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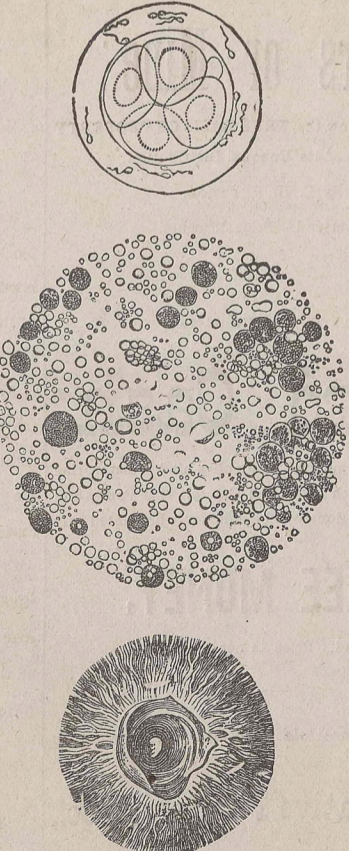
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"In those days shall—"
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CHAPTER I.

Descending slowly, surely, helplessly toward earth; the stars growing dimmer, until their light is utterly extinguished by the mists which, clammy, dense, and oh! so cold, are wrapping us round as in a death-shroud. The silence absolute; and nothing to indicate the nature of the place that is to receive us on quitting our aerial course. Is it land? Is it sea? Mountain or plain? A wilderness of snow, or a field of ice?

"Imagine a group of conscious souls in the interval between two existences, on the point of being ushered into a state of Being absolutely new and untried, and devoid of the confidence which comes only of experience—and you may imagine the depth of those sentiments of awe and mystery which possessed myself and my comrades on that night, some five and forty years ago—night so dread in itself, yet but for which, and its relation to us, this our latter age would never have been illumined by the bright, true, pure spirit of him concerning whom I have undertaken to tell."

The speaker was old Bertie Greathead. The place was the common hall of the *Triangle*. The audience consisted of the members, young and old, of that famous Club, besides some other persons. The occasion was the first anniversary of the death of one of the members, toward whose memoirs, written by himself, Lawrence Wilmer, Bertie's narrative was a contribution.

Having uttered the above sentences with tearful eyes and faltering voice, Bertie paused and gazed upon his hearers. The evident sympathy he found in their looks reassured him, and with stronger accents, he began his formal relation.

"Members of the *Triangle*, and other friends here assembled: The narrative which I have undertaken to contribute toward a connected history of the loved friend we have lost, claims to be but a simple statement of facts. As most of you know, the literary function is not mine. Although for many years a leader and teacher of youth, my business has been aerographical and locomotive, not mental or scholastic. In short, I am simply a professor of aerial navigation. It was on one occasion, when returning from an excursion taken partly for the sake of visiting foreign regions, partly for the purpose of inculcating my art, that the series of uncommon incidents occurred without which there would have been no occasion for me to appear now before you.

"The time is forty-five years ago last Christmas. Of the youths intrusted to my charge for an aerial trip, to two only shall I have occasion to refer, namely, Mr. Wilmer, the father—long since dead—of our dear Lawrence here, and our distinguished friend, Charles Avenil, who, being unavoidably absent this evening, is represented by his nephew and other relatives. It is of a third, who joined our party on its route, and of the way in which he joined it, that I have more particularly to tell you.

"We were bound homeward from a sojourn in the volcanic isles of the North Pole, a district which had then recently been made available for settlement, through the perfection to which the science of aerial navigation and universal telegraphy had been brought. Surrounded at a distance by a rarely passable barrier of ice, these islands, nevertheless, enjoy a fair climate for a considerable portion of the year, owing in part to the presence of oceanic currents from the Equator, and in part to the prevalence of volcanic fires at a short distance beneath the soil.

"These facts are, doubtless, familiar to most persons present. But, as I desire to be fully comprehended by all, even the youngest, of my hearers, I must request indulgence if, for the sake of some, I go more fully into detail than is requisite for others. The garrulity and tediousness naturally appertaining to seventy-five years of age, I shall endeavor to suppress.

"Desiring to avoid the crowd of summer tourists, and to study without distraction the meteorological and magnetic phenomena presented by the country under the total deprivation of sunlight; as well as to examine at leisure the manners and traditions of the tribes whose discovery by the first aerial polar expedition made the great sensation of a comparatively recent generation, owing to the enormous and undoubted antiquity of their records, which showed that

though isolated from the rest of mankind for tens of thousands of years, they yet possessed the same characteristics of form, manners and religious symbolism to which we had been wont to ascribe a far later origin—for these reasons, I say, we had extended our sojourn nearly to mid-winter, intending to return to England in time to spend the festival of the year with our friends at home.

"The winter solstice was just commencing when we embarked on our return journey at the North Pole Aerial Transit Station, in the vehicle in which we had made the outward voyage, my own favorite aeromotive, a machine whose stanchness had been proved in many a long and stormy flight over all parts of the earth. How it came to fail me on this occasion is still a matter of doubt. It was probably through the action of a sudden blast of intensely cold air upon the cylinder of the decomposer (for it was a magnetic-atmospheric propeller). However, in mid-air and mid-way upon our voyage, we were so crippled as to have no choice but to descend, and proceed either by land or sea, according to the nature of the element upon which we might alight, for the car was adapted to either purpose.

"By aid of our parachute apparatus, which, in spite of the intense cold, worked admirably, we were in a very few minutes after the accident, slowly and steadily descending toward the earth. The only question of any importance was to where precisely we should find ourselves on alighting. In the event of further progress being impracticable and the country being devoid of supplies, we still had sufficient to keep us until we could telegraph for and receive aid.

"It is true that in those days the network of wires which now cover both sea and land, like the lines of latitude and longitude in the maps devised by our ingenious ancestors, was but scantily diffused over the Arctic regions. But even then there were points for communication, though comparatively few and far between; and we did not doubt but that, alight where we might, we should be able, by traveling no very great distance either by land or sea, to summon from the Central Home Depot an aeromotive to our relief.

"And here I must be pardoned a digression if for the sake of these little ones, I stop a moment to call their attention to the blessings which civilization has conferred upon the world in our days. Once upon a time and for myriads of ages, it was a chief business of one generation of men to destroy the improvements made by another. Amid the universal wreck and havoc of those ages of war, such a scheme as our universal network of telegraph wires would have been impossible if only for its costliness. It is true that a war involving equal or even greater outlay, would have been undertaken with readiness and lightness of heart, so that it was not the cost alone that interfered, but the fact that humanity was still in its destructive stage, and therefore disinclined to make the same effort on behalf of construction. It is because we have got rid of the waste of war and vast armaments for national offense and defense, and no longer absorb labor in useless works or withdraw it from working altogether that we have been able to construct and maintain works of such vast magnitude and utility as the Floating Oceanic Telegraph System, and the corresponding Terrestrial Service.

"Our precise position was unknown to us. Under ordinary circumstances this would have been of little consequence. Such was the speed of my aeromotive—scarcely surpassed even by later inventions—that she must have been very far out of her course to be unable to recover it in a few hours. The voyage to the Pole is simple enough. Travelers have but to steer northward until the needle points vertically downward, and then to look about for a spot on which to alight. Twenty-four hours due north, at an average speed of a hundred miles an hour, is bound to bring them in sight of the volcanic fires which, rising from the summits of the Polar Mountains, make such convenient beacons for aeronauts. The time, however, varies somewhat, owing to the action of the polar atmospheric currents which frequently divert the traveler from his direct course and compel him to approach the Pole in a spiral direction.

"Similarly, in returning from the Pole, the spiral direction is taken at the start as it happened in our case; and it was the impossibility of ascertaining the velocity of these currents that preventing us from calculating our position. In any other region we should have remained aloft until daylight, and then leisurely selected a spot whereon to descend. But as the accident to our machinery occurred in the middle of an arctic winter, when the night is several months in duration, it was impossible to remain floating about waiting for daylight.

"Well, when it was indicated by the barometer that we must be in the lower stratum of air and therefore very close to the earth's surface, we adjusted our electric-reflector lamp so as to project its brilliant column of light directly downward. All that we discovered, however, was the fact that on all sides as far as we could see, the earth was covered by a mist so dense as to conceal entirely from our view the spot we were approaching. We were therefore unable to determine whether it was for contact with a solid or a fluid element that we ought to be prepared.

"Descending very slowly and cautiously; checking our downward movement by working the spiral wings of our machine with our hands, and watching intently for any sight or sound that might indicate our whereabouts, we were disposed to be somewhat appalled by the intense stillness that prevailed. Of course, high up, the stillness is equally intense, save only when broken by the noise of the propelling machinery and by the rushing of the air. But there, close to the earth its characteristics seemed different. I have no doubt my young friend, Lawrence, or at least, Mr. Avenil, junior, has heard his relation speak of the impression it made upon us—"

"I remember," said Avenil, "my uncle saying that Wilmer's father, who was then about fifteen years old, asked if it were possible that they had missed the earth and got foul of the dark side of the moon, or some asteroid in which light and life are extinct; and that as he was speaking you were all knocked off your feet as if by some invisible vindicator of the honor of the heavenly body in question."

"True, he was of a poetical temperament, like his son after him. But the suggestion turned out to be more appropriate than at first appeared likely. It was neither earth nor ocean that was about to receive us. Our first intimation that we were nearing anything, came in the form of a blow from some unseen body. Recoiling a little, we continued our slow descent, until presently we received another concussion; a slighter one, for we rebounded but a very little way from the substance which had given it. The next sensation was that of sliding down a nearly perpendicular slope. It was clear that we were alighting upon the side of a steep mountain; and supposing that we were in about the eightieth degree of latitude, I hoped to find ourselves either on the north coast of Greenland, or in Spitzbergen, or in some other land that borders on the Arctic circle, and therefore within reach of a telegraph point and consequently of succor; for points had recently been placed upon all the principal summits for the convenience of aerial voyagers; that is, upon the principal permanent summits; for of course icebergs were not taken into account. But it was upon a gigantic iceberg that on finally settling down, we found ourselves safely deposited."

CHAPTER II.

The first thing to be investigated was the practicability of repairing our crippled machinery, with a view to continuing our voyage. A little examination showed that this was out of the question. The next point was whether we could reach the edge of the floe and launch the car upon the open sea. Before this could be done, it was necessary that the mist should clear off, for that was so dense as utterly to defy the rays of our reflector. A third point to be determined was that of the berg's mobility, that is, whether it was upon a motionless continent, or a drifting island that we had alighted.

"In the meantime, it was necessary to take precautions against the cold. By the aid of our reflector, we ascertained that we had slidden into a sort of wedge-shaped hollow or crater, with sides vertical or overhanging, rising some fifteen or twenty feet above us all around, except on the side nearly facing the declivity of the berg, where there was an opening some yards in width. The bottom of our crater was tolerably smooth and level, and so, taking all things into consideration, we decided that we could do no better than remain there for the present. And in a little while after touching ground, or rather ice, we were snugly ensconced in the angle of the hollow, between solid encircling walls of green ice, which, inclining over head made an admirable shelter, especially when supplemented by the floaters of the aeromotive, which we detached for the purpose. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say we were comfortably settled, both as regards our mental and our physical condition, for those with me had too much confidence in me, and I had too much confidence in the resources still left to us by science to think of despairing of our ultimate safety.

"Let me enumerate those resources. It was still mid-winter so that the berg would not melt or turn over. We had provisions that might last us a couple of weeks or more, and we might add to our store by catching some seals or bears. Our ice-house was so warm that we could save all our combustibles for the purpose of illumination. It is true there was not much chance at that season of a traveler passing over our heads, or of his perceiving our signals of distress if there were one. But there was a chance, and it was my main hope, though its success depended upon the thickness of the ice, and upon our finding an aperture through which we could get at the water. This, again, however, would be of little use, unless our resting-place were in motion, for the chance consisted in our being able to drop a grappling line through into the sea, and hooking up a wire by which we could at once communicate with home and summon relief. The floating telegraphs have all been constructed with this view; so that persons at sea are always within a few miles of some link in the magnetic network. We knew that it was not impossible that even at that moment while upon the top of the ice-floe, its under side might be in contact with one of these wires, and that it was only necessary to reach it in order to obtain aid in a few hours.

"But to this desirable end two things were almost certainly necessary. We must get at the water in order to sink our line; and we must be in motion in order to catch the wire. This once caught, any one of the lads of my party could communicate with home by means of his magnetic pocket-speaker as readily as tell the time by his watch.

"It is a strangely uncomfortable sensation that of being in the dark and without the slightest notion of the kind of place one is in. Besides the discomfort we experienced on this account, there was the necessity of learning something about our immediate surroundings if we were to escape by leaving them. So we spent much time in endeavoring to grope around our cave. Whoever undertook the office of explorer was always made fast by a cord to keep him from slipping away or otherwise being lost. We made several of these attempts without any satisfactory result, for the ice sloped away so steeply on all sides when we had got just outside the cave, that it was with difficulty we could draw the explorer back to us. It seemed precisely as if we were in the crater of a volcano, with a break in the wall on one side. The thickness of the fog continued to neutralize all attempts to gauge the darkness with the reflector.

"My last attempt in this direction was prompted by a surmise of so uncomfortable a nature, that I was anxious to keep it to myself. I had, for reasons obvious to the scientific mind, erected the aeromotive's pendulum in the centre of our nook, so as to be always readily observable, and I had given the lads strict injunctions to communicate to me its slightest movement. For the first day or two it was motionless. Then occasional tremors were observed to be passing through it. This made me watch anxiously for the next development. The fog was our chief enemy in the present. A steady oscillation of the pendulum would indicate a rolling motion in the ice, that could only proceed from a storm, which though at first distant, would in all probability soon

arrive and disperse the fog. The larger and more compact the ice-field, the smaller would be the arc described by the pendulum. This was obvious. It ought to have been equally obvious that the higher we were above the sea-level the larger that arc would be. But I confess that this had not occurred to me at the time of which I am now speaking. The situation was far from being a familiar one. Mountains don't rock or roll.

"Well, it was the period we treated as night and for which we turned in to sleep, when I was watching the movements of the pendulum with a perplexity that increased as they increased and varied. I thought every one except myself was asleep. Suddenly to my astonishment and alarm, the pendulum instead of going backward and forward over the diameter of the circle inscribed below it, changed its direction and described a circular movement, passing completely round over the circumference of the indicating circle.

"'Is no use, Master Bertie,' said a voice which at first startled me by its unexpectedness, but which I recognized as that of the young Avenir, who, instead of sleeping had been quietly exercising his precociously scientific faculties in watching the pendulum and drawing his own inferences—it's no use your trying to keep things to yourself for fear of frightening us. Look at this rod."

"Resting one end of a short bar upon the floor, he made the other end slowly describe a circle in the air.

"'This is where we are,' he said, pointing to the upper end of the bar. 'It's just as well we didn't lower any of the boys further down when we were prospecting the outside of our hollow tree. I shall go to sleep now. Good-night.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPIRITUALISTIC.

NECESSARY IMMORTALITY.

LECTURE I.

BY R. G. ECCLES.

"To be or not to be is not the question;
There is no choice of life,
For death is but another name for change."

—Miss Lizzie Doten.

The first thing a man does before erecting a house is to see that the rough materials are all gathered together for its construction. Until this is accomplished he cannot bring into relief, upon the landscape, the architect's golden ideal. When finished, if he has built according to eternal principles, it will remain an enduring monument of his wisdom and a joy to the present and coming generations. It is that which the eye can never weary in admiring. On the contrary, should it prove a dull, prosy affair, a sensible people will condemn and as soon as possible remove it from sight.

I am about to rear a metaphysical structure as my ideal of mental architecture. It will be necessary for me to amuse you a few evenings by heaping up the scientific stones, brick, mortar, lumber, laths, shingles and such other things as may prove necessary in its erection. I must build according to the standard of truth or I shall rear a monument of my folly to be laughed at by a people in whom the true esthetic taste is found. Fools will no doubt laugh at it should it fail to coincide with their folly.

Before proceeding to the work I shall briefly lay before you, for immediate criticism, my plans, maps and designs. This will break the monotony of merely gazing at the heaps of crude material I must first deposit for the builder's use. Were I choosing a subject for your amusement only, I would select one less prosaic than this must necessarily be. It is to be hoped that the many experiments I shall perform in your presence, may gain from your organs of wonder that attention the true orator claims by his appeals to your ideality and sublimity. Most I fear in this, however, is that you will bestow so much attention on these, if I am not extremely careful in telling you where to look and what to look for, that the arguments adducible therefrom will be lost or forgotten. Those who, in this or any other way, fail to follow me, will be continually asking themselves and others, "Well, and what of this? What has all this to do with Spirit or Spiritualism?" Be with patient to the end, and when I recapitulate all will be clear. In the seemingly disjointed and extremely foreign facts you shall hear will be found not only a key to the hereafter, but a why and a wherefore to every hitherto unanswerable question relating to mediumship and the necessity for mediums. Its very simplicity will startle you when once mastered in detail.

I have often asked Spiritualists whether Spirit was something or nothing. "Something" has been the invariable reply. When I have pressed the question home in another shape I have always failed to elicit anything like a definite reply. Is this something simple or compound in structure? If it is the first, how can a diversity of sentiment and thought flow from that which is homogenous, simple and unalterable? If the last, where will our immortality go when our paths are crossed by more positive radicals than those it now contains? A radical with a stronger affinity will destroy its unity and individuality. All such questions are readily and simply resolvable by the new hypothesis.

Here and there throughout the past, gleams of spirit communion are discernible. Religions have been established to perpetuate their memories. Like a meteor gleam they came and went through the deep darkness, leaving only tradition and mythology to tell men the gods had come to earth.

To-day the watchman warns of coming dawn, for the bright morning star has arisen on the gloom. Golden streams of light begin to drape the east in crimson glory, for now a more enduring light has come. Some would have us say the sun has risen and the angel light is shining full upon us. It is not so. Only about one-tenth of so-called manifestations are genuine, the balance humbug or self-deception. At least such has been the experience I have had. Not alone the spurious but with it the genuine is rejected by the majority of people, nor can they be persuaded to investigate. The simple reason is, they are not ripe for such knowledge. Science hitherto has been lagging, either in the

extremely ideal field of metaphysical speculations, that were but as "the baseless fabric of a dream," or in the midst of sordid, crude realism. Now she approaches with rapid strides the gates of Paradise, and by a way one would least have looked for her reaching it.

As with the Spirit world now, so it once was with our Western Continent. The traditions of the people pointed hither for an ideal Atlantis. Many brave Norsemen ventured to tread the wondrous shores of Vinland, actually making incursions as far south as where New York city now stands. Ships from southern Europe had been drifted upon these shores and bore back word of a land west of the Azores. Who believed their report? One false idea vitiated all evidence in favor of a transatlantic continent. They believed the earth was flat, and a jumping-off place would be reached by going far enough. In the days of Christopher Columbus this objection had been removed, so that they were willing to risk a journey west, expecting that if they failed to reach the Atlantis they would certainly get round to India. All they had to learn was the cause of the horizon. All that science now has to teach the people, preparatory to the opening up of a new era in thought, is that matter too is horizoned but has no jumping off place. That it is one and continuous but invisible from the horizon of sight. I am now about to attempt the arduous task of making this clear to you. When I lead you safely to this conclusion you will readily follow into our unexplored supernal home. I do hope I shall not be as unfortunate as Columbus was in having the mutiny on board, should I get fast in the tall weeds of our Atlantic Ocean we are about to try to cross.

We propose to attempt a demonstration of the fact that though we are finite, and all visible things finite, yet all these are one and contiguous with the infinite. That these fragmentary finities are only in seeming. That all things are comprised within a unit. Their laws of existence shall be found to testify of this fact. Darwin's "Natural Selection," Spencer's "Survival of the Fittest," we shall learn is "the law of laws" everywhere and in everything. It will be found one and the same with the "Correlation and Conservation of Forces," much more definitely expressed in relation to its mode of action. By, in and through it we live, move and have our being. It is the creator and maker of all that is, was or shall be in heaven, earth and hell. It is the all in all. When I express myself thus I do not intend to lower God and Nature to the level of your conception of common brute force or mere mechanical motion, but I would have you elevate these to your highest ideal of divinity. Remember that in these lie "all power" or omnipotence, and omnipotence is God. Things most common are usually least understood but most contemned. That which you call "mechanical motion" and "brute force," I would have you learn is the incomprehensible and grand of all that is. What it really is none can tell, but chained to its eternal and infinite series of gyrations are found life, love, hope, fear, joy, peace, beauty and pleasure, with all we hold near and dear. We shall find, too, that it is the only thing we do, or ever can know anything about. "By "Natural Selection" it relates itself to our sight in bird, beast, flower, insect, man and mineral; to our hearing in the reverberations of the artillery of heaven, the warble of the bird, the ring of the bell, the screech of the whistle and the human voice divine; to our feeling by the coarse and fine, liquid and solid, smooth and rough; to our taste in sweet, bitter, acid, alkali, salt and acid; to the smell in the fragrance of a million flowers.

An infinite series will be found to exist all around us playing upon the keys of our senses, but out of all these we can only select a finite quantity in any direction. The eye is not conscious of odor, the ear of light, the fingers of sound, nor the olfactories of taste, and all these fall far short of embracing all that is in any spot of space. Not only is every sense horizoned in its power, but there is that that lies without the power of all. Matter we shall learn must be everywhere and in about equal quantities. Motion is the same.

For convenience we may divide Selection into two kinds: 1st, subjective. The survival of a certain definite class of playing forces, from the infinite around, within each of us. These will be the sum of conscious cognizance. 2nd, Objective. That which gives definiteness of structure with peculiarity of properties and function to every object in the universe. This is independent of our consciousness or knowledge. The former is finite, the latter infinite. The various modes of dynamic and static balance, we shall find give each object its peculiar relationship to us and ours to it. That objects may hold the balance now possessed we shall find a necessity for an infinite series of related objects, up and down, in and out, everywhere and forever. All that is, we shall learn, is at once illusory and real. So far as our conscious powers could detect, were our eyes opened to things as they are, an unending series of objects would be found occupying the same place at the same time.

After you have drawn a mental picture of what I am about to prove, the first step I shall take will be to make clear the fact that all seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting and smelling are but subjective symbols of the objective reality, or in other words, give you to understand that all things you see, hear, feel, taste and smell, are within you. It is nothing but motion you see, hear, feel, etc. To do this it will be necessary for me to lay clearly before you the evidence of what light is with its selection, reflection and absorption by objects of different colors, with the relations of perspective and tint to the optic nerve. Here I will present the laws of interference, refraction and reflection. The number of waves of violet light that enters your eye in a single second is found to be 699 trillions. These figures are so vast you cannot begin to appreciate their awful value. Their computation is no wild dream, as I see some of you imagine it to be. Just think of it—one trillion seconds is only about thirty-two thousand years. Should you begin now to count up this number of light waves and not pause an instant to eat, sleep, talk or think, but faithfully spend your time counting, and you should live to the end, your lease of life would be only about ten million six hundred and eighty thousand years more than your present age. I shall show you how such wonder-

ful figures have been gained when I take up the subject of interference. I shall then show you what heat is, with its inexplicable mode of affecting us painfully or with pleasure according to the amount we are the recipients of, after which sound will come in for consideration with the relation of subjective and objective selection to acoustics.

The second and most difficult task I have to perform will be found in presenting the evidence of the evolution of matter. Although tacitly assented to and believed by most scientists of note, none, that I am aware of, has written a work upon this subject, nor given his reasons for such belief. The nearest approach to anything of the kind will be found in a work by M. Emile Saigey, entitled "The Unity of Natural Phenomena." Herbert Spencer is the man who should have given us such a work. He confesses in the appendix to vol. I of his Biology, his dereliction of duty in this. My efforts in this direction must necessarily be imperfect and incomplete; but I cannot, on this account, shirk the most potent evidence of my subject. Here I will have to call to my aid spectral analysis, both stellar and terrestrial, and chemistry, with molecular and molar physics. In this we shall be able to determine what matter is in its relation to us. What it is *per se* can never be known. Arriving at the subject of chemistry it will be our province to watch the wonderful transitions substances undergo when changed from union to union, trace the chain of relationship discernible in elementary substances, consider the laws of Mariotta, Charles and Ampere, carefully note the terrific displays of energy, unions and disunions manifest, determine the cause of quantivalence and the positive and negative in radicals, and close with an inquiry concerning the nature of allotropy, isomerism and polymerism. After duly considering all these we shall learn the wonderful fact that the many qualities and properties displayed by substances of all kinds are merely the play of forces upon them. The atomic and molecular shape, size and structure, determining the set of forces it has the power of selecting, gives to each its own definite properties. The battle through the past eternity has, in the order of selection, given each the shape, size and structure now possessed. Attrition and cohesion have been the two opposing forces. The eternal past has been at work with its awful abrasions of matter, compared with which all visible work of this kind is mere child's play. The time and power have been more than ample to disintegrate, despite cohesion, and resolve into impalpable powder infinitely fine all that exists. Unless a balance exists at every point, this must have long ere this become diluted in space, obviating the possibility of ever again, save by fortuitous occurrences, having an aggregation of worlds such as we behold. The very existence of the visible starry host is to me proof positive of an equal balance of matter in every part and particle of space. This will not be so clear to those who view substances from a transcendental or miraculous standpoint. Would they but consider that everything in the universe must be either simple, complex or compound in structure and properties by the very decrees of fate or necessity; that the same fate asserts that the complex and compound are but aggregations of the simple, and that no law, property or substance can be so complex in structure that it is not an outgrowth of, and can be resolved back into, the simplest possible action of the dynamic and static, we would soon convert them back to common sense. The simplest form of dynamic force is the push. All other forms must grow from this. The pull is about the most complex, and therefore must have the push as an element of beginning. If cohesion, attraction and affinity are what their names indicate—viz., a pull—they must be based upon the simplest possible form, that of the push. We can never tread upon safe inductive ground with these till the push is used as a basic explanation of their action. But more of this anon. If cohesion is a pulling together, there must be an equal pushing at the basis of things giving the strength to pull, so that it resolves itself either way into a universal external pressure from without inward, giving all density and tenacity to substances. This, I think, will be clear to you. Thus when we learn what these forces are, the necessity of the ancient plenum will be more obvious to you. This point conceded and our conclusions, so far, are resolved into a mathematical certainty. It will be unnecessary for me to inform you of the fact that selection must have a balance running through an infinite series upon every point of space if these conclusions are tenable. Our limited senses will only be adapted to one such series upon every point. For all we know the trackless main and still more trackless sky may have cities of—to adapted consciousness—granite, and the dry land fleets of a thousand invisible nations floating upon its surface. Objects are but selected—playing forces to which we have become adapted. Other conscious beings may be adapted to an entirely different series on the same point of space. Worlds may revolve through and within worlds without collision where the atomic play is not upon the same absolute point of each of them. This will be more clear from the diagram:

a b a b a b
b a b a b a
a b a b a b
b a b a b a
a b a b a b
b a b a b a

In our square of letters let a represent the atoms of one planet and b those of another at the instant of passage, where would be the chance for collision? Suppose the atomic play orbital and they even happen to be so closely related as that they are swinging upon the same orbits, a glance will show you that unless they occupy the same point at the same instant no collision can occur.

It is only where they play within the same path at the same time that they can collide or we be conscious of their existence at all. Each one of the infinite series is so related to every object of such series but to no other. Hence all we can see and handle being but one selected series, it will be impossible for them to pass each other without ruin. Nature serves the infinitely small and great alike. It is only the crudeness of our senses that makes us fail to appreciate the

quadrillionth power of the quadrillionth of an inch, it being as real in extension as the inch itself. Material divisions of this minute size, though aggregated into mountains or globes in their play of energy, might pass and repass with perfect ease to our utter consternation did we but behold them. When we treat of Molecular Physics this will be made more clear.

Opening up Nature's Arcana in this way we behold her powers and possibilities are infinite where heretofore we have ignorantly chained her to a finite range. Here we find the end in extension of matter is only in seeming, or illusory. Seeing thus that everything is endless and infinite in a new and wondrous sense, we cannot longer be deceived by the fleeting show of seeming possibilities. We shall find ourselves standing upon the shore of a material ocean watching the receding waves of life break over the horizon of death no longer dreaming of its being an end in Nihilism. Looking within all living things—yes, and even the so-called inanimate—we shall find an answering correspondence to every possible modification of the environment. This, Herbert Spencer declares, is eternal life. Here will be no Spiritualism or crude realism guiding us, but the grand, the wondrous real facts of a boundless, conscious, rational nature. To what a glorious consummation we will find the ever active and most potent Pan has brought us. When death's icy fingers are upon our friends and we watch the receding life bid farewell to its house of clay, and as in an agony of despair we wipe the cold, clammy sweat from off their foreheads, instinctively asking the question, "Is this the consummation of all hope?" how grand will be the echo Nature gives of No! no! no!

Looking at the never-ending persistence of force, simply changing by continuous, insensible modification, struggling upward for a higher ground, leaving the waste behind to come forward in its turn, we shall soon see that Nature's evolutions are perpetual motions. From this we can adduce the perpetuation of consciousness for an eternity in all that possesses it in any degree. Age by age through the unending cycles of development, life is perpetuated here as long as adapted. We shall learn it must be the same in the invisible. Loss of adaptation in one series we shall find on a *priori* grounds must be evidence of growing adaptation in the next. Thus we can span every chasm and meet every possible objection of the most skeptical, placing eternal life before the world upon an adamant foundation. The attempt we make is a most daring one. Our paths will be beset by many difficulties as we proceed, the ground being new and no one by to pilot us. I cannot think that any of these will prove insuperable. Give me your undivided attention and I will try and select solid ground for you as we proceed on our journey.

Regarding the process of evolution much controversy has obtained lately in the ranks of science. Most of the bitterness of the theologians has been levelled at Darwin and Spencer. No higher encomium could be offered in behalf of their respective theories than this. It is an evidence that fossil error is getting pinched, I venture to prophecy that within fifty years Darwin's theory will be universally accepted, with, perhaps, slight modifications in detail, as a necessary, undeniable, self-evident fact of nature to which every other must bend and accord. Mr. Spencer, I feel assured, will soon see that his objections stated against it in his biology are not objections if it is given a broader application than the mere external environment of organisms. Bring the law to bear on the mechanical selection of the molecules, as they drop into equilibrium in the organic structure and his explanation and that of Darwin are identical. I confess, however, that Darwin has not so applied it himself, as his province was but to deal with definite organic structures, molecular selection lying without his field of investigation. In every place I find the law tacitly assented to by even the most illiterate. It is so obvious they cannot dodge it. It is the mere travesty their brains have conjured up to which they object. They all admit that A is equal to B and B to C, but it is a damning heresy to conclude therefrom that A is equal to C. I may be a little wild on the matter, but it does seem to me as if the postulates of Darwin—viz., time, struggle, survival of the fittest, variation and heredity are as clear as any in geometry, and the conclusions as substantial as those of any problem in Euclid. I see the truth of these everywhere I turn my eyes and could not disbelieve them if I would. I apply them to the inorganic as well as the organic world. Variation in the inorganic occurs in continuing change of balance and abrasions occurring in the swing from atom to molecule and molecule to atom amid the continuous analysis and synthesis of nature. The molecule in heredity will compare to the organic cells, and the atom to the molecules of which such organism was built. The crystal will therefore be the analogue of the organism.

I have found liberalists of all classes as denunciatory of science as any theologian, if in any way it contradicted their pet theories. I do not propose to act in this way by mine. Let any man show a single fact relating to it it cannot explain, or show where it disagrees with science, and I will discard it at once. One fact standing opposed to a theory is the death of that theory. Science is nothing arbitrary, but the slow evolution of facts into concise and definite form. Mental evolution is a continuous growth toward truth. If this generalization about to be placed before you is not in perfect balance with science it will be discarded at once and forever. If, as I believe it to be, it proves a perfect stone, whose place is hardly reached, the builders will reject it for a little season but eventually use it in the edifice in its proper time and place. Thus the chemists served Amedeo Avogadro; the physicists, Huyghens and Euler; the astronomers, La Place, and the naturalists, Darwin and Wallace. If these conclusions should be accepted at once, I would doubt their stability, for it is a necessary corollary of the foundation they are built upon that everything lasting must grow slowly, whether mental or physical.

Rejecting my conclusions, you will no doubt find a field of advantageous thought in the facts upon which we build. If you are thereby more enamored of Nature, I will be well

requited for my pains. Just in proportion as we gain a knowledge of substantial facts we are driven further away from bigoted superstition, become more tolerant and charitable with our fellow-beings, and are therefore better men. Indeed I am much like Spencer in my idea of the estimation the Theist's God, if real, can put upon those who are continually praising him for his wondrous works, when at the same time they know about as little of those works as a jelly fish. What could I think of the man that should to my face praise me as a logician or orator when I knew he had never heard or tested me in either? Must I not necessarily write him down a consummate, lying sycophant. I suppose, though, these people imagine their creeds cover all God knows or can know, and that they contain, in embryo, all the facts of the universe which the faithful can adduce therefrom by aid of the mysterious spirit. How well Thos. Carlyle's portrays them, after his most scathing ironical fashion, when he says:

The ruler of this universe is wise,
He formed all suns, all planets, particles;
The plan he formed his worlds and eons by
Was—heavens!—was thy small nine-and-thirty articles.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FOES OF SPIRITUALISM.

(FROM A DISCOURSE DELIVERED AT UNION HALL, JERSEY CITY, MAY 8, 1872.)

Spiritualism is opposed by two giant forces. They are allied in their antagonism. They are a multitude in constant array in their hostility. Each division of this great army is composed of the sons of Anak. Every person of them is seeking our discomfiture and destruction.

These foes are the religious sects of Christendom and the schools of science. The Papal Hierarchy alone commands a powerful phalanx moving in obedience to the behests of the Roman Pontiff. His Ecumenical call reaching from the halls of the Vatican to the utmost boundaries of civilization, and even beyond into the precincts of barbarism, readily rallies his legions of the faithful from under every sky. These are animated and disciplined in a faith, in all the ages *semper eadem*. His Holiness, with sceptered hand, has been accustomed through the long centuries to direct the unhalloved doings of the Inquisition in its secret chambers and dungeon vaults, to kindle its faggot fires, to make the sword drunk with the blood of numberless martyrs. This obedient body of Christians, were it not for fear of the civil power, would exterminate us as their predecessors feared not to exterminate all free thinkers during the eclipse of the Mediæval ages.

We witness another body of Christians not much dissimilar in the features of their faith, differing mainly in the extent of their intelligence, in their Anglican origin, and protesting against the authority of the See of Rome warring against us, and in juxtaposition with the same battalions, with the same standards, with the same colors, the same cross the ensign of each.

Besides these more severely disciplined and veteran belligerents, behold still other train bands of churchmen—a mixture of Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, etc.; a mass of men, who, though disobedient to Papal and Episcopal commandments, are in sympathy with those creedists in their hatred of our fellowship. They are a species of militia embodiment under the captaincy of the Jack Cades and Sir John Falstaffs that lead them whither they will in their crusades against us. These all are militant. They do in deed and in fact and without figure of rhetoric, constitute what they claim to be, the church militant; the poet hath it—

The sacramental host of God's elect!

Some of the resources of these enemies of our faith may be seen in the statistics of religion for the United States, just now completed at the Census Office. They show the total number of church organizations upon the 1st of June, 1870, to be 72,451; the total number of church edifices to be 63,074; the total church accommodation to be 21,659,562; and the aggregate value of the church property to be 359,429,581. The statistics of church accommodation for the principal denominations are as follows: Baptist, regular, 3,997,116; Baptist, other, 363,019; Roman Catholic, 1,990,514; Congregational, 1,117,212; Episcopal, 991,051; Lutheran, 997,332; Methodist, 6,528,209; Presbyterian, other, 499,344. The value of the church property owned by these denominations is: Baptist, regular, \$39,229,221; Baptist, other, \$2,378,977; Catholic, Roman, \$60,985,566; Congregational, \$25,069,698; Episcopal, \$36,514,549; Lutheran, \$14,917,747; Methodist, \$69,854,121; Presbyterian, regular, \$47,828,732; Presbyterian, other, \$5,436,524.

It should be remembered that in many of the States, if not in all, this immense property is free from taxation.

Nor have scientists, as such, been less bellicose in their attacks than have the Christians. But feeble fellows are they. Not one of them is able to demonstrate the existence of the spiritual man in the animal body, and his continuous life after its dissolution, however much he may fatigue himself at exercise in the chemical laboratory, in the anatomical chamber, in his exhausting experiments with elements and primates, with all in earth, with all in air, in his profound researches for the sacred Promethean flame whose warmth vitalizes the human organism. Weights and measures and microscopes and telescopes all fail these men in their nicest examinations, in their hour of utmost need. With all their boasts and professions, never have they made revelation of the soul; never have they opened a passage to its penetralia, its adytum, its occult dwelling-place. Its abode in the animal body passeth all understanding of the anatomist and physiologist. It is past all surgery to get a glimpse of the life, the soul, the psychical entity, however keen the blade or powerful the glass which they may flourish and flash to aid their optics in their hopeful adventures. Their materialism hath made them blind. Blind leaders of the blind are they indeed! They neither see nor hear; their ears are too dull to hear angel whispers; never have been attuned to their Æolian cadences.

Well did the old Hebrew bard characterize the men of his

day—those of the synagogue and those of the schools of philosophy: "By hearing ye shall hear and shall not understand; and seeing ye shall see and shall not perceive; for this people's heart is waxed gross and their ears are dull of hearing and their eyes they have closed, lest at any time they should see with their eyes and hear with their ears, and should be converted and I should heal them."

These men are not without descendants; they have perpetuated their kind in this age of the world. They may be seen in every church pew and pulpit; in every hall of science and professor's chair. Their legacies of blindness and deafness and dullness and insensibility are manifest everywhere in the stupid nonsense of theology and the stolid ignorance of so-called science.

Jesus, the great Galilean master and teacher of ancient Spiritualism, though living hundreds of years later, was forced to confess concerning those with whom he mingled in his ministrations: "I speak to them in parables, because they seeing, see not; and hearing, they hear not, neither do they understand."

Paul, later still, and with larger and more extensive travel, also had occasion to declare in words, which we are justified in using, in regard to our gospel of Spiritualism: "If our gospel be veiled, it is veiled to them that are lost, in whom the spirit of the age hath blinded the minds of them who believe not."

I observe here, in passing, that the word *lost*, in the language last quoted, is to be received in the sense of not knowing where one is, or whither he is going, whose head is turned—indicating the state of a person who is bewildered—who is groping about and feeling his way, who is in a maze. In the light of this teaching of Paul, we see that churchmen of to-day are lost men, as sadly lost as those they think in need of their gospel.

Again, here is what this great Patron Saint said concerning the wisecracks of his day, the scientists: "For it is written I will destroy the wisdom of the wise and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent. Where is the wise? Where is the scribe? Where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?"

Further, this same Apostle says: "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are." The gospel and its receivers of the olden time, spoken of above by Paul, are identical with the glad tidings of a life beyond this and its believers of to-day, as evinced in Spiritualism.

Need Spiritualism fear such foes as we have presented and passed before us in this glance review? Notwithstanding the combinations and conspiracies of these Christian sects to destroy us, and powerful as they are in wealth and great in numbers, they have hitherto waged unsuccessful war upon our blessed faith, which has for its foundations the doctrines and doings of Jesus himself. In its every conflict in the battle-field of argument and controversy, of truth and error, Spiritualism has vanquished the enemy, carried the victory, and, as a power in the earth, it shall yet "go forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." Well may it boast of the great multitude in its brotherhood already, and of the host of believers upon whose lips has been heard the victor's glorious song of triumph in the hour of departure from the body, which I translate:

Death was worsted in the contest!
Where, then, Death, is thy conflict?
Where, indeed, Death, is thy goad?

I protest against these our foes, this grand army of Christendom, having the right to distinguish themselves by any term that shall seem to identify them with Jesus. Their religion is one contrived by the apostles and not by Jesus. The word *Christ* does not belong to him necessarily; it is no part of his name. It signifies *one anointed* it is derived from the Greek *Chrio*, to anoint. Jesus was a spiritual Archon in the kingdom of God, and being spiritually anointed was a *Christ* All the Jewish kings were anointed, and hence they were Christs.

The system of Christianity is one of great pretention. It claims that all the goodness and purity of the world are within its embrace alone. Its churches claim that they alone are the true worshipers and children of God, that they are saints of the Most High, that the happiness of heaven is assured them by reason of their faith in one whom they call the Son of God; whereas such assurance is a fiction to be classed in their long list of like absurd notions called doctrines; their piety only a show of goodness, not seated in the soul; their worship a moral idolatry; their holiness substantial as shadows and lasting as the morning dew on the grass or the vapors of the mountain side.—Dr. Horace Dresser.

IS NOT SPIRIT, MATTER IN DIFFERENT DEGREES OF REFINEMENT?

If not will some of the readers of the WEEKLY inform me what its peculiar qualities are? Webster says "Spirit is breath, immaterial substance." Immaterial he defines as not matter; unimportant. Again, he says substance is being; essential; parts; matter; goods. What I ask can be gathered from the above definitions, but a contradiction in terms. If spirit is breath it is not an "immaterial or unimportant substance," but real air, or matter that can be weighed. The only true meaning, then, which we can gather from the above definitions is, that spirit is matter in different degrees of refinement. Immaterial, unknown, unmeaning, something which cannot be acted upon by any of the five senses is, in my opinion, beyond our conception. What conception can we have of a being whose spiritual organization is immaterial or entirely outside of nature? How can we understand his desires or what he may require of us, or how are we affect

him by our petitions? All there is of us is material, and materiality cannot affect immateriality, and *vice versa*. I contend that we are just as much spirits to-day as we ever shall be; that we are in one condition of spirit life, and have so existed from the eternities of the past. Spirit is the case-ment for the soul or life to manifest through. Man is a three fold being, soul, spirit and body. The soul causes the spirit to throw off the outer covering or body when conditions are no longer favorable for its further development, and clothes itself with a more ethereal garment or body. This has been the condition of the soul through all forms of life from the infinitesimal atom up to man, and it will continue to unfold itself through all the changes of its eternal future existence. Man never did or can exist in any other form less than dual, which is male and female. The soul never loses its spirit or casket; these two are inseparably united. The soul is positive to the spirit, and the spirit is positive to the body. There are conditions in spirit life where spirits have no outer bodies of their own; in such conditions they take possession of our bodies and live upon our food and drink of our drink. They remain in this dual condition until an outer or spiritual body shall have been begotten for them by spiritual parents; then their souls and spirits take possession of their bodies and are properly born into higher life. By this I mean that their bodies are composed of finer etherealized matter and one step in advance of this life. Spirits truly born into spirit life cannot take possession of our bodies any more than we can go back and take possession of the bodies we left prior to entering this body. In order for such spirits to communicate with mortals it must be through spirit mediums coming down from one condition to the next below, where another must repeat the communication, and so on, until it reach us. It would be impossible for us to receive a communication direct from high, pure, exalted spirit life—aye, just as impossible as it would be for us to receive a shock of electro-magnetism, or any other still purer element in which holy spirits dwell. We can only be fed upon such elements as will sustain us. Every change called death by the law of progression advances us one degree into purer elements of spirit life. I may continue this subject; in the meantime I should be pleased to hear from those who may differ with me upon these ideas.

Yours, for all truth,
M. L. SHERMAN.
ADRIAN, Mich., June 17th.

A SHORT SERMON. BY DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD.

"He that hath an ear, let him hear what the spirit saith unto the churches."—Rev. iii. 13.

When I contemplate upon the pure and exalted nature of Spiritualism, upon the superior wisdom, excellence and love of its principles, and its perfect adaptedness to all the wants and circumstances of suffering humanity in the moral, social and political spheres of life and usefulness, the question often rises in my mind why is it that a system so inspiring, so lovely and angelic in its nature, should be so repulsive to the views and feelings of the church?

This is a question of no inferior moment, and a few thoughts on the subject which I am now receiving may be interesting to the readers of the social WEEKLY.

Spiritualism is a science embracing the philosophy of earth and heaven, teaching that God is good unto all and his tender mercies over all his works; that he is omnipresent, manifested in the flesh, working by these means to break down the distinctions of human selfishness and pride, proclaiming from earth and heaven all mankind the children of one common father and mother, destined in wisdom's love to one common home, endowed with numerous faculties in mind and body to work out their own loving salvation heavenward.

These natural and reasonable teachings coming in contact with the church's long-cherished opinions and prejudices—she having no head of wisdom and cannot reason, no heart of love and cannot feel—she holds her creeds with one hand and draws the sword with the other. When she moves it is in wrath; when she pauses it is amid ruin; her prayers are curses, her communion is death, her God is a bloody-mouthed wretch, pursuing his victims to the grave and glutting his devilish appetite on the poor struggling souls in hell. Some perhaps may think me a little too severe and uncharitable in these remarks, but I tell you that I have for the last twenty-five years watched the creed-making movements of the churches, their malicious outworkings through the Young Men's Christian Association, making the church the judgment seat to which all relations of life in love and marriage must be brought and tested, abridging our natural rights in life and society, until longer forbearance and charity is degrading. Thus the church is laboring to restrict all the liberal reformatory movements of the age, and chain the people down to their images of wrath, whose billows of fire and smoke roll through the hateful bosom of their God. There is no assimilation between these doctrines of theology and Spiritualism.

The one crouches in the dark gloom of ignorance and superstition while the other walks in the intellectual light of reason.

Spiritualism is a gospel of life and universal love; it extends the benevolence of heaven to every child of earth; its proclamation is freedom, equality and justice.

The very features which render it so repulsive to the church appear to me infinitely lovely and very desirable.

Its spirit of unbounded philanthropy, its pure and elevated morality, and its clear discoveries of a blessed immortality for all mankind! What thrilling declarations: "God is love;" "God is a spirit;" "God is all in all." He will reconcile all things unto himself, whether in earth, hell or heaven.

What wisdom, what fullness of love! Touched by this celestial influence, I go forth tearing down the old, dangerous structures, and building up the new and more desirable ones, which shall be a comfort for humanity. Soon shall the fetters be broken, the mournful slave go free. The voice is speaking from East to West from North to South.

Proud tyrants from their thrones shall fall,
Earth's slaves shall rise at Freedom's call,
And error in her funeral pall
Shall crown the victory.

SOCIALISTIC.

A CHAT WITH THE GIRLS, READERS OF THE WEEKLY.

As I'm alone this evening I'll have a pen chat with the girls upon various subjects ere I seek

"Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

First, let's talk a few moments upon education, then we'll touch upon matrimony, which is ever an interesting subject to the young.

Now, girls, although you are students in the various schools and colleges in the land, remember that your teachers can instruct you by and through the law of impartation, but you only can educate yourselves.

Remember that the germ to be unfolded lies within, and must be educated from the within to the without, or external. Do not depend upon books alone for knowledge, for only so far as they can assist you in acquiring the alphabet of each branch in science or philosophy can they be of use. Do not accept the authority of any one; reason for yourselves; think deeply and act earnestly. Traverse the mountains of thought and gather knowledge by experience. Count your spirits adequate to any work which will develop your womanhood, and unfold the powers now lying dormant, waiting a quickening into life and energetic action. Forget not to study the laws governing your life and being. Read the grand old book of Nature, or if you please, God's immense newspaper, with its countless, faithful reporters; interview these reporters and gather knowledge and wisdom; so shall your spirits grow majestic, and you become sensibly alive to your well-earned possessions. Study common sense, and believe in the inherent powers within yourselves. Accept no truth as absolute, but prove all things, and hold fast to that which elevates you. If on the morrow the thoughts of yesterday seem too narrow to be longer entertained, fear not to lay them aside, remembering that with each new thought your powers of conception will expand only to reach out for "more beyond, more evermore." Finally, girls, learn to practice self-reliance, for very much of your success in life depends upon it; with it you can tread the thorny paths of life alone, if need be; without it you are weak, vacillating and incapable of surmounting obstacles.

As I spiritually look upon your youthful faces I realize that ere many years elapse, some, if not all, of you will have entered matrimony's holy state (as it is ignorantly but respectably called). To your vision, girls, it looks like enchanted ground. Upon the canvas of your imagination you have painted that new life in bright colors. You have placed upon a pedestal your future husbands, and surrounded them with the sterling virtues of manliness and true nobility. You have pictured the bridal dress, orange flowers, the wedding, and the words of man-made authority constituting you wives according to the laws of the land. This is all right, so far as it goes, but there is more beyond; there are two sides to every picture, as you will find when you have entered upon the matrimonial state in sober earnest. If you have studied the law of adaptation, and understand human nature in its various phases, and can impart a healthful influence to the home, and know how to govern yourselves, you will find in matrimony a blending of the useful with the beautiful; an insight into the prose and poetry of life.

But, girls, mark me, if you marry, expecting your husbands to do all things and bear all things in order to secure your comfort, you'll find yourselves terribly mistaken. In so far as you are women and wives, you will have a work to do as well as your husbands.

As you read the WEEKLY, and realize the indefatigable labors of our earnest, brave, working Victoria, seek to have an aim in life, and like her, labor for humanity. Strive to bring out the individuality in woman; be friends among your own sex—so shall you honor yourselves. Girls, were Victoria's ideas better understood, marriage would not be the lottery it is to-day; women would not be sold for gold or elegant mansions, or give themselves away for a home and protection, for they would realize their own powers and capacities, and claim their rights equal with the men; they would realize that true marriage consists in union of souls, and that Nature is the grand high priest who binds them in a holy union which no power can sunder.

Girls, educate yourselves in knowledge, discipline and experience, so that when the veil of your material sense is removed you may see your own spirit's omnipotence. Good night.
MARY M. D. SHERMAN.

POLICY AND RESPECTABILITY.

Dear Weekly—Your columns are generally so ably filled that I have held back from occupying any space for fear of intrusion, but now that its editors are abroad, and we miss their occasional jottings of incidents occurring in this city, and as I see no notice of the last Woman Suffrage Convention which took place in May, I will now refer to it.

On the 13th and 14th of May was held what was called the National Woman's Suffrage Convention. I attended each session. The whole thing was a cut-and-dried affair; every corner was guarded from any intrusion of a thought which might come from any one who was not set down on the bills. There was evidently a fear that some terrible Woodhullite might appear in their midst; indeed, the whole scene was very pious. Women with Rev. attached to their names were in the ascendant, and they cruelly bored the audience with long papers—old hashed-up matters which we have all heard years ago. Had it not been for the inspired utterances of Mrs. Amanda Deyo, a new speaker, and that old war-horse, Ernestine L. Rose, the whole affair would have fallen to the ground lifeless.

Now, reasoning from general principles, I conclude that these women are already becoming politicians. They no longer dare to allow only certain ones to present their cause, consequently they are already broken up into many factions; they are already saying "such and such women are not respectable, and we don't want them on our platform."

What have you or I, Mrs. Woodhull, done that we should be cut off from our sisters? and while I ask, the answer comes back to me like this: What have you done? why, you love truth and freedom better than policy and expediency, and these women are becoming politic and hypocritical; you care not for any cause gained by such means.

What better, I ask, will woman be with the ballot, if she can be bought and sold, as she is even now, in the getting-up of such conventions?

I happened to occupy a prominent position in the suffrage organization of this city three years ago, and those who knew me then, and wonder that I do not now take part, will learn by this that I would scorn to gain any cause by chicanery and cunning; and some of our best women to-day are ceasing to take an interest in this matter, and are in utter despair. To all such I would say: Come up higher; let the woman politicians go on and grapple with the male politicians and either conquer or go down in the struggle together. In the meantime let all men and women who love truth and a true freedom, form themselves into a new party capable of making their own laws and willing to be governed by them, or, in other words, become a law unto themselves. For one, I am tired and sick of this everlasting catering to public opinion.

The world, as it is, is not right; if it were, there surely could not be so much suffering in our midst; every day the weakest go to the wall and crime holds its head defiant. Has woman a finer sense of honor or morality than man? If so, the times are ready now for her to prove herself; but never can she do this so long as she ignores or shuts out one of her own sex; she must drop all persons or parties; she must stop this cant about who and what is virtuous, for the meaning of that word has never yet been truly defined. Many a so-called prostitute has saved a family from starving while the self-righteous have passed them by. But facts are proving every day that many too that are called prostitutes are living the purest and divinest lives, while the real prostitutes are among those called respectable and religious. Things are strangely mixed in this world, and we need workers who can uncover and show what is underneath, and this seems to be my mission. I have such a keen sense of justice that I must ever be found working on the side of the weaker party. In my business as a physician I find the question of sexual rights of the greatest importance, for it is the foundation of all things whether they be good or evil; out of it are the issues of life, and no great progress can be made till we probe this matter to its lowest depths. Physical and mental wrecks are before me every day, victims of their ignorance on these matters. Is it not time this subject was thoroughly discussed; that we lay aside all preconceived ideas and opinions, and look the matter fairly in the face? Whenever I hear any one say these things should not be spoken of I pity them, for I know that they will soon fall victims to their own ignorance. It is a fact, and I stand ready to prove it, that in most cases of insanity or mental aberration the cause can be traced to an unequalled condition of the sexual forces, and most of these persons could be cured by the right male or female magnetism, imparted either by the laying on of hands or by the sexual embrace.

I wish I could impart my knowledge upon these subjects to the few women who occupy the pulpit and give them the backbone to preach it. Such a religion as this would do more to purify the world than all the theological treatises that have ever been written; but, my sisters, I am sorry to say, that as I review you you are too fond of emulating or aping your poor benighted brothers. Would to God that every woman who has command of means or power could find a new field of action wherein she might develop her own nature or sexhood into grand and noble proportions, so that she could lead the van, and leave man to vie with her for an equality. This would be the beginning of a new race of beings, unlike the miserable deformities we see now.

But for fear I may make this article too long, I will close by relating a dream I had last night. I thought that some of the prominent women's rights women of this city had formed a society for the reformation of the Magdalenes. It had been in operation some time when I one evening paid it a visit. This being a public reception, during the evening there were brought in a dozen of the hardest and most abandoned women. The leaders of the movement were in utter despair of reclaiming these cases. They had exhausted all measures at their command; but I noticed that there was a certain consciousness of the "I am holier than thou" feeling in every one who approached these women, and they seemed instinctively to feel it and in return gave only curses and abuse. While looking at one of them I suddenly became controlled with the greatest and sweetest love toward her. I threw my arms around her neck, and, kissing her, said, "I love you; you are my sister, and you shall stay with me always; I am no better than you." At this she melted into tears and wept like a child. I just then noticed that the garments I wore were a pure white, and she was all soiled and dirty, and I was wondering why none of it adhered to me; but not one particle soiled the whiteness, although I clung to her in the most endearing manner. Immediately I heard a choir of voices singing, in which I joined and begged her to do so, but her tears continued to flow for some time, until at length she rested and felt perfectly at peace with me. I woke and found it only a dream, but its lesson upon me was deeply significant.

Yours for the truth,

SARAH E. SOMERBY, 23 Irving place, N. Y.

PURE SPIRITUALISM.

BY J. H. COOK.

On Sunday, the 24th of May last, I went twelve miles to a debate, in the south-east corner of Kansas, near Baxter Springs. The house was full of men and women, and about one-half were Liberalists, Free-thinkers and Spiritualists. A majority voted to discuss the following question: "Resolved—That the doctrine of free love is true and tends to the elevation of man." I was requested to commence the discussion in the affirmative. I stated my propositions, and

laid down my platform as wide as humanity and broad as the universe. I demonstrated and illustrated it by nature in general, and the structure, functions and relations of the human organism in particular. Four more excellent speeches were made in the affirmative. Three speeches and many interrupting questions were made and asked by the negative.

The President was a Spiritualist, and soon became uneasy and apprehensive about the marriage relations; and inquired if free love did not intend to destroy marriage, and was afraid "some man might come and claim my wife;" said if the question was up again he would not come, etc. Another "pure" gentleman went and whispered to his wife (?) to go home; and she, in obedience to her marriage vow to "serve and obey," left with obvious reluctance. Another Spiritualist (?) became much excited, and said we should have a bad state of society if these doctrines were allowed to prevail; that children would not know their fathers or mothers; that we would not be respected; and that he should leave our company or words of that import. He said he wanted "pure Spiritualism," which had nothing to do with these love matters. He quoted some awful words from Mrs. Woodhull and Moses Hull, and insinuated that we of the affirmative were doubtful characters! He is a constant reader of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, and, I presume, "sees through that glass darkly." Although he wants "pure Spiritualism," yet it is said he has violated his own rules of social purity and propriety, and that his past sexual morality would not bear investigation.

Two weeks after we talked upon the same subject again, but our opponents were not there, and only two, liberal, adult females. Six of us were glad of the opportunity to continue and enlarge upon the subject to an attentive and interested meeting of men. We had a good time. There was a good spirit and we did a good work for the future, and convinced some that Spiritualism "means business," and is not an abstraction. "Pure Spiritualism" is a dry and fruitless tree; "a valley of dry bones;" a body minus a soul; an "airy nothing;" or, as Sam Slick used to say: "The little end of nothing whittled down to a pint." "Pure Spiritualism" is generally the motto of those whose purity is nothing to brag of. Surely it is time to discard the unmanly fear that one form of truth can harm any other form.

Onward, onward, onward ever:
Human progress none can stay;
He who makes the rash endeavor
Shall, like chaff, be swept away.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FORCE AS A REFORMATORY AGENT.

MR. H. A. C. STURGES:

My Dear Friend—Yours of 25th inst. duly received and carefully read. I cannot reply at length to the suggestions of your letter for want of time, but will make some "general observations." First, as to the mystery or mysticism of the gospel of Jesus I will say this: if the gospel or revelation of Jesus is to be regarded as a mystery or enigma, a dark and hidden word, upon which mankind may exercise their ingenuity and scholarship, without ever arriving at any certain logical or demonstrable meaning, like the apocalypse of St. John or the story of the garden of Eden for instance, then I have no use for it. This is an utilitarian age, and mankind demand a gospel of manifest and practical meaning and utility. The gospel of Jesus is worth to me just nothing at all as a mythological problem or as an ambiguous puzzle to be reconciled fully one part with all the others; whereas as scripture, containing profound truths intermixed with errors, misconceptions, miscalculations and mistranslations, I value it highly; yet not so much from having learned from it, as from the fact that it is held to be of such vast and transcendent importance by the civilized world. If the gospel is a confirmation and grand expression and enforcement of truth as I see it, then it is so far true and acceptable to me. I am happy to say that it is, in a great measure.

Its capacity as a saving power to the world also is in exact proportion to its adaptation or answering quality to the practical, utilitarian needs of the human race or of society; in other words, in proportion as it corresponds to reason, science, logic, wisdom and experience. Man does not need a theological but a philanthropic gospel. If you can "spiritualize" the gospel and thereby render it more philanthropic, I would like to see it done. If Jesus lived now and here for the first time, instead of in ancient Judea, and were preaching his gospel through our language and modern instrumentalities, I think it would in that case appear to the people as altogether a different thing from what they now apprehend it from reading the scripture. Yet the principles underlying it are just the same now as they were then, viz., the principles of equity, truth, wisdom, justice, righteousness, etc. I measure Jesus by his truthfulness to these principles as I measure all other minds.

Allow me to remind you that while spiritualizing the scriptures to suit yourself, you quote and apply passages for the purpose of enforcing literally your positions. "Resist not evil, overcome evil with good," etc.; "Weapons of warfare not carnal," etc. I don't dispute your entire right to do so, but please allow me a like privilege.

I attach more value to the words of Jesus than those of Paul. Now, as regards "weapons of warfare" and the methods he anticipated, which are to precede the inauguration of the kingdom of heaven, let him speak for himself: "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence and the violent take it by force." That is, as I understand it, violence and force are in order and justifiable when the end and object is "the kingdom of heaven," and the kingdom of heaven is simply an ancient manner of expressing the reign of righteousness, equity, justice, etc.; in other phrase the kingdom or government of God through his eternal laws, instead of the enactments of men.

All governments, in all ages to the present hour, claim the right to use violence to compel what they call justice and right. I do not condemn them for asserting the right or

claim, but I do condemn them for being manifestly false to the principles of justice and equity. It is a sham, a humbug and a fraud. I hear no complaints against the governments using force to execute human laws, although they are for the most part unjust laws; yet men wait and shudder at the thought of using "violence" and "force" to overthrow these unjust, human-force laws, and allow the laws of God and Nature to rule, as these certainly have the "divine right" to rule.

Not only force, violence, destructiveness, devastation, etc., are justifiable in behalf of equity; but lying, cheating, fraud, robbery are in like manner justifiable, and counseled by Jesus in the cause and behoof of equity or righteousness. I refer you to the parable of the "unjust steward" in proof of this. I prefer to take the gospels in their plain, clear, manifest, evident meaning, as I find it is the meaning which accords best with facts and principles. It is pleasant to perceive consistency, as you observe, but I construe the gospels so as to make them mean what is to me the loftiest philanthropy, whether consistency be preserved or not. I can make proper allowance for inconsistent and false teachings, seeing the scriptures come to us through such questionable, indirect and contradictory channels. "Consistency at all events" is not what I search for, but truth at all events. What I cannot derive truth from I let go, for it has no other value to me. I fail to see in Paul's "weapons of our warfare," etc., any particular harmony with what Jesus said to Pilate about his kingship—"not of this world." "The world" in scripture often means the governments, fashions and institutions of the peoples, as distinguished from the government of God or nature, or the "kingdom of heaven," as Jesus would say. My kingdom is not of this (or the) world, is equivalent to saying, "I have no claim as a secular king nor as ecclesiastical ruler; God is the true king; I exhort all to serve him," etc. I apprehend his kingdom to be a natural and temporal one, as well as spiritual, but not after the fashion of the world; all the kingdoms and governments of which to this day are based in inequity, unrighteousness, robbery of the poor, ignorant and unfortunate for the aggrandizement of the favored few, etc. It was quite natural and intelligible that he should say, seeing the inequity of all worldly kingdoms: "My kingdom is not of this world"—not the world's style or idea of government at all.

Practically it matters not whether his references to violence, fire, the sword, etc., were "prophetic, advisory or perceptive," since his theories involved these measures for their realization, whether in his time or in the French revolution of '93, or a hundred years hence. To overthrow inequity, mammon, the "kingdoms of this world" requires force, violence, destruction, and the longer it is put off the greater the destruction will be. But as you admit this, either explicitly or virtually, I need not urge the idea further. Warfare was in its primitive state in Jesus' time. It would have been perhaps stupid in his few followers to "resist force by force," although Peter drew the first blood, cutting off a man's ear with his sword. Had they not lived till now, and had they knowledge of the mechanical and especially the chemical-destrorying processes now known, I think Jesus would have "advised" the kindling of fire on earth in earnest. He knew nothing of gunpowder, phosphorus, Greek fire, nitro glycerine, gun-cotton, fulminating silver, friction matches and a great number of ways of creating spontaneous combustion, destructive explosions, electrical torpedoes, etc., known to modern scientific men, else he might have said, with a plainer meaning, "I am come to bring fire on the earth, and what will I (care I) if it be already kindled?" (Luke xii. 49.)

I dissent, therefore, from your remarks about violence, coercion, etc. I have no faith in the world's conversion to right and equity by mere persuasion or argumentation. I have more faith in incendiarism a thousand times. Destroy property, cease creating wealth, and caste will disappear and equity, distribution, communism will take their place.

Fifteen years ago or less, there was only a very limited yet persistent anti-slavery faction in the North, and none at all in the South. To-day both North and South are in accord on this point, and human freedom is the recognized law throughout the nation. What has operated to produce so marvelous a change in so short a time? Was it love? Was it moral suasion? Was it education, convention, ballots or legislation? No; nothing of the kind; it was powder and balls that did it—force, violence. "Peace policy" is no more capable of emancipating the wages slaves of the North than it was the chattel slaves of the South.

I would take pleasure in discussing these questions through the medium of a paper, if I only had one, but a private discussion seems like a waste of time. How can you be "at one with me" on the Labor and Capital problem (which by the way is the gospel's problem), while I am for violence and you are for conservatism?

Very respectfully, yours for humanity, E. F. BOYD.
PERTH AMBOY.

LADY CLERKS AT WASHINGTON.

I am acquainted with a lady who writes Spencerian pages in the Patent Office at Washington for \$900 a year. Her father was a naval officer of long and meritorious service, and died a rear admiral. Her husband put \$70,000 on the wrong side of the stock sale in New York, lost, sneaked to the hereafter through the back door of the suicide. Patient and loveable, she works as steadily as if some mighty reward were near at hand. I suppose it is hope on, hope ever, with her, though nobody can see anything she has to expect more than a life of routine and an humble grave. In Paris she would have flown first to the streets and then to the charcoal brazier. In London, it would have been the Argyle rooms, gin and the waters of Blackfriars bridge.

As you pass the tables of the ladies in the Treasury building, you are moving among better materials for romances than exist in the teeming brains of Hugo or Turgenieff. "You see that second woman to your left," whispered Spinner. "Her father was once at the head of two railroads. The '57 panic laid him out. She married a Baden baron, and he left her in a year or two for some Dutch flame. She has

a noble little boy; five years old now. Says she is going to fit him for Harvard, by and by, and then make a Senator of him. Watch her count that money. You cannot move your fingers up and down in the air as fast as she brushes off the single notes. Never did a day's work of any kind in her life till she came here."

All honor to the lady clerks at Washington for adding the strongest proof yet given of woman's power to lose friends and fortune and still retain virtue and independence. God bless the multitude of faithful workers who are showing each day how possible it is for them to earn their own living, and yet remain cultured, respected ladies.—*Exchange*.

"THE SIDE ISSUE."

WAUKEGAN, June 15, 1874.

Dear Weekly—I have just returned from Chicago, where, in company with my beloved father, Daniel Bonsall, of Salem, Ohio, a pioneer worker in the early anti-slavery movement, I attended the re-union of the old Abolitionists.

It was, indeed, a grand manifestation of the beautiful spirit of human brotherhood, and to witness the joyous greetings of those venerable men and women who devoted their life-work to the freedom of the slave, strengthened our faith in the fraternity of the race. The eloquent Charles Burleigh represented the brave pioneers of the Garrisonian school, who, by the orthodox, have been branded as infidels, but who, we know, performed the bold missionary work of abolition. It was amusing, however, to notice the anxiety of the ministers of "Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" to wear the laurels, now that the freedom of the colored race has become a popular idea and accomplished fact.

It reminded me of the following expression made by Victoria in her lecture here: "Why, in a few years every man and woman will be anxious to say, I was always a free lover!" but the angels of justice will know then as now who pioneered in freedom's cause.

Dear WEEKLY, I was naughty enough to go upon the platform and tell them that while we eulogized their work of freedom with the motto: "The slave redeemed," that our present work for freedom would, in time, be eulogized with the motto: "Womanhood redeemed!" Yea, woman redeemed from sexual and fashionable slavery, and thus enabling men, women and children to walk in the full light of liberty! I was most decidedly put down—an emphasized "Side Issue."

I was glad, however, when Grow's Opera Hall, where was convened the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists, to find that this "Side Issue" was welcomed there with the whole-souled joy of the freedom of love and the love of freedom. Upon that platform I declared that Victoria C. Woodhull was raised up by God to teach Spiritualists that they must work in all reforms, and if she had divided the Spiritualists the "Gentle Wilson" had been raised up by God to bring Spiritualists together. I also brought in the "Side Issue" of Dress Reform, and stated the objects of the National Dress Reform League. I was attired in a reform suit, and I am happy to say that many men and women took me by the hand and congratulated me on my devotion to principle. Yours for truth's sake,

SADA BAILEY.

PETS OF THE POST OFFICE.

The *New York Times* does not appear to be well satisfied with the late Congressional postal arrangements. The following article upon the subject appeared in its issue of June 24:

As finally agreed on, the Post-Office Appropriation Bill fixes the rates on newspapers published weekly and oftener at two cents a pound; on other periodical publications three cents a pound; on public documents ten cents a volume, or an average of five cents a pound, and on copies of the *Congressional Record* one cent each, all to be prepaid; the prepayment of newspaper postage to begin Jan. 1, 1875. This is an improvement on the propositions first made in the Senate, and shows what a vigorous opposition can do against the most determined wrong-headedness. But Congress was warned that even these modified rates would drive much of the business of the newspapers to the railroad lines and express companies. In that case the revenue for which Senators have been so deeply solicitous will certainly suffer.

To us, this kind of legislation only merits the name of wretched tinkering. Of course as long as the public mail is compelled to carry Congressional documents at five cents per pound, the people must be mulcted of three cents per half ounce to make up the difference. But why in this so-called republic such invidious distinctions as the above should be made among American citizens, we are at a loss to determine?

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1874.

PERSONAL.

In consequence of the false and unfounded reports that have been in circulation in the papers of the country many of our friends have been misled regarding our intentions. It has been freely circulated that we have removed to California permanently, and that the WEEKLY is to be either stopped or removed there also. Once and for all, it is not our intention to do anything of the kind. We have labored long and earnestly, sometimes almost hopelessly, to establish the WEEKLY upon a firm basis in New York, and now that it is so established, now that its enemies may howl and croak to their heart's content, and it can quietly but firmly go on its course and afford to give them no heed, we shall do no such suicidal thing as to remove it to the Pacific slope; while for its stopping, we have to say it will not stop so long as we have life and strength to carry it along.

We love the WEEKLY as if it were our natural child. It is our child in a reformatory sense. We nursed it into life, age and strength to stand alone, when there were none to assist us, and why should we not love it next to life itself. Our hearts are now made glad every week when it comes to us fresh and laden with the bright and beautiful truths of the new dispensation which have flowed from the altars of the hearts of noble men and brave women whose divine fires have been kindled and are burning brightly to point out the way to the promised land to those who are still roaming in the wilderness. Who strikes it, strikes our hearts. Its honor and its welfare are dear to us. Have we not given of our life freely for its sake? Let them who have done more strike it to the heart if it preserve not the path of truth and right, but let not pretenders assume to judge it in the name of humanity, and to presume that they are elected of heaven to pass sentence either upon it or upon us. We admit no such right, and shall not recognize any pretensions of this kind, though they be made by those who are so without sin as to be able to cast stones. It is well for the woman, brought before Jesus, that she did not live in this day, else she had not escaped as she did then. The accusers would have immortalized themselves with the stones they would have gathered, building up for the first time in the world a monument over her death to mark the age when perfect men and women began to people the earth, and by virtue of their perfection assuming to conduct its affairs.

This coming to California is no sudden thought of ours, as some would have it appear. We should have been here many months since had it not been for the legal bonds under which we were held so long. Nor did we come without a purpose. We believe the time has come in which a practical exemplification of the principles of Industrial Justice and Social Freedom should be made; and that there is no locality in the world that presents the advantages for such a movement that California does. We believe there are ten thousand people in the country who are already grown into Universal Brotherhood, who are only waiting an opportunity to live out that glorious, that divine, principle.

We are here to take the initial steps that may lead to the realization of such a life, and we think a Convention should

be held in San Francisco at an early day to discuss the whole matter. In the meantime, as our strength—now feeble—shall permit, we shall canvass the Pacific Coast and endeavor to rouse those who are sleeping and to hasten those who are awake, on this subject. We desire to, and shall if we can, visit every principal place in California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory, and spread the flag of a community life to the breeze, with the hope that the great and good and earnest men and women may enlist under and support it, until a harmonious life shall be actually realized and the doom of the isolated family and the slave-wife be heralded to the world.

By our selection of the Pacific Coast as the best, because the easiest, locality for such a movement, we do not by any means seek to discourage the formation of Communities elsewhere. Our aim, specially, is to secure the formation of one where there are the most advantages and the fewest obstacles to overcome. This we think is upon the Pacific Coast. A successful initiation, anywhere, will lead to equally successful ones everywhere. We find people, wherever we go, weary and sick of isolation, pining for that communion and happiness to be had only by the association of congenial spirits. For such, Community life is a necessity; and we feel certain that when the way is opened, they will joyfully and quickly take the lead in that which shall finally carry the people forward into a new and truer life than has yet been lived in the world.

To all inquiring friends, therefore, we say, that we shall work as much as we can in the Occident, returning toward the Orient in time for the Annual Convention of the Universal Association of Spiritualists to be held in September, the call for which will soon be made—and that New York is and will continue to be our home, the hopes and wishes of many to the contrary notwithstanding.

SEXUAL CONTINENCE.

Among the advocates of the numerous branches of reform there are persons who profess to believe in and perhaps do practice sexual continence. This class includes two different and widely divergent classes. One, and probably the most numerous, has a theory that sexual commerce should occur only for and solely with the aim of reproduction, and that all commerce for any other purpose, motive or incentive, is an unnatural waste of life essence, which should be treasured up to be transmitted, when the procreative act is mutually agreed upon between the male and female. The other class, and the smaller in numbers, pretends to believe that the highest possible sanctification in earth-life is to be attained by an entire abnegation of the sexual instinct, not only in its general sense, but for reproductive purposes as well; and that an individual who enters spirit-life having never known the opposite sex "carnally" is at once exalted to the highest position of honor and happiness, on account of the supposed high estate of purity.

Unquestionably, the problems that lie wrapped in the various sexual theories extant, are the most momentous that can be considered of, and are fraught with the deepest interests, not only of the present, but of future generations. Let whichever general theory prevail in practice, its tenor and effects are undoubtedly transmitted by the laws of heredity, and in this way, they become engrafted into the constitution of humanity. It is therefore highly important that right theories regarding sexuality, should be discovered, disseminated and practiced, not only because the happiness of the present would be best conserved thereby, but because of the deleterious effects of wrong theories and practices upon the future of the race.

The influence upon the present of the celibate theory, although professedly held by a comparatively small number of persons, is most surprising. Probably the large majority of even those who have thought seriously upon the subject, will be surprised when we assert, as true, that the pretended beliefs of the present about the sexual passion, have their origin in this idea. They imply that the sexual instinct and the act are degrading to the spiritual nature of man, and from this has grown the prevailing sentiment of vulgarity and uncleanness, which is so generally associated with sexual things that it is considered indecent for any person to discuss them publicly from a rostrum, or even to write about them in a paper. And this general sentiment has conspired to reduce the sexual relations of man to a low and entirely bestial plane. Held to be degrading in the premises, the results of the act cannot be of the opposite character; and how sensible men and women can pretend to expect noble children from a source which they either pretend or really do hold to be impure, is a contradiction for which we have never been able to find a satisfactory reconciliation.

It seems to us to be utterly contradictory to nature itself that any such theory can be right. If one of the objects of the evolution of the material universe is to develop man, then the immediate methods of such development must be a necessary part of the whole scheme of evolution; and unless nature is altogether degrading in its operations, this crowning act must be its highest and noblest effort. It seems also to be an evident contradiction when observed from another point, since how can a process be held to be against the spiritual interests of man, when they who hold that it is so, expect to become spiritual, having been made men by the same process? There are no such contradictions in nature, and unless we return to the old and long since exploded religious theories of God and Nature, the idea itself is impossible of consistent conception.

We may then dismiss the idea of the rightness of the no-sexual-intercourse theory as utterly at variance with all that is known of the procreative operations of nature, and pass to the consideration of the other: Is intercourse that does not result in children right and in accordance with nature? This is the only way to put the proposition so as to clearly express the pretended meaning of those who hold it. It is not sufficiently well defined to say that intercourse should be with the object of children, since so loose a statement as this would give latitude for a very large part, if not the whole, of the commerce that is carried on to-day; and this is stoutly objected to by those who assert this theory. If intercourse that produces children, only is right, then all intercourse, whether intended and entered into for this purpose, that does not so result, is wrong. The intention with which an act is undertaken does not determine the rightfulness or wrongfulness of the results of the act. It is the fruit that places the seal of approval or disapproval upon everything.

To make the theory of no-intercourse, except for children, logically clear and right, involves a great deal more than its professed practice. It requires of those who practice it, a scientific understanding of the whole question, so that they may know absolutely, before the commerce takes place, that the result for which it is pretendedly entered upon will follow, since such commerce as does not result in children, though undertaken for that purpose, is practically the same as if the children consideration had never entered into the thought.

But it does not by any means follow that there is no true theory by which sexual commerce may and should be regulated because neither of these appear to accord with nature and reason. Each of these theories has a germ of truth from which it has been developed. That there should be no intercourse at all, by those who aspire to spiritual things, and consequently, that intercourse, *per se.*, is impure, probably arose from the natural fact that intercourse is, at times, impure and ought not to be indulged. This, however, instead of being accepted as a reason for no intercourse, should rather teach the necessity of so full and clear an understanding of the whole subject matter involved, as to make it possible for all to know when it is and when it is not proper and right; and more than all, to the absolute necessity of remanding the control of the matter wholly to the female part of the race, where it is left, by nature, and where it is exercised by the animals below man, the order of domination being by him alone reversed.

So likewise is there an important truth forming the basis of the Intercourse-for-children theory; but it does not necessarily mean that an intercourse that does not result in reproduction is naturally wrong. But it does mean that woman should not permit or submit to, sexual commerce when she is not in a proper condition to become pregnant and when she would not be willing to accept the results and perform the duties of pregnancy and maternity. When these indications are present, intercourse is not only proper and healthful, but it tends greatly to quicken mental perception and to make the intellect generally clear and correct, also to stimulate the activity of, and elevate the moral sentiments, as well as to waken everything that is aesthetic in the nature of the individual. All these are known to be physiological truths, by a large portion of the race, from experience; and yet this same portion affects to think the sexual act vulgar. The act that creates immortal souls, vulgar! Vulgar rather is the mind that can conceive such blasphemy!

If other arguments are necessary to satisfy the inquirer regarding these questions, they are to be gleaned from the effects of the practice of the theory. There is not and never was a person weak and debilitated, sexually, who enjoyed physical mental or moral good health. Indeed, we think it safe to say that all chronic complaints have their origin in unhealthful or unnatural sexual conditions. Enfeebled sexuality universally accompanies all debilitated conditions of the body and mind. By many, perhaps by most, this has been held to be a result of the disease; or what would probably be nearer the truth has never been conceived of as an important factor, either as a cause or an effect. But it has been observed frequently enough to make it an important indication, that when the sexual desire returns during sickness, the convalescent stage has arrived. This again is held to be a result of returning health, instead of the cause of it, as it really is. The sexual passion is really the barometer of health, which is good or bad as it rises or falls in intensity. The person who has vigorous health—every nerve bounding with life and animation—has strong and intense sexual powers; and this vigor and animation are in strictest accordance with the vigor and intensity of this passion. It is the people who have this vigor who effect the world most sensibly for good or ill, as their other capacities indicate. They are the persons whose very presence is magnetic and whose influence is felt by all with whom they come in contact. Moreover, all this is true, whether such persons have large mental development and capacity or not. Many individuals who have moved the world perceptibly in given directions, were not persons of large mental calibre; but their magnetic power was irresistible. These facts are too well known and too well established to permit them to be questioned or ignored when the sexual problem is under consideration, and they clearly indicate that they have never yet been given their proper place and weight in any theory of life or of society.

On the contrary, it is not uncommon to meet people with immense intellectual capacities, who never seem to be able to do any very remarkable things; indeed, who pass through

life and, with all their intellect and all their training, never make a noise in the world. The explanation of this seeming failure, perhaps seeming contradiction, lies in the fact that these people do not have the amative, the sexual, strength to make their intellects of any use to them or to the world. The physical nature is the fuel that feeds the flame that produces the heat that ultimates in motion. It is to the intellectual and spiritual parts of man what the steam is to the locomotive—a low degree of sexual power being incapable of producing either a high rate of speed or of doing great things of any kind.

Nor does the analogy close here; if it did, then the theorists of whom we are speaking might insist that there is something in their theories. They might say: Yes! Amative strength, to the man or woman, is like steam to the locomotive, and, like it, also, it ought to be applied to moving the man, and not be expended in sexuality, *per se*. At first, this may appear a difficult proposition for the critic; but if he go to the locomotive and carefully watch its initial movements, he will find that the engineer always permits some of the steam to escape from the piston-box, because by the apparently useless—by itself unprofitable—expenditure, the expansive power of the remainder is greatly increased.

But the same principle is to be observed almost everywhere in nature where there is not a fixed standard of capacity. Indeed, in order that there may be an expression of full capacity, a large amount of previous exercise and expenditure of power is required. This is not less true of sexual than it is of muscular power. A failure for a long time to exercise any capacity, let it be mental or muscular, is to insure a continually decreasing strength, and ultimately to destroy the capacity altogether. A person who will remain in perfect repose a sufficient length of time will become incapable of motion.

If it were possible for the sexual passion to be held in complete subjection long enough, it would also become utterly prostrated. Whether this is possible or not will be considered at a future time; but it is true, however, that inaction of this capacity decreases its intensity and strength. Now, this is the special point that it was intended to develop in this article. Robust and vigorous children can only be begotten of robust and vigorous sexuality. This is a proposition so clear as to be self-evident, and is alone a complete refutation of all the arguments that may be brought forward in support of the suppression theories. This principle is well understood and practiced upon in stock raising. A person who desires to have an active, vigorous colt will not employ the services of a stallion depleted by any cause; while a stallion that is not permitted to use his power, it having been awakened into life, is in danger of madness. So, also are dogs, and so far as has been observed, all other animals; the same is also true of man.

If all these propositions are well taken, and that they are there is adequate proof in the experiences of men in which they are involved, how can the Repressionists harmonize their theories with the well-known facts of life in other departments? How can they say that sexual commerce should occur only at long intervals of time, and at the same time also declare that the capacity is of that character—is so vigorous and strong—as to indicate the proper vigor and strength in the expected offspring? We are here advancing no theory of our own. We are merely inquiring into the stability and consistency of the theory of the Repressionists about which we want the truth, let that be whatever it may. If they can demonstrate that the sexual capacity can be maintained in its best health and strength by non-exercise, it is their province so to do; but until they can do this, or else show that vigor and power in the parents is not necessary to the transmission of these qualities to children, their theories must at least be held to be questionable. When they can establish the fact that health and power come from non-exercise, and that non-exercise is generally conducive to health, then they may consistently claim that their theories are in harmony with the known laws that govern health and strength. But when it is so well known that exercise is absolutely necessary for health, even when it is undertaken with no other view—indeed, that it must be had, or else there can be no good health—it seems to us that the Repressionists occupy a very untenable position, and that they assume it because the sexual passion is generally held to be something to be always ignored, and which is by nature low and degraded.

Now, what we want, what the world wants, is to get at the truth about these things. If repression is the power that is going to restore the race to primitive purity, and lead it to ultimate perfection, let it be established at once that this is the rule by which the relations of the sexes should be controlled. If, on the contrary, however, it is really true that sexuality is in character with all the other departments of life, and is governed by the same general laws by which they are governed; then let the curse of vulgarity and lewdness be removed from it, and let it take its place where it would then rightfully belong, as the choicest and brightest diadem that can shine in the coronet of men and women, since, this being true, by its proper understanding and use only, can the world ever see salvation

TRANS-CONTINENTAL TRAVEL.

No. V.

In our last letter we referred to the new movement contemplated by Brigham Young, speaking of it as a necessity to him growing out of the rapid imbibement by the Mormon

children of the principles of individualism. It was our good fortune to hear both sides of this new movement discussed—on Sunday morning by Brigham, Jr., and the Elders, generally in its favor; and in the evening by an apostate Mormon Elder. Without any direct investigation, therefore, we had a very good opportunity to learn something of this plan to perpetuate Mormonism. We say perpetuate, since, from what we learned, this is our judgment of the movement, although its presentation by neither side would indicate such a conclusion. The Mormon side of the issue is, that it is wholly for the benefit of the saints generally. The opposite side is, that it is wholly in the interests of the prophet and his right-hand men.

The idea of instituting the "Order of Enoch" is not original with Brigham Young. He borrowed it from Joseph Smith, who was contemplating it about the time of his death, and who, as the apostates declare, had altogether different motives from those that animate the now President. It is not for us to question his motives. They may be in the interests of his people, as he states them, or they may be entirely selfish, as his opponents say they are. We can say that they are to perpetuate Mormonism without impugning either. Indeed, to say this, is to indorse both, since, let the President's intentions be what they may, if carried out either selfishly or otherwise, the result will be what we state to be its purpose.

So far as the purpose is revealed in the written statement of its plans of operation, it is simply to form a community of mutual interests. It requires every good Mormon to convey to the Church whatever property he may possess, of which he is in turn made the general agent; and required to also convey to the Church whatever it may yield over and above the allowance permitted to himself and family by the rules of the order.

It is averred by the Gentiles that a main intention of the order is to put it out of the power of Mormons holding real estate in Utah to sell to Gentiles. Heretofore, Brigham has only advised his people to rent to their enemies—never to sell; but the greed for gain being as prominent in Mormon saints as it is among Gentile sinners, many of the best locations in the city have fallen into the hands of anti-Mormons. The successful inauguration of the new order would cure this disease, which, if left to run its natural course, will prove fatal to Mormonism.

It is well known that the President is earnestly engaged in developing a new city at South George, some three hundred miles to the south of Salt Lake, and near the southern boundary of Utah. It is believed to be his intention to remove there with those who remain faithful, should the order of Enoch prove a failure in Salt Lake with those who have amassed property. At the time of which we write, not a small number of this latter class of Mormons had already declared against the order and their intention of non-compliance with the demands of the Prophet President. Whether he will feel sufficiently strong to give these refusing saints over to the "buffetings of Satan" or not, is yet unknown. But he must do this and thus very seriously weaken his apparent strength; or else remove to his new city with those who stand by him. It is said by those who have visited South George that the Valley of Salt Lake is as nothing compared with its beauty and fertility; and, as we have said before, its locality would be a guarantee of security for at least a score of years to come, to Mormonism, whether under the old or the new order of things.

As the new order was the topic of conversation among both Mormons and Gentiles, we resolved to visit the President and learn from him what he was willing to communicate. Accordingly we called at his office, but he was not in. As this was the only time we were likely to have to spare for this purpose we gave up the idea. The next day, upon the evening of which we were to lecture in the Salt Lake Theatre, the President sent word that he would be glad to receive us, so, breaking away from everything else, we again called, and this time found him.

He received us very cordially with the assurance that he was glad to have an interview with one who had been outraged on account of her social theories, as he had been on account of his. The conversation at once ran into the social problem. Whatever else may be said of him and his theories, he is, undoubtedly, honest in believing that the Mormon system of marriage is an advance beyond legal monogamy. At great length and with unfeigned earnestness, he proceeded to point out its advantages. He said that a social system, like any other system, could only be judged, righteously, by its fruits; and he contended, stoutly, that the fruits of polygamy were superior to those of monogamy. He said that prostitution among Mormons was unknown, and that this alone was a strong argument in its favor, since it showed that it was not natural for women to sell themselves sexually, promiscuously, and that they would not, unless driven to do so by want or by other equally potent reasons. Polygamy provides so fully for women that there is never any need for women to resort to prostitution. More than this, it gave opportunity for the natural exercise of the different degrees of passion in men. Some men naturally require only one woman of average sexual strength. Others require more, and it is better, he said, so long as the manner of obtaining this exercise is pretendedly regulated by law, that the law should be wide enough in its provisions to provide for all contingencies, which legal monogamy does not. The consequence of this failure is, that its unnatural requirements and the morality that they develop make prostitution

unavoidable. Prostitution will always exist, so long as legal monogamy is maintained.

Moreover, he said, that legal monogamy, which virtually invests the husband with the control of the wife, sexually, as well as otherwise, is a great outrage upon the wife, since it frequently so happens that a man of large amateness is married to a woman in whom it is almost wanting. Previous to marriage, in all other regards they may have been seemingly in accord; but when too late the worn-out wife learns the truth, there is no remedy. She finds herself legally bound to a man whose sexual demands her constitution cannot stand, and she gradually sinks into a hopeless decline, unless the husband recognizes the condition and resorts to prostitution to save her.

Now he says, this is where polygamy is again superior to monogamy. It recognizes that there are different sexual natures and provides for them. In polygamy no wife is ever known to suffer from the sexual abuse of her husband, while in monogamy it prevails everywhere; indeed, is the curse which is rapidly settling over the race like a mildew, and preparing it to be a ready prey to some pestilence that will sooner or later spring up somewhere on the earth.

We agreed with the main portions of his arguments as to the failure of monogamy; but we remonstrated against the unequal condition of woman. If it is right for one man to have more than one wife, is it not also right for one woman to have more than one husband when the indications are upon her side? We suggested to the President that he had an opportunity such as no other person ever had, before, to make his name immortal—to place it side by side with all the Christs of past ages. If in the new order of Enoch he would really inaugurate a humanitarian communism in which all persons—men, women and children—should be equal in all things, not only in property, but in all social and religious rites and privileges, he might indeed become a prophet unto his people—a savior such as has never yet risen in the earth. We urged him to inaugurate the Order of Enoch by himself, first conveying all of his immense property to the Common Community. This would demonstrate that his motives were purely unselfish and altogether for the interests of his people. When they had such proof, they would not hesitate; but all who are worthy to be members of such a movement, would come forward and unreservedly put their property into the common treasury. We also assured him that it was our belief that such a course would serve more than anything else could possibly do to increase his real power with the people and to add to the number of his adherents.

Make Mormonism humanitarian, and it would become the nucleus of the grandest reformatory movement ever yet inaugurated. It would at once attract the attention of every unsatisfied laboring man in the country, and converts to the new order would flock from every quarter until the whole country would be revolutionized.

There is at least one principle well stated in the Christian Bible, which will prove true in every instance: "He that would save his life must lose it," meaning that those who resign everything for the sake of the truth and right, will, ultimately, receive the fullest recompense. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and all these things shall be added to you," is only another way of expressing the same idea. Apply this to Brigham Young's opportunity, and it is easy to see how it would lead him to act. If he have confidence in his cause, and is really at heart acting, as he professes, in good faith to his people, and without the idea of ultimate personal aggrandizement, he will, after a while, accept it as his rule and guide.

If the capitalists of the country were wise, they would become humanitarian, and administer their property in the interests of the working-people. The former slave-holders neglected to avail themselves of the only possible method by which they could have hoped to retain the services of the colored race. Had they voluntarily emancipated them, and offered them an interest in the profits of their labor, not one in a hundred of the slaves who were worth retaining would have left their plantations. But the very means that were used to rivet the chains of slavery upon the negroes, and to insure the permanency of the system, by making it national where it was only sectional, were those that finally caused its overthrow. Thus it has ever been and will ever be. All efforts for wrong things ultimately result in the overthrow of their promoters. And so it will be with Brigham Young. If he is working for selfish aggrandizement, to be gained at the expense of his people's freedom, even if the effort succeed at first, it will eventually result in his overthrow, and through this, the extinction of Mormonism.

Whether this conversation made any impression upon the Mormon prophet or not cannot be told. Probably if his purposes were well defined and fully determined upon, he would not entertain them if they did, and especially so if his intentions are in any manner selfish. That he is a person of immense ability there can be no question. In general appearance he resembles Henry Ward Beecher, to which is added the business astuteness of Commodore Vanderbilt, which Beecher lacks. But with all this, he is very open to flattery, and loves approbation. If any of his favorite wives were competent, he might be led by them to do a great many grand things for his people, and for humanity.

In the evening he sat in a private box at our left with several of his wives, and appeared to appreciate a very large part of the lecture, frequently applauding many of the most radical utterances, especially those that sharply criticized the errors and short-comings of Christianity and legal monogamy. The same was true of the audience generally,

which numbered nearly fifteen hundred persons, and was composed largely of the best and most intelligent men and women of the city. Never, anywhere, have we spoken to a more attentive and courteous people, and we left Salt Lake most favorably impressed with its inhabitants.

NEW RENDERING OF OLD PHRASES BY THE LATTER DAY SAVIOURS AND DANIELS.

A FREE PAPER.—A paper supported by one party to be used by another party, in which the latter have a *carte blanche* to lie about, blackguard, malign, libel and besmear with filth the former, who unless they prove the negative affirmatively, are to be held not only guilty, but cowards; their repeated emphatic denials being good for nothing as against the mere assertion of the assailants.

A FREE PRESS EDITOR.—A person who can conduct and support a paper which shall publish, in regular order, every contribution from every person, no matter if it require sixteen pages one week, thirty-two the next and sixty-four the following; and so on *ad infinitum*.

A PURE MAN.—One who from inability abstains absolutely from sexual intercourse.

SEXUAL PURITY.—Impotency.

SEXUAL HEALTH.—Masturbation—spermatorrhoea.

MALE VIRTUE.—Sodomy.

ZEAL WITHOUT DISCRETION.

Capt. Marryatt tells us in his work called "Midshipman Easy," that when Jack was hauled up before his Captain to answer the charge against him of having kicked Mr. Eastship, the purser's steward, down the hatchway, he defended himself against it by attributing his action to "zeal in his Majesty's service," a virtue his Captain had previously ordered him to exhibit. Burns, speaking of the Scotch clergy, also tells us that

E'en ministers they hae been kenned
In holy rapture;
A rousing whid at times to vend,
And naill't wi' Scripture!

Though probably, if the poet had examined carefully the causes for such delinquencies, he might have found them to proceed from an excess of Godly "zeal" also.

But we submit that zeal without discretion can hardly be considered a virtue, even when exhibited by so pious a daily paper as the *New York Witness*, and therefore we take exceptions to the following sentence in a leaded communication describing Vineland, which appeared in its issue of June 23d:

There are three good-sized churches, the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist, and smaller buildings for Congregationalists, Unitarians, Colored Methodists, Spiritualists, and probably some others. The Spiritualists are neither numerous nor influential, and a small attempt to establish a free-love community was scattered to the winds some time ago by the advocacy of the outspoken Mrs. Woodhull.

We object to these statements—1st, because we are instructed that Plum street Hall, where the Spiritualists met in convention in 1873, is the largest hall in Vineland. 2d, that the Spiritualists in that town are both numerous and influential, as was proved by the attendance on that occasion, the hall being so crowded that there was hardly standing room to be found in it on the Sunday in which it terminated; and 3d, that it is not the mission of the proprietor of the WEEKLY to scatter free-love communities, but to establish them, and as resolutions to that effect were passed in a full house at the aforesaid convention, *nem con.*, we have good reason to believe that that duty was well performed in beautiful Vineland.

ROYAL SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Man—the male specimen—it is believed is sexually a promiscuous animal. This statement it is thought will generally be admitted, though there are those who are credulous enough to deem that women generally are monogamic. Whether this last assertion be true, and we really with all respect to woman do not perceive how it possibly can be correct, we do not here intend to discuss; the purpose of this article being simply to produce evidence, attested by two witnesses, the *Chicago Times* and the *Irish World*, as regards the positions at present held by the Court of Great Britain on the subject of promiscuity in man and woman, and to prove that, in it, Her Most Gracious Majesty serves up geese with a very different kind of sauce to that with which she serves up ganders. Before inserting the article the WEEKLY also desires respectfully to signify its approbation of the heading selected for it by its Catholic contemporary, viz.:

QUESTIONABLE MORALITY.

Among the various items of English "court news" it was recently stated that her majesty was indignant because some ducness had dared to present in the royal drawing-room an American woman who had been divorced and had married a second husband. Whereupon the *Chicago Times* observes: "The Guelph blood in our queenliness' veins boiled with indignation at this outrage upon the chastity of her surroundings. Can it be the same queen who wrote to the Sultan informing him of Alfred's wedding, and received an autograph letter in reply addressed to his 'august friend and ally?' Is Victoria the friend and ally of a man who has a concubine in every corner of a palace bigger than the exposition building? Was it the same Victoria who so cordially received the Shah of Persia, a polygamous party, whose wives are as numerous as his sensuousness and vanity who prompt? If it is the same queen who made this distinction in sex, the supposition is natural that she admires in men what she condemns in women."

If Victoria were consistent in such matters, she would have to disown most of her own ancestry, a large fraction of

her nobility and a portion of her own household.—*The Irish World, N. Y.*

We do not see how promiscuous men can exist without their manufacturing a nearly (if not quite an) equal number of promiscuous women; though, if society makes a sexual distinction, honoring promiscuity in the case of man, and punishing it "as mortal sin" in the case of woman, of course the former will more readily acknowledge the corn than the latter. As to Victoria, she knows that the Norman word "Fitz" has been introduced pretty liberally into the royal family of Great Britain, and that the "bar sinister" is not unfrequently borne by inheritors of the royal blood, both of the Stuarts and the Guelphs. As to the idea of the closing of the doors of the Court of Great Britain against "divorced American women," we regard that threat with contempt; because, remembering their numbers and high standing in society here, we know that to do so would be tantamount to a declaration of war against the Union.

THE PRISONER'S FRIEND.

This is the name of a paper published in Boston, of which the first three numbers have been received by us, and for which we respectfully return thanks. A careful survey of its columns instructs us that it is not edited by gods, but by men. We are glad of it, for we have a horror of "too good" people. We trust it will be well supported by the malefactors outside the prisons for the benefit of the malefactors inside the prisons. Our Christian readers, who believe on Mondays what they affirm on Sundays, will find no fault with us for terming them "malefactors" and classing them with other "sinners" who are undergoing human punishment. As to our free-thinking subscribers, they, like ourselves, are so accustomed to ecclesiastical anathemas that we trust, even should they deem themselves perfect, they will submit to the title as a matter of course.

The WEEKLY also desires to state that it sees much to commend in the vignette selected as the banner for the *Prisoner's Friend* and its motto: "Go and sin no more." In it the Great Nazarene is depicted delivering his celebrated judgment, with the woman taken in adultery kneeling before him. It would be well for Christians to remember that, on that occasion, their God not only refused to punish the woman but he refused to "condemn" her. We think the Great Nazarene was right in so doing. If a woman has not a right to her person, all other rights are valueless. It is the WEEKLY's mission to establish that right, for it is certain, that, when it is established, and social and sexual questions are referred for solution to their natural queens, order will commence to rise out of the present chaos, truth and purity be introduced into society, and the rule of hypocrisy and barbarity be terminated.

A MORAL TORNADO.

Theodore Tilton has much to answer for. Since the publication of his Plymouth Church and Beecher manifesto, it would seem as if Mr. Henry Bergh had succeeded in his efforts and turned all the mad dogs loose upon the community. The daily presses of New York, with the exception of the *Times*, have, since it was published, kept up an infernal clapping and clattering over it like buzzards over a corpse. One day the *Herald* and the *Sun* assert that the pastor of Plymouth must face the music, the next they back out of such an arrangement, and say, with Moore:

"What? Whip a Llama! Suffer birch
To touch his sacred — infamous!
Deistical; assailing thus
The fundamentals of the church!"

To add to the turmoil one paper tells us that the famous tell-tale letter, signed H. W. Beecher, which is given in another part of this paper, is capable of a construction different from that which the public is likely to put on it, while the *Star* declares on the authority of two witnesses, that there is no such document, or, in other words, that it is a fabrication. So they go on, and in the discussion, "confusion worse confounded" is becoming the "disorder" of the day.

We reserve a special paragraph for the *N. Y. World*. In a most grandiloquent and touching leader, headed "Evangelical Scandal Mongers," it throws darkness on the points at issue, and berates the proprietors of the WEEKLY as the cause of the present commotion. It is a pity that it cannot manage to keep on what Sir Andrew Aguecheek would call "the windy side of truth" in making its attack upon the WEEKLY and its proprietors. It states that the WEEKLY "has been suppressed"—which is a falsehood; "as an obscene and scurrilous sheet"—which is another; it also perverts the word "scandal," which may apply to a truth (and which was the word used by Theodore Tilton) to "slander," which can only be properly and legally used to define a lie. But we can forgive much when we remember the beauty and the simplicity of the style in which the aforesaid article is written. It instructs us that, "to the casual eye," Mrs. Woodhull is Editor of the WEEKLY. Why "to the casual eye?" O, most erudite *World*! Then Beecher's slop-pail story is thus extended and adorned.

"And as the spectacle of a brave man beset by vagrant and mangy curs in the dark, or drenched in passing through the public streets by malicious drudges emptying vessels of dishonor from an upper window," etc., closing with the terrible Latin quotation, "*Dis aliter visum.*"

Not having a Latin dictionary at hand, we asked a person

who is a seal engraver and understands heraldry to give us its meaning. He replied that he thought it was intended to be taken in connection with the passage above given; that the crest of the MARMOR family, if he remembered rightly, was a vessel of dishonor—handled and covered—proper; but the motto was not "*DIS ALITER VISUM*," but *ITIS APIS POTTIS*—and with it we close our reflections on the "foine writing" of the *N. Y. World*.

But, although many presses have thought it gallant and fitting to endeavor to draw the proprietors of the WEEKLY into the present imbroglio, it is manifest that it has been got up entirely by the Congregational Clergy, under the leadership of Dr. Leonard Bacon, for their own special edification and amusement. The sober common sense of the public will so consider it, and one of the Brooklyn papers (the *Union*) instructs us that such is the opinion of Henry Ward Beecher himself. It is probably fortunate that the Proprietors and Chief Editor of the WEEKLY are distant from the field of battle. The free, frank nature of Victoria C. Woodhull would—might—place credence in some of the parties contesting, and it is pretty sure, from the assertions and denials, the statements and counter-statements, the twistings, lyings, cheatings and double-dealings that have been exhibited, that her credulity would be imposed upon, and her confidence abused. The old proverb says, "there is honor among thieves;" when we see it among the combatants in the case before us we shall be glad to put it upon record for the edification of our readers.

In addition, the presses outside of the city of New-York, who have no fear of Mrs. Grundy, are now taking a share in the fray. They are almost unanimous in demanding full explanations of the whole affair. Some few side with the Pope of Brooklyn, and are ready to swear to his innocence; but the many decidedly take another view of the subject—require more light—and mutter that after they get it, like Cardinal Wolsey in the play,

"We shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen his big look."

In the meantime, Henry Ward Beecher, like the Olympian Jupiter, looks calmly upon the storm raging around him, asserts his supremacy over all these mundane affairs, and distributes his benedictions upon the community.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

The *New York Sun* is a fearless, honest and ably-edited paper, but we dispute the statement contained in the following item from its issue of June 30, viz.: that it was the first paper to call public attention to the unconstitutionality of the action of the police authorities in the Tompkins' Square police riot. Here is its statement:

The fact that two Police Commissioners have been convicted of a technical misdemeanor has been the occasion of much discussion as to whether they have or have not violated their oath of office. Yet the whole Board of Police Commissioners were guilty of a usurpation of power some months ago, which was a plain violation of their oath of office, and no attention has been paid to the fact except by the *Sun*. We speak of the order forbidding citizens to parade with arms. This order was an attempt to override the Constitution of the United States, which each Commissioner had sworn to support.—*N. Y. Sun*.

The following leader, taken from No. 164 of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, which was issued the day after the atrocity, proves the truth of our claims to precedence:

THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION versus THE NEW YORK POLICE COMMISSIONERS.

As we are going to press accounts have come to us that (this day, Tuesday, January 13) a collision has occurred between the workers and the police of the City of New York. Although the former have been dispersed (some say with great brutality by the police) there has been one captain of the police killed, and his sergeant struck down with a hammer. The character and condition of those who aid it are thus described in the *Telegram*:

"The laborers, poorly clad and shivering in the cold, were gathered together in little knots, smoking short pipes and quietly discussing the situation." Further on it says: "The men looked too sickly and hungry to take any active part against the police."

The difficulty arose from the action of the New York police authorities. They determined to prevent the people from assembling in Tompkins square, and issued orders to that effect. Although Union square is utterly unsuited to such an assemblage, the police determined they should assemble there, or nowhere. Every New Yorker knows that Tompkins square, being graveled and not swarded, is the more fitting place for such an assemblage, and the working people of New York knew that they had a constitutional right to assemble. The police authorities thought differently, hence the collision; but probably the end is not yet.

The WEEKLY is no advocate of rioting and bloodshed. Its proprietors have warned and are warning the authorities of their duties in this terrible financial crisis, for whose effects the working classes are not responsible, although of it they are the victims. But while the WEEKLY deprecates tumults, it is well aware that, when other methods fail, nature sometimes purifies the air with a tornado. But, though the WEEKLY would accomplish a revolution by more peaceful methods, it will never fail to stand up sternly to the front in demanding, even at the price of blood, the constitutional rights of all the citizens of the United States, prominent among which are the right of assemblage and the right to bear arms.

Some time after, the *Sun* commented editorially on the above incident. After that several other New York papers screwed up their courage to the "sticking place," when they thought they could do so without fear of offending the omnipotent Mrs. Grundy.

THE PLANTATION SERFS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The following sketch is extracted from a letter published in the *New York Herald* of June 20. It is a vivid portraiture of the "locked out" in the present agricultural laborers strike in that country:

"Yesterday evening I visited a wayside public, noted as one of the leading resorts of the 'locked-out.' This rendez-

vous is a plain, unpretentious hostelry, picturesquely set amid beech trees, and close to where 'four roads meet.' Here, in a long, low-roofed, poorly-furnished room, I found about two dozen laborers seated at rough deal tables, which had evidently been subjected to much ingenious whittling, and were indented with the initials of many village rustics, who have chosen this cheap method of procuring immortality. Glasses filled with a red, muddy-looking ale were on the tables. The liquid did not seem an inviting one. It was cheap enough, however, costing only three cents per glass. There was a tumble-down air about the whole surroundings which imparted a melancholy aspect to the assemblage. The chairs were rickety, the stone flooring was jagged and uneven, the window panes were patched with brown paper, and one of the two solitary candlesticks was bandaged with a piece of whip cord. The men kept the furniture in countenance. They looked gloomy and dispirited. Scarcely a word passed, and the drinking was the most funereal tipping I ever witnessed. Three and sometimes four men were sharing a single glass between them, sipping its contents with the utmost parsimony, and only placing the liquor to their lips after long intervals. Poor fellows, the pinched condition of their purses prevents any more extravagant debauchery. The forlorn aspect of the scene reminded one of the celebrated French picture of 'The Last Cartouche,' recalling all the intensity of its despair and the hopelessness of the sheer exhaustion that painting so vividly portrays. Fortunately, a 'new arrival' brought animation to the scene, although he did not at first seem a likely man to bring either life or hope to the gathering. The new comer was a tall, thin individual, over sixty years of age, with gray, grizzled hair and a most morose expression of countenance. He was habited in the seediest of snuff-colored suits, from which all the surface had long since been brushed away, and he carried a bulky black leather valise, which had evidently seen much service in its day. He was received with great heartiness. It soon transpired that he was an itinerant tea peddler, always well posted in the 'Lunnun' news, ever willing to read the newspapers to the men, and who had already donated on sundry occasions small tea packages to the more needy of many sorely pressed families. As the evening wore on I took more kindly to Robbins. His big, black valise I observed was stowed with equal quantities of tea packages and newspapers, each carefully and methodically done up in trim little bundles and tied with black ribbon. 'Lads,' said he cheerily, 'there's a good article in the *Union Chronicle* (the laborers' organ) this week which I am going to read to you.' A general rub-a-dub of horny fists on the table saluted this intelligence. Unfolding his paper and donning his glasses, he read in tones as sprightly, I dare say, as he could command, a lugubrious attack on the English aristocracy. So soon as he had concluded a discussion of the contents of the article followed, and it was interesting to watch the incipient Communism which cropped up all unconsciously to the surface in the course of the debate. I suppose not one of them ever heard of Proudhon, yet his famous maxim was freely reiterated in English in as incisive and epigrammatic a form as the original French. 'Robbins,' said one keen-eyed, square-built little fellow, whose matted red hair was in keeping with the *rouge* tint of his politics, 'I want to know who made all this land, if it weren't God Almighty, and whether he ever intended that one man should keep it all to himself and lock out and starve them as was born on it as well as himself?' Robbins replied with much solemnity that it was God Almighty who made the land, but it was his Satanic Majesty, the prince of evil, who had founded the jurisprudence of England, the entail laws being the special bit of his handiwork, on which he most congratulated himself. The red-haired man rejoined that he could well believe it.

"Another laborer, sitting in the shadow of a remote corner, chimed in that he was sure, 'there would be an uprising soon.' Two or three others murmured in muttered chorus, that they 'didn't care how soon.' 'Starving us here, and sending us to be shot at by darkies in Africa, won't do any longer,' said a stalwart young fellow, whose superb physique showed that so far as muscle and sinew went he was the sort of stuff of which good armies are composed. I do not know how long this discussion would have continued, or to what depths of incendiarism it might not have descended, had not a young lady, the neighboring squire's daughter, just then reined in her palfrey at the porch in order to make some trifling request of the landlord's wife. She was in riding-habit, a vigorous, spirited girl, whose vivacious ways reminded one of Lay Gay Spanker in 'London Assurance.' She seemed full of fun, and somewhat recklessly and imprudently dashed right into our club-room, riding cane in hand, stopping before an old, decrepit-looking fellow, who began tugging at his tangled locks, and seemed very uncomfortable under the searching scrutiny of her keen, dark eye. 'Now, Adam,' said she, after a pause, during which she surveyed him narrowly from head to foot, 'to fancy an old man like you keeping company with such a pack!' Then, glancing at the huge blue cockade he wore in his buttonhole she burst into a merry fit of laughter. 'Oh, who would ever have thought of seeing you wearing those horrid Union colors. Why, man,' she continued, 'it has been charity to give you twelve shillings a week. Pa will never give it you again.' 'Well, you see, Miss Alice,' rejoined the poor old fellow, still tugging awkwardly away at a gray lock on the centre of his forehead, 'I am on strike. I don't complain of master's wages, but I won't give up the union. I have lived a long time, and it's the best thing as I see that has ever come to us chaps. And you would think so, too, Miss Alice, if you could only see things aright, as you will one day do, for you are a good young lady and has always been very kind to Mary and me. I don't want no quarrel with master, but I won't give up the union.' 'But Adam, who has been kindest to you—Pa or the union? Who has supported you for forty years? Why should you be so ungrateful now?' 'I am not ungrateful, Miss Alice; I would do anything for master, but I can't give up my union. It's a principle, you see, Miss, and master will by and by see it so oo.' Then Miss Alice, clenching her cane in her hand, as if

she wished to whip somebody, said, 'It's all the doings of these idle delegates, Adam. You never used to talk about principle until they came among us. They should stay in their own parishes and not come annoying us here.' Changing her tone to one of kindly persuasiveness she continued, 'Adam, only give me your union ticket, and I pledge you my word pa will see you cared for till the end of your days;' then still more persuasively she added, 'Won't you?' Here was a crisis. The old man was confused. He was struggling with himself, and it was very evident that the mental conflict was a hard one. Nobody interfered with him. All were silent. The tableau was effective and striking. The bright young girl all impetuosity and kindness; the wrinkled old fellow all stormy doubt and indecision, which showed itself in the wavering workings of his furrowed countenance. The issue came quick. Looking up in Miss Alice's face, he said in a low, kindly, but determined tone, 'No! Miss Alice, no! I cannot give up the union.' There was but one look on these laborers' countenances. Describe it I cannot; but they seemed one and all of them seized with a sudden inspiration of joy, and to have heard the tocsin of freedom in the old man's words, and a prophecy of the inevitable and ultimate triumph of the Agricultural Laborers' Union. The girl turned quickly on her heel, bit her lip and, looking a little sad and discomfited, left the room. This little incident in the humblest of Suffolk hostelries is no insignificant episode of the strike. It points its own moral. As your correspondent rose to leave, Robbins, flushed and elated as if with new wine, was leading the company in song, the words of which I make no apology for appending to this letter, because that trite old saying of old Fletcher of Saltoun, is as true to-day as ever, 'Give me the making of the ballads of a nation, and I care not who make its laws.' These songs of the laborers show how the current of their social and political opinion is drifting:

STAND BY THE UNION.

Stand by the Union! All through the land
The sons of the soil are waking;
Join heart to heart and hand to hand,
The rusted chains of bondage breaking.

CHORUS.

For the poor man is weak, though his cause be right,
But the weak grow strong when they all unite.

Stand by the Union!—the great may frown;
We'll be their serfs no longer;
Though they are strong who tread us down,
The God-given rights of men are stronger.

CHORUS.

For the poor man, etc.

Stand by the Union!—stick to it now,
With a strength no power can sever;
We've put our hand with a will to the plow;
We'll never look back, boys, never! never!

CHORUS.

For the poor man, etc.

EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN'S WAIL.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

The wail is nearly two-and-a-half columns long in the *Banner of Light*, June 6.

I notice that it is the conservative Spiritualists who feel sad since the division (which they insisted upon) took place. Radicals were never happier. It is barely possible that the spirit of Jeremiah has taken possession of Peebles, Brittan, Emma Hardinge and a few others. It is a weeping time.

Emma offers a "Proposition for the Revival and Better Conduct of our Spiritual Meetings," which she says have "dwindled down to mere occasional gatherings." "Sorrowful faces," she remarks, "loom up amid the gloom of empty benches." Let us weep!

Apprehensive that it might be thought she described her own meetings, she volunteers the information, that as she has "always been deemed more or less of a 'sensational speaker'" herself, it has not fallen to her lot to "observe these signs of sad and premature decay."

Nor have I. Although I am an "Iconoclastic lecturer of atheistical proclivities," never trimming my utterances to catch a breath of popular breeze, yet my encouragement, financially and otherwise, has been such that, coming East to fill one month's engagement, I have remained six months, constantly occupied in the lecture field, and likely to remain two or three months longer. Have had generally good audiences, and, in the main, enthusiastic greetings. I could not ask for more hearty responses to my "bold blasphemies" than I received in Washington, Vineland, Boston, Lynn and Salem. I have been agreeably surprised on finding a large number of Liberalists and Spiritualists in Salem, the famous "witchcraft" town of two hundred years ago. Here we are holding successful meetings, paying a good income by admission fee, at the commencement of the heated term, too. I have seen no "sorrowful faces" in our meetings, unless the face of an occasional conservative could be so designated. Spiritualist meetings are not just the places to find "sorrowful faces."

It must be Conservative-Spiritual-Bible-Christian meetings where those tear-streaked countenances "loom up amid the gloom of empty benches."

Take Victoria C. Woodhull as an example of an opposite state of affairs. The "empty benches" are filled at a dollar a person; benches which "good and pure" speakers generally cannot fill, though no admission is charged.

Mrs. Hardinge-Britten takes extra pains to assure the Spiritualists of America that she is loyal and devoted to the "cause." Unless I greatly err in the "signs," she will go the way of Joel Tiffany, T. L. Harris and some others who failed to tack on a religious tail to the spiritual kite. It is altogether likely that she will go back to the bosom of the Christian Church, where she can obtain at least the "semblance" of religious consolation. She is disgusted with the Spiritualists as a body. They are so irreverent.

She quotes an "influential Spiritualist," of Boston (with whom she had a conversation after commencing to write the article for the *Banner*), who regards spirits with a feeling of "awe" and "reverence." To him death is a solemn change. The inference from this is, that Spiritualists regard death as some of them do religion—too lightly; not enough solemnity, awe, reverence. "Dress up! dress up! faces to the right!"

This gentleman, whom she quotes as an "influential Spirit-

ualist" of Boston, says he goes to the Spiritualists' meetings and finds "queer, angular-looking people, sitting reading newspapers, often with their hats on, as if in rude defiance even of good breeding, to say nothing of order." "The officiating priest," says the Boston gentleman, "raves out a discourse on 'Social Freedom.' My wife and daughters are cordially recommended to imitate the life of the courtesan."

This "influential Spiritualist," as Mrs. Britten terms him, says: "This picture has been exhibited to me often enough in Spiritualist meetings to make me forbid any pure and modest woman of my family from visiting them." (Italicize.) The construction of the sentence would lead us to infer there are some women of his family who are not modest and pure; but, waiving that, I inquire, by what right he presumes to forbid his wife going to any meeting she may wish to attend? How would he like to have his wife forbid him attending any meeting he pleases? But hear this Boston gentleman still further: "I am called a brute and a tyrant if I interfere with the 'natural expression of their passions'—i. e., the natural expression of the passions of his wife and daughters. Is not the natural expression the true expression? Who gave him the right to interfere with the natural, true expression of any human being's passions? Who appointed him judge and guardian of anybody's passions?"

But what can be expected of a man, who "forbids" his wife and daughters to attend meetings, which he does not happen to like? He not only forbids them social freedom, but religious freedom as well. Are they not capable of judging for themselves? He says, he is called a brute and a tyrant. The appellation is harsh, but if any one deserves it, it is this Boston Spiritualist. After this precious Spiritualist has placed his heel on the necks of the feminine portion of his household, he saunters forth on Sunday, and carries his "spiritual aspirations" (that is what he calls them!) "to any place of Sunday meeting" he can find—Catholic or Protestant—anywhere but to those horrid Spiritualist meetings, where they read the papers and sit with their hats on!

Did he ever attend a Quaker meeting? But this Spiritualist hypocrite goes to an orthodox meeting, where his ears will not be pained with a discourse on "social freedom," nor religious freedom either for that part. In that holy orthodox meeting he sits, and as he sits he says, "where the sweet and holy tones of fine music sooth me into harmony." Poor man, he wanted to be "soothed." Had he believed in social freedom, doubtless his wife and daughters would have perceived enough of the loveable in his nature to have won their love, which would have more effectually soothed him in to harmony than any number of wind and string instruments.

While there in church, he remarks, "my eyes are not offended by irrelevant and common-place objects, nor my ears outraged by immoral utterances; where in quiet prayer I can lift up my soul to the God of all creeds, and in the act of others' devotions, I can rest, and feel that 'God is in his holy temple,' and hear the very air re-echoing the beautiful words, 'peace, troubled soul, be still.'"

He probably had a dispute with his wife and daughters before he left home.

The "God of all creeds" must be a queer individual. If it is a fact that there is such a being, he is the parent of a miserable brood, for one creed includes "infant damnation" and "total depravity."

This Boston Spiritualist says he goes to church where he can feel that "God is in his holy temple." What else can we look for from such Spiritualists, who have so many honeyed words for old bear-eyed orthodoxy, than slurs upon Spiritualists and their meetings. The idea, too, that Emma Hardinge-Britten should peddle out such second-hand trash (for she confesses she does not know her statements are true by her own observation), which we, who have been before hundreds of Spiritualist assemblies for the last fifteen years, know to be false. But it appears that Mrs. Britten indorses the slander upon Spiritualists which she repeats as coming from this despotic, wife-and-daughter-crushing Christian Spiritualist of Boston, for she says:

"The above words will no doubt be read with tremendous sneers from the highly-progressed members of our ranks who have entirely outgrown the fossiliferous ideas of God, religion, piety and prayer."

I am happy to say that describes my case exactly. I would rather be as I am than a "pious" Spiritualist. Mrs. Britten says that tens of thousands "fondly hoped" to find a supply of spiritual food in Spiritualism; but they failed to find it, she says, and went back to the churches, where the "decent semblance" of "spiritual food" may be found. What she means by "spiritual food" is not clear. Probably the following propositions, which she submits "to the Spiritualists of America," will shed some light on the subject: "I have myself prepared a set of services." Ritualistic, liturgic Emma Hardinge-Britten! Back to the flesh-pots of orthodoxy; back to the theological husks of the church you have gone. Indeed it is not certain you ever left the church. But when you invite the Spiritualists of America to walk back into the church, or to adopt their mummeries, called religious ceremonies, it proves, I think, that you misapprehend the American character, and especially the character of American Spiritualists.

Here is Emma's liturgy: 1. Invocation. 2. Opening music. 3. Short reading. 4. "A service peculiarly effective, soothing and inspirational, and this is a litany." (I give this in her own words.) 5. An anthem. 6. Discourse. 7. Congregational Hymn.

She thinks this would be better than "ranting and storming for social freedom," with which we have been favored for the last three years. She says the "holy, pure, inspiring" music and "Easter services" of the Roman Catholics have drawn crowds. Ergo, banish freedom from the spiritual rostrum, and substitute anything that will draw a crowd!

Now, it is not with any feeling of antipathy toward our sister, that I write these words. There is so much theological garbage mixed with Spiritualism that plain words are needed. If Mrs. Britten wants to start a church, of which she can be the female Pope, it is her prerogative to do so. There may be some Spiritualists who need just such a leader. But the spirit of dictation and proscription which church-builders exhibit is intolerable. Let us beware of creedal fetters.

SALEM, Mass., June 20, 1874.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH WILL RISE AGAIN."

THE BEECHER SCANDAL.

Mr. Theodore Tilton has published in the *Golden Age*, June 27, 1874, a letter written by him to the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, in reply to certain strictures and misrepresentations by the rev. gentleman, of which we give below the principal parts of public interest, forbearing comment until Mrs. Woodhull, who is now on a lecturing tour on the Pacific coast, can be heard from.

MR. TILTON'S REPLY TO DR. BACON.

Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D., LL.D., ex-Moderator of the Brooklyn Council:

Sir—I have carefully read your New Haven address concerning the late council, and also your five essays on the same subject, just concluded in the *Independent*.

The numerous and extraordinary misrepresentations of my position which these writings of yours will perpetuate to my injury, if not corrected, compel me to lay before you the data for their correction—misrepresentations which, on your part, are of course wholly unintentional, for you are incapable of doing any man a willful wrong.

In producing to your inspection some hitherto unpublished papers and documents in this case, I need first to state a few facts in chronological sequence, sufficient to explain the documentary evidence which follows.

After I had been for fifteen years a member of Plymouth Church, and had become meanwhile an intimate friend of the pastor, knowledge came to me in 1870 that he had committed against me an offense which I forbear to name or characterize. Prompted by my self-respect, I immediately and forever ceased my attendance on his ministry. I informed him of this determination as early as January, 1871, in the presence of a mutual friend, Mr. Francis D. Moulton.

The rules of Plymouth Church afforded me a choice between two methods of retirement—one to ask for a formal letter of dismissal; the other, to dismiss myself less formally by prolonged absence. I chose the latter. In so doing, my chief desire was to avoid giving rise to curious inquiries into the reasons for my abandoning a church in which I had been brought up from boyhood; and therefore I did not invite attention to the subject by asking for a dismissory letter, but adopted the alternative of silently staying away, relying on the rule that a prolonged absence would finally secure to me a dismissal involving no publicity to the case.

Several powerful reasons prompted me to the adoption of this alternative, among which were the following: The pastor communicated to me in writing an apology, signed by his name. He also appealed to me to protect him from bringing reproach to the cause of religion. He alleged that an exposure would forbid him to reascend his pulpit. These, and other similar reasons I had no right or disposition to disregard; and I acted upon them with a conscious desire to see Mr. Beecher protected rather than harmed. * * *

Many suppositions—but never the right one—became current in the church (and still are) to explain my suddenly sundered membership—the true reason for which has been understood always by the pastor, but never by his flock.

At length, after many calumnious whisperings near and far (since evil tales magnify as they travel), a weekly paper in New York in November, 1872, published a wicked and horrible scandal—a publication which some persons in the church ignorantly attributed in its origin and animus to me; whereas I had previously spent many months of constant and unremitting endeavor to suppress it—an endeavor in which, with an earnest motive but a foolish judgment, I made many ill-directed sacrifices of my reputation, position, money, and fair prospects in life—for all which losses of things precious, since mine alone was the folly, let mine alone be the blame.

In May, 1873, occurred the surreptitious publication of a tripartite agreement signed by H. C. Bowen, H. W. Beecher and myself—an agreement which, so far as I was concerned, had for its object to pledge me to silence against using or circulating charges which Mr. Bowen had made against Mr. Beecher. This covenant, as originally written, would have bound me never to speak, not only of Mr. Bowen's, but also of my own personal grievances against Mr. Beecher. I refused to sign the original paper. My position in the amended paper was this: Mr. Bowen had made grave charges against Mr. Beecher. These charges Mr. Bowen had been induced to recall in writing. I cheerfully agreed never to circulate the charges which Mr. Bowen had recalled.

In August, 1873, Mr. William F. West, a member of Plymouth Church, came to my residence and told me that he (Mr. W.) meant to cite me before the church on the charge of circulating scandals against the pastor; declaring that Mr. Beecher had acted as if the reported scandalous tales were true, rather than false. * * *

Accordingly, a few weeks later, he brought forward charges which were nominally against myself, but really against the pastor. * * * Some leading members, including the pastor, desired my co-operation in defeating Mr. West, and I cheerfully gave it. To this end, I wrote—with their pre-knowledge and at their urgent desire—a letter declining to accept a copy of the charges addressed to me as a member, on the ground that I had, four years previously, ceased my connection with the church. For this letter, I received, on the next day after sending it, the pastor's prompt and hearty thanks. An understanding was then had between Mr. Beecher and myself, that Mr. West's indictment against me was to be disposed of by a simple resolution to the effect that whereas I had, four years previously, terminated my membership; and whereas by inadvertence my name still remained on the roll; therefore resolved that the roll be amended in accordance with the fact. This was to put Mr. West's case quietly out of court without bringing up the scandal.

To my surprise and indignation, I learned on the morning of Oct. 31, 1873, that the report which was to be presented at the church meeting to be held on that evening, would not be in the simple form already indicated, but would declare that whereas I had been charged with slandering the pastor;

and whereas I had been cited before the church to meet the charge: and whereas I had pleaded non-membership as an excuse for not appearing for trial; therefore resolved that I should be dropped, etc.

This led me to appear in person at the church on that evening, there to await the reading of the forthcoming report. This report, when it came to be read, brought me the following novel intelligence, namely, "whereas a copy of the charges was put into the hands of the said Tilton on the 17th of October, and a request made of him that he should answer the same by the 23d of October," etc.

I do not know to this day whose hand it was that drew the above report, and therefore I am happily saved from an offensive personality when I say that the statement which I have here quoted is diametrically the opposite of the truth; for instead of my having been requested to answer the charges, I had been requested *not* to answer them.

After the public reading of the above report I arose in the meeting and said in Mr. Beecher's presence that if I had slandered him I would answer for it to his face—to which he replied in an equally public manner, that he had no charge whatever to make against me.

The above facts and events will serve as a sufficient groundwork whereon to base the correction of the unjust and injurious statements which you have unwittingly given of my participation and responsibility in the case. * * *

You say that I retired from the church, giving no announcement of my so doing to any proper officer. On the very first occasion of my meeting the chief officer of the church after my retirement from it, I gave notice to him of that retirement. At a later period I repeated this notice to other officers of that body. In evidence of this fact I adduce the following extract from a recent card by Mr. Thomas S. Shearman, clerk of Plymouth Church, published in the *Independent* of June 18, 1874. He says:

"Long before any charges were preferred against him, Mr. Tilton distinctly informed the clerk of the church and various other officers and members (myself included) that he had withdrawn, and that his name ought to be taken off the roll."

You say that I have either "a malicious heart or a crazy brain." I know the fountain-head of this opinion. While the Council was in session in Brooklyn, the following startling paragraph appeared in the *Brooklyn Union* of Saturday, March 28, 1874:

"MR. SHEARMAN ON THE SITUATION."

"At the close of the services, a *Union* reporter approached Mr. Beecher for the purpose of getting his views as to the Council, but he declined to be interviewed. Mr. Shearman, the clerk of the church, however, was communicative. He said he had received no intimation as yet what course the Council would pursue. In regard to the scandal on Mr. Beecher, he said so far as Tilton was concerned, he (Tilton) was out of his mind, off his balance, and did not act reasonably. As for Mrs. Tilton, she had occasioned the whole trouble while in a half-crazed condition. She had mediumistic fits, and while under the strange power that possessed her often spoke of the most incredible things, declared things possible that were impossible, and among the rest had slandered Mr. Beecher. Mr. Tilton himself had acknowledged that all the other things she had told him in her mediumistic trance were false and impossible; then why, asked Mr. Shearman, should the scandal on Mr. Beecher be the only truth in her crazy words?"

At first, I was not willing to believe that the clerk of Plymouth Church could have been guilty of so great an outrage against truth and decency as the above paragraph contained—particularly against a lady whose devout religious faith and life are at the farthest possible remove from spiritualism or fanaticism of any kind. Accordingly I procured the sworn statement by the reporter certifying to the accuracy of his report.

Shortly after the appearance of Mr. Shearman's reported interview in the *Union*, that gentleman sent to me through Mr. F. D. Moulton a letter, the substance of which was that he (Mr. S.) had referred in the above conversation, not to me or my family, but to other persons. This letter I declined to receive, and returned it to the writer, with a demand upon him to retract his untrue and unjust statements. Furthermore, I required as a condition of my accepting from Mr. Shearman any apology at all, that this apology should be presented to me in writing in the presence of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. This was promptly done at Mr. Moulton's house in Mr. Beecher's presence.

The calumny which Mr. T. G. Shearman thus retracted is but one of several similar falsehoods against my wife and myself which have been fostered by interested parties to explain the action of Plymouth Church—falsehoods which, in some instances, have been corrected in the same way, and which, in others, still await to be corrected either in this way or in a court of justice. * * *

It now remains for me to give you some reasons why I have been prompted, after years of reticence, to lay before you the grave matters contained in this communication. Nothing could induce me to make my present use of the foregoing facts except the conviction which the events of the last year, and particularly of the last half year, have forced upon my mind, that Mr. Beecher, or his legal and other agents acting in his interest and by his consent, have shown themselves willing to sacrifice my good name for the maintenance of his. I have come slowly to this judgment—more slowly than my personal friends have done; but that I am not mistaken in it, you shall see by a few illustrative instances:

I have already shown you how the church, by an official document, gave the public falsely to understand that I had been cited to answer charges, when I had really been requested *not* to answer them—a piece of ecclesiastical misrepresentation which was the more grievous to me because it was subsequently accepted by the Council as authentic, and because it is still widely believed by the public.

Mr. Beecher's journal, the *Christian Union*, published this official falsehood to a wide circle of readers, and took no

notice of the correction which I addressed at the time in a brief note to the Council. * * *

During the Council, and when there seemed a probability that Plymouth Church would receive condemnation and be dis-fellowshipped by the neighboring churches, Mr. Beecher inspired a message from his church to the Council, closing with these words:

"We hold that it is our right, and may be our duty, to avoid the evils incident to a public explanation or a public trial; and that such an exercise of our discretion furnishes no good ground for the interference of other churches, provided we neither retain within our fellowship, nor dismiss by letter, as in regular standing, persons who bring open dishonor upon the Christian name."

This adroit insinuation against me is what you, as Moderator of the Council, know to have been the turning-point in the fortunes of Plymouth Church before that tribunal. Do not misunderstand me. I will not say that, in my unsuccessful management of this unhappy scandal, I have brought no "dishonor on the Christian name"—the one name which, of all others, I most seek to honor. With infinite sorrow I look back through the last few years, and see instances in which, by the fatality of my false position, I have brought peculiar "dishonor on the Christian name"—all which I freely acknowledge and hope yet to repair. But I solemnly aver—and no man shall gainsay me—that the reason why Plymouth Church avoided an investigation into the scandal with which I was charged, was not because I, but another man, had "brought dishonor on the Christian name." And yet this other person, a clergyman, permitted his church to brand me before the Council with an accusation which, had I been in his place and he in mine, I would have voluntarily borne for myself instead of casting on another.

I will adduce a further instance by a quotation from a letter which I had occasion to address to Mr. Beecher, dated May 1, 1874:

"Henry Ward Beecher:

"Sir—Mr. F. B. Carpenter mentions to me your saying to him that under certain conditions, involving certain disavowals by me, a sum of money would or could be raised to send me, with my family, to Europe for a term of years.

"The occasion compels me to state explicitly that so long as life and self-respect continue to exist together in my breast, I shall be debarred from receiving, either directly or indirectly, any pecuniary or other favor at your hands.

"The reason for this feeling on my part you know so well that I will spare you the statement of it.

"Yours truly, THEODORE TILTON."

Take another instance. In Mr. Shearman's letter, declining my offer to return to the church to be tried; he says, under date, May 18, 1874:

"Your note of 4th inst., inclosing a letter addressed to Mr. Beecher, Mr. Halliday and myself was duly received. This letter has been read by Mr. Halliday, with whose concurrence it has been submitted to the Examining Committee."

And yet a month and a half after Mr. Halliday saw this letter, the *Brooklyn Union*, of June 19, contained the following singular statement by a reporter who visited Mr. Halliday:

"In an extract from a letter to the *Chicago Tribune*, it is stated that Mr. Tilton had addressed a note to the 'Trustees of Plymouth Church.' The *Tribune's* correspondent declares that Mr. Tilton 'not only expresses his willingness, but desire to answer any summons as a witness during the next thirty days.' A *Union* reporter called on Rev. Mr. Halliday to-day, and, upon presenting the extract to him, was assured that the person must have been misinformed. The very fact of his stating that the letter was addressed 'to the trustees of the church,' he said, 'was an absurdity.' The trustees only attended to temporalities of the church. If Mr. Tilton had written such a letter, of which, however, he had no knowledge, it would have been either addressed to the church, to its pastor or to some member or members. At the last Friday evening meeting no such letter had been presented for consideration, and he was certain none had since been received, although he must say he had been absent in Massachusetts about a week.

And yet Mr. Halliday, according to Mr. Shearman's testimony above given, had read my letter forty days before thus denying that he had ever seen or heard of it.

A similar statement to the above appeared in the *Brooklyn Eagle* at the same time (June 20) as follows:

"The trustees of Plymouth Church deny that Theodore Tilton has addressed a letter to them offering himself as a witness, and expressing a desire to answer certain charges against Mr. Beecher during the next thirty days. They say that the whole story is false from beginning to end."

The above are recent specimens—not solitary or unique—of the manner in which Mr. Beecher's agents have not hesitated to use the Brooklyn press, on numerous occasions, to misrepresent and pervert my case to the community in which I reside, and to the public at large.

Furthermore, I regret to point you to the evidence that Plymouth Church, or rather the attorney who now acts as its clerk, is attempting to make up a false but plausible record concerning this case for the purpose of appealing to it in future to my disadvantage. It was to this end that Mr. Shearman ingeniously incorporated in his letter to me, dated May 18, 1874, the following words:

"We do not understand your letter as implying that you have any charges to make, but the contrary. If the committee had so understood it, they would have readily entertained and fully investigated them."

The manifest object of the above record is to enable the Church to say, a year or five years hence, that if I ever had any charges to make against Mr. Beecher, the Church had long ago given me an abundant opportunity to make them. Mr. Shearman is still more bold in his communication to the *Independent*, dated June 18, 1874. He therein says of the Church:

"Its officers have, in the proper way, without parade,

given every facility for investigation that could reasonably be desired even by the most captious critics."

The above statement by Mr. Shearman is made in a letter which was put forth by him ostensibly in my interest, and which I am already accused of having inspired. This leads me to disavow the declaration which I have last quoted as insincere and at variance with the truth.

Not to multiply instances needlessly, there is one other to which my self-respect compels me to allude with painful explicitness. In your New Haven speech you characterized Mr. Beecher as the most magnanimous of men, and in the context referred to me as a knave and dog. You left the public to infer that I had become in some despicable way the creature of Mr. Beecher's magnanimity. Early in April last I called Mr. Beecher's attention to the offensiveness and injuriousness of your statement, and informed him that I should insist on its correction either by him or me. In order to provide him with an easy way to correct it, involving no humiliation to his feelings, I addressed to you the following letter:

"BROOKLYN, April 3, 1874.

"REV. LEONARD BACON, D. D.:

"My Dear Sir—* * * Please forward to Mr. Beecher the letter which I am now writing, and ask him to inform you on his word of honor, whether I have been his slanderer, whether I have spoken against him falsely, whether I have evaded my just responsibility to Plymouth Church, whether I have treated him other than with the highest possible fairness, and whether he has not acknowledged to me, in large and ample terms, that my course toward him in this sorrowful business has been marked by the magnanimity which you apparently intimate has characterized his toward me.

"If you will write to Mr. Beecher as I have indicated, I will thank you for a line as to the words or substance of his reply.

"With great respect, I am truly yours,

THEODORE TILTON."

In reply to the above letter, you sent me the following:

"NEW HAVEN, April 10, 1874.

"THEODORE TILTON, ESQ.:

"Dear Sir—Not being in Mr. Beecher's confidence, I have doubted what I ought to do with your letter written a week ago. I was not—and am not—willing to demand of him that he shall admit me to his confidence in a matter on which he chooses to be reticent. But as the letter seems to have been written for him quite as much as for me, I have now sent it to him without asking or expecting any reply.

"With the best wishes for your welfare, I am yours truly,
LEONARD BACON."

It is now between two and three months since I received from you the foregoing letter; and as I have not heard that Mr. Beecher has made a reply, either to you or to me, I am at last forced to the disagreeable necessity of borrowing a reply in his own words, as follows:

"BROOKLYN, Jan. 1, 1871.

"I ask Theodore Tilton's forgiveness, and humble myself before him as I do before my God. He would have been a better man in my circumstances than I have been. I can ask nothing except that he will remember all the other breasts that would ache. I will not plead for myself. I even wish that I were dead.

H. W. BEECHER."

The above brief extract from Mr. Beecher's own testimony will be sufficient, without adducing the remainder of the document, to show that I have just ground to resist the imputation that I am the creature of his magnanimity.

In conclusion, the common impression that I have circulated and promoted scandals against Mr. Beecher, is not true. I doubt if any other man in Brooklyn, during the whole extent of the last four years, has spoken to so few persons on this subject as I have done. A mere handful of my intimate friends—who had a right to understand the case—are the only persons to whom I have ever communicated the facts. To all other persons I have been dumb—resisting all questions and refusing all explanations.

If the public have heretofore considered my silence as inexplicable, let my sufficient motive be now seen in the just forbearance which I felt morally bound to show to a man who had sent me a written and absolute apology.

But my duty to continue this forbearance ceased when the spirit of that apology was violated to my injury by its author or his agents. These violations have been multitudinous already, and they threaten to multiply in the future—forcing me to protect myself against them in advance;—particularly against the cunning devices of the Clerk of the Church, who, acting as an attorney, appears to be conducting this business against me as if it were a case at law.

Had the fair spirit which I had a right to expect from Plymouth Church—at least for its pastor's sake—been shown toward me, I would have continued to rest in silence on Mr. Beecher's apology, and never during the remainder of my life would I have permitted any public word of mine to allude to the offense or the offender.

But the injurious measures which the author of this apology has since permitted his church to take against me without protest on his part—measures leading to the misrepresentation of my case and character—involving gross injuries to me which have been greatly aggravated by your writings;—all these indictments, conjoining to one end, have put me before my countrymen in the character of a base and bad man;—a character which, I trust, is foreign to my nature and life. Under the accumulating weight of this odium—unjustly bestowed on me—neither patience nor charity can demand that I keep silent.

In your capacity as ex-Moderator of the Council and as its chief expositor, you have labelled the theme of your animadversions "the celebrated case of Theodore Tilton." You have declared that "the transaction with all its consequences belongs to history, and is in every way a legitimate subject to public criticism." If, therefore, your estimate of the historic importance of the case is true (though I hope it is not)

I now finally appeal to you as its chief historian not to represent me as playing an unmanly or dishonorable part in a case in which so far as I can yet see, I have failed in no duty save to myself.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS ABOUT THE TILTON SCANDAL.

[From the New York Times, June 25.]

We print in another column, though not without regret, a portion of a statement made by Mr. Theodore Tilton in reference to what has been for some time known as the "Beecher-Tilton" scandal. Mr. Beecher's own admissions, as quoted by Mr. Tilton, are certainly very strong, and will, perhaps, startle many who hold that the lives of ministers of religion should correspond in some degree with their preaching. The solemn warning, "Be sure your sin will find you out," is not limited in its application to the hearers of the Word, but applies to the preachers thereof also. Mr. Tilton declares he would not have published a line on this unpleasant subject but for the persistent attacks which have been leveled at him by the friends of Mr. Beecher—and there seems no reason to doubt his word.

[From the New York Sun, June 26.]

THE BEECHER SCANDAL.

Mr. Theodore Tilton has at last broken his long silence and published a lengthened explanation of his relations to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, to Plymouth Church, and to the notorious scandal which has so long shocked and disturbed the public mind. The principal feature of Mr. Tilton's statement is the following extract from an alleged confession made by Mr. Beecher:

"BROOKLYN, Jan. 1, 1871.

"I ask Theodore Tilton's forgiveness, and humble myself before him as I do before my God. He would have been a better man in my circumstances than I have been. I can ask nothing except that he will remember all the other breasts that would ache. I will not plead for myself. I even wish that I were dead.

* * * * *

H. W. BEECHER."

Mr. Tilton should have said more or he should have continued to hold his tongue. What does the omitted part of this paper signed by Mr. Beecher contain? What does it refer to? Why did Mr. Beecher ask Theodore Tilton's forgiveness? What had Beecher done that Tilton could forgive? How would the one have been a better man in the same circumstances than the other? Why does Mr. Beecher wish that he were dead? And was this document really written by Mr. Beecher with his name signed to it by his own hand?

These questions suggest themselves to every mind. The end of this amazing affair has not yet been reached. Mr. Beecher must now speak and tell the whole truth. Silence on his part is no longer possible.

[From the New York Tribune, June 26.]

MR. TILTON AND MR. BEECHER.

On Wednesday last Mr. Theodore Tilton brought to the Tribune office proof slips containing his statement in relation to what is usually called the Plymouth Church scandal. We decided not to print it, not thinking it advisable to give any further publicity to this deplorable controversy than that which it would receive in Mr. Tilton's own journal. The other newspapers of the city have taken a different view of the matter, and by their action the attention of the public was yesterday so directed to the subject that it no longer rests within our discretion to publish or withhold the news. The condensed extracts which we publish this morning give the essential points of Mr. Tilton's case. There are few people in New York or in the country who will not regret the reopening of this shocking business, which from the beginning has been marked on both sides with a singular deficiency of tact and judgment.

The early publications in regard to it were barbarous and criminal. The subsequent measures taken to quiet the scandal were awkward and blundering. The Brooklyn Conference, undertaken with the best motives, resulted in no good, and since its adjournment there has hardly been a word said in regard to it which might not far better have been left unsaid. Mr. Tilton's critics have proved their lack of practical sense by driving him before the public with an appeal which cannot fail to do great harm to himself and others. Innocence is no defense against the injurious effects of a wide and clamorous scandal which wraps a whole community in its unwholesome atmosphere.

It may now be thought expedient by Mr. Beecher and his friends to make some reply to this authoritative and serious attack. If he should simply deny the truth of Mr. Tilton's somewhat vague allegations and explain the document to which his name is attached, he would find the community among whom he has labored with such distinguished success disposed to side with him against all assailants. Mr. Tilton has much to say of the rectitude he has hitherto observed. We shall be greatly surprised if he does not soon regret that he did not observe it longer. It is not for us yet to judge the action of one who claims to have been vitally wronged, but we can hardly conceive any suffering more intolerable than that which the eloquent and indiscreet editor of the Golden Age has prepared for himself by this unhappy manifesto. The well-nigh fatal mistakes of two or three years ago were beginning to be forgotten. He now comes forth—stung by what seems the insufficient provocation of technical irregularities in the Congregational Conference and unfriendly criticism in certain newspapers—to challenge to a mortal duel the most eminent preacher in the world, a man revered for his genius and his good works as far as Christianity extends. It would be a misfortune to all of us if the just and righteous fame of the great preacher should receive the slightest stain from this assault; and it would be base ingratitude for this people to think any evil of him before he has been heard, or without stronger proof than has yet been offered.

[From the New York Herald, June 25, 1874.]

WHY DIG IT UP?

If it is possible to keep a scandal on the surface which would naturally sink back into the mud from which it sprung if let alone, let us do it by all means. It would be too magnanimous a thing to expect of common human nature that it should help to quietly strangle a story that has for its sole and infamous purpose a fatal injury to the character of a long-trusted and well-trying minister and friend. By all means, if it is possible to blacken any one's character who is not at present over-clean, or to smirch the fair purity of a life that has never been suspected, let us not lose the opportunity. It will never do to have too much integrity or purity of life in those about us, and especially in our teachers and public advisers; and if we can take a story which in its beginning was feeble and unable to go alone and manage to roll it over and over, seeing to it all the time that it gathers weight and bulk as it rolls, why, ere long we shall create a sort of public opinion which will at least shake its wise head and say, "Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire."

We see that the Beecher scandal is not yet allowed to sink to the oblivion with which we would gladly cover it. Dr. Leonard Bacon, at the recent Congregational council held in Brooklyn, was unfortunate enough to misrepresent the status of Theodore Tilton. He is generally very careful in his use of language, but on this particular occasion he left his dictionary at home. His words were not exactly balm to the sensitive wounds of Mr. Tilton, and the latter gentleman, who would not for the world stand in an equivocal position, rises once more to explain. The misrepresentation took place several weeks since, and the public had already forgotten all about it. It may possibly be that they were so occupied with the more important question under discussion that they were not even aware that any slip of the speaker's tongue had opened a yawning abyss into which Mr. Tilton was likely to fall. The people had made up their minds as to the verdict which the council ought to render, and they were not disappointed. They did not care a whit about the personal relations between Mr. Beecher and Mr. Tilton, neither are they particularly interested in that matter at the present time. Mr. Tilton's position before the council was simply that of a bee who was buzzing about the wrong hive. He knocked at the door twice, but in both cases the council was not at home. He was compelled to carry his wounded heart in his angry bosom until a better occasion should offer. This was a great deal to ask of any man. The old adage about letting "dogs delight to bark and bite, for 'tis their nature to," has a direct application to bipeds as well as to quadrupeds, since the ingenious theorizing of Darwin has made one happy family of bipeds and quadrupeds alike. It was certainly too much to ask of Mr. Tilton that, with a burning thought in his manly bosom, he should quell the storm of his eloquence and keep still. If there is really a large and undue accumulation of bile in his system, the sooner he gets rid of it the better. It would not be fair to ask him to live on in apparent health when we all know that his liver is in a very disordered condition. Now is the opportunity to say what he has to say, and after he has found relief we shall all feel better. If it is absolutely necessary to his happiness to keep Plymouth Church in hot water, it is a pity that we should deny him that small comfort.

On the whole we are sorry that Dr. Bacon was not more careful in his utterance, or perhaps it would have been better had he not spoken at all. The people are tired of this scandal, and will be glad to see it laid at rest. The recent council was convened for the purpose of supplying its pall-bearers, and in that capacity the members attended to their solemn duties with becoming propriety. They accompanied the remains, after all the gossips of the land had enjoyed their last look at its face, to the place of sepulture, deposited it in its grave, raised an appropriate headstone and went home, never dreaming of a resurrection. Mr. Tilton, however, with the unerring instinct of a medical student who is in search of a fresh corpse, armed himself with pick and spade and, taking poor Dr. Bacon as a dark lantern to be used when occasion required, repaired to the spot where the funeral services were held and vigorously threw out six feet of solid earth, and at last he struck the coffin. Nothing can be so dead that he cannot revive it. He took the ghastly story from its resting-place, magnetized it into a dull semblance of life and thrust it before the public gaze. It was unpleasant work to do, even under a stern sense of duty, and there are those who say that the paltry excuse, that justice to himself required it, is of that gossamer nature through which any man can see.

Mr. Beecher's past life is unparalleled for general success and for the largest influence. He has preached from Plymouth pulpit to half the population of America, who treasure up his witty and wise sayings with great affection for the man who uttered them. Take him for all-in-all, his equal cannot be found either in America or Europe. The magnetic throb of his public life is felt beyond the Rocky Mountains, and the brave words he utters from Sabbath to Sabbath echo and re-echo from the lakes to the Gulf. About this whole matter he prefers to be silent, and perhaps the story will die all the sooner if let severely alone. The public affection for the Brooklyn preacher, which makes the continent ring with his praise, as well as the general cause of religion, which weakens when one of its strongest supporters is thus bespattered with mud, demand that this whole matter come to an end, that it rehabilitate its grave, and that the headstone on which the council engraved its verdict of acquittal be set up again.

WHAT MR. BEECHER AND HIS FRIENDS SAY ABOUT IT.

A Herald correspondent at Peekskill says: "In answer to a query as to what course he will pursue in view of the recent statement of Mr. Tilton, published in the Golden Age for this week, Mr. Beecher says he will not break the silence he has hitherto observed. 'These things will not move me. Why should they?' he asked. To all inquiries as to what he would do in regard to them Mr. Beecher was thoroughly non-committal. He said it was not for him to do anything; it

was for his church to take action, and to that action he should defer. There was nothing revealed in the recent published story that had not been known to the principal members of the church long ago, and as to the penitential tone and admissions of the letter, about which so much had been said, that was capable of an explanation, and which was already known to some of his friends. No practical good could come of any further illumination of a story that had already been buried in a way that had been satisfactory to everybody who had any interest in it."

A *Herald* reporter says that in a conversation with Mr. Beecher on his way homeward from the Friday night meeting at Plymouth Church Mr. B. reiterated his decision to preserve the silence he has hitherto observed as to this controversy, but added that he was in the hands of those who were in authority in the church. If they thought it desirable for him to speak, and their decision commended itself to him, he would do all that was expected of him by his friends inside and outside of the church. He had a fully occupied life, and to meddle with this scandalous talk was to put himself in a position by which large demands would be made upon his time and patience that could result in no practical good. This closed the conversation, and as far as any outward appearances were concerned, Mr. Beecher's manner is aptly described in the language of the hymn:

And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across his peaceful breast.

A *Sun* reporter represents the Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher as saying, when asked what he thought of this phase of the scandal, that he could give no opinion, but supposed Mr. Tilton's letter could be answered satisfactorily if it should be deemed necessary. Mr. Shearman, clerk of Plymouth Church, said he did not believe Mr. Tilton's allegation of Mr. Beecher's guilt.

The *N. Y. Star* says, after the Friday night prayer-meeting Mr. Beecher went to the house of one of his congregation, where his advisers met him. A long discussion ensued as to the propriety of a formal reply to Mr. Tilton's letter, the almost unanimous sentiment of those present being adverse to taking any notice of it. They all seemed gratified at the unanimity of the press in relation to it, and although some felt that Mr. Beecher should have put his foot on the whole affair at the outset, the majority thought that at this time any statement would be foolish.

With two warm friends of Mr. Beecher a *Brooklyn Eagle* reporter had a long interview, the substance of which was, Mr. Beecher knew very well that Tilton had been contemplating something of this kind for quite a while past, and seemed quite relieved to learn that it was out. The men who got up the council, also obtained the confidence of Tilton, and failing in their original design, determined to justify themselves, if possible, by using him. They succeeded in persuading Theodore that Mr. Beecher and his friends had been using him badly; that the way to rehabilitate his reputation was to assail that of Mr. Beecher, and that whatever loss of caste he had suffered as a public man was entirely due to the fact that he had been induced to hold his peace about the scandal. Disposed, as most men are, to blame everybody but themselves for their failures in life, Theodore was rather pleased with the idea of appearing as a martyr to charity, and with the fine spirit of a French dancing-master, he, at the instigation of his new friends, determined to do a little posturing at the stake. As to Mr. Beecher's ability to meet and to nullify all that has been said against him, there is no doubt in the minds of those who know this matter most intimately. If the issue involved him alone his course of action would be clear, but he cannot speak on this subject without practically ruining a very large number of reputations. As to the apologetic letter, Mr. Beecher can dispose of that very effectually. They say, on their own account, that Mr. Beecher never wrote any such letter; that Mr. Tilton knows that he did not, and that there is no such letter in existence; that there is no truth in the statement that Mr. Beecher authorized any one to offer, as the price of silence, to send Mr. Tilton and his family to Europe, and they doubt if Mr. Beecher ever heard of such a proposition.

At the conclusion of the interview they said, should Mr. Beecher decide upon war, those who have been assailing him will find him a remarkably ugly antagonist.

BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

CHARLES H. FOSTER.

We are pleased to learn that this world renowned medium has arrived in San Francisco on his return from Australia. We are not apprized of his future movements, but we advise our readers, whenever he is in their vicinity, to call upon him and witness his various phases of mediumship. They will find him a reliable medium and a courteous gentleman. He is at present at the Grand Hotel in San Francisco.

AMERICAN FREE-DRESS LEAGUE.

I am authorized to state that the First Annual Convention of the American Free-Dress League will be held early in September at some point in Northern Ohio.

The general awakening of the public mind to the necessity of effort for practical release from soul-debasing, body-killing fashions, together with the steadfast earnestness of the friends of Dress Reform in that locality, are sufficient assurance that the meeting will be a most instructive and important one. Further notice will appear in due season.

O. F. SHEPARD, Sec. A. F. D. League.

C. W. STEWART, the uncompromising young Radical, is re-engaged at Terre Haute, Indiana, for the next three months and will answer calls to lecture on week evenings during that time to all parties who uphold free speech, and have the welfare of humanity at heart here and now. No others need apply.

THAT staunch and able advocate of Freedom, *Our Age*, Battle Creek, Mich., will be sent, ten numbers for 25c., to trial subscribers. Send for it; you will get twice your money's worth.

NOTICE.

Celebration on the 4th day of July, by the Spiritualists and Naturalists, at Eden Mills, Vt. Oration by the gifted orator, Mrs. Emma L. Paul, of Stowe. Dance to commence at four o'clock P. M., in William Scott's Hall. A general invitation to mediums and all concerned to attend.

SABIN SCOTT (for the Committee).

The legal rate of postage on the WEEKLY, addressed to regular subscribers, is twenty cents per annum, or five cents per quarter, payable in advance. Subscribers who receive their copies by letter-carriers will please hand the annual or quarterly postage to carriers, taking their receipts. If any higher rates are demanded, report the facts to the local Postmaster. The postage on copies directed to subscribers in New York city has been prepaid by the publishers.

NELLIE L. DAVIS will lecture in Maine through July; in New York during August; in Bay City during September; in San Jose, California, during November; in San Francisco during December. Permanent address, 235 Washington street, Salem, Mass.

DR. L. K. COONLEY has removed from Vineland to Newark, N. J. Office and residence No. 51 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.

L. K. COONLEY.

DR. R. P. FELLOWS, the renowned Healer, is now healing with surprising success through the agency of his Magnetized Pellets. The afflicted should send \$1 to the Doctor at Vineland, N. J., for a box of these simple but efficacious remedies.

The First Primary Council of Boston, of the Universal Association of Spiritualists, meets every Thursday evening, at Harmony Hall, 18 1/2 Mylston street. First-class lectures every Sunday afternoon and evening. Seats free.

JOHN HARDY, Cor. Sec'y.

THE WORD.

A Monthly Journal of Reform—Regarding the subjection of Labor, of Woman, and the Prevalence of War as unnatural evils, induced by false claims to obedience and service; favors the Abolition of the State, of Property in Land and its kindred resources, of speculative income and all other means whereby Intrusion acquires wealth and power at the expense of Useful People. Since labor is the source of wealth, and creates all values equitably vendible, the Word (not by restrictive methods, but through Liberation and Reciprocity) seeks the extinction of interest, rent, dividends and profit, except as they represent work done; the abolition of railway, telegraphic, banking, trades union and other corporations charging more than actual cost for values furnished, and the repudiation of all so-called debts, the principal whereof has been paid in the form of interest.

E. H. HEYWOOD, Editor.

Terms—75c. annually in advance.
Address *The Word*, Princeton, Mass.

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

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In consequence of bad health, D. W. Hull is compelled to give up his room for the treatment of patients in Chicago. He will again take the lecture-field, and is ready to answer calls to any part of the country. Address 148 West Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

JOSEPH JOHN'S GREAT WORKS OF ART, engraved on steel, "The Orphan's Rescue," price \$3; "The Dawning Light," with map of Hydesville, \$2; "Life's Morning and Evening," \$3, or the three pictures to one address, \$7; are mailed to any part of the United States, postage free. Warranted safely through and satisfaction guaranteed on receipt of prices above specified in post office order or registered letter at risk. Club rates given on application. Address R. H. Curran & Co., Publisher, 28 School street, Boston, Mass.

THE OPEN LETTER.

This is the name of a sprightly, lively, spicy and thoroughly readable newspaper, issued every Saturday in San Francisco, Cal., by The Open Letter Publishing Co. It was formerly published at Vallejo, but removed to San Francisco, as a wider field for so original and unique a paper. It is supposed to be edited by a combination of the best journalistic talent that could be selected from the Pacific Slope press, and is highly commended by almost every paper on the Coast. It is made up entirely of original matter, and in its paragraphic department is specially delightful. It is a paper, taken all in all, that no live person, living in the Occident, can afford to do without. It is a pleasure and a "pass-time" of treble the value of its cost. Its subscription price is \$4 per annum; served by carriers, fifty cents per month; ten cents per copy. Address 514 Commercial street, up-stairs.

FARMINGTON, Mich., May, 1874.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Farmington, Michigan, will hold their Eighth Annual Meeting in the Union Church in Farmington, Saturday, the 4th and 5th of July, 1874, commencing Saturday at 2 o'clock, P. M. Good speakers will be in attendance. Also, the Quarterly Meeting of the Oakland County Circle will be held in connection with the yearly meeting. A general invitation is hereby extended to all. Our platform is free. Homes will be provided for those from a distance.

NORTON LAPHAM, President.
E. L. ROBERTS, Cor. Secretary.

WARREN CHASE

Will deliver an oration at the celebration of July 4 in Colfax, Iowa, and lecture in Council Bluffs July 12 and 19, and in Omaha July 26 and August 2, and then return to Colfax, Iowa, which is his permanent address, except when advertised elsewhere. He will receive subscriptions for the WEEKLY and for our books.

ADDIE L. BALLOU

Having had quite an extended tour through California, where she has been greeted by large and enthusiastic audiences, has gone to Oregon for a term of some weeks, after which she will return to the States, about the 1st of September. Parties along the route wishing to make engagements with her to stop off for one or more lectures on her return, will please make as early application as possible, to secure time. Till 1st September, care Box 666, San Francisco; later and for winter engagements, to Terre Haute, Ind.

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.
P. S.—I will now mail "Free Love," in paper cover, "Mrs. Woodnull and Social Freedom," and "True and False Love" or 75cts. I will add two more of the "Woodhull" and "Social Freedom" Pamphlets for \$1.00, or I will mail ten of the pamphlets for \$1.00. In buying these you greatly aid a physically helpless man.

AUSTIN KENT.

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

SARAH E. SOMERBY, Trance Medium and Magnetic Healer, 23 Irving Place, N. Y.

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

PROSPECTUS.

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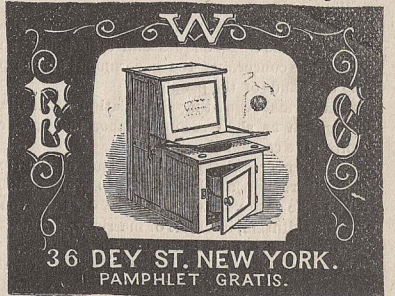
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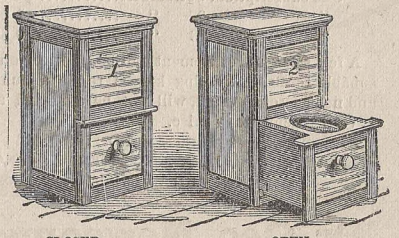
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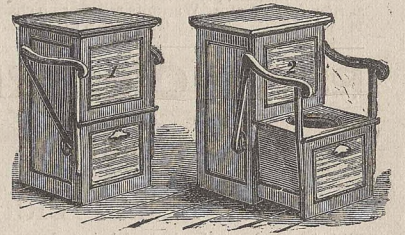


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