use or appropriate any of Beecher's property, exculpate either Beecher or Elizabeth. Elizabeth can collect nothing; neither she nor Mrs. Beecher have any rights in the case; they are both slaves—personal property. A woman is not a citizen. "Technically, in the eye of the law, women are individuals, responsible for their acts; but, strip the law of its sentimentality and verbosity, and you will find that women are of no more account than a horse, cow or mule; for they, like these useful domestic animals, are a piece of legal, lawful property, belonging to private individuals, State or general government. All unmarried females of age, widows, etc., who have no fathers or brothers, necessarily must be State or national property, as long as they are not recognized by the government as citizens, but counted by it as population, and thus used as a means of governing or controlling the government. Just so long as they are not citizens they must be judged and treated as legal, lawful property, as chattel funded property by a strict rendering of the common law, and there is no way of getting around it, for it is only a citizen that is a free agent, an individual exempt from any implied lien or cash value or property rights vested in any person or thing." If a woman happens to be a manumitted slave, commanded by her legal lord and master to get a divorce, in order that he may buy him a new mistress from the church by the marriage fee, repudiated by her father, who might also have bought for himself a mistress and domestic slave from the same inexhaustible slave mart, stripped by the two of name and fortune, turned out like an exhausted, worn-out horse, a dried-up, diseased cow, by her legal, lawful masters and owners, to gain a living as best she might by browsing upon the sparse grass and flavorless herbs of the public common highways, finally wandering within the limits of the "ten mile square," she, like any other ownerless domestic animal, becomes a piece of national property, a part of the secret machinery of the national government. This woman, in one sense of the word, has been made a free woman by the voluntary act of her legal, lawful, legitimate owners; but is no more a citizen than a negro was before the fourteenth amendment became a recognized law of the land; has no more privileges nor immunities than a manumitted slave in 1860. If Mr. Chase will look carefully into this subject, he will find that woman occupies precisely the same attitude that the slave did, and that father, husband or brother is her legal, lawful master and owner, and is so recognized by the law.

FRANK CROCKER.

SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION.

The Michigan State Association of Spiritualists met at Stuart's Hall, Battle Creek, December 11, 12 and 13. President Manchester in the chair. He explained that Mrs. L. E. Drake had removed to California, and that Mrs. L. E. Bailey had been appointed Secretary in her stead. The chair appointed the committees, as follows:

Order of Business.—Mrs. Abner Hicchock, of Ann Arbor, Chairman; Mrs. Jewett, of Jackson; Mrs. Kizer, of Kalamazoo; Mrs. Mary Cummings and Mrs. R. A. Loomis, of Battle Creek.

Committee of Resolutions.—B. Todd, of Port Huron, Chairman; C. H. Winslow, of Kalamazoo; C. H. Silliman, of Albion; Mrs. Frank Knowles, of Breedsville, and Mrs. Meham, of B. C.

Finance Committee.—H. M. Shafter, of Galesburg; Daniel Powers, of Climax; M. P. Caldwell, of Petersburg; Mrs. E. Cole and Mrs. Mary Cummings, both of Battle Creek.

B. Todd resigned his position as Chairman on Committee

of Resolutions, and Mr. Worden, of South Bend, appointed in his place.

Song by Mrs. Knowles—"Land of the So-called Dead."

E. V. Wilson delivered an address upon establishing a home for superannuated speakers and mediums.

Convention adjourned until 7 P. M.

EVENING SESSION.—Mrs. Knowles sang "Lealine." Conference for one half hour. Susie M. Johnson and E. V. Wilson delivered short addresses. Both were exceedingly good and well received. Miss Johnson is a speaker possessing merits second to none. Song by Mrs. Knowles—"The Wind in the Chestnut Boughs."

SATURDAY—MORNING SESSION.—Conference for one half hour. Song by Mrs. Knowles—"By the side of the Murmuring Streams." Short addresses by Mr. Worden upon the subject of "Diet;" Dr. Sherman, on "Scientific Subjects;" and Susie M. Johnson, on "Organic Laws." Music by brother and sister Stegeman.

AFTERNOON SESSION.—Opened by reading the Constitution and By-Laws; after which tickets of membership were sold upon paying the fee of \$1.00, followed by the election of officers for the ensuing year. The first ballot was cast unanimously in favor of the re-election of E. C. Manchester, who gracefully but decidedly refused to longer serve. The following were then elected:

President—Prof. Lyons, of Adrian.

Secretary—Mrs. L. E. Bailey, of Battle Creek.

Treasurer—Mrs. Mary Cummings, "

Executive Committee—M. P. Caldwell, Petersburg; H. M. Shafter, Galesburg; Mrs. Marion Todd, Port Huron.

Prof. Lyons then addressed the Convention. Song by Mr. and Mrs. Stegeman. Adjourned till 7 P. M.

EVENING SESSION.—Called to order by President Lyons. Mr. Worden, chairman of committee, offered as a majority report the following resolution:

Resolved, That we rescind all former resolutions and leave the good sense of the people free to all "side issues."

G. W. Winslow offered a minority report, thus:

Whereas, Individual private opinions are, among Spiritualists, held to be a personal right too sacred to be surrendered; and

Whereas, Differences of opinion in regard to what is termed the "social question," have to a great extent caused division in our ranks and paralyzed our efforts in the promulgation of the truths we all fondly cherish; and

Whereas, It is extremely desirable that, if possible, we find some neutral ground on which we can "agree to disagree;" therefore,

Resolved, As the sense of this Convention:

First—That each individual has an indisputable right to endorse or advocate just what doctrines or theories in regard to the so-called "social question," or "marriage laws," as may to him or her seem best calculated to benefit the individual and the community.

Second—That we as a body, in accordance with the spirit of the foregoing, decline either to approve or condemn the doctrines or theories advocated by any person or paper, and that we decline to express any opinion as to the propriety of abrogating the "marriage laws" of our State.

Third—That we decline to adopt any person or paper as our organ or mouthpiece, thus leaving each person or individual free and at perfect liberty to make his or her own selections.

After much discussion both reports were accepted.

Song by Mr. and Mrs. Stegeman.

Mr. Todd delivered the lecture of this session upon Dual Life. We understand it will be published in full.

Mrs. Knowles improvised a poem, entitled "The Olive Branch," referring to the resolutions. It was exceedingly beautiful and appropriate.

Song by Mr. and Mrs. Stegeman.

SUNDAY MORNING SESSION.—Conference for half an hour, during which Miss Lydia V. Bailey, a little girl of nine years, recited a reformatory poem, entitled "I'm Going to a Felon's Cell."

Short addresses by Mr. Pope, of Chicago, and D. C. Grimes, of Kalamazoo. Subject of Mr. Grimes' lecture: "Mind and Matter."

Mr. Stegeman then addressed the convention. His lecture was well received. It was not, he said, what we do at our conventions, but our lives at home which speak to the world, whether we are progressionists and reformers. His remarks closed thus:

"I am out 'neath the smiles of the Infinite,
Out where the angels have trod,
Guiding myself out of darkness,
Up to the home of the good.
Out where the harvest is ripening,
Ready its treasures to yield;
Out in a life of experience,
Out in progression's grand field."

Song by Mrs. Stegeman. Adjourned until 2 o'clock P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.—A noisy conference. Mrs. Talmadge, of Marshall, Sisters Loomis and Whitney, of B. C., endeavored in a womanly way to quell the storm of the many elements. The cause of existing trouble seeming to be an unfortunate motion put by E. V. Wilson, and rashly acted upon by the audience, to devote the time in conference, before allotted to speakers Todd and Warden. Mrs. Knowles said: "It was extremely gratifying that the quarreling had been done entirely by men. If the ballot were the cause of such scenes she would be content without it. So many of the men present were so anxious to ventilate themselves that the women had been willing to keep quiet until it became necessary for them to interfere to keep the peace."

Mrs. Bailey stated their Constitution and By-laws were all right if lived out; but they had been grievously violated this afternoon.

Song by Mr. and Mrs. Stegeman. Adjourned till 7 P. M.

SUNDAY EVENING SESSION.—E. V. Wilson gave a public seance, during which many remarkable and correct tests were received. Dr. Sherman and Mr. Preston followed with brief remarks. After a song by the Stegemans, "We are all

going Home," Mr. Silliman offered the following resolutions:

Resolved—That we as a body return our heartfelt thanks to the Spiritualists of Battle Creek for their fraternal kindness in so cordially entertaining and providing homes for the visiting members of this convention, making their stay both pleasant and profitable.

Resolved—That the Battle Creek Society of Spiritualists deserve credit for decorating their hall, and providing so commodious and elegant a place for the Convention.

Resolved—That the speakers and mediums have our thanks for their efforts to make this convention a success.

On motion of E. V. Wilson the resolution was amended, to include an invitation to the chair to appoint a committee of three to confer with the Northern Ill. Association, which is to be held at Chicago, Jan. 11, 12 and 13.

Resolution adopted as amended.

Convention adjourned *sine die*.

MRS. L. E. BAILEY, Secretary.

NOTICE.—Banner of Light and Hull's Crucible please copy.

(Written for the Weekly.)

CHRISTMAS MUSINGS.

BY P. E. C.

Gray festival of olden time,
Stolen by a church to shape a creed,
We trace beyond the belfry's chime
The heathen's intellectual mede,
Who read in Nature's open book
The seasoned periods which she took
For harvest time and seed;
'Till by effect, divining cause,
He learned God's fixity of laws!

Then came the sordid Christian in,
Who feigned to scorn the earth he trod—
Proclaimed this world "a world of sin"—
That man had marr'd the plans of God!
A rebel to the "Father" grown—
Must kill the "Son," and thus atone.
A mystic strangely odd!
Fits well this idiotic plan,
Where "man is God, and God is man!"

"A Virgin Mother," and a "Ghost;"
A God appeased by suicide;
An Evil Spirit leads a host,
Defying all that's deified!
'Tis "Three" to one, or "One" to three,
Claiming the souls of you and me
And all mankind beside;
Three Gods, with Mother's help thrown in,
To save us from the "Prince of Sin!"

The earth, the heaven, its starry lore,
Were themes for heathen men;
The wealth of Truth, and Wisdom's store,
Were scattered widely then;
But men like Christians of to day,
Who teach the soul enslaved to pray,
Would stop the thinker's pen,
Steal "Shasta," "Veda" and "Koran,"
To stock their Christ—that phantom man!

He who would fashion God from man
Would dare that God to be;
Have faith, not reason, for his plan,
And blind humility,
And hope, that mocks the fallen one,
And charity, when manhood's gone,
To crawl on bended knee;
A promised heaven, a threatened hell,
Of which but lying rogues can tell!

They wish me "Merry Christmas Day!"
And "Happy come New Year!"
They tell the fable as they pray
Of Christ, their "Saviour dear."
The stable, manger and the ass,
The Virgin Mother—all must pass,
With pious groan and tear;
And stupid mouths and staring eyes
Take in the god-debasing lies.
The fable lives! as live it will!
The donkeys carry Jesus still!

MATRIMONIAL SERVITUDE.—Mrs. Livermore's blood boils when she comes to this part of her lecture: "Among the Brahmins in Southern India when the husband takes a wife he binds around her neck the badge of ownership as you bind your badge of ownership about the neck of your Spitz-bergen dog.—The Daily N. Y. Graphic.

How would it do for Mrs. Livermore to expend some of her indignation upon something very similar in this country that passes for the highest morality? Isn't the foreign missionary work quite too nearly like that which the Church follows so scrupulously: overlooking "the heathen" they have at their doors—the suffering, want and misery—to spend their substance on those who are better off in foreign lands? What difference is there between three-fourths of American wives and the Brahmins who excite her pity? How many of them have their husband's badge of ownership about their necks, quite as perceptibly and quite as much to the absorption of their individuality as these India women? If Mrs. L. would let her "blood boil" for the condition of our own women, it is possible it might result in assisting them to remove the badges of ownership by which they are now held to the same servitude that exists abroad, and if it do not exist to the same extent and degree here that it does in India, it is not because the law does not give the opportunity; but because men are too just and too noble to avail themselves of all the privileges of ownership that it allows them.

FOSTER'S CROSSINGS, Warren Co., O., Dec. 14, 1874.

EDITORS OF THE WEEKLY:

Please find check for \$10. Am sorry I can't do more for you and the cause you are advocating so nobly. Your paper has been worth more to me than twenty times its cost; indeed, its value can't be estimated in money, and when the people once understand its significance there will be no trouble in getting subscriptions enough to carry it on. Your sight of the situation is clear and comprehensive; but

you are so far in advance that your best motives are impugned. Society admires a fine womanhood and manhood, but it ignores any practical process by which they can be attained.

Yours for better human conditions,

WILLIAM H. POOR.

SALEM, Ohio, Dec. 16, 1874.

Dear Weekly—To-day one of my correspondents, in an excellent letter filled with sympathy for our brave organ of freedom, says: "I wish to be one of a thousand to send \$1 to the WEEKLY as a New Year's gift." Friends, one and all, can you not repeat "Happy New Year" with freer, gladder hearts, knowing that you have each done something to restore the WEEKLY to its former size with the dawn of the new year? To each reader of its glorious pages let me say, you will read these lines just in time for your gift to reach its destination by the close of the month; so open your heart, your pocket-book, and have your letter ready for the next mail.

SADA BAILEY.

AND SO IT GOES.—We are glad to welcome radical sentiments in whatever form they may appear, and especially do we hail the introduction of sentiments which expose the slavery of marriage in eminently conservative papers, whose editors think the social question is not yet at issue. Mrs. A. J. Duniway is writing a capital story in her *New Northwest*, from which we quote the following:

"I am not what you wish me to be!" she answered, haughtily. "I am the daughter of Isaac Armstrong, the farmer and herdsman. My mission is to milk cows, wash dishes and raise babies for my paternal relative, who has already destroyed one wife and is making sure, though uncomfortably slow work of the same kind, with another. Your mission calls you among the cultivated men and women of the land, who can quote from the classics, affect mythology, repeat history, talk nonsense and employ servants. Our lines have fallen to us in different places, and our road of life must henceforth diverge to intersect each other nevermore. Remember that I labor the usual routine of domestic duties. These, you confess, are what you desire in a wife, and I would suggest a Chinaman as being less expensive and much more tractable."

THE Rochester Express states that a certain neighborhood in the town of Greece, less than a dozen miles from Rochester, N. Y., is just now agitated by a social scandal which has led to the resignation of the pastor of a certain church, who, would rather serve his Master in other places than undergo the cruel torture of having his name and residence unwillingly connected with a disgraceful transaction, of which he had no knowledge, and which, with the utmost care on his part, he could not probably have prevented. The parties implicated are all of high social standing, and all names are withheld.

[From the Detroit Free Press]

Yesterday forenoon an old man appeared before the Detroit and Lansing Railroad ticket office window at the Central depot and asked:

"What you charge for a dickette to Lansing?"

"Two sixty, sir," replied the agent, wetting his thumb and reaching out for the money.

"Two dollar und zixty cents!" exclaimed the stranger, pulling his head out of the window.

"Yes, sir, that is the regular fare."

"Then I sthays here by Detroit forty years!" said the man, getting red in the face. "I haf never seen me such'n swindle as dat!"

"Two sixty is the regular fare, and you will have to pay it if you go," replied the agent.

"I shust gef you two dollar und no more," said the stranger.

"No; can't do it."

"Vell, den I sthays mit Detroit till I dies," growled the old man, and he went away and walked around the depot. He expected to be called back as he left the window, as a man is often called back to "take it along" when he has been chaffing with a clothing dealer. Such an event did not occur, and, after a few minutes, the old man returned and called out:

"Vell, I gef you two dollar und ten cents."

"No, I can't do it," replied the agent.

"Vell, den I don't go, so help me grashus! I haf lived in Detroit three yare, und shall bay police tax, sewer tax, und want to grow up mit dis town, und I shall not be swindlet."

He walked off again, looking back to see if the agent would not call him, and, after a stroll around, he returned to the window, threw down some money, and said:

"Vell, dake two dollar und twenty cents and gif me'n dickette."

"My dear sir, can't you understand that we have a schedule of prices here, and that I must go by it?" replied the agent.

"Vell, den I sthays mit Detroit von dousand yare!" exclaimed the stranger, madder than ever. "I bays police taxes und sewer taxes, und I shall see about this by de Sheaf of Police!"

He walked off again, and as he saw the locomotive backing up to couple on to the train he went back to the window and said:

"Gif me'n dickette for two dollar und dirty cents and I rides on de platform!"

"Can't do it," said the agent.

"Vell, den, py golly, I spikes to you what I doses! Here is dem two dollar und zixty cents, and I goes to Lansing and never comes back! No, zir, I shall never come back, or I shall come mit de blank road! I bays taxes by dem police, and by dem zewers, und I shall show you dat I shall haf noddings more to do mit dis town!"

He went on the train.

A wag, in "what he knows about farming," gives a very good plan to remove widow's weeds. He says a good-looking man has only to say "wilt thou," and they wilt.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JAN. 9, 1875.

ON account of the reduced size of the WEEKLY its contributors should concentrate their thoughts into the smallest space. Articles a column or less in length will be placed among the preferred class—over this length among the second class, while long articles will not be published unless they are of extraordinary merit. We desire to give a hearing to everybody.

AN EASY WAY to help the WEEKLY is for every one of its readers to determine to obtain one new subscriber. Each person who is interested in the solution of social problems, and who discusses them to any extent, knows some one whom he or she can induce to subscribe. Double the number of our subscribers, and the WEEKLY can return at once to its original size and live. Come friends, do not leave all the labor for us to perform when so little as one subscriber each, would at once relieve and insure the WEEKLY.

ERRATA.—In the letter on the money question written by Mr. David Wilder, and published in No. 213, our readers will please make the following corrections: Par. 4. for "mixed" read "mined." Par. 18. for "national" read "natural."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 20, Dr. Lord addressed the Spiritualists at the Harvard Rooms in opposition to their movement. He delivered an able and temperate address which was received with courtesy and respect, although conflicting with the opinions of his audience. At the conclusion, a collection was taken up as agreed upon, which he proposes to apply toward defraying the expenses of an orthodox church in which he is interested. Whether our Christian brethren and sisters will return the courtesy thus exhibited, is not for us to say, but we have a right to rejoice in the liberality thus exhibited by Spiritualists. The next Sunday Dr. Hallock, Judge Culver, and Mr. Wolf reviewed the positions taken by Dr. Lord, and we have yet to hear of his success as a missionary, in the Spiritualist field, in any one instance.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Previously reported	\$373 00
D. E. P., Richland Centre, Wis.	7 00
S. C. G., Binghamton, N. Y.	2 00
B. F. McC., Bridgeport, N. J.	6 00
A. M., Byron, N. Y.	1 00
H. R., Providence, R. I.	2 00
J. H., Canton, N. Y.	2 00
J. R. B., Creston, Iowa.	2 00
C. M., Brecksville, O.	5 00
J. T., Detroit, Mich.	1 00
H. and S. B. C., Chardon, O.	2 00
S. H. V., Pennville, Ind.	1 00
J. P. McW., Grand Blanc, Mich.	1 00
J. H. S., Holly, Mich.	5 00
J. S., Lawrence, Mass.	2 00
A. J. S., Boston, Mass.	2 00
M. T., Du Quoin, Ill.	1 00
A. N. K., Wheaton, Ill.	2 00
J. H. S., Milwaukee, Wis.	5 00
E. H., League Island, Pa.	5 00
D. W., Boston, Mass.	3 00

Total. \$430 00

THE NEW RELIGION—UNIVERSAL JUSTICE.

No. X.

It must be remembered, however, that hearing and seeing are not the only senses through which the soul needs and receives food; nor the only ones for which provision must be made, in the new order of society. We hold it to be axiomatic that the presence in the mind of any desire springing from a natural function or sense, is a demand for something for which the soul craves, and which it needs; and for having which its good as well as the general good of the individual will be promoted.

Now, besides the two senses of which we have spoken, there are the other senses of smell, of taste and of touch. It must be remembered that while each of these senses has its special organ through which it acts, the real seat of the sense is in the brain. We do not hear with the ear, or see with the eye, or smell with the nose, or taste with the mouth, or feel with the touch. We hear, see, smell, taste and feel with the brain, through these organs as instruments which conduct the properties with which they come in contact over the line of the nerves to the brain, there to be tested as to what they are. The proof of this is positive, since if the optic nerve be severed no sight remains. It is established by anatomists that the seat of the sensation of touch, even, instead of being in the hand, is in the brain. The prick of a needle is not really felt when the point is inserted, but in the brain, where the nerve that is pierced has its origin.

These facts have a vital application when applied to the organization of the human family. If they are true of the several senses, then they are also true of all the sentiments and passions, so-called. If these senses are natural and good in themselves, and it is good for individuals to exercise them, then are all the sentiments and passions which have their origin in the same senses also good in themselves and good to be exercised. A common source cannot at the same time send out two entirely different streams; cannot endow the individual with pure and holy aspirations for one portion of the being and with debased and wicked passions for another; that is to say, that the acts prompted by benevolence, veneration and ideality cannot be denominated good, while those arising from amativeness alone of all the organs of the brain are bad.

The former cannot be chaste if the latter are obscene. Unchaste and obscene acts may be possible of both, but these are only performed by individuals in whom the organic source lacks development and culture, and hence are the highest that he can perform or appreciate. So with music. A Mozart could not endure the horrid discords in which savages delight; nor could a savage appreciate the delightful symphonies which a Beethoven has conceived. It is not, however, because the savage ear for music is absolutely depraved and bad, but because his capacity to enjoy highly evolved harmony is undeveloped. So then the capacity to appreciate music is of the same kind in all people, but it differs in degree according to education and training; and as it is with the sense of hearing, so is it with all other human capacities.

It would be no more inconsistent to condemn a savage for his incapacity to appreciate music, than it is to condemn an individual for his or her incapacity to appreciate a highly evolved social condition. It would be folly to say that a great desire for musical gratification is commendable and proper because the person desiring it has larger musical capacity to be gratified, and, at the same time, to say that a person having large amativeness, and demanding proportionate gratification, is to be condemned; and equally folly to provide that a person with large amativeness shall have no more opportunity for its expression than another who is defective in that particular.

Social institutions stand condemned, even if the question of love is left out, because they insist upon binding two people together to be sexually one, when one party may have the largest and the other the smallest possible amative capacity and demands. Such utter folly seems impossible of people having one atom of common sense, and results in spreading disease on every hand. This is no imaginary evil, but one that is cursing and crushing the race, and sending it headlong to physical destruction. Any new order of society that will conduce to purity, longevity and health must recognize the various degrees of amative capacity, and also recognize that the passion in and of itself is just as pure, just as holy and just as necessary as any other possessed by the human soul; we say soul, because, as we have shown, it is the brain—the soul—the mind—that determines the limits of the capacity and which suffers from its restrictions and abuses; and not the organs through which it acts.

This fact has been ignored altogether, both by moralists and physiologists, and large amativeness and corresponding demands for its natural expression made a moral sin, instead of an enlargement and development of character which it really is. If any of the organs of the mind are pure and good, then all are pure and good. If any of them are evil in themselves, and the actions which have their source in them are obscene and vulgar, then all the organs are the same, which is preposterous. Nevertheless, such is the logic of those who make one theory of benevolent acts and quite another of sexual intercourse.

In the new order of society, if it is to be harmonious, its

organization and conduct must be based upon the fact of inequality in the several capacities and propensities of its members. It would be folly to require that the man or woman with little or no ideality and imitation, but having large combativeness and great physical vitality, should be assigned to the department of landscape and portrait painting, while one with precisely opposite traits prominent should build railroads and hew the wood and stone for houses. People must be taken for what they are and treated accordingly; at all times keeping this fact in view, that let them be whatever they may, they are not so by their own consent or choice, but by the customs and practices prevalent in society. Any religion that ignores this, is an unnatural and a devilish religion, and cannot be entertained in the new order of society.

"THE GENTLE WILSON."

We may be excused for "calling names" when the terms used are adopted, however inappropriately, by the person in question, which we think is the case with the one alluded to in the title to this article. Although we have just cause of complaint against Mr. Wilson for the pretense set up by him in the *Spiritualist at Work*, for having made a sweeping and indiscriminate statement in opposition to every social view advocated in the WEEKLY; for flatly refusing to state what those views were when they were pointed out to him; and for then advocating precisely the same views in his own columns, claiming them as his own, and as opposed to the WEEKLY; yet notwithstanding all this, we will not, under any circumstances, resort to his methods of manifesting opposition. Those who go upon false pretenses and upon borrowed ideas, whose authors they deny with an oath, "That I know not the man," usually come to the end of their way, shortly.

We assert again that we have none but the kindest wishes for the new venture of Brother Wilson (he will excuse us for claiming the great family relationship, which is one of our social views to which he is utterly opposed), but we can tell him that he will not be able to float his paper upon the sea of misrepresentation, at which he made a wild venture in the issue of December 19. The statement is advanced that the WEEKLY is no longer a free paper, and that it has ostracised those "who won't blow through its horn," when the fact of the case is precisely the reverse, since those persons whom his reference involves have ostracised the WEEKLY because it "wouldn't blow their horns." We defy Bro. Wilson to cite a single case to substantiate his pretense.

If he call the refusal to publish the filthy slime of a creeping snake—libels most foul and false of a venomous serpent—as a failure to maintain a free journal, we accept the insinuation gladly, and will retort that the *Spiritualist at Work* cannot claim to be a free paper until it shall present its readers with all the filth and slime that some busybody—a person having no reputation or character, or any business of his own of which to take care, busies himself by attending to both for The Gentle Wilson—may gather together. Come, Brother! sustain your assertion, or else tell your readers that you ventured a little too far; that the terrific momentum of the *Spiritualist at Work* carried you beyond your soundings and reckonings out at sea, and that, having been put right again by the WEEKLY, you hasten to set your pretense upon a more secure foundation.

We make bold to answer one of the conundrums which Bro. Wilson propounds with considerable depth; that is for the WEEKLY. "Co-workers everywhere! are you slaves? Are you dependent on these journals; or are they dependent on you? Have they built you up, or have you built them up?"

We cannot be charged with egotism if we claim, that when the WEEKLY first declared for social freedom there was no such cause before the people. We are justified in saying also, that although a very large number of individuals, among them Bro. Wilson, have done whatever they could do to preserve the question from becoming a public one; it has nevertheless entered so profoundly into the public thought, that even he is constrained to advocate it under false colors. When the WEEKLY entered this contest it had a large capital to back its efforts. It was not a matter of business management at all; it was a bold, social movement that had to make a place for itself in the world. There were scarcely a hundred people in the country who would openly espouse the cause when it was launched. It had to search the country over and try every heart whether it would recognize the truth. It did not wait for the people to come to it; it went to the people, broadcast, regardless of expense. It was in this way, which is called "bad financial management" by some, and by others held as evidence that we are "not worthy of trust in business," that there has been a cause made. Had we been selfish and time-serving after the manner of men; had we conducted the WEEKLY and the social movement upon "business principles," there would have never been either a cause or a need for an organ. The people have become altogether too business like. What would Abolitionism ever have accomplished conducted on business principles? Or Christianity? Was there ever a reform in the world that benefited it at all, that was conducted at its inception on business principles; was there ever one that was not supported by material aid? No! and they who talk about bad management and extravagance know well enough that there never was. It was because we were willing to, and did, furnish the money to print hun-

dreds of thousands of papers for free distribution all over the world, that there is to-day a cause called Social Freedom. We did this at our own cost and against the advice of our best friends. Had we not done it, there would have been nothing at issue now on the social question; because, with one exception outside of the WEEKLY, and that a result of the WEEKLY, there is not a paper published that dares to inform its readers of any important fact in sexual science; those which profess radicalism and free press, holding that to treat of sexual science is to "wallow in filth."

In the light of this statement, how does the sneering reference of Bro. Wilson reflect upon him? Haven't we a right to ask the believers in the bed-rock of freedom—that rock upon which all other and lesser freedoms are built—to assist us to keep the WEEKLY afloat while we are disabled by the poisoned stiletto of a would-be assassin? And if they respond liberally, whose business is it but their own? Bro. Wilson may thank his stars if he merit the generous support for his paper that the WEEKLY has received, when he shall come to need it, as come it is plain that he must.

According to his own showing he will be compelled to have at least a thousand more paid up subscriptions to ensure the life of his paper for one year. He assumes that a contemporary, costing no more per week than his paper, and having, at his own estimate, "five thousand paid up subscriptions," cannot live. How does he expect his readers to believe that his own can survive upon fifteen hundred? It seems to us that this is a gun that kicks at the rear, at least. Bro. W. cannot run his paper for less than five, and we think not for less than six thousand dollars a year. He has already received, so he says, and probably used, three thousand of this. From whence does he expect to get the other two or three thousand to carry him through the remaining forty-two weeks of the year? Perhaps some of his subscribers can tell him; but we will venture that the thought that he has already got his maximum subscription list has not occurred to him. Can he obtain additional subscribers by hundreds in a time when the most popular papers are falling off by thousands? Perhaps, but it would be a poor tribute to his business capacity to rely upon such a result. It will not do in these days to mistake bombast for talent, nor assertion or buncombe for logic. The people have been too thoroughly imbued with principles within two years to be caught with chaff. They want the real meat. The meaning of the support already vouchsafed the venture of Bro. Wilson, is that there is a rebellion against the infamous career pursued by its contemporary which kicked him out of its Frontier Department, and we venture again that as many subscriptions as he has gained his opponent has lost, and that the two are generally the same persons. We do not wish to belittle Bro. Wilson's labors. We gladly acknowledge his spiritual power, but we know also that when under this power he frequently advocates doctrines that he denounces altogether when he is himself.

Come, gentle brother, you said you were utterly opposed to all our social views. Specially for the sake of informing your readers what these views are that you oppose and denounce, we presented them in a short, terse style, so that you could offer them in your paper for information; but you have failed to publish them. Is this free journalism? Does Bro. Wilson openly and shamelessly denounce and then refuse to admit to his columns a calm statement in reply? We fear for the reputation for freedom of his paper if he follows this course to any extent. He may do it so far as the WEEKLY is concerned and hope to escape unsinged; but even here we fear he is counting without his host. Come, brother, we challenge you to show your readers our social views to which you are utterly opposed.

A GOOD WAY to do missionary work is to send us fifty cents for three or a dollar for seven speeches, and order them to be sent to some friend or acquaintance. They'll be read, rest assured.

CONNECTICUT SPIRITUALISM.

At the recent convention of the State Association of Spiritualists held at New Haven, Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles was elected an officer of the association. She publicly repudiates the election in a letter to the *Banner of Light* because she is chagrined to be caught in such company. The able and assiduous president of the association, E. Anne Hinman, replies to the letter (also in the *Banner*) and explains how Mrs. Sayles came to be elected and how her own duties have resulted to the association. She found it with sixty dollars in its treasury. She has since paid herself five hundred dollars a year as State missionary and all contingent expenses, and has held successful conventions in several different places in the State.

She concludes her letter thus:

This year we were invited to New Haven, and accordingly we arranged to meet there. I wrote to very many speakers, asking them to attend the convention, guaranteeing expenses and entertainment, telling them that what money I could get out of the convention I would divide between them, more or less, but none were willing to engage on such terms. I therefore wrote to those I wished to have attend (and endeavored to select such as had ability to interest and instruct), to come, and they should be satisfied; and to have defrayed the expenses of that Convention would not only have taken every dollar we had in the treasury, but would have emptied my own purse as well. There was then no alternative but to bring some one to the meeting whom the people were anxious enough to see and hear to be willing to

pay for it. I accordingly wrote to Mrs. Woodhull, stating the emergency I was in, and without offering her any inducement whatever, asked her to help me out. She responded by telegraph, telling me by what train she would reach the city, and the receipts of that session of the convention at which she spoke amounted to one hundred and sixty dollars, which enabled me to defray all the expenses of the convention, and without which I could not have paid the speakers. The convention was largely attended, and the utterances of the speakers well received. No lectures were given before the convention (with the exception of Mrs. Woodhull's, which was the last one, and was well received), which touched at all upon the social question; and the assertion in the *Journal and Courier*, copied by the *Spiritual Scientist*, that "the language in which the speakers clothed their ideas made them unfit for publication in any respectable newspaper," was entirely without foundation. I have worked hard and long, and at great personal sacrifice, to keep the association in working order, while those who pay nothing, or give niggardly their ten cents, are continually finding fault and criticising the efforts of others. If the association or the Spiritualist public do not like my financiering, I am willing to step down and out, and give my place to whoever may be chosen to take it.

Will all papers which have published Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles's card, please copy the above and "oblige me?"
E. ANNE HINMAN,
President Conn. Ass'n of Spiritualists.
PETERBORO, N. H., Dec. 5, 1874.

We commend to Lita Barney Sayles, and all Spiritualists of similar tendency, the perusal of Victor Hugo's opinion of people who enact the role she has attempted, to be found in another column of the WEEKLY. She cries out "Oh, oh!" and hastens to "get under cover."

THOSE who have anything to advertise that depends specially for patronage upon those who are interested in social reform, should remember that the WEEKLY circulates almost exclusively among that class.

A PLUCKY PARSON.

The WEEKLY is a believer in Darwinism, and takes no stock in the Egyptian romance that Christians credit respecting the creation. We claim that no one can live in the city of New York but can perceive in Broadway, at any time, positive evidences of the relationship existing between human beings and the Simian family. Therefore, we cannot admit that old Adam is our ancestor, who hid himself under his mistress's petticoats, when accused of robbing the orchard of the Deity. We are glad to perceive that we are not alone in objecting against such a progenitor, and therefore cheerfully republish the following from the *N. Y. Sun* of Dec. 16:

The Rev. Dr. Fisk, pastor of a Universalist Church in Cedar Rapids, Neb., was accused of immorality, and the trustees, after an investigation, turned him out of the pulpit. In a letter to the *Democrat* of that place, the reverend gentleman says: "I frankly confess to the fearful sin of which I am charged, and will not be cowardly enough to lie or seek a palliation of my weakness or guilt. I can only crave the pity and compassion of the world I have offended, and the forgiveness which my sincere and profound repentance before God and man calls for. I am not a coward or a sneak to make Adam's plea, that a woman did it. It was my own weak and unguarded soul that in a moment of frenzy and passion wrought my downfall."

We do not know whether the writer of the above letter has received any calls from other churches, but we do know that, after such an epistle, he ought to have obtained ten thousand. Should the lawsuit now on the tapis be decided against H. W. Beecher, and his people think fit to make a change in consequence, we do not think they could possibly do better than solicit the Rev. Dr. Fisk to accept the pastorate of Plymouth; for it is manifest that, with such an honest and outspoken instructor, they would not be again harassed by seeing the incumbent of their pulpit battling hard for his reputation in the courts, and worried by the minions of the law.

DON'T forget that one dollar secures the photographs of the three persons who have devoted themselves without reserve, to the cause of social freedom as the means to human salvation from misery, vice and crime.

HORSES IN HEAVEN.

There are no tall poppies in the garden of Spiritualism. No laymen are to be found in our ranks, nor lay-women, either; for we assert a universal priesthood, as numerous as humanity and as broad as nature. The latest developments go far toward proving that a state of future existence is decreed for the lower animals as well as for man; nay, more, that even flowers are not born to perish. Let not our Christian brethren and sisters judge us too harshly for our credulity. Unless they are of the Beecher kind, who pull on and off the Bible like an old shoe, they must admit something very similar. If they will turn to the second of Kings, second chapter, they will find in the account of the translation of the Prophet Elijah the following words, on which we propose to comment:

And it came to pass as they (Elijah and Elisha) still went on, and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder, and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven.

And Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof. And he saw him no more; and he took hold of his own clothes and rent them in two pieces."

Here we have celestial horses, at all events, and the question is, where did they come from, if they were not translated? Our readers will also remember that horses in the Bible have not received such honorable mention as donkeys. On one of these latter Jesus rode into Jerusalem, and our Catholic friends point to the cross on the back of that ani-

mal in proof of the truth of that statement. Another, in the case of Balaam, was permitted and instructed to preach also, and it must be confessed that, in our time, men with similar assinine proclivities have pretty much monopolized the Christian pulpits. If there be horses in heaven, we feel pretty certain that both the above-mentioned animals have made their calling and election sure. If the clergy should please to object against the latter ruling, the WEEKLY will be glad to note the same, and give their remarks all the attention they merit.

But this is not all we learn from the above extract. Where did the chariot come from? We always believed there were brass foundries in heaven, as many instruments must be worn out by the constant trumpeting that, according to biblical authority, is constantly going on there. But chariot-making is a much more complicated affair than such musical instrument making. It opens a wide field for conjecture. If that chariot was not translated, then we must suppose celestial saw-mills, turners, painters, blacksmiths, coach-painters, upholsterers, and wagon factories. Well, we shall have no objection to meet there the world's wealth producers, and think it eminently fitting they should be well rewarded there, for, heaven knows, it's precious little they get on earth for their services. As regards the last part of the statement, we are glad to learn, for the honor of Elisha, that the habiliments he misused were his own property. Why he tore them into "two pieces" only is an unfathomable mystery.

A GOOD NEW YEAR'S PRESENT, is to order the WEEKLY to be sent to your friends for a year. Three dollars cannot be invested more profitably. Let the orders swell.

THE WORLD INSTRUCTING THE CHURCHES.

There is a slashing article on the subject of Church merry-makings generally in the *New York Herald*, of December 20. Its denunciations are unsparing and it scarifies all the heads of the hydra, from Catholicism to Quakerism. It asserts and proves that in the churches "young men are taught to be grocers, confectioners, marksmen and gamblers; and young women to be fortune-hunters and fortune-tellers." It continues thus:

And yet, notwithstanding these extra inducements and worldly-wise attractions, the churches are empty, or nearly so, on Sundays and week evenings, while the theatres are crowded, and the gambling and billiard saloons are nightly filled with young men. And the pastors and pious folk wonder why it is so, and they grumble and complain that the world is going headlong to perdition. The former days, they say, were better than these. The churches had not then turned their attention to such teachings as we have indicated above; and the masses, who can see inconsistencies in churches and church members quicker than they can discern anything else, show that they prefer a sacred concert in the Grand Opera House or in the Bowery Theatre to any music that the churches can furnish, or any sermon that the pastor can preach. And why not? If Christianity is worth anything at all, its value must be measured by the characters which its professors exhibit. But what sort of characters can such a type of it be expected to produce? Certainly not the rounded symmetrical ones that, as we are taught, will be needed to stand the test of the last day fires. Here is a type of Christianity at which the Pagans would revolt. The Chinese or the Hindoo would not think of converting his Temple or his Joss House into a grocery store, a fancy bazaar, a fortune-telling establishment, a shooting gallery or a gambling saloon; and yet they are offered a religion which does these things year after year approvingly, and that they must substitute this religion for their own or be damned.

These are bold and truthful words and worthy of reinsertion in the WEEKLY. As the writer intimates, it is a pity that the Pagans of Asia should be corrupted. But we do not fear that they will. The Hindoos have been well instructed by the bayonets of John Bull as to the nature of Episcopalism, and they don't like it. As to the Chinese, they have visited us in California, and read our religions in big bad letters. We do not wonder that, on their return to their native country, the first thing the Coolies are apt to say there is—"Down with the Bible and the Missionaries." We do not assert that they would be justified in condemning the doctrines taught by the Great Nazarene, for we are aware that nothing is less consonant with his teachings than the conduct of those who profess to believe in them, and the general practices of our so-called Christian churches.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. B., Andover, Mass.—The Churches—Catholic, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal, Congregational and Lutheran—own three hundred millions of dollars worth of untaxed property.

Michigan, Detroit.—It is believed that a close study of the inferior position awarded to woman in the Bible has unsettled the faith of many of the advocates of woman suffrage in regard to the inspiration of that compilation.

Juvenis, Cairo, Ill.—The path of the true reformer is—like Jordan—"a hard road to travel." Here such a life is generally condemned; but Spiritualism teaches us that it is and will be rewarded by the self-development it necessitates. This is more worthy than honor, more desirable than fame and more valuable than gold.

He who ascends to mountain tops shall find
The loftiest peaks still wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread;
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contenting tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

Inquirer, Boston, Mass.—There are two weeklies of the name. They are both quartos. The *Common Sense*, of Austin, Texas, gives its attention mainly to theological discussions. In that field it is doing good service for the cause of the liberals. The *Common Sense*, of San Francisco, is one of the best printed and best conducted periodicals in the Union. It is always full of admirable and instructive reading, and, we believe, will prove more valuable to California than all the gold in the State.

J. W., Plainfield, N. J.—In the War of the Rebellion Congress drafted men to form an army, but dared not draft goods to sustain that army; the assessment by it of the value of white freemen at one-seventh of that of black slaves was the boldest act of atrocious tyranny that ever the world saw. It is believed that the figure was made low in order to rope in a sufficient number of interested parties to oppress the remainder.

M. O. R., Austin, Texas.—In demanding from us double the interest paid on national debts in Europe, usurers have discounted the insolvency of the Union. Should we prove to be the Ohio Trust Company of nations, it is well for us that most of our national securities are held abroad.

M. S., Plainfield, New Jersey.—The spirits must expect to be asked such questions. The *N. Y. Herald* inquires why they do not instruct us as to where Charles Ross is? Suppose, in reply, we ask why Jesus did not raise all the other dead men when he raised Lazarus? Or why their God does not provide for the poor of New York this winter? They tell us he is a merciful deity, and that he could do so if (as Mrs. Gamp says) he were so disposed?

TO THE RESCUE.

I feel assured that there are persons enough interested in the WEEKLY to unite in some practical plan to sustain its publication. I have been waiting to see if some one would not offer a plan better than any that I can conceive. But as none have appeared, I venture to offer mine:

I propose to be one of one thousand to put one hundred dollars at interest, the interest to be used to sustain the WEEKLY; one-half of the first year's interest to be advanced now, and after this a half-year's interest on the 1st of July and each succeeding six months; or, in lieu of this, each subscriber to obtain one new subscriber each six months.

If this were done, the WEEKLY could at once be returned to its original size and maintained there.

I am one of the old school, with Nichols, Andrews, Kent, Barry, Patterson and others, and have been in the front of the battle. My experience leads me to think that the world does not deserve to have such efforts made in its behalf; but for the few who wish to be saved I am willing to do my part. Let us continue the battle boldly, for freedom, now that the road has been cleared and the field partially opened by the WEEKLY. Its Editor-in-Chief has suffered enough to prove her to be in earnest, and better fitted to lead than any one who is now in the advance. Let her be sustained.

B. P. LEONARD, M.D., Belpre Centre, Ohio.

The following is taken from the *Shaker and Shakeress* for December, 1874.

"Of the Seven Seals, which the Lamb opened, the first was a White Horse—Innocence and Peace. The rider had, for his weapon, a Bow, and a Crown as a sign of victory. Revelation was the power. This was the first Church, founded by the Apostles. For three hundred years this Church denounced War.

"When the Second Seal was opened, a Church was founded of which Constantine was the head—a Red Horse, signifying Blood. The rider took Peace from the Earth—that they should kill one another. Constantine introduced war into the Christian system. It is there yet.

"The Moon—Church and State governments—was turned to blood. Is it not so to-day? Is there any hope for peace, until all theology is purged from our statutes—all Sunday laws and every form of Priestcraft, and Woman is installed Human, as complete as Man—endowed with the same inalienable right to make Laws, and execute them.

"Lay not the flattering unction to your souls, that any Male government will be a Peace government—Males will fight.

"Not until the raw material is so far wrought up into Manhood, that the Man yields might to right, and ceases to hold Woman as a slave, can She become the medium of Heavenly Truth to him.

"When Redeemed Woman rules the souls of Men, as absolutely as heretofore the unredeemed women have ruled men's bodies, there will be peace. F. W. EVANS."

[Though the WEEKLY takes no stock in White Horses, Seals and Moons, it recognizes the fact that when the voice of the peacemaker of families is heard in national legislatures it will be likely to produce the same great effects among peoples that it does now among individuals, and therefore we cheerfully indorse the conclusions of the worthy Elder in the above extract.]

In *Les Miserables*, Victor Hugo says of "the good Bishop," that, "when he heard many exclaiming and expressing great indignation against anything, 'Oh, oh!' he would say, smiling, 'it would seem that this is a great crime, of which they are all guilty. How frightened hypocrisy hastens to defend itself, and to get under cover.' He was indulgent toward women, and toward the poor, upon whom the weight of society falls most heavily, and said: 'The fault of women, children and servants of the public, the indigent and the ignorant, are the faults of their husbands, fathers and masters, of the strong, the rich and the wise. Teach the ignorant as much as you can; society is culpable in not providing instruction for all, and it must answer for the night which it produces. If the soul is left in darkness, sin will be committed. The guilty one is not he who commits the sin, but he who causes the darkness.'"

CASSANDRA.

Lines addressed to Victoria C. Woodhull previous to her lecture on the subject of "The Destiny of the Republic,"

BY R. W. HUME.

Delphi's glory's past and gone,
At her gates no nations wait;
From her sacred cave no voice
Echoes forth the words of fate.
Not upon her altars now
Votive offerings are laid;
Bright Apollo's sun is set,
And he slumbers in the shade.
Hellas' fair and sounding shore
Sees the Pythoness no more.

Yet the call of Truth is heard
In the whirlwind and the storm;
And, of fate, the dreaded word
Still entrances woman's form.
From the tripod, shrill and clear,
Round and round the world it rings;
Blasting knaves and hypocrites,
Trumpeting the fall of kings.
While o'er ruins, wild and free,
Roll the words—of Destiny!

And the peoples, in their woe,
Fear, but dare not turn away;
Though the typhoon's vengeful blast
Shatters all their gods of clay.
Round the oracle they throng,
By the fates and furies driven;
Asking—though their lips be dumb,
Waiting—for the words from heaven!
Words of power and majesty;
Words to set the nations free!

Dark and grim the lowering clouds
Hang around the future's day;
Crimes, and shames, and sorrows dire
Fill the present with dismay.
Pride, and tyranny, and greed;
Woman, victimized by lust;
Misery—of crime the seed;
Labor, trodden into dust!
In this hour of agony,
Prophetess! we turn to thee!

Never, in the classic age,
Felt the Pythoness of yore
For her people's sins and guilt
Half the pangs that you endure.
Never man, for human good,
Hunted, hated and forlorn;
Faced, like you, the fiery flood;
Braved, like you, the battle's storm.
Never martyr lived to see
Half the torments heaped on thee!

Tell us, from thy throbbing heart,
Bleeding over human woe;
Tell us, with thy loving lips,
That no fear nor falsehood know;
Tell us, by thine eyes so bright
(Slander's minions quake to see),
What for us lies hid in night?
What—our nation's destiny?
Lift the veil from history!
Prophetess! we list to thee!

Yes! in faith and hope we wait,
Mid the tumult and the strife,
For the music of thy voice,
Hungry for the bread of life!
Read for us the future's page,
Paint the rocks and point the way;
Fearless harbinger of truth!
Herald of a happier day!
Gentle, candid, brave and free,
Prophetess! we trust in thee!

NOTE.—I do not claim to be either a Pythoness or a Prophetess, but simply one speaking (according to the best judgment I have) the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth to the people who listen to my doctrine. I may add also that I have suffered, and am suffering, for so doing; and that I have been wantonly, cruelly and illegally persecuted in consequence.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

DEC. 24, 1874.

ODDS AND ENDS.

ACCORDING to Bayard Taylor, the women of ancient Egypt enjoyed many of the rights for which the strong-minded sisterhood contend to-day. The wife's name was often placed before that of the husband, and the sons often bore the names of the mothers, instead of those of the fathers. Indeed, the man possessed no important right which was not equally shared with the woman.

THE Mikado is making almost as good a thing out of his reformation as Henry the Eighth did out of his. One of the discarded gods of Japan is advertised for sale in a Japanese paper in the following terms: "For sale, at Kama-Kura, a very fine idol with six arms. It is fifteen feet high, and was cast in bronze, at Sheffield." Sheffield now shares with Birmingham the doubtful honor of supplying, with impartial generosity, missionaries and bibles to the more inquiring among the heathen, and idols to those who prefer to walk in the old ways.

THE sexual question which is now agitating the public mind, and causing society to reel and totter to its very centre is of vital importance. The fountain of physical life is corrupt—exceedingly foul and diseased! Can it be purified and made healthy? If so, by what means? The marriage relation is perverted, and now chiefly used as a cloak for licen-

tiousness—legalized adultery. Where and what the remedy? Will it be found in casting off all restraint? These questions remain to be answered.

A STONE of truth has been "taken from the mountain without hands," or visible agency, and is rapidly growing at the present time: i. e., freedom for woman—her right to be and to act within the pale of God's laws, without constraint from man. That stone will continue to grow and increase; no mortal power can stay its course. Let woman arise and shake herself from the dust of centuries that has gathered over her by the usages of society and false education and come forth with new life, and engage in the conflict of truth against error, and work for humanity.

[The above four items are all from the *Shaker and Shakeress* for December.]

THE Rev. John Hobeart, a Methodist clergyman, has been arraigned at Malden, Mass., for bastardy. The complainant is a former domestic in the family of the accused.

THE fact that twenty-seven men are wanted by the San Francisco police for deserting their wives indicates a change of sentiment from the time when the first white woman was received in California with a procession.

IN London seventeen infants are "accidentally suffocated" in a week.

"KICKING for the month" is now a regular report in the English papers, and one begins its chronicle with "The women have suffered very heavily during the past month."—*N. Y. Herald*.

BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

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

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

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.

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.

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WARREN CHASE may be addressed at Colfax, Iowa, until further notice.

PARKER PILLSBURY, of Concord, N. H., is at present fulfilling an engagement with the liberal societies of Toledo, Ohio, and Battle Creek, Michigan. Two Sundays in a month at each, with headquarters at the former place.

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

MRS. NELLIE L. DAVIS may be addressed 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.

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OF THE PANTARCHY.

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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. The WEEKLY is issued every Saturday.

Subscription price, \$3 per year; \$1.50 six months; or 10c single copy, to be had of any Newsdealer in the world, who can order it from the following General Agents:

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MADDOX, of Maine, the eloquent and logical radical, and editor of the *International*, after many solicitations has consented to take the lecture field, and now holds himself ready to speak on the following questions—viz.: "How to Feed, Clothe and Shelter the Idle Wealth Producers of our Country;" "Money, What is it? and its Functions;" "The Currency of our Country, and who should Vitalize it;" "Our Cities, States and National Debts; How to Pay them, or shall we Repudiate?" Address Madox, of Maine, 29 Broadway, New York City.

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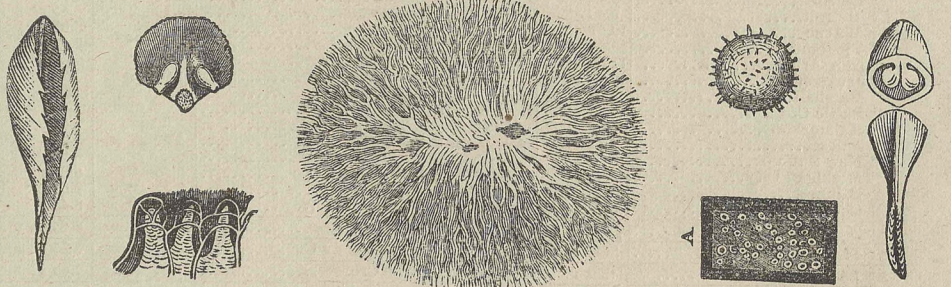
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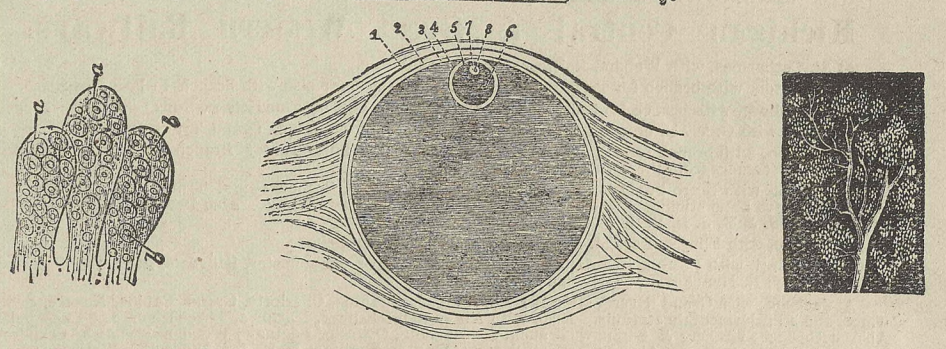
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STATIONS.	Express.	Express Mail.	STATIONS.	Express.
N.Y. 23d Street, N. Y.	8.30 A. M.	10.45 A. M.	Lv 23d Street, N. Y.	6.45 P. M.
" Chambers street.	8.40 "	10.45 "	" Chambers street.	7.00 "
" Jersey City.	9.15 "	11.15 "	" Jersey City.	7.20 "
" Susquehanna.	9.40 P. M.	8.12 P. M.	" Susquehanna.	2.43 A. M.
" Binghamton.	4.40 "	9.20 "	" Binghamton.	3.35 "
" Elmira.	6.30 "	12.16 A. M.	" Elmira.	5.35 "
" Hornellsville.	8.30 "	1.50 "	" Hornellsville.	7.40 "
" Buffalo.	12.05 A. M.	8.10 "	" Buffalo.	11.45 "
Ar Suspension Bridge.	1.00 "	10.00 "	Ar Suspension Bridge.	12.27 P. M.
Lv Suspension Bridge.	1.10 A. M.	1.35 P. M.	Lv Suspension Bridge.	1.35 "
Ar St. Catharines.	1.35 "	2.00 "	Ar St. Catharines.	2.00 "
" Hamilton.	2.45 "	2.55 "	" Hamilton.	2.55 "
" Harrisburg.	"	3.53 "	" Harrisburg.	3.53 "
" London.	5.35 A. M.	5.55 "	" London.	5.55 "
" Chatham.	9.40 "	10.00 "	" Chatham.	8.12 "
" Detroit.	9.40 "	10.10 "	" Detroit.	10.00 "
Lv Detroit.	10.21 "	"	Lv Detroit.	10.10 "
Ar Wayne.	10.45 "	11.25 P. M.	Ar Wayne.	8.55 "
" Ypsilanti.	11.00 "	11.43 "	" Ypsilanti.	9.27 "
" Ann Arbor.	11.15 "	1.00 A. M.	" Ann Arbor.	9.50 "
" Jackson.	12.15 P. M.	1.00 A. M.	" Jackson.	1.00 A. M.
" Marshall.	1.15 "	"	" Marshall.	1.25 P. M.
" Battle Creek.	2.03 "	"	" Battle Creek.	1.25 "
" Kalamazoo.	2.55 "	"	" Kalamazoo.	2.35 "
" Niles.	4.32 P. M.	4.40 A. M.	" Niles.	4.40 A. M.
" New Buffalo.	5.25 "	"	" New Buffalo.	5.00 "
" Michigan City.	5.45 "	"	" Michigan City.	6.02 "
" Calumet.	7.18 "	"	" Calumet.	6.25 "
" Chicago.	8.00 "	"	" Chicago.	8.00 "
Ar Milwaukee.	8.30 A. M.	11.50 A. M.	Ar Milwaukee.	11.50 A. M.
Ar Prairie du Chien.	8.55 P. M.	"	Ar Prairie du Chien.	5.30 A. M.
Ar La Crosse.	11.50 P. M.	7.05 A. M.	Ar La Crosse.	8.55 P. M.
Ar St. Paul.	6.15 P. M.	"	Ar St. Paul.	7.05 A. M.
Ar St. Louis.	8.15 A. M.	"	Ar St. Louis.	7.00 A. M.
Ar Sedalia.	5.40 P. M.	"	Ar Sedalia.	8.15 P. M.
" Denison.	8.00 "	"	" Denison.	6.50 A. M.
" Galveston.	10.45 "	"	" Galveston.	8.00 "
Ar Bismarck.	11.00 P. M.	"	Ar Bismarck.	10.00 "
" Columbus.	5.00 A. M.	"	" Columbus.	12.01 P. M.
" Little Rock.	7.30 P. M.	"	" Little Rock.	6.30 "
Ar Burlington.	8.50 A. M.	"	Ar Burlington.	7.00 P. M.
" Omaha.	11.00 P. M.	"	" Omaha.	7.45 A. M.
" Cheyenne.	"	"	" Cheyenne.	7.45 A. M.
" Ogden.	"	"	" Ogden.	12.50 P. M.
" San Francisco.	"	"	" San Francisco.	5.30 "
Ar Galesburg.	6.40 A. M.	"	Ar Galesburg.	8.30 "
" Quincy.	11.15 "	"	" Quincy.	4.45 P. M.
" St. Joseph.	10.00 "	"	" St. Joseph.	9.45 "
" Kansas City.	10.40 P. M.	"	" Kansas City.	8.10 A. M.
" Atchison.	11.00 "	"	" Atchison.	9.25 "
" Leavenworth.	12.10 "	"	" Leavenworth.	11.17 "
" Denver.	7.00 A. M.	"	" Denver.	12.40 noon.

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For New Brunswick, 7:20 and 8 A. M., 12 M., 2, 3:10, 4:30, 5:20, 6:10, 7 P. M., and 12 night. Sunday, 7 P. M.

For East Millstone, 12 noon, 3:10 and 4:30 P. M.

For Lambertville and Flemington, 9:30 A. M., and 4 P. M.

For Phillipsburg and Belvidere, 9:30 A. M., 2 and 4 P. M.

For Bordentown, Burlington and Camden, 7:20 and 9:30 A. M., 12:30, 2, 4, 4:10 and 7 P. M.

For Freehold, 7:20 A. M., 2 and 4:10 P. M.

For Farmingdale and Squad, 7:20 A. M. and 2 P. M.

For Hightstown, Pemberton and Camden, via Perth Amboy, 2:30 P. M. For Hightstown and Pemberton, 6 A. M.

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