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Vol. VIII.—No. 22.—Whole No. 204.

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In the anticipation of his coming birthday, Criss had matter enough for thought, while pursuing his journey homeward, for he knew that he was then to be put in possession of his history and parentage so far as they were known, and be called upon to determine his career. But his mind refused to dwell upon aught save the face which he recognized as at once the face of the bride-angel and of the fair child he had rescued from the wreck, and left crying passionately at his departure. No matter whether he flew high or low; whether he swooped toward earth, so near as to catch the voices of his fellow men; or soared toward heaven, where he was wont to hold sweet intercourse with his spiritual kinsfolk, nothing seemed to him to be the same as it had been before. He felt as an invalid, into whose darkened chamber a single errant sunbeam has forced its way, not to cheer, but to distract.

Soon the waters of Lake Tchad opened their wide expanse to his view. The sight recalled him to the fears he had heard uttered respecting the disturbed political state of the country. He had an idea of descending to the capital to obtain information, for his new friends, the settlers in Atlantika, were very uneasy on the subject. They considered themselves in danger.

On approaching the city, he perceived a commotion. People and troops were in rapid movement. Smoke and flames were rising from some of the principal buildings. In place of descending at once, he decided to approach only near enough to obtain information of what was going on. On perceiving him the multitude sent up a great cry. He paused a few score feet over their heads, and let down a cord with a label appended, bearing the words, "Any mails for Europe?" as was the custom with air-couriers.

A message was sent up, saying that no mails were ready; that there was a revolution in Soudan; that the Emperor had disappeared, and that a large sum was offered for his capture. It was his palace that was in flames. But the accompanying newspapers would tell all the news, the principal item of which was the establishment of a republic. No further disturbance was expected, unless the Emperor should return with a force. The republic meant peace, economy, and fraternity.

Criss continued his journey re-assured. Soon the vast and fertile alluvial tracts began to give place to patches of sand; the growing temperature of the blasts of hot air which now continually assailed him, told him that he was approaching a region which not even modern skill and enterprise had attempted to redeem from its ancient reproach of being the most arid and baneful region in the world—the vast and dreaded Sahara, dreariest portion of the dreary waste that stretches from the Atlantic to the Persian Gulf. It opened upon him now, the sandy ocean of the illimitable desert, whose ceaseless and burning billows none could traverse, save at the risk of being overwhelmed and scorched to death. A curse to itself, and a curse to two continents, whose climate it marred, pitilessly mocking man's longing for more of the fair earth on which to rear homes for his children, the Sahara bade defiance alike to the plow, the railway, and the canal, and seemed even to resent the passage above it of the swift-winged aeromotive of our times; for it whirled far aloft columns of fine sand, which blinded the aeronaut and clogged the delicate works of his machinery. "Why," thought Criss, as he began to recognize the influences of this mysterious region, "why did not the subterranean forces of the earth heave it a few hundred feet higher, and give man another continent for his use, or leave it a few hundred feet lower, and give him another sea? Is it as a perpetual challenge to man, to prove his impotence or his puissance, that nature has bequeathed him such a legacy?"

Criss has got far within the limits of the dreaded desert, when morning breaks. The night has been perfectly calm, and the air is clear and free from dust. Fascinated and attracted by the place and its reputation, he flies low and leisurely along. A sea of sand! Surely it must be the watery ocean itself that rolls beneath him, boiling and bubbling in vast blue billows, as far as the eye can reach. He descends

toward it to examine the phenomenon more closely. The air becomes hotter as he does so, but there is not a breath of wind to account for the motion of the billows, which he sees rolling over and over each other as if propelled upward from beneath. The red sun rises, and straightway the tossing ocean beneath him mingles crimson and gold with its blue, as he has never known the ocean of waters to do, nor even the clouds of the air over which he has been wont to ride. He arrests his downward course, but the many colored billows seem to rise toward him. Already he descends their gleams and sprays shooting past him. Now the billows themselves are around and above him. He is engulfed, and yet he breathes freely. Ah! It is a mirage of the desert that welcomes him to the heart of the Sahara.

It is impossible to judge how far he is from the ground. He does not suppose that the phenomenon extends to any great height, and having ascertained its nature, he prepares to re-ascend. But a sound catches his ears, a sound of tearing and rending, followed by harsh cries of terror, pain, and despair. Listening intently, he ascertains that the place from whence the sounds proceed is not stationary, for sometimes it is nearer to him than at others; but in no case many rods from him. While thus listening, and scarcely heeding his machine, he feels beneath him the touch as of soft yielding ground. The Ariel stops erect, and Criss, standing up in his car, calls aloud, in English,—

"Does any one want help?"

He pauses and listens, but there is no reply. Again he cries, this time, remembering where he is, in Arabic,—

"If any one wants help, let him speak."

An answer came, rapidly and eagerly; and apparently from one so close to him as to make him look quickly round. But nothing was visible through the mist of the mirage. The reply was in the pure Arabic spoken by the better classes in Soudan. Criss readily interpreted it.

"Say first who offers help. Of what nation?"

"English," replied Criss.

"English for certain, and no Bornouse?"

"An English and a true man, for certain, replied Criss; "a traveler on the way back to London from South Africa."

"You speak my language almost too well for me to trust you," was the response. "Say, how are you traveling?"

"Alone, and in my own car—an electro-magnetic flying machine. But what and wherefore do you fear?"

"I do not fear. You cannot be Bornouse, for they know not the use of such machines. I am a fugitive from the insurrection, and am injured; and there may be pursuers on my track."

There was plenty of light, and the speakers were close together, but they were still invisible to each other. Their voices sounded strange and hollow, through the dense and laden air. Criss learnt that the sufferer had fallen while endeavoring to cross the Sahara in an old-fashioned aeromotive, in the use of which he had but little skill. He had been badly wounded before, and now was still more crippled by his fall, and by the struggles of the machinery while expending its power.

Finding him still reluctant, and knowing the danger a desert-storm would have for his apparatus, Criss said,

"You must decide at once. Either allow me to serve you, or say farewell."

"I shall perish miserably if left here," was the answer, in a somewhat pettish tone.

"Can worse befall you through me, whoever I may be?" asked Criss.

"I will trust you," answered the voice; "but how are you to find me?"

"Leave that to me," said Criss; "but do not stir from where you are."

"Alas! I cannot move any more; for my machine is exhausted, and I too am fainting."

Had there been any holding ground, Criss would have secured the Ariel against the chances of any wind that might arise, and stepped out, holding a string to serve as a clue by which to find it again. This being out of the question, he leaned over and drove a stake as far as he could into the yielding sand, fastened to it one end of a long cord, and then made the Ariel move slowly to the other end of it. During this process, the two men spoke at intervals, in order to ascertain their distance and direction from each other.

"You are going quite away from me," said the stranger, in a feeble and querulous tone, as Criss reached the end of his line.

"I shall soon be nearer," said Criss, delighted to find that the length of his cord was sufficient to make so easily appreciable a difference in their distance. "I have got my centre and my distance now, and am about to describe a circle with them. Keep quiet, and directly the string catches you, let me know."

A few moments more, and the manœuvre was successful. The line caught against the crippled aeromotive, and Criss drawing it in, came close up to it. The two men could now see each other distinctly. The stranger was a fine-looking man, apparently of mixed race, between fifty and sixty years of age, and richly dressed.

"You do not look English," he remarked, after a keen scrutiny of Criss's face.

"I believe it is only in blood that I am not English," said Criss; "but now let me examine your wounds?"

"Not now, not now. I want to get further from danger. Can you carry me to a place of safety?"

"I can carry you, but not your baggage," said Criss; "but I assure you that you are too far out in the desert to be discovered. None could see us if they tried. My lighting upon you is so extraordinary a coincidence that it is not likely to be repeated. It is true, we might telegraph to them, but none can telegraph to us, for none know where we are."

And he insisted upon examining his wounds.

The stranger, who was evidently a man of distinction, and accustomed to exercise authority, could not repress an expression of amused surprise at the kindly imperious way in which this youth took command of him, and directed his movements.

"One leg broken," said Criss, "and one arm; a bad wound in the head, and several bruises on the body."

"Those are all from the fall, said the stranger. "Flying-machines are prohibited in Soudan. The people are too barbarous to be trusted with them. I alone possessed one, an old one, which I kept secretly against emergencies, but I have little skill in using it. Yet I think I should have got safely in it to the fortress of Asben, where I have friends, but for the wounds received in the insurrection, which prevented me from managing it aright. But look at my left side, just below the ribs—I feel a hurt there."

"A small bullet wound," said Criss, examining the part indicated; "but it has ceased to bleed. It is impossible for me to find Asben, or any other place in the desert, in this mist. Even were I to ascend to the clear sky and take an observation, I should inevitably lose the position on coming down again. Besides, in such times the loyalty even of your friends in Asben may be dubious. I propose, therefore, that you let me take you to Algiers. I have friends there, of whom one is a first-rate doctor. When you are well, I will take you to any place you choose."

The stranger assented; but on endeavoring to move into the Ariel, he nearly fainted with pain and weakness. Criss then administered a cordial. It was only with considerable difficulty that the change was at length effected.

"Is there anything here of small bulk that you wish to take?" asked Criss, pointing to the baggage.

"They contain little beside wine and provisions. I have enough about me to pay any moderate expenses for some little time to come."

And he looked wistfully at Criss, as if to divine his disposition respecting the laws of property.

"There, one or two of those little boxes may as well come with us," he said, carelessly indicating the packages in question. "They will not materially add to your burden, and it would be a pity to leave all my little knick-knacks to be buried in the sand."

They were ready to start, and Criss looked around him. So intent had they both been upon personal matters, that they had not observed the change that had taken place. Criss was startled at beholding the new aspect which nature had assumed in the last few minutes.

The mirage had entirely vanished, and from the somewhat elevated position on which the Ariel was resting,—the summit of a huge sandy roller,—happily for the present at rest until the wind should give it a fresh impetus on its ever westward course toward the Atlantic,—the vast desert lay spread around them, an illimitable ocean of sand. The spectacle struck vividly upon Criss's unfamiliar eyes. There was a beauty in it which he had not suspected, but of a kind to make him shudder at its absolute desolation.

"Surely, surely," he murmured as he gazed, "this is not what was meant by the promise that there should be no more sea! Fancy the whole earth thus!"

"Praying? and with your back to the East?" asked the stranger, who had not caught Criss's words.

When they were aloft and on their course, Criss told him his thought.

"You know and can quote our Bible, and yet say you are English? Why, I have always understood that the English were a nation of infidels, who had banished the Bible from their land."

"On the contrary," said Criss, "we consider no education complete that does not include a knowledge of it. Though it is true we do not regard it as a Fetich, to be adored but not comprehended. That we should call superstition."

"Superstition? Ah, yes, you English, I know, look upon my people as superstitious. We regard you as irreligious."

"Besides, added Criss, "I believe I have both Hebrew and Greek blood in me. So that I have a manifold right to know something of the literature of those languages."

"I knew there was something Eastern in you the moment saw you," exclaimed the wounded man. "And I felt there was a link between us. I, too, have Hebrew blood in me. I am descended from—" And here he stopped, and appeared to be faint from pain and exhaustion.

"You came across Bornou," he asked suddenly. "Did you hear what was going on at the capital?"

Criss told him that he only paused for a moment, to offer to take mails, and that they told him the Emperor had disappeared. The palace, too, was in flames.

"Oh, those cursed traitors," muttered the fugitive; "but I shall be avenged. In vain will they seek for that which they desire."

And his faintness came over him again.

After another dose of the cordial, he said,

"I am weaker even than I thought. When can we reach a city? And are you sure Algiers is the best place for me?"

"Criss told him that a few hours more would bring them there, and that it had been famous as a sanitarium ever since the old French occupation. He proposed, too, to place him in the hands of a doctor of whose skill he was well aware, and under the protection of the British Minister, who was a great personal friend of his own. Criss added also that he himself would have to proceed almost at once to England, when he had seen him properly cared for.

"You will leave me!" exclaimed the stranger. "Will anything induce you to remain? I can reward you—indeed!"

"It is impossible," said Criss; "but if necessary, I can return, and that soon."

"I dread the intrigues of my enemies, if they learn where I am. I have never been friendly with the Mediterranean States."

"Our minister is all powerful. Besides, he will do anything for me."

"You speak as if you were somebody, and had influence, and were not a mere courier."

"Every Englishman is somebody, whether he be courier or not," replied Criss; "but I am not a courier." And he gave the stranger an outline of his history.

"What is your age?"

Criss told him he was going home to complete his majority.

"And your name?"

Criss told him.

"Can there be another of that name?"

"Certainly not," Criss said, and told him generally how he came to be so called.

He sank back, murmuring,

"Christmas Carol! twenty-one years! Christmas Carol! Wonderful are the ways of the Almighty!"

* * * * *

A little longer, and Criss, enlisting the sympathies of his friends, the Minister and the doctor, had fulfilled all his promises to his unfortunate passenger. He then went to take his leave. The fugitive made no further effort to detain him, but implored a promise that he would return to him if possible; and added—

"I know not whether I shall recover. My impression is that I shall not. If I do not, I adjure you to observe as a last injunction of the sacred dead, what I am about to say to you. You see this small packet. None but you must know of its contents. I will place your name upon it. If the rebellion in Soudan fails, present it to the Emperor. It will win for you whatever consideration is within his power to show. Yet it is not for reward, but as the sacred duty, that you will do this. Should the rebellion succeed, and the Empire not be restored, the contents are— But I will leave directions in writing."

Criss said he would fulfill the injunction to the letter; and the stranger declared himself content. There was that about the youth which inspired a confidence which no protestations could have produced. When he started for London the packet was already entrusted to the British Minister. The account given him of the patient by the doctor, determined him to lose no time in returning again to Algiers.

CHAPTER VI.

The time was Christmas-eve; the place, Lord Avenil's private rooms in the Triangle. The following morning would see Criss of age, and in possession of his fortune. Avenil and Bertie differed as to the feelings with which their ward would receive the intelligence about to be broken to him. The event proved that they were both right, and both wrong. The old lawyer who had from the first been entrusted with the legal part of the business, was present; as also, of course, was Criss, but two days arrived from Algiers.

During dinner, Criss recounted his recent adventures, making the wreck and the rescue of Nannie, and the subsequent flight over the length of Africa the most prominent points.

After dinner they proceeded to business. The lawyer first read aloud a brief narrative of the finding of Criss in the balloon on the iceberg. He knew something of this before, but the reference to his probable parents and descent, possessed for him an interest that was ever fresh and vivid. He was much touched on learning that the proceeds of the valuables found in the balloon had been regarded as belonging to himself, the only surviving occupant, and so scrupulously husbanded for his benefit, that the finder, Bertie, had continued to work hard for his own living, accepting nothing out of Criss's fortune beyond what had actually been expended on him.

The particulars of the fortune itself formed the last item. One deduction, the lawyer remarked, might appear large, and doubtless it was so. This was for the item of taxation. But it was not large when they considered the advantage given in return for it, in the shape of perfect protection. The fiscal system of the country being based, as it had been, exclusively upon realized property, in order to remove, as far as possible, all burdens from industry and earnings, fortunes such as that before them, bore the chief brunt of taxation. If their young friend had included among his studies the history of British Economics, he must know that nothing had tended so much toward the security of property, as the introduction of such a measure. For it reconciled the industrial classes, which form the great bulk of the community, to the accumulation by individuals of the gigantic fortunes for which modern times were distinguished. In the foremost ranks of such fortunate individuals he had the great pleasure of reckoning their ward and friend, Mr. Christmas Carol. "And for fear, he concluded, "you should think I have made a mistake, and said thousands when I ought to have said hundreds, and millions when I ought to have said thousands; here are the figures for you to read yourself. Here, also, in this casket, are some of the smaller jewels which belong to you, for it was not thought necessary or advisable to dispose of the whole of them." And he placed the document in Criss's hands.

Even Bertie was startled at the total, for though aware of the original amount, he had not thought of the enormous addition which would be made by allowing it to accumulate at compound interest for nearly twenty-one years.

Criss took the document mechanically, but did not look at it.

His eyes were bent upon the ground, as if he were endeavoring by a process of intense cogitation to grasp the whole subject. At length he looked up, and said:

"I am very glad indeed to be so rich, and most grateful to you to whom I owe it all. Indeed, I look upon it as a debt, and not as a possession. It is yours far more than mine, and I hold it as a free gift, to be resumed at your pleasure, and spent as you approve. But I want to be your debtor for one kindness more. I want no one else to know of it. I feel that it is only by keeping it a profound secret that I can use this wealth as it can best be used. Let me pass through the world known simply as Criss Carol, with a tolerable independence, otherwise I feel that both my power and my satisfaction will be seriously imperilled."

The old lawyer was the first to speak. After looking towards Avenil and Bertie, and seeing that neither of them were ready, he said, with that bland smile which appears to have been an appanage of lawyers ever since, according to the old legend, the first one put his foot into Eden:

"I suspect that the difficulty of keeping your secret will not be on our part so much as on your own, my dear young sir.

My own impression is that a young man might as well expect to walk about with Mount Vesuvius under his arm in a state of eruption, and expect people not to notice it, as to keep all this gold hidden from view."

"At any rate," remarked Bertie, "we will do our best to hold our tongues, until you release us; eh, Avenil!"

"Of course, if Criss soberly and seriously insists upon secrecy," replied Avenil. "But I suspect his is only the natural reluctance every one has to being made the subject of scrutiny and observation while in a position in which he does not yet feel himself at home. A little later I think and hope he will learn that the mere fact of a man being known to be in the possession of a great faculty or power for good, and therefore that great things are expected from him, is calculated to operate admirably as a stimulus. Now I, my dear boy, have ventured already to cherish plans for you. Your fortune constitutes an engine of enormous power, socially and politically, if you choose so to apply it. And that power is as vastly increased by its existence being generally known, as the power of capital is increased by credit. For credit is capital plus character. The very reputation of being a young millionaire, with good education, extensive knowledge of the world (at least of the outside of it), and aspirations towards a career of usefulness, would, if applied in channels of which I am cognizant, at once secure your election to the lower chamber of the legislature, with the highest place in the land within your reach."

"All this may come in time," said Criss, unable to avoid smiling at his guardian's inventory of his advantages. "But I think you will allow that I am yet full young to turn legislator."

"Not a bit too young to begin to learn that or any other business, if you mean to excel in it," interposed the lawyer.

"But do you not consider," continued Criss, "that the circumstances of my origin impose some obligation upon me?"

"Of what kind?" asked Avenil.

"I may have a father living, and in need of me. These mysterious jewels, too, do they impose no responsibility? It seems to me as not impossible that a sacred duty may reveal itself in connection with them. Your kind care has made it possible for me to redeem them and still be very rich. If I am really of the Holy Stock, and lawful inheritor of royal heirlooms, it is not difficult to imagine duties arising which cannot at present be foreseen."

This speech made Avenil and Bertie involuntarily look at each other, for it recalled my grandmother's remarks at the consultation of many years before.

Avenil was the first to answer him.

"My dear boy," he said, "I can quite understand and sympathize with your feelings under the circumstances. The sudden accession to an enormous power such as has come into your hands, it sure to suggest, to a man of conscience, the in-currence of corresponding responsibilities, and open a whole new region of possibilities, or rather, impossibilities. Such suggestions as your last seem to me very remote from the category of the practical."

"As for redeeming the crown diamonds of the Empire of Central Africa," said Bertie, "for such you know your jewels now are,—if you want to do that, the revolution will probably make it easy. But I doubt whether the Emperor would have consented to be bound by his agreement. The superstitious value he attached to their possession would have prevented that. He might, however, be willing to pay handsomely for the privilege of retaining them; that is, in the event of his remaining Emperor, and being able to do so."

"How would you spend this money?" said Criss, suddenly addressing Avenil.

"I? Oh, my dear boy, you know my foible. It has been the same ever since, as a child, I was caught putting a thermometer into the pepper and the mustard, to find out why they burnt my mouth. Experiment is the basis of Science, and Science has for its end the improvement of humanity. I have often held forth to you respecting that which I regard as the Science of Sciences."

"You mean the relations of capital, labor, and land?"

"Yes, in some measure; but you have never yet, I think learned to see the subject as I do, from a religious point of view." He said this with a smile; for he knew that it was precisely because of what Criss deemed the lack of the religious element in his character that they had never been in complete accord.

"You see," he continued, "I prefer the active to the subjective or speculative form of the religious sentiment, and regard thinking and working as the chiefest of man's functions. Indeed, for me, the term *work* in itself means the combination of wishing, willing and acting. It was because you would have capital that I wanted you to have an estate. The mere laborer puts into his land the power only of a single pair of hands, and generally of an undeveloped brain. The capitalist works it with the accumulated powers of several generations of mind and body in combination. For capital is stored industry. As the coal beds, to which England owed its greatness until their approaching exhaustion led to the discovery of something more efficient, represented millions of years of stored sun-power, so capital represents the accumulated toil of ages. There is no longer the old antagonism between it and labor. Such antagonism was but the result of bad management, and was as absurd as an antagonism between the industry of the past and that of the present—which, indeed it was. I don't quite coincide in the distinction our legal friend here drew just now between property actually realized, and property in process of realization. To tax capital is to tax wages, which are paid out of capital. I differ from him also as to the propriety of making the rich pay nearly all the expenses of government. Because a man is rich, is no reason why he should be robbed, or pay for the protection of his neighbors. But this is not our subject just now. You, my dear Christmas, have in your hands such stored industry as I have described, to an extent absolutely unprecedented for one of your years. If you expend a million a year, and let the rest accumulate for another twenty years, as it has already done, your fortune will exceed the National Debt, whose magnitude so alarmed our ancestors

previously to the Emancipation. But it is a small matter that there be money in the world. What does matter, is the hand that holds it. You have the money, and the disposition to use it well. My fear is only, that in trying to use it too well; that is, in aiming at the impracticably high and absolute, you will fail altogether. Aiming at the ideal, you will lose the real. The physical good of man must be the basis of the moral. The grand mistake of the ancient world lay in its commencing at the wrong end. It inverted the Pyramid. Placing religion first, they proceeded from it to morals, and thence to physics. That is, they built on that of which they knew the least. From the unknown and unknowable, they inferred the knowable. It was because their religion, while claiming to be the basis of morals, consisted in assumptions, that it failed to regenerate the world. We moderns, on the contrary, starting from the physical and verifiable, make morals the basis of religion. We cannot, as did our forefathers, even imagine a religion divorced from, or antagonistic to morality. We hold it as impossible for the Divine Will to be in conflict with the moral law, as with the physical. For us, religion signifies the relation of the part to the whole, as morality is the relation of part to part. We must learn the smaller and nearer lesson first. From our duty to the finite springs the idea of our duty to the infinite. If we care not for that which is within our reach, we are not likely to care for that which lies beyond. The love of the seen must precede and produce the love of the unseen. Mysticism is not necessarily insanity.

"You deem me deficient in religious sentiment," he continued, in a tone verging on solemnity. "Know, then, that for me, the surface of this earth is as the floor of heaven, and that my ideal of life is to tread it, as the angels of whom you are wont to dream, with firm confidence in its capacity to sustain the higher life of all best aspirations; and that the only proof of faith is work. It is by work alone that wishing and willing transmute themselves into deeds. We are products of the earth. To improve the soil, is to go a long way toward improving the produce. This is the function of capital; that is, of work. You have only to find an occupation worthy of yourself and your means; and your floating ideas, now vague and undefined, will gradually arrange themselves harmoniously and musically around it."

"One word more. Do not think I wish you to go out of your way to compass some formal eccentric destiny. My meaning is, that you should rather let your future spring out of elements which come naturally in your way. Many a man courts failure, and wins it, by rushing into a position for which he has no natural call or aptitude."

Rarely in his intercourse with Criss had Avenil indicated so decided an appreciation of the spiritual side of things. His present tone excited a lively feeling of satisfaction in the youth's breast, and he felt as if he had scarcely done justice before to the character of his guardian's mind, and the school of which he was so distinguished a member. Criss was accustomed to hear students of science characterized by his friends among the remnant as irreligious and atheistic. He was glad to have such evidence that the epithets were unmeaning or undeserved.

Bertie then alluded to the event of the morrow, and invited the whole party to spend the day at his cottage on the Surrey Downs. Criss expressed his readiness, and added that he must immediately afterward run over to Algiers, to see the wounded man he had picked up in the desert.

"You certainly seem born for the rescue of folks in trouble," remarked Avenil. "I suppose some mishap is constantly occurring to somebody, and as you are always on the move, you naturally light upon the victims. By the way, I see that this evening's papers give an account of the deposition and flight of the Emperor of Soudan, and mention that he is supposed to have perished in the desert while endeavoring to reach Mourzouk or Darfur, and that he must have taken the crown jewels with him. That hideous Sahara!" he added, "it is even a greater nuisance to our hemisphere than the desert interior of Australia is to that southern world. But for Africa, I suspect that Europe would have been far more habitable than it is."

"That is exactly what occurred to me at the time," said Criss. "And I thought it such a pity that all the abundant rivers which belong to it, should carry their waters right away from its centre, instead of flowing through it."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entry of a servant, who stated that an aerial parcel-express carrier had brought a package for Mr. Carol to be delivered to himself only, and for which he must have his receipt.

Carol left the room, and returning a few moments afterwards with a small box and an open letter in his hands, he told his friends that he had just learnt the death of the man he had left in Algiers. The letter he had read was from the minister, who wrote that he would find within the box a communication in Arabic, which the dying man wrote himself, and which, with the other contents of the box, he had assured him was of the utmost importance.

"Is there any pledge of secrecy?" asked Avenil.

"None, now that the poor man is dead," said Criss, "and I shall be only too glad to let you have as much information as I myself possess."

[To be continued.]

A man cannot afford to be unfaithful under any circumstances; a man cannot afford to be mean at any time; a man cannot afford to do less than his best at all times and under all circumstances. No matter how wrongfully you are placed, and no matter how unjustly you are treated, you cannot, for your own sake, afford to use anything but your better self, nor to render anything but your better service; you cannot afford to cheat a cheater; you cannot afford to lie to a liar; you cannot afford to be mean to a mean man; you cannot afford to do other than deal uprightly with any man, no matter what exigencies may exist between him and you. No man can afford to be anything but a true man, living in his higher nature and acting from the noblest considerations.—Henry Ward Beecher.

INDUSTRIAL JUSTICE.

1. Go to, now, ye rich men; weep and howl, for your miseries that shall come upon you.

4. Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is kept back by fraud, crieth, and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord.

Gen. Ep. James, v. 1.

FORWARD, MARCH!

Can a Republic stand still? Has this Republic made any perceptible advance within the last two years? Has the hour of transition come? Where lies the responsibility for the present stagnation in all the industrial pursuits of the country? Is not the head responsible for the conduct of the body? Has any practical effort been made by the governmental head of the United States to restore the various industries of the country to their normal condition, and set the tens of thousands of involuntarily idle hands to work to develop the latent resources which abound throughout? Is it from lack of ideality to perceive, and competency to execute a plan for the national development of the nation's untold wealth that prevents its present leaders in authority from doing what common sense would dictate to be done to save the people from starving or begging in the public streets, as thousands now are daily doing in the larger cities throughout the country?

The recent brilliant wedding at the National Capital, between a daughter of the army's leader and one whom his friends denominate a "laboring man" might lead a foreigner to infer that the laboring people of America live in princely style, where jewel-crowned and golden-sandaled priests, amid the flutterings of costly silken robes, perform their marriage ceremonies. What mockery of the religion of the humble Nazarene! What insult to the starving and shivering families of the laboring people of America! Is there not some political significance in this aping of the grandeur of the European courts? Is it designed to feel the pulse of the American people, preparatory to offering or enforcing upon them a monarchical form of government, corresponding to the third-term feeler, as a step toward empire. Let not Americans forget that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

Immediately before the Presidential election of 1872, the Secretary of one of the National Departments, while paid by the nation for national duties, and stumping in the interest of his partisan master, gave as a reason that Grant should be re-elected, that the country was in a prosperous condition and all the people employed at remunerative wages. Immediately after the elections the papers announced: 500 men discharged from one navy-yard, 800 from another, etc., just at the setting in of winter. I was told by one employed in a navy-yard that immediately before the elections they are generally busy there, but afterward comparatively idle. Has the United States Government sunk so low that the National Departments are prostituted to the personal services of the nation's leading servants? Are these servants conspiring to become the masters? Where is the Spirit of Liberty which animated our heroic ancestors a century ago, when they arose in the majesty of manhood and shook off the shackles with which their despotic rulers were trying to bind them hand and foot? Are our present national rulers any better than were theirs? Are the liberties of the people greater, or their burdens less severe? Are not the rulers now, as then, seeking their own self-interests, regardless of the rights or comforts of the common people? What is the people's duty in the premises? Let the people ask themselves the question, and its solution may appear to them.

The proposed National Convention of Governors of States if divested of all partisan feelings and interests, might be productive of much good for the people at large, if their united wisdom should prove superior to that of those now nominally occupying the position of a national head. The concentrated wisdom of the nation is evidently needed now, if it never has been before, to devise some practicable way for the people to emerge from their sterile wilderness of want, into the promised land of plenty which is clearly within their reach, under an earnest and competent national leadership.

To make a change from Republican to Democratic rule would be a step backward. To continue the present corrupted Republican rule would be dissolution from decay. There is no other cohesive political organization for the people to step into. Where then are they to go? What are they to do? Let them withhold their votes and influence for one election from both of the corrupted old parties, and witness the result. The professional politicians would be so weak that they could not stand alone, and would fall of their weight. In the meantime, the people could be devising means for organizing themselves for self-protection.

"Come out from among them, my people!" They are corrupted to the core, and only need a puncturing of their outside shell to show their rottenness. So long as they can keep their form intact, like an addled egg, they may present an appearance of soundness; but when that form is broken their power is gone. Who knows that the two old parties are not united in their secret upper circles? Like two opposing lawyers, in fleeing their fat clients, they may quarrel at the public bar and quietly divide the spoils between them after the case is decided either way. Would not their shifting movements, from side to side, at policy's dictate, justify such a conclusion?

They sell the land forever to which only God can give a clear title—the choicest parcels to themselves, their agents and their personal friends; and thus they enable themselves to demand, and with the political power in their hands to collect, usury from the people, which is nothing more nor less than robbery, whether it be one per cent, or a hundred. By issuing bonds, National, State or municipal—and establishing banks which live upon the interest of what they own

—their promises to pay—they fill their pockets by taxing the people to pay the interest on these "public debts."

Let the people unanimously demand a cessation of all sales of public lands forever, and the reversion of lands to the State, for the benefit of the whole people, to whom they belong, at the deaths of their present holders. The people of the present are not morally bound to fulfill the unjust contracts of those of the past, nor have the dead any just right to legislate for the living. Let the dead past bury its dead, and the living look to present vital interests.

Let the people organize themselves in their industrial pursuits, and by representation through relative branches and departments and classes of labor, form a national organization of all the productive interests of the country—the two sexes co-operating in their respective chosen spheres of action—and let their objective place and time of meeting, by concentrated representation, be Philadelphia, July 4, 1876. There let the people's true representatives make their national nominations and be constituted a Provisional National Government, to direct the productive people of the country in their organizing movements with a view to regaining possession of the land, and establishing thereon a permanent national structure, wherein all will be judged and remunerated according to their works.

To those who shall unjustly cling to that they cannot use, which others need, the hand of force may justly be applied to wrench it from them for its needed use.

If the American people would not retrograde and ignobly submit to the loss, in the present century, of the liberty which their heroic ancestors so nobly won in the last, let them awaken from their dream of security, organize themselves in fraternal and harmonious unity and take my caption for their watchword: Forward, march! SENIUS.

UNITED STATES, October, 1874.

DEATH OR FREEDOM.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Smitten stones will talk with fiery tongues,
And the worm, when trodden, will turn;
But, cowards, ye cringe to the cruellest wrongs,
And answer with never a spurn.

Then torture, oh, tyrants, the spiritless drove,
Columbia's helots will bear;
There is no hell in their hatred, no God in their love,
Nor shame in their death's despair.

For our fathers are praying for pauper-pay,
Our mothers with death's kiss are white;
Our sons are the rich man's serfs by day,
And our daughters his slaves by night.

The tearless are drunk with our tears; have they driven
The God of the poor man mad?

For we weary of waiting the help of Heaven,
And the battle goes still with the bad.
Oh, but death for death, and life for life,
It were better to take and give,
With hand to throat, and knife to knife,
Than die out as thousands live!

For our fathers are praying for pauper-pay,
Our mothers with death's kiss are white;
Our sons are the rich man's serfs by day,
And our daughters his slaves by night.

When the heart of one half the world does beat
Akin to the brave and the true,
And the tramp of democracy's earthquake feet
Goes thrilling the wide world through,
We should not be living in darkness and dust,
And dying like slaves in the night;
But, big with the might of the inward "must,"
We should battle for freedom and right!

But our fathers are praying for pauper-pay,
Our mothers with death's kiss are white;
Our sons are the rich man's serfs by day,
And our daughters his slaves by night.

WHAT IS MONEY?

BOSTON, Oct. 9, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY:

A writer objects, on the ninth page of your Oct. 17 number, to the payment of interest on money, and in this view of the question, has the sympathy of many sincere reformers. To all such I desire to say that what is ordinarily called money has no value, and cannot even exist to any purpose, unless it actually represents and acts as the title to property, which we transfer by its use. We do not borrow money, but property; and on this we willingly pay rent if it is in the form of real estate, which no person would think of using without compensation to the owner.

If we purchase a house or store and give a note and mortgage, shall we pay no rent or interest? Or, suppose we purchase a store full of merchandise and exchange this for real estate, shall we not pay rent as before?

Let it be constantly kept in mind that all we pay as interest on money (so-called) is but rent for the property which we purchase and have the use of.

If we pay too much, there is no remedy by legislation, as that would be resented as an interference with our freedom. Our policy should be to return to the true money standard, and permit each person to create, purchase, sell or consume without attempting any control by legislation.

DAVID WILDER.

ANSWERS.

We do not admit that gold and silver (the world's money) has no value; it has a value as wealth, but its conferred value has very greatly enhanced its intrinsic value. As money, we do not consider it to be wealth, but the representative of wealth, and we object to any law conferring upon it greater power than wealth itself possesses. Wealth has the power to increase, but only directly through labor; money has conferred upon it the legal power to increase, independent of labor, which is objectionable.

If our correspondent desires to treat money as a commodity, how does he justify its sole possession of the legal power to increase? Usance, in this State, is limited to seven per cent. If A loans B one hundred barrels of flour, the law

would not justify A in demanding of B one hundred and seven barrels of flour at the end of a year. Yet, if money be simply a commodity, it ought to have no legal advantage over other commodities; that is certain.

There is a difference between paying rent on a house or store and paying interest on a national debt. Houses and stores decay, and the same is true of all other ventures in labor form, such as stock in railroads, ships, etc. They all constantly employ labor directly, and, in a measure, that may be said to justify increase in the usances of moneys invested in them. As to simple money speculations, such as national debts, insurance companies and banks, they have no such plea to make; they live on the labors of others and return no *quid pro quo* for their existence.

The WEEKLY advocates a national currency based on the wealth of the people, and recognizable as a legal tender in all the law courts of the country. But it has no objection "to permit each person to create, purchase, sell or consume" money or any other commodity, with the understanding that all such exchanges be made on credit, and not requiring the sanction or force of law. Our position simply is, withdraw the law from all money transactions, except where it directly acts in its only proper function—viz., as a medium of exchange for labor.

This was the position money held in Europe three centuries ago. About two centuries since the Hand-in-Hand, of London, the first insurance company ever established, sued a party in the Court of King's Bench, London, for moneys due on his insurance papers. The judges inquired what commodities the Hand-in-Hand sold? The lawyers for the plaintiff answered, "Mental ease and security." To this the judges replied, "that such commodities were too intangible to be recognized in his Majesty's court as worthy of redress," and the insurance company was, we think, very justly non-suited. In those days "value received," affixed to money exchanges for labor, had a meaning.—ASSOCIATE EDITOR WEEKLY.

THE DEMOCRACY AWAKENING.

There has been of late, undoubtedly, a remarkable awakening among even the most ignorant class in England. The plow-boys and swine-herds—the Gurths and Wambas—who formerly stood in awe of my lord and his tenant farmer, have felt the throb of the telegraph and printing-press. These agents of modern civilization have stirred up their intellect and made them feel more like men. Serfs they have been virtually, though not in name; but now they organize and demand more wages and privileges. Will not some one write another "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or, rather, a Gurth's Cabin, to help these men, who are of the stock of Shakespeare, to acquire emancipation? But it may not be needed, for they begin to feel their power and to help themselves. Yes, the work is going on. Even the leading conservative press—the Thunderer itself—while mildly reproving the agricultural laborers for excesses in their organizations and demonstrations, and advising them to be submissive, tells the landlords and tenant farmers plainly that everything must be done to ameliorate the condition of the workmen. The strikes have resulted disastrously in many cases to the men, at least for the time being, but the moral effect in the end will be good. The movement was an unexpected and a surprising one. It has stimulated thought, diffused intelligence, created a sense of power, and awakened aspirations which cannot be long suppressed. It will be well if the landlords and employers yield from time to time to reasonable demands. Henceforth the prosperity of any country cannot rest on low or starvation wages. To think it can is to have a false idea of political economy. The more the means and well-being of the mass of the people are multiplied the more prosperous a nation becomes. More wants are created; food and manufactures are in greater demand, and every branch of industry and trade is increased.

Another widespread and constantly augmenting movement, calculated to promote the material welfare of the working classes and to raise them in the social scale, is that of co-operative societies and stores. The workmen saw that each family buying provisions, clothes and household materials in small quantities at the ordinary stores or shops as they wanted them, were paying dear for poor articles, and that a host of shopkeepers lived far better than themselves, or got rich by this business. They concluded to co-operate, buy at wholesale and sell to each other from the common stock at wholesale prices, with the cost of management added. They found that they got everything much cheaper and of a better quality. What one or two could not do many could. The aggregated small means of many formed a capital with which the co-operators could go to the first and best market. From a small beginning in this way larger and important establishments have grown up, some of which have stock and capital to the amount of many hundred thousand dollars.—N. Y. Herald.

EXTRACT from D. L. D. Sheldon's letter to the N. Y. Herald on the omissions in the platform of the Liberal Reformers of the State of New York, Oct. 6, 1874:

"Though the fundamental right of man is to enjoy the fruits of his labor, it is centralization of his products in the hands of non-producers that creates the political power which disregards his requirements. Though the laborer and producer hold, and with unanimity can sway a large majority of the power of ballotation, and without whom we could not exist, we have entirely disregarded them in our machine resolutions, and in the construction of our platform. I will mention some important omissions: First, we did not even hint at railroad land thieving nor propose a check to the power of corporate wealth, which means centralization of capital and monopoly, the terrible, undeniable product of which is the multiplicity of individual poverty and misery. We said nothing in regard to revenue reforms; nothing about protecting the industrial class from the terrible consequential effects of non-producing monopolies; nothing in regard to the private use of public funds; nothing about political primaries, which are the hell gates of all political corrup-

tion; nothing in regard to referring to the people for confirmation or condemnation the infamous acts passed by legislatures, whereby required security could not be obtained for the purchase of legislators; nothing is said in regard to securing equitable adjustment of official accounts; nothing about the official use of public or private funds for sectarian purposes, when the cities of New York and Brooklyn alone pay annually \$12,000,000 for sectarian purposes, through the exemption of taxation upon church property in real estate to the amount of \$340,000,000—there is no more justice in paying for sectarian religion than for sectarian politics; nothing in regard to the one-term Presidency, nor of electing the President by the people."

[We commend the charges in the above statement to the thoughtful labor reformers in the country, more especially that one in which allusion is made to the much-needed "referendum," so long demanded by the WEEKLY.]

SOCIALISTIC.

MAUD MULLER.

If the discussion of the woman question result in nothing more than an improvement of the health of our American girls, future generations will have much reason to be thankful, even after they have forgotten the acrimony and recrimination of the dispute, and after they have adjusted the intellectual and political status of the ethereal being whom egotistic man has so long complacently looked upon as his lesser self. The body of the American girl is of greater importance—the *Times* challenges Elizabeth Cady and Julia Ward to prove the contrary—the body of the American girl is of greater importance than her mind. Who dares dispute it? How shall *mens sana* be without *corpore sano*? A girl with a weak, useless, disease-imprisoned body should be christened Euthanasia, and be subjected to cremation at the earliest available opportunity.

But it is very comforting to find that this serious and all-important question of the American girl's health is receiving the concentrated attention of the anti-women and the women. It is gradually rising into prominence in the newspapers. It has long been prominent in the periodical and spasmodical literature of the sweeter sex. The magazines begin to treat it as seriously as they do the currency and the gradual enfranchisement of the Indians. Books multiply about it. Dr. E. H. Clarke suddenly appeared as a sardonic champion in the women's camp with his "Sex in Education, or a Fair Chance for the Girls;" and several months elapsed before the traitor was thoroughly unmasked. His fair chance for the girls consists in advising them to struggle as well as they can with the atom of life which they have received from their beneficent creator; and that to carry out the struggle in such a manner as to keep their purple shells of bodies together, they had better avoid learning the alphabet. At least they should carefully eschew all alphabets but the English. But the giantesses have arisen, and they have driven out the doctor ignominiously; those beautiful and clever princesses, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, author of "Gates Ajar," and Louisa Alcott, the queen Little Woman; and Alida C. Avery, the resident physician of Vassar college—pursuing the defeated and retreating doctor with brilliant shafts of wit and fact and sarcasm so that there is nothing left of him but his diagnosis. Next comes Mrs. E. B. Duffey, of Philadelphia, with a diffuse but forcible volume on "No Sex in Education," and what will be the end of it—unless it be a robust, blooming girl—not even the doctors know.

But it is time that mankind entered into a deep conspiracy to make our girls healthy; they become wealthy and wise soon enough. It is time that all the nonsense about delicate girls was thrown behind us, into the contempt and oblivion which befit such fancy creations. It is time that men and women, parents and teachers and preachers, combined with honesty and decency and modesty and common-sense, to render every American girl as strong as her brother, or stronger if she can be. It is a slander upon nature and an insult to God to reason and legislate upon the premise that a girl cannot be healthy. Fashion, ignorance and crime have been her destroyers. It is time some systematic method was agreed upon for her recuperation.

The novelists, mock-theologians and poets—especially women—have done their best to deteriorate her physically, and render her the despicable mental dwarf which has now become the hatred and derision of the intelligent of both sexes. The only women whom the Romanists have granted healthy bodies are half-christianized or wholly savage creatures. And even when the girls are refined and presumably Christian and gently bred, the poets persist—especially women—in teaching them habits that would undermine the health and sap the constitution of the healthiest girl Mother Nature ever bore. There's Maud Muller; it is very well to tell us that on a summer's day she raked the meadow sweet with hay. But how did she do it? With bare feet! Does not anybody know that the girl must have caught her death of cold? Even if it had been a bright, clear day, she would have contracted rheumatism, neuralgia, bronchitis, or catarrh; but worse than that, she stayed there like a fool till the rain on the unshaded clover fell. Whittier was, of course, deceived about her subsequent career. She was down sick with hay-fever, the very next day, and died of consumption the following spring. By the time the judge had got a divorce and returned to marry her, he found five hundred yellow dandelions growing calmly on her grave. There's Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh;" she was accustomed to "brush a green trail across the lawn, with her gown in the dew"—in plain words, bedraggling her skirts, getting her ankles slopping wet, and coughing the whole of the next night with croup and mumps. She used to get up early, not to catch the imprudent worm, but

just to sit,
And watch the morning quicken in the gray,
And hear the silence open like a flower,
Leaf after leaf."

No wonder she had "a melancholy smile;" no wonder she treated Romney so shamefully; no wonder she had epicarditis and disturbance of the gastric juice, and pains in her joints: she died of pneumonia. Plenty of similar instances will occur to the reader, which we have not space to quote.

There must be a complete revolution, even in fancy and in literature, about the body of the ideal girl before matters intellectual, physical, political or social, begin to set themselves to rights. Venus must be made to flee before Diana. The ideal girl must cease to have dark lines under her eyes. She must obtain from nature and fashion a release from that poet's nickname, Frailty, and insist that the girl of the future shall be christened Robustia. She must abandon slate-pencils and surrender stays. She must wear heavy shoes, warm underclothing, walk erect, do housework and kitchen-gardening, eat roast beef, discharge her dressmaker, and chase the hours with flying feet in every possible direction during the day, but sleep all night. Then shall we behold—

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned."

When she has attained these attributes, Dr. Clarke may permit the colleges to educate her to the highest notch. Mary Lee graduated a month ago at the head of a very large class of both sexes from the medical department of the Michigan university, and the reason is that in addition to being the smartest member, she was also the largest and healthiest. Education will not hurt a young woman having such attributes half so much as that vicious tyrant, Society. Maud Muller, recuperated, if she choose to be a granger, will know enough to put thick-soled boots on when she goes into the meadow; and she can then turn up her nose at the judge, for by that time she will undoubtedly have learned as much law as he.—*Chicago Times*.

A SHORT SERMON.

If women do not speak out in a way to command a hearing it is their own fault. They have only themselves to blame. The old feeling is dying out which was once universal, viz.: condemning a woman for making something of herself here or hereafter.

Paul was not translated for the ignorant and, I must also think, malicious speech against a woman's right to be something. He probably has seen, for some eighteen hundred years, the plain facts and the evils he was the cause of bringing into practice. Let every vestige of the old Paul—who never appears to deny or reaffirm the detestable doctrines he avowed—and his errors with him vanish, as vanish they must and will if the world keeps on moving. Why, that old Bible standard has not so much value as regards woman's relation to man, her right to own herself (blessings upon those who have proclaimed this new Savior!), to speak when and where she will, to wear long or short hair; as the veriest dime novel of this wiser generation.

Has it not been proved that a woman can draw crowds to hear her in direct competition with the greatest men and coin more money, win more favor and friends than they. The independent women, generally wear "short" hair for the reason that it is less tiresome to be natural than to pander to the sickly vanity of men any longer. Women left to themselves are sensible in such matters, revealing the love of the beautiful in their adornment, in the fresh rose or band of silver or jet, and a soft ruche in the neck of a plain dress, when—when!—they have risen above the necessity of adorning a face or form for men to admire.

"Gain a heart and toss it away" is the history of a woman's life nine times out of ten, if she allows her brother (?), man (?), to shape it for her and seal her destiny.

"Oh, this weary life," said a sweet, pale woman to me, who was just recovering from such a "load" of sorrow as thousands have to bear before they learn the lesson. She had loved to the entire abnegation of herself in it, and *thrown herself away!* Reader, do you doubt it? Have you not seen just such an one as C— many a time?

It is so common an occurrence that instances could be gathered up to make a volume in a brief time.

And this frequency of tragedies in the love relation calls for a "bugle blast" as loud as Jamieson ever blew! And if women were wise they would take warning.

C—'s lover did for a time cherish her and devote himself in the same exclusive manner to her that he required her to do by him. He taught her, step by step, to lean on him—a broken reed! How the pale pink faded out of her cheeks and the eye lost its brightness in the months of terrible dejection that followed the desertion! It was the old story. Love, first hot, then tepid, then cold—frozen, at length, like the Polar sea.

He left her a blighted flower; torn, faded, trampled, soiled, with his polluted promises resting upon her like a curse.

While they lived that life of dependence on each other, it was delightful, superb; each one of us knows it to be so; and a well-trained, wise life of the affections, how sublime!

The dependence, then, is all we have to fear. She, the loveliest of women, suffered because of what? Not unfaithfulness toward him—O, no! but for the "divine love" she gave to him instead of to herself.

Reader, if you think this must be a misanthropic version of love affairs, I trust you will want to decide fully until the hand-writing has been traced upon the wall of your own chamber, as upon C—'s, and you will trace, may be, with such pale fingers as I have seen other hands do, these words, "Mene, mene, tekel." "Weighed in the balance!" What balance? Your own judgment, most properly; that is wise and high enough to know that you have no right (especially a woman has no right) to give yourself away, or cling—I hate the word!—to the best man living.

C—'s lover turned his back upon her and left her. Precisely so did the Rev. "Arthur Dimmesdale" by "Hester Prynne," in that story of Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter," which every man, woman and child should read, and judge which of the twain should have been doomed to wear it.

Woman! "First at the cross!" And the "Scarlet Letter!"

stands representative of all her past and of the martyrdom she has endured through the stigma cast upon it!

C— loved with all truth, with a pure love, so unselfish!

She has loved twice, and both lovers have been as guilty in the end as highway robbers!

I am in no wise extreme; if I chose to be, I would pull down the tumbling roofs over their heads, and bring them now to judgment.

But the law of compensation holds good to the end of time. One has lived a godly life, but so inane that he suffers in his "respectable" hell, like one who has lost his way in the dreary desert, and the terrible stigma of "hypocrite" cleaves to him like a deadly miasm, drinking up the life of his body and soul.

The other needed her spirituality; her very weakness of body was a benediction on his life, calling his thoughts away from a dull round of care. But, alas! He failed in truth, in wisdom and courage, and sank back powerless at last to save her or to save himself.

These men are now scot-free. Think of it! It would be a terrible revenge for a white-souled woman to do so cowardly a thing as to blackmail her lover. But what has he not done? Sought and won her heart's best affections. I would rather that the world become barren of love and sterile as a desert in this respect, than that another woman yield up her soul to the keeping (?) of the opposite sex.

There are piles of letters lying there, touched now and then by the delicate fingers, which tell such tales! No wonder that "blackmailing" is so frequently done in behalf of love! The wonder is, that the torch fires have not been kindled on every spot where a woman has suffered through her lover's perfidy.

What shall I say? I hold her white hands and try to point the way.

"Never love!" That is one way. She shudders at those words.

"Never receive a caress, or find satisfaction for the great demand of the large, loving nature?" How terrible!

I pity her, and yet I say, "Never love, or *rule* that love yourself! Demand yourself, your freedom, your life in your own hands, properly yours, and none of yourself given away in this most damnable of all lotteries, if you would save yourself from destruction."

My sisters, this is a woman's right, because her wrongs have nearly all come of loving unselfishly, and rising no higher than a dependent *thing*. Think of this, and put away your "loves" until you can stand up bravely before the world, and love yourself and God's truth more than man. Then, and not till then, can you love *safely*.

I who tell you this—who know what it is to love and be loved, and my heart not yet crushed, faint or worn out—know that woman is cursing herself by her lack of expediency in matters of love. The "divine" dwells in it, just as ever, but the curse rests on us because man is strong enough yet to crush a woman, and spurn, after months and years of her devotion, the tender, clinging creature who has given her smiles, her very soul to him, and then feels the bitterness of her lot.

Rouse yourselves, my sisters, and live for your womanhood first, and then if there be manhood that can bear the test of your new interpretation of a life of love founded upon justice, accept it at arm's length.

CHARLOTTE BARBER.

THE TRUE ALTITUDE.

HENRY WARD BEECHER AND ELIZABETH TILTON.

If the gods take cognizance of our acts, how strange it must seem to them to hear men and women of our earth speak of these two from such an immeasurable height of superiority as "fallen!" And what barefaced frauds and liars they must know us to be when we seize such an occasion to flaunt abroad in contrast the immaculate whiteness of our own skirts! Are the human sympathies all dead? Is all tenderness and pity gone away forever from mankind? Even the love of the beautiful and true should make us pause before we condemn two persons whose letters betray the wonderful capacity of such great natures to love and to resist.

Who cares whether their resistance was effectual in restraining them from love's final consummation? That they loved with a pure, holy, undying love is evident; and *with all the might of my whole nature do I admire the love and pity the suffering of those two great hearts.*

Henry Ward Beecher, with his brain, was born to be a ruler among men; but his brain, large as it is, would have been ineffectual in rendering such signal service to the race, had it not been backed by the impassioned generosity of his great heart. That such a loving nature may have been betrayed into an act that this world stigmatizes as adultery, who can wonder. Even admitting it to be a sin, I ask men and women everywhere if they, knowing their own proneness to such evil, are not prepared to say truly, "I love him more at this moment than ever before." For my part, I will say that while he seemed a god I admired him; that now, when I feel him to be a being with like passions as myself, I not only admire, but love him. It is our sins and our follies, even more than our virtues or the graces of our intellects, that unite us in this existence, and make us feel the common bond of our humanity. That the divinity within Henry Ward Beecher is crossed and marred by the contradictions of his actual life does not prove him less a god, but *more a man.*

Who can tell what his sufferings have been? And who are we that talk so lightly on this subject? We can no more guess the depths of his anguish than we can measure the height of his genius; for his feelings are deep as his aspirations are lofty. I suppose his nature must be true to itself—that he cannot choose to be strong in one passion and weak in another; and that he has no power to measure the depths of the heart of poor humanity as he does unless he goes down with his own heart into that depth.

As for Elizabeth Tilton, I pray the holy spirits of redeemed saints to come to her and give her comfort. She is a woman; she must hold her peace and endure silently. God pity them

both. He does pity them with a pity that to-day flows in unspoken language from ten thousand hearts, sufficiently enlarged to shake off the damning prejudices of society, and stand forth panoplied in pure justice and loving generosity.

To say that Henry Ward Beecher's career is ended is to say that his life is ended. And what more fitting end to a great life than its sacrifice to a great truth. A truth that nature is proclaiming every hour—THAT LOVE IS FREE—that it goes where it is sent; and that bars and bolts, and laws and promises, are ineffectual to control it.

Why do men who understand these things heap such heresy upon human nature as to write and speak condemnation of the man on whom God has forced the mission of illustrating in his own life their well known and well practiced beliefs?

The question is just this: whether we choose to lie—to turn poltroons to ourselves and human nature—or whether, now that opportunity offers, we will set the seal of manhood and womanhood upon our lives by standing straight up, in the broad light of day, and speaking the truth.

HELEN WILMANS BAKER.

LOWER LAKE, California.

PERSONAL FREEDOM.

A SPIRIT COMMUNICATION THROUGH A. C.

Experience of others may be taught and—if the pupil will—utilized. Education should be such as to enable us to take advantage of accumulated experiences, and thus avoid the costly method of repeating in each individual case what has been settled long ago; but when these results of others' experiences are communicated, let each use or ignore them, as he sees fit, provided he keeps within the limits of his own kingdom.

It may be that personal freedom would be misused; but it is the only logical alternative to the most absolute social and religious despotism; the middle conditions must, sooner or later disappear. Its terms may be loosely stated, its application misunderstood and perverted, its conditions uncomprehended, its limitations insufficiently defined and inadequately insisted upon; but the deficiencies of its advocates and the misrepresentations of its enemies affect not the value and practicability of the principle. External restraint is gradually losing its power; and to replace it we must substitute, by education in its largest sense to old and young, an internal restraint, arising from knowledge and experience, which is far more potent for good than the external, and not open to the objections of the latter.

The philosophy of the spiritual, which lies at the base of what is called spiritualism, essentially sustains this view by maintaining, as it does, the superiority in power of the internal, invisible and eternal over the external, visible and fleeting matter, which, at best, is but an imperfect expression of the inward and spiritual. Such philosophy can but regard coercive methods as imperfect, where not absolutely mischievous; and whatever may be the temporary necessities of a social condition wherein people are "born in sin and conceived in iniquity," we must look to a gradual substitution of the power of love, kindness and intelligence for that of coercion, which is but the raw, bare substitute for cultivation. As the latter is introduced, coercion becomes an impertinence. The necessity for coercion, if real, is a reproach to our educational societies, by whatever name designated—schools, churches or halls of science. There would not even be a supposition of its necessity, were we born right and raised right. It is because we are not that the necessity is even supposed. When the fact is realized that the amount of coercion believed to be necessary is universally proportioned to the efficiency of our educational and social agencies, we have taken a long step to dispensing with it altogether, replacing it by a spontaneity which grows out of culture, not out of ignorance and barbarism. To evolve this spontaneity is the work of the advocates of freedom. Let us do it by intelligent generation and intelligent relations to each other, regardless of social or spiritual dogmas.

"DEGRADATION."

The Boston Herald of July 17th informs its readers in the case of the Rev. Glendinning, that the Rev. scamp undertakes to exonerate himself from the charge of bastardy, by proving that six more of his precious congregation had shared the lady's favors equally with him.

Now, in all kindness of heart, we ask the women of America how long will you degrade your souls—yes, degrade is the term—by stooping to bestow favors upon things of that ilk (we should blush to call them men)? We believe in harmonious relations between the sexes; we believe that woman should have the broadest freedom, especially as regards her person; and furthermore, we know that when a woman honors one of our sex to that degree wherein she surrenders herself entirely to his manhood for a period, that, as an individual, he belongs back behind the animal kingdom who goes and proclaims the fact from the housetops to save his precious character; for cases innumerable may be cited among the lower orders where the male will stand up for and defend the female with whom he has cohabited. Off with your human garments, most humble follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, and go back where your own words and deeds place you—into the vegetable kingdom! Perhaps after a few more reincarnations you will be willing to do justice to a human body when again nature kindly furnishes you one.

In striking contrast to the case we have just presented was that of Charles M. Hapgood and Emma Rockwell, who, when the storm burst upon them in its might, chose to "abide the shock," and went to prison for a deed which in all probability nine-tenths of those in the court-room where they were sentenced had been guilty thrice to their once. All honor to the martyrs Hapgood and Rockwell.

Once more we beg of you, my sisters, to shun all such moral cowards as the Rev. Glendinning, and seek some more worthy object upon whom to bestow your love, lest others who might seek these relations from the purest and holiest motives shall be filled with loathing and disgust for all of my sex.

FRED. L. HILDRETH.

[From the New York Hebrew Leader.]

THE BLISS OF MARRIAGE.

Time whirls us along the downhill path of life with the velocity of a locomotive, but we have one comfort—we can make love on the road. What the negro preacher said of Satan may be said of love: "Where he finds a weaker place, dere he creeps in." There is a warm corner, even in the coldest heart; and somebody—if that somebody can only be found—was made expressly to fill it. Thousands of both sexes live and die unmarried, simply for want of a proper introduction to one another. What an absurdity! There is not a woman nor a man of any age who might not find a suitable partner by using the proper means. The fact is that affection is smothered, choked down, subdued and paralyzed by the forms and conventionalities of this etiquette world. "Society" attaches a ball and chain to the natural feelings of the heart. The fair girl, with her bosom running over with the purest love for a worthy object, must take as much pains to conceal the fact as if it were a deadly sin, and Heaven had not implanted within our bosoms the tender spark and bade us "to love and be loved." Is this natural? No, it is artificial. Why should innumerable marriages be prevented by chilling rules and penalties? Nature is modest, but she is not a starched-up prude! Look at the birds. There are no old bachelors and old maids among them. The hearts that flutter under their feather jackets follow the instinct of love, and they take to billing and cooing without the slightest idea that courtship should be a formal affair. Why should there be forlorn bachelors and disappointed old maids, and lonely widows and widowers among the unfeathered any more than the feathered bipeds? Oceans of happiness are lost to both sexes every year, simply because parties who wish to be married are not permitted by etiquette to make the fact known.

MARRIED NOT MATED.

A very prepossessing young woman presented herself before the Court Attorney and stated that she was the wife of the foreman in Fred Clark's mill. That she did not love and would not live with her husband. That she wanted to keep the child which she held in her arms. She could show no grounds for a divorce, and the attorney advised her to try to get along and live peaceably with her husband. This she declared she never could do and started for the depot. Here her husband presented himself and asked permission to kiss his child. This the mother at first refused, but she finally yielded and passed the little one over to its father. No sooner did the man receive his little one than he started off at full speed with the wife and mother in pursuit. She traced her babe to a house in the East Division, and entering asked for her darling. The child was given to her, and her expressions of joy may be imagined. Shortly after the father entered accompanied by an officer. The husband entreated his wife to live with him and let him share in the love of their child, but the woman was immovable. The poor man kissed his wife and babe repeatedly, and renewed his entreaties to the mother. His requests were spurned until the officer stepped in and spoke briefly—"By gad, he shall have that child." And have it he did, for the mother, seeing there was no use to resist, passed over the little innocent and the officer left the trio with something like a prospect of a reconciliation. The case is a singular and a sad one. The woman, for some unknown reason, has taken a dislike to her husband, although he treats her with the utmost kindness and affection.—St. Paul Dispatch.

It is a sad case when the law says a woman's baby belongs to the man and not to the mother that bore it; it is a little north of sad, and verges into injustice and cruelty. But the same villainy which has delivered the mother to the man may well be expected to rob her of her baby also.

SOCIETY'S INJUSTICE.

Society with its circumscribed limits has so hedged about the world, that a majority of the race are forced to inordinate extremes for want of a proper exercise of the natural functions. In the necessary result of false social relations, there is no greater evil to answer for than the unavoidable consequences of sexual starvation. The world has yet to learn that the desires of craving nature, are not the dictates of pure animalism. Amenable to the physical laws of being, are mind and body. Conformity to these laws must produce harmony; non-conformity, dissolution. There can be no abrogation of this fiat in sexual relations.

The Seer argued better than he knew in declaring that abstinence engenders maladies.

Diverted from a specific vent, the exuberance of nature seeks relief in the manifold methods of self-abuse. Masturbation, physical degeneration, intemperance and mental depravity are a tithe of the misery entailed on the human family through sexual starvation. The fullness of a complete being is provided for in the freedom of cohabitation. Here is the consummate blending of soul and body. To name the desire of the sexes lust, is simply to renounce the Alpha and omega of all procreated life.

What command of modern propriety can prevent men from converting the streets of our cities into thoroughfares of assignation? Under our present system, the girl who sells her body is no less a public commodity than flour or pork, and from a law of physical necessity comes the demand that will have supply. The noticeable increase of prostitution of late is the outgrowth of general dissatisfaction with present marriage relations. It is needless to evade facts. The majority of men are not given to wedlock, nor will they abjure the use of sexual proclivities any the more because society threatens the ostracism it dares not inflict. Under the systems that now prevail, prostitution is therefore to increase, and all attempts at social or legal subjugation will end in defeat. The time is at hand to wipe away all distinctions in sexual commerce. What man can claim a social superiority to the girl on the town whom he consorts with? Is she not a minister to the requirements of his nature that are incontestable? Wherefore can he brand her with sexual inferiority?

No longer crowd the outcast to the water's edge. She

whom you are persuaded to renounce is the priestess of your health and happiness. Stand by her, and, if you are not without nobility, let the odium from immaculate piety fall on you. The pulpit is ever loud in protestations of virtue. In the light of recent disclosures they can be accorded no such precedence. How long are we to be hoodwinked by these clerical hypocrites? The palpable shams of the clergy are a mill-stone about the neck of woman's emancipation, grinding with oppression, converting charity into opprobrium, and closing the door to all social recognition. Until priestly dictators are divested of all hollow pretense, it is useless to hope for the bettering of human conditions. D. G. CHITTENDEN.

OSKALOOSA, Iowa, Sept., 1874.

Victoria—How clearly one can see in every aspect of the great social drama the need of reformation in our customs and institutions. In the light of former thought and education how poor, how pitiable is human nature when unvalled; in the light of the new truth, or new conceptions of truth, how beautiful, how enjoyable might life to human beings be.

I, too, have been down to the very depths in suffering—down to the very death, in trying to obey and live out man's ideas and laws of marriage. Curses on all laws and institutions under which such suffering is possible. Language is not strong enough to express my horror of the institution of marriage, with the present idea and legal enactments. I have a daughter—a bright, beautiful girl. I would rather to-day see her thrown before the car of Juggernaut than to see her led to the hymenial altar. The very term, altar, suggests sacrifices. But it is not women alone that are sacrificed there, but men as well. Manhood and womanhood both go down together. Out of all this woe and anguish something better must come, else let us end our misery at once. May it not sometimes be that there is a real touch of kindness in the mother's heart, as she destroys the vital spark—risking her own life with it—which, if left to develop, would live to suffer years of agony as she has suffered.

Your Steinway Hall speech on social freedom was the first light I ever saw on this question. Since then I have followed you closely, steadily, and never for a moment have I lost faith in you or the truth you are living for, working for, dying for.

How steadily the band of workers are increasing. I am glad at every new accession, every new name, in this greatest, grandest work of the age.

Human Nature is better than we are willing to allow. Let nature's voice be heard and obeyed, then harmony must come.

I do not hold that the monogamic idea of the association of the sexes is the highest development; unless as I conceive it to be, man is but a unit, and not man alone either, but man and woman; not as individual man or woman, but as a whole.

The idea that freedom in social or sexual matters, means, license or looseness or excess, seems to me so foreign to it, that I could not retain the thought a moment, only that I know it is held or pretended to be held, by the opposers of freedom. To be plain, the idea seems to hold that if a man or woman, believes in sexual freedom, therefore that man or woman will desire to cohabit with every person of the opposite sex that they may happen to meet, upon all possible occasions. As well might they argue, that because a person has freedom to eat any kind of food he desires or chooses, therefore that person would eat at all times upon all occasions, and finally devour all the food he comes in contact with.

Let us have freedom. Let us listen to the voice of nature. Let it dictate to us, and it will regulate the association of the sexes so easily, so nicely, so well. Light will then spring from the darkness and order come out of chaos. The beauty of a new earth, a new humanity, will appear in the place of the mass "without form and void," that we call society.

V. E. H.

BELOIT, Wis.

EDITORS OF THE WEEKLY:

I want to say a few words on that much-agitated subject, Free Love. It seems to me that all, or nearly all, that write on the subject of free love treat it as something that has just been discovered, and only by the few. Now, let me just say right here, that everybody is born a free lover. I will admit there are very many—a large majority of the inhabitants of the earth—especially us "lords of creation," that know nothing about love. It is all a bargain and sale with us—the same with a woman as with a horse. We go to the stable and hire a horse for an hour or week; just so we hire the woman, and there is just as much love in the one case as the other; no love about it. There is no such a thing as mixing free love and free lust any more than there is oil and water. We love anything that is loveable to us, and can't help ourselves; and we are all just alike in that respect. Lust is what keeps our many houses of prostitution running. Love does no such thing. Love always aims to do good; lust to satisfy the passions, without thinking or caring whether we do harm or not. Friends, go on; you are doing great good; and, though I am an old man, I shall do what I can to aid in the work. HARLEY SAGE.

[From the All-Day City Item, Phila., Oct. 12, 1874.]

A BEE-HIVE OF CELEBRITIES.

Editor "All-Day City Item":

Nothing more illustrates the cosmopolitan character of the American people than to witness the extraordinary gatherings which often occur in an American hotel. For example, I chanced in the Continental Hotel Saturday evening at dinner, hungry and sad; my appetite was distracted by the following darlings of the public scattered about different tables: First, of course, in self-collected majesty, sat Victoria C. Woodhull and Tennie C. Claflin; then Gov. Curtin; then Toole, the actor; then Charles Thorne; then Sheridan Shook, the Union Square manager of New York, I believe—anyhow a square manager; then the eminently famous agent of Toole, the great Lovejaw (probably the greatest man in America, except his master); then Stuart Rob-on; then Alec McClure, drinking bad champagne to the ghost of Horace Greeley. Wasn't that a constellation of virtue, genius and beauty? (Signed) J. TOBIN, of Chestnut Hill,

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCT. 31, 1874.

IN THE LECTURE FIELD.

The editor-in-chief of the WEEKLY, Victoria C. Woodhull, lectured in Horticultural Hall, Philadelphia, to an immense audience, on Friday evening of last week; also in Concert Hall the following evening. On Saturday afternoon she lectured in the latter hall to women, only, upon the necessity to every woman of a complete knowledge of sexual anatomy, physiology, psychology, science and art, male and female, before entering into the relations to which they pertain, so that she may not be subject to the terrible results, now so prevalent, of intercourse carried on in utter ignorance of these things. On Monday and Tuesday she repeated the same lectures in the Grand Opera House, Wilmington, Del.; on Wednesday and Thursday the same in the Academy of Music, Reading, Pa.; on Friday and Saturday she is to repeat the same lectures in Fulton Hall, Lancaster, and on Monday and Tuesday of next week the same in Odd Fellows' Hall, Norristown, Pa. She is then to follow in Easton, Allentown, Scranton, Wilkesbarre, Williamsport, Harrisburg, Pa.; Elmira, Oswego, Binghamton, Syracuse, Auburn, Rome, Utica, Watertown, Ogdensburg, Pottsdam, N. Y.; etc., on dates to be hereafter named. Friends in any part of the country desiring to engage her any time during the season, should make early application, as she is now perfecting her route to be engaged every night until May next, and extend as far west as Denver, Col.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL IN PHILADELPHIA.

Last evening Horticultural Hall was filled by a large audience, assembled to listen to a lecture by Victoria C. Woodhull on the subject, "What is True and False, Socially." Her appearance on the platform was greeted with applause, and throughout the discourse she held the closest attention of her hearers.

The speaker's easy flow of language, and the earnestness with which she advocated her cause, elicited frequent applause from the audience.—*Inquirer, Phila., Oct. 17, 1874.*

Horticultural Hall last evening was filled, the audience being mostly ladies who had assembled there to hear Victoria C. Woodhull lecture on "What is True, What False, Socially." Her brilliant oratory, fine, impassioned eloquence, sweet-toned voice, dramatic powers and graceful appearance fairly entranced the audience, the spell being frequently broken by enthusiastic demonstrations.—*Public Record, Phila., Saturday, Oct. 17, 1874.*

Victoria C. Woodhull lectured in Horticultural Hall, last evening, to an immense audience.—*Philadelphia Star, Oct. 17, 1874.*

THE NEW RELIGION—UNIVERSAL JUSTICE.

No. V.

There are various other objections that may be raised against the truth of the proposition examined in our last number, of which it may be well to dispose before proceeding to other problems involved in the general subject. Among them there may be stated those which very naturally arise out of the various kinds of labor which now command different wages, and which in themselves are not productive—such as are the necessary adjuncts to production and consumption. In any order of society that may be formed a very considerable portion of the labor to be performed, would necessarily be of the sort which, while not directly applied to production, is still equally as important, since without it, direct production could not progress so rapidly or reach to its greatest value afterward.

For instance, the labor that transports the products of two differently engaged productive communities, is equally as necessary and entitled to the same reward as that of the communities themselves. The difficulty now is that this transportation is performed, or rather conducted, in a manner that permits all of the net productions of both communities to remain in the possession of those engaged in the exchange. Thus, given a community which is engaged in producing breadstuffs, and another indefinitely separated from the former, which is engaged in manufacturing raw materials, the persons whose business it is to exchange their products, purchase from each at low prices and sell to each at high prices, so that the result to the communities is, that while each produces its own products largely in excess of its own demands, the whole of this excess is used in purchasing the little that each requires of the other, the excess not consumed by either community remaining in the hands of the classes through whom the exchanges are effected. This is what is known as the Middle-Men System, or merchandising.

This, however, was not the special point to which we intended to direct this inquiry. The wages system was the subject next in order. The International platform contains a proposition leveled at this slavery. Whether its constructors placed it in the platform as a final statement, or as pointing merely to the solution of the labor problem we do not profess to know. Certain it is, however, that any modification of the system of wages by law or otherwise, would be a modification only of the slavery itself. The fact that labor can be bought and sold at any price, arbitrary or regulated, or that the hours for labor at a given price may be lengthened or shortened by the impositions or the relaxation of the employer, when "times are hard" or otherwise, necessarily reduces labor to a slavery. The wages laborer is the wages slave anywhere, everywhere, and under all circumstances. Let his or her condition be never so easy, it is still a slavery. To give arbitrarily, any portion of any one's time to another for an arbitrary price, is to be so far enslaved absolutely. The only freedom that is possible for labor is for it to have its own reward; its natural recompense—the necessities, comforts, bounties and luxuries of life that are enjoyed generally and equally by all people. This is the ultimatum to which universal human justice leads. So then, when the *Internationalist* says that "equal hours and equal compensation" for all kinds of labor, it does not make the complete statement, since to admit that compensation may be paid by one class for the labor of another class is to presuppose a condition of inequality as the basis of society, which is inadmissible to justice. In an equal society there can be no caste of this sort. There can be no situations where one class can command the services of another class for hire, and receive for the hire the results of the services rendered. Such a situation is incompatible with equality, because it presupposes unequal conditions. It can exist only where there is one class of people who have the power to need and command the services of another class, who, from their inequality with the former, need this hire and are compelled to resort to it; in other words, to sell themselves temporarily to obtain what their necessities demand. Hence it may at once be concluded that, in a society where all people are equal, there will be no disposal of the strength or talents of one class to another for hire or for wages.

But, says the objector: Is not the person who has devoted years, perhaps, of his life to the acquisition of the knowledge or skill which is requisite to his profession, to receive a larger compensation, in some form, than the unskilled laborer beside him receives? By no means. Even as labor is now conducted there is no human equity in any such consummation. As an absolute proposition it is true that the hour's labor of each person, let him or her toil in the meanest way, is equal to that of any other person toiling in whatsoever way. Justice knows no such term as profit. Expunge this word from the labor vocabulary and the price of everything is reduced to its cost. Cost consists of two things, and two only: First, of consumption of time; and second, where the consumption of time is upon something which is itself the product of labor—the consumption of material. These are the only elements that enter into the cost of any article or product. If labor were regulated and the price of every article of commerce fixed by this rule even in the present order of society, a much nearer approach to justice would be made than can ever be attained before a still more radical change shall come. Had capitalists been wise in time, and adopted

this self-evident rule of price, they might have commanded the services of the laborers of the world, perhaps, for centuries longer than they will now be able to command them.

Where, then, in the present system is justice for skilled labor to be found? Where shall those who spend years of their early life in perfecting themselves for some necessary calling find recompense? Easily and clearly. It is obvious at the first consideration that, in order for any one to be able to devote any time whatever in early life, to acquiring the knowledge or skill that shall make him capable in after years, during the time so spent he must be maintained by some means. It does not matter what those means are, whether contributed by some relative or friend, or whether earned by his own extra exertions in other labor. The justice for him is received by him when, by virtue of these early years of application, he is capacitated to perform the higher orders of labor rather than to apply his strength in the mud and offal of the world.

Is not this clear? If not fully, let us provide a test. It must be remembered that whatever original capacity a person may have, it, not being the result of any act of his own, is not to enter to his merit into the consideration. The engineering skill that can plan an East River Bridge, or overcome the difficulties of a Central Pacific Railroad, receives its just reward for the time devoted to its acquisition, in having the capacity to thus apply itself, where, perhaps, had it not been obtained by such early application, its subject might have been compelled to mine the iron for the former, or to blast the rock for the latter, which is now performed by others who were not so fortunate in their youth. And further, to demonstrate the justice of equal compensation for both these kinds of labor, let the engineer be asked if, for the same compensation which the lower order of labor receives, he would not rather perform his own than to exchange it for the other? This is the test. Those who are fitted for the higher order of labor now perform such labor, not merely because it affords them greater compensation, but because it is their pleasure or preference to do so, even at the same wages which the lower order commands.

It must not be understood that when we use the terms higher and lower, and apply them to labor, we do so in anything more than a relative sense, in order to distinguish between the various kinds of labor, without entering into their explanation at length. All kinds of labor are equally honorable, because all kinds are equally necessary. The night scavengers of the large cities perform a very important service; and are engaged in that service are entitled to equal respect as are those who enact the laws under which they are employed. The labor that makes the excavation and hews the stone for an elegant edifice is equally to be honored with that which adorns the dome or vestibules when completed, with admirable paintings. The latter could never be performed unless the former paved the way for its possibility. On analysis, therefore, if there is any preference at all to be given any where, it seems clear that it belongs, by virtue of precedence, to the primary labor. So, whenever we look upon labor in the present construction of society, we find injustice in all possible forms. It would seem that the industries had been arranged purposely to illustrate injustice. Nowhere can an individual be found, either as employer or employee, who is receiving or rendering equity. This, perhaps, ought not to be credited to the individual actors. It is rather the effects of a false system, which, when it was devised, was the highest order of industry that could then be inaugurated. This system has survived, however, until all its inequalities, evils and wrongs are beginning to be understood, even by those who suffer, and its tenure of existence is made very frail thereby.

We do not hesitate to assert broadly that the justice which labor is beginning to demand for its votaries can never be attained, except in an order of industry and society where equality shall have an existence in something more than name. None of the demands that are being made by the so-called advocates of reform in labor will ever lead the masses of laborers out of their present Egypt up to the Land of Promise. Ameliorations amount to nothing except to put off the final and complete overthrow of wages-slavery. The more stringent the conditions imposed by capital and law, the more speedily will labor be compelled to demand its rightful position in society. Viewed in this light, all the half-way measures of half-way reformers tend to extend the day of final deliverance from slavery to freedom and equality; and the yielding by capitalists of item after item to appease the growing discontent, is a method virtually to lengthen their control over labor, instead of for the purpose of rendering it justice.

One thing is certain: If the laboring classes knew really the extent to which they are robbed; knew the length to which superior intellectual acquirements are subsidized to cheat them out of their earnings; comprehended that everything that the so-called rich hold and use as their own belongs of right to themselves; were acquainted with the methods by which the officers of governments and companies conduct their business;—in a word, did they know how speculation, fraud and theft run riot among the classes to whom they devote their time and strength, they would not endure it a single day. Well may the industrial oligarchs tremble lest this knowledge come to the laboring masses; well may they yield first this crumb of comfort, and next to that peremptory demand, since, if they did not, no one could tell what a day might bring forth. Long years of sufferings

and miseries, of untold horrors and privations, may be remedied without terrible revenges; but such is not the teaching of the past. Great wrongs have always been righted through great retributions. The institution of negro slavery is a case in point, and one not so far removed, not so different from the cause of the present complaint, as to lose its force.

It will be safe to say that, if the industrial oligarchs who, for centuries, have fattened upon the sinews of the masses, do not speedily render an account of their stewardship, a destruction as terrible as that which came upon the slavery oligarchs will certainly be their reward. It is our province to warn them in time, and to show them a way of escape. For a long time past we have kept a warning, quoted from their own oracle, standing at the head of the WEEKLY, of what they may and ought to expect. "Woe unto ye rich men," said the apostle James; and we repeat, "Woe unto ye rich men," who, by fraud, keep back the just reward of labor, since the time is at hand wherein it shall claim its own in thunder tones. Beware lest it be through fire and smoke and blood, and every other means of destruction to which a people, long robbed of their rights, may resort in a quickly-aroused indignation. Let not the evidences of civilization that centuries have contributed to the present be lost in an hour.

TO WOMEN WHO HAVE AN INTEREST IN HUMANITY, PRESENT AND FUTURE—PERSONAL GREETING:

During these three years in which I have been before the public urging the necessity of sexual reform, though often urged to do so, I have steadily declined to address women alone; I have always said that there is nothing in the most thorough discussion of any subject that ought not to be listened to, quietly and earnestly, by both men and women. As both sexes are parties to the unnatural and damaging relations that have cursed the world by a race of physically degenerate children, so should they both be students to inquire the way out of these terrific conditions. But women are so frightened at the idea of hearing these matters talked about before the men who have demoralized them so badly, and I have had to guard my speech so carefully, lest those who had the courage to come out to hear me should be scared away, that I have finally concluded to give way to these considerations and include in my lectures one address to women alone in each place I may visit. In doing this I shall not really depart from the principles by which I have, until now, refused to speak to one sex alone; since the final reason that has induced me to a change in this regard, is one that did not exist until recently. I have made some new discoveries in regard to woman's sexual powers and maternal functions, which are eminently proper for her to inquire into as a sex, as they relate to her specifically—to her endowments, over and about which men have no more than an indirect interest, and no paramount right. Woman, as I have frequently said and written, is rightfully Queen in the domain of sex; and being so, she is the natural sovereign of all that sex implies, and she has no right to relinquish her sovereignty by gift or sale to anybody; indeed, it is her special duty to ever maintain and guard it inviolate and sacred, permitting no invasion upon its rights and no intrusion into its sanctities. I have learned what woman has forfeited by an opposite course; and how, through this course, she has really been the "Eve" through whom the first transgression came, by which the whole race has been cursed. She has parted with her birthright for less than a mess of pottage, and has voluntarily gone into, and remains in, a slavery with which there was never other slavery to compare. For what slavery is there, or was there ever, to be compared in its degradation, to that of surrendering to others the control of those functions through whose operations immortal souls are created? This divine work has been entrusted by Nature and by God to woman; but she has been false to her God and false to Nature—a traitor to a trust confided to her than which there is none equal in magnitude, importance and sacredness in the world.

But in spite of all this trust, in spite of the confidence reposed in her by her Creator; in spite of the crown of her womanhood she has ingloriously, ignominiously and traitorously permitted herself to become the mere servant, the slave, instead of remaining the Queen that she ought to have been, and has consented to the servility of bartering her crown for money and for food; when to have retained her rightful place upon the throne, and to have enforced her rights proudly, would have been to have had absolute sway over both continually. What by virtue of her functions she has been entitled to of right, she has consented to supplicate for by the sacrifice of her womanhood.

Now all this must be reversed. Woman has got to resume her natural position, and man must gracefully yield up his control and rule over her sexual and maternal functions; or else she must rebel and accept the consequences. Woman must be free; must be sovereign again and command the obedience of man, and he become a servant where he has been lord so long.

But woman has been in slavery for such a length of time that she is in utter ignorance, not only of her powers and functions, but also of what has resulted from her apostasy. Therefore she must be enlightened; she requires to be informed—to be awakened to a sense of her crime and her responsibility. It is my mission, as far as possible, to do this work, and, in order to reach the hearts of my sex, I am going to speak to them separately, so that I may unhesitatingly

pour out my soul's deepest convictions and show them how, through sorrows, trials and sufferings, these truths have been brought home to me. I shall speak what I have learned through saddest experience; but having come up through that experience with fresh rays of light warming my heart, I should, in turn, be recreant to my mission if I were to neglect to do what I can for the emancipation of my sex as a whole.

In brief, then, I propose to show woman how she best may redeem herself, and next the race; show her the secret by which she shall be emancipated from her slavery of thousands of years, which shall install her sovereign in the domain of sex, and which will save her in the future from undesired pregnancy and unwilling child-bearing; through the realization of which alone can the curse of the race be removed; and, that I may do this as widely—to as large a number—as possible, I shall speak to them alone, whenever and wherever the opportunity shall permit. The little experience I have already had in this new departure has convinced me that I am right in having taken it, and I trust that those of my sex who have any comprehension of the import of what I have to say to women, will rally them together, and, so far as may be, prepare them to make a new Declaration of Independence and a new departure—this time in that department of society which is basic and vital.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

THE SOCIAL WAR.

All the great movements agitated by the WEEKLY—social, religious, financial and industrial—keep step to one another's music. The fact is, they are all necessary parts of one grand revolution that is permeating all the civilized nations of the globe. To show how deeply they are penetrating and remodelling society, we have only to point to another article in this paper in which the Catholic Castelar, the foremost orator in Europe, admits the religious advance of the ages, and to supplement the same with extracts from a leader in *Harper's Bazar* of October 24, which, under the heading of "A Great Concession"—admits the subject of marriage is agitating society in the following language:

"There is much clamor nowadays about the restraints upon the happiness and the liberty of life, about the fetter that a wedding ring becomes; in short, about the bondage of marriage."

We are glad to perceive that this social war is forcing itself upon the people and demanding attention from all quarters. It has stormed the press, the pulpit and the stage, and cannot any longer be ignored. The "Podsnappian" "pooh pooh!" and the majesty of dignified silence is no longer available. The position of woman must be considered, and her rights established and secured, before the car of civilization can advance further. The *Bazar* asks:

"Why is it that marriage has become irksome to the members of this generation so suddenly that the air rings with complaints about it where nothing but peaceful remark and accepted commonplace once reigned?"

We answer this by saying that the world progresses, and the condition of woman has progressed with it. In a savage state woman was the prey of the strongest; in the patriarchal age she was an absolute chattel, having no power whatever except what she could secure by her tact. Laban gave his daughters to Jacob as wages; we are not told that he thought it necessary to inquire of Leah and Rachel whether they were agreeable to such a union. Since then woman has passed from the individual power of man into the collective power of man expressed in laws ecclesiastical and civil, and these laws, being man made, are now becoming also objectionable. If "marriage" only meant a sexual union between a man and a woman it would not be reprehensible but natural. But when "marriage" affects largely the legal status of a woman, and places her entirely in the power of a man, that alters the case. The WEEKLY proclaims also that such unions should only endure while the parties love one another, and as love is the most arbitrary, and, in some instances, the most volatile of passions, it is simply folly to aim to fix it by a legal or ecclesiastical formula. That out of such a vain effort innumerable social evils flood the world with misery and crime, and for that reason alone should such miserable and useless attempts be discontinued. That no human being (male or female) is justified in surrendering their sexual liberty to law, but only to love; and, when love departs, it is necessary for the peace of the world and the well-being of humanity that such unions should be dissolved, whether they have been sanctioned by all the magistrates and all the bishops in the world.

What we claim for woman is that her individuality shall not be interfered with by the collective power of man as exhibited in the "laws of marriages," ecclesiastical and civil. We believe that Blackstone's remark was correct when he stated that "the very being and existence of the woman was suspended during the marriage;" and that Baron Alderson was not wrong in declaring that under our present system "the wife is only the servant of the husband;" and we honor *Harper's* monthly for November for commenting on those statements thus:

"The fact that there may have been the tenderest relations of affection between wife and husband did not change the fact that she was subject to his will; and to be subject to another's will is slavery."

To return to the article in the *Bazar*. After deploring

the present sad condition of many married couples, it gives the following as the solution of the difficulty:

"Instead, then, of freer divorce laws, making oaths and promises of no account, we need more stringent views concerning the sanctity of marriages and the impregnability of its bonds and barriers."

It cannot be that *Harper's Bazar* desires the Protestant world to go back to Rome and make marriage a sacrament. It talks of the sanctity of an act which all Protestantism holds to be merely a civil contract, and which, in all Protestant nations may be entered into without sanction of the churches. But if we did go back to Rome, would that bind human affections. Surely not. When Rome was under the temporal sway of the Popes, it was said that, according to its population, there were more illegitimate children there than in any place else; yet the Catholic Church did whatever it could to render marriages permanent. Then the *Bazar* goes on to invade the rights of the young in the delicate process of mating. It says:

"Youth thinks its instincts better guides than the mature judgment of guardians; guardians recoil from the responsibility of interposing obstacles; friends sympathize with romance; the present alone is thought of; the future is a thing of naught."

It is needless to say that the WEEKLY honors what *Harper's Bazar* seems to deplore in the above sentence. If there be one sacred liberty on which the future welfare of the race depends, it is liberty in the choice of a mate; and we commend those guardians and respect their wisdom who decline to interfere with that most sacred human right. But the definition of marriage which terminates the article is a curiosity in its way, being more complicated than the Gordian Knot severed by Alexander the Great:

"Yet marriage is not only a simple contract between two individuals; it is not only a religious contract, calling heaven to witness and take part; it is a civil contract into which society at large enters, and under which it has rights as the two contracting individuals have; the right, for instance, not to be stained by abuses: the right not to be injured by paupers and criminals and the ignorant; the right to claim that what was begun according to law shall be carried out according to law; the right to insist that the majesty of the law shall maintain itself calm and even-handed, and not give way before vulgar clamor. And we remember that calling black white does not make it white; that to legalize a wrong will not make it intrinsically a right; and that the passage of ordinances saying that in future the betrayal of marriage vows shall be called free divorce will never make it any other than the original sin that they were passed to prevent."

The above complicated mass of absurdities is all *Harper's Bazar* can say in favor of the present marriage system. Almost every statement in it can be controverted. In the first place we would say that marriage is even less than a civil contract, for if a man lives with a woman and introduces her as his wife, the civil law admits her position and acts upon such statement. Almost if not all Protestants deny that it is a religious contract, and even the Catholic Calmet admits that there is no law in the Bible respecting, nor any account there of, a Jewish marriage in which a priest was called in to perform the ceremony. As to the claims of society they are and ought to be *nil* in this country in the matter of marriage. In England, it is true, the State has long annulled the fiat of the Church in the matter of paupers, for, in their cases, it insists upon sundering those whom the church has united. As to the remainder of the paragraph that is pure "buncombe," and does not require an answer.

On the contrary, how plain is the position of the WEEKLY? All we demand is that the law shall in all cases recognise woman as an individual as well as man. That a union of people of opposite sexes shall be looked upon by the law as any other partnership, dissolvable at the will of either of the partners. That for a woman to hold an unwilling man or a man to hold an unwilling woman by law alone is a monstrosity to be deplored, as affecting the present interest and future well-being of our race. In other words, we demand sexual liberty as the foundation and corner-stone of all other liberties. We do not deny that the marriage system by which woman has been placed under communal care was better than the savage individual despotism from which it partially released her. Two thousand years ago it might have been looked at as a blessing, now it is a curse. The reason why it is so is because the world has progressed since the time the biblical laws of Moses and Paul on the woman question were written, and, under our present advanced civilization, they are no longer needed and ought to be abrogated for the general good of mankind.

THE ADVANCE.

This is a transitional era. Old things are passing away, not only here, but in all other civilized nations. Quite as great changes are transpiring in Japan and China as have occurred in Europe and America. Not light changes either, but absolute, fundamental revolutions. Look at the opening of the trade with Japan by America, and the sacking of Peking by France and Great Britain. Time-honored nations, both, for the first time in many centuries, invaded by the footsteps of the foreigner! The ancient policy of both nations utterly changed, if not annihilated. Look at Europe, which, in the past decade, has found a new master and rearranged its political map. Italy free, and the Pope a pris-

oner in the city which has been the temporal key of the Church's power since the time of Charlemagne. Forty millions of serfs changed into Russian freemen, and ready to proffer to their thoughtful co-laborers in Europe the freedom of the soil. England isolated and helpless as a military power, witnessing European convulsions in which she dare not take part even to protect her own grave interests, as in the case of the spoliation of Denmark; while in our own country four millions of chattel slaves have been changed into American citizens, as by the wand of an enchanter; her former ruling power overthrown, and the policy of the nation reversed in many important particulars.

But all these portentous changes, every thinking human being knows, are only the commencement of the great movements before mankind. In the destruction of serfdom and slavery in both continents, every one feels that the foundations of the world's industrial temple are removed, and the whole superstructure is ready to topple into dust. For the first time in the ages, the two great bodies of workers, agricultural and mechanical, are uniting their forces, and, whenever they do unite, they can dictate the law. Whilst the workers are thus rising into might, the powers that oppressed them are disintegrating and disuniting, leaving them to walk freely forward to victory. The partnership of priest and king, sadly handled by the First French Revolution, is now entirely dissolved and broken forever by the foolish claim of headship or infallibility by the feeblest member of the firm. As to the financier, who has so long been the real ruler of princes, the time is near at hand when "blood and iron Bismarck" will prove to him that in the armed camp of Europe the man with the bayonet is stronger than the man with the purse; while, in our own country, the South and West, so long the money serfs of the Eastern money-changers, will soon teach their oppressors that the shameless fraud of the National Banking System, which has nearly doubled the resources of idlers, to the detriment of producers, is destined to fall never to rise again.

But these impending changes, though vast, are not comparable to the threatened upheavals in the social and religious systems which have so long dominated over mankind. Changes agitating all countries at once, which defy the skill of statesmanship to avert, or even to compute, their effects. The four years' musket-roll of Satory has only spread Communism throughout Europe. If the sceptre of that reform has departed from France, we hear of it in Germany, as witness the following late statement from the correspondent of the New York *Herald*. Speaking of the German Democratic party, he says: "Those who have conversed with German professors over a quiet pipe assert that French Communism is a mere cracker compared with the mine of explosive thought which the deeply-pondering Teutonic mind is constructing. Nor is there much hope in the moderation of parties after a glance at Prince Bismarck's tables, where the Democrats number 23,908 and the Social Democrats 339,738. In other words, out of every fifteen who wish to reform society, there are fourteen who wish to destroy it altogether."

And it may truly be asserted that the same deep, fundamental demands that distinguish the Germans are penetrating and permeating the Unions and Granges of the United States, and also of those of Great Britain. As with industrial, so with the social movement. Thirty years ago it may be said to have commenced in the camp of the Abolitionists, in the demand of woman to speak in public; twenty years afterwards she advanced her claim to political equality; now to that she has asserted her right to personal sovereignty, and her claim to rule in the domain of the affections. This reform also, like industrial reform, is shaking the civilized world. It is an entire reversal of the old Mosaic order, which placed man in power over woman in all cases. As with the Mosaic, so with the more ancient Eastern faiths, on which, in all probability, that of the Hebrews was originally based. But this alteration of the status of woman, which cannot be effected without the overturning of the credal faiths which have latterly so cursed the world with bloodshed and wars, is not the only thing which is effecting the destruction of the worn-out religions which the world has outgrown. Commerce—which is developing the nations—and science—which is linking them together with bands of iron—cannot tolerate these wretched creeds, which, in this age, only dehumanize mankind and set nations at enmity with one another. Hence, opportunely, arises the new development of Spiritualism, which, though only a quarter of a century old, has already established itself on all continents and in all countries, and is marching rapidly forward to victory. Truly, those who live in this era of development have their work to perform, and, if Spiritualism be indeed the true faith, as we believe it is, let its partizans step out boldly and do their duty in this crisis, well knowing that their own advance bears exact proportion to that of the improvement of mankind. Let there be, then, no animosity in their ranks, no bickerings or jealousies, for truly, at this juncture, into their hands are committed the destinies of the human race.

THOSE FIG LEAVES.

"And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons." Genesis, chap. 3, verse 7. The tailoring business then commenced by our first parents, if the Bible be a truthful history, has been followed up lively by their descendants ever since. We do not desire to say

that Adam and Eve did wrong in covering themselves, or in living together without having been united by a priest—far from it. And we do not think statesmen do wrong when they meet to hide their evil doings from the peoples; or priests, when they confer for the purpose of sewing up the gaps in the aprons that cover the nakedness of their churches; as seems to be the case with the Episcopal Convention, now holding its meetings in New York. We look upon all such doings as tribute money paid by hypocrisy to truth.

Of late, the quantity of fig leaves used by the presses and pulpits of the United States for the purpose of hiding the defects of modern society is something enormous. They are constantly piling them on until they appear to be as plenty as the flowers in Plymouth Church, which are there so abundant that the people who sit to be edified by H. W. Beecher may be said, like Moses of old, to hear the word—out of a bush. But as society has any amount of folly and crime to cover, we do not blame editors and parsons for doing their best under the distressing circumstances of the case. We do not, however, think that they will succeed in their efforts. Society, as represented in the religion of gush, stands before the people like Lady Macbeth in the famous scene in which she prates of her crime in her sleep. We fancy we can hear her appeal:

"Out, damned spot! Out, I say!
All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

But we also feel assured that it will be vain. If the Beecher expose has disgusted the people, it has also educated them. In all its filthy details they have noted the hideous form of modern society, and have condemned it. The fig leaves of hypocrisy and cant have been torn away from it, and it stands revealed before the nations in all its naked horrors. Whatever the churches may do, whatever verdict a Brooklyn jury may render, whatever may be the results of the various pending actions, the decision of the masses of the people will never be overruled; and in it may be read, in characters of living light, the doom of modern society.

THE RELIGIOUS WAR.

All religions are now at a discount. The world has no vital faith; shams and forms are all it at present possesses. In this country the various sects would fall and perish speedily if they were not conserved by what Henry Clay called the "cohesive power of public plunder." The large majority of the male sex here only support the various creeds because they look upon them as great conservative breakwaters, repressing the inflowing tides of popular reforms. They do not believe in or care for their dogmas, but they do credit their power as conservative agencies, necessary in order to sustain the wrongs and oppressions of the peoples. Even the Catholic Church (on which depend all the Protestant sects for existence) shows no valid sign of vitality. Its two hundred millions of votaries are unable to keep Pio Nono's sovereignty intact. Men don't die for their faith in this age of the world, because they haven't any faith to die for. They have the forms but not the substance of religion, because, even in the churches themselves, the people have outgrown their creeds. These doctrines are not only taught by the WEEKLY, but many conservative presses do not hesitate to proclaim them. Read the following, which is copied from Emilio Castelar's contribution in *Harper's Monthly* for November:

"But, as the eighteenth century is a revolutionary age, it necessarily has all the passion and all the injustice of revolutions. And its criticism, revolutionary and not historical, because the eighteenth century ignores everything outside of its aspiration to emancipate intelligence, and with it mankind—its criticism is aimed principally at religions. In the opinion of a large majority of its thinkers, they are impostures, and more than all, that one founded by Christ, the nearest and most immediate oppressor of reason. It is an age which neglects logic, the dialectic of the development of an idea and its sequence. It therefore detests revelation. It cannot understand that the conscience should ever have declared its independence of itself. And, in fact, it was necessary to this end to break the harmony between man and nature, which was so beautifully manifested in the ancient Greeks and their statues; to combat not merely sensualism, but matter also, and the vivid universe; to create, by pains, penitence and maceration, a terrible struggle with the senses, a human soul within itself, isolated, separated from the world as a being entire, independent, infinite. The philosophers of the past century saw nothing in Christianity but the present oppression, and declared against it with a genuine revolutionary fury, which the nineteenth century, essentially humane, severe, impartial, the century which has really created history, and which has done justice to all the manifestations of the human spirit, cannot comprehend. But these exclusive passions of each age have been valuable to the education of the human race and the progressive development of its luminous ideal; because, if these exaggerations have for a time been tyrannical, they have, at the same time, been destructive of error, and society has concluded by returning to its calm impartiality, and distributing, in due proportion through all its organism, the current of ideas, and entering into its indispensable equilibrium."

There is nothing in this which we, as Spiritualists, cannot indorse. All creeds have been necessary in the past, and, when mankind had faith in them, they were useful. There is good in all of them in nearly equal proportions now, that

will be conserved in the new development rapidly rising in grand majesty over the nations. Spiritualism is a necessity for the peoples of the earth at the present time, for the progress in science and the claims of commerce demand it. Thinking people look back with horror upon the blood-tracks left in history by all credal religions, most especially by that one of them called Christianity. The very name of it is a falsehood. Christ is a Hindoo god, grafted on the Nazarene, Jesus. Really, the whole of the world's faiths are but modifications of the star-worship of the Chaldeans. To all thinking minds all the deities and their families, all the celestial courts and their angels and demons, are absurd follies. Moses might talk about the "back parts" of God in his time, but it will not do now to depict God to the people. The attributes that inhere even in human deities forbid any human expression of their greatness, and priesthoods, whose special province is to descend upon the same, are only laughing stocks to men of science and the peoples generally. The word is now—when the civilized world is linked together with ties of iron—away with those that have so long separated and persecuted the families of men. It is no wonder that, from Catholicism down to Mormonism, they are disintegrating and scattering. All who are wise read the handwriting of fate in their destruction, which grows out of the necessities of the ages. As Emilio Castelar says, in his conclusion:

"The spirit of progress entered, therefore, even in those secluded and sacred spots which appeared to be excepted from the movement, and the renovation of all beings and ideas. The saints saw the fluttering of the leaves of their inert books of stone before the wind of the breath of their age; they saw the germs of new ideas taking life in progressive transformations in the very warmth of their sanctuaries. These agitations of conscience gave birth to high conceptions of human dignity; and whenever knowledge gives prominence to human dignity there follows of necessity an outburst of conscience, freighted with ideas, and with this outburst comes perforce another victory of liberty."

It is easy to trace the steps by which man has arrived at his spiritual liberty in Europe and America during the past six centuries. The first movement against the power of the Catholic Church was the reformation demanded by Jerome of Prague, by Huss of Bohemia, and by John Wickliffe of England. Though these was all overthrown, the principles which animated them lived in their followers. The second band of reformers were headed by Martin Luther, who first proclaimed the right of private judgment. Out of this sprang forth almost immediately a multitude of sects, which exposed to the people the folly of credal religions. The political idea then joined the religious idea in our revolutionary war; for, as a political necessity, it was found requisite to ordain the religious freedom of our people. The establishment of this grand right has still further broken to pieces the religious sects among us, and paved the way for a still greater development—viz., that of Spiritualism, which is only the logical outcome of the right of private judgment asserted by Martin Luther. In the near future there will be only two parties in the religious war—one will fight under the flag of "absolute authority," the other under that of "absolute freedom." The watchword of the one will be "heaven and hell," of the other "progress and development," and none can doubt but that the latter must, unless the world retrogrades, eventually be the conqueror.

THAT SAME OLD COON.

The *Day's Doings*, of October 17, rejoices over the decline of the French (or what it calls the morbid) drama. It says:

"We sigh for purer air, an atmosphere which shall not be so heavy with the perfume of indecency, and if our theatrical managers will but read aright the silently expressed desires of the people, we can confidently count on a revival of good taste and genuine art in theatrical matters."

In the same paper appears a full-page illustration of the "Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise," as presented to the public at Niblo's Garden in the spectacle of "The Deluge." A glance at the picture shows that if public virtue consists in man being ashamed of looking on woman, it has not very greatly advanced upon the "Black Crook" system. The above design, as given in the *Day's Doings*, reminds us of the poet Moore's lines on a similar spectacle in the *Fudge Papers*. Mr. Fudge, in his description of that charming city, Paris, tells us that when he visited it, the people went to see, at the theatres,

"The Old Testament done into melodramas nightly,"

And furthermore says that he saw one in which

"Daniel, the Prophet, bids bold defiance
To Nebuchadnezzar and all his stuffed lions,
While pretty young Israelites danced round the Prophet
In very thin clothing, and but little of it."

And this, to us, appears to be the case with the spectacle of "The Deluge" at Niblo's Garden. Eve and Adam are there represented as coming out of the garden of Paradise with their hands over their faces, and if the picture be a correct exhibit of the scene, as they are both nearly naked, prudery will demand that they should keep them there.

To us such exhibitions are not objectionable. We do not believe that, as a people, we are sexually as virtuous as the Japanese, and there the sexes bathe together, we are told, *in puris naturalibus*. In the art schools of London, drawing from naked or nearly naked living models is permitted,

although those schools have pupils of both sexes. Only such members of society as have depreciated their bodies by their vices have reason at any time to be ashamed of the human form. No doubt those who are sexually depraved will find evil in such expositions, not because it exists in those expositions, but because it is developed in their own diseased hearts. Any way, human beings will always delight in expositions of male and female beauty, whether they be religious or not. We have seen a full page picture of a couple of dashing girls in a pew in a very religious periodical before now, but, of course, underneath it was written—"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy"—for the purpose of qualifying, in a measure, the exposed limbs of the ladies. We therefore can have no objection to the incoming of the religious sensational drama, though we have a right to object to the mock modesty and hypocrisy which may accompany it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Public.—Unless we have express permission, we do not feel justified in giving the names, or even the initials of the names, of our correspondents, but only their places of abode. At the same time, we should be glad to give their names in full, or their initials, when authorized to do so.—ASSOCIATE EDITOR WEEKLY.

C. W. H., Cincinnati, Ohio, defends the manufacture of arms, saying that they are needed for the purposes of self-defense and the security of the nation. We are, or claim to be, a civilized people, and must make the law our defense; and, therefore, we object to Recorder Hackett's statement, justifying the carrying of a pistol for personal protection. As to him who perverts his mechanical genius by devising a new implement of destruction, we would reward him like the engineer in Hamlet, and have him

"Hoist with his own petard."

Anti-Christian, Rochester, N. Y.—There is good in all faiths, and they have all done good service in their day; but that day was—yesterday! Divest them of their celestial follies, dethrone their mundane gods, their minor deities, and the ridiculous mummeries with which they worship them, and you will find their practical bases not very dissimilar.

Statician, Newark, N. J.—The city of New York is not self-existing; its death rate always exceeds its birth-rate; its extension is not due to its own vitality, but to its human importations from home and abroad.

Positivist, Boston, Mass.—Your system is as beautiful as the statue of the Apollo Belvedere, and as cold. It will never be accepted by humanity. In order to move a nation or a world, the fulcrum on which the lever rests must be outside the world. This always has been and always will be the case. Humanity has reaped benefits from all live faiths. Credal religions are only an incubus now, because their vitality has departed, and their vitality has departed because our race has outgrown them. But the spiritual world still rules in human affairs, and without its aid there is no life and no progress.

Mechanic, New York.—To the WEEKLY, Fifth Avenue are eye-sores in a city in which the workers who built them have not generally decent cottages in which to live, nor one hall that they can call their own. In ancient Athens, in pagan times, the citizens had a white marble theatre which would hold fully thirty thousand people. In it they sometimes gave an audience to foreign ambassadors, sometimes acted plays, and frequently heard orators declaim. Admission to it was two oboli, or about five cents, but if a citizen had not that to spare, he could get a magistrate's order and go in free.

W. M. D. Boston, Mass.—The WEEKLY has never denied the right of any individual to issue money. All it claims is that only the national money should be backed by the force of communal law. It has no objection to bills of credit issued by States, cities, corporations or individuals, but it fearlessly asserts that any State law made for the security or collection of such issues is unconstitutional. For as, in that instrument, States are forbidden to issue Bills of Credit, it is manifest that it is equally unconstitutional to make laws for the security and collection of the same when issued by individuals or corporations.

Senex, Detroit, Mich.—The most advanced peoples have admitted the right of the young to an equal intellectual start in life by the establishment of Public Schools. The WEEKLY holds that they should also have an equal material start in life, and to that end deems it only right that all surplus wealth should revert to the States at the deaths of the acquirers. Otherwise we shall assuredly create a moneyed aristocracy, which is the meanest and most pernicious of all aristocracies.

Equal Rights, Brooklyn, N. Y.—The irregularities you complain of are artificial. They are not visible in the general order of nature, but are created by the workings of evil laws.

International, Washington, D. C.—We agree with you that the interests of all peoples are one and indivisible, and deem that the best preventative of war among them would be for them to move financially to restrict national war expenses and so to diminish the manufacture of arms.

Anti-Usury, Akron, Ohio, is informed that, in theory, the

Catholic Church has never admitted the right of money to bear any interest. The comments in the larger Douay Bible on the texts bearing upon the subject are as strong against the practice of usury, increase or interest as words can make them.

G. B., Stockton, Ill.—There is no reason why our cities should not be physically and morally as healthy as the country, except that of late city governments have been pleased to sacrifice the rights of man to the claims of property in them. Tenement-houses were condemned in London three centuries ago, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It is a shame that they are tolerated in this new world.

John Chinaman, Sacramento, Cal.—The four Senators to whom our nation is mainly indebted for the re-introduction into our Union of political male slavery, in the case of the Chinese, are Wilson of Massachusetts, Nye of Nevada, Morton of Indiana and Williams of Oregon. What makes the matter worse, they desecrated the Fourth of July by consummating that atrocity on our national holiday.

Inquirer, Mt. Pleasant, Texas.—One of the best works on the subject on which you desire to be posted is Tennie C. Clafin's "Constitutional Equality a Right of Woman." For sale at the office of WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY; price \$2. We have also a pamphlet, the "Ethics of Sexual Equality; price 25 cents.

Anti-Soldier, Galveston, Texas.—In the matter of military oppression, the ancient pagans of Rome cannot be compared with modern Christians, or, rather, with the people who usurp that name. In the time of Augustus Cæsar there were only 189,000 men required to garrison Europe, the north of Africa and the west of Asia. In the same countries now there are not less than five millions of men under arms. Napoleon (the first) estimated that every soldier, and the paraphernalia he required, devoured the labors of three toilers. The German military system, which subjects every able man to three years' military service, is not and cannot be made self-sustaining. In order to live it must occasionally make predatory excursions, as in the case of France. Probably Great Britain will be next selected, because it has most money.

BOOK REVIEW.

PAPA'S OWN GIRL. 8vo, pp. 547, published by John P. Jewett, No. 27 Clinton Place, New York. This is an excellent story, written by Marie Howland. It depicts the good effects which may be expected to follow the introduction of many of the various reforms demanded by the age. The tale is simple, is naturally and easily told, and is very fascinating. But we prefer to step aside here and let the authoress speak for herself.

The first extract we quote for the benefit of the clergy, who in these days seem to be held by other presses a little below par. We do so in order to aid those ministers who have tried to cover their erring brethren by a flank movement on the medical faculty.

"Coarse men are wont to scoff at the attraction women find in ministers and physicians, especially women whose social conditions are unfortunate; but the solution is very simple: physicians, at least, know more of human nature than other men do. This is true, of course, only of those of the nobler moral type. No others win the confidence of refined women, though their vanity may blind them to the wide difference there is between ordinary and extraordinary confidence; for every physician, if not every priest, receives a certain amount of confidence from the nature of his office."

In the course of the tale the following conversation occurs on the subject of "Susie," a young girl who is with child by Dan, the son of Dr. Forest. The characters in it are Mrs. Forest, Dan's mother; Miss Marston, a teacher, and Clara, daughter of Dr. Forest, "Papa's Own Girl." Mrs. Forest and Clara knew, but Miss Marston did not know, who was the father of the prospective infant.

"I do not think," said Mrs. Forest, "that we can do better than get her a place where she can be quiet; and she is so very deft with her needle and can make herself useful in so many ways, I do not think this will be difficult."

"This will be to fail her in what she most needs—sympathy," Clara remarked.

"My dear Clara," said Miss Marston, "we cannot sympathize with folly, unless we are foolish ourselves. You know the meaning of the word sympathy."

There was a little too much of the dogmatism of the teacher in this to please Clara, but she showed no displeasure in her very calm reply: "But we can sympathize with suffering in all cases."

"Yet, even for her good," replied Mrs. Forest, "we should show disapprobation of her conduct. By being too lenient, it would lead her to hold her act lightly and open the way for its repetition."

"Well, I think, mamma, with all proper deference, that your reasoning is exceedingly weak. Will not one terrible lesson like this be enough for any girl like Susie? Besides, you forget how many years it must take before she can outlive her love for —." Mrs. Forest trembled, but Clara saw the danger her mother dreaded, and continued, "for her betrayer, and by that time she will become staid and prudent."

"I think myself," said Miss Marston, "that there is little danger of her repeating her folly. She has undoubtedly fallen through an ill-directed affection. What sort of a man is her lover and where is he?"

Mrs. Forest did not dare meet Clara's eyes during her quick answer: "Oh! it is a young man in town. He does not seem to care anything for her."

"I consider him an unprincipled wretch," said Clara, indignantly. Her mother's determination to screen Dan looked very ugly in her eyes. "Papa says he offered to

marry her," she continued, addressing Miss Marston, "but in a way that showed he considered it a great sacrifice, and she was proud enough and womanly enough to throw his insulting offer back in his teeth. I like her for that, and I think that we ought to protect her right generously. I mean to help her at all events."

"My child!" cried Mrs. Forest, in alarm, "you are so impulsive, so imprudent. You will certainly be talked about."

"I don't think, mamma, that should make any difference when we know we are in the right. I believe the right way is to find out what our duty is, and then to do it openly and fairly."

"My dear," said Miss Marston, "there are very Quixotic ways of doing our duty." She said this in a cool, decided way, that chafed Clara's growing heroic mood, and she replied bitterly: "I could avoid these ways, I suppose, by making bibs and baby things in secret and sending them to her anonymously, but I think that would be contemptible. I know if such an awful thing should happen to any one of my dear friends, my equals, or to my own sister, I should go to her and comfort her with my sympathy; and if there is any goodness in doing so for a dear friend, there must be still more virtue in such a course when the object is a poor, friendless girl, deprived of all advantages of education and social culture until she came here."

"Very well reasoned," said Miss Marston ironically; "but I am sorry to see that you forget how this young person has profited by the advantages for social culture that she has already had in this family."

Clara's eyes fairly flashed, and Mrs. Forest saw that she was sorely tempted to show Miss Marston what social and moral influence Susie had been under, through one member of the family at least; so she made haste to answer soothingly, almost before the words were out of Miss Marston's mouth: "You are so young, my daughter, that it hardly becomes you to seem to know so much more than your elders about what is right and proper. I know your motives are generous, but you must not trust yourself wholly, in such a case as this. You are wrong in supposing that showing open sympathy with a girl who has fallen from virtue, can do her any good; and it certainly may injure you irreparably."

"Your whole tone, Mamma, is cold and calculating. This poor girl is alone, and in an agony of grief such as we have never dreamed of. If helping her to bear up under her burden must injure me irreparably, let it do so. I do not care for the favor nor the admiration of the Levites and Esau's, who pass by on the other side. Besides, I do not act alone. I have had the counsel of the clearest head I know and as noble a heart as ever beat." Here Clara paused and sighed heavily, almost overcome with a feeling of disappointment that Miss Marston should manifest so little generosity, and one of sorrow also that she had been compelled to express sentiments that must wound her much loved teacher and friend. As she expected, Miss Marston took refuge in dignified silence, understanding herself, of course, as included among the Pharisees and Levites. Mrs. Forest remarked that all experience showed the feelings to be dangerous guides; as also were what were loosely called principles; that the only thing that upheld pure morals was religion, and therefore it was the only sure guide.

Clara had often seen this making a religious duty an excuse for selfishness, and she had a contempt or it as natural as was her repulsion to everything dark and ugly. She replied boldly, "I hear much about principles and religion and I am compelled to judge them by their fruits. My father, you say, has no religion. Surely principles are better than religion, if the one leads to helpful sympathy with all misfortune, and the other to cold calculation of the effect of evil tongues. I have thought over all the possible results, mamma, and I have decided. I know one who will help Susie openly, and without either calculation or shame; and I shall certainly follow his example, for I will trust my father's sense of right against the world!" and with this, delivered very dramatically and rapidly, Clara left the room.

But, whilst the discussion of matters connected with social reform claims the lion's share of the book, questions connected with financial and industrial reforms are not forgotten. A very beautiful picture is drawn in it of an industrial palace, fashioned after that of Monsieur Godin's in France. The description of the "pouponnat" in it is highly interesting and well worthy of attention. The collective culture of infants and children, and in fact all the reforms advocated by the WEEKLY, are, in "Papa's Own Girl," pleasantly and beautifully illustrated. There is no need to desire for such a work speedy success, for, we understand, it has already attained it; and the near future will assuredly prove, that, in popular favor, it will take its place between Robinson Crusoe and Uncle Tom's Cabin.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

A lady read the following paragraph in a paper:

"A young wife once cured her husband of a disposition to absent himself from home at nights by providing a good dinner, and saying to him afterward, 'George, if you find a sweeter spot than our home describe it to me, and I will rival it if I die in the attempt.' A kiss and a few tears completed the victory. This lady tried the game on her husband. He was not melted a bit; he merely said, 'When you can get the boys to come here and smoke cigars and talk politics, and set up a keg of lager, you can count me in. I like the company of the boys, I do.' Our lady saw that sentiment had no effect on him. So she did not throw herself on his neck and hug and wet his paper collar with tears; but she took a saucer and fired it at his head, and followed it up with a cup, and ended by slinging a dish of strawberries on his shirt bosom. Since that time he has been an exemplary husband. Yet he does seem very anxious for her to visit her dear mother as often as four or five times a week.

FORGIVENESS.—"The Great Nazarene carried it so far as to apply it to a woman detected in the very act of adultery. But by a tacit and almost universal consent his disciples in all ages have gone upon the supposition that the adultery of a wife is not to be condoned."

MISCELLANEOUS.

GLENDENNING ARRAIGNED.

The Presbytery of Jersey City met at ten o'clock, Thursday morning, Oct. 8, in the Second Presbyterian Church, on Third street. The first business in order was the presentation of the report of the Judicial Committee. The chairman of the committee, Rev. Dr. Imbrie, rose, holding a document in his hand, and read the following report:

The Judicial Committee in reference to the case committed to them—viz., the written request of the Rev. John S. Glendenning, a minister of the Presbytery, to the Presbytery for a thorough investigation of the charges alleged against his moral character and now current in this community—respectfully report:

That after careful examination under oath of a sufficient number of witnesses among those offering themselves, and the inspection of several official documents submitted to the committee, they find that enough testimony is adduced to warrant the Presbytery in undertaking the investigation of the following charges laid against the Rev. John S. Glendenning, viz.:

First Charge.—Seduction of and illicit intercourse with an unmarried woman.

Second Charge.—Breach of promise of marriage.

Third Charge.—Falsehood.

Fourth Charge.—Unministerial and unchristianlike conduct.

Inasmuch as the charges to be investigated have excited a strong and widely-spread public interest and a natural desire that the trial should be open to the public, the committee would recommend that the Presbytery grant permission to any accredited reporter of the public press to be present to take notes; and, also, that the door should be open to as many other persons of the public besides as the room in which the Presbytery holds its sessions can comfortably accommodate, consistent with the Presbytery's own convenience—it being understood that any such persons so admitted shall be subject to exclusion after proof of abusing this privilege. All of which is respectfully submitted.

CHARLES K. IMBRIE, DAVID MAGIE,
HERMAN C. RIGGS, CHARLES A. DEWITT,
TITUS B. MEIGS, ROBERT STEWART,

Judicial Committee.

During the reading of these charges Glendenning appeared to be the most unconcerned of the spectators. As soon as the charges and specifications were copied, the Moderator arose and said in a solemn tone: "According to the Book, I now present a copy of the charges to the accused. What is the pleading in this case?" Glendenning, looking steadily at the Moderator, replied firmly, "Not guilty." The Moderator rose again, holding a small slip of paper in his hand, and said that the accused desired, in accordance with the report of the Judicial Committee, to select as his counsel, Rev. S. B. Dodd and Rev. Edward Wall. This selection was agreed to. On motion of Rev. Mr. Dodd, the Rev. C. K. Imbrie and Rev. H. C. Riggs were appointed the prosecuting committee.

The Moderator then said: "The next business is to decide whether this case is to go on immediately or not. What says the accused on this question?"

Rev. Mr. Dodd said that if the Presbytery would take a recess the accused would be able to answer the question afterward. A recess was then taken till half-past one o'clock.

When the Presbytery re-assembled, Rev. Mr. Dodd, for the defense, arose and objected to the charge as being too vague and indefinite, especially in regard to the first specification of the first charge. He demurred to the first specification of the first charge, which should have stated the time and place of the alleged seduction. As the charge was set down, no opportunity was afforded the accused to prove an alibi. Dr. Imbrie, for the prosecution, was willing to specify the place of seduction, though he did not deem it necessary, as if the fact that a seduction occurred was proved it was not necessary to prove the time and place.

Mr. Dodd then asked that Mr. Glendenning be allowed to make his statement—in other words, to enter upon his defense—so that both sides of the case should go before the public at once.

The Moderator said that if the statement formed a part of the defense this was not the time to introduce it.

Rev. Mr. Edwards observed that it was his firm conviction the statement proposed could not properly be read at this time. The permission to read it would be a stretch of courtesy, and the Presbytery could not extend courtesy to accused men. This was said with such marked emphasis that it brought Glendenning to his feet. On the impulse of the moment he forgot that he was represented by advocates, and he broke out: "I ask no courtesies of this Presbytery. I ask only justice. It was not at my suggestion that the proposed statement was offered at this time. In my judgment the proper time to make it would be at the opening of the defense. But I deferred my judgment to that of my counsel, and am prepared to make a statement. The public has prejudged me before the facts have been made known. The press has abused me, yet I have not opened my mouth in my own defense. I know there are men who said that no matter what is the result of this trial they will still believe me guilty. I ask and I expect to receive at your hands a full, fair and impartial hearing."

The Moderator rendered his decision that it would be out of order to permit a statement for the defense to be made at this stage.

Mr. Dodd then asked for an adjournment until next Wednesday. The Presbytery granted the application.

In accordance with the report of the Judicial Committee, which was adopted, the trial will be a public one.—*N. Y. Herald.*

A CURSED HOUSE OF SLAVERY.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE SLAVE DEALERS' INN, IN DELAWARE.

A recent journey of the editor of the *Eastern Shoreman*

from Salisbury to Laurel led him past a famous inn in slavery times, which is located in Sussex county, Delaware near the State line. The house is an old-fashioned country affair, much dilapidated and entirely deserted, and is said to be haunted. This is the story of it as told by the *Shoreman*:

"Long years ago, before the scream of the steam whistle had invaded this Peninsula, and when, under the old regime, negro buyers traversed it and with yellow gold purchased slaves for the Southern market, this old disused house was a famous inn. Here congregated those who trafficked in human flesh in their journeys up and down the country; and here, in this remote spot, were committed many dark deeds which cried aloud unto heaven and still curse the walls of wood now crumbling to decay. The last and crowning act of blood was the murder of two slaves by those who had them in charge confined here for the night. Since that time, so the tale goes, the house has been haunted; and surely, as we viewed it, with its gaping windows, perforated roof, weather-beaten porch, crumbling walls, surrounded by rank weeds and other noxious growth, we did not wonder that the honest country folk avoid and consider it cursed; for, like Hood's 'Haunted House,' everything about it, after one has been told its history, gives token 'that this house is haunted.'"

THE "BANNER OF LIGHT" CONVERTED TO ICONOCLASM!

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

Since the Fourth of July I have been "laboring," through the WEEKLY, to assist the *Banner* to a radical position upon reform. It has been conservative in many respects, and evinced its dislike of Iconoclasm. In my article in the WEEKLY of August 15, I took occasion to remind it. I will quote my exact words:

Science and philosophy both are the most terrible iconoclasts known. Philosophy has ever been the deadly foe to superstition, idolatry, myths, false images. It destroys all these by explaining the phenomena of nature. Science, which means knowledge, has revealed to us the grandeur of the universe and the dignity of human nature—an important part thereof. In accomplishing this noble work, science has ever been a remorseless image-breaker.

I then submitted this dilemma for it to ponder over:

If, then, the *Banner* is scientific and philosophic (as it is anxious to appear), it is most truly iconoclastic. If it is not iconoclastic, then it is not scientific and philosophic.

Several weeks after, in its issue of the 12th of September, in a leading editorial on "Prof. Tyndall's Address," it confirms my declaration by saying:

The world owes much to science—more than it can as yet formulate in intelligent expression. But it knows how effectually science has broken the bonds of superstition, and thus helped to emancipate humanity from the bigotry of the past tyrants of the soul.

Remember, this is what science does; iconoclastic science breaks "the bonds of superstition," and liberates humanity. This breaker of images, iconoclasm, which some have sneered at and heaped contempt upon, is at last accepted as the true deliverer of mankind.

"But," says the careful reader, "it is not admitted by the *Banner*, is it, that science is an idol-breaker, or, to use the one word, an iconoclast?" I reply, Yes. Here are its words: "Science is demolishing the idolatries of superstition." Again, it says: "What Prof. Tyndall has done, and is still doing, is to break the idols of superstition."

These iconoclastic utterances are all in that one article. I do not complain because the *Banner* does not acknowledge itself beaten in its opposition to iconoclasm. I have no censorious words to employ against it because it does not see proper to admit its indebtedness to my humble self for its sudden change of front; although, without doubt, if I had been a spirit from the "shining shore," and held precisely such a discussion with Bro. Colby, he would have announced himself "Converted by a spirit! Wonderful test!" etc. Yet it is so refreshing, hearty-like, to have a person who is fairly vanquished in debate admit: "I was in opposition to you yesterday; I am with you to-day, convinced that you are right and I was wrong." Such words, though in the form of defeat, have the ring of true bravery. Twelve years ago, when Moses Hull, then the most eloquent preacher the Adventists had in the nation, acknowledged in the presence of witnesses, immediately at the close of my debate with him, that he had "preached his last Adventism," it revealed a candor in the man—a simple, unaffected love of truth worthy of the gods.

I remember that in my article of Aug. 15, I asked why the *Banner* had so "persistently ignored a full, frank, free discussion of social science? Its treatment of the question of socialism has been mincing, gingerly." Now, what next? In its issue of Oct. 3 it comes toward the front on the social question, ventilating itself through an editorial leader of more than two columns. Its first line is that a "forward-moving, irresistible spirit of change is really abroad in the community." Just awoke, eh? The good old *Banner* arises from its comfortable nap—it is a successful sleeper—and is running around among reformers rubbing its eyes, exclaiming, "Really! really! how things are spinning!" Why, yes, you dear old snoozer, there were two women put in jail because they organized a social ball in Plymouth Church about two years ago, whose members have been dancing ever since "all hands around!" We tried to wake you up to let you know why the WEEKLY could not be supplied to your subscribers—the women editors were put in jail. It was bawled into your ear; we shook you; all no use, dead asleep. Now wide awake; good. Who will transfer smiling Luther, of the *Banner*, to canvas? Then and now. They would surpass Beecher's chromo infants—two premium daubs for subscribers to the *Christian Union*. The *Banner* says:

That a great, grand truth underlies the principles advocated by Victoria C. Woodhull and her coadjutors, none will deny. In fact there are times when she gives utterance to views which must strike according strings in many hearts who have pondered the sexual question.

Speaks it right out! Says "sexual" and don't blush! What will the "pure" societies do now? The sexual question, to which the *Banner* alludes, has been by them voted

"nasty." What shall we think of people who "pondered" over it?

Seriously, the *Banner* quoted its old files to show how "advanced" it was, even as far back as 1857. Two years ago would have been a good time for reiterating its liberal views on the sexual question. Or has the *Banner* been waiting, "pondering" ponderously, snoozing at its post, when not fast bound in slumber, to figure which way the sexual cat would jump? The cat has jumped.

The *Banner* has a mission. It is a good "indicator." Its trumpet gives no "uncertain sound." It is a signal, not of battle, but of the close of it. Those pure, conservative Spiritualist societies have lost their *Banner*, which is in close sympathy with Victoria C. Woodhull, and it now confesses it has "pondered" the sexual question ever since 1857. It has been a "social freedomite" for seventeen years, excepting the time it Rip Van Winkled.

WOMEN AS DECORATIVE ARTISTS.

I do not propose to argue the vexed question of political economy concerning the degree to which luxury is justified by its distribution of capital among laborers, but it seems very clear that there can be no reason to deplore the free or even lavish expenditures of the wealthy for objects which are not in themselves pernicious. It has been one particularly gratifying incident of the passion for decoration in this country that it has been the means of opening to women beautiful and congenial employments. Miss Jekyl, who was one of the first to take up this kind of work, attracted the attention of Mr. Leighton, Mme. Bodichon, and other artists by her highly artistic embroidery, and has since extended her work to repousse or ornamental brass-work, especially sconces, and many other things. She has, I hear, acquired not only distinction but wealth by her skill, some specimens of which are exhibited in the International Exhibition at South Kensington this year. There also may be seen the work of other ladies who have followed in her footsteps, some of the finest being by a Miss Leslie, a relative of the celebrated artist of that name. Indeed, there has now been established in Sloane street a school for embroidery, which has succeeded in teaching and giving employment to a number of gentlewomen who had been reduced in circumstances. Miss Philott, whose paintings have often graced the walls of exhibitions, and have gained the interest of Mr. Ruskin, has of late been painting beautiful figures and flowers on plaques, which, when the colors are burned in by Minton, make ornaments that are eagerly sought for. A Miss Coleman has also gained great eminence for this kind of work. Miss Levin, the young daughter of a well-known artist, has displayed much skill in designing and painting pots, etc., with Greek or Pompeian figures. Many of these ladies have begun by undertaking such work as this for personal friends, but have pretty generally found that the circle of those who desire such things is very large, and that their art is held in increasing esteem among cultivated people. It is even probable that the old plan which our great-grandmothers had of learning embroidery will be revived in more important forms, and with the painting of china, be taught as something more than the accomplishment it was once thought—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE FIRST MODERN FLYING MAN.

If the fabulous stories of antiquity could be credited, it might be believed that a method of navigating the air was known to the ancients. The aeronautic flight of the Cretan philosopher and the luckless fate of his son in the Icarian Sea, is a tale well known to all school-boys. Strabo tells of a people of Scythia who had a method of elevating themselves in the air by means of smoke, although he does not mention in what manner, or whether by the intervention of any mechanical contrivance. Roger Bacon alludes to a flying machine, although he confesses that he has not seen it, and seems to have known little of it beyond the inventor's name. The first historical flying experiment was made in Scotland, by an Italian friar, whom James IV. had made Prior of Tongland. The man, who was a great favorite of the King, from his presumed scientific attainments, and his supposed success in alchemy, was commonly believed to be in league with "Auld Hornie." Thinking that he had discovered a method of flying through the air, the Prior appointed a certain day, in 1510, for an aerial ascension, and invited the King and his court to witness the feat. At the appointed time the Italian, bedecked with an enormous pair of wings, ascended one of the battlements of Stirling Castle, and in the presence of King James and his court spread his plumes and vaulted into the air. Unfortunately for the Prior's reputation, the experiment was a complete failure. Amid the laughter and derision of the whole assembly the would-be aeronaut came tumbling headlong down, and although a manure-heap luckily saved his neck, his thigh-bone was broken. As is invariably the case, the hapless experimentalist had an excuse for his non-success; it was to be attributed, he asserted, to the fact that his wings included some feathers from common fowls instead of having been all from eagles and other noble birds.—*Chambers' Journal.*

"DAWN VALCOUR COMMUNITY."

Box 13, WINOOSKI, Vt., Oct. 12, 1874.

Dear Mrs. Woodhull—knowing that a report of the failure of this enterprise is being circulated, I write to tell you that the report is entirely false. The Community is already organized and in working order, and circulars containing our plan of organization and important particulars in regard to the property are almost ready for the press. Never before have our prospects been so bright or our success so sure as now. Should you have room, we shall be very glad if you will publish this in the WEEKLY. Mr. Wilcox joins me in this request. Very truly yours,

H. AUGUSTA WHITE, Secretary.

PERE HYACINTHE seems to agree with Mr. Disraeli as to the coming of a great war. In a speech he delivered at Geneva lately he said, "he saw in the horizon war raising its hideous head—international war, civil war, religious war."

ROUGH THOUGHTS FOR HONEST PEOPLE.

BY STRAFFAN MILLS.

Was it the devil at war with God
That trained up man in his customs odd—
Rude, vicious *Mangaby*? (1)
With manus and pedals to scratch the sod—
To catch impressions—a pulpy clod—
Fearing to stray from the paths he trod—
Mere *mennesc* baby? (2)

When these two powers Creation tried,
Did some of the *new made* step aside,
With instinct imitative;
Whi-pering into each gaping sconce
That some were fashioned for mere response,
And one in a thousand escapes being dunce,
The residue imitative?

This seems the case
In language and race,
Law, manners, and godly fancies.
What is good, what is bad,
Wise, foolish or mad,
The ideal mid-wife, Miss Nancies
Will approve or condemn
In edict or hymn,
And they call this "Progressive advances."

Wise professors who save or kill,
Practice on human material still;
Fannie or Annie, Jack or Jill—
Preying or praying,
Doing or saying—
Use them for paying up life's little bill!
They, homelessly straying,
Hark to his braying;
He "lives in the mansion-house under the hill."

It was no God, but a devil designed
That fraud and folly be combined,
And special ignorance, easy to find,
Should blend in political faction;
Trained together, like pigs in a pen, (3)
Weaned from honor and suckled on gin,
Brained—Ah, no, they were brainless when
The owner and driver called them men—
Whose body and soul and action
Were matters of trade, but ready then
For murder or detraction!

Oh, there's a live vote
In that laborer's coat!
Take it; he never knew how to think;
The fellow is poor,
Stick him down in a sewer,
But first give him whisky to drink.
There's Billy and Bob
Swapping votes for a job
To that dandified chap with gold watch in his fob.

Backed by such as these
They can do as they please—
Work them to death and live at their ease.
These are the knaves
Who cry: "Let us have slaves,"
Or we'll sink you in debt, and furrow with graves
The land you and me
Have sworn to keep free,
Now oath-bound to self and their partisan braves.

Base human parrots, who
In cellars and garrets grew—
Mere echo's of speech without thought or brain—
Happy small-favor men,
Mire in their filthy den,
Till their boss, Ali-Baba, needs them again!
Woe to the Commonwealth
Where base official stealth
Saps out the nation's health—
Fratricides grasping the bludgeons of Cain!

Under a nation's ban,
Cursed be the partisan—
Man, leaguing foe to man, warring with God!
Cursed be the learned knave
Training the stupid slave
To the false creeds he gave—word-catching clod!
Cursed be the man of type,
Blowing his party pipe
Like the swamp-sucking snipe, beak in the mire;
Kindly his vision kens
Sweets of these fever fens;
Crime he calls virtue, and *Truth is a War!*

Ah, needless is it to bully the poor,
Or curse the prejudiced, ignorant boor,
Who seldom dare think,
But make old habits part of their creed,
And the ghosts of their buried race and breed
Still live in their lives, and mark each deed
Of folly or drink!
Aiding the foe in his vicious greed,
Taxing themselves for their enemy's need,
Cursing their kind, yet willing to bleed
On lunacy's brink.

If the master, with cunning words of praise,
Will flatter their whims on festival days,
They'll pour along in his wicked ways
Like suds in a sink.
Oh, that reason their sunken souls would raise
And teach them to think!

NOTES.—(1) "*Vicious Mangaby*," a white-eyed monkey, with "manus and pedals"—hands and feet; an animal of great imitative powers, fit to take rank with some of our low politicians. The mangaby is blest with the want of speech, with which they are cursed, and so are more michevous than the monkey.
(2) "*Mennesc*," an old Saxon word meaning merely human.
(3) "*Trained like pigs in a pen*."—Can any thinking man look at the little Tom, Dick and Harry associations in our city—the trained curs that bark or bite at their master's bidding—masters who command a broom-brigade in the scavenger guards, run a junk store, or mix the poisonous compounds in a gin mill, train these *mennescs* to vote for him or his accomplice—can any man look at these without feeling bitterly how few of such are worthy to be called men, or how few of those enjoying the privilege of freemen are worthy of having a vote?

PORTLAND, Oct. 12th, 1874.

Woodhull & Claflin—Friends, I have found out what it costs per night for the City Hall to any one who will not en-

dorse Mrs. Woodhull. Albert Colby has advertised to give a lecture in City Hall in opposition to Spiritualism, and he told me that the Mayor charged him thirty-five dollars for the Hall for one evening. Mrs. Woodhull paid seventy-five dollars for the same hall to the same Mayor. Hence she paid forty dollars *taboo-money*. "Religious people! Sure and blessed above, where every orchard is o'er-run with gods!"
J. M. TODD.

MATERIALIZATION.

Mr. J. M. Peebles, an enthusiastic Spiritualist, delivered an address in the San Francisco Minstrel Hall, Sunday evening, relating a three days' experience with the "Eddy Brothers" in Vermont, whose manifestations are now being subjected to an investigation by Col. H. S. Alcott, as detailed from time to time in the *Daily Graphic*. Mr. Peebles said that on the second evening of his visit eight spirits materialized and walked the stage. Mayflower, a spirit girl, who announced several days before that she was about making a trip to the moon, related the details of her journey, and improvised a poem on the inhabitants of the moon. The spirits conversed fluently in French, German and Russian with the investigators, of whom there were many. Miss Honto, the materialized spirit of an Indian girl, has been subjected to various special tests by Col. Alcott, who last week obtained a powerful electric battery from Brooklyn, and turned the full power of it on the spirit. Honto stood the test admirably, neither wincing nor shrinking from a force that would have prostrated the strongest man. She was weighed on two separate occasions on a Fairbanks' scale. The first time she tipped the beam at 88 pounds, and the second at 65 pounds, proving that she can change her material weight at will. The spirits affirmed that within a year or two they would be able to appear as public lecturers, and, after the delivery of an oration, to vanish from the stage in full view of the audience.—*N. Y. Daily Graphic*.

[From the *N. Y. Daily Graphic*.]

A SUGGESTION FROM THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

We are all very much interested in the reports you are publishing of investigations of spiritualistic phenomena, both in Vermont and Philadelphia. There is one point which seems especially important, namely, the power which the spirits exhibit of dematerializing such material objects as pearl crosses, gold rings, callally, &c., vide Robert Dale Owen's account in the *Daily Graphic* of the 3d inst. In the case of the callally, the dematerialization seems to have been performed without injuring the organic structure of the vegetable life, for it was again materialized, and appeared in its first condition apparently. Can the same thing be done with animal life? If your agent in Vermont could manage to get a materialized spirit to vanish from before his eyes in a lighted room, holding in its hand some small living animal, say a canary bird, and afterward re-materialize it; and if the bird should, after its resurrection, hop about, sing, chirp, etc., a good many people would be bold enough to believe that the same thing could be done with a baby. How would that effect ordinary physical death? If the investigations of your agent are not yet concluded, would it not be desirable to undertake some such tests?

Very truly yours,
F. W. S.
Office of Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y., Oct. 5.

VOLTAIRE'S LAWSUIT.

Voltaire was a good-hearted man as well as a great author. Here is one of the many pleasant anecdotes told of him:

When he bought of the President de Broses the chateau in which he lived, it was found that in the measurement of the land there was comprised a strip belonging to a farmer named John Panissot, who went to Voltaire to claim his property. The latter would have listened favorably to his demand if he had not been warned that, right or wrong, many farmers surrounding his new purchase were prepared to bring a similar request. Desiring to cut short what he believed to be a pretence, Voltaire rejected the claim, and was arraigned at the tribunal of Gex, where, defended by a lawyer, doubtless better than his cause, he non-suited the plaintiff, and was pronounced the owner of the disputed land.

But Panissot determined to appeal from an unjust sentence. As he wanted money for the purpose, he conceived the plan to apply to him against whom he was conducting the suit; and accordingly went to Voltaire's residence, and asked for an interview, which was accorded.

"Ah! it is you, Panissot? What brings you here?"

"My confidence in your uprightness; for I come to beg you to lend me money enough to prosecute my appeal to the court of Dijon from the sentence pronounced at Gex."

"What! do you think that I shall consent to furnish you with arms to fight me, with rods to chastise me?"

"Yes, Monsieur Voltaire, a great man like you, whose works are full of generous sentiments, will understand my confidence in him in this case!"

"But, Panissot, you are attacking my property."

"No, sir, I am reclaiming my own. You doubtless prefer justice to a small bit of land which adds nothing to your fortune, but which lessens my property very much."

Voltaire, surprised at a confidence which honored him, as well as the firm language of the farmer, acceded to his request, and lent him three hundred francs. The case, carried to the tribunal of Dijon, was lost by Voltaire, who was obliged to grant to Panissot the land he claimed. When the latter came to return the sum borrowed, Voltaire said to him, "Keep it, it will serve to pay the expenses of the first trial at Gex, which you unjustly lost."—*Boston Investigator*.

BEECHER'S BOBTAIL FLUSH.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* writes as follows:

Not far from me lives an intelligent negro lad, who is considered an oracle in the society in which he moves. His employment is servant at a club-house, where he has picked up quite a knowledge of the amusements of the white folks, and

keeps himself generally well posted on the events of the day. Called upon by his colored friends to explain the Beecher matter, he said:

"You see, it's jis like a game o' draw. Beecher, it was his blind; everybody took a hand. Miss Woodhull she makes de fuss play; den dis man Bacon he come in. When Bacon come in Massa Tilton follow, 'cos he had a good han.' Massa Moulton he follered in, 'cos he thought Tilton was a-goin' to be robbed—dropped in kinder quiet like. Den de small fry, them fellers with deuces and trays, they come in, 'cos it looked like a good pot. Massa Beecher pick up his hand an' he find a fow (four) flush. Bein' his blind, he think he play smart and raise 'em all out—so he raise 'em the limit. Dey all pass out 'cept Tilton and Moulton. Tilton he draw one card, two par, nines and sixes, and don't better 'em. Moulton he draw two cards to free aces and take in a par jacks. Beecher he draw one card. Tilton he feel kinder weak on his han, an' bet white chip. Moulton he know Beecher on de bluff, so he jes follers wid a white chip. Beecher he don't look at his han' 'tall, but jest go right back de limit. Tilton he feel kinder weak den. He feel he can beat Beecher, but he tink Moulton kin beat Beecher too, but he 'fraid Moulton get skeered and pass out. Finally Tilton he call, kinder hesitatin' like, and den Moulton he jes bounce Beecher. Dat kinder startle Beecher, and he look at his han' 'e draw a club to fo' hearts, and got nuffin but bobtail flush. Massa Beecher can't play bluff wid dem fellers. Dey eat him up blood raw."

THE DRESS REFORM.

BY J. H. COOK.

For thirty years I have been an advocate for such a dress for women as is dictated by common sense, decency and physiology. Until lately, I had despaired of seeing, in my life, public opinion awakened to the importance of this reform. I now rejoice to be informed that through the pens and tongues of such heroic and indefatigable spirits as Mary E. Tillotson and O. F. Shepherd, our forces may be concentrated and greatly augmented for the freedom of woman's body as well as her mind. "A sound mind in a sound body" must be preceded by a free mind in a free body. I am glad that for several years of my life I have lived with a woman who had the sense and moral courage to wear a dress that would permit her to breathe and move as easily and freely as I do, although it has often been against her pocket and respectability. To me it is sad and disgusting to see a woman's "human form divine" burdened, "cabinied, cribbed, confined," till "the frantic soul runs to each avenue and shrieks for help, but shrieks in vain." A fashionable and intelligent lady who had been an invalid for several years, employed skillful physicians and taken many quack nostrums, at last, in despair, sent for an honest and unpretending doctor. He sat looking in silence at her, and she, expecting some prescription to swallow said, "Doctor, what shall I take?" "You must take—" "What shall I take?" "You must take—" "Do tell, doctor." "You—must—take—off—your—corsets!" If all physicians were as honest and frank how much suffering would be avoided, and how many lives would be saved. I hesitate not to say that if woman would dress as nature dictates, one-half of her miseries and pains would be avoided and future generations vastly improved. I do not expect that the advocates of popular theology and the devotees of fashion will ever try to dress woman as though she had a spirit to be developed in her body; but it does seem as though Spiritualists and social reformers ought to know enough, and feel enough, for suffering woman to open their eyes to this much-needed reform and carry it along with others. Often have I lamented to see spiritual mediums dressed *a la mode* and violating continually the truths and laws they taught in their lectures. I told one of the most brilliant and wonderful speaking mediums eighteen years ago that she was daily committing suicide by her fashionable dressing and other violations of nature. In about one year her friends consigned her long-abused body to the grave, and her spirit was forced, prematurely, to the spirit world. The Spiritual ranks are full of cases of a more or less similar character. I have even known some Spiritualists to shun and treat with coldness a woman who wore a short dress. We are apt to look down on the female rag-pickers in our city streets; but they are far more decent with their scanty skirts than those ladies on the side-walk who mop up tobacco-spittle and other filth, without charge, with their costly and fashionable skirts spread out for gentlemen to step or spit on. Oh splendid, fashionable nastiness! Oh, but "We may as well be out of the world as out of the fashion." Well, then, be in fashion, and you will soon be out of the world, and miserable and useless while you are in it. Oh, man, it is within your power to greatly facilitate the progress of the dress reform. Will you use that power?

DEXTER, Me., Sept. 26, 1874.

Editors Weekly—Permit me to say that we have had the pleasure not long since of listening to the very efficient and popular lecturer, Mrs. Nellie L. Davis. This well known lady made her third annual tour to our village in July last, and was welcomed by a goodly audience in both afternoon and evening. The subjects of her discourses were, in the afternoon, "New Occasions Teach New Duties;" in the evening, "What is Truth?" Her remarks were listened to very attentively, and the elucidation of the theories she advocated as regards free love and its principles, had a tendency to draw the closest attention from and to deeply interest her hearers. Mrs. Davis is an able and eloquent speaker, and is endowed with all the qualifications that make a first-class orator, and we sincerely trust that we have not listened to her last lecture.
J. H. S.

HAMILTON, N. Y., Sept. 28.

Editors Weekly—The Central N. Y. Association of Spiritualists, closed its session yesterday. This association is known for its orthodox and conservative tendencies. However though many of the prominent radicals absented themselves, the

session was a decided success and well sustained throughout, Elmore Sharpe, an able young lawyer of Chenango, came to the defense of social reform. with a little vigorous English that made men stare. It seemed for a time, that the carefully prepared feast of the conservatives would be tipped over, but after a slight bluster the equilibrium was restored. There were several able speakers present, but none of those ventured to throw a stone at the champion of social reform.

WM. MADDEN.

From the Sunday Press, Philadelphia, Pa.]
POLITICAL GOSSIP.

SHAKESPEARE ADAPTED TO THE TIMES.

The quality of bribery is deep stained;
It droppeth from a hand behind the door
Into the voter's palm. It is twice dirty:
It dirties both him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis basest in the basest, and becomes
Low blacklegs more than servants of the State.
Those swindlers show the force of venal power,
The attribute to trick and roguery,
Whereby 'tis managed that a bad horse wins;
But bribery is below their knavish "lay."
It is the vilest of dishonest things;
It is the attribute of the Ring itself;
And other creatures most like Ringsters show
When bribery smothers conscience. Therefore, you
Whose conscience takes the fee, consider this—
That in the cause of just reform, you all
Should lose your franchise: we do dislike bribery;
And that dislike doth cause us to oppose
The re-election of one Mann.

FRANK MOULTON SPEAKS A KIND WORD FOR
VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

In a recent interview with Mr. Moulton, this is what he said to a newspaper man about Victoria C. Woodhull:
"There is nothing in my family to fear. My wife is a broad-minded, self-preserving woman, able to take care of herself. We accept life on the theory of human imperfection. I was struck with the unexpected modesty of Mrs. Woodhull, and said: 'Emma, I want you to take a look at that woman and tell me what you think of her.' We treated her with the courtesy the case required, and, by placing her under a higher motive than had generally been imputed to her, that of mercy and sacrifice, we had the scandal suppressed for a year and a half. We abandoned her only when we found that there was an adverse influence we could not verreach."

"What was that?"

"The wanton persecution she had suffered—driven out of hotels and boarding-houses—and besides there was at her elbow old Stephen Pearl Andrews, pushing her on to prove society falsely constructed. Two ladies of the Beecher family, Mrs. Stowe one of them, in the *Christian Union*, grossly abused Mrs. Woodhull. I never heard her utter an immodest word, and if I could tolerate Mr. Beecher in my family after what I knew of him, why not Mrs. Woodhull? The Woodhull experience was a mere episode to us. Mrs. Woodhull admired Theodore, who did not reciprocate, and Beecher admired Mrs. Woodhull. The public have always had the wrong end of this scandal."—*Police News*.

COMMENTS.

"The wrong end of this scandal!" Why could not Mr. Moulton have given the whole truth in regard to this episode in the history of the scandal, instead of subscribing to the miserable pretexts of Messrs. Beecher and Tilton? We can, however, afford to wait, for the truth will come and put to shame all who have sought to evade it by their falsities and equivocations.

BEECHER had only 400 people to hear him lecture at Woburn, Mass., Monday night.

The *Chicago Advance* says that a well-known theological professor in Chicago pronounces Tilton's last statement a paper "worthy of Demosthenes."

REV. H. W. BEECHER lectured at Boston on "Compulsory Education." The audience was very thin and there was no enthusiasm.—*Witness*.

A PERSON who represented that he was a clergyman presented himself at the office of a prominent real estate firm in Boston one day this week, and asked if the firm would give him a list of all the farms offered for sale and owned by widows. The query naturally arose whether he wanted to buy a widow or marry a farm.

BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

MRS. MURR, Clairvoyant, Business and Healing Medium, cures all diseases by the laying-on of hands. Also, magnetic, positive and negative pills guaranteed to cure any disease. Seances fifty cents. Mrs. Murr, 428 Nineteenth street, Phila.

DR. CHAUNCEY BARNES, the great Reformer, is stumping the country with the "Healing Balm for the Nation," the most important lecture ever given, to inaugurate a new form of government. Subject: "Clear the Political Track, all office-seekers and office-holders under the Government of the United States of America, for the coming man is on the march toward the head of your nation, with a new form of government in 1876. He will show how we can have lands and homes for all the poor in America; also how we can settle all troubles with the black, red and white races, and how the National debt can be paid within eight or ten years. Come one, come all! Lovers of truth, rich and poor, laborers, come forth! Woman's rights, temperance, Spiritualism, its true mission, and all other Reforms." Look out for him, and give him a hearing.

WARREN CHASE will lecture in Ottumwa, Iowa, October 25th, and in Cairo, Ill., the five Sundays of November. He will receive subscriptions for the WEEKLY.

ADDIE L. BALLOU

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

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

DR. L. K. COONLEY has removed from Vineland to Newark N. J. Office and residence No. 51 Academy street, where he will treat the sick daily and receive applications to lecture Sundays in New Jersey, New York or elsewhere in the vicinity.
L. K. COONLEY.

THE Universal Association of Spiritualists, Primary Council No. 1 of Illinois, meets every Sunday at 3:30 p. m., at hall 204 Van Buren street, corner of Franklin, Chicago. Free conference and free seats.

ERNEST J. WITHEFORD, Cor. Sec.

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

The First Primary Council of Boston, of the U. A. of Spiritualists, have leased the new "Parker Fraternity (lower) Hall," corner of Berkly and Appleton streets, where they give lectures every Sunday afternoon and evening.
JOHN HARDY, Cor. Secretary.

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

BENJAMIN & MARION TODD have removed from Ypsilanti to Port Huron, Mich. Their correspondents will please address them accordingly.

Religion superseded by the *Kingdom of Heaven*; official organ of the Spirit World. A monthly journal, established in 1864, to explain and to prove that Spiritualism has prepared the way for the second coming of Christ. Thomas Cook, publisher, No. 50 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

D. W. HULL is now in the East, and will answer calls to lecture at any place. Address 871, Washington st., Boston.

IMPORTANT TO PERSONS WANTING TO SPEND THE WINTER SOUTH.—A lady and gentleman can be accommodated in the house of a physician, on moderate terms, in one of the most beautiful cities of the South. For particulars inquire at this office.

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

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

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

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

W. F. JAMIESON is engaged to return to Boston for the Sundays of Oct. Will receive applications for week-evening lectures in vicinity of Boston. Address No. 9 Montgomery place, Boston, Mass.

Miss Nellie L. Davis will speak in San Francisco, Cal., in December; in San Jose, during January. Permanent address, 235 Washington st., Salem, Mass.

SEWARD MITCHELL desires to inform his correspondents that he has removed from Cornville, Me., and his present address is West Littleton, Mass.

DR. R. P. FELLOWS, the renowned healer, who has met with such unbounded success in our principal cities, in casting out devils, in healing the Palsied, the Lame, Deaf and Blind, and, in fact, all known Diseases, is now meeting with the same success in healing by his Magnetized Powder, which he will send to any part of the globe on the receipt of \$1. The doctor can be addressed at Vineland, N. J.

THE PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS of New York have changed their place of meeting. The Conference now assembles every Sunday at 2 P. M. at the Harvard Rooms, 42d street and Sixth avenue. At its last meeting a proposition was made by Mr. Farnsworth, suggesting the propriety of holding regular meetings there throughout the day, and engaging speakers to instruct the people with regard to Spiritualism in the morning and evenings. We are glad to add that the idea seemed to meet with general approval.

DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD is engaged to speak in Putnam, Conn., during October. Would make other engagements. Address, Greenwich Village, Mass.

THE First Grand Prize Meda was unanimously awarded to J. W. Bracket, for best piano fortes "of superior workmanship, new application of material and improvements in construction," over all competitors, at the last fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic's Association, held in Boston. Judges: Benjamin J. Lang, John K. Paine, Theodore Chase, Joseph B. Sharland, Charles J. Capen. Warerooms and factory: 387 Washington street, Boston.

LAURA CUPPY SMITH's engagements are as follows: October, New Bedford, Mass.; Dec., New Haven, Conn.; January and March, Boston; February, Salem, Mass. Societies desiring to engage her for the intervening months would do well to apply at once. Address, till further notice, 27 Milford street, Boston, Mass.

[CIRCULAR.]

BUREAU OF CORRESPONDENCE
OF THE PANTARCHY.

The increasing number of letters of inquiry, addressed to MR. ANDREWS personally, and to others known to be associated with him, in respect to the nature, purposes, progress and prospects of the Pantarchy, suggest the propriety of organizing a branch or bureau of its operations for the express purpose of answering such and similar inquiries, as well as for the relief of the parties so addressed, whose time has, heretofore, been gratuitously given to the writing of replies.

There are two other kinds of letters sent in a steady current for many years to the same quarter. The first are letters of inquiry touching social difficulties, and asking for advice or consolation, in the thousand trying conditions in which married and unmarried persons, men and women, find themselves involved. The others are letters asking specific information, on matters of reform, spiritualism, unitary life, the new language, and the like; and even on a variety of topics, concerning science, business, and miscellaneous subjects.

To serve this great want; to organize and economize labor; and to extend this method of giving information into a systematized institution for the use of the whole community this Bureau formed. The aggregate of small fees, will, it is hoped, furnish a means of support to one or several of the wisest and best of the men or women most versed in the social reform, and in universological science, and prove of great use to many an aching heart and to many an inquiring mind. THE BUREAU OF CORRESPONDENCE will undertake to answer ANY QUESTION (admitting of an answer) upon ANY SUBJECT, and in case its efforts are appreciated will take the necessary steps to enlarge its connections and means of information to that end. In the meantime, if the question is of a kind which the Bureau is unable to answer, the fee will be returned.

The fees charged are as follows: For a reply on postal card to a single inquiry, 10 cents; for a letter of advice, information (more at large), or sympathy and consolation, 25 cents. In the latter case, the letter of inquiry must contain a stamp, for the answer. No increase of charge on account of the difficulty of obtaining the information, except in special instances, which will be arranged by correspondence. Newspapers inserting this circular, can avail themselves of the aid of the Bureau without charge.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

THEODORA FREEMAN SPENCER,
JOHN G. ROBINSON, M. D.,
ASRNATH C. McDONALD,
DAVID HOYLE,
Address Mrs. A. C. McDonald, Sec. B. C. P., 75 W. 54th St., New York.

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[The only paper in the World conducted, absolutely, upon the Principles of a Free Press.]

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It advocates, as parts of the new government—

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 3. A new industrial system, in which each individual will remain possessed of all his or her productions.
 4. A new commercial system in which "cost," instead of "demand and supply," will determine the price of everything and abolish the system of profit-making.
 5. A new financial system, in which the government will be the source, custodian and transmitter of money, and in which usury will have no place.
 6. A new sexual system, in which mutual consent, entirely free from money or any inducement other than love, shall be the governing law, individuals being left to make their own regulations; and in which society, when the individual shall fail, shall be responsible for the proper rearing of children.
 7. A new educational system, in which all children born shall have the same advantages of physical, industrial, mental and moral culture, and thus be equally prepared at maturity to enter upon active, responsible and useful lives.
- All of which will constitute the various parts of a new social order, in which all the human rights of the individual will be associated to form the harmonious organization of the peoples into the grand human family, of which every person in the world will be a member.

Criticism and objections specially invited.
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COL. J. H. BLOOD, Managing Editor.
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As well as the scientific administration of **ANIMAL AND SPIRITUAL MAGNETISM** in all their various forms.

The Best Clairvoyants and Magnetic Operators are Always Employed.

This combination of remedial means can safely be relied upon to cure every disease that has not already destroyed some vital internal organ. No matter how often the patient affected in chronic form may have failed in obtaining relief, he should not despair, but seek it from this, the only Institution where all the various methods of cure can be combined.

In addition to the cure of disease, Clairvoyant consultations upon all kinds of business and upon all forms of social affairs can also be obtained. The very best of reference given to all who desire it, both as to disease and consultations.

Reception hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Invalids who cannot visit the Institute in person can apply by letter. Medicine sent to all parts of the world.

All letters should be addressed,

MAGNETIC HEALING INSTITUTE,

314 EAST NINTH ST., NEW YORK

Testimonials.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels Cured.

NEW YORK, July 20, 1870.

For several years I have been suffering from an acute disease (inflammation of the kidneys and upper part of the stomach and bowels), for which I had been treated by several of the most eminent and successful physicians in the vicinity of New York, but without success. My disease seemed to have assumed a chronic form, and I had almost despaired of ever being cured. Hearing of their success in the treatment of all chronic diseases, I determined to try their skill, and I am now thankful that I did, as after the very first operation I commenced to improve, and now, after a few weeks, I am well, or nearly so.

Hoping that this may induce others who need their services to test their skill, I cheerfully give this testimony in their favor, and hope that they may be the means of restoring hundreds of those suffering as I did to health and strength.

JOHN A. VANZANT,

Spring Valley, N. Y.

I had become so weak that I could scarcely walk a block. A friend advised me to go to the Magnetic Healing Institute, and see what could be done for me there. I went, and after being examined was told I could be cured only by the strictest Magnetic treatment. The first operation affected me strangely, sending piercing pains through my back and kidneys; but I began to improve at once, and now, after one month's treatment, I have returned to my employment and can walk several miles without fatigue. I can be seen at 101 Clinton avenue, Brooklyn, or at 23 South street, New York.

T. P. RICHARDSON.

Inflammation of the Face and Eyes Cured.

NEW YORK CITY, June 21, 1869.

I had been afflicted for several years by a serious inflammation of the face, involving the eyes, which were so bad that at times I could not see at all. One eye I thought entirely destroyed. I tried various remedies and the most eminent physicians, but could not even get relief, for the most excruciating pain accompanied it. As a last resort I applied at the Magnetic Healing Institute. They explained my disease and said it could be removed. Though thoroughly skeptical, I placed myself under treatment, and, strange as it may seem, am now, after six weeks' treatment, entirely cured; the eye I thought destroyed, is also restored. I consider my case demonstrates that the mode of treating diseases practiced at the Institute is superior to all others, as I had tried them all without benefit.

JOHN FOX.

No. 3 Clinton avenue, near Fletcher street, Brooklyn.

Bright's Disease of the Kidneys Cured.

NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 8, 1869.

Eight years ago I was taken with bleeding from the kidneys, which has continued at intervals ever since. All the best physicians did me no good, and finally gave me up as an incurable case of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. My friends had all lost hope, and I had also given up, as

