

# WOODHULL & CLARKE'S WEEKLY.

PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT! UNTRAMMELED LIVES!

BREAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

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BY AND BY:

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE.

BY EDWARD MAITLAND.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"Nannie, I expected to find you untaught, but I did not expect to find you unteachable."

"Then you are disappointed in me?"

"It is in your power to prevent my being so."

"If you loved me as you ought you would think me perfect. But you can't when you are always thinking of some other—some intellectual—woman." (She uttered the word with a sneering emphasis). "Oh, you need not deny it; you won't convince me. I know it is true because I dreamed it! Don't laugh at me! I won't be laughed at by you. Oh, you cruel, cruel man!" she added, on seeing the smile evoked by her last speech.

"Why, Nannie, it is the greatest compliment one can pay to a comedian when he has uttered a good thing well to laugh heartily. I shall make a note of that—I know it is true because I dreamed it, and get some dramatic friend to put it into a play. An actress who can say it exactly as you did will be sure to bring the house down. But I really must bring this conversation to an end for the present, as I must go and see how poor Bertie is."

"Bertie! what is the matter with him?"

"He was taken very ill in the night, and had to send for a doctor."

"Why don't you telegraph instead of going?"

"You have put it out of my power."

"How?"

"I had already been conversing with him about himself by telegraph. It was the sounding of his signal that excited you to destroy the apparatus. By my not replying he will be thinking that I have gone out, probably to see him."

"Is this true?" she exclaimed.

"I know you have never understood my character," he replied, "but I did not think you had so utterly misunderstood it as to suppose me capable of falsehood."

"I know what I know," she said, with a menacing air that was anything but reassuring to Criss. And then, with a sudden change of demeanor, added, "But Criss, dear, I must go and nurse dear Bertie; I can be such a good nurse. You will be so proud of your little wife when you see her in a sick-room. Why did you not tell me at once, and then all this trouble would have been saved?"

"I was about to tell you when it occurred, in the hope that you would make the proposal you have just made."

"Well, then, come quick and let us go to him at once. Shall I ring for the carriage?"

"I will do that while you are putting something on," replied Criss, utterly at a loss to find the key-note to a character that seemed determined to baffle him. He could liken Nannie only to a musical instrument that is perfect in all respects, save for one note which obstinately refuses to be tuned into harmony, but so jars whenever and however it is touched, as to produce the most frightful discord. Only in Nannie's case, unhappily, the false note seemed to have the faculty of spontaneous utterance, so that it was impossible to avoid being tortured by it.

CHAPTER IX.

Bertie's illness was sharp, but by the evening the symptoms were so much alleviated that there was no excuse for Criss and Nannie to remain with him through the night. In her conduct in the sick-room, Nannie had shown a tact and readiness which delighted Criss, and on their way home he spoke in such a way as to show her that he was pleased, but without implying that he was surprised. Nannie's demeanor during the drive each way, caused him some perplexity. On the way to Bertie's her lips were set, as if under the influence of alarm and apprehension. On her return she spoke only in monosyllables, as if his remarks interrupted a train of thoughts altogether unconnected with their recent experience. On reaching home she ran into the house without a word and hurried up-stairs, evidently longing to indulge her feelings by herself.

Anxiously watching, Criss heard a scream, which, however, did not sound to him like one of distress. In another mo-

ment Nannie had run down to him with the baby in her arms, exclaiming, triumphantly—

"I have got her back! I have got her back!"

"Yes, so I see. Can you explain it?" he asked, with a smile.

"No," she said, and her face fell, as if feeling less sure that she had cause for exultation.

"Bring baby into the study and I will tell you."

"No, no, not in that room, I can't go in there. In here."

"Nannie, darling, I was so pleased by your readiness to go and nurse Bertie, that I sent for the child back to meet you on your return as a reward."

For a moment Nannie looked as if she was on the point of bursting into tears. Then, with a manifest effort, she restrained them, and after two or three fluctuations of resolve, said, as if to herself:

"No, I won't; I won't be so weak; he shan't think he has conquered me. Criss, you were taken in. It wasn't goodness a bit that made me want to go to Bertie. I didn't believe your story about his being ill. I thought it was an excuse to go and see some woman. I determined to outwit you by going with you. And now I have got my child back without being good." And she laughed a wild hysterical laugh.

"Well, Nannie," he said, soothingly, "now that you see for yourself how groundless your fancies are, I hope we shall have an easy time of it for the future."

But Nannie had made up her mind not to come round just yet. So she busied herself about the child, tossing and singing to it, and took no notice of his remarks.

Before he could speak again, the telegraph signal in the adjoining room uttered its alarm. On hearing it, Nannie turned very red, and the more so because she felt that Criss saw the change in her color. With a faltering voice, she said:

"I thought it was broken?"

"It has been repaired in our absence," said Criss. "There are too many poor fellows depending for their bread on my punctuality for that to be left broken."

And he went to see what messages had arrived while he was out, leaving Nannie with the child to recover at leisure.

Before retiring for the night, Nannie sat beside Criss on a sofa, her equanimity perfectly restored.

"I wish," she said, as she played with his hand, twisting her lovely hair around it, "I wish you did not expect me to be so good. I am sure I should be better if I wasn't expected to be so. It wouldn't make you bad, being expected to be bad; why then should I be made good by being expected?"

"Perhaps it would help you to be good if I were to break out occasionally into a fit like one of yours."

"Oh, yes, that it would. Do! do do it!"

"Well, it did occur to me to-day that it was a good opportunity to follow the example of a person I once heard of, who went to take charge of a lunatic. The patient was subject to attacks of violence, in which he would fling about the room and smash whatever was handy to him. Well, the first time he did this before his new keeper, who was a woman of great nerve and resolution, she at once seized sundry articles of furniture and dashed them to the ground with precisely the same outcries and gesticulations which he had used."

Nannie laughed gleefully. "Oh, how I should like to have seen that!" she cried. "But what did he do then?"

"He gazed at her in astonishment, and at length asked her what she did that for. She replied that, seeing him do it, she supposed it was the way of the place, and the right thing for her to do. The story goes that he thereupon looked exceedingly foolish, and never after broke out so again."

"And why didn't you smash the things in your study this morning, too, if you thought it would cure me?"

"I believe my principal reason was that it was my study. Had it been one of your rooms now, with all your pretty things about it, I probably should have done a little smashing."

After a pause, she said:

"I am thinking, Criss, dear, that you ought never to have married at all."

"Well, Nannie, we live and learn."

"I mean that you are too perfect by half in yourself. No woman can put up with absolute goodness. There is not sufficient of the machine about us. Our feelings can't stand it; they will have relaxation. It is as bad for us to live with a person who is perfect, as for a child to live only with grown-up folks. I should be sorry if little Zoe has no one beside you and me to play with. We shall be quite old then, and she

will want the companionship of other children. They learn so much from each other that all the schools and grown-up people in the world can't teach them. She is almost six months old now. She will be so dull without any brother or sister for a companion." And the sad prospect wrung a little sob from Nannie's affectionate heart.

Her melancholy forebodings were happily doomed to disappointment. Zoe was scarcely eighteen months old when the desired playfellow made its appearance in the form of a little boy.

CHAPTER X.

Thanks to a careful selection of agents and organization of work, the gigantic operations which Criss was carrying on in the desert proceeded rapidly and steadily, without requiring more than an occasional brief visit from him. In the same way, the work of freeing thought throughout Soudan from the chains of superstition, made progress in spite of the vested interests. When the Emperor had come thoroughly to comprehend the real significance of the claim set up by the priesthood to be superior to the civil government, he had given his countenance to the societies which Criss had created for the spread of popular enlightenment. The battle was virtually won when once the people comprehended that whatever the object of inquiry, there is but one method—the scientific; inasmuch as it signifies merely accuracy both in observation of facts and deduction of inferences; so that to reject the scientific for any other method is simply to reject accuracy for inaccuracy.

It was thus that the fictions of so-called history, and the inventions of superstitions gradually lost all importance in their eyes, and became but as certain fossil specimens to the geologist, tokens of a lower stage in the earth's development. Students and curiosity-mongers may concern themselves about such things, but they enter not into the lives of those who judge all matters by the criterion of the present.

Talking over these things one day, the Emperor expressed to Criss his surprise that with all his zeal for the enlightenment of the people, he had not attacked the divinity of the sacred talisman. "Surely," said the young monarch, "if I am to be a reforming king, and, to use your own phrase, 'of a piece throughout,' I ought openly to discard a superstitious basis for the crown which now affects to justify its existence by use."

Criss acknowledged that he had thought much on this very point, and believing that the symptoms would disappear as the disease was cured, had judged it best to commence at the other end. "Let us," he said, "be content with gradually developing the intelligence of the people, and they will of themselves, then, successively shed one superstition after another. Knowledge is the sole proper distributor of faith. No use to extinguish the candle before letting in the sunshine. When once they have knowledge they will perceive of their own accord that the sacred talisman derives all its real value from its intrinsic worth and beauty, and that any mystic addition serves to diminish rather than enhance its lustre."

It was thus that the spirit of emancipated Europe crossed the Sahara into Soudan and conquered the chief, if not the last, stronghold of superstition remaining in the world. The people and their sovereign understood each other and the unity of their interests, and thenceforth all opposition was vain. The national school, national universities and national church of Soudan, became the three steps in the ladder of the national development; the appeal in all being to man's present and mature, instead of to his past and rudimentary. Thus, too, did Europe repay to Africa the debt owed for Africa's contribution to the early civilization of the world; and the greater debt owed for the world's after treatment of Africa. Once a slave-hunting ground for all men, Africa was now free in mind as well as in body, and its very soil was being redeemed as from an hereditary curse.

If ever the earth had been, as theologians were wont to declare, morally insolvent, and capable of rehabilitation only by a vast act of grace, it was now proving, by its conduct in Africa, that it had only suspended payment, not become utterly bankrupt; that give it time and it would pay all.

This last was a train of thought which had been communicated to Criss' mind during one of those flights into the Em-pyrean which had made the chief delirious of his life as a bachelor. It is only because man is impatient with God's slow method of working that he denounces Nature as a

*Mrs. Donnan*

bankrupt who has failed to fulfill his proper engagements to the great Creditor, and thus fallen short of the end of his being. We, who can contemplate such lives as some which have sprung from the earth—yea, even such a life as this I am now too imperfectly narrating—may well hold that were there no other like it, no other approaching it for purity, goodness and usefulness, one such life is sufficient to redeem the earth from the charge of being utterly reprobate and fallen, from the condemnation of having existed in vain and incurred a sentence of wrath for having failed to fulfill the end of its being; sufficient, therefore, to reconcile its Maker to it—just as one magnificent blossom suffices to redeem the plant that lives a hundred years and flowers but once, from the charge of having wasted its existence. Even if the experience of all past ages of apparent aimlessness and sterility afford no plea in justification of existence, the one fact that there is room for hope in the future may well suffice to avert the sentence men are too apt to pronounce—that all is vanity and vexation, and that the tree of humanity is fit only to be cut down, that it cumber the ground no longer.

[To be continued.]

COSHOCOTON, Ohio, Feb. 8, 1875.

Dear Weekly—Among all the other ills that flesh is heir to, and that I get a sniff of in my peregrinations up and down, modern young ladyism gives me perhaps a deal more anxious solicitude than all the rest put together; for are not the "young ladies" of to-day the prospective mothers of tomorrow, at least such proportion of them, considering the feminine overplus, as stands a fair chance under our wise and beneficent and sanctified social legislation?

Considering the possibility of the prospective motherhood, and judging from the samples of the raw material, are we not safe in setting it down that not one girl in a hundred is fitted, morally, mentally and physically, to assume the great responsibility: in short, that not one in a hundred escapes committing, unconsciously to a large degree, a great crime against nature when she becomes a mother?

I must confess, at the imminent risk of incurring the vengeance of all the "girls" of the present generation, that I have no feelings in common with Olive Logan, when I see a bevy of girls let loose from all restraint, "going it alone" with ten chances to one of "getting euchred." I never feel as Olive says she does under such circumstances—namely, like taking those "sweet girls" all in my arms and kissing them—though it is my private opinion Olive was only throwing a sop to Cerberus when she promulgated that sentiment.

On the contrary, whenever I see the most approved pattern of the modern young lady I'm seized with an almost uncontrollable impulse to shake her up; put a little wholesome restraint upon her decidedly loose actions, which she evidently thinks so charming and artless; make her see herself as others see her; cut her corset lacings; clip her dirty, disgusting trail; relieve her foolish head of surplus false hair and "things;" clothe her from head to foot in healthful, easy garments, and set her wayward feet in the path of knowledge and true happiness.

But your modern girl is the most incorrigible animal possible to scare up. From my experience with, and observation of, the species, I had as lief undertake to develop a jackass as a full-fledged society graduate—an "accomplished and charming and amiable young lady"—got up and decorated for the social sacrifice.

The modern girl—I beg all pardon—young lady, has no respect for superior years and understanding. She thinks she knows it all, and there's no use your telling her you have been a silly girl yourself, and in the mirror she herself holds up you are heartily ashamed of the reflection; because with added years has come good taste, a developed womanly instinct—I don't mean mawkishness—and some appreciation of the eternal fitness of things, so that your judgment and example are fit to shine a beacon on a hill to a young girl; nevertheless, for those same reasons she sets you down as old maidish and old foggyish, prefers to turn her weak nose up at you, and go on in her ruinous course until broken health, shattered hopes, and early decline set her thinking upon her hopeless case. And if, in the meantime, she has become a mother, she sees her own girls coming up about her in her own tracks, and she too weak and powerless to control the continued destruction.

No wonder girls have no respect for their mothers nowadays, for your modern mother is fully as incorrigible as her daughters, who cannot fail to see what a nonentity their mother is; that she is not capable of commanding obedience in simplest things, to say nothing of reverence for her judgment and opinions; and were it not that she ministers so indulgently and so unwisely to all their foolish whims, they would not even feel affection for her.

And as the mother is so the girl will be, unless, as in rare cases, a law of nature has been stumbled upon in procreation—for few and far between are the blessed children of desire and design.

As seen in the light of the present, what is a modern young lady but an inharmonious conglomeration of ignorance, misnamed innocence; affection, misnamed accomplishment; impudence, mistaken for ease and grace; and disease, construed as feminine delicacy?

One need not go on a hunt for specimens, for they are everywhere present, with nothing else to do but to keep their social estimate at par and themselves conspicuously in the market, displaying, as Charles Dickens said of the modern young man, various varieties of puppyism—female puppyism—and stupidity; amusing all sensible people near them with their folly and conceit, and happily thinking themselves the objects of general admiration.

For instance: a short time since I was waiting in a hotel parlor for my room to be got ready. I was passing the time over the Beecher trial, till two most perfect and elaborate specimens of modern young ladyhood entered the room, creating disturbance enough for a dozen. They were amply gotten up in all the paraphernalia appropriate to their sex and condition—

"Ribbons, fringes, buttons, bows, broderie and lace,

Tassels, gloves, powder, paint, mingled with a grace; Flounces, plaits and frills and hems, full and deep and wide—E'en their pretty little feet tapped with conscious pride."

The day was sloppy, muddy and rainy, consequently their trails were in what seemed the last stage of hopelessness, quite on the "sharp and ragged edge of despair" as far as any restoration to cleanliness and decency were concerned; and their thin cloth garters were in a state to cause no end of "female weakness" to the wearers.

No use my trying to read—those considerate and modest, loud-mouthed and rattle-brained young ladies had no idea there was any soul in existence besides their sovereign selves. As their conversation (?) furnishes excellent example of the general chatter of their class, I will reproduce it here.

The first thing, however, was a prolonged and impudent stare at me, which I tried to bear with the grace of a martyr. They took me all in at a glance, evidently coming to the conclusion I didn't amount to much—I was too old—for, in the estimation of a girl in her teens, a woman in the thirties is old enough to die and be buried deep out of sight; for she has no idea she will ever live to be so old herself, or if she does, she hopes and prays she will be married, because she thinks she couldn't possibly survive being thirty and still single. I've been there myself and know just what stupid ideas Mrs. Grundy puts into silly girls' heads.

But to the conversation of the above-mentioned "gay girls." "Oh, Mat, I'm so tired! ain't you?" "Yes, Lou, I'm just tired to death waiting. I do so hate to be on the eve of going anywhere! don't you?"

"Indeed I do! I think it is so tedious to wait, and wait, and wait." "I should say it is. I do wonder how much longer we have got to wait here?" "Oh, dear me! there's no telling. Good gracious, Mat, just look at my skirts! ain't they a sight?" And Miss Lou sails to the window in the last stage of discontent, just as her damp clothes had begun to steam nicely. "O, Mat! just come here; there goes George Staples. What is he doing here? I wonder if he has come to the wedding?" "I guess not; not likely he would go to the wedding of a girl he tried to get himself. And between you and me, Lou, if he had had as much money as Will Evans, I think he would have had Alice Freeman, for I am sure she liked him." "Now, Mat, you just bet Alice Freeman knows her business; her thirty thousand, along with Will Evans' fifty thousand, is a nice little sum to set up with." "O, Lou! there goes Albert Barnes. I do think he is the best dancer in our club. I would rather waltz with him than eat! wouldn't you?" "Yes, he's a mighty fine waltzer, but I guess he's got to stop it if he leaves our church and joins the Methodist, just to please Minnie Sherman, the affected thing! pretends to be so awful pious! I wouldn't join a church where I I couldn't dance! would you, Lou?" "No, indeed! But don't Albert Barnes fix his hair pretty? I think he is the best dressed young man in town. O, Mat! I'm so tired! ain't you?" "Dear me! yes, Lou, I wish I had the last *Ledger* to read." "Now, Mat, why don't you take the *Waverly Magazine*. I think it is a heap more interesting than the *Ledger*; it's so much more literary than the *Ledger*." "O, I don't know, Lou! What do you suppose Alice's bridesmaids will wear to-night? Alice is going to wear white satin." "How many bridesmaids is she going to have, Mat?" "Six! And I think they ought to wear white tarlatan, don't you? O, Lou, I'm so tired!"

And so it continued for the space of half an hour, till those two fair specimens of "budding womanhood" were called to fresh scenes, leaving that hotel parlor to silence and to me, and no doubt flattering themselves they had quite overwhelmed that "dowdy old woman" with their "style."

"O, would some power the giftie gie us,  
To see ourselves as others see us."

Only two days after receiving the impression of those two maidens, I met another of their class in a depot waiting-room. She was dressed in the deepest possible mourning. Her crape veil was long enough, and the black border on her handkerchief was deep enough for her mother-in-law's funeral.

She had a terrible cold on her lungs. I said to her: "This is a miserable day for you to be out with that cold." She replied: "Yes, indeed, it is. I caught the cold at a ball last week dressing low-neck and short sleeves, and then riding seven miles in a hack, with the window open; and to-night I am going to Louisville to attend a wedding." "And I suppose you will again dress low-neck and short sleeves?" said I. "Yes; I suppose so," said she. "Well," I replied, "perhaps it will not be long before you are dressed thinner yet—in the last dress you will ever wear." She laughed, drew her sable habiliments about her, and got on the train for Louisville, and perhaps for "that bourne whence no traveler returns," to help swell the angelic bands that sit naked, as Don Piatt once said, on the edge of a damp cloud, picking a harp by moonlight. And any girl that goes to balls with low neck and short sleeves deserves to pick harps, sitting naked on the edge of damp clouds, to all eternity. What a healthy set of young angels modern girls would make!

O, for the tongues of men and of angels to make girls hear! Yet they would not be convinced, though one rose from the dead! What shall we do to be saved?

HELEN NASH.

CHICAGO, January 7, 1875.

Victoria C. Woodhull:

Thou, the American Crucified of to-day!

Just now looking over some old manuscripts of mine, I find a letter of May, 1872, written for, but accidentally not transmitted to, our noble friend, Laura Cuppy Smith, to which I still subscribe with all my heart, and from which I take pleasure in extracting, and the liberty of transmitting to you, the following:

"While for years—I cannot say how many—my course, mentally, has been directed over the social high seas, hither and thither, in search of an unobstructed passage for outraged humanity into the land of real warmth, justice, freedom and right, I have hailed with an expectant's joy, any, even the smallest speck of promise on the horizon—that Woodhull-Claflin

lin craft, the WEEKLY, heaving in sight, manned with a crew from among the truly noblest and foremost women and men in the land—all gifted with 'the sword of the spirit'—and sending from its grand and mighty armament the solid balls for freedom, justice, truth and right all over the social seas, in thunder tones, some day to be echoed from all points of the compass,—that momentous WEEKLY movement made this your sailor, in the glow of admiration and gratitude, bare his aged head; his tarpaulin reverently went down, down to his deck; and when again he stood erect, with 'hat in hand,' that aged Simon came before him and quoted scripture, thus: 'Now let Thy servant go hence in peace; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation's day!'

"Aye, we harbor now no doubt that God will bless, even unto the end, these very efforts of His hosts in behalf of all His children, and that the day is surely soon to break over Humanity's sky. So, let us shout 'Hallelujah' and sing 'Glory to God in the highest!' And soon, even the Judas Church and the Judas State, and the Judas Press,—who have not 'gone through the gates,' who have not 'prepared the way for the people,' who have not 'cast up a highway,' who have not 'gathered out the stones,' who have not 'lifted up a standard for the people' (Isaiah lxii., 10); but, who have brought unto Humanity oppression and wrong instead of justice, slavery instead of freedom, enmity instead of amity, degradation instead of elevation, obstructions instead of a cleared track, a cross, forsooth, instead of life,—soon, even they will deem it politic to echo it, though their master, their Trinity of Lust, Position and Mammon, may stand aghast thereby." \* \* \*

And now, let me prophetically add, that—aged, though I be—I shall not "go hence" before, Victoria, thy victory is gained; that the darkness of this hour announces but the breaking of the day, the breaking of the new era; and that in spite of base and bitter efforts of aristocratic would-be-leaders—a grateful posterity, in the blessings of thy victory, shall rear from out its heart a lofty and beautiful *In Memoriam* over the tomb that is to enshrine thy ashes.

Then let the blood-hounds rally and hound; let the wolves howl and the foxes bark;

Let the birds of pray  
Look about and scream,  
And the long-ears bray  
And kick the lion whom dying they deem;

let the free-lust devotees of our fast crumbling social dispensation swear and curse, and its enervated foster-mother, that so misnamed "Christian Church" hatefully damn; let spiritualists respectfully cross themselves, self satisfied, from their individual, imaginary, ornamental loftiness, or from behind their phenomenal *ne plus ultra*; let compromise—traitorous marauders in league, covet thy field, to destroy the hopes for the future of the many; and let penny-a-liners scribble with venom, for this hour is theirs. But the day, Victoria, with its victory, and the incoming era, is Humanity's and thine!

Oh, for the power of magnetically voicing, now, all over the land: To the front, ye men and women who have at heart "in spirit and in truth" the welfare of Humanity on earth and of Humanity in heaven,—To the front! Heaven is at work: "To thy tents, O Israel" of to-day!

Yours, in the cause of Humanity,

N. H. JORGENSEN.

BOSTON, 32 Woodbine street, Jan. 31, '75.

My Noble Friend—Something says, write Victoria. I will attempt it, although I have but a few words to-day, for I know that you have no time, and perhaps little disposition to receive a long epistle from me.

I was reading your "Elixir of Life" when the impression came to me to write. Never before have I so enjoyed that most valuable production. It contains more important matter for the good, the highest good, of the race, than can be found in all the libraries and encyclopedias of earth. Extravagant though this may seem, even to you, yet before high heaven I believe it, and the older I grow, and the more I learn of myself and the needs of humanity, the stronger is this belief. I see, too, more and more the part, the important mission, which is yours. The world don't comprehend you yet—no, it cannot. Coming generations only will be able to do this.

Thank God! my sight, yes, my spirit vision, is so unfolded that I can see what the vast multitude of ignorant men and women cannot. I am having an illumination and an insight into spirit things, and such peace, harmony and rest as I never before conceived of.

Years ago, through that remarkable communicator of "The Spirit Congress," J. M. Spear, I was told to read the book of Job. I often did so. They told me that his experiences would be mine. They have been to the letter. Now they inform me that the reverse side is to be mine. I am now enjoying it, and my very soul is filled with gratitude and love; it goes out to you and your noble companion.

God bless you both, and enable you, for many years yet to come, "to awaken the sleepers, and to call such as are in their graves to a new, vital and active life."

That remarkable reading of your character and mission by Mr. Spear in 1871, is still in my hands, and in due time, at the *primi*, proper time, I shall be inspired to give it to the world. Rest assured on this point.

I am devoting all my time, mind and body, and means, to the actualizing of "The Union Movement." "The signs in the heavens are big with promises." My faith fails not, my heart grows not cold, and although comparatively, and to all external vision, alone, yet I am not alone. I faint not, and I trust, shall not, while life and health are spared me. I should love, dearly love, to see you; but in due time we shall meet. Have not means at present to aid you. This one movement demands all I have. If I could I would aid you again in the publication of the WEEKLY. I like the abridgement; eight pages are enough.

With love and respect,

J. M. STERLING.

## TRUE MOMOGAMY.

GRAFTON, Jan. 24, 1875.

It may be laid down as an axiomatic truth that, all possible consequence considered and provided for, there can be no more harm in men and women cohabiting together temperately as they may be attracted mutually, than there is in their temperately satisfying themselves with such food as produces the best relish. And that the former comes no more under the legitimate control of law than the latter, but should equally be left to the choice and judgment of the parties concerned.

Nevertheless it may safely be assumed that where the attraction is mutual and equal, with sufficient congeniality to satisfy their mental, social and sexual proclivities and tastes; or, in other words, when each find in the other all that their natures reasonably demand, there need be little fear that either will be seeking abroad the satisfaction they so readily and fully find at home, and which constitutes the true monogamic marriage.

T. LEONARD.

## WHAT IS IN A KISS.

BY WARREN CHASE.

A sensual man who never kissed a child, nor a woman except as an expression of sexual passion or lust, knows nothing of the sacred purity of this gentle exhibition of loving friendship, knows nothing of the pure greeting which soul gives to soul in this salutation between meeting and parting friends of opposite sexes, nor of the holy kiss of a mother or father when given to a child, or near and dear young friend. Such persons when they own wives never kiss them except in sexual passion, and if any other man should kiss them at meeting or parting they are outraged with the most violent anger at the wife, and hatred ever after of the man. Such persons know nothing of love except its expression in lust or sexual passion, and know little of friendship in the higher relations of purity. We have known many such men in our travels, but never knew one that varied from the above description. We have also known hundreds of men whose souls rise above the sensual, and see in a kiss the holiest tie of pure and sacred friendship, and who would see only an expression of such pure friendship in the greeting and parting with friends, male or female; and such we know to be the most pure, and best husbands. Knowing their own objects, feelings and motives in such cases, they judge others by themselves. No outward sign gives us a better evidence of purity in man or woman than the easy and familiar greeting of intimate friends of the opposite sex with a kiss. We often see this in the cars and public places, and, so far as we have ever been able to learn, these are the pure and affectionate, and not the sensual and licentious who hide their expression of lust in stolen kisses in the dark, and out of sight of other parties.

## SELECTED AND ORIGINAL FOR THE WEEKLY.

BY "OLD SLABSIDES."

Truth is never slander, although it may be very unwelcome.—Burnett.

On rumor's tongue continual slanders ride.—Shakespeare.

Soft-buzzing slander: silky moths that eat an honest name.—Thomson.

Slander is the solace of malignity.—Joubert.

Slander is the revenge of a coward, and dissimulation his defense.—Johnson.

Where it concerns himself, who is angry at a slander makes it true.—Ben. Jonson.

There would not be so many open mouths if there were not so many open ears.—Bishop Hall.

There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail.—Shakespeare.

If slander be a snake, it is a winged one. It flies as well as creeps.—Douglas Jerrold.

The slander of some people is as great a recommendation as the praise of others.—Fielding.

Calumny would soon starve and die of itself, if nobody took it in and gave it lodging.—Leighton.

Life would be a perpetual flea hunt if a man were obliged to run down all the innuendoes, invecities, insinuations and suspicions which are uttering against him.—Beecher.

A new light in social freedom may be found if you take Henry Ward Beecher's candle.—Burn-it.

## LOVE OF GOD IN MILAN, OHIO.

The Rev. Mr. Wells, Secretary of the Ohio State Y.M.C.A., made the statement on the evening of the 11th inst., to an audience of several hundred people, that "the time is coming when Christians will love God so intensely that they will put to death even their own children who may be found holding and teaching heretical opinions." Has the doctrine of the "Vicarious Atonement" begun to bear such fruit as this, in these latter days of "boasted civilization?"

L. M. H. S.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle, Jan. 13.]

## A FUNERAL WHERE THE MOURNERS WERE HAPPY.

The remains of T. L. Johns, editor of the *Figaro*, were buried yesterday afternoon from Pacific Hall, with simple but interesting ceremonies. The obsequies were in charge of the Bohemian Club, which was represented by many of its members. The coffin was brought into the hall a few minutes after 2 o'clock, P. M., and placed in front of the preacher's desk. The music was by a quintette choir, which sang the sacred song, "Rest, Spirit, Rest," as the procession entered the church. T. J. Vivian then made a few appropriate remarks, complimentary to the deceased. The choir sang the tenor and exquisite melody, "Come Unto Me," from "The Messiah." Thomas Newcomb made a speech, which, brief though it was, was the most extended of the

afternoon. It was full of gentle appreciation of the dead journalist. Mr. Newcomb was followed by Laura Cuppy Smith, the Spiritualist, who has been for the last few months in San Francisco. She spoke with head uncovered, standing at the head of the coffin. She fully concurred in the words that had been spoken by those who had been fellow journalists with him who was gone, and excused her verbal tribute by saying that he had been a true friend to woman, and it was highly becoming that a wife and a mother should speak at his funeral. Mrs. Johns arose, and with great emotion, said that for the last eighteen months her husband had lived a tragedy, and death came to him simply as a release. J. G. Russell sang the beautiful air, "Flee as a Bird to the Mountains." Those present took a last look at the remains, which were soon after removed and accompanied to the cemetery by relatives and intimate friends.

The funeral was in many respects peculiar. Except for the class of music sung, which was religious in the conventional sense, the exercises were entirely secular. No priest officiated, no prayers were uttered, nothing of a devotional nature occurred. That which was said was not inappropriate, and much deep feeling was manifested. Many journalists and members of the theatrical profession were present.

[For Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly.]

## WOMAN'S COMING POWER.

BY PROF. J. H. COOK.

O, glorious day! O, happy hour!  
When woman, conscious of her power,  
Shall make her selfish tyrants cower.

From slavery's long and cheerless night  
She ushers forth in freedom's light  
To preach and plead for truth and right.

Inspired by spirits from above,  
As well as her own faith and love,  
Man's full compeer she'll surely prove.

By her heart-felt and loving words  
Of truth, which soul and body gird,  
At last the nations shall be stirred.

With "thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"  
She melts the obdurate and stern,  
And makes the stupid to discern.

The reign of that infernal Ring,  
Of which Old Alcohol is King,  
Woman's power to nought shall bring.

And every Ring of Church or State,  
Devoid of love and full of hate,  
Through woman's power shall meet its fate.

The truth, that by her now is spread,  
"Shall bruise the serpent's hydra-head,"  
And man by it be upward led.

O, selfish man, you yet shall see  
Woman's "Individual Sovereignty,"  
And let her be healthy, happy, free.

O, woman, assume thine own high place  
As mother, saviour of our race;  
Then will the world progress apace.

(From the Commonwealth, Boston, Mass.)

## PARKER PILLSBURY.

The hour for the anti-slavery lecture arrives, and you observe a man of medium height, squarely built, and of a somewhat swarthy complexion, enter the hall. He sets his foot flatly upon the floor, his head droops forward as if partly concealed between his shoulders, and his general aspect is that of a plain, unvarnished brother of the great human family of whom he is neither king nor vassal. To a superficial audience, even after Parker Pillsbury has reached the platform and been for some time speaking, he affords a very uncertain assurance of that moral power, keen satire, or marvelous sublimity, with which he at length inspires his appreciative hearers. But to the physiologist, that square and ponderous brain, so near the large and vital heart and lungs, is at once pronounced a magazine of power. There resides in that frontal lobe a capacity for thought, as well as moral feeling, which, if brought into constant use, must tend to shatter even a naturally energetic physical frame. Such, in fact, if we mistake not, has been the mental and physical experience of Mr. Pillsbury for years. His vital power, today, is much reduced. Hence you see this radical abolitionist slowly rising to speak, and almost awkwardly creeping forward to the stand, like a soldier, bruised and maimed, and already exhausted by the heat of battle. But when he unseals his prophetic lips, and the internal altar-fires begin to glow, he seems like an increasing giant, lifting and steadily poising the immense burden that weighs upon his soul, until, from the cloudless realm of Eternal Justice, he feels the pulse, and dictates the cure, of a mighty nation prostrate and delirious with the wine of oppression. The unpretending speaker, suffering from disease, who began with faint and almost breathless utterance, is now transfigured into the likeness of an Isaiah hurling the divine judgments upon the mightiest heads of his own degenerate Israel. The gilded mantles of the false prophets, and the silken logic of political and diplomatic patriotism, melt in the focal flame of his inspiration like glittering gauze in the mouth of the iron furnace.

Mr. Pillsbury has been thought to draw too gloomy and dark pictures of the moral sky of the government and the nation. Perhaps the ill-health and the somewhat bilious temperament of Mr. Pillsbury may sometimes unduly tinge his lectures with the hue of melancholy. At the same time they may serve to anoint those ample eyeballs with a clearer vision, and unseal those inspired lips with words of more momentous import than the surface-thinkers or babbling political doctors of his own generation will ever know. At any rate, let his more sanguine critics remember that "a prophet is sadder than other men"—sadder, because of all other men he looks farthest into the unwritten scroll of his country's wrongs. In the glowing words of T. L. Harris:

"Men never know God's messengers; 'tis well—  
The thoughts that in their kindling bosoms dwell  
Roll sea-like through the world. They only know  
That they are trumpets that God's lips do blow.  
They come and go, as night comes, bearing stars  
Dark in themselves, shining through dungeon bars.  
They whisper, and their utterance grows more loud,  
Until dead nations hear it through their shroud  
Of ignorance and fear. They never die,  
But rise love-animate to regions high  
Of deathless wonder. Few and dark their years;  
Mighty their sorrows; bitter cold their tears;  
Keener their anguish than a mother's pain.  
Freed from earth, in emerald spheres they gain  
A vernal youth, a spring-tide of heart-rest,  
And unto God's own heart in tenderest love are pressed."  
B. J. B.

## COMMUNICATION THROUGH MRS. J. BURTON.

NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 2, 1874.

To MRS. H. BEACH:

*My Dear Friend*—The spheres are resplendent with glory; lights of various colors scintillate continually, and the rarified atmosphere looks like a kaleidoscope of magnified rays.

The music is not wearing, but from its great variety is suited to each one's taste. It is a day of rejoicing, and every happy heart is mellow with enjoyment; each home is decorated with such fair flowers as suit the pleasure of its occupants, and the love of the Father is manifest in every radiating prism that decks the sky.

I feel God in the motion of my feet, in the sound of my voice, in the touch of a friend's hand; all things breathe inspiration and point to Divinity; in my pulses I feel His pulse, and I am all aglow with love for Him, for you, for all. Yet there is a reversed side; for the lower spheres are dark and gloomy, and filled with inconsolable spirits who have wandered around for scores of years undeveloped; some who died drunk, or insane, or vile with murderous deeds, who cannot arouse themselves from a stupor which oppresses them even to the bitterness of a living death; mothers who gave themselves to infamy, and have the marks of infanticide attached to their garments, cry for help; and to them I and many others go carrying the love of God in our hands and hearts, and meeting it also even there; and we encourage, teach and develop thousands by gradual degrees to enlightenment, self-respect and hope, and they attain at last a fair status, from which they have all eternity to work in. I am a busy woman; ever since I left you all upon earth, it has been my mission to develop hopeless souls. CORA.

This woman had wonderful sight; was known as Mrs. Cora Seaman; died about the year 1855, in this city. I feel this communication should be given to the world. I consulted her in life, and her predictions have been fulfilled almost without exception. She was of Indian birth, and is a strong aid to assist me yet, and says she is still developing her clairvoyant and astrological powers.—H. Beach.

## ANOTHER CLERICAL SCANDAL.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 19, 1875.

As though the Beecher scandal was not enough to inflict on the country, since that became a topic of discussion, we have had several of the same sort in various parts of the land. Rhode Island has not escaped; it has had its scandal in the alleged improper conduct of the Rev. A. B. Burdick, of Westerly, a member of the Seventh Day Baptist communion. The matter was brought before the public in the *Sunday Dispatch* some six weeks ago, the charge being that the reverend gentleman stopped at a hotel in Pawtucket a Saturday night in July last with a woman not his wife. The charge excited much comment, and the press called upon the alleged culprit to vindicate himself. During the week subsequent to the publication of the charge, Elder Burdick published in each of the daily papers in Providence a card declaring his innocence and promising to clear up his character. This he has not done yet, and the *Dispatch* has fortified its original statement by facts which have an ominous significance, and are probably the reason why the promised vindication is not forthcoming. Only the conclusion is admissible that the Elder is unable to meet the case and clear his skirts. The public mind seems to be settling down upon a verdict of guilty. Elder Burdick has been one of the unnotious sort, who could wrestle with the Lord in prayer like a grizzly or hurl the thunderbolts of hell at sinners as a Paixham hurled shot. He was a year or so since city missionary for the Young Men's Christian Association, and more recently a State constable, resigning a few days before the scandal was publicly disclosed. The case is suggestive, but as the WEEKLY is pressed for room I reserve comments which are pressing not only on this but kindred cases, which are so numerous as to indicate that the army of the Lord is sadly demoralized.

WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2, 1875.

## EDITORS WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY:

The public generally have admired the manner in which Judge Neilson presides at the Tilton and Beecher trial. His ruling as to the admission of Mr. Tilton's testimony, with the exclusion "of any confidential communications," has also been applauded by many. But, Mr. Editor, I, for one, am sorry to perceive that it is not carried out; for at the very commencement of Mr. Tilton's testimony occurs the following passage: "My wife is forty-one;" and then, as if to add insult to injury, it is followed with "between one and two years older than myself." If the first of the above statements can be looked upon by any lady who has arrived at the years of discretion in any other light than as a most confidential communication, your correspondent is grievously mistaken. Where was Mr. Everts when the above was uttered that he did not interpose one of his everlasting objections; and why did not Judge Neilson maintain his ruling on that occasion. I do not know how other ladies feel in the matter, but as for me, I trust I may never be defended by the one or tried by the other of the above parties, but remain forever, your indignant splinter.

HARRITT.

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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, FEB. 27, 1875.

## REVOLUTION.

Europe is armed to the teeth. The German system of civilization rests upon the sword. With it the soldier is first, the citizen subordinate. Germany is a band of armed banditti ready to sally forth in quest of booty. Of course under such circumstances all other Europeans must arm likewise. The Prussian system cannot sustain itself save by predatory excursions upon its neighbors. It needs rich foes, and it can carve its way to their strong boxes with the sword. The first Napoleon estimated that one soldier with his necessary paraphernalia, devoured the labors of three toilers. There are now, it is estimated, five millions of these red locusts in Europe. Is it any wonder, then, that the laborers there are trodden down into the dust of the earth? Certainly not. We speak of ancient Rome as the great military nation of antiquity. So it was. Yet Augustus Caesar held all Europe, the north of Africa and the west of Asia, with 189,000 men, or less than one twentieth of the number of soldiers that are now in Europe. Workers had a chance to obtain a decent existence in those days, now they have not.

But there are reasons for all this arming. Since the destruction of slavery and serfdom, the politico-economical base of the world has been removed. They were the foundations of the present industrial system, and with their fall the oppressions of the laborer in all their forms, must soon become things of the past. Under the new system, now already foreshadowed, those ancient foes, the agriculturist and the mechanic have happily concluded to join their forces, and when united, both here and eventually in Europe, they will be able to dictate better laws than we have at present. Under them distributors and financiers will be ruled as their agents, and not be, as now, their rulers. The Catholic Church sees the coming change and is preparing to assist it. The millions of women workers in schools and factories are linking it to a social change also, while the financier, under whose ruling people are starving in our cities in the midst of plenty, must expect to have his theories overhauled, and changes introduced of the most momentous consequences.

It will be seen that the industrial revolution of which we have spoken cannot be effected without a financial bouleversment which also is rapidly advancing upon the world. The right of money to compete with the laborer by the legalization of usury is denied. That is the foundation of the world's money system, though it is condemned by Moses, Aristotle, Mahommed, and also by the Catholic Church. Protestantism is too much dominated by money to speak out upon the question. Our present financial system is being destroyed from within, it has eaten itself out in three hundred years. It is now like a heap of manure on fire with its own rottenness. All civilized nations now are staggering under national debts the interest of which half of them are unable to meet. With us States, cities, towns and villages are generally in like manner encumbered. The wise money provisions of the Constitution are set at naught. The oracle of the Supreme Court, manipulated by the power of the money-changers, acting,

some think, through the executive, "Mammonizes." Already the nation, reeling under a money delirium tremens, has had two apoplectic fits, the third will be fatal to the system. It needs no outward attack, its innate rottenness will destroy it. With it will fall a deadly oppressor, which has long sucked the life out of the toilers, both male and female, which has prevented increase, and which has subsidized the presses, the platforms, and the churches of mankind.

Marching on, with an equal step, the religious revolution is pressing forward also. New religions are being generated everywhere. With such the claimed inspiration of the Bible is generally considered a thing of the past. The most popular pulpit orators manufacture their creeds as they go, when they want a new doctrine they improvise it. That many headed hydra, protestantism, is beginning to feel the necessity of uniting its hundreds of sects, but cannot perform the operation. The Y. M. C. A. is trying the same game; it uses the clergy but virtually ignores them, by repudiating their dissensions. The Catholic Church, since its declaration of the infallibility of the Pope, has fallen from monarchical grace, and consequently has found it necessary to put the barque of St. Peter on a new tack. The peoples are displacing their rulers in its affections. It feels itself now, with its two hundred millions of adherents, like an elephant, with kings for its keepers. It has the power, but it cannot organize it, and governments will take care that it shall not. Undermining all, the new development, Spiritualism, is rapidly working its way. With it the improvement of our race is everything, its manufactured gods nothing. Ramifying already everywhere, it is displacing Buddha, Brahma, Allah and Jehovah, and soon all those potentates will keep company in the distance with the Jupiter of the Pagans. Why it should thus increase in power is palpable. The people under its doctrines recognize the fact that the dreadful persecutions of the past can never be repeated, because, leaving the God-dreams of past ages, it simply demands of all its followers to develop their own souls by faithfully performing their duties to all their brothers and sisters in the world. Thus, of necessity, it unites itself with all the reforms demanded by the age; for they are the instruments by which alone it can perform its grand work of human improvement and regeneration.

Last, but not least, comes the social revolution—in other words, the rightful claim, growing out of our advanced civilization, for personal sovereignty. The world has advanced to it by regular gradations. Woman, during the long past, has been a slave—first, in savage life, to the individual man; since, through priesthoods or civil laws, to communities; but under the latter arrangements, the barbarism of the ancient individual savage rule has been and is maintained. Through it she has been and is generally debarred from her personal right to choose the father of her child. This is the first and grandest of natural rights—one without which we cannot hope for the improvement of the race of man. What woman will do with her liberty, when it is admitted, is a question man has no right to ask. But, if she be less promiscuous and more monogamic than her mate, she will then be in power to establish for herself that system which she prefers. But before this grandest of all the revolutions can be accomplished, it is manifest that her industrial rights must be established; that her financial position must be changed; that the religious and civil laws which have so long oppressed her must be annihilated; that old things must pass away and all become new.

We have thus sketched the four grand movements of the present age, and have endeavored to show how they are all parts of one magnificent whole. We do not claim that they have been devised or hardly promoted by human agencies; they are a growth. It is not to be expected that they will be established without great sufferings; but they will be established. Geologists have proved the regular gradation of the changes of the natural world, and the changes in the moral world are as regular and as inevitable as those of the physical. The earth never retraces its orbit, and the car of the ages never rolls back. All that the WEEKLY claims is that it has seen in the distance the changes now rapidly approaching, and that it has warned mankind to prepare to meet them, and to profit by them.

## CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

One would think that, in a civilized country, this is the last thing that ought to be permitted; but any one who walks through the streets of any of our populous cities will find that the suppression of it is the last thing that communities (calling themselves Christian) attend to. In fact, although for years there has been a potent and flourishing society established for the protection of inferior animals in New York, it is only within the past three months that a society of a similar character has been instituted for the protection of children. Our readers well know that for a long time the WEEKLY has tried to infuse a little humanity into our orthodox brethren and sisters in that particular, and asserted and defended the rights of all little ones to full communal care, both as regards their physical and moral, as well as their intellectual requirements, which latter are now, we are glad to add, by the passage of the "Compulsory Education" law, fully admitted.

We claim both of the above advances as the fruits of the labors of the truthful and out-spoken coadjutors of the WEEKLY, only claiming for ourselves the merit of having

condensed and arranged the same in our columns. But there is even now a bitter fight over both of the above efforts; for, at present, the "Compulsory Education Bill" is not, and cannot be, carried into effect, because, as the *Tribune* admits, it does not go far enough, being limited solely to the intellectual needs of children and omitting to provide first for their physical necessities. With regard to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, under the indomitable Mr. Bergh, it is now applying to the Legislature at Albany for a law giving it power to act in certain cases; and this is the way in which our Grecian contemporary, the *New York World*, treats his application, or rather himself:

It is obviously scandalous that a person who is capable of playing the fantastic tricks before high heaven with other people's feelings and other people's rights in which Bergh has for now too many years been persistently indulging, should be clothed, as by a bill now pending at Albany it is proposed to clothe him, with a sort of general unlimited jurisdiction over all the valuable live stock of the community, extending to the practical confiscation of all four-footed animals, as to the true uses and services of which there may any dispute arise between their lawful owners and this self-appointed dictator of the highways and the byways of New York. It is impossible that such a bill should have been born of anything but impudent persistency on the part of Bergh, and thoughtless sentimentalism on the part of other people. Bergh is past cure. But if the people whose votes are necessary to inflict this new dispensation of Bergh upon us have any concern about their own future they will do well to think twice before they leap once at the crack of this preposterous person's pestiferous whip. We have had enough of Bergh.

It is due to Mr. Bergh to state that there are few presses, so far as we know, that have thus endeavored to belittle his services to the brute creation. Probably remembering the position taken by the *World* in the cause of slavery in the war of the rebellion, it would be just to look upon its aspersions as complimentary to the great humanitarian. Without disguising the magnitude of his vast undertaking, which we believe he well appreciates, we wish him hearty success in his new department, resting assured that the full communal care over all little ones who need State aid, which ought to be cheerfully rendered, will very soon, after it has been established, commend itself to the good will of the public and immortalize the agent or agents by whom it is consummated.

The WEEKLY does not look upon public aid as a gift, but as a right to which all children are born in communities worthy to be termed civilized. The present condition of hundreds of thousands of children in our cities is a disgrace to us as a people. Furthermore, their right to every care that can be bestowed on them, is backed by every consideration worthy of public attention. Every starving or ragged child among us is an insult to all our religions, exposing their short-comings in the most fearful manner. But alas! already what is called Christianity essays to block the way of this great and needed reform. Already the bugle has sounded, calling up the legions for the old Catholic and Protestant fight over these wretched, ragged and neglected little ones. Here it is, in an extract from the *Sunday Democrat* of January 31:

But as the bill stands, it empowers the corporators and their agents to seize Catholic children, to bring them before some complacent justice, and then to consign them to a Protestant reformatory. The members of New York should look after this bill, and have a clause inserted that the children of Catholic parents should be sent to a Catholic reformatory, while the children of Protestant parents should be sent to Protestant reformatories, all, of course, at the expense of the State.

If the rich Catholic and Protestant churches did their duty there would be no neglected children; that they are as they are is the fault of both churches. As in the case of the public schools, all the people have to ask of religionists is to stand aside and let the public car roll on. It is melancholy to perceive that no good can be devised for our community without raising a faction fight among creedal religionists. One would think if there be any subject on which all ought to cheerfully lend their aid, it is to be found in the protection of the neglected children of our community. A decent regard for the public good ought to stifle the mean animosities of interested religionists, and a proper respect for the Constitution of the United States ought to save us from the public catering to any religious system, which appears to be the cause of contention. But we trust that the good sense of the people will not permit their creedal animosities to rob them of the great good that all must admit will eventuate from the bill under consideration. Self-interest alone ought to secure its passage, for every economist knows how to compute the difference between the value of workers and idlers in a community, and also that cheerful retreats could to-day be established and sustained for these forlorn little waifs of humanity—these poor Joe All-alone's of our cities—at half the cost of the prisons which must be provided for the same parties to-morrow, if we neglect or ignore our present pressing duty to them.

## UNDEVELOPED HUMANITY.

"Things bad begun, make themselves strong by ill."—Shakespeare.

The *New York World*, in its issue of Feb. 14, devotes a short leader to the subject of children. It is a melancholy admission of the present sad condition of infantile humanity. We believe that our neighbor's remarks on the above theme are pertinent and too truthful, and, therefore, re-publish them:

Dr. Johnson declares that children are naturally cruel. Thackeray says they are naturally hypocritical. Mrs. Montgomery contends that they are not naturally truthful.

And now Theodore Tilton swears they are naturally crafty. To cap or bottom all, Wordsworth sings, as everybody knows:

"The child is father of the man."

Such being the case, we do not see that anybody could reasonably expect the world to be better than it is. Nay, we are bound to infer that it is worse than it seems. The stream cannot rise above its source, and its apparent meanderings on a higher level, if perceived, must be an illusion. Beyond doubt, if these great moral teachers are not mistaken, we are all congenitally a bad lot together, and might as well resign ourselves to the fact. Why kick against the pricks of innate depravity? Why try, spasmodically or otherwise, to lift ourselves up by our waistbands? The best we can do is to add a sense of shame to the cruelty, hypocrisy, untruthfulness, craftiness and general "cussedness" with which we are dowered at birth. Let us blush, and be hopeless. The sentiment is not a cheerful one, yet the time, it must be owned, would seem to give it proof.

At present, it may be said, children, in what are called civilized communities, are artificially rather than naturally begotten. The services of priests or magistrates are generally called in to aid parents previous to the act of reproduction. Under men's rule, the rights of women vanish, practically annihilated by the operation. That is why the WEEKLY objects to legal marriages. They seal women, as the Mormons call it, to certain men. If either of the parties are unworthy or unfit, no matter, they cannot recede and try again for a more desirable conjunction. We believe that inharmonious conditions exist in fully half of the married couples in the Union, and from such what can be expected but undeveloped children.

Under these circumstances we do not hold it wise to join in the wail with which our contemporary terminates its article. We will not "blush and be hopeless," but will do our best to exhibit to all of our brethren and sisters a more excellent way. We will hold up before them the idea of "free love," and maintain it in opposition to "slavish law." We will set up in all affectional matters "woman's rights" against "man's usurpations," although the latter may have been sanctioned from time immemorial by all the legislatures, and all the priesthoods that the world has ever seen. Furthermore, we do not, cannot look for much improvement in the human stock until we have succeeded in our efforts, which end, we trust, is not far off, for when people are willing to acknowledge an evil, it is manifestly their duty, if they are wise, to look for and speedily apply a fitting remedy.

#### WOMAN AT RETAIL.

The curse of modern civilization, based on a false system of political economy, is, that in effect it schedules man under, instead of over, property. With it money is everything, man, nothing. Every thinking human being knows that what our cities need in order to improve the social order of the people, is space, air and light. They cannot have these requisites of healthy existence, because the "claims of property" block the way. In the war, Congress assessed the money value of man wholesale, here is one who proposes to perform the same operation in retail.

In a Washington paper is printed the following:—Wanted—The front teeth of a girl fourteen years of age. Will pay liberally and replace artificially.—*New York Sun*.

If it were a custom with African savages to extract the teeth of their young women, what a howl would be very properly raised against it by the religious bodies among us. Yet here is an offer advertised and looked upon as a simple business operation, without shocking the moral sense of the community. It is the opinion of the WEEKLY that the barbarisms of modern civilization, of which the above proposal is a specimen, far surpass those which are to be found among savage peoples. In fact, the WEEKLY feels constrained in the present instance, to apologize to all Bushmen, Caribs, Hot-tentots, *et hoc genus omne*, for having dared to suppose, that, as human beings, they might be guilty of a similar atrocity.

#### LEVELING DOWN.

Of late years many corporations and many presses have considered the masses of the working classes as unfit to be permitted to use public conveyances. We believe that New York is the only city (either here or in Europe) where public carriers under a contract with the State, are permitted to break their contract for the accommodation of parties who deem themselves too good to ride with their neighbors. We allude to the corporation controlling the public, or what ought to be the public, cars on the Third Avenue, and to what are termed the Palace cars on that line. The rate charged on them, is, we believe, ten cents, the extra four cents being levied on passengers by what Theodore Parker used to call—"the rule of thumb." It is kind, doubtless, to gentlemen and ladies, for the Third Avenue corporation thus to nullify their contract, but we believe that the people have rights in the matter which ought to be respected. But lately, the *New York Herald* demanded "special street cars for ladies" also, for the following reasons:

The inadequate accommodations furnished by our city railroad companies to meet public wants at certain hours of the day, when the commencement and close of business increase passenger traffic on every line, are especially disagreeable to ladies. To be compelled to breathe an unwholesome atmosphere for a half hour or so, in which the unwelcome odors of strange dinner cans, outer garments fresh from a sewer, pipes of uncertain origin and breaths of every description of alcoholic vileness mingle together, and to stand on wearied limbs while stalwart lords of creation ensconce themselves comfortably in corners, scowling, perchance, when the slight arm clinging to the strap obscures the dim light of the ill-smelling lamp, is no pleasant ordeal for a lady. The city railroad companies can readily afford a concession to their too indulgent patrons, to make some special provision

for ladies during such hours when the cars are overcrowded. When poor working girls are obliged to shiver on a bleak platform or be jostled by unfeeling persons who claim the right of way by reason of their superior strength there is certainly a just cause to demand of the companies special cars for the weaker sex. Frequently ladies find it a task of extreme difficulty to obtain even ordinary standing room on a car in the morning and evening. Each company should, therefore, reserve a certain number of cars for the exclusive accommodation of ladies during those hours of the day when the throng of passengers is greatest. Corporations that make so much money should be compelled to consult the interests of the public.

While we do not desire to defend the arrogance of the corporations that cram the cars in a way unknown to other civilized nations, and would be glad to see them restricted to allow sixteen inches of seat room to each passenger, as is the case in London, and we believe in Paris and Vienna; and the enforcement of that restriction to be placed in the hands of the police authorities and not left solely to be enforced by wronged citizens, we are glad to congratulate them on not having introduced a sexual discrimination in their cars like the one suggested by the *Herald*. As to the "working girls" mentioned in the same, we think they were introduced merely as an afterthought, for we feel assured that they would make no objection to riding with working men. We pity those who suffer from the obscene smell of the dinners that toilers are compelled to eat, and wish the food was of a better quality. As to the sewer builders, who do their dirty, barbarous and uneconomical work for the accommodation of the gentry, we do not think the unsavoriness of their labors should be made a charge against them by the *Herald*. Instead of complaining of them, we think our contemporary would do better by striving to ameliorate the harshness and nauseousness of their life labors, and not to endeavor to make an invidious distinction between them and others who are less useful and less necessary members of society. By so doing, it would in our opinion, level up, which is a much better, and far more republican method of procedure, than that of copying the absurd classifying system of our English progenitors, which has generally been, and is now, that of leveling down.

#### WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

Nearly one hundred years have passed since our fathers met in council in Philadelphia to concert measures for securing the liberties of the people of this country. Nearly a century has gone by since, appealing their cause to eternal justice, they deemed it their duty, in the Declaration of Independence, after enumerating the reasons which justified such action, to hurl their defiance at the most wealthy and potent nation then existing on the face of the globe.

But, before arriving at such conclusion, they found it necessary to sketch, for their guidance, the proper duties of a government. These they declared were three in number, viz.: "To secure to the people the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The "rights of property," which latterly seem to have usurped almost all the attention of our National, State and Municipal legislation, were not enumerated, save incidentally, perhaps, under the last of these specifications.

The first question we shall ask is, Has our government done its duty in regard to this matter of the security of human life? Will our records of criminal and accidental destruction of human life compare favorably with those of other nations of our standing and enlightenment? It is believed that they will not. Nor are our municipal authorities less negligent of their duties in this particular. It is computed that in the city of New York alone, during the summer months, the deaths of not less than one hundred children per week are due to circumstances over which the city authorities have power, but fail to exercise it. It is not too much to assert that the meanest shanty here is more carefully guarded by our rulers than the lives of a hetacomb of the children of our working classes.

The second right which our fathers instruct us a just government should secure, is that of "liberty." So careful were they of this sacred right, that, though by the cupidity of Great Britain slavery existed among them, they utterly refused to nationally legalize it. They decreed a large territory, the Northwest, to liberty. They declined to insert even the word "servitude" in the Constitution, because it suggested slavery, and used "service" instead. They decreed the destruction of the slave trade after a short term of years, and set an example to other nations by branding it as "piracy."

It is manifest that if the people, or even the popular churches, had maintained the ground taken against slavery in the Revolutionary era, it would soon have withered and died out in the land, and we should have been spared the long and bloody period of the War of the Rebellion. But they did not. The later parties both Whig and Democratic, bent before the power of slavery. Webster sacrificed to it Trial by Jury, and S. A. Douglas, at its behest, annihilated the Missouri compromise. We are not indebted for its destruction either to the piety of the churches or the honesty of governments, but to the general and spontaneous indignation of the people. Under these circumstances, it is submitted that we are not indebted to our rulers for the care they have taken in securing and establishing the liberty of the people of the Republic.

The third and last-mentioned duty of a government is to secure us in the right to the "pursuit of happiness." We are a Republic and are justified in claiming that the happiness referred to should be general. Probably we can yet com-

pare favorably with other nations in this matter, but how is it as regards ourselves? During the past half century homicides have increased in New York City from four to fourteen hundred per annum, while pauperism increases annually at a fearfully accelerated speed, until now in the winter season the recipients of public charity number about one-tenth of the population. It is no answer to this sad statement, to seek to balance it by pointing to the increase of property in the community. Such advance is a proof of the industry of the people, and does not justify the extension of pauperism among them. We find the causes of the fearful degeneracy of which we complain in the operation of the evil land and money laws, which alas! we have inherited from our aristocratic British progenitors, and which are at war with the political institutions we have inherited from our forefathers.

The codes of law which have governed mankind are few in number, and, like the religions of mankind, their bases are very similar. Ideas now rule the world far more than parchments. In this country there is possibly no law so much infringed as the Constitution itself. The freedom of conscience, ordained by that instrument is broken by Congress itself in the appointment of paid chaplains, while nothing can be farther than our present money system from the hard money limitation of the power of Congress in that instrument. All the efforts of the WEEKLY have been directed to force the democratic idea into our social, financial and industrial economy, so as to bring them in harmony with our religious and political freedom. The latter also we aim to develop by demanding the extension of the same civil and political rights to all women that are claimed and can be exercised by all men in our Republic; for, in the admission of the personal sovereignty of woman all these reforms culminate and until that is accomplished, in our opinion the present chaotic condition of society must continue to exist among us.

#### MALE OWNERSHIP OF WOMEN.

Property in woman appears to us to be the ban of our present sexual system. The world's ecclesiastical and legal systems assume it to be right, and consequently in the opinion of the WEEKLY are not in harmony with justice and natural law. Outside of that ownership woman is looked upon usually with contempt. An old bachelor may be honored and respected, but an old maid is generally held up to public contempt. There are exceptions, of course, but they are few and far between. So strong in man is the feeling of property in a wife, that in it all the personal rights of the latter appear to be absorbed. Let a woman marry a scoundrel, a drunkard, or a semi-imbecile, it is expected of her to abide by her bargain. Of course, in some instances, she disobeys such a cruel ruling, and consequently suffers for her virtue in so doing. In the Tilton-Beecher case, some men may pity Theodore Tilton, but only women feel the sorrows of Mrs. Tilton. In the present trial the law itself appears to ignore her existence, and to treat her with absolute contempt. There are no damages for her to come out of the affair. It is not likely that even her testimony will be taken, although in the verdict she certainly has more at stake than either H. W. Beecher or her husband. Under the law the portion of woman is to suffer. Should the verdict indirectly inculpate her, it is questionable whether she could maintain possession of her own children. Yet, Mr. Pryor tells us, that, in the eye of the law, adultery is not a crime. How is this? The deprivation of a mother of her little ones savors a little of punishment. It is certainly not just; but it is consistent with the idea of property which runs through the whole of the sexual and social tyranny (established by the ecclesiastical and civil laws) through which man yet retains his ancient savage power over his helpmate woman.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

THE CULTIVATION OF ART AND ITS RELATIONS TO RELIGIOUS PURITANISM AND MONEY-GETTING. A pamphlet, by A. R. Cooper, pp. 48. Published by Charles P. Somerby, 36 Dey street, New York.

A timely work, well worthy of the patronage of the public. As a people we need to give more attention to art than we have done yet. We are practical and energetic, but not æsthetic. The best way to reduce crimes and to remove barbarisms is by the introduction of harmony and beauty amongst us. Education enters at eye-gate more than at ear-gate, and adults need instruction in art quite as much as children. For the above reasons, we hold that if A. R. Cooper's work be not properly appreciated the loss will fall not only upon the publisher, but upon the people of the Union.

ANTIQUITY OF CHRISTIANITY. A pamphlet, by John Alberger, pp. 62. Published by Charles P. Somerby, 36 Dey street, New York.

This work, which appears to be a condensation and rearrangement of Taylor's *Diegesis*, is divided into seven chapters. The first gives us the testimonies of the earlier fathers of the Christian Church. 2. The progress of Christianity. 3. The philosophies of the ancient Greeks. 4. Hindoo, Persian and Scandinavian mythologies. 5. A comparison of Christian and Pagan mythology. 6. The world's saviors of all creeds and peoples. 7. Human sacrifices, demons, hells, etc. In this collation and comparison of the world's creeds, there is much matter for reflection. Nothing is more certain than that vast religious changes are on the eve of occurring, and that consequently it is well for us all to be posted as to the faiths of the past, in order to be prepared to assist in shaping the development of the future. We wish the work every success.

### INCIDENTS OF THE TILTON-BEECHER TRIAL. MONDAY, FEB. 8TH.

#### THEODORE TILTON'S CROSS-EXAMINATION.

Q.—Was not enough said there to make you understand that the stories related to immorality or profligacy with women? A.—Stories concerning my relations with women and my drinking and my brutality and other things, a dreadful volume, all that went to make Mr. Bowen's avalanche. He told me that they came to him from all quarters of the world, all of a sudden. [Laughter.]

Q.—Did he suggest in any way, or did it come to be a matter considered there that if these stories were true you would have to leave his employment? A.—No, sir, he said if those stories were true I ought not to live a day longer, and I agreed with him in that sentiment.

Q. Did you understand that the reason of your seeing Mr. Bowen or your friend Mr. Johnson thinking it proper for you to see Mr. Bowen, was that the stories that had been told him concerning you were such as would not tolerate your continuing in his employment? A. Not at all; for Mr. Bowen had for fifteen years retailed himself just such stories concerning Mr. Beecher, and he had all of that time been Mr. Beecher's chief pewholder, and Mr. Beecher his chief writer, and no such stories would have affected any man in his employ whether as minister or editor. [Laughter.]

Q. He was above prejudices of that kind? A. Yes, sir, entirely so; he abolished them all in the house of God. [Laughter.]—*N. Y. Sun.*

#### COMMENT.

There is a volume in the above answers. They expose a sea of hypocrisy and canting villainy, and well exhibit the character of Plymouth Church piety. Here is a sketch of one of the prominent characters in the affair.

Q. Who is Oliver Johnson, and what relations had he to you in business, or personal intimacy, or family friendship? A. Oliver Johnson is an old gentleman, living in New York. He used to be editor of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, and afterward became my associate editor in the *Independent*, and whom I afterward put into the *Christian Union*, to help Mr. Beecher carry his case so that the public eye should not see it. I can answer more accurately by giving you a written biography of him which he has prepared for me to use to print after his death. [Laughter.]—*N. Y. Sun.*

#### WEDNESDAY, FEB. 9TH.

Q. Now, as you didn't suspect Mr. Beecher or Mr. Moulton of having informed Mrs. Woodhull, how did you imagine she got her information? A. Through the open gate of the lips of Mrs. Nathan B. Morse.

Q. That was your theory? A. Yes, sir; not that it went from Mrs. Morse to Mrs. Woodhull, but that it went through many mouths; Mrs. Morse was in the habit of saying that I made such and such charges, and they got to Mrs. Woodhull's ears.

Q. Well, I have not asked you a word about that; you suspected, then, what Mrs. Morse had publicly said? A. Private, sir.

Q. Well, private with publicity; you don't mean that she whispered it in Mrs. Woodhull's ear? A. No; she didn't whisper it in anybody's ear, but spoke it out loud. [Laughter.]—*N. Y. Herald.*

#### COMMENTS.

The above statement is Theodore Tilton's version as to how the facts of the case came to the proprietor of the WEEKLY. It is not complimentary to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Morse.

#### WEDNESDAY, FEB. 10TH.

On this day the following extract exhibits a singular phase of the

#### SOCIAL AND SEXUAL QUESTION.

It is taken from the Brooklyn *Argus*:

Q. Mr. Tilton, upon the occasion of your attendance and hearing and answering questions before the Committee of the Church, please say if this occurred. Did you, upon being asked this question, "You say, Mr. Tilton, that Mrs. Tilton insisted to you that she had not violated her marriage vow." In answer to that, did you say, "Yes, Elizabeth was in a sort of vaporous cloud between light and dark. She could not see this wrong. She maintained to her mother, in my presence that she had not done wrong. She cannot bear to do wrong; a sense of having done wrong is enough to crush her. She never would have had these relations if she had supposed at the time they were wrong."

Q. Did you say that?

Q. Did you say that, in answer to a question that was read? A. I said something like that.

Q. Substantially, did you say that? A. Yes, sir; she thought that she had not; she did not insist that she had not; the substance of that statement is very true; if you will let me look at it, I will read it over again, and say whether it is correct or not.

Q. I will ask you another question first: On this answer being made to you, were you then asked this question, and did you then make the answer which follows:

"Q. Did you say that she did or did not insist that she had violated her marriage vows? A. She always was saying that 'it never seemed to her wrong;' and, 'Theodore, I do not now see that I have wronged you.'"

A. She frequently said that during the year.

Q. Did you make that answer? A. Something like that; I don't remember exactly the words; if you will let me look it over I can tell you whether—

Q. Well, that is sufficient.

#### COMMENTS.

The WEEKLY claims to have laid the stone of personal sovereignty for the foundation of the new temple of social order. Much more is yet to be done before the edifice is complete. In the case before us—we, at least—were Theodore Tilton's testimony correct—judge not!

#### THURSDAY, FEB. 11TH.

Mr. Tilton had testified that what is known as "The True Story"—a document written by him after the Woodhull publication and shown to the Rev. Dr. Storrs and others—was not in his possession, excepting a few of the last leaves. His wife had taken the rest away, and had told him that she

had destroyed it. Before the recess Mr. Evarts had requested him to bring these leaves with him, and upon resuming his seat he took them out of his pocket. Then everybody was astonished to see Mr. Evarts stand up with a bunch of foolscap sheets in his hands and say, "Mr. Tilton, please listen to what I shall now read, and say whether you recognize it as 'The True Story?'" This turned out to be a copy, with many mistakes and omissions, of the original document. How it was obtained the lawyers for the defense refuse to tell. The probability seems to be that somebody with whom Mr. Tilton left it for perusal copied it hurriedly, and has furnished it for use in the trial.—*N. Y. Sun.*

This is about the only original matter that has been introduced as yet in the trial. Our readers will perceive that there is already a kink in this so-called "true story," which can only be unraveled by Mrs. Tilton, who, according to the above statement, informed Theodore Tilton that "she had destroyed it."

On Friday, in consequence of the ice blockade, which prevented the attendance of one of the jurymen, the case was adjourned until Monday, Feb. 15.

### OUR ANGEL OF DELIVERANCE.

Let me say to my brother, who, of late, sent me for perusal the oration of Mrs. Woodhull's, "Tried as by Fire," or "The True and False Socially," that one single sentence it contains is marked by me as the most Christ-like words ever spoken on this planet! They are these: "If there is any sister in this place so low that no other woman will visit her, tell me, there will my feet wend their way. If there is any child so wretched that none will care for it, there will my mother's heart wander."

What is all the rest to me if this be the welling-up of her soul? Must I, as a woman partaking of the very qualities, liable to the same wretchedness, under the same conditions, and the same depravity with other women if surrounded by the same circumstances, gather up my own skirts and shun others because they are more unhappy than myself? Who, what, am I, that I should prate of my own immaculateness? My love glows toward a soul so beautiful as this one seems to me! I love her because she embodies the grandest truths that ever came down out of heaven to bless woman's life.

This is the period of woman's growth and emancipation. Out of sexuality *per se* are the issues of life, and she has become the angel of the new covenant whereby men and women are to enter the arena of life together, and strike hands to overthrow the false gods which we have set up in our households. Has my mother's heart no answer to this beautiful, thrilling sentence, when my own blue-eyed darlings are clinging around my neck, and I know full well what the world has for them if they are thrust out in it without a mother? She is honored and abused by gentlemen and ladies whom I know, who often revile her on this account, for befriending "harlots." She is a friend to those whom the same people in turn use, then abuse and denounce as "outcasts." She takes them by the hand; she is not fearful of contamination. The evil is the fruit of other evils, and in high places too, from our legislative halls down to a contemptible class styled "the clergy," who keep among them in the sacred fold men who fling out the charge that their victims had been "with half a dozen other men!" Is it not time for a woman to flash across our sky with meteoric splendor, and light up these caves of despair! I ask, in God's name, if it is any too soon?  
CHARLOTTE BARBER.

LEDRU ROLLIN, the great Communist, is dead and buried. He was a kind of free-thinker. No prayers were said over his grave, but one hundred thousand of the workers of Paris paid tribute to his memory. Their cry was ominous for France, for as the coffin of M. Ledru Rollin was lowered into the grave the hundred thousand voices sang out, "Vive le suffrage universel!" "Vive la Republique!"—*Sunday Democrat.*

The contest of Tyndall and the religionists is not over God and no God, but over a God who works by invariable methods, and executes his will by systematic means, as opposed to a God of shifts and devices, who can be diverted from his purpose by prayers, and prevailed upon to change his plans by urgent entreaty.—*N. Y. Sun.*

"THE religion of a nation ought to be the embodiment of its highest intelligence in the most solemn moments of that intelligence." But that is not the fact to-day in any country.—*Shaker and Shakeress.*

### BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

THE FIRST QUARTER CONVENTION for 1875 of the New Jersey State Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress, will be held in Library Hall, Market street, Newark, on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, February 20th, 21st and 22d, three sessions each day, commencing at 10 A. M., to close with a grand sociable on the evening of the 22d.

Many women delegates and others on their way to the Worcester, Mass., meeting, will take part in our deliberations, and suggest that we devote some time to habits, labor, wages and fashions, with reference to the needs of reforms. All are invited to a good time.

For further information address either

D. J. STANSBERRY, Sec'y,  
or L. K. COONLEY, Pres't,  
Newark, N. J.

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

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

MRS. NELLIE L. DAVIS may be addressed at 235 Washington St., Salem, Mass.

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

SOCIAL FREEDOM CONVENTION.—The friends of social freedom, and all interested in any side of the various issues covered by the words, "social reform," "social freedom," "free love," etc., are invited to meet in convention at Paine Memorial Hall at 10 o'clock A. M., on Sunday, Feb. 28, and, if thought best, continue two days, to investigate and agitate social reform, and probably to organize a plan for more effectual work. All shades of opinion are invited to represent themselves in this convention. The platform shall be absolutely free, the speakers being limited only as to time. Come one, come all; come prepared to give in the most concise manner your best thoughts.

Moses Hull, George L. Barker, Mattie Sawyer, D. W. Hull, Prescott Robinson, Charlotte Barber, Rachel Campbell, Etta Bullock, John Hardy, Mary Stearns, Boston; J. M. Sterling, Kiantone, New York; L. K. Joslyn, Providence; E. H. Heywood, and Angela T. Heywood, Princeton; J. H. W. Toohy and Isabel Smith, Chelsea; Anthony Higgins, Jr., Salem; M. S. Townsend, Bridgewater, Conn.; J. J. Gurney, Littleton, Mass.; Joseph Buxton and Maria Buxton, Milford, Mass.; B. B. Hill, Mrs. Nellie Hill, F. R. Ladd, and C. P. Leonard, Springfield.

A CONVENTION of the "American Free Dress League" will be held in Horticultural Hall, Worcester, Mass., Thursday and Friday, February 25 and 26, 1875, holding three sessions daily, at 10 A. M., and 2 and 7 P. M. Believing friendly discussion on subjects of human improvement productive of practical goodness, this meeting invites friends of physical and spiritual liberty, of hygienic usages and general welfare to unite in its deliberations. That woman's prevailing costume, in debilitating the body, disqualifies mental faculties—in unduly consuming time, strength, thought, toil and means, abridges the elevation and independence of both sexes, and is basic among causes of poverty, inequality, and all the vexed evils afflicting the world—is acknowledged by the ablest reasoners and scientists of the age. Let us counsel together on the present phase of the case and its reformation. Good speakers are invited and expected. Those from a distance wishing most reasonable board and attention while in Worcester are commended to the Holly Tree Inn, Pleasant street. The public are cordially invited to attend. Papers friendly to the cause please copy.

REMEMBER that it is by the Erie, Great Western of Canada and the Michigan Central Railroads that the most elegant, commodious and comfortable Pullman Palace Cars are run through between New York and Chicago—the broad gauge trucks of the Erie being changed at Suspension Bridge for narrow ones, and *vice versa*, both carrying the wide coaches of the Erie road. These coaches leave New York from depots foot of Chambers and 23d streets at 7 o'clock, P. M., daily; and Chicago from the Michigan Central depot at 5 o'clock, P. M., daily. Passengers by this route who are going still further West arrive in Chicago in the depot of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, the most popular and best patronized of all the routes leading westward from Chicago. Those who travel this route once will always use it when convenient, and avoid the transfer discomforts and annoyances of other less desirable and badly equipped routes.

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

The Principles of Government, by Victoria C. Woodhull	\$3 00
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OF THE PANTARCHY.**

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

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

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**PROSPECTUS.**

**WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.**

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

It advocates, as parts of the new government—

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

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

Criticism and objections specially invited. The WEEKLY is issued every Saturday.

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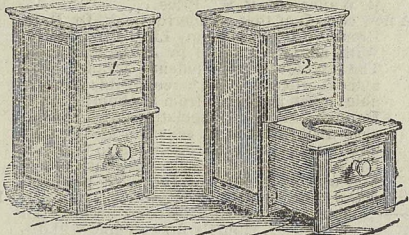
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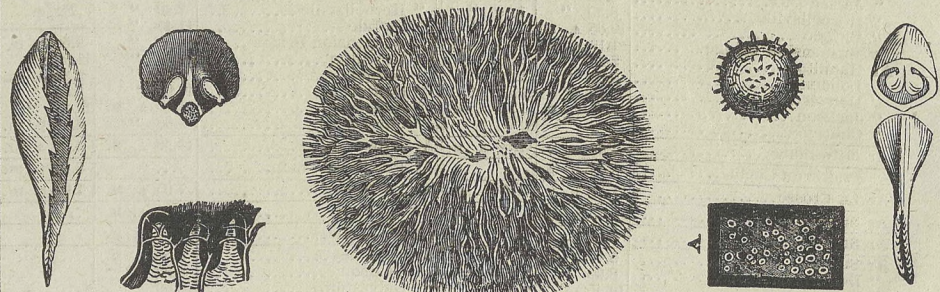
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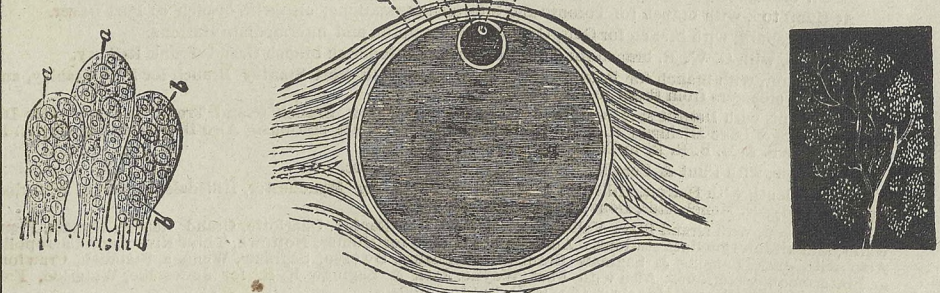
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