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BY AND BY:
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE.

BY EDWARD MAITLAND.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

The clergy of Soudan, in their alarm at the new movement, sought to strike at its promoters through the neighboring peoples. Divining that the Emperor's design of regenerating the plateau involved the redemption of the Sahara, they set to work to stir up the desert tribes, the people of Fezzan, and those bordering on the Mediterranean, by asserting that it was the intention of the Emperor, under European influence, to destroy their commerce and power by bringing in the sea to drown them out. The trigonometrical survey they denounced as the invention of the Evil One, and liable to be visited with a retribution such as that which had followed the census of David; and Africa was still so dark a continent, intellectually, despite its superabundance of physical sunlight, as to make the idea terrible to the multitude.

Such was the position when Criss tore himself from Nannie, whom he had in vain endeavored to interest in his work, to make his first post-nuptial visit to Africa. One portion of Criss' work consisted in the construction of pictorial representations of the Africa of the future—Africa as he hoped to make it—no longer blasted and crushed by its sunshine, but with its Sahara turned into a smiling garden or a summer sea. Criss' pictorial designs had already done wonders, and it now remained only to conciliate the dwellers in the Oases, the most superstitiously attached of mortals, to their green homes. Sooner, it was said, would an Arab give up his hope of heaven, than part with his beloved oasis, the birth-place, dwelling-place and final resting-place, alike of himself and his ancestors. Egypt would not near of such an experiment. She not only placed her veto upon it, but stirred up the Arabs inhabiting the Libyan Oases, the most depressed portions of the Sahara, to resist it with all their might.

As the vast design got wind, all Europe and Asia Minor became interested in it, and the students of science eagerly fought over the conflicting theories respecting the probabilities and consequences of success. The Geologists, whatever their theories on these points, were to a man enthusiastic on behalf of the experiment. They even afforded useful aid to the project by exhibiting to the astonished Arabs the fossil remains of fishes, which they found in Sahara, proving that it was the sea-bed of an evaporated ocean of the Tertiary period, and therefore possibly designed by Providence again to become a sea. The Geologists did service also by suggesting the probability of there being under-ground reservoirs of fresh water permeating the lime-stone bed of the Sahara. Where else could all the water which annually inundated the plateau go to? And if this was the case, doubtless it was from this inexhaustible source that the Oases were fed. What then would be easier or better than to enlarge the apertures and let more of this water flow through the surface? Indeed, it might thus be a fresh instead of a salt sea, that the Sahara would become.

Avenil and Criss discussed this together. They came to the conclusion that it was probable, that on making an extensive vertical boring into the Sahara, the first flow of water would be fresh, and might continue so for some time. But that, ultimately, the sea which was at present kept out by the fresh water, would fill in the limestone cavities and flow through in sufficient quantity to counteract the loss by evaporation, the problem of turning the desert into a sea would be solved, and that without cutting a canal.

They communicated the notion to the Emperor who was hereditary chief over a small oasis, which lay close below the plateau, considerably to the east of Lake Tchad, and therefore far toward Egypt. He caught at the suggestion, and having purchased the rights of all the dwellers on the oasis, and removed them to an estate at a distance, he sent a strong force of laborers, with powerful excavating machinery, and set them to work at bore for water on a large scale.

The result of the experiment was satisfactory beyond expectation, considering that the spot selected was by no means one of the lowest parts of the desert. The water, thus far perfectly fresh and pure, came through in such abundance, that the whole oasis was flooded, and continued to be so, as well

as the surrounding desert a for considerable distance until the sands and the sun prevailed to prevent its further spread.

Students of science, other than geologists, concerned themselves with the doings in the Sahara. These were the Meteorologists; especially the Meteorologists of Switzerland. "In the glacial period," said they, "Switzerland was an iceberg. From the summit of the Alps to beyond the Jura, it was buried beneath the chilling pressure of an enormous mass of ice, bearing on its surface giant rocks. The great desert of the Sahara was still overflowed by the waves of the sea; its burning sands not yet exposed so as to produce that glowing wind which, nowadays, after traversing the Mediterranean, melts away the winter snows on the Alps, as if by magic, and converts Switzerland into a blooming country."

"To restore the sea to the Sahara," exclaimed the savants, "is to bring back the glacial period to Switzerland. It is to ruin the climate of Europe."

The question was an immense one. With the climate of Europe would go the civilization of Europe. The world would have existed in vain. Every scientific coterie on the face of the globe was absorbed in the problem. It was one of the "long results of time," that International politics became a question of Meteorology. This was something gained in the long and weary pilgrimage of humanity. But what would Alexander, Julius Cæsar or Napoleon Bonaparte have thought of such a controversy between nations?

Criss, as was his wont, had recourse to Avenil. Avenil had enjoyed the discussion, but held the fears to be groundless. "In the first place," said he, "the sea will be very shallow and a very warm one, and the bed has been raised so high, that probably one-half will not be submerged. Of this, however, we shall be better able to judge when the survey is completed. But there is another reason. The greatest cold of Europe comes with the North-east Trades from Polar Russia. These winds are aggravated, if not entirely caused, by the heat of North Africa. Cool Africa, and you mitigate, not increase, the rigor of the climate of Europe."

The States bordering on the Sahara took another view of the question. "What," they asked, "is the climate of Europe to us! We have a right to escape from being roasted in our own country, if we can."

The determination taken by Criss was to make the experiment, as an experiment to be abandoned in the event of success proving pernicious. There would be no difficulty about this.

In spite of the opposition of Egypt—an opposition offered on purely selfish grounds—Criss succeeded in purchasing the most eligible portion of the country bordering on the Mediterranean for his purpose. It lay between Tripoli and Egypt, and contained a region depressed nearly two hundred feet below the sea.

The spot where the excavation was to commence was from one to two hundred miles inland. Here, and at numerous points along the route, was collected an army of laborers, with excavating machinery of gigantic power and a vast array of appliances for the task. The plan was to cut a deep, broad channel in the solid limestone bed of the desert to the sea, maintaining the same depth throughout, so as to make way for an enormous body of water to enter at once. Thus only, it was held, would the loss by evaporation be supplied. Notwithstanding the efforts brought to bear upon it, the works would occupy several years.

To Criss' perplexity, the Emperor did not enter so heartily into this portion of the scheme. Taking a line of his own, he pretended that he disliked the idea of an open junction with the Mediterranean, by which hostile and rival trading vessels would be enabled to traverse the inland sea up to the very borders of his country. He might be a match, he said, for his African rivals, but could not compete with the whole world. Rather than have an open channel, he would prefer to bring the sea in through a series of enormous siphons. It was only that he might conciliate the nations of the Confederacy, and secure his own admission into it, that he would consent to Criss' scheme.

Criss felt that the Emperor had not given the real grounds of his objection, and urged him further.

The Emperor then said that he was convinced that no single channel could supply the Sahara, and that he thought that tunnels might be driven with advantage, and at far less cost, into the sea at various points round the coast, so as to make sure of the water reaching any isolated portion of the

low lands. He proposed to attach in this way both the Atlantic and the Red Sea. A tunnel through the limestone ranges of Abyssinia would not only bring in water from a greater height than at any other point—for the earth's configuration and motion, and the influence of the winds and tides, were such as to keep the Red Sea at a higher level than any other on the African coast—but it would afford a cheap and convenient mode of transit for heavy produce to an Abyssinian port. At any rate, he had set his heart upon making the attempt, and should do his best to carry out the latter portion of the project at once, whilst Criss was operating in the direction of the Mediterranean. He had already consulted with his ministers, as well as with the savants and imperial engineers, and their report had secured the co-operation of the principal capitalists of Soudan. He concluded by challenging Criss to a race, to see who would first bring the water in, himself from the Red Sea or Criss from the Mediterranean.

CHAPTER VII.

Criss' life was indeed a full one. While engaged in the regeneration, moral and physical, of a continent, his own heart was perpetually torn asunder between the two characters alternately enacted by his wife.

Two characters, different as those of two women. The one, so ineffably lovely and loving, winning and kind, in the ecstasy of her ardent nature abandoning herself wholly to her love, and in the perfection of her adaptation making Criss feel, indeed, that if ever woman was made for man, Nannie must have been made expressly for him.

The other, the result of abandonment, not to love, but to feelings which converted love itself into a curse. Nannie knew and felt that Criss loved her wholly, solely and truly; but, unaccustomed as she had ever been to exercise the slightest control over herself, she now gave herself up to the dominion of her fancies, until, although knowing, and in her calmer moments admitting them to be but fancies, they became for her more than all facts; more even than all convictions, which to the female mind are too apt to be far more than facts.

These fancies all took one shape. She understood love only as a monopoly. Her lover was unfaithful to her if he had friendships, interests, thoughts, occupations, in which she was not all in all. So far from her love leading her to take an interest in whatever interested him, it led her at first to exhibit indifference to, and then vehemently abuse, every object, event or person unconnected with her, that he chanced to mention. Slowly and sadly he found himself driven to a resolution never to allude in her presence to any subject whatever, save herself. Even his own life-long friends were not spared, though she was never tired of vaunting her own early associations.

Criss alone saw her under the influence of this side of her character. In society her brightness and vivacity won immense admiration, and admiration was a thing which she loved too dearly to forfeit by an exhibition of ill-temper. While the self-control thus manifested abroad led Criss to hope the best for her sanity, he found no consolation in ascribing her outrageous conduct at home to a deliberate disregard for him and his happiness. One of the traits which struck him as most curious, was the utter indifference she showed to her promises of reformation, and this only a little while after she had uttered them with such exhibition of deep repentant sorrow as to win his forgiveness, and make him hope that this was really the last time.

But though none of his friends as yet were cognizant of his domestic history, they could not fail to remark that he withdrew more and more from their society, and that when he did appear, he had little of the serenity and cheerfulness which had been wont to characterize him. Criss had a good and tried friend in his neighbor, Dr. Markwell, a physician of high repute, and married to a medical lady whom also he highly esteemed. But it was only by stealth and rarely that he ventured to consult them. He feared to excite Nannie's suspiciousness and jealousy against even her physician. For the doctor to be able to influence her, he must retain her confidence. It was thus that when they met in Nannie's presence, he affected to give but a qualified assent to whatever Criss said.

An astute investigator of the maladies of mankind, Dr. Markwell, while assuring Nannie that it lay with herself to determine her own fate, whether for weal or woe, inasmuch

M. J. Serrano

as it is to a very great extent in the power of an individual to promote or resist insanity; while, too, he gave Criss hope that her mind might be beneficially distracted from its fatal preoccupation by the advent of offspring, yet in his own mind feared the worst.

He did not, however, consider it his duty altogether to conceal from Criss the nature of his fears. Having had much experience in prisons, and observed the effect produced upon the female constitution by the absence of a habit of control whether by self or by another, he told Criss how that when once a young woman has discovered her power to produce an hysterical paroxysm at will, she is liable to exercise it for her own gratification, without regard to the distress she may cause to others; and that, the habit once induced, her own mental and moral nature is at the mercy of it, and madness in one of its many forms frequently supervenes.

[To be continued.]

UP THE OHIO RIVER, Jan. 12, 1875.

Dear Weekly—The other day I started with my mother to visit Indianapolis, and on the little journey from Cincinnati took an observation on the social problem—in fact I took more than one, in short, a number. And to a "looker on in Venice," who keeps both eyes wide open, and constantly travels, the glimpses into our disgusting social sepulchre are many, and to the point.

But the particular "observation" that I mean to mention here was a "sanctified family" of seven souls, and one "precious little immortal" on the way to these social shores from "heaven's gate," made in the image of God or its sanctified daddy, which is the same thing. There were the father and mother, and five little ones, all alive and kicking, the oldest not over nine years, with a sickly, prematurely old and careworn look, and the nursing babe for the youngest, whose pinched, and defrauded nose was so soon to be broken by the advent of another "little stranger."

The father of these "immortal souls" was—well, he was a "mutton head." He never shut his wide-open mouth, nor hardly winked his great, staring, expressionless eyes for the entire trip. How he managed to hold on to that huge quid of tobacco, and to spit the juice of it on the stove at regular intervals was to me a puzzle.

The mother of the "sacred little brood of gods and goddesses" was, perhaps, just one degree more intelligent than her "lord and master," inasmuch as she chewed orange-peel all the way instead of tobacco, and administered the same succulent digestive to her numerous progeny, even to the baby till he choked, and to all the rest till there was no more to deal out. Her husband's tobacco didn't give out though.

I took the measure of this happy family before the train left the station in Cincinnati, and my mother liked to have taken a fit when that precious baby choked on that chunk of orange-peel, and she came near flying out of her cuticle when that poor, ignorant mother opened the car window to cool off her fever-struck child! I said, "Let them alone, mother, the world were better rid of such 'cumberers of the ground,' and if that open window proves the death of that child, there will be one less noodle-head in the world, and one more little cherub (!) to 'climb the golden stair.'"

She thought me heartless, while all the while my soul was wrung at that distressful result of ages upon ages of enslaving of womanhood, and submitting of wives unto their husbands, and to think their name was legion! Why, I took tea at Clapham Common, while in London, with a most refined and intelligent Unitarian family where there were six children, the oldest not nine years, the youngest not on its feet, and in three weeks from the time of my visit there was another child born in that home! And there were no twins either! There were five servants in that house, and an intelligence at the helm, while the poor mother with her almost six little ones on that train had no help, not even from that disgusting brute of a husband. Her two impotent hands must do for them all, besides keep the "hearth cheerful at home;" and as for her husband—what's in a name?—she must perform her "clear wifely duty," and "amuse him at table, and comfort his bed;" in short, she must submit herself unto him as unto the Lord! Out upon the infallibility of a book that has fostered such a monstrous wrong for ages!

Before our train left the depot a young man had asked permission to occupy half my seat, and as he seemed inclined to converse, I was inclined to humor him; for my mother was in front to protect me! Presently the young man said, looking across at that "sacred family": "Those people are rich in offspring, if not in worldly goods." I replied: "It may be rich for them, but hardly for the unfortunate children." The ice was broken and we boldly waded in, and kept up the talk till the young man got off the train. I judged he was a member of the Y. M. C. A. from his admissions; but I found him apt, and, to an extent, posted as to the shams of our modern society. If he never met a woman that dared talk truth to him before, I must say he bore it like a major, and was neither shocked nor presuming. If the average "young lady" of the period could have heard his opinion of her, she would hide her head for shame and go and learn a little common sense. And if Mrs. Grundy could have heard my conversation with that young man, she, in her mawkishness, would have turned black and blue.

I sincerely trust the status of the Y. M. C. A. was not degraded in his estimation by his contact with a "strong-minded woman." Here I am reminded that in a certain depot not far off, as one ascends the stairs from the lower regions where the trains enter, one sees a large placard of the Y. M. C. A., and in close proximity—in fact, in actual brotherhood—is another glaring placard, "Beware of pick-pockets!" Perhaps it would be as well to change the reflection and put it to that innocent fraternity, "Beware of strong-minded women!"

Even a member of the Y. M. C. A., however, cannot help seeing the truth when it is presented in the shape of five miserable little children, with a male and female ignoramus for a father and a mother, and a dozen or fifteen years still left such a couple in which to breed a dozen more immortal

sinners. And wherever opportunity occurs, let us never fail to shed the light of truth, though some pearls be cast before swine. We shall be rent in spite of the truth and trodden under the hoofs of insensible cattle, and blessed are they who can earnestly pray, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

HELEN NASH.

[WHAT IS THE SOUL.

GRAND RAPIDS, Nov. 3, 1874.

Editors Weekly—I have just been reading Mr. E. Wheeler's article in the WEEKLY, headed, "What is the Significance of an Abstract Moral Law?" In reading the article I find the brother has used the word soul twelve times in a trifle over a two column article, and applied it in several bearings. I would like to ask him what the soul is. I would like to understand how it is that a principle is to become subservient to matter, or, in other words, which is the greater—principle or matter. I hope that Brother Wheeler will define the soul so one of the ignorant class may know what it is.

I. D. SEELY.

WHAT THE SOUL IS.

AUBURN, N. Y., November 23, 1874.

Editors Weekly—I thank you for the privilege of reading a pencil criticism on my article, headed "What is the significance of an abstract, moral law?" I am only sorry that the writer had not tested my remarks all through that article, by an experience that would have demonstrated that he had made it the most important business of his life to have found the entire harmonies of his own being. When every person does this, they will, if patient and persevering, find out what ails them, and get at the significance of anything which claims a greater right to them than themselves dare to claim. This is just the attitude of what we call the moral code, which points out with impertinent audacity the path of life to man; then with mock importance assumes most gravely to damn the delinquent for non-compliance. And this monstrous stride in blasphemy to man is set down as denoting a greatness; and man has become so degraded by its influence on him, that he scarcely dares to pretend to be honorable without carrying in his pocket a certificate of character, and that, too, from some one whom he has consented to honor with a parchment importance. And this moral code has gone farther, for we do not believe each other except as we are under oath. Sweet-hearts and lovers will, under the influence it has on society, throw away all that ever made them dear to each other, and put up with a heartless, stupid pledge in lieu, which either are as powerless to keep as to tether a streak of lightning with a tow string; for all that gave them power or interest with each other was that which possessed them without pledges. Neither faces or the souls they represent are worth anything; oaths and abstract laws only are of value. It is not a wonder that honorable manhood is out of sight. But pardon me, I find I am wandering from my design in writing this article, but when I begin to look upon any one of the thousands of infamies that abuse glorious man, I become so charged with feelings of indignation that so utterly refuse a compromise, that I can scarcely keep track of my subject. But to the point: I may, in the first place, plead guilty to a charge of repetition in the use of terms; and, too, I may not be exactly consistent with myself in using the term "soul," for instead of its being some part of the man, or something originally distinct from him and infused into him or grafted upon him, it is the sum, substance and the inseparable all of the spirit man, yet used by myself in its accepted sense as contradicting the spirit nature, in its spirit and sovereignty, from the outcroppings of this manifestation on a material plane of being, where we see men and women (the same soul) acting in a subsidized, subservient condition. The term soul has never had a very accurate significance applied to it, for in speaking and reading it has ever been employed as denoting a something conferred upon, and superior to, and more enduring than the man himself, as in the fabled representation of the first creation it was set down as the breath of a God. In the phrase, "If a man shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul," the man is set forth as being a somebody, and the soul a something of more importance in his possession. Your Querist says, "I would like to ask him what the soul is; I would like to understand how a principle is to become subservient to matter, or, in other words, which is the greater—the principle or the matter?" This cropping out of his perplexity puzzles me, simply that I do not know which he means to call the soul, "the principle or the matter?" But he may somehow find my answer in the remarks that follow. In an article published some few years ago on "the methods of creation"—which I could wish republished, as now in my possession rewritten and farther elucidated—some of the remarks that here follow are drawn out at length.

The first sensible question for man (any one) to ask himself (for if he only knew it, he can ask nobody else as intelligent), is "What am I?" For the first knowledge we ever have is the consciousness of our own existence. When the conscious soul, or being, or man, is comprehended intelligently by the personal proprietor, he holds the key that unlocks (for himself), the secrets of a universe. Hence the question, and importance of the question, "What am I?" Not my ideas, my notions, or my belief, for no sensible mind should care for these; but my substantial being—myself as a palpable creation—a constitutional and organic substance—a thinking, feeling, loving, intelligent and sensing existence; not a construction of art, puffed into motion by a breath of air, and mistaken for a conundrum to be guessed at; but a real growth, with every right in being that anything, or any other existence has, and as explainable as any problem in mathematics. This is the question divested of its fog and mist, as placing itself before every man and woman in their own special interest. We do not think, we only speculate, upon the importance of those straws that are artfully thrown before us to ensnare our attention. But "What am I?" My answer to, and for, myself is, in my essential being, an indestructible unity, yet a kind of threefold existence, seen from my present stand-

point of observation. First the soul, or the indestructible personality, "I." Second, the interior spirit-form of this soul, or its body, as related to another mode of being. And third, my material form or outer casquet, through which I am seen at present by individuals like myself. What then is this soul, or this indestructible personality "I?" It is substance as certainly as anything else in being, yet drawn out, or extended to its last degree of attenuation, wherein toughness, tenacity, endurance, susceptibility, and every other quality or property of matter, is manifest, that can in any way contribute to render me an eternal permanence, and is effectually secured. There is no use in talking if the facts of being are not within itself, since the hunt to find them would certainly be bootless. But the soul is substance, and its interior form is substance; still both intangible to our present methods of cognition, and so alike in quality of material, and so desirable, and so reciprocally of interest, that they never part company. This soul, or personality "I" is only recognized by itself through the medium of consciousness. For we only know our own existence by being conscious of the fact. It is only through this personality "I" that anything in being has any significance to me. Talk of the importance of being, of principles of reforms, there are no such things only in the ratio of man's first being important to himself, for to me, there is no such thing as existence unless I exist. He fools his time away who undertakes to demonstrate his own being by the absurdities of theories; as well attempt to explain the growth of a cucumber by a treatise on mechanics.

Man's being in its three fold condition, is somewhat analogous to the common white walnut, which has the outer green shell through which it is attached to the parent tree, then the inner white shell, through which it exists independent of the tree; then the kernel, or meat, which is all there is of value to the walnut, giving life to, and using both its forms for its own convenience. Do not question this because the kernel is not first discovered. In its potential germ is all the future walnut's significance. And the human soul is all there is of man that has a meaning, since it, only, is thinking, feeling, sensing, loving, knowing and appreciating; then the spirit form of this soul, applicable to an unseen mode of being, as is the outer tangible form to this mode. What we call death, is but the simple sloughing off of this outer form, severing only the tie that confines the soul locally to this material plane of existence. All real life and intelligence belongs to the soul, not its covering; for that we see as lifeless and senseless as a log of wood the moment the conscious soul throws it off. That it throws it off, just note its efforts, shadowed in the struggles we perceive, to free itself. What, therefore, we term death, is no extinguisher of life; but simply a change in its mode, and in no respect an interrupter of the personality of the individual, but purely an amendment in its way of life, from a clumsy compound to an active simple. It will be seen, looking from my stand-point, that the soul is not a principle, nor a simple divine part of man, but the indestructible entirety of all that constitutes the man, and immortal in form only, because of the imperishable nature of the properties that compose it, and of the unimprovable relations these properties, or elements, hold to each other.

E. WHEELER.

BIRD MUSIC.

(Addressed to the Daughters and Sons of Toil.)

BY R. W. HUME.

Oh! mourn not the days that are past,
The little birds whistled to me;
The present's the time for the wise,
The future no mortal can see.
The night is the herald of morn,
The winter will change into spring;
So, don't be down-cast and forlorn,
While the little birds merrily sing,
My friends,
And the groves with their melodies ring.
What, though in the pride of his power,
Old Mammon unfurls his red rag;
'Tis coming, right quickly, the hour
When Labor shall capture his flag;
Shall break down the magic of gold,
Bring the brokers and bankers to bay;
Teach the "Bears" how to pull down the woods,
And the "Bulls" how to toss up the hay,
My friends,
While the summer sun o'er them shines gay.
Though knavery now wins the game
In the market, the church, and the street;
And "the love of one's neighbor" be changed
To "the love of one's neighbor to cheat;"
Though poisons be sold to us now,
In measures oft lawless and base;
When "our agent" the trafficker's ruled,
Why that will soon alter the case,
My friends,
And save us from all such disgrace.
Though the spade be divorced from the land
By the impious fiat of man,
They shall soon be united again;
'Tis a part of the laborer's plan.
When the soil is as free as the air,
Then blessings shall hallow our store
Then the sower shall garner the crop,
And landlords shall tax us no more,
My friends,
Those scourges and pests of the poor.
Might soon shall be conquered by right,
The little birds whistled to me;
Unite, then, and win the good fight,
And woman and man shall be free.
So cheerfully bend to the work,
And the winter shall change into spring;
With the bass let the treble keep tune,
While the little birds merrily sing,
My friends,
And the woods with their melodies ring.

"THE OLD, OLD STORY."

Not of Jesus, but of love. If man love not woman whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? "Love one another." "Love is the fulfilling of the law." The utter promiscuity of the Jesus teaching of love is manifest in this, "Love your enemies." Can the man who loves his enemies be indifferent to the attractions of a woman and a friend? R. W. Emerson, who is regarded by some as a teacher greater than Jesus, may be quoted as in favor of the variety phase of love. Of the love of the mate he says: "And so is the one beautiful soul only the door through which he enters to the society of all true and pure souls." "Even love, which is the deification of persons, must become more and more impersonal every day." "Not always can flowers, pearls, poetry, protestations, nor even a home in another heart content the awful soul that dwells in clay." "We are often made to feel that our affections are but tents of a night." Others, and notably, Immanuel Swedenborg and A. J. Davis, limit the inner line and deific side of love to the one true and soul mate.

However this may be, a world of unhappiness may be avoided, and many sunny days be assured by an appreciation of the beautiful and good which we see about us in all of human kind. Let us be constant to love, if not to the one beloved. Part with the day not sadly, for the morrow may be more beautiful than the yesterday. Beauty should not leave our world with a person; if one leaves another will come with greater blessing. A network of love encircles the world, the prayer of the soul goes out upon these electric chords to the uttermost distances; if we trust, the best one is drawn to us for our beloved.

Let the day or the hour of love be so full of unsullied beauty that if it returns not again its remembrance shall be never forgotten, and an ever blessed picture of immortal beauty. My rose is beautiful, it is delicious, tender, fragrant with the dews, and blushing in the sunlight of heaven; but there are millions more just as pure and sweet and good. If one fades or goes to other hands why should I repine, I shall have mine own. If I grasp it, and choose to hold, it will fly away; but if I am content to wait, the beautiful one will come to the open arms.

The soul is always beautiful, and, as we love with a love that permeates the whole being, and approaches the soul, we are beautified, and the object of our devotion becomes divine. He sees God in woman. She sees God in man. Freedom is the messenger, and love the personality of God. Can the good and true and the pure desecrate freedom or love? The free-lover is honest, intelligent and true.

In legal marriage sexual passionate indulgence is habitual, usually for the sensual gratification of the man only, and involving the woman with undesired children. Can a man force undesired children upon a woman that he loves in freedom, or hold a relation that may lead to undesired children? Cannot a love of adaptation, intellect and affection be substituted for mere passionate indulgence, conducive to healthful conditions alike of mind and body? Intelligent design has improved all plants, fruits, flowers and animals below man. Children by design is at the very basis of stirpiculture, and if the sexual relation, passionate, is always to be held without regard to the result, there can be but little improvement of our race.

We do not lose if we part with a lower form of love and pleasure for a higher. Love hath her immeasurable delights. In the advance of truth, and in the integrity of our own being, we but part with one pleasure for another, and that more exquisite. The electric touch, embrace and kiss of honest lovers does more to give a bounding joyous health, and the genial glow of life than any mere passionate expression, however legal, however respectable. Give us illegal love rather than legal lust, and the world will be the better.

L. K. JOSLIN.

COBDEN, Jan. 13, 1875.

EDITORS WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY:

I was exceedingly sorry to see the pages of our organ lessened. After reading of the peril of the WEEKLY, occasioned by your sickness, I started out, taking three or four papers as samples, to see if I could not procure at least one new subscriber. They wanted time to peruse them and consider. Of all the plans proposed, I think the one for each old subscriber to pledge one new one is the best. That will be gaining both ways. I will pledge myself for one new subscriber.

I cannot forbear a few words of comment upon the decision of one of your correspondents in the issue of December 26. Mrs. E. V., Milford, writes: "I believe woman is destined to reform society, and I indorse many of the great truths advocated in the WEEKLY, but my husband has persuaded himself that you are unsettling family relations, and I feel compelled for the sake of peace to give up the paper."

Now, I want to ask what kind of a peace she has secured by that course, and how long it will take women to reform society if they all follow her example? I wonder if she realizes what else she gave up when she gave up the WEEKLY, as she says, "for the sake of peace?" It seems to me that she gave up her individuality, her selfhood; gave up her God-given right to read and judge for herself upon all matters concerning her own welfare and the good of society. We women have had it so thoroughly preached into our heads that self-abnegation and self-sacrifice become us, that many have come to consider them the highest of feminine virtues, when the fact is that the imperative duty of the hour on the part of woman is self-assertion. We must not only know our rights but must "dare maintain them." This is our only hope. The spirit of truth is saying to us now, as plainly as ever before, "He or she that would lose their life for my sake shall find it." I do hope that lady will reconsider her decision and not give up the WEEKLY, until she is convinced that it is doing harm instead of good.

Yours for the right, H. A. RICHARDSON.

GARMENT SUSPENSION.

Receiving many inquiries as to the best discovered method of suspending clothing from the shoulders, I seek a public medium of reply, that with these many others not yet put

forth in phrase may be answered. Am so glad to see these signs of improvement, that my word of help is most cheerfully and promptly given.

The "Boston Flynt Patent" is complicated and unhygienic, no better for being of elastic material, and expressly injurious in hanging on a narrow band at the shoulder-joint to favor low-necked dresses. Had it been broad-shouldered, like the vest, and commendably simple, it would still have a general objection in its patent.

The "Vineyard Duffey Chemiloon" is an awkward combination of shirt and drawers. Similar efforts at combining have been experimented with from time to time, and always abandoned as inconvenient to put on and off, and quite so to wash and iron.

I have used the elastic and non-elastic straps, but long ago discarded all narrow supports; have found nothing equal to the simple vest, lying easily on the whole width of the shoulder without touching the joint. When this is made of fine cambric for summer, I stitch a stay an inch or more wide over the middle of the shoulder, bringing it down in back and front to stay the buttons for suspending drawers and trousers. I put two buttons, one an inch and a half above the other, that the bands may not all be in one place. In cold weather each one may hold two or more garments. The vest should be well-fitted to the form, yet so loose that the lungs fully expand and the body easily turns in it—inside of it. It should flare over the hips and fall three or more inches below the upper button. For "slim" persons these four points of support are sufficient; thick ones can put buttons on the side seams. Bands on the lower garments should be also loose, or they will press the body and not be suspended at last. Remember this, you who are now suffering the compression of bands, gathers and plaits, enough to disable you even after the fettering petticoat is severed from your abused limbs.

In this connection let me say to those who are yearning for relief from the bondage of skirts, yet hesitating to deliver themselves, fearing they will long stand nearly alone, that public sentiment already sustains them, and only a surface show of squeamishness, mostly affected, disparages rapid and radical dress reform. These scientific times, prolific in the favor of the useful, will flash out such light one of these mornings that the McFlimsies, for very shame, will spring to the exercise of courage long ignored, and lack an apology for not possessing it when it was so stylish to be submissive and non-assertive. Those who have noticed the doings of the two congresses of city women have seen that the issues of all their deliberations hinged on woman's power to sustain and govern themselves, and brought the question of practicality directly to dress reform, as the only means of retrieving adequate ability. If they further noted that these dainty reformers, who are so fearful of shocking those who are already secretly laughing at their timidity, and in their souls commending us who dare do right and only fear the wrong, that these admit all we claim of the necessity of discarding skirts and robbing the dual locomotive organs in dual raiment, they will see that all reasoning on the topic of woman's fitness for any elevated sphere results in the concession that the ground we take is the only consistent one, and must be acted upon. Hence let all cherish their courage, and fast as any are able to set liberated feet on nature's basis, let them call to us who are holding out firm hands for the aid of theirs in redeeming one half of the world from a thralldom so stultifying as to threaten the extinction of the Anglo-Saxon race.

MARY E. TILLOTSON.

VINELAND, Dec. 10, 1874.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er fadeth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are lifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate silver threads
Of our curious lives asunder;
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends
And sit to grieve and wonder.

WINOOSKI, Vermont, Jan. 14, 1875.

EDITORS WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY:

I herewith inclose you a copy of our new circular. Will you have the kindness to insert it in your paper. We are working for a practical exemplification of the principles that you have advocated in your WEEKLY. If we succeed, it will be a practical verification of the truths you have taught. We have cut out the pontoon bridges behind us, and are going to die here or win the victory. Kind words by the liberal press and the pecuniary aid of reformers throughout the land will, inside of two years, give evidences of the

truths of social freedom such as can be obtained in no other way.

Yours for the cause of humanity, JOHN WILLCOX.

DAWN VALCOUR COMMUNITY—LETTER OF APPEAL, NO. 2.

To Brothers and Sisters, Greeting—We take the liberty to make this special appeal to you in behalf of this movement, which some of the well-wishers of humanity are endeavoring to put into successful operation here. We expect nothing at the hands of those who do not comprehend our principles. But you have manifested an interest in our enterprise, and we write to you in hopes that you may be moved to assist a cause that is to do so much for future generations, and in the belief that you will be faithful to the duties the age demands of every reformer. We are determined to succeed at any cost of personal sacrifice that we, as members, may be required to make. Within a brief period the unparalleled corruptions and discords that have developed themselves in this nation will cause a revolution that will culminate in an entire change of our social system. We believe that the principles upon which our community is founded will be the ethics of the future social science of this nation, and that Dawn Valcour Community will itself be the prelude to the formation of similar movements in every State of this Union. Permit us to ask you what you can do to aid this movement? Are you ready to stand by us in this great work for humanity? It is an honest and practical effort to inaugurate a happy home, where we can enjoy every God-given right, and transmit to the generations that are to follow us an heritage that will live through futurity, until that day dawns when ideal human angels shall people the most remote parts of this earth. We believe that you are interested in community, and cannot therefore enjoy the cruelties and barbarities that are multiplying in isolated life about you. We are desirous to pay the last dollar due on this estate by the coming spring, and secure means and members sufficient to start our diversified industries, and commence the erection of buildings.

Will you be one among us in this noble work? If so, tell us how much means you can bring to our aid? If you have the means and cannot come immediately, please send us the amount necessary to secure a membership; or if you have property to invest, please state the particulars in regard to the same. All investments of any considerable amount will be secured by mortgage on the property of Community. Hoping that you will not delay in responding to our appeal. We remain, yours fraternally,

DAWN VALCOUR COMMUNITY.

Address, Box 13, Winooski, Vt.

STODDARD Co., Mo., Dec. 19, 1874.

Dear Weekly—I have been destitute of money since you made known your wants until now, when I have just finished my four months' school, for which I receive \$80, clear of expenses. I hasten to divide this sum with you, inclosing money order for \$50, which, please, use as you deem best for the cause. I rejoice that I have this much to give, and only regret that I have not enough to enable you to ride the financial storm triumphantly; but money is extremely scarce here, and all I can get is by teaching a few months in the year, and in the summer I can only get a small subscription school, which sometimes no more than pays expenses. The prejudice is very strong here against female teachers, and their pay is much less than men's; and I am additionally ostracized on account of my political, religious and social principles, though these, with my aversion to swine's flesh and the fumes of the tobacco pipe, are all the accusations my enemies can bring against me, and these always behind my back.

I should regard the suspension of the WEEKLY as an irreparable loss to humanity in general and myself in particular. It is my dearly beloved companion and instructor; and I believe it will, with the indefatigable labors of its chief editor in the lecture field, and the assistance of the noble and heroic souls of both sexes who stand by it, be able, after long siege, perhaps, steady perseverance and well-directed effort, to batter down the walls of ignorance, superstition, bigotry and prejudice behind which are entrenched all the hypocrisy, tyranny, poverty, prostitution and wretchedness existing among our brethren of the human race. If the siege can be supported with the all-important financial resources by those who have an appreciation of the cause, the detestable fortress will soon crumble to the ground and let in the millennial light of truth and purity to liberate and make happy the race.

I have rejoiced in reading of Victoria's triumphs in the lecture field. I grieve for her personal sufferings, and sympathize with her in her solicitude for the continuance of the WEEKLY. I was not aware that she was struggling for the redemption of humanity at so great a cost, and I tenderly appreciate her delicacy of feeling in withholding this from the public; but now that the friends of the cause are aware of the situation, it will be to their eternal shame and disgrace if they do not rally and relieve her from all further pecuniary anxiety. It makes me sorrowful to see so little assistance is rendered by those who ought to be friends and can realize that it is their own battle she is fighting at such unparalleled sacrifices; but such malformations are the logical results of the present social system, and we must expect them until generation shall only result from free men and free women, drawn together by the mutual inspiration of free love. It rejoices me, however, to see that a few have given you something besides words of cheer to help you and our cause along, and I feel a deep sense of gratitude to them for it. They must have been generated under better conditions than the majority of our unfortunate sisters and brothers.

Your ardent friend and well-wisher, DALINDA.

A MISSOURI woman, who applied for a situation as car-driver, being asked if she could manage mules, scornfully replied, "Of course I can. I've had two husbands."

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 6, 1875.

A REQUEST.

There seems to be a persistent effort on the part of the enemies of the WEEKLY to prevent its circulation through the newsdealers of the country, and these efforts have prevailed to such an extent that we are constrained to ask the help of our friends in counteracting them; and therefore we request that they will personally call upon the newsmen in their respective places, and induce them to again place the WEEKLY on their counters for sale. We would also like them to ascertain from dealers who it is that suggests their refusing to keep the WEEKLY, and why they do it. Any information of this kind will be gratefully received, and will enable us to take measures to prevent further injuries from that source.

The papers are returnable, and newsmen run no risk in ordering copies for their stands.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We send bills with this number of the WEEKLY to those whose subscriptions have expired, or will expire within a few weeks, requesting a prompt renewal from those who desire its continuance. Those who do not care for the WEEKLY longer will please notify us by postal card, or request their postmaster to do so.

Remittances should be made in drafts, money orders or registered letters, and the drafts and money orders should in all cases be made payable to Woodhull & Clafin. Will our friends please note this, and act upon it, for we are daily losing remittances sent without these precautions?

MRS. WOODHULL'S MOVEMENTS.

During the past week Mrs. Woodhull has delivered two lectures in Bloomington, Ill., one at Champaign, Ill., and probably one each at Pekin and Peoria, as announced in our last. Our latest advices, dated Jan. 21, located her at Galesburg, Ill. She will doubtless continue her route as laid down in last week's issue, viz.: Topeka, Kas, Jan. 28; Leavenworth, Kas., Jan. 30; St. Joseph, Mo., Feb. 1; Nebraska City, Neb., Feb. 3; Lincoln, Neb., Feb. 4; Omaha, Feb. 6, Council Bluffs, Feb. 8; Des Moines, Iowa, Feb. 9; Kalamazoo, Mich., Feb. 12; Grand Rapids, Feb. 13.

The above dates may be changed in some instances; if so, they will be duly published in the local press.

HYPOCRISY.

There is more Phariseism here now than ever there was in Judea at the time of the Nazarene. The fact is, as Dickens tells us in the "Mutual Friend," veneering is the specialty of the age, and what the painters call "putty" is in constant use and demand. The WEEKLY, however, will continue to preach and to honor truth wherever it finds it, and takes especial pleasure in adverting to it in the following instance, which is taken from the columns of the New York Sun:

The Bishop of Lincoln lately and publicly rebuked a Rev. Mr. King for horse-racing. King had a runner named Apology, but the bishop wouldn't accept it, and rebuked him again. King has now named another horse Hypocrisy—which nobody can charge him with, as he is very frank about his turf sports.

By all accounts, Apology ran well the past season, winning, we believe, some heavy stakes; but, as the world now is, we strongly suspect that Hypocrisy will show better time than has ever before been exhibited. If it answers as well among quadrupeds as it does among bipeds, nothing will come near Mr. King's horse. Were he in this country,

we should deem that there would be only one thing needed to secure Hypocrisy's success on the turf—namely, that he should be jockeyed by either a parson or a politician.

THE NEW RELIGION—UNIVERSAL JUSTICE.

No. XIII.

Before entering upon the constructive part of our subject we must briefly review what has already been considered, so that we may see exactly to what point or position, or rather condition, we have arrived. It was found, in the first place, that, compared with the demands of universal justice—that which all people profess to desire to have instituted among men—every department of life, and every administration of its rights and possibilities is unjust; that all the natural gifts and wealth of earth belong of right to all alike, and that no part of all can gather up the whole, and deal it out for gain to others whom they have outstripped in greed for wealth; that whatsoever the earth yields is commonly bestowed by God without distinction. Thus the earth stands free and equal to all mankind alike.

Coming down, or rather up, to man to find where justice lies between each different one and different grade, it was found that each and every one produced so much—compelled the mother earth to yield so much to him or her—as each and every one has strength of will and muscle to command, and that measure of this strength was made by powers outside the individual choice. In short, that every person is what and only what the circumstances of his birth and growth have made him, and, therefore, that no part of man can claim to be superior to the other parts by personal merit, and that the difference which exists between the several individuals of the race is due to natural law, and not to a special cause within the control of any; and, therefore, all that are by natural law more highly endowed, must bestow upon the rest, who are not so largely blessed by the same natural law, as themselves, a portion of the fruits their labors gathered from the common field. Hence, all should labor commonly together, each as his or her endowments make it possible, and gather up the fruits in a common garner, each from the general whole in equal right enjoying that which meets his needs and wants, and ministers to his comforts and delights. So, whether one has large or small measures bestowed upon him, he has an equal right in all that goes, and is, to make life pleasant and enjoyable with every other man, and yet no greater right or better claim whatever his contributions to the whole have been, whether above or beneath the medium. So in this way alone can God give his blessings in equal measure to his children—can make the sun to shine and rain to fall on all alike, to bless each one impartially—that the common race of man, God's great human family, each man and woman as well as every child forming a constituent part to the whole, blended in common interests, must live, and not that each and every family, nay, that each and every individual of every family, now so called, should be in constant strife and competition for the gifts of life; and that the love can be exemplified that the great "Master" taught, commanding all to live in peace together, having, as his disciples had in the olden time, all things in common. 'Tis true that so-called Christians of these latter days refuse to recognize these teachings of their Lord; but those who have a real right to claim discipleship to him will yield their personal self-sufficiency to a common brotherhood to aid the Christ-like plan, and thus become entitled to this right, and let the self-styled Christians plod along their backward way, until compelled to join the common throng in this the last grand movement of the world, as they from time to time have been compelled to join in lesser things.

And rising from material things to those which appertain to intellect and morals, it was also found that the same rule belongs to these that governs in the base on which they stand; that whether in the worldly way they be good or bad, that they are as the powers created them, and therefore not to be adjudged by arbitrary standards made by man, but by the law of universal justice, which goes behind the facts and finds the causes that produced them, and then, as they are high or low in evolution's stage, commands that help be given or otherwise received to make them equal here, as well as in the outward sense, as has been seen they ought to be.

From these foundations laid in man and law, it followed, as a logical necessity, that each and every person is entitled to the use (and unabridged) of every faculty possessed, each in his different way; and that no part of men have rightful power to say that this may be enjoyed and that shall not, on the part of other men. Each one receiving, as he has from God and by the common law, the several different gifts and methods for his use and for his happiness, must be the judge himself of what he most needs, and how he shall pursue his joys, and how his sorrows meet and pass.

Thus, in the argument that is made, the point is reached where, in chaotic mass, each individual, in his and her own right possessed of what they have, must seek to organize the human family; and from the inharmonious parts form a common union, so that the body of the human race shall be as perfect as a whole as the individual body now is perfect as a part—an union in which the body cannot be the head, nor yet the hands nor the feet, but every individual member in his place performing all his functions, all his work.

NO COMPROMISING.

The truth cannot be compromised, for any compromise whatever more or less invalidates its integrity and deprives it of its right to that title. As a nation we have purchased this knowledge by experience. The compromises in the matter of slavery nearly ruined us. They commenced with the consolidation of our Union, and some are still to be found in the Constitution of the United States. Of course they are now useless and inoperative, but our legislators permit them to remain there, probably as warnings to forbid us from sinning again in a similar manner. But, evil as they proved themselves to the State, the mischiefs they thus created bear no comparison to the frightful effects they produced upon the most popular churches. From 1776 to 1860 the histories of the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian churches are pictures of national morality in a rapid decline. They gagged the Catholic Church and kept a colored clergyman of the Episcopal Church, hot with the apostolic benediction of its bishops, for eleven years waiting for a seat among his brethren. They eventually compelled most of the popular Protestant churches to lie in Latin, by making them declare that slavery was not *malum in se*. Such have been the deleterious effects of the compromises of the past in the single matter of American Slavery.

It will be perceived that, bad as were the mundane effects of compromise, they were not comparable to its spiritual debaucheries. This is not to be wondered at, for the soul is superior to the body, and like the soul the religious idea has, during the long past, been the animating spirit ruling the material world. All the greater Asiatic movements have been religious movements, and in Africa and Europe Mohammedanism and Christianity have for more than a decade of centuries kept the peoples of those continents involved in bloody wars. These have all unquestionably been more or less the results of spiritual compromises, necessitated by the dreadful uncertainties of the credal religions of the age. There can be no doubt that were any one section of Christianity, either here or in Europe, in absolute power, it would use that power as mercilessly as ever the Catholics did in Spain in the past. Indeed, we have reason to fear that the five great Protestant sects among us, who cannot work together for good, have already succeeded in ganging together for the evil purpose of destroying that religious liberty which is our inheritance, and which is the noblest legacy left to us by our revolutionary forefathers.

It is therefore highly important in all who aim to develop the spiritual idea of humanity, to be careful never to admit the word "compromise" into their dictionaries. The meanest honest prayer that ever a savage made is elevating, but the highest aspiration of a spiritual despot who is a hypocrite, is only degrading. The world has a right to demand of all who would instruct it in spiritual matters absolute, directness and absolute simplicity, and more particularly that they withhold no part of the price (like Ananias and Sapphira) from those who listen to their doctrines. This being our opinion, we take issue with the following paragraph which lately appeared in an article purporting to give "The General Views of the Believers in Spiritualism," which appeared in the New York *Evening Telegram* on January 20, over the signature of S. B. Brittan:

Jesus of Nazareth is, perhaps, most generally regarded as a natural, spiritual and divine man—more natural than other men because His constitution and His life may have been more in harmony with nature, more spiritual than they, inasmuch as the powers of the interior nature (latent in most men) were in His case developed into beautiful proportions and harmonic activity, and with more of divinity than His brethren, in the high degree that He exemplified the beauty and glory of the divine nature, thus demonstrating what humanity may become when redeemed from its manifold errors and corruptions, and the lineaments of the God-image, now veiled and invisible, are brought out and made manifest in human nature and the common life of the world. Spiritualists very naturally regard Jesus as the Savior of as many as are led by His precepts and His example to reform their lives.

We object to the above statements, because we believe that they are calculated to mislead our Christian brothers and sisters with regard to the positions generally held by Spiritualists on the subjects treated of, for the following reasons:

1. We fearlessly assert that the great majority of Spiritualists do not hold Jesus of Nazareth to be in a special sense a more divine man than any of his brethren, the difference between him and others being not in quality but only in degree. Some Spiritualists dispute even that, holding him to be not superior to Confucius, Zoroaster, Socrates or Mohammed.
2. We object to the statement—his life "may have been," etc., as treacherous and noncommittal, but have no desire to deal with the suppositions that follow it.
3. The use—or rather misuse—of the word "redeemed" is likely to deceive many. The meaning of that word being "repurchased or bought back" is rightly used by Christians, who believe in the fall of mankind and in eternal punishment for sins. Spiritualists believe in neither; they deny that any human being is lost, and assert the doctrine of universal progression.
4. As to what "the God image, now veiled and invisible," may be, lies between S. B. Brittan and Moses. As a rule modern Spiritualists are iconoclasts, and stout objectors against all the "God images" in the world.

But the last sentence of the above extract appears to us to be the most reprehensible. We fearlessly assert that very few, if any, Spiritualists believe in vicarious atonement, and

consequently do not regard Jesus as a Savior; for in that sense alone is the use of the word justifiable in the passage referred to. The doctrine of the Spiritualists is, that each human being must develop himself or herself, as the case may be, and does not depend on the excellencies of another or others for advancement.

True Spiritualism cannot afford to hide its teachings, or compromise, by clothing its truths in doubtful language. Those who are what is called "Conservative Spiritualists" would do well to remember that they can commit no greater offense against the churches than they have already done in demanding to superintend the spiritual instruction of their children. This, in the eyes of the clergy, is a crime of so grave a nature that it cannot and never will be by them forgiven. Such being the case, it is not only unwise, but useless, to seek to mitigate the grand divergences Spiritualists must maintain against all credal religions. Former differences have been changes of faith, but Spiritualism is a new development, and as such will be established. Although it wars with no creed, it is certain to undermine and overthrow all creeds, while the reforms it has already propagated are destined, in the near future, to improve the race, and advance the welfare of mankind, both here and hereafter.

THE CIRCLE.

In the ranks of Spiritualism every man is naturally a priest and every woman a priestess, and we hold that for the doctrines they teach they are only amenable to the general public. Of course among them are to be found instructors of all grades, who furnish mental food to the people. In our opinion the world knows what it wants, and is zealous and hungry for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. All are satiated with wishy-washy talkers, those who want glory for themselves, and neither desire nor care for the good of the community. Well, they cannot obtain it, for Spiritualism is celestial democracy, as the following item testifies:

Spiritualists are slow to unlearn the lessons of the past. They expect to conduct their meetings on the plan of either the church or the lecture-room. Both methods are false and fatal when applied to communion with spirits. When will we learn that the Circle is the only true spiritual institution, and that if we would meet our spirit friends and have them meet us, we must supply the necessary spiritual conditions.—*Banner of Light*.

Yes, give us the circle, the mass. Unite the positive and negative forces of the same to build a Jacob's ladder from spirits in the form to spirits out of the form. We want no sanhedrims of priests and praters, and will submit to none of their ridiculous impositions, whether they hold their conclaves in Chicago or Boston. People have not yet, in our opinion, begun to appreciate the vast changes that lie under the Spiritualistic development, of which the phenomenal wonders of the present era are simply the base. It is not too much to assert that the changes already demanded by it as necessary to the advancement of true civilization and the improvement of our race, will overthrow all of the most important of the systems of the past and remodel the face of creation.

ODIUM THEOLOGICUM.

The New York *Independent* may be termed a religious press. It serves its God—with reservations. Great grace is often exhibited in its leading articles, but the ancient Nicholas sometimes appears to be in power in the advertising department. Sometimes delicate traces of his cloven hoof may be seen elsewhere, one of which we lately exposed in regard to the WEEKLY. Here is another which has considerable of the brimstone smell about it. It is taken from its issue of Jan. 14:

The lately Hon. Thomas Kinsella, the editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, has been convicted of a nameless crime against the household of a highly respectable gentleman, who had been his friend, and has been sentenced therefor to pay damages amounting to fifteen thousand dollars. There was no attempt to deny the charge, and it was agreed beforehand that the referee should allow at least this much of damages. It is not, however, to be expected that this unfortunate event will endanger in any degree the influence of Mr. Kinsella as a teacher of morality in Brooklyn. The facts of this case and the general character of the man have long been well known; yet the journal of which he is the editor is received into not a few reputable families in the City of Churches, and claims the right to put itself forward as the exponent of Brooklyn sentiment and as the censor of Brooklyn morals. What secret forces, what privy, it may be, of similar lapses of his friends retain its editor his political and journalistic influence the public may one day know. Meanwhile we congratulate Mr. Kinsella upon his attached constituency, and his readers upon the reputation of the man whom they have chosen to be their chief counselor in matters of local morality.

We believe that it must have taken more than one D. D. to concoct the above article. There is enough genuine spite, malice and all uncharitableness in it to have exhausted the wits of any one parson, were he the redoubted Dr. Leonard Bacon himself. We consequently hold it to be the concentrated essence of the malignity of a round robin of reverends. Furthermore, we maintain that all who were engaged in the production of the same, ought to be entitled from this time to rank as "bishops in partibus," and to be admitted freely as life members of the Young Men's Christian Association.

FACTS FOR WEALTH PRODUCERS.

JUSTICE is all that the WEEKLY asks for those who toil. It demands that the weaver who weaves a yard of cloth in Massachusetts, and the agriculturist who raises a bushel of

rice in South Carolina shall receive the full value thereof, less the minimum cost of distribution, in exchange. It believes, with all political economists, that they do not now receive one-half of that to which they are justly entitled. If workers secure all they produce, on what do those large and increasing classes subsist who do not labor? Or those whose labors produce no tangible returns?

WORKERS generally are physically and consequently morally superior to the non-toilers in our community. When Benedict, the hump-backed tailor, fell among the Brownies, we are told that they would have torn him in pieces, but one of them spying a sickle (an emblem of labor) in his hand, exclaimed: "No! no! The sickle protects him; we must let him alone!" It is so with workers, both male and female. The good gifts we have claimed for them are not awarded to them because they are naturally better than their idler neighbors, but because the sickle "Labor" has protected them from resorting to those mean vices which degrade and deteriorate humanity, and are the disgraces of the age.

UNION OF LABOR.

There has been war for the past thousands of years between agricultural and mechanical labor. When that war terminates, wealth-producers will be in power. They are by far the greater poll, and when undivided and not pitted against one another by scheming politicians, can readily dictate the law. In the past, our fields have been largely cultivated both here and in Europe and Asia by slave labor, and artisans and mechanics in our cities and villages have refused to co-operate with agriculturists. But the mechanic stands on the soil-tiller, and not the soil-tiller on the mechanic. The agriculturist, the stone so long rejected by the builders, must and will yet be recognized as the head of the corner in the new Temple of Labor.

FREEDOM OF THE LAND.

The workers who raise the grain and the cotton, who mine the metals and the coal, will never obtain the full returns of their labors, so long as artificial values are placed by man on what ought to be held, as they are, the free gifts of nature. When mechanics and agriculturists establish the freedom of the soil, as they can easily do in this country, by union, perseverance and the ballot, righteous competition among increased numbers of soil-tillers will reduce the price of the loaf of bread one half, while the fall in the fictitious money values of all products now existing would enable all to unite in the general rejoicing, and live far better with less labor than they have to perform for their existences at the present time.

INCONSISTENCY.

The sole strength of the many shams which pass under the name of Christian Churches lies in their weakness. It is in vain that the stout old *Boston Investigator* brings up the artillery of its unanswerable logic against them, for they abandon their positions as readily as they take them. The WEEKLY, knowing that fact, has long decided to waste no shots at such miserable and fleshless phantoms that are here, there, and everywhere at an instant. In proof that what we have stated is not strained, we lay before our readers the following item which is taken from the N. Y. *Sun* of the 15th inst. The representative of the "world" naturally is shocked at the free and easy manner in which the most popular expounder of the Gospel looks upon the subject of admission to the celestial regions, and the calm authority with which (with an arrogance greater than was ever claimed by any representative of St. Peter) he assigns a place there to his self-styled "heathen" friend:

Is it not a singular thing that a clergyman of the Congregational Church who professedly teaches that through Christ is the only way of salvation, should have written to his friend who had said, "I am not a Christian but a heathen," such words as these: "O! my beloved Frank, I shall know you there, and forever hold fellowship with you, and look back and smile at the past."

While we admire the liberality of the free-religionists of the age, we cannot help smiling at their inconsistency. We respect a good Christian or a good Mohammedan, and do not believe that either of them will be damned for being honest; but we despise a Mussulman who condemns his Koran, and scorn a Christian who sneers at his Bible. If "he that believeth not shall be damned"—as stated in the Scriptures—be a fact, Mr. Moulton is in a bad fix; and his friend the Pastor of Plymouth ought to have told him so, that is, if he believes that statement to be inspired. Everlasting punishment is admitted in the creed compiled for his church by H. W. Beecher, and it is no light thing to be damned for ever.

PRESS NOTICES.

The *Critic*, Burlington, Ia. Strayed from the WEEKLY an original article in poetry headed, "Mary Magdalen." If our able and witty contemporary knows of the whereabouts of the same, it will please notify us through its columns.

The *Sun*, New York. Compliments of the WEEKLY for its reprint on Jan. 19, of the pleasant conversation between Victoria C. Woodhull, and the reporter of the Washington *National Republican*, on the Tilton-Beecher embroglio. We very sincerely trust that the notorious Comstock will not purchase the paper, order it to be posted, and throw the Editor of the *Sun* into prison for passing it through the public mail at his request, as he did (without law) the Editors of

the WEEKLY. Hurrah for Torquemada, and down with the Y. M. C. A. American Inquisition.

Harper's Weekly, N. Y. Congratulations on the liberality which induced it to embellish its issue of Jan. 23 with a very fine likeness of the rich and renowned Isabella of Spain, of mixed memory. Setting aside her queenship, she is good enough for us, and we are glad to note from her commanding position on the frontispiece of *Harper's Weekly*, that she is considered good enough for our orthodox neighbor.

New York *Herald*. Your leader on "Ancient and Modern Pythonesses" of Jan. 13, is timely, but we do not agree with its conclusions. We claim that the ancient Greeks were not less intelligent, and not less virtuous, than any modern nation; that they were more likely to obtain a genuine article of pure inspiration from the young women they termed "Pythonesses," than we receive from snuffy old stagers we term "Divines," half of whom are (and we fear that the world will soon add all of whom ought to be) celibates. We are fortified also in our opinion by the elucidation of the dream of the image of a man as seen by Nebuchadnezzar, and narrated by Daniel in the bible, the head of which represented Babylonia, and was of gold; the breast, which represented Media, of silver; the belly and thighs, which represented Grecia, of brass; the legs, which represented Rome, of iron; and the feet, which all commentators agree represent the present time, of iron and clay. The WEEKLY assumes, from the present debauched and disordered condition of society that we are about finishing the toes of the above image, and are of clay, and very poor clay at that.

Kingdom of Heaven, Boston, Mass. The polite invitation in your January number, couched in the following words—"Why in hell don't you come into the Kingdom of Heaven on earth?" is respectfully declined. Still, we trust we are on the road to Zion, but our Zion is—"a celestial republic."

MRS. WOODHULL AT BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

FIRST LECTURE.

Victoria C. Woodhull arrived in this city yesterday afternoon, on the Denver express, from Chicago, to fulfill her engagement to lecture here.

The Opera House was well filled. Mrs. Woodhull appeared, dressed very plainly yet extremely neatly and modestly. She promptly began upon the work in hand, and from the first held her audience deeply interested.

As one listens to Mrs. Woodhull no doubt can be entertained of a supreme belief on her part of the efficacy of her theories, and that she is sincere and honest in their advocacy; but, whatever may be said of them, nobody can deny that she stands with but few peers upon the rostrum. She possesses every quality that is required to form the orator. When under the fire of her own eloquence, her face lights up with a beauty of the *spirituelle* order, which seems to place its subject above the capacity for much that has been said about her in the press in connection with the Beecher scandal. Her language is chaste, and her sentences well formed, and they pour forth as if they came from an inexhaustible fountain.

The first thought that comes to the observer when she approaches the footlights is that of a graceful woman, whose every motion is poetic. Her countenance is open and frank, and her features are clearly defined, and bear unmistakably the stamp of intelligence and perfect self-possession.

But this is the prelude merely. She begins her speech in a common-place way, and sticks to her notes until her feelings come into sympathy with her subject, then the divinely gifted powers of oratory burst forth in all their splendor, as she treads the platform with all the fury of an enraged tigress that has lost her young, hurling defiance at their captors and challenging them to the contest. Her words are barbed arrows, that go home with unerring aim; and when the strain closes, the audience bursts forth in applause. As if appeased by the offering, she becomes transformed, and now she pleads in tones and words for her scheme for the better conditions for the people, that are irresistible. And then, from this, at a single leap, she goes to ridicule or sarcasm, presenting her picture in such style that roars of laughter follow. And what makes this all the more effective, is that it seems to flow without the least effort on her part. She makes her audience believe what she believes, feel what she feels, see what she sees. In these regards she seems to be unapproachable.—*Pantagraph*, Bloomington, Ill., Jan. 20, 1875.

SECOND LECTURE.

Last evening Victoria C. Woodhull appeared in her second lecture in Schroder's Opera House. She was elegantly dressed in black. The theme of her discourse was the prophecy of St. Paul, "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."

She confined herself more strictly to her notes than upon the previous evening, and spoke for over an hour in a manner that riveted the attention of her auditors to her thoughts and utterances. The solution of the prophecy, she thinks, will be brought about by the observance of the laws of sexual relation which she has so long advocated, and of which she is perhaps the most clearly defined exponent at the present day. She once more gave her views on the social and sexual problem in her characteristically fearless and candid manner, discussing the delicate topic, not as though she relished the task or admired the expression which the theme demanded, but as though she felt it her duty to speak as she did. No one can deny that a very large per cent. of all she said last evening was truth—startling, appalling, terrible truth; but as to the remedy we must all take the license that Victoria allows, and think just as we please.

Before entering upon the discourse of the evening, Mrs. Woodhull read some selections from Macbeth in a manner that won for her well deserved applause, and proved that she

is the possessor of great histrionic ability.—*Bloomington Pantagraph, Jan. 21, 1875.*

INCIDENTS OF THE TILTON-BEECHER TRIAL.

MR. MOULTON UNDER CROSS-EXAMINATION.

In an exciting branch of Judge Porter's examination, the voices of the lawyer and of the witness would rise together with each successive answer, until the climax was in tone quite disputative. Then they would begin a new topic at a quiet pitch. Still later Mr. Moulton steadied down into perfect equanimity, answering with studiously respectful composure and easy self-possession. As to results, the cross-examination yielded nothing, and may be regarded simply as a preface to the continuation of the trial.—*N. Y. Sun, Jan. 20.*

On the next day, Mr. Everts stated that Judge Porter was unwell, and Mr. Tracy continued the cross-examination of Mr. Moulton. In the evening the following letter appeared in the *New York Daily News*, of Jan. 21.

"To the Editor of the News—By a statement in last night's *News* I see that the cross-examination of Moulton by Judge Porter had been transferred to Gen. Tracy, on account of Mr. Porter's illness. I saw the latter walk by the Astor House yesterday afternoon, and he looked as healthy as any gentleman on Broadway.

"PLYM."

This is the second sick lawyer on the Beecher side. The *New York Graphic*, under the heading of "The Siege of Moulton," refers to this change in the "order of battle" as follows:

The attack upon Moulton was begun by Judge Porter. After two days he was withdrawn.

How was it the reports of gun-trials used to read? "After firing one hundred and fifty rounds the gun showed signs of weakness, and the firing was discontinued."

Gen. Tracy was then put forward, and for four successive days he was bombarded Moulton with every species of missile.

MR. FRANK MOULTON ON THE DOCTRINE OF CONFESSION.

"I left my house on the night of the 31st, after seven o'clock, to go to Mr. Beecher's; I found Mr. Beecher that evening; he was not at home when I called, but when I returned he was waiting for me; I believe we had our interview in a bedroom on the second story; I said to him that I thought he should consider the subject of that rather strange interview, and I recalled something of the conversation of the previous evening to him, and I said to him, 'You got Theodore's permission last night to go down and see his wife, and you procured from her a retraction of her confession, and you procured what I must term a lie, and I think you were guilty of great meanness in doing that; I think you were;' I told him that I had received a note from Theodore in the morning, asking back the confession of his wife, and that I had seen Theodore and he was very angry about his conduct; and I said, 'Mr. Beecher, I did not see much of the guidance of God in what you did, but at the same time there may be a Providence in it, after all; I have come for that retraction; I think you had better give it up to me; I will burn both the confession and the retraction in your presence if you choose, or I will hold both;' and I read to him the letter which Elizabeth Tilton had either sent or given to me, and I read also a letter which Theodore Tilton had given to me, dated midnight, in which his wife informs him of the recantation; and he said to me that this recantation would be the only defense of his family—I am giving his language as nearly as I can recollect it—in case he was attacked, and I said to him, 'Mr. Beecher, you have had criminal connection with Mrs. Tilton, and you go down and get that paper. I don't see how you could perform two such acts. Mr. Tilton's disposition last night was absolute. He said that no matter what might come to himself, he would protect his wife and family; he intended to do that.' And Mr. Beecher then said to me, with great sorrow, weeping, that he had loved Elizabeth Tilton very much; that through his love for her, if he had fallen at all, he had fallen; that the expression, the sexual expression of that love, was just as natural in his opinion, he had thought, as the language he had used to her; that if he had fallen at all he had fallen through that way, through love and not through lust, or words to that effect; and he said, 'This would be my defense, my only defense, in case I was attacked, but with you, I throw myself upon your friendship and upon what I believe to be your desire to do the best for all parties;' and as I was leaving him he said, as nearly as I can recollect (that part of the language made a great impression upon me), he felt that he was upon the brink of a moral Niagara with no power to save himself, and that was the substance of the interview. He gave me back the retraction."—*N. Y. Herald, Jan. 21.*

FRIDAY, JAN. 22.

MR. EVARTS' TRIBUTE TO VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

"Mr. Everts—My learned friends have forgotten also that they put in evidence the card of Mrs. Woodhull, dated May 20, 1871, in the *World*, in which she states, and states with eloquence and with force, and without disguise, the doctrines on this subject of free love between the sexes; that she regards as important for the welfare of society, and as destined to overthrow the corrupting influences of marriage.

"Mr. Fullerton—She gives a definition of the doctrines.

"Mr. Everts—She does, and she has done it with eloquence and with force, and those are the doctrines that this witness has testified she avowed in the lecture, and which he says are what the public regard as the doctrines of "free love." Now, the philosophy, the morality, the utility and the promise of improvement of society in respect to those doctrines or their opposite we do not at present discuss."—*N. Y. Herald.*

The *WEEKLY* accepts this testimony of the very able lawyer as to the manner in which the Proprietor of this paper discussed the question of "free love" in the paper referred to, with thanks for the courtesy exhibited.

There has been but little disclosed by the trial thus far with which the public were not previously familiar. The following letter, however, may be new to some of our readers. It was referred to by Judge Morris in his opening address, as follows:

MAY 13, 1873.—To the Trustees of Plymouth Church: I ten-

der herewith my resignation of the sacred ministry of Plymouth Church. For two years I have stood with great sorrow among you, in order to shield from shame a certain household, but a recent publication makes this no longer possible. I resign my ministry.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

It is stated that Mr. Tilton threatened violence if Mr. Beecher resigned in this manner, and Mr. Moulton prevailed upon the pastor to withhold the letter. The original document has not been produced, we believe.

Another fact, not generally known, was brought out on the 20th in Mr. Moulton's cross-examination, in relation to his two published statements. He testified that they were both prepared by General Butler; that he gave him the papers and the General made out the statements himself, one at Bayview and the other at Lowell.

TO THE RESCUE.

I have been thinking of plans for the aid of the *WEEKLY*. I read the plan of Mrs. Severance, five dollars a month each for one hundred. I read also the plan of B. P. Leonard, of Belpre Centre, Ohio—"I propose to be one of a thousand" sounds like something efficient and I seize upon it at once, but the interest of one hundred, paid half yearly, would amount to very little to sustain the *WEEKLY*, for socialists and free lovers are not as plenty as blackbirds in corn planting time. Could not something be given by that one thousand that would be efficient aid through the present year, when the *WEEKLY* so needs.

Dr. Leonard says his experience leads him to think the world does not deserve such efforts, etc., but for those who wish to be saved, he is willing to do his part. Might it not be that if we do not succeed in taking the light to the people, the darkness will settle down over the land and the light will be put out, and we ourselves will not have a chance to be saved? Is it not really, to a very great extent, pump or down? If one thousand would give one dollar, to be paid quarterly, I will be one, doing all I can here; and if Dr. Leonard and others everywhere, will join with me the needed help can be called forth. If so much could not be attained, one thousand might pay five hundred dollars half yearly, that would be an extension of Mrs. Severance's plan, with the payments at different times and in different quantities.

The *WEEKLY*, as an agitator, is certainly doing great good; then let us keep its light burning through its present crisis. Some one else might suggest a good way to carry the plan into execution. If anybody can offer a better plan, I will join in it.

It seems heartless to let Mrs. Woodhull be compelled to go West on a lecture tour this winter. She needs rest, and the biting winds can be of no benefit to one who has so recently suffered from so severe an attack of congestion of the lungs.

ANNIE E. HIGBY.

NEW BRIGHTON, Pa., January 13, 1875.

GRIDDLING A GAZETTE.

The article below is from the ably conducted Critic of Burlington, Ia., in answer to this from the *Gazette*:

When any woman compromises her self-respect, and puts at naught the pride of her sex so completely as to don male attire, and promenade the principal streets in broad daylight, call at public resorts and inquire for gentlemen, it is high time the authorities should take the matter in hand, and deal with the offender as the law provides. Our attention has just been called to such a case, but we forbear mentioning names on account of the social standing of the party. This is disgraceful in the extreme, and a repetition will warrant a publication of names.

We neither know nor care who that female criminal was, but sympathize with the *Gazette* man in his indignation. On these matters the law, or its officers, are getting to be terribly lax, and the present generation has disgracefully fallen away from the ideas, manners and customs of our revered forefathers. A hundred years ago a woman, deprived enough to put on her brother's clothes, would have been whipped or burnt at the stake, or something of the sort, and served her right. A woman has no right to put on comfortable clothes, even if made at Raab's in the latest and most distinguished style. If she is permitted to sweep the sidewalk for us with her trail, she ought to be content! A wheel-barrow full of hair and things on top of her head, and a discarded army hat on top of that is a great deal more becoming to her than a low-crown felt on the brow; and without a panier under her skirts "she loses all our self-respect," as a distinguished Burlingtonian once remarked. A few more bold and daring writers, like that *Gazette* man, ready and willing, at all times, to write and fight for the "rights of man," and to point his finger of scorn (washed or unwashed) at every woman who, whether in a frolic or in downright earnest, trespasses on the prerogatives of man, would greatly assist in resurrecting such good old laws as, for instance, the following, dated Boston, July 7, 1639:

No garment shall be made with short sleeves, whereby the nakedness of the arm may be discovered in the wearing thereof; and such as have garments already made with short sleeves shall not hereafter wear the same, unless they cover their arm with linen or otherwise; and that hereafter no person whatever shall make any garment for women with sleeves more than half an ell wide in the widest part thereof, and so proportioned for bigger or smaller persons.

That's the way to talk to women. They are having too much their own way, altogether, in the matter of dress. The length of the trails, the color of the hair, the shape and size of all the frills and puffs ought to be regulated by law, and the use by women, of broad-cloth, buttons, jackets, or any other of men's specialties, should be peremptorily forbidden.—*The Critic, Burlington, Ia.*

BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

A. S. BURROWS, magnetic and hygienic physician, Bloomington, Ill. Office, room No. 5, over the Post Office. Residence at Magnetic and Hygienic Institute (formerly Major College building). Patients can board and be treated on reasonable terms at the Institute. All kinds of acute and chronic diseases are treated without any kind of drugs or medicine whatever on the hygienic principles. Air, exercise, food, water and magnetism is all that is required by the

human system to keep it in good health or to restore it to that condition when out of order. He treats patients at their homes or at the institute. Will take a limited number of families by the year; the advantages of that way of treating are: First, it always secures the call of the physician when the first symptom of disease makes its appearance; secondly, when a person knows that it will not cost any more to get a doctor at the first stages of disease than to wait a few days, they will not wait but send immediately. One treatment in time saves nine in cases when sent for immediately. Cures have been made in two or three treatments where if the case had been delayed it would have taken ten or fifteen. The best way in this mode of treatment is to send for the physician immediately and before the disease becomes settled. Fever can most always be broken in one or two treatments when taken at first.

SAMSON: A MYTH STORY OF THE SUN; showing that Samson—in the Bible story—is synonymous with Hercules, the "Shining One," performing the labors of the Ancient of Days.

In verse, 32 pp., paper covers. Price 25 cents, postage paid. Orders solicited and filled by Woodhull & Clafin, P. O. Box 3,791 New York City.

DR. C. WINTERBURN, No. 101 East Fourth street, gives remarkable astrological readings. Consult him upon any subject.

WARREN CHASE lectures at Cambridge, Iowa, Jan. 24; at Union, Iowa, Jan. 31. Address Colfax, Iowa, till further notice.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

REMEMBER that it is by the Erie, Great Western of Canada and the Michigan Central Railroads that the most elegant, commodious and comfortable Pullman Palace Cars are run through between New York and Chicago—the broad gauge 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 will always use it when convenient, and avoid the transfer discomforts and annoyances of other less desirable and badly equipped routes.

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The Principles of Government, by Victoria C. Woodhull.....	\$3 00
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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.

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.

Criticism and objections specially invited. The WEEKLY is issued every Saturday. Subscription price, \$3 per year; \$1.50 six months; or 10c. single copy, to be had of any Newsdealer in the world, who can order it from the following General Agents:

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

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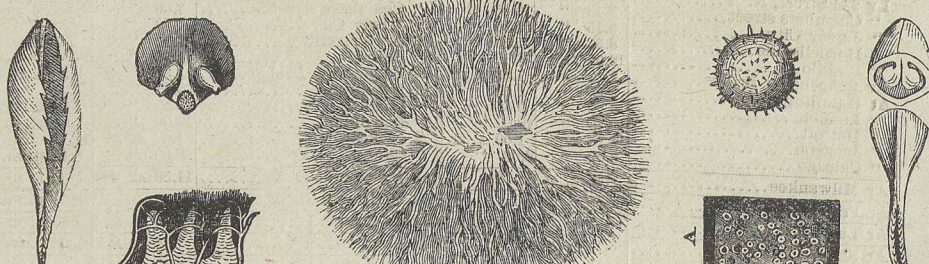
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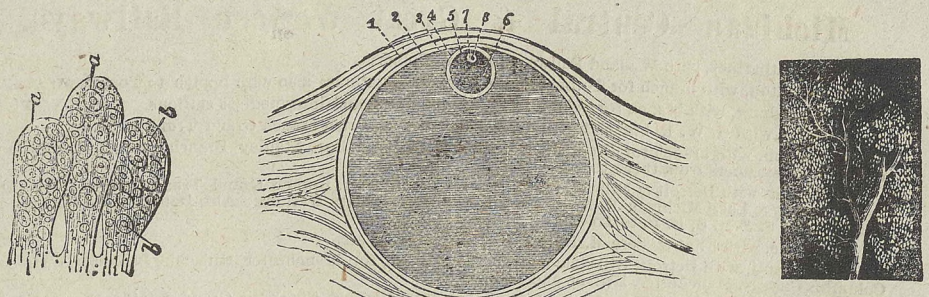
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