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BY AND BY:
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE.

BY EDWARD MAITLAND.

BOOK IV.
CHAPTER IV.

"I fear, Bertie, you must consent to lose the services of your fair housekeeper. Nannie declares that she likes my house better than yours, and has promised to come and keep it for me. I grant you that I have driven a hard bargain with her, for I have made her promise also to be my wife."

And the young pair stood before Bertie as before a father to receive his congratulations and blessing, which were given in no niggardly fashion.

When Nannie, almost borne down with the weight of her happiness, had retired, he said to Criss:

"Does she know all?"

"She knows nothing," he answered; "but takes me for myself."

* * * * *

Avenil was overjoyed. With work and a wife, he held Criss' sanity assured. The female part of his family was less pleased. Though kind to them as any brother, Criss had never manifested such preference for any of the girls as could justify expectation of a closer connection. Nevertheless, but for the intrusion of Nannie, there was no knowing what might not have happened.

The two points the feminine part of the family mainly discussed now, were, was Criss really and properly in love, and after what fashion? And was Nannie "good enough" for him?

Certainly, Nannie was as great a contrast to them as could possibly be. They, so complete in themselves as to make the suggestion seem absurd that there was room about them for any complementary addition. She, so palpably incomplete, so unable to stand alone, so essentially complementary in her whole structure of character and form, and therefore in her unlikeness to men so suggestive of likeness and fitness—in a word, so distinctively feminine—that men could not help being drawn toward her by the sheer necessity of their nature. Of course Criss had made no such critical analysis either of Nannie or of the feeling which impelled them toward each other. But he came to understand it all from experience; and the insight thus given him into the true nature of the relations of the sexes, was to him a further revelation than any he had previously attained concerning the fundamental nature and significance of the universe. He learned, too, what he had before but dimly apprehended, the truth of the old saying, that "Woman is not lesser man, but diverse," so that the more a woman is a woman, the less is she a man.

On one point the whole of the Avenils took the same view and held it strongly. They thought that by marrying Nannie, in the first instance at least, by a contract of the first class, Criss was running a great and superfluous risk. To put it out of his power to get rid of her at his own will they urged was to hazard too much on an unknown chance. Even with people trained to civilization from infancy, and whose every thought and action were familiarly known, marriage was a lottery, owing to the impossibility of forecasting the influence it would have on the character of an individual. How much more so, then, in the case of one of whom nothing was known save that she was utterly undisciplined and self-willed.

Criss, however, would listen to no suggestion of the kind. He would give himself wholly or not at all. He could not conceive of the fair creature he had so often saved, and whose whole heart was so evidently his, as making herself liable to repudiation for bad behavior. Neither did he think of her as one whose spirit could be subdued by any amount of liability. But, be what she might, he had all faith in the power of the true and honest affection he should give her to mould her into complete harmony with himself.

Intense as was the satisfaction which Criss derived from Nannie's unrestrained abandonment to the impulses of her emotional nature, in the direction of affection, the unexpected difficulty he found soon after their marriage in making her comprehend that a man's nature possesses sides which do not come within the category of the emotions, at least of that of love, involved him at times in no slight embarrass-

ment. She could not or would not understand that he could have duties which must occasionally take him from her side, or friendships which bore no rivalry to his love for her.

With her nature, so far as it went, Criss felt that he coincided entirely. But his nature extended far beyond hers in every direction. And at this she rebelled, for she could not see why it should be so. No small nature ever can see how narrow it is, intense though it may be within its own limits. Her dissatisfaction found vent in the cry:

"All of me wants you, and only a part of you wants me!"

Criss was sanguine, however, that under his loving tuition she would grow.

As time went on, her expressions of regret at his occasional absences took the form of strong opposition to all absence whatever. It was not enough for her that she always accompanied him when practicable. Neither was she content with burdening him with reproaches because he did not decline all business or other engagements which took him from her. She was jealous even of the engagements themselves.

"Why, Nannie darling," he said one day to her, in answer to her remonstrances, "what would become of you and your husband, supposing you had married a man who had to earn his living by working from home?"

She evaded an answer by saying that Criss had no need to leave home to earn a living.

"But it is equally a duty," he pleaded, "for a man to fulfill his obligations in the world, whether he be rich or poor. The world would never get on otherwise."

"But I don't care for the world," she returned. "I only care for you. If you loved me properly you would not care for anything beside me."

"Do you really mean that I do not love you properly?"

"You don't love me as I love you."

"You don't mean to say that you love me when you distress me and try to humiliate me by persuading me to forfeit my self-respect?"

"How self-respect?"

"Why, by detaining me from duties I am in honor pledged to fulfill."

"Is it your duty to go where there are other women?"

"Sometimes."

"Well, that is what I cannot bear, that you should look at or speak to any other woman than myself."

"Do you know, Nannie, that the feeling you are describing is called by one of the ugliest names in language? We mentioned it once when talking together, before we were married or engaged. Do you remember?"

"If you mean *jealousy*, I am jealous of you, and I am not ashamed to own it."

"You ought to have a better opinion of the power of your charms. But do you really think you have reason to be jealous?"

"Reason! I hate the word. Never talk to the woman you love of reason!"

"Nannie, I must have an answer. Do you consider that I give you cause to be jealous of me?"

She was on the point of uttering an animated *yes*, but the unwonted sternness of his manner prompted her to change her *yes* to "No," and to accompany the negative with a pout, by which she intended to indicate that all she had said was in pure willfulness, and that she wanted him to kiss her and be friends again. Her similar exhibitions on previous occasions had always terminated thus; but this time Criss thought it would minister to the happiness of both of them were he to postpone his coming round for a little while. So he said very gravely:

"Nannie, love is impossible where there is no respect. To be jealous of me is to insult and outrage me. Never pretend to be so again, unless you can show me grounds for the accusation."

The pout faded from Nannie's lips, as with a frightened air she said:

"You should not take so seriously what I said. I cannot conceal my feelings, and only wanted to show you how much I love you. I won't be naughty any more, I promise. I do not mean anything by what I said."

And then with all the sweet and womanly arts which instinct had taught her to perfection, she insisted on his petting and making much of her, and recapitulating all her charms—a theme of which she never tired—and she meanwhile was so soft and clinging, and withal so childlike and simple in her affectionateness, that he perforce admitted

that, however naughty she might sometimes be, surely no one ever better repaid petting than his Nannie—for a short time—a qualification which brought out the pout that required so much kissing to reduce it.

In the hope of wearing out her craving for his exclusive companionship, Criss endeavored to accustom her to social intercourse with his friends at the Triangle and elsewhere. In this way he hoped to turn to good account her love of admiration, a love of which she made no affectation of concealment from him; for she often entertained him with her narratives of the effect she produced upon the men by her beauty, and upon the women by her skill in dress. Criss had a special reason for desiring to wean her in some degree from his own society. It was becoming necessary for him to revisit Soudan, and he dreaded the effect which the separation might produce upon her, unless she had the solace of some congenial companionship in his absence. There were very many reasons why he should not take her with him. In the occasional short aerial excursions he had of late taken her, she had shown an excitability which, to use the words of their physician, "it was not desirable to encourage." And the climate of the plains in which Criss' business lay, was too trying for Europeans. Besides, while absent he would be always on the move.

He hoped to attach her sufficiently to some of his friends to make her willing to receive them as visitors, and exercise hospitality toward them in her home. But when he ran over the list there was not a person in it against whom she did not raise an objection. And he soon learned that to say a word in favor of any one else on any score whatever, was to find fault with her. The discovery that she was likely to become a mother filled him with joy, as much for the hope it gave him that her condition of mind was the result of her condition of body, and would pass away with it, or that, at any rate, her promotion to the dignity of parent would bring with it the needed maturity of character; as for the pleasure with which he could contemplate the blending of his own and Nannie's lineaments in their offspring.

There was ample time for him to make his visit to Soudan before Nannie was likely to be taken ill, and he cast about for some method of gaining her assent which should not arouse her excitability and opposition. "Could she only once see herself as she makes herself appear to me," he thought, "she surely would be cured."

A remark of her own, respecting some theatrical performance she had lately witnessed, suggested the stage as a possible agent in her education. Without letting her know he had a hand in it, he obtained for one of the periodical performances in the theatre of the Triangle, the selection of a very clever comedy, the purpose of which was to exhibit the sorrows of a man under the infliction of a jealous wife. It was one of the well-known series of educational dramas by which, through the consummate art of their construction, the highest moral teaching is conveyed without the audience being made aware that anything beyond mere amusement is designed.

To this Criss took Nannie, and so life-like and apt were some of the scenes, that he feared she would accuse him of a purpose in taking her, and perhaps in having a hand in the making of the play itself. But Nannie enjoyed it immensely, laughing heartily at all the points. And the only reflections she expressed afterward were, as regarded the unhappy husband, that he was a fool to trouble himself about a woman who could behave in such a manner; and, as regarded the wife, that she did not deserve to have a husband at all, much less a good one who gave her no cause for jealousy. Of self-consciousness, Nannie, to Criss' amazement and disappointment, exhibited not a particle, so utterly was she unaware that she had been gazing upon herself, as it were, in a mirror. And so completely was the lesson lost upon her, that she even remarked:

"Oh, how I should hate myself if I thought I could be such a woman as that!"

Clearly self-knowledge and self-examination were neither forte nor foible of Nannie's; and it became a serious problem with Criss how to influence a nature so inaccessible to reproof. Perhaps by giving her credit for a virtue which she did not possess, he would be ministering to her acquisition of it. What if he sought to enlist her sympathies for some friend in difficulty or trouble?

An opportunity presented itself. He told Nannie that Bessie Avenil, after being united for some time to a man

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morally her superior, but physically and mentally her inferior, had resolved to dismiss him, on the ground that he did not come up to her idea of what a husband should be. And he appealed to Nannie as a woman of feeling, whether it would not be a friendly act to try and save Bessie from the remorse she would be sure to feel for having deserted one whom she had brought to love her, simply because, though thoroughly good, he was a somewhat feeble specimen of a man.

"What does she say for herself?" said Nannie.

"She says that when she married she was young and ignorant, but that now that she knows what a husband means, she intends to have a good one."

"There's sense in that," said Nannie.

"But not the tenderness or sympathy you would show for a husband who needed your consideration?"

"What does she say to that?"

"That sympathy is all very well, but that she prefers justice—justice to herself—and believes justice to one's-self is the first of moral duties."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PEARLS FROM SHELLY'S NOTES TO QUEEN MAB.

SELECTED BY LAURA CUPPY SMITH.

"The present system of constraint does no more in the majority of instances than make hypocrites or open enemies. Persons of delicacy and virtue unhappily united to one whom they find it impossible to love, spend the loveliest seasons of their life in unproductive efforts to appear otherwise than they are, for the sake of the feelings of their partner or the welfare of their mutual offspring; those of less generosity and refinement openly avow their disappointment, and linger out the remnant of that union, which only death can dissolve, in a state of incurable bickerings and hostility. The early education of their children takes its color from the squabbles of the parents; they are nursed in a systematic school of ill-humor, violence and falsehood.

The conviction that wedlock is indissoluble holds out the strongest of all temptations to the perverse: they indulge without restraint in acrimony and all the tyrannies of domestic life, when they know that their victim is without appeal. If this connection were put upon a rational basis, each would be assured that habitual ill-temper would terminate in separation and would check this vicious and dangerous propensity."

"Prostitution is the legitimate offspring of marriage and its accompanying errors. Women, for no other crime than having followed the dictates of a natural appetite, are driven with fury from the comforts and sympathies of society. It is less venial than murder! and the punishment which is inflicted on her who destroys her child to escape reproach, is lighter than the life of agony and disease to which the prostitute is irretrievably doomed. Here a woman obeyed the impulse of unerring nature! Society declares war against her, pitiless and eternal war; she must be the tame slave, she must make no reprisals; theirs is the right of persecution, hers the duty of endurance. She lives a life of infamy—the loud and bitter laugh oft scares her from all return. She dies of long and lingering disease; yet she is in fault, she is the criminal, she the forward and untameable child—and Society, forsooth, the pure and virtuous matron who cast her as an abortion from her undefiled bosom! Society avenges herself on the criminals of her own creation; she is employed in anathematizing the vice to-day, which yesterday she was most zealous to teach."

Young men excluded by the fanatical idea of chastity from the society of modest and accomplished women associate with these outlawed and despised beings, destroying thereby all those exquisite and delicate sensibilities, whose existence cold-hearted worldlings have denied; annihilating all genuine passion and debasing that to a selfish feeling which is the excess of generosity and devotedness. Their bodies and minds alike crumble into hideous wrecks of humanity; idiosyncrasy and disease become perpetuated in their miserable offspring, and distant generations suffer for the bigoted morality of their fathers. Chastity is a monkish and evangelical superstition, a greater foe to natural temperance than even unintellectual sensuality; it strikes at the root of all domestic happiness, and consigns more than half of the human race to misery, that some few may monopolize according to law. A system could not well have been devised more hostile to human happiness than marriage.

"I conceive that from the abolition of marriage, the fit and natural arrangement of sexual connection would result, I by no means assert that the intercourse would be promiscuous; on the contrary, it appears, from the relation of a parent to a child, that this union is of long duration, and marked above all others with generosity and devotion. But this is a subject which it is perhaps premature to discuss. That which will result from the abolition of marriage, will be natural and right, because choice and change will be exempted from restraint."

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

EDITORS OF THE WEEKLY:

It is told that you are to take the field again, and that you are looking westward. Two thoughts strike me. One is, you may venture out too soon. If you have read up in your late disease, you learn that it is an insidious foe and may rally again, like a wounded serpent, and strike with fatal fury; so beware. Remember it is winter, and Western winters, though mainly mild, are not without tingling variations.

But should you come West, with furs and flannels, put on also faith and hope, patience and perseverance more than ever. You certainly will need them as never before. The West is poorer this season than I ever saw it previously. And then there are constant appeals for charity coming from the famine-stricken States beyond the Mississippi, and you must

not be surprised nor disappointed should your audiences and receipts decrease accordingly.

I do not believe your real friends are less, numerically, than last year. Indeed, the number who would gladly hear you and learn your philosophy and methods is constantly increasing, such is the pressure of the times, financially, industrially, morally and socially, and the latter most of all. Endurance is a virtue with limitations.

Somebody, something must save us, and that soon, or we are lost. The church has tried her hand at salvation as her one, sole, exclusive work now nearly nineteen hundred years; and at last the most needed deliverance of all is to get saved from the church—its manners and morals as well as doctrines, creeds and covenants.

The government succeeds no better. All last winter and spring Congress puffed and blowed and sweat over a financial scheme to restore public confidence by liberating from the lock-up the money of the people, which schemers and swindlers had seized and secured in the name of banking and brokering; and we saw what came of it. And now, I suppose, we are to witness similar or worse scenes again in the present session. Would Congress prolong these holidays seven years, and not appear again till 1880, business would regulate itself into better conditions than we have seen in the seven years past.

The people are seeing and feeling so themselves; and that is good reason for listening to you.

It is sad, sorrowful to see your sheet reduced even in size, however well you continue the contents up, or nearly up, to former amount. How you continue at all, so regularly issued and so grandly conducted, is to me a mystery. The people will one day know its worth, and will advertise for its early files and volumes, as they do now for the *Liberator*, of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, first issued in 1830 and continuing through the war; so, patiently, bravely bide your time.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

(Written for Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.)

BETRAYED.

BY BELLE BEACH.

A cry of woe rang out—
A shriek, a gasping moan
The angels only heard;
Poor outcast, poor unknown!
Mad thoughts had crazed her brain.
Oh, what was life to her?
A plunge—the water closed—
No further sign nor stir.

Next day there drifted in
A corpse so fresh, so fair,
With dainty brow and chin,
And silken sheen of hair;
No trace of sin or woe
Upon the marble cheek;
But calm and still she lay
In youthful beauty, meek.

And 'mid the wondering throng
That gazed in mute dismay,
One face all sudden paled
To hues of ashen gray.
Alas! that head had lain
His faithless heart above,
With all of woman's trust,
All her undying love.

Sweet eyes in his had looked,
Soul full of tender light;
Soft lips to his been pressed,
Untouched by care or blight.
She was a winsome thing,
With girlish, loving ways,
But yet he tired at last—
Ah, then, her griefed amaze!

She spake no word, but swift
Her color came and went;
Her heart throbbed wild, as if
With mortal anguish rent.
Then from his sight she fled
To hide her woe and pain;
He cared not, and yet now
He meets her once again.

A story old, yet new;
A soul too finely strung;
A brain with anguish crazed,
A heart with falsehood wrung.
A blighted life; a death
Of mingled woe and shame;
A corpse; a burial rude;
A maiden's tarnished name.

And thus life's drama ends;
She loved, she was betrayed;
What else but death remained
For broken-hearted maid?
Will not the God of love,
Who bade this mortal live,
More merciful than man,
Her frailties all forgive?

SHAKERISM.

I knew a boy who was a dog-fancier. Telling me about a young pup of his one day, he said, with honest pride: "I had his tail cut. I tell you he squealed." "What did you do that for?" "Its done to get the worm out." "But of what harm is the 'worm' in the tail?" "O! all the dogs have to have the worm out. It keeps 'em from getting fits, and makes 'em better dogs."

The same dog raisers clip the ears to give the dog a neater appearance. The idea of dog raisers and angel raisers seems to be that animated nature needs clipping, trimming, lopping off a curl here, a beard there, a "worm" here, and a propensity there. They both seem to glory in the painfulness of the operation. "I tell you he squealed." "I struggled as though with death, but I thank the Lord I gained the victory over the lust of the flesh."

Kentucky Spiritualist, though he misquotes me repeatedly in

his article published in the WEEKLY of Nov. 21, is right in one thing, and that is the spirit of charity, in his last paragraph. But earnest blows must be struck when liberty is encroached upon even while, as in this case, we esteem the good intentions of its enemies.

K. S. is mistaken in the nationality of the convert. He is from the continent. He is an industrious man, and if physical comforts had been his object, he would have remained with the Shakers. For a good table and comfortable rooms and fine beds, he recommends Shakerdom. He is just as much a celibate here as he was there, and has no vices.

K. S. misquotes when he puts the word "best gifts" in the singular number. See the paragraph as follows:

But their antipodal and irreconcilable difference from us is, that whereas we seek to broaden human life and experience, they seek to narrow them; where we seek the harmonious and temperate exercise of all our faculties, they inculcate self-abnegation, thus breeding a contempt for the nature and attributes of man, amounting to the ungrateful self-denial of life's best gifts, and a cruel withholding of the same from their fellows. What are the fruits of such austerity? Have we to expect a fine form of growth in such cramped vestments? Is the natural foot improved by a shoe of iron?

This all prefigures the tyranny afterward narrated, and refers to persons in full fellowship living with the Shakers at their homes. The man who at 40 was allowed to go with a paltry 200 or 300 dollars, who had been taken by them a small child, and, as he believes, was entitled to 4,000 dollars as his share of the earnings, has no occasion to complain of what the Shakers advocate for ourselves, but what they do for those of whom they have immediate charge and control.

Of course they do not object to our having Shakespeare and Byron and Longfellow and Walt Whitman, and libraries of 20,000 or 200,000, but insiders must be content with 200. It was thirty thousand dollars and not \$10,000, as was mistakenly written, that had been expended for an extension to their farm. If our forty Shakers could save that much money for a farm to increase the swing and sweep of their acquisitiveness, how much of it should they have turned to the other use of enriching their intellects? Are 200 books proportionate to such a wealth of houses and lands? And is it not an aggravation of oppression to confine the range of such a library to a few sanctimonious lines of investigation?

About teetotalism. Total abstinence is not always temperance—judicious use always is. Extirpation of our propensities is not culture, and this is true in drinking and eating as well as other things.

To never allow yourself to have a glow of enthusiasm in any direction, is imitating the life of an oyster. Light exhilaration to one who has no hereditary danger to contend with, and seldom indulged in, is a very conservative element in education, showing to the reflecting mind the influences that may sway its opinions and actions, and enabling it to recognize those influences when they come from other directions than drink. But woe to him who seeks excessively sustained exhilaration, whether by wine, or by heaping up wealth, or by sex or by religious worship, for the law of Nature forbids both starvation and excess in one and all of our faculties.

The last of my article—"Other Side of Shakerism"—will cover all that corresponding paragraph of K. S.

Shakerism has been making capital of its belief in spirit communion, but has no more claim on that score than many other sects. It will be found wanting when sharply criticised in the qualities essential to the genius of modern Spiritualism. Let it have due credit for its sexual equality, but do not deny that this is secured by the destruction of nearly all that constitutes sex. Let it have credit for so much of communism as is contained in its narrow vessel, but let it not assume to put bounds to the work we are doing, nor dare to limit our magnificent field of inquiry. Let it not presume to step in to settle the momentous contests we are engaged in, while it recognizes no government of the passions except tearing them out by the roots. We must show no mercy on this question, and who is not for us is against us. Our watchword is "Cultivation." Theirs might well be "Extirpation."

JASPER.

ROYAL FREE LOVE.

The mother of Don Alfonso, the newly-chosen King of Spain, is the exiled Isabella II., but does the royal boy know his own father? Practical free love, or promiscuity, seems to be a royal privilege in Christian countries, sanctioned, or at least winked at, by the church which forbids the sundering of the marriage tie.

A few years ago one of Queen Victoria's daughters wedded a German prince who already had another wife and several children. Nothing scandalous about that—royal custom sanctioned it. For centuries that kind of bigamy called morganatic marriage has existed among the princes and higher aristocracy of Germany, and latterly it has extended to the inferior gentry. In due time may it not descend to the republican plane, improved by the slow but sure process of devolution?

SPLITFOOT.

HOW ABOUT MRS. TILTON?

Mr. Beecher is still receiving ovations from his infatuated flock. This we expected, no matter how clear the proof of his guilt. We may even presume that they in their blindness believe him innocent. But how about Mrs. Tilton, who, if Beecher is innocent, is not only pure, but a paragon of virtue and piety? Tell us, you that know. Is she received into the social circles of the church as before? Do the women who worship at Plymouth shrine invite her to their homes? We may pardon the pastor for not resuming his visits to one who "thrust her affections upon him," and kept him so long on the "ragged edge of despair," but we must presume that she has resumed her attendance on his ministrations. Every prayer-meeting which he attends is reported by the press, but not a word is said about Mrs. Tilton being there! Has she forsaken the old church, or have the members gone back on their poor, persecuted sister? Do tell us how it is?

W. H. B.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SACRED MAGNETISM.

What can it mean? The *Examiner and Chronicle*, speaking of the Warren Avenue Baptist Church, Boston, Rev. G. F. Pentecost pastor, says:

THE ROAD TO DIVORCE.

Are you about to marry a man whom you do not love, for his money, or his position, or for the sake of a home? Are you going to marry a man whom you do not love, because you are urged to it by your parents and your friends? Are you going to marry one man while you fondly love another? Are you going to marry for spite, just because you have quarreled with your former beau, and, to "come up with him," are willing to unite yourself to another? Are you going to marry a man with whom you have no sentiments in common, and whose tastes and wishes you intend to disregard after marriage?

Then beware: you are entering the road which leads to divorce.

When marriage is anything but the mingling of two hearts in one, it had better not take place. If this principle were universally recognized, we should hear no more of divorce, because people would keep out of the road that leads to it.—*New York Ledger*.

THE SOUL'S FREEDOM.

BY SAMUEL PHELP LELAND.

Shame, coward! sell thy manhood for paltry sums of gold,
And, for the sake of public smiles, leave noble thoughts untold!
Must Freedom veil her god-like form, and Virtue blush for shame,
And great thoughts, kindled in the soul, be silenced for a name?

None but a coward slave will bow at superstition's nod,
And leave a monstrous lie uncured, though sanctioned by a God.
No! chain the fiery lightning's steed and hush the thunder's roar,
And blot from evening's sky the stars, and bid them shine no more.

Go, hurl from Heaven's high throne the sun so full of life and light,
And bid the modest moon no more shine in the face of night;
Go, bind old ocean's tidal flood, her restless waves make still,
And hush the bubbling of the brook, the music of the rill.

Go, chain the swift-winged flight of time, bid fleeting moments pause,
And from the face of Nature blot the impress of her laws;
Go, picture frightful devils, or build a horrid hell,
Where angry gods in fiery hate their bitterest curses tell.

Go, change a vice to virtue, make truth and falsehood one,
Thou canst not change a manly soul, or still a manly tongue;
My scorn upon the coward slave! In freedom raise thy head,
The noblest truth is valueless while it remains unsaid.

To be respected by the great and honored by the wise,
They say my thoughts I must suppress, though bleeding manhood dies;
My soul was made for freedom, its impress on it rests,
And smiles or frowns shall never quench its fires within my breast.

GLEANINGS.

"The laying on of hands of the sisterhood and so imparting, as it is claimed, the Holy Spirit, is becoming too frequent. In quite a number of instances women have left their pews, and, ascending the pulpit, have attempted to help the minister preach by placing their hands on his head before the sermon. On last week the subject came before the church, and steps were taken to ascertain if the pastor approved of these new measures. The conclusion reached was that the thing must stop. In the meantime, two of the most eminent pastors of Boston—one a Baptist and one a Congregationalist—called on the pastor to protest in the name of our common Christianity against the great scandal. The pastor gave the visitors to understand that he was quite competent to take care of himself and his own honor, and that each had better attend to his own business. The end is evidently not yet."

This is a very strange and incredible statement certainly, and we are at a loss to determine the meaning of the new system of the "laying on of hands."—*Christian Union*.

[No harm can arise from the women laying their hands on the parsons, so long as the parsons keep their hands off the women. It is the latter manifestation that, in these times, appears to be objected to by the public.—*THE WEEKLY*.]

Has anybody refreshed his memory lately by looking over Mrs. Woodhull's original statement in regard to the Beecher-Tilton scandal? I have not, but when I heard a gentleman of high character and large ability say not long ago that it was not only one of the ablest, but one of the most convincing statements that he had ever read, I must say that I was disposed to agree with his estimate, though more closely with that of another able critic and a man of the world, who said that when forty-eight hours elapsed and brought no denial from Mr. Beecher, he was satisfied that the story was true. Beginning at the beginning in this way, and revealing all the successive steps—legal, such as the attempt to put Mrs. Woodhull down by an absurd criminal prosecution, and extra-legal, such as tri-partite-treaties, Moulton-armistices, and what not—is it strange if the original impression as to the truthfulness of the charge, derived from the original printed statement, has deepened into what comes to pretty nearly a certainty?—*Warrington in the Boston Times*.

The *Levant Herald* has the following: At Smyrna, poor women who have the misfortune to give birth to more than two children at a time, seem to experience handsome treatment at the hands of benevolent friends. A blind Jewess (writes a Smyrna correspondent) was last week delivered of three boys. As is usual in such cases, this prolific creature belongs to the poorest class. On two previous occasions she had also produced twins. Her extreme poverty, increased by the burden of three additional babies, moved the compassion of some charitable persons. A subscription was raised by them, and was so successful, that they have secured for the mother an annual income of £10 (Turkish). But this is not all. Not satisfied with the assistance procured by their own exertions, these generous people have memorialized the vali for the purpose of interesting him in behalf of their *protege*.—*The Jewish Times*, N. Y.

[Political economists of the Malthusian stripe, of which we have many, will look upon the above charitable proceeding with horror. Let us assuage their anger by informing them that, in all probability, Christians are not guilty of performing it, but Mohammedans.

THE recent discussions have brought out several original and novel devices for regulating the relations between clergymen and the women of their churches. One very odd proposition is that the minister shall be put in a large and elegant barred cage, from which he can converse, being driven about from front door to front door. A wag suggests that this would make quite a lion of him; but there is no objection to a lion if he is kept separated from the lambs.—*N. Y. Sun*.

A FRIEND writes us from London: "Found myself seated, at dinner by two hundred pounds of aristocratic female adipose. 'You have no old church ruins in America, I am told,' said the corpulent party. 'Beg pardon, madame,' I responded, 'no end of church ruins. There's Plymouth church ruins and Glendenning church ruins, and others just like them lying all round.' Honorable aristocratic female brought her off eye to bear on me, and said something in a feeble way about 'its being rawther damp, you know.'"—*The Capital*, Washington, D. C.

THE press of late has with the utmost avidity seized upon and paraded whatever came in its way to the detriment of Gen. B. F. Butler, of Gloucester, Mass. Wonder if it will copy the following narrative concerning him, which shows in his heart the genuine stuff of which goodness is made—charity to the needy? A lady with whom we are personally acquainted informs us that a kind-hearted woman whose life was devoted to suffering humanity, finding the calls upon her far in excess of her pecuniary supply, decided to apply to Gen. Butler for aid in her work. She was an utter stranger to him, however, and called at his office with considerable trepidation. She found him very busy, but after listening courteously to her story he handed her a bank bill, and bade her "Good morning." The lady thanked him and left the office, supposing she had received five dollars, but on examining the donation found it to be fifty dollars. Concluding he had made a mistake, she hastened back to the General, but was assured by him that he had not made an error, but hoped she would be able to put the whole amount to good use. Our informant says in conclusion: "The lady was very much taken by surprise at his liberality, and could hardly find words to express her gratitude. Now, if those who are so fond of abusing him would leave scandal behind, and follow his generous example, there would not be so much suffering among the poor.—*Banner of Light*.

WE clip the following from Mrs. Duniway's excellent story—"The Happy Home"—in the *New Northwest*. Would she please explain a little what she means to infer by this somewhat strange language—strange to be used by one who is opposed to the discussion of the principles that underlie the social question?

"Have you decided to induce your father to send your mother with Margaret to the States?" queried the physician, earnestly.

"I've decided to try to persuade him to go himself with her and the young ones, and leave Peg and the rest with me. I think we'll do better without the old folks," and Mattie bent low over her crippled sister to hide a tear that would fall.

"And that is the very thing which you must not do, if you would save your mother's life."

"Why?" and the great blue eyes opened wide in astonishment. "Because—you will forgive me, Mattie—that woman detests that man. She has had nothing but sickness and drudgery and suffering and privation since she became his wife. She needs the placing of a continent between herself and him. I may not tell you more. Were you a physician I might speak more plainly."

"Why couldn't I be a physician?"

"Because you have too much of the sweet woman about you to be taught else."

"But I hate the 'duties' usually assigned to a 'sweet woman.'"

"What are they?"

"To be a good cook, a patient wife, a loving mother, a good seamstress, a capital chambermaid, a first-class laundry maid, an excellent nurse, an accomplished lady and a brilliant and dignified and yet meek and obedient companion. I know myself better than any man can know me, and I know I shall never be the 'sweet woman' whose career you have laid out for me. I'm going to marry Ziek Woodworth. I'll suit him, no matter what my fancies are."

"Are you engaged, Miss Armstrong, and do you really mean what you say?"

"Ziek hasn't proposed yet, but I fancy he's going to."

"Do you love him, Mattie?"

"Oh, Amos? You're cruel to ask me such a question."

"Well, then, let me beg, as you value your future happiness, do not cast the lovely pearls of your precious womanhood at the feet of a man who can never appreciate them."

"Wouldn't it be far better for me to be wholly unappreciated by the husband whom I must take for better or for worse, than to become the wife of some man who is capable of fully realizing the possibilities of what you are pleased to term my 'glorious womanhood,' and yet not willing for me to develop those possibilities because I am a woman?"

"Mattie Armstrong, you are leading me beyond my depth."

JOHN B. GOUGH in a recent lecture said: "In olden times they lived for love and for a plain, simple home, with all its happiness and comforts. In the then marriage relation, with its hallowed influence, was the offspring of love. In the now it was made a matter of barter and sale, and the family was metamorphosed into a wretched struggle for fashionable display. One man married to increase his respectability, one to please his friends, another brought home a wife to spite his relatives, and another married to procure service without being obliged to pay for it. One girl married because she did not like to work, and wanted to be supported in doing nothing but fancy work, with ample time to go out. He knew it was the fashion to make old maids and old bachelors subjects of ridicule, but wouldn't it be better to be laughed at because you are not married than never to laugh at all because you are married?"

In most of the newspaper and pulpit discussion of the Sunday question the vital point is left untouched. The argument on both sides is about the amount of religious observance which people ought to be made to pay to the Christian Sabbath—a question which the common requirements of liberty demand should be left entirely to everybody's indi-

vidual settlement. The issue honestly stated is this: Has the law any right to do more in the way of regulating personal conduct than to require an observance of order and decency?—*N. Y. Sun*.

[Washington, in his treaty with Tripoli, repudiated the idea that, as a nation, we were of any special faith. If so, it will be difficult to show why we should make special laws for Sunday, distinguishing it from the other days of the week.]

SHAKESPEARE versus MOSES.

The clergy of New York are greatly exercised because the secular theatres are permitted to open on Sundays in that city.

These white neck-tied and black-coated stage actors insist upon enjoying a monopoly of the ears and eyes and pockets of the people on Sunday. But is not this claim a very cheeky one? If Mr. Beecher plays on Sunday, why not Booth? If the religious drama cannot compete, in an open field and a fair fight, with the secular drama, whose fault is it. If Shakespeare draws better than Moses and the prophets, why not let him draw? If the clergy cannot hoe their row without the help of the police, the presumption must be that it is not worth hoeing.—*Earlville Transcript*, Ill.

COMMENT.

"Behold how yon clerical prig
Makes faces to tickle the mob;
If he's down on the theatre folks,
It's rivalry just in the job."

—Burns (revised).

CANVASSING FOR THE HEATHEN.

A man about thirty years of age, wearing a battered plug hat and seedy clothes, looking as hungry as a man who had been wrecked on an iceberg, softly entered a saloon yesterday, and leaning over the bar whispered to the proprietor:

"My dear sir, I am canvassing for subscriptions for the benefit of the heathen."

"Ish dat zo?" replied the saloon keeper, rinsing a glass.

"Yes, my friend, that is so," continued the man, taking out a very greasy pass-book. "Yes, I am collecting money for the benefit of the poor heathen, who are living in a state of vice and ignorance. Some put down ten dollars, some five, some one, all give something. Here is the book, and you can subscribe such an amount as you think best."

"Ish it a betition to dem gommom council?" inquired the saloonist as he looked at the book.

"No, sir, you do not understand my object. I am collecting subscriptions for the benefit of the heathen, and you can write your name and give me such an amount as your conscience directs."

"Vere ish dem headens?" inquired the beerseller, looking coldly at the stranger's battered hat.

In Africa," replied the agent, "in far off Africa, where all is gloom and loneliness because the heathen has no education."

"And vat gounty ish dat Africa in?" inquired the saloonist.

"My dear man, Africa is a country—a great big country, far o'er the deep blue sea. Is it possible that you never heard of Africa?"

"I haf lived in Toledo and Chicago, but I didn't hear some one ever say a word about Africa."

"Well, that is neither here nor there. I am authorized to collect subscriptions for the heathen, who is running about in a state of nakedness and sinfulness, and who must have bread for his mind and be brought to realize that he should live for something besides this life."

"Yah, dat ish zo," replied the saloonist in a reflective tone.

"You contribute whatever sum you may think best, and I forward it to Boston by first mail, where it is turned into bibles, and the bibles shipped to Africa. Most people esteem it a privilege to be allowed to subscribe to this fund. Will you write your name down?"

"I tinks I vill," replied the man, and he hunted up his pencil and wrote his name on one of the pages and handed the book back with the remark:

"I dunno if you can't read it."

"That is all right, but you have neglected to mark down the amount of your contribution. Let's see—will you say a dollar?"

"Vhat?"

"Will you give me a dollar to forward to the poor, benighted heathen?"

"Money—gif you money?"

"Yes, for the heathen!"

"Gif you von dollar?"

"Yes, a dollar for the benighted race who are dwelling in darkness."

The saloon keeper looked at him for a half-minute, and then reaching down for a club, said:

"You'd better go out by dat door! I sign dat pook to get dat heathen some close by de poor-master, and dat is blenty! If you sthay here some little while more I shall hit you mit dis glub on de head!"

"My dear—"

"Go aus mit dat door!" yelled the saloon keeper, running from behind the bar, and the canvasser had to go.—*Detroit Press*.

"THAT'S where the boys fit for college," said the professor to Mrs. Partington, pointing to a schoolhouse. "Did they?" said the old lady, with animation. "Then, if they fit for college before they went, they didn't fight afterward." "Yes," said he, smiling, and favoring the conceit; "but the fight was with the head, not with the hands." "Butted, did they?" said the old lady.

It is reported in Toledo that the Rev. John A. Hudkins, who had been preaching to a United Brethren congregation in Mt. Ayre, is a bigamist. He married a young maiden from Pennsylvania last summer, and it was said that she is wife No. three. He has strengthened suspicion by running off to Canada.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

THE first daily journal in the world was that of *Frankfort-on-the-Main*, established 1615. It is still issued.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JAN. 16, 1875.

A PLAN TO AID THE WEEKLY.

Mrs. M. S. Severance, of Painesville, Ohio, proposes to be one of a hundred persons to send fifty dollars, payable five dollars per month, to the WEEKLY. It is to just a few such souls as this that we have been able to so far stem the current. She is one of the very few who dare take the WEEKLY in her hand and ask for subscriptions and aid; and because she has womanhood enough to do this, she is one of the most highly respected citizens of Painesville. A consciousness of right and a firmness of purpose always command the respect of the opposing world. If one half the readers of the WEEKLY had the courage that animates this noble woman, it would never reach an extremity if she who has been its chief support thus far were never again to be able to render it any assistance. Those of our friends who desire to join with Mrs. Severance will please correspond with her, as we hear she is pressing the matter, having already obtained a considerable number of subscribers.

THE BEECHER BUSINESS.

Just as it looks as if the case of Mr. Tilton against Mr. Beecher is really going to trial, Judge Lord, of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, publishes in the *Springfield Republican* a clear and logical summing up of the evidence that has been offered that may be considered legal. His decision is that, upon this evidence, any fair-minded jury would be compelled to find a verdict against Mr. Beecher. Judge Lord is one of the clearest-headed jurists of Massachusetts, and his able judicial examination and arrangement of the evidence seems to be conclusive as against Mr. Beecher. We should have published this review, but it is too lengthy for our now limited space.

WE would again caution our friends to procure money orders in making remittances, or to register their letters when sending currency to us. We cannot be responsible for losses that occur when these precautions are neglected. Money orders and drafts should in all cases be made payable to Woodhull & Claflin.

THE Convention of the National Woman's Suffrage Association, officered by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Martha Wright and Matilda Joselyn Gage will be held in Washington, D. C., Jan. 14, 15, 16.

DONATIONS.

S. A., Plainfield, Ct.	\$5 00
J. P., Sterling, Ill.	7 00
M. P. D., Sacramento, Cal.	3 00
R. E. B., Clyde, Ohio	2 00
J. A. S., Philadelphia, Pa.	2 00
J. C. J., Louisville, Ky.	2 00
J. P. L., Terre Haute, Ind.	1 00
Dr. J. H. H., Winooski, Vt.	5 00
M. A. D., Mendon, Mich.	2 00
F. P. B., Denison, Tex.	5 00
J. K. R., Bellevue, Ohio	2 00
W. H. P., Chandlerville, Ill.	2 00
E. C. Eureka, Cal.	2 00

Total for the Week. \$40 00

THE NEW RELIGION—UNIVERSAL JUSTICE.

No. XI.

Man is a compound, on the one hand, of counts that have to be supplied, and desires that need to be gratified; and, on the other, of capacities by the exercise of which the former are to be provided. Having been designed by nature, it would be irrelevant to say that he has been endowed with any possible physical necessity for which there has not been provided a corresponding source and means of a natural supply. Nature is consistent in all her methods. She does not implant desires in man, and then make their gratification an infringement of her designs. She does not confer upon him the capacity for enjoyment, and then deny the means to secure it. On the contrary, for every capacity for growth, for delight, for happiness she has made bountiful provisions in her economy; and the object of life is to learn what these provisions are, and how to make them available.

Perhaps the most concise reply that can be given to the question: For what do we live is contained in the single word, happiness. If a person attain to happiness, he has secured the object of life. It may be objected that this is a selfish definition, and that a more humanitarian one would be to say that it ought to be to confer happiness upon others that we live; but this is not fundamental, since before one person is capable of making others happy he must be in that condition himself. The same principle stated in another form—Charity begins at home—has become axiomatic. This is to say, unless one is first charitable to himself he cannot be charitable to others—he must be just to himself, otherwise he cannot be just to others; therefore, we conclude that before one can make others happy he must be happy himself; and the experience of the whole world bears evidence to its truth. A person who is completely happy sheds sunshine and joy upon all with whom he comes in contact, while an unhappy one casts gloom and dejection on every hand.

Nevertheless, almost the entire practice of so-called Christians is based upon an opposite theory—that the desires for happiness, comfort and enjoyment which exist in man should be crucified until they are dead, or at least until they are no longer a positive dominant power.

It seems to be self-evident, then, that he or she who has the greatest and most earnest demands or desires, and who has them most completely satisfied and gratified, let the means be whatever they may, not at the expense of another, is the happiest person; is best fulfilling the design of life; is best fitted to contribute to the happiness of others, and is therefore living the life demanded by God and by Nature; and by so living is the most religious person—the most religious person being him or her who lives nearest to the complete realization of what has been idealized in the personality. Although these propositions level to the ground all the falsely conceived and wrongly established customs and principles of so-called Christian life, yet they are nevertheless not to be escaped—they are basic truths—those by which a perfect order of society is to be instituted and regulated, and such as will, and such only as can introduce peace, harmony and happiness generally into the world.

This is in consonance with the lesson to be gleaned from the education of the sense of hearing to the appreciation and enjoyment of harmony of sound. He lives best, musically, who enjoys the most music and with the keenest zest; while the greater the capacity for appreciation and enjoyment and the more earnest the demand is for gratification, the more perfectly is the individual developed in this sense, and the more it is capable of adding to the growth of the soul.

The most perfect man of whom it is possible to conceive, would be him who should have equally great needs and wants for each of his several endowments; and the capacity to supply and gratify them all fully. It does not matter how largely one may be endowed if the balance is well maintained between each different kind. The unfortunate condition is where the character is not balanced—where it is hugely out of shape—where one organ or desire is so much larger than its counterbalancing organs or desires as to incline the individual principally or too evidently in that direction. A person cannot be a great person except he have large capacities, but larger capacity in a single direction makes an unbalanced character. Therefore a really great person must be one who has all the capacities largely and equally developed, and who therefore has an evenly balanced character. Speaking phrenologically, a person cannot have too largely developed organs, if the proportions are maintained throughout the whole head.

There are besides these general considerations, special rights that belong to the individual. If it were true that each person is what he is by his own choice of endowments, it might be said that he should be held personally responsible for the actions which are induced by them; but since this is not true—since precisely the reverse is the fact—since every individual is a result of causes and conditions over which he had no control or choice whatever, there can be no single reason adduced to show that there should be such a thing as personal responsibility.

Each person has certain rights—as the Declaration of "seventy-six" declares certain inalienable rights—the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. If this has any significance whatever, it means that every person has these rights. It does not mean that only perfect persons have them, or

that religious persons only have them, or that persons with certain tendencies and capacities only have them, while every one else is debarred. It means that each person, taken for just what he is, is entitled to them; and as the Declarations go on to show, governments are instituted among men to secure the exercise of these rights to all equally. Here we find that our forefathers even, had better, broader and more just conceptions of individual right than we are willing to now concede. They had broken away from custom and were governed by principle, and they said and spoke the truth because they were emancipated from all trammels, and were free to speak the truth as they saw it.

Guided by the light of their truth, we see that persons are entitled to the happiness of which they are capable, according to their several possibilities. As no two persons are alike, the happiness of each is to be gained by different means. But this even is not the complete statement. It needs to be understood—emphatically and clearly understood—that if the most perfect man is entitled to the happiness that is possible for him, so is the most imperfect man also entitled to the happiness which is possible for him, and each has the inalienable right to pursue it, and to obtain it in his own way, so long as he does not trample upon the rights of another. In a controversy that is now going on in this city regarding the Sunday, the law that is being enforced is framed in utter disregard of this inalienable right. While the religionist has a perfect right to seek his happiness under the dropping of the pulpit, another has the same right to seek his enjoyment before the stage, or in the beer gardens, or wherever else he pleases, and by any methods he may choose, so long as they do not interfere with the methods of the religionist. If a theatre and a church stand side by side, the churchmen have no more right to complain of the theatre than the theatre men have to complain of the church. The tones of the organ or the exhortations of the "brethren" may conflict quite as much with the performance in the theatre as its orchestra and acting may annoy the congregation. Hence the despotic closing of theatre on Sunday is a gross and unwarrantable tyranny which no true American can support for a moment.

Nor are the Sunday laws the worst infringements of the inalienable rights of American citizens. Every law that, by any means or to any extent whatever, prevents, or attempts to prevent, any individual from pursuing his happiness in his own way, always respecting the same pursuit in others, is a denial of the fundamental principles of individuality. But upon this more hereafter.

A VITAL MATTER.

It has been long held by the WEEKLY and been strongly stated in her lectures by its Editor-in-Chief, that nearly if not all of the misery, vice and crime there is in the world are the legitimate results of bad parentage; and, consequently, that our present systems of treating the unfortunate classes are simply inhuman. The world, in general, has laughed in derision at these propositions, and in place of yielding asks for more rigorous treatment of criminals, and redoubles its execrations against those who insist upon calling the attention of people to the social question as the proper place at which to begin the work of making a better race of people.

In spite, however, of all the restrictions that are thrown about the discussion of the social question, there are from time to time coming to light a variety of facts that must sooner or later demonstrate that our position is the right one, and that the worst criminals there are, are those women who bear unwilling children, being themselves under the ban of society. A curious fact has recently been made known by Dr. Harris, of this city, in his criminal statistics for the State:

His attention was called, some time since, to a county on the Upper Hudson which showed a remarkable proportion of crime and poverty to the whole population—480 of its 40,000 inhabitants being in the almshouse; and, upon looking into the records a little, he found certain names continually appearing. Becoming interested in the subject, he concluded to search the genealogies of those families, and after a thorough investigation, he discovered that from a girl named "Margaret"—who was left adrift, nobody remembers how, in a village of the county, seventy years ago, and, in the absence of an almshouse, was left to grow up as best she could—have descended two hundred criminals. As an illustration of this remarkable record, in one single generation of her unhappy line there were twenty children; of these, three died in infancy, and seventeen survived maturity. Of the seventeen, nine served in State prison for high crimes an aggregate term of fifty years, while the others were frequent inmates of jails and penitentiaries and almshouses! The whole number of this girl's descendants, through six generations, is nine hundred, and besides the two hundred who are on record as criminals, a large number have been idiots, imbeciles, drunkards, lunatics, prostitutes and paupers. A stronger argument for careful treatment of pauper children than these figures could hardly be found.

Who can read this terrible record and then say that proper conditions of conception, gestation and of growth for children are not the one all-absorbing issue now before the people? And having answered this, then let them denounce the WEEKLY and its editor for their strenuous advocacy of these facts if they can.

Here was a woman who, no doubt, owed her depravity of character to the improper conditions under which she was conceived and born; or else, after having been born, she was so treated by society as to be constantly under deleterious influences, and, while under these, she bore children. It was a matter of necessity that her children should receive their predominant characteristics from her during their period of gestation. If a mother, while performing the

divine mission of maternity, is driven by society to steal or to live by her wits as best she may, her child will assuredly have the tendencies to do the same things. And this is the source of all our vice and crime.

In this view of the case, how infinitely better it would be for society to take especial care that no person be left to suffer—especially no woman—or to be driven to any act of desperation or meanness, because these acts are sure to be repeated in the children of those who are thus forced to extremes. In an economic sense merely, it would be a vast saving to prevent criminals being born, in place of detecting and punishing them afterward.

We desire every reader of the WEEKLY to remember that our advocacy of social freedom is, first and mainly, to obtain for women the supreme control of maternity, so that they may never be compelled to bear children that they do not want; and next, to secure such reorganization of our industrial system as will place every woman independent of all men for support, so that she need never be obliged to barter her sexual favors, either by selling herself for a lifetime to one man for a home, or otherwise to many men for a livelihood. Nor should our readers forget when our position is attacked to say in reply, that those who oppose Mrs. Woodhull's theories must necessarily favor the conditions that compel women to bear children to whom they are averse, and that it is from such children that the vicious classes are recruited. It is woman's right and duty to govern her maternal functions herself, and absolutely to determine when she shall become pregnant, as well as to select the conditions that are most favorable for the offspring. When women do this, and are supported by society in it, can any one for a moment imagine that such a statement as the one contained in this article would ever again be possible? In spite of all attempts to crush it out, the social question day by day becomes more and more the question of the age; and it will not be long until the WEEKLY and its conductors will be justified for the work they have done in agitating this subject.

FULFILLMENT.

It will be remembered by those of our readers who read the speech made by Mrs. Woodhull in Cooper Institute, on the evening of January 9, 1873, that she said: "They (Plymouth Church) have said to him (Mr. Beecher) almost unanimously: 'Whether these allegations be true or not, we do not feel bound to inquire, whether they be true or not we believe in you, Henry Ward Beecher, we accept you as our teacher and instructor. His Deacons and Elders have gathered round him saying: Make no explanation; we will see that the church and congregation accept and maintain their allegiance.'"

How wonderfully this has been verified is demonstrated by a recent speech made by Mr. Shearman, Mr. Beecher's Counsel, when arguing upon one of the recent motions in Mr. Tilton's trial. He said it would make no difference what a jury might find; in any event "Mr. Beecher was vindicated by his church and by public opinion generally," which is tantamount to saying that it makes no difference to his church if all the charges against him are proven before a jury, and the jury find a verdict against him, he is still Henry Ward Beecher, the teacher and preacher of Plymouth Church, and no verdict that any jury may find shall remove him from that position—a grand and glorious victory for individual sovereignty than which there was never a mightier won.

KATIE KING.

It is not an easy matter to obtain the attention even of an assemblage of people at a lecture; to gain a hearing from a city is more difficult, and to secure the attention of a nation is a feat most rarely accomplished. What the "John Brown" song did for the Republican party in the War of the Rebellion, the Katie King *expose*, we prophecy, will perform for the Spiritualists. Publicity was needed in both these instances, and in both publicity has been secured. As regards the latter, we venture to assert, that in every city and town, and almost in every village or even hamlet, wherein a newspaper is published, the delinquency of the American Katie King has been narrated and commented upon for the benefit of the public.

Had Messrs. and Owen Childs witnessed a genuine spirit materialization in the above-mentioned case, and their testimonies and assurances remained unimpeached and unretacted, we do not believe that Spiritualism would have obtained anything like the notoriety it has under the present apparently adverse circumstances. The wonderful exhibitions of the Eddy Brothers in Vermont may be known to a quarter of the people of the nation, but the exposition of the fraud concocted in Philadelphia seems to have penetrated everywhere. Friendly presses treat of it with sorrow, and the foes of Spiritualism dilate over it with joy. By both means it has attained a publicity as great as is ever given to the most important national events.

We are glad that this is so. If our foes can afford to rejoice, we can also. There are too many truths in Spiritualism unaccounted for to be set aside by the exposition of one falsity. When people talk over the matter, they will be apt to say, "True, Katie was a fraud, but what makes Planchette write, and tables move without human agency in our houses? Learned men have unearthed the American Katie King (who, by the bye, was not like her namesake in England), now let them instruct us as to the mystery of the

rap." Like Oliver Twist, the people have digested the loads of contempt which have been spread upon that instance of duplicity regarding spiritual materializations, and even now hold up their plates asking for more, and disbelieving scientists will be compelled to attempt to answer their petitions.

For ourselves, we believe that spiritual manifestations of all kinds are the preliminaries necessary to call attention to the new development of the Science of Spiritualism. When Christianity was founded such accompanied the ministrations of the Nazarene; still later we find them heralding the incoming of Mohammedanism. Simple preaching not aided and assisted with such exhibitions of power would effect little. Even Mormonism required its angels, its golden book of Mormon, its magnetic cures and its unknown tongues, before it could establish itself at Nauvoo and Utah. The real apostles of Spiritualism accept the illustrations, and receive often through them a knowledge certainly destined to effect the most momentous changes in all branches of the great human family. The annihilation of the atrocious doctrine of unjust infinite punishment for finite offences; the proclamation (in lieu of the folly of the atonement) of a just moral law as inflexible as physical law; the destruction of all the clay gods and their families that have so long ruled over and so mercilessly divided the nations on the globe; the admission of the doctrine of progress based on the deductions of science, and the consequent disbandment of all creed-conserving priesthoods which now only stimulate the animosities, retard the knowledge and consume the wealth of the peoples. Last but not least, while abjuring the old Egyptian theory, which has tided down to us through Christianity, of the resurrection of the body, it demands public attention to the physical requirements of mankind for the improvement of our race, and for the better development of the souls which those bodies may contain. These are the real ends of the new development, and anything that calls public attention to the examination of its claims and its theories, we hold to be of the highest advantage to mankind.

FAITHS FRICASSEED.

Religious roasts were once in very general demand in Europe. Eighty-six thousand human beings are said to have been served up in that way in Spain. Many of the other nations of that continent have also followed her example. England copied it largely at Oxford and London. We do not mean to assert that such was the only method pursued by Catholic and Protestant cooks in such cases. Broilings and griddings were not uncommon in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The Puritans also took their turn at such doings, and even the Quakers are said to have dined off a savory stew in the shape of Michael Servetus. But times have changed since then. The cannibalistic culinary art has advanced. Now it is not the people who are cooked but the priests. Congress may be said to have invented the new dish, which may be termed "Faiths Fricasseed." Jew, Catholic, Quaker and Protestant chaplains of all stripes, however, have stormed that citadel in vain. The Devil (if there be one) has too strong a hold there, and we do not believe that even an infallible Pope could make many of the members of our Senate and House of Representatives presentable at the gate of St. Peter. But it seems that Congress is not to be left alone in its glory, for we have "the mixture as before" in the new American Inquisition, called the Y. M. C. A. Association, and from the following item from the New York *Sun*, the same "Olla Podrida of Religions" seems to be destined to go the rounds of the Protestant Churches:

In San Francisco lately, at the installation of a Universalist pastor, the opening prayer was delivered by a Unitarian, the Scriptures were read by a Jewish rabbi, a Presbyterian offered the second prayer, the sermon was by a Congregationalist, the installing prayer by a Presbyterian, and the charge to the pastor and address to the people by Unitarians.

Can anything be more supremely absurd than such an exhibition? Nothing but the extreme necessity of the case could justify the five great Protestant Churches in bolting their credal divergencies and hob-nobbing with one another in the halls of the Y. M. C. A., which has compelled them so to tacitly ignore their public teachings. We should admire the liberality of such a proceeding if it were possible for creed-bound religionists to decently effect it; but when we know that such liberality must be purchased at the cost of honesty, we turn from the unsavory mess of faiths fricasseed with contempt and abhorrence.

ANOTHER OUTRAGE TERMINATED.

It will probably be remembered that just before we left for Europe in August, we were arrested upon a civil suit to recover four hundred dollars with interest, and held to bail charged with fraudulently obtaining and converting that sum to our own use, by one Achsah Truman. It will also be remembered that the papers all over the country had their columns paraded with sensational headings, stating that we had fled the country to escape from justice. Telegrams were published in the English and French papers, prior to our arrival there, in which the four hundred dollars was magnified to four hundred thousand, and we were denominated fugitives from America.

Now, what has the basis of all this been proven to have been? Why, simply a malicious persecution; we may almost say a conspiracy. The charge of fraud which it was necessary to make in order to obtain orders of arrest, was a sheer

pretence, and subjects its originators to the liability of prosecution for damages for false imprisonment. The orders were obtained with the intention of holding them until the ship was about to sail, when the officers were to come aboard and arrest us, hoping, under the pressure of the circumstances, to extort the money from us, thinking we would pay it rather than be detained and thus lose our passages.

But in this they were foiled as they are now; finally, in the termination of the case, in which they are plainly informed by the Court that they had no right to bring such an action; and a verdict for the defendants with costs, is another lesson taught those who follow us with malicious purposes; that truth and honorable dealing will stand ultimately against all malice, all lies, all libels, all perjuries, and come off victorious. Nevertheless, this suit has cost us not less than five hundred dollars in expenditures of time and money, to say nothing of the annoyances of which it has been a so prolific source for the last two months, or of the black-guardism in all the papers which it caused originally. Honorable journals would give as wide notice of this verdict from the charge of fraud, as it gave of our arrests upon this charge; but not a single city paper refers to it in that connection, although most of them report the case. They have spread the charge all over the land, but they now refuse or neglect to publish the vindication. This is modern journalism.

COMMUNISM.

The WEEKLY is a believer in Communism of the kind advocated and established by Peter the Fisherman, and his *confreres* the apostles, in the Bible. It, therefore, can have no sympathy with our present industrial and financial systems, which, being based on selfishness and the meanest kind of competition, are the exact antipodes of the former. We, therefore, hail the appearance of Mr. Nordhoff's much-needed work on the "Communitic Societies of the United States," published by Harper & Brothers, with delight, and are glad to quote from the same the following honorable testimony as to the character of the peoples forming such institutions.

In summing up the character of these experiments, Mr. Nordhoff finds that the communists are strictly honest, humane and charitable; that their lives are full of devices for personal ease and comfort. They live well, according to their tastes, and are unusually healthy. They are temperate in the use of wine and spirits, avoid debt, speculation and hazard, and are prosperous. They marry young. Celibacy he finds to be a sacrifice, and he does not accept the argument that it is necessarily healthful. He did not find their life dull and dreary, but rather giving serenity of spirit, offering a wider range of wholesome enjoyments and greater restraints against debasing pleasures, relieving the individual life from a great mass of carking cares, from the necessity of severe and exhaustive toil, and from the dread of exposure in old age. Religion, he thinks, must be at the base of the successful commune. The one text of the Scripture which underlies all communistic experience is in that narrative of Luke: "And all that believed were together, and had all things in common, and sold their possessions and goods and parted them to all men as every man had need." "These words," he says, "have had a singular power over men in all ages since the world has been created. They form the character of every communistic society of which I have spoken, for even the Icarians recall them."

Our present industrial and distributing systems manufacture idiots and villains. What kind of human beings must those be who devote almost their whole time to pointing pins or painting dolls' eyes? What kind of men and women can be reared from the mill-cursed children of Massachusetts? What honor can you expect from the majority of small distributors who are rewarded for their labors in proportion to the skill with which they exercise their cheating propensities?—from large ones who make their living by crushing out their neighbors and rising upon their ruins? What from lawless financiers, speculators and other tyrants, who live on the fat of the land and return to the community no *quid pro quo* for the labor cost of their existence? When we take a candid view of the condition of what is called the civilized world with regard to these matters, we do not hesitate to that assert communism, under any conditions, would be preferable to our present systems of industrial and financial economy, which are debauching, demoralizing and decimating mankind.

At the Harvard Rooms, on Sunday, December 27, at the Conference of Spiritualists held there, the following incident occurred, worthy of notice: In the course of the proceedings Mr. Madox introduced the name of Victoria C. Woodhull, as one of the leaders in the ranks of reform. It was received with cheers and some hisses. Mr. Leander Thompson afterward addressed the meeting, and, in a most masterly argument, defended the cause of the Proprietor of this paper. He exonerated the Spiritualists from having committed the impropriety above related, and read the Christians, from whom it was evident the noise proceeded, a lesson they will not be likely to forget. His conclusion was peculiarly happy, in which he warned those who indulged in such exhibitions of uncharitableness, that "they merited the title of the Pharisees of the nineteenth century." We are glad to add that Mr. Thompson's animadversions were well received and were rewarded at the close by the general applause of the Conference.

GERRIT SMITH, the well-known philanthropist, died at half-past two, December 28, at the residence of Gen. John Cochrane, in New York. The funeral took place at Peterboro', N. Y., Thursday, Dec. 31st, at one o'clock, P. M.

BOOK NOTICES.

We have just received from W. Wallace Cowles, Indianapolis, Ind., a book of fifty or more pages, entitled "Hymen's Victims; or, the Bane of Wedlock." It is a vigorous little treatise of this at present very much discussed question, and will serve an excellent purpose in the analytic treatment of the subject. The work is dedicated "To the earnest progressive and reformatory workers who are striving to ameliorate the condition of society," and is a valuable contribution to the radical literature of the day. Its title-page contains the following text:

"Hymen, thou tyrant, mysterious, dark,
Your sceptre broken, enslaved ones, hark!
Herein procreation's mystic scroll is unrolled,
With relief for the captive, with the tyrant controlled."

The book may be obtained by applying to the publisher, Indianapolis, Ind. We do not know the price.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE for January, 1875, is just issued, containing over 100 pages and 500 engravings and descriptions of our best flowers and vegetables, with directions for their culture. It is got up with great elegance and taste, and is really a work of art. Published quarterly, for 25 cents per year, by James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

"FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE" is that rare thing, a well-told love story. Free from sickly sentimentality, yet full of romance, it is a masterpiece of its kind, and, say what you will, there is no theme, when rightly told, so absorbing as "first love." No "sensation" story is more fascinating than this; yet it is not exaggerated. The characters of the three sisters, Margaret, Ethel and Grace, are admirably contrasted; the reader hardly knows who to admire the most, though Margaret, perhaps, will generally be the favorite. The novel closes with smiles and sunshine as all good stories should. Buy the book and read it. It is published complete in one large octavo volume, paper cover, price seventy-five cents, and is for sale by all booksellers, or copies will be sent per mail, post-paid, to any one, on their remitting the price to the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, in a letter.

"Vital Magnetism, the Life Fountain; being an answer to Dr. Brown-Sequard on Nerve Force. The Magnetic Theory defended and a better Philosophy of Cure explained." By E. D. Babbitt, D. M., author of the Health Guide, etc.

The works of Dr. Babbitt are receiving high commendations, and aim to make the people self-doctors by teaching them to wield the finer life forces, which he considers far more effective and safe than drugs. The above work is furnished, post paid, at 25 cents, by E. D. Babbitt, M. D., 232 East Twenty-third street, New York, and gives valuable matter with reference to manipulation, food, baths, clothing, marriage, etc.

MATTIE'S OFFERING.—A collection of Original songs. Pamphlet, pp. 36. Published by Moses Hull and Company, 24 Newcomb street, Boston, Mass. A very fine selection of the fresh, free and beautiful flowers of poetry that ought to be in the hands of all the Spiritualists in the country. Nothing is more needed both in our homes and in our schools than the cultivation of the imaginative faculty, and the little work above abounds with good material for instruction in that particular. In our opinion, the selections are a credit to the writer's heart as well as the writer's taste, and if it obtains half the success it merits, Mattie Sawyer will be well repaid for the labor of love she has bestowed upon it. There is only one thing that we regret—it is that the music the angels have given the writer has not been published with the songs. We hope there will be no such omission in the next edition of the same.

THE NEW YORK STAR is giving evidence of prosperity and good management, in these hard times, by increasing its size four columns and otherwise improving its appearance. It is always a spicy and readable paper.

CLIPPINGS FROM THE NEW YORK STAR.

"Henry Ward Beecher had 1,200 callers on New Year's Day. Queer, isn't it?"

"Mrs. Bullard's presents to the little Tiltons are reported as being something superb."

NO FALSE MODESTY.

One visiting the statuary in Paris can find none of the contemptible mock modesty which prevails to so considerable an extent on the American shores of the Atlantic. Where a statue exhibits nudity, there is no attempt at concealing any portion of the anatomy. I had the curiosity to watch the faces of visitors who were inspecting these specimens. Often were they young girls, and in no instance did they blush or show evidence of discomposure. They seemed to comprehend perfectly that it was a work of art, and nothing else, upon which they were gazing. None of the lady visitors—at least, those of them that were French—had for such exhibition any of those averted glances, the strained pretense of being offended, the color of a false modesty mounting into their faces, which one, under similar circumstances, sees so often among our American women. In this direction, true modesty is on the side of the French women. She then looks and acts as if she had no knowledge of evil, while her American sister seems to betray the fact that she is in the possession of full information. In this respect we have a good deal to learn from French and English women, and which, when learned, will be of great service to our American fair sex. There is not, perhaps, any particular merit, in the case of these French women, for the reason that they are brought up among art surroundings, in whose case nature, when betrayed, is without concealment. The galleries, the parks, the public squares, the monuments, present these women with innumerable specimens of nature given without any attempt at concealment. Seeing always such things they present no novelty. They are part of the education, a portion of the daily life of these women, so that there is never a time when they are other than commonplace in their existence and characteristics.

The facts stated in the above article are widely known,

but how few draw any lesson of wisdom from them! They should teach us that if we would have real virtue and real purity in the places of the shams from which the world now suffers, we should make the subjects upon which these are supposed to rest the most common topics of treatment, especially with children. To keep all such matters from children is to lay an almost certain basis for impurity in some form; while to teach them properly all there is known about the functions of sex is to lay a basis of virtue, against which none of the storms of life can prevail.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, in one of her recent speeches gave utterance to the following radical sentiment touching upon the social question and the proper generation of children:

"Every mother in the land has it in her power to be second only to God in making her offspring what it should be. This is a serious responsibility, but it is one that God imposes upon every mother in the land. Children are born, not made. The mother's whole thoughts are centred upon her unborn child. It is indeed a holy period, and if her mind and body are in proper condition, how great and grand will be the result! It is possible for parents to determine what their children shall be, and make them so before they are born. Oh, mothers! let us turn over a new leaf, and make a race of gods and poets and statesmen. Another idea: it is more important what kind of a child we raise than how many. *It is better to produce one than a dozen jackasses.*"

KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge is power—true, but is it not also pain?
Is there not much of beauty lost with the wonder that knowledge brings?
Does not the color of rose fade out from eye and heart and brain,
As we see and feel and know to the core the being of many things!

GOOD SUGGESTION.—If you wish to drown yourself, kick and splash about as violently as you can, and you will soon go to the bottom. But if you remember that you are lighter than water, and if you calmly and steadily refrain from drawing your breath while under the water, keep your head raised and your arms under, you will soon learn to float and swim like a duck.

Frederick Douglass has reminded a lecture audience, in Grafton, Mass., that thirty-two years ago he spoke there from his wagon, a hall or church being refused him.

Mrs. Woodhull is not the only person who has been refused the use of public halls in which to advocate the "new truth." May it not be possible that in even less than "thirty-two years" the very places that have attempted to disgrace her, may openly welcome her as an exponent of an accomplished reform?

THE VOICELESS.

O, hearts that break and give no sign,
Save whitening lips and faded tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow dropped from Misery's crushing presses;
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ANOTHER FALLEN CLERGYMAN.—Winchester, Pa., was lately astounded by the promulgation of the fact that the Rev. Joseph Stittin had ruined Miss Sarah Hall, a young lady of high standing in society, and of heretofore unblemished character. The discovery of her fall has thrown the young lady into a state of temporary insanity. In her sane moments she says that he quoted the Bible to prove that his conduct was in accordance with the dictates of the Word of God.—N. Y. Sun.

HARD ON BURDICK.—The Sunday Dispatch, of Providence, N. J., gives an elaborate account of an alleged social malpractice of another cleric, the Rev. A. B. Burdick, of River Point, R. I. We give the terminating paragraph of the three-column article: "Rev. A. B. Burdick has been notified by an officer of the church where he has been in the habit of preaching at River Point that he need not preach there any longer until this matter is settled. [To be continued in the Dispatch next Sunday.]"

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?

Byron.

NATHANIEL HOWARD, who mailed us a letter from Weymouth, O., is respectfully requested to give us his address.

In the two months since the introduction of civil marriage in Germany, less than one-fourth of the Protestant couples married at Berlin had recourse to the ministrations of the Church. The rapid decline of every species of orthodoxy in the country extends even to what was formerly considered the most zealous sect in Prussia.

BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

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

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.

W. F. JAMIBSON is speaking during the Sundays of this month in Loomis Temple of Music, New Haven, Conn. He would prefer calls for February and March, in New York State. Address at New Haven, Conn.

D. S. CADWALLADER will answer calls to deliver his prophetic lecture, entitled, "Monarchy, the Road to a Freer Republican Government," before any of the liberal societies North and East; also, if desired, "The Downfall of Christianity," and "From Mormonism to Shakerism." Please address him, 525 West Seventh street, Wilmington, Del.

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.

ALMI BROWN, D. D. S.—Specialty, operative dentistry and the care of Children's teeth. 145 West 44th st.

THOSE who desire admirable dental work can be sure of obtaining it from Dr. C. S. Weeks, 107 East Twenty-sixth street, three doors east of Fourth ave. Dr. W. is a careful, skillful and honest dentist.—Ed.

REMEMBER that it is by the Erie, Great Western of Canada and the Michigan Central Railroads that the most elegant, commodious and comfortable Pullman Palace Cars are run through between New York and Chicago—the broad gauge tracks of the Erie being changed at Suspension Bridge for narrow ones, and *vice versa*, both carrying the wide coaches of the Erie road. These coaches leave New York from depots foot of Chambers and 23d streets at 7 o'clock, P. M., daily; and Chicago from the Michigan Central depot at 5 o'clock, P. M., daily. Those who travel this route once will always use it when convenient.

LLOYD, the famous map man, who made all the maps for General Grant and the Union army, certificates of which he published, has just invented a way of getting a relief plate from steel so as to print Lloyd's Map of American Continent—showing from ocean to ocean—on one entire sheet of bank note paper, 40x50 inches large, on a lightning press, and colored, sized and varnished for the wall so as to stand washing, and mailing anywhere in the world for 25 cents, or unvarnished for 10 cents. This map shows the whole United States and Territories in a group, from surveys to 1875, with a million places on it, such as towns, cities, villages, mountains, lakes, rivers, streams, gold mines, railway stations, etc. This map should be in every house. Send 25 cents to the Lloyd Map Company, Philadelphia, and you will get a copy by return mail.

THE SICK SHOULD READ THIS.—It has long been felt and acknowledged that there should be a more reliable mode of treating Chronic Diseases than that employed by the Materia Medica. Dr. R. P. Fellows, the renowned Magnetic Physician, has, after years of successful treatment and thorough investigation, established beyond question that his Magnetized Powder is the Remedy. Scarcely a day passes but some afflicted person attests the virtue and efficiency of its power by rapid and palpable evidences of permanent cure. It only requires a few boxes to test it, and when cured the cause of the disease is entirely removed. \$1 per box. Address Vineland, N. J.

THE IOWA STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS will hold their first quarterly convention for 1875 at the Court House, in Winterset, commencing Saturday, January 16, at 10 o'clock A. M., and continue over Sunday. Warren Chase, Mrs. H. Morse, Capt. H. H. Brown and other speakers will be present. Friends coming from a distance will be provided for as far as possible, and a cordial invitation is extended to all. EDWIN CATE, President.

MRS. J. SWAIN, Secretary.

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

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

The Principles of Government, by Victoria C. Woodhull	\$3 00
Constitutional Equality, by Tennie C. Claflin	2 00
The Principles of Social Freedom	25
Reformation or Revolution, Which?	25
The Elixir of Life; or, Why do we Die?	25
The Scare-Crows of Sexual Slavery	25
Tried as by Fire; or the True and the False Socially, Ethics of Sexual Equality	25
Photographs of V. C. Woodhull, Tennie C. Claflin and Col. Blood, 50c. each, or three for	1 00
Three of any of the Speeches 50c., or seven for	1 00
One copy each, of Books, Speeches and Photographs for	6 00
A liberal discount to those who buy to sell again.	

BUREAU OF CORRESPONDENCE
OF THE PANTARCHY.

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

To serve this great want, THE BUREAU OF CORRESPONDENCE will undertake to answer ANY QUESTION (admitting of an answer) upon ANY SUBJECT. If the question is of a kind which the Bureau is unable to answer, the fee will be returned.

The fees charged are: For a reply on postal card to a single inquiry, 10 cents; for a letter of advice, information, or sympathy and consolation, 25 cents. In the latter case, the letter of inquiry must contain a stamp, for the answer. Newspapers inserting this circular, can avail themselves of the aid of the Bureau without charge.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.
THEODORA FREEMAN SPENCER,
JOHN G. ROBINSON, M. D.,
ASENATH C. McDONALD,
DAVID HOYLE,

Board of Managers.

Address Mr. David White, Sec. B. C. P., 75 W. 54th St., New York.

PROSPECTUS.

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

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

It advocates, as parts of the new government—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 Newdealer in the world, who can order it from the following General Agents:

The American News Co., New York City;
The New York News Co., New York City;
The National News Co., New York City;
The New England News Co., Boston, Mass.;
The Central News Co., Philadelphia, Pa.;
The Western News Co., Chicago, Ill.
Sample copies, mailed on application, free.
VICTORIA C. WOODHULL & TENNIE C. CLAFLIN, Editors.

COL. J. H. BLOOD, Managing Editor.
All communications should be addressed
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Box 3791, New York City.

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

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.

JUST OUT.

THE MARTYRDOM OF MAN:

By WINWOOD READE.

Full 12mo. Cloth. 545 pp. Price, post paid, \$3.

"It is a splendid book. You may depend upon it."—Chas. Bradlaugh to the Publisher

[From the "Daily Graphic"]

"Those who wish to learn the tendencies of modern thought and to look at past history from the standpoint of one who accepts the doctrine of evolution in its entirety, would do well to read this remarkable book. All the radicalisms of the times, in philosophy and religion, are restated here with remarkable vigor and force."

The Hartford "Evening Post" says, "That its brilliant rhetoric and its very audacity give it a fatal charm."

The title is a singular one. The author justifies it in the concluding lines of his work. An admirable resume of ancient history. There is evidence of great research and learning. The author has thought deeply and laboriously.—*Overland Monthly*.

An extensive and adventurous African explorer. Questions of profound interest, and stimulates to a high degree the curiosity of the reader. These are brilliant and captivating pages; for Mr. Reade's style is highly ornate, and yet vigorous and pointed. He dresses the facts of history in florid colors, transforming the most prosaic into the semblance of poetry. The effect is sometimes so dazzling that one doubts if the poetical license of presenting striking and beautiful images has not been used to the misrepresentation of truth. But in his narration of events the writer conforms closely to the authorities. He has an irrepressible tendency to independent and uncompromising thought.—*Chicago Tribune*.

NATHANIEL VAUGHAN.

A NOVEL.

BY FREDERIKA MACDONALD,
Author of the "Iliad of the East," etc., etc.

1 Vol. Extra Cloth, beveled; 12mo, 404 pp. \$1.50.

A most admirable story; beautifully written and shows great power.—*Troy Press*.

It is an attack upon a very prevalent phase of modern Christianity, the force of which cannot be denied.—*Morning Democrat*.

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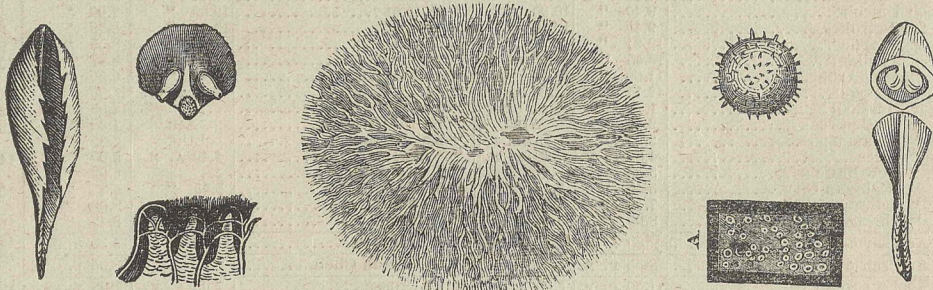
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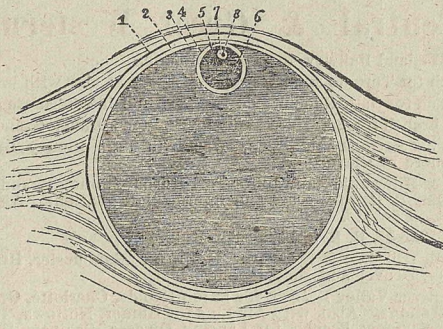
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STATIONS.	Express.	Express Mail.	STATIONS.	Express.
N. Y. 23d Street, N. Y.	8.30 A. M.	10.45 A. M.	Lv 23d Street, N. Y.	6.45 P. M.
Chambers street.	8.40 "	10.45 "	Chambers street.	7.00 "
Jersey City.	9.15 "	11.15 "	Jersey City.	7.20 "
Susquehanna.	3.49 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.	9.50 P. M.
Ar St. Catharines.	1.35 "	2.00 "	Ar St. Catharines.	10.12 "
Hamilton.	2.45 "	2.55 "	Hamilton.	11.20 "
Harrisburg.	3.35 "	3.53 "	Harrisburg.	8.53 "
London.	5.35 A. M.	5.55 "	London.	2.35 A. M.
Chatham.	7.55 "	8.12 "	Chatham.	5.00 "
Detroit.	9.40 "	10.00 "	Detroit.	7.00 "
Lv Detroit.	9.40 "	10.10 "	Lv Detroit.	8.10 "
Ar Wayne.	10.21 "	11.25 P. M.	Ar Wayne.	8.55 "
Ypsilanti.	10.45 "	11.43 "	Ypsilanti.	9.50 "
Ann Arbor.	11.00 "	1.00 A. M.	Ann Arbor.	12.50 P. M.
Jackson.	12.15 P. M.	1.00 A. M.	Jackson.	1.25 "
Marshall.	1.15 "	AIR LINE.	Marshall.	2.35 "
Battle Creek.	2.03 "	AIR LINE.	Battle Creek.	5.00 "
Kalamazoo.	2.55 "	AIR LINE.	Kalamazoo.	6.02 "
Niles.	4.32 P. M.	4.40 A. M.	Niles.	6.25 "
New Buffalo.	5.25 "	5.45 "	New Buffalo.	8.00 "
Michigan City.	5.45 "	7.47 "	Michigan City.	8.45 "
Calumet.	7.18 "	8.00 "	Calumet.	11.50 A. M.
Chicago.	8.00 "	8.00 "	Chicago.	5.30 A. M.
Ar Milwaukee.	8.30 A. M.	11.50 A. M.	Ar Milwaukee.	8.55 P. M.
Ar Prairie du Chein.	8.55 P. M.	7.05 A. M.	Ar Prairie du Chein.	7.05 A. M.
Ar La Crosse.	11.50 P. M.	7.05 A. M.	Ar La Crosse.	7.00 A. M.
Ar St. Paul.	6.15 P. M.	8.15 P. M.	Ar St. Paul.	8.15 P. M.
Ar St. Louis.	8.15 A. M.	6.50 A. M.	Ar St. Louis.	8.00 "
Ar Sedalia.	5.40 P. M.	10.00 "	Ar Sedalia.	12.01 P. M.
Denison.	8.00 "	7.45 A. M.	Denison.	6.30 "
Galveston.	10.45 "	7.00 P. M.	Galveston.	7.45 A. M.
Ar Bismarck.	11.00 P. M.	7.45 A. M.	Ar Bismarck.	12.50 P. M.
Columbus.	5.00 A. M.	5.30 "	Columbus.	5.30 "
Little Rock.	7.30 P. M.	8.30 "	Little Rock.	8.30 "
Ar Burlington.	8.50 A. M.	4.45 P. M.	Ar Burlington.	9.45 "
Omaha.	11.00 P. M.	8.10 A. M.	Omaha.	9.25 "
Cheyenne.	11.00 P. M.	11.17 "	Cheyenne.	12.40 noon.
Ogden.	11.00 P. M.	12.10 "	Ogden.	12.10 "
San Francisco.	11.00 P. M.	12.10 "	San Francisco.	12.10 "
Ar Galesburg.	6.40 A. M.	11.15 "	Ar Galesburg.	11.15 "
Quincy.	11.15 "	10.00 "	Quincy.	10.00 "
St. Joseph.	10.00 "	10.40 P. M.	St. Joseph.	10.40 P. M.
Kansas City.	10.40 P. M.	11.00 "	Kansas City.	11.00 "
Atchison.	11.00 "	12.10 "	Atchison.	12.10 "
Leavenworth.	12.10 "	7.00 A. M.	Leavenworth.	7.00 A. M.
Denver.	7.00 A. M.		Denver.	

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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.

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