

WOODHULL & CLARLIN'S WEEKLY.

PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT! UNTRAMMELED LIVES!

BREAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

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WHAT IT SHOWS.

TUSCOLA, ILLS., April 17, 1875.

Dear Weekly—What a variety of opinion there is floating about concerning the "great trial of reputations" in Brooklyn, and all of it more or less sincere, though founded to a great extent on prejudice. The current opinion of the great world is that Beecher is guilty of the charge brought against him, and that Theodore Tilton's career and character make no difference, do not mitigate the offense in the least on the part of Beecher; for does not the great world furnish immunity for men in such a case, and bear with crushing weight upon the woman always?

I think it noteworthy, to say the least, that the majority of those who hold fast to the idea of Beecher's innocence are members of evangelical churches, and they invariably with one voice protest that there is not a particle of evidence in the whole case against that supposition. They take fully as unreasonable a course as the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, whose editorials are simply amusing to read for their dogged persistence in calling black white and vice versa.

I confess that I am staggered by the sublime swearing of the great preacher, in the face of reason and evidence enough of his guilt to hang him a dozen times. I have conversed with men and women of all persuasions, from Catholic to Atheist, down through all grades and shades of profession and belief, and I do not find a soul but admits strong circumstantial evidence of Beecher's guilt, except the zealous church members of the evangelical orders, and many of them admit the evidences but prefer to accept Beecher's explanation for the facts in the case, because they think that the interests of religion are at stake in this trial and the defendant must be upheld at all hazards.

A lady writing me from Boston says she believes Beecher guilty, and from the standpoint of Mr. and Mrs. Tilton's letters she thinks his guilt doubly damned. Since then Bessie Turner has lifted the roof off the Tiltonian sanctuary, and we are led to believe that all that glitters is not gold. Those gushing letters were pretty and sweet, yet they hinted at the eternal skeleton, though its closet door was gracefully draped with rose-colored damask. We must not permit our fond imagination, conjured up by those tender epistles, to blind us to the fact in evidence, that Theodore Tilton was in the disgusting marital habit of snubbing his wife here, there and everywhere—in presence of servants, strangers and children; that he frequently made the sacred hearth-stone too hot for Elizabeth. And we can infer from the hints dropped in her letters that she was only a woman after all, and not the "ecstatic" angel she has been made out by both plaintiff and defendant.

Would any one suppose that I hold in my heart a beautiful ideal of true marriage, or any thought of possible sanctity of home and family? I presume not, since it falls to my pen to depict the stern reality of existence as it manifests itself to me on all sides constantly. A person of the masculine persuasion told me the other day that the idea he had drawn from my letters to the WEEKLY was, that I am a *man-hater*. I dislike to have it so set down, because no woman can hold a higher estimate of true manhood than I do. As to whether I'm a "man-hater" or not, I say, with Anna Dickinson, it depends altogether on the man.

I do hate with all my soul the pampered vices of men that make degraded slaves of women, and above all do I detest the marital tyrannies of men—the mean habits of assumption and dictation they acquire over their wives after marriage, to say nothing of their sisters under the paternal roof. If I could find a man so self-respecting that he would cut his throat before he would snub his wife, no matter how ignorant and exasperating she might be, I'd fall down and kiss the hem of his garment. The more ignorant a man's wife is, the clearer would the chivalry of his nature shine if he desisted from that detestable habit of snubbing, so common to married men. I've heard men at their own firesides and tables, in the presence of guests, servants and children, speak to their wives in such a way that all the hot blood in my veins has boiled with righteous indignation, and I would have justified and gloried in the wife's fair conception of the law of self-defense if she had thrown a cup of coffee in her "lord and master's" face, instead of letting the cruel tears of a deeply wounded sensibility spring to her eyes.

And what is the underlying cause of such a mockery of the early hopes of wedded bliss? We see that the vulgarity of such relations is not confined to the poor, the lowly and the

ignorant, but it crops out in high and refined households—in the family circle of sentimental and "ecstatic" Christians, lovers of art and poetry, popular *litterateurs*, whose rosy-sounded sentiments of love breathe of all the harmonies of the spheres. My opinion is that the "harmonies of the spheres" is a myth, and that there is just as much miserable mixing up and everlasting clashing going on with the spheres as with that epitome of a sphere, the "sacred human family."

Familiarity is sure to breed contempt. There is too much unrestrained familiarity in families. Yet as the family is constituted how is it possible to avoid it? Parents and children mix together like cattle; they eat, drink, sleep and perform all sacred personal duties almost in each others face and eyes, and if there is a soul so highly attuned as to withstand the degrading influence of such familiarity, I should like to find that soul. With husband and wife such familiarity is of a doubly vitiating character. If no man is a hero to his valet, most assuredly no man is such to the wife of his bosom, neither is she a heroine to her lord. But her deep affectional love, such as a mother's for her child, outlives the decay of her respect for what was once the exalted god of her fond imagination, throned in the fairyland of love's young dream. But when Adonis loses his respect for his nymph, there is not affection enough left in his soul to prevent his snubbing her in public.

No matter how sweet, how rosy bright, how clear blue and golden, dewy and fresh and fragrant was the morning of love, the disgusting familiarities of the licensed riot of marriage turn into a hot, sultry, arid, brazen noontide, a dull, chilly miasmatic twilight; and the end is a man's and a woman's heart full of graves of disappointed hopes, over which the hard realities of the daily struggle sweep like a deadly sirocco of the desert, blasting every green thing, and drying up all the well-springs in the soul.

O, the marital deserts along life's borders! O, if a thousand Bessie Turners could be permitted to lift the roofs off a thousand marital charnel-houses, that outside are plastered deep with conventional whitewash! What sights and bad odors would escape! What an army of restless ghosts hunting "soft spots" to sleep in and making night hideous with their wanderings upstairs and down! Husbands and wives who have become so degraded from their pristine glory of love that they do not hesitate to quarrel and snub each other in the presence of strangers and the children of their love, or lust, as the case may be, when, in those halcyon days when love sang a siren song in their enamored ears, they would have crucified themselves ere they would have let out the innate devil. But the devil is in us all, and if we make a contract with another soul to live as one for all time, what else can we look for but that the grossly familiar relation will sooner or later breed contempt and become a soul withering blight? People may mutter to me about the "sanctified relation" and the "sacredness of the family," a wife "beautiful and glorified in her womanly faithfulness, ministering like an angel to the father of her children and her holy household cares"—to me that sort of talk is nothing but the most disgusting cant, while the realities of the case are what they are; while the state of things in myriad households is such a sad, sad history of dead and buried darlings of a hopeful soul, fully murdered by that same insatiate familiarity, which is as sure to breed contempt as a dead carcass is to exhale contagion.

I speak what I do know, for I read the history of sham reality, and its secret places are open to me, though to the casual observer its other name is *sanctity*, and its secretness passes for sacredness to those who would prefer the worship of a golden calf to a knowledge of a bitter truth. Let not one falsehood be suffered to go undiscovered, let not one family altar reared upon broken hopes and crushed hearts be suffered to perpetuate its sham and hypocrisy in the name of religion any longer; let the roofs come off all the households where a lie is lived, for the sake of appearances and for the maintenance of "Christian morality"—another name for Brooklyn corruption. The world is at a stage when it can bear a full revelation of all the disgusting truth that underlies this social cesspool, for only the truth shall make us free.

Brother Talmage and his ilk may make a pretense of being ashamed of developments, and sigh for a lodge in some vast wilderness where clerical gentlemen can have full swing for "true inwardness," and "paroxysmal" indulgence undisturbed by any unfortunate publicity; though, at the same

time, no pen or tongue is so fertile as Brother Talmage's tongue and pen in nasty language wherewith to characterize the Beecher business. The world should thank Brother T. for his just estimate of the affair, and for doing the subject ample justice in his own peculiar style, much that of a Billingsgate fish-monger in ye olden time. But if the rev. gent would only draw more fitting conclusions from the obscene drama daily enacted in Brooklyn, he might hope to achieve his evident purpose since the inception of the great scandal, and ride into popular favor in the "City of Churches" on the downfall of the Plymouth Pastor. But Talmage will have to cultivate a larger growth of heart and soul-intellect ere he can hope to live in the hearts of the people as Henry Ward Beecher has and does. Talmage is a captious bigot, a snarling, snapping clerical cur, with about as much conception of an eternal principle as a pig has of purity. Yet, unlike the hog, who never looks up, Talmage looks up and aspires (?) to Beecher's position in Brooklyn! God alone knows the end from the beginning, and God has sent the advance guard to tell the people of the corruptions of the times, and he has illustrated it with the Beecher scandal, the odors of whose offense rise to heaven. I speak of God as though I were acquainted with him. I'm not; I use God where, perhaps, I should put truth as a principle. Early habit is strong. God was a personality to me once, and I cannot keep the idea from cropping out.

To continue, I think we are to take this great social drama as a type of the whole social corruption, a beacon kindled on a hill to light up the surrounding valleys of darkness. And only one truth is evolved from it to my mind—the truth that love must be free ere lust be slain at the feet of justice. The deadly wrongs, a result of love in bondage, wherein woman, the natural priestess, is made the slave, cry to heaven for vengeance; and truth's plowshare in Brooklyn shall yet overturn the whole social sub-stratum, ushering in an era of sexual purity that even Brother Talmage can contemplate without wishing suppressed; an era that only the prophets of the future dream of at this day and hour of the social revolution.

HELEN NASH.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

Passed to the other life on March 27th, 1875, at Riverside, California, ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE.

In 1854 we united ourselves on a non-compulsory basis, recognizing no authority of church or state to regulate our personal relations. We have ever since, whether together or apart, been united by the closest ties of love and congeniality in all things, and are still thus united, her almost last words being "Love is stronger than death."

From the age of about eighteen she was a determined liberalist in religion; she welcomed the phenomena of modern Spiritualism at its first appearance, and, soon after our union, became a "seeing medium" under circumstances which left no room for doubt. About the same time, experimenting in the manner suggested by the writings of Dr. Buchanan, her psychometric faculties were developed and quietly matured, principally, however, in the direction of science. She applied this faculty, assisted by Prof. Wm. Denton, her brother, to geology, astronomy, physiology, and to the elucidation of these delicate relations of the brain and nervous system to the spirit which so far transcend ordinary scientific methods. But

"Chill penury repressed her noble rage
And froze the genial current of her soul."

Though rarely wanting necessities of life, so called, we could but rarely command the requisite leisure and external conditions for pushing these investigations to the extent deserved, and still more rarely the means to publish them in the form desired, though many of her examinations have been published in the "Soul of Things," by Wm. Denton, Vol. I. and III. She considered psychometry, as she understood it, to be the connecting link between Spiritualism and science, making the immortal and the spiritual not merely something to be learned from those who have passed the veil, but a part of ourselves now, placing us "face to face" with that life which even Spiritualists, for the most part, see only "through a glass darkly."

In woman's emancipation she took a deep interest, and was the first to lecture on that subject in the British Provinces as far back as 1855-6; but she soon became rather tired of its merely external phases, and went to the root of the matter, or very near it, believing that to be thorough the reform must commence at birth or before, and that it was even more

Ms. Document

important to prepare women to exercise the suffrage judiciously than to obtain the suffrage itself. These views she desired to present to the Woman's Convention at Washington in January, 1870, but was denied the fifteen minutes requisite by the externalists who controlled it, one of whom occupying more than that time "gassing," in order that the gag might be kept on. But it is what they all must come to, and until the essence of power is reached the forms are useless.

The "Rights of Children" received her very early attention, and she has written much on the subject in a fragmentary way. She had great power of teaching children attractively, and no lyceum, at which she could be present and speak, was a failure, or ever could be. Seeing the clumsy and absurdly inappropriate style, largely seasoned with orthodoxy, in which nearly all children's books are written, she prepared a series of four volumes, to be followed by two more, but they are still unpublished. She has also written several stories for children, inculcating radical religious ideas, which were published in the *Present Age*.

In personal freedom, she was, ever since I have known her, measurably a believer, but did not accept it in its fullest significance until about 1869 or 1870.

The industrial condition of woman was with her a subject of earnest and long-continued thought. Believing that occupation on the land was the keystone of woman's independence, she, with two children, left Washington in December, 1870, for Southern California, to engage in the raising of semi-tropical fruit and fruit trees. After waiting nearly two years for irrigation, she commenced active operations in the spring of 1873, but conditions incidental to a semi-pioneer life and limited means placed obstacles in her way which it required considerable vitality to overcome. I visited her in 1873-4, but returned East to obtain more means, and hurriedly came back in March last to find her almost a skeleton from long sickness, caused mainly by exposure and over-exertion.

From first to last she was cursed by the "misery of the isolated household," whereby at least five-sixths of woman's labor in the household is worse than wasted. In the co-operative household she would have recovered without difficulty had she ever been sick at all. But she yielded at last to the force of conditions surrounding her, and the want of sufficient and suitable magnetism from others.

She now desires me to add that it "was always her wish that no ties should bind where the spirit is not held by its kindred spirit, and no barrier separate those whose spirits are united, come what may. Freedom always, always freedom, culminating in order, as it must. The order which is without freedom is but the order of death; the beauty which has not freedom for its basis is the beauty of desolation, if such can be; and the life which is without freedom is but a shadow and a fraud on the giver of life, be that what it may. So may the grace which comes from the innermost soul of things consecrate the efforts of all true souls which inhabit the physical form, as to render them impervious to criticism from those who live under the shadow of death, and enable them to stand erect in the fullness of a noble life, and look back from a better land to their earthly career without shame and without any regret, except that they could not have done more for that gospel of love and freedom, which embodies the "salvation of humanity." ALFRED CRIDGE.

RIVERSIDE, Cal., May 2, 1875.

THE BROOKLYN BUSINESS.

As was stated in our last number, Mrs. Woodhull was subpoenaed by the defense on Tuesday of last week by the process called in legal parlance *duces tecum*, which means to produce papers, books, etc. In accordance with the requirement, she proceeded to Brooklyn on Wednesday, the 12th instant, and called at the head-quarters of the defense, where Mr. Beecher's lawyers were congregated. They (the lawyers) desired to have the letters delivered to them before going into court, so that they could learn their contents before introducing them; but she declined to deliver them for inspection unless compelled to do so under instructions from the court.

The following will show the course taken:

(From the *Tribune*.)

INTEREST EXCITED BY MRS. WOODHULL'S PRESENCE AND WORDS.

Hardly a day passes now in the Tilton-Beecher trial without producing a surprise, or a dramatic incident, of some kind. The court had just been called to order yesterday, and the plaintiff's counsel were on the point of calling Mr. Moulton to the witness chair, when Mr. Evarts interrupted them, saying that he was expecting some papers in regard to which he might wish to question Mr. Tilton, and that he preferred not to have another witness put upon the stand until they came. Half an hour passed, and the large audience began to grow very impatient, and to wonder what cause there could be for the delay. Suddenly, about 25 minutes before 12 o'clock, Mr. Shearman entered the court-room by the door leading from Chambers. Closely following him was a lady who was immediately recognized by many as Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull. Expectation had been excited by the understanding that she would be called for the defendant, and her sudden appearance created one of the most marked sensations that has occurred in the court-room since the trial began. Many rose to their feet and fixed their eyes on Mrs. Woodhull. The counsel on both sides turned in their chairs and looked at her. The jurymen smiled and whispered to one another, casting curious glances toward Mrs. Woodhull. Mr. Shearman pushed his way rapidly through the crowded aisles, and Mrs. Woodhull kept close at his heels, appearing to shrink from the universal notice which she had attracted. Mr. Shearman found a seat for her in the rear of the Plymouth delegation. She was plainly attired in a dark purple dress, and wore a thick blue veil thrown back over her bonnet.

Mr. Shearman stated that Mrs. Woodhull possessed letters which she declined to produce without receiving instructions from the court. Judge Neilson declined to give any instructions, and, after considerable discussion, principally

between Mr. Fullerton and Mr. Evarts, Mr. Shearman said: "Mrs. Woodhull, we call upon you for those letters of Mr. Tilton." Mrs. Woodhull arose and came forward quietly, and stood in the midst of the group of lawyers' chairs. Her face flushed, and she seemed to feel embarrassed by the steady staring of the audience. Mr. Evarts and Mr. Shearman conversed with her in low tones for several minutes. Mrs. Woodhull's gestures showed that she was speaking very earnestly, and the result of the conference was awaited amid dead silence in the court-room. The counsel for the plaintiff appeared to regard these proceedings with suspicion, and Mr. Fullerton asked Judge Neilson to inform Mrs. Woodhull that she was not called upon by the Court to produce the papers. Presently Mr. Shearman said that Mrs. Woodhull desired to say something to the Court.

Mrs. Woodhull then turned, and bowing to Judge Neilson, she spoke in a low voice, saying: "Your honor, I have a very few unimportant letters in my possession, and I feel that if they bring me in at this stage of the proceedings an explanation is due. They are letters which are entirely creditable to myself as well as the gentleman who wrote them. I have no disposition to keep them from any court of justice. But perhaps you are not aware—I cannot say you are not aware—perhaps you do not remember that I have been imprisoned several times for the publication of this scandal. During that time my office was ransacked, and all my private letters and papers taken away. I have reason to believe that some of my letters are in the hands of the defense, as well as of the prosecution. The very few unimportant letters that are left in my possession can result in no disadvantage to myself, and, of course, I do not wish to be held to act from any thought of that nature. I am perfectly willing to give them with this explanation."

This address was listened to with the strictest attention. Every eye was fixed on Mrs. Woodhull, and people in the back parts of the room rose up to get a look at her. Her voice trembled a little, and she flushed very red at first. Judge Neilson bowed, and when she had finished, said, "Well."

Mrs. Woodhull then took out her pocket-book, from which she produced several letters, which she handed to Mr. Shearman. That gentleman smiled in a gratified way as he took them. Mr. Evarts put on his spectacles, and taking the letters from his junior counsel, carefully inspected them. Then they were handed all around among counsel for both sides. After a short conference with his colleagues Mr. Evarts said that he would not require Mr. Tilton to take the stand at that moment. The plaintiff's counsel objected to having the matter deferred, and Judge Neilson finally said that if the defendant's counsel thereafter recalled Mr. Tilton they must have Mrs. Woodhull in attendance. Mrs. Woodhull remained in court only a few minutes after delivering the letters, seeming to be annoyed by the attention she attracted.

(From the *Herald*.)

The proceedings in the Brooklyn trial opened with an extraordinary scene yesterday morning. It was half-past eleven before the business began. The court-room was just comfortably filled. About twenty ladies, including Mrs. Beecher, were in attendance. Several gentlemen, among the rest Mr. Robert Mackenzie, a great shipbuilder of Dundee, Scotland, were seated beside his honor on the bench. During the idle half hour a low gossiping hum pervaded the court room. When it was half-past eleven a smartly dressed lady, wearing a red and yellow flower on her bosom, a black hat enveloped in a blue gauze veil and a suit of gray surmounted by a blue velvet jacket, entered and walked briskly into the middle of the chamber. All eyes were turned on her. It was Victoria C. Woodhull, whose name has been so woven into the warp and woof of this Brooklyn scandal. She was looking well; her age might be thirty; her eye was bright and radiant, and the occasion was evidently one of moment to her.

Speculation was rife as to the things she would be asked to tell. Mrs. Beecher took naturally some interest in the appearance of Mrs. Woodhull, whom she had never seen before. Tilton did not at first pretend to be aware of her presence. The foreign gentleman sitting beside his honor on the bench was, perhaps, the most curious of all. To him Mrs. Woodhull was a greater phenomenon than any other personage in the case. From his position he had a good look at her. It was not long before Mrs. Woodhull obtained a chance of being heard.

As Mrs. Woodhull rose from her seat in rear of Mrs. Beecher and stepped into the charmed circle occupied by the opposing counsel every eye in the room was fixed on her movements. She was very pale, and her lips trembled with suppressed emotion, but she marched forward bravely, yet with an air of defiance, such as might be expected of a prisoner who came to be arraigned. When she reached the place where Mr. Evarts and Mr. Shearman were standing, the latter gentleman put out his hand and again demanded the letters, as did Mr. Evarts. She opened her reticule and gave up one by one six or eight short letters, which were eagerly seized and perused by the counsel for Beecher. So engrossed were they that Mrs. Woodhull was suffered to stand, a fact that led Mr. Beach to say politely, "You will please sit down, Mrs. Woodhull," and she at once sank into a chair. The features of Tilton and his counsel at this juncture were a study. The plaintiff pursed his lips and peered at Victoria in an inquiring way as though he was puzzled to see her in the court-room at all, and on the side of the defendant, even though unwillingly. His counsel were evidently surprised at the unexpected appearance of Mrs. Woodhull, and they conversed eagerly as to the probable contents of the letters and the use to be made of them. Mrs. Woodhull glanced at Tilton, and meeting his eye in a moment, they looked steadfastly at each other for nearly a minute, and Victoria's face flushed slowly but vividly. Mrs. Beecher had all this time been gazing fixedly at the "publisher" of the scandal. Insensibly her mouth closed firmly as she surveyed the woman who had just spoken to the Court, and then her lips curled and a bright glitter grew in her eyes. Mrs. Woodhull was apparently unaware of the steadfast gaze of Mrs. Beecher,

though her eyes were catching, as it were, the glance of every eye within her range of vision. Then the counsel made room for her on one side, and she became a part of the audience, though the object of attention to all curious eyes.

(From the *Sun*.)

"If your honor please," said Mr. Evarts, in the Beecher trial yesterday morning, "I am expecting some papers in regard to which I may have to ask Mr. Tilton. I prefer not to have another witness put upon the stand, as I am expecting to have them brought into court in a moment or two."

The audience had already waited ten minutes longer than usual for the beginning of proceedings.

The time passed idly until half-past 11 o'clock, and impatience began to be plainly expressed in Judge Neilson's face. Then Mr. Shearman entered from the ante-room, escorting Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull. She was at once recognized, by reason of the likenesses of her that have had circulation, and she was closely watched. Mrs. Woodhull had probably never looked better. She was flushed, but composed under the tremendous aggregate of staring. She was tastefully attired. Her black straw hat was of the spring style, and was trimmed with dark ribbon. A dark veil hung from the back of the hat. Her dress was black silk, and over it she wore a sleeveless jacket. Dark gloves and a little bunch of flowers at her throat were among the adjuncts of her fashionable apparel.

The narrative of Mrs. Woodhull's movements before going into court, and while the proceedings were hindered by her absence, is as follows: Having the subpoena served on her by Mr. Beecher's lawyers on Tuesday, and also numerous letters received from Theodore Tilton and others connected with the scandal, she went to Brooklyn early in the morning and was received in Mr. Beecher's consultation room, at Montague and Court streets, by Mr. Shearman and Gen. Tracy. She was not in an amiable mood, and when Mr. Tracy offered an apology for his reference to her in his opening speech for the defense, she said: "I shall accept no apology from you, sir. The only one that you could make, should be made as publicly as was the insult that you offered."

"But," said Mr. Tracy, "I knew of you only from what I had read in the newspapers, a d—"

"That will do, sir," interrupted Mrs. Woodhull; "I wish to hear no more. You grossly maligned me without cause, and I can accept no apology."

In the court Mr. Shearman was much excited. He had read the letters which Mrs. Woodhull had produced, and they rattled together in his hands. "These—won't—do," he said; "these—won't—do, Mrs. Woodhull."

"Very well, sir," said Mrs. Woodhull; "I am not to be the judge of that. They may not do for Mr. Beecher, but you were anxious to have them."

Mr. Shearman and Mr. Tracy requested permission to retain the letters for a short time, and Mrs. Woodhull consented that they should. Mr. Shearman asked her to tell him the subject of her conversation with Mr. Beecher when, according to her story, she and the preacher were alone together for two hours. Her reply was: "We didn't talk about the weather all that time."

The fact that Mrs. Woodhull was in consultation with Tracy and Shearman having become known, there was a large gathering in the hallway and on the staircase when she went away. In the street she met Mr. Fullerton, who detained her for some minutes in conversation.

(From the *Brooklyn Eagle*, May 12, 1875.)

"Mrs. Woodhull, I call on you for the production of the papers."

Mrs. Woodhull arose from the rear of the Plymouth Church section, and advanced toward the counsel for the defense. A stir and a buzz, and then a dead silence. She stood and spoke in a low tone with Mr. Shearman and Mr. Evarts, and at the close of the conversation Mr. Evarts announced that Mrs. Woodhull desired to make a statement to the Court. Another surging of the audience, followed by deep calm. Judge Neilson signified his consent, and Mrs. Woodhull faced the bench, and made the brief address reported in another place. She was somewhat nervous, but dignified, and her few words evidently made a favorable impression on the audience.

The scene when Mrs. Woodhull was delivering up the letters to Mr. Beecher's counsel, was full of interest. A gratified smile was on Mr. Shearman's face, as he received the missives one by one. Mr. Evarts reached out his hand, closed on them in a business-like way, and glanced them over. The tall, lithe, finely moulded figure of Mrs. Woodhull contrasted well with the somewhat meagre form of Mr. Shearman, and the lean and angular frame of Mr. Evarts. In the rear, watching every motion of the woman, sat Mrs. Beecher. The sight of the letters going into the greedy hands of Mr. Evarts made the plaintiff's counsel uneasy. They fligeted, conversed in low tones, were flushed and harassed. Mr. Tilton turned his face toward Mrs. Woodhull and watched her intently with an anxious, half-despairing look.

(From the *Commercial Advertiser*.)

At twenty-five minutes of twelve, great excitement was caused by the entrance of Mrs. Woodhull, preceded by Brother Shearman.

Instantly every one rose in his seat, and for a while a subdued murmur ran throughout the court-room. Mrs. Woodhull advanced and was given a seat directly in front of the railing, and to the back of the Beecher party.

Mrs. Woodhull's face wore a somewhat defiant expression, and her lips were compressed, and altogether her manner was that of a person resolute in maintaining silence.

(From the *Brooklyn Argus*.)

Another eventful day in the record of the great trial. The appearance of Mrs. Woodhull this morning was not entirely unexpected, but it is doubtful whether anybody anticipated that she would make a speech to the Court. Her remarks appear in the proper place in our full record. Her style of delivery was noticeable for earnestness; her words were well chosen, and it was evident that they were spoken without

previous consideration. In her allusion to her imprisonment for the first publication of this scandal, Mrs. Woodhull betrayed more feeling, and there was just the menace of denunciation in her tone. She asserted in the same vein that in the letters written by Mr. Tilton to her nothing at all would be found at all discreditable to the writer or to herself. After concluding her little speech, she conversed for a moment with Mr. Evarts and Mr. Shearman. A gentleman touched her elbow and pointed to a chair which had been placed for her occupancy. Mrs. Woodhull gracefully acknowledged the courtesy, but said she then preferred to remain standing. Then diving deep into the recesses of a huge morocco wallet which she carried, she brought to light some twelve or fifteen communications which she had received from the plaintiff. Mr. Shearman bent eagerly forward to receive them, and immediately passed them to Mr. Evarts, who was standing by his side. Mrs. Woodhull then answered some unimportant queries made by Mr. Evarts concerning the letters, and a moment later seated herself in a chair adjoining the one occupied by Mr. Tice, and removed only a short distance from the chair in which Mrs. Beecher was sitting. By this time the face of the Broad street brokeress, which had betrayed little trace of color when she entered, had flushed and brightened wonderfully. Mrs. Woodhull was tastefully dressed. Mr. Tilton regarded her with undisguised interest, and the interest aroused by her appearance continued until she retired from the court-room.

(From the Evening News.)

At the opening of the City Court, Brooklyn, this morning, Mr. Evarts arose and said they would have to wait the arrival of some documents about which they would have to ask Mr. Tilton some questions.

"All right," said Judge Neilson.

Few in the court-room, however, understood the importance of the brief address of Mr. Evarts.

After waiting some time, a stir was heard at the side door, and the shuffling of feet in the gallery broke the stillness of the long wait. Mr. Tilton's lawyers and the crowd of spectators half rose from their seats and looking toward the private door, saw Counselor Shearman walking ahead of Mrs. Woodhull. A buzz and chorus of whispers, "There's Mrs. Woodhull," roused those who were not acquainted with the remarkable woman. The curiosity to see the lady who had stirred up this terrible strife made many stand up, and Judge Neilson rapped them down with the sound of his mallet.

Mrs. Woodhull took a seat with her back to the railing inside the bar, and about thirty feet from the bench. She was slightly embarrassed, owing to the curiosity she had excited, and especially under the fire of a number of ogling women who sat near her.

She was dressed in a dark blue silk promenade suit, basque cut, to resemble sleeveless waist, coat sleeve, with narrow bands of velvet running down toward the waist, where knife plaitings concealed the bands. Around her neck was a fine black lace barb, that encircled an Alexandre collar, and at her throat a small tea-rose with geranium leaf. Her head was adorned with a black chip hat, half concealed by a navy-colored blue veil.

When she sat down Mr. Shearman said:

"In your Honor please, we have summoned Mrs. Woodhull in order to produce certain letters she has in her possession from Mr. Tilton. She refuses to surrender them, however, without your Honor's direction."

Mr. Fullerton: And the Court will make no such order. Mrs. Woodhull is here as a witness, not as an expressman. Let them put her on the stand, and she then can produce the letters.

As this would place Mrs. Woodhull at the mercy of a cross-examination by the plaintiff's lawyers, Mr. Evarts was too shrewd not to see, and he smiled as Mr. Fullerton sat down.

Judge Neilson foreshadowed what the little game of the defense was in the following remark he made:

"I don't see what you could gain, Mr. Fullerton. The defense probably wish to identify the letters through another party. If that is the programme, why it gives you no right to a cross-examination. However, I shall decline to instruct the lady to produce any document."

Mr. Evarts argued and cited authorities to show that witnesses had been summoned to prove or produce a document without being put on the stand.

Judge Neilson held to his decision declining to compel Mrs. Woodhull to produce the coveted letters.

Finally Mr. Shearman went to where Mrs. Woodhull was sitting and engaged her in earnest conversation. A pause ensued, and during the lull it seemed as if the defense would be compelled to place the woman on the stand.

Mr. Evarts, however, tenaciously forced the subject on his Honor, and informed him that Mrs. Woodhull had no personal objection to producing the letters, but thought their privacy should be maintained inviolate until requested by the court to deliver them over.

Judge Neilson then said that if the lady was willing he was satisfied, and at this point Mr. Evarts beckoned to Mrs. Woodhull. She approached the lawyer and stood close to him while he stooped down and whispered to her. Her face was flushed, and her lips moved in that rapid manner that is so characteristic of her.

Mr. Evarts, when he had received the letters, held a short conversation with Mr. Fullerton, after which he arose and said he would prefer to defer the cross-examination of Mr. Tilton.

Mr. Fullerton stoutly protested against the programme being carried out. He declared that the Court had waited until nearly twelve o'clock for the purpose of allowing the counsel to get the papers, in order to cross-examine Mrs. Woodhull, and now that the lady is in the jurisdiction of the Court, and the papers in their possession, they decline to call Mr. Tilton.

A long argument took place on the subject between Mr. Beach and Mr. Evarts, when it was soon developed what the scheme of the defense was. It was this:

Mr. Evarts wanted to examine Mr. Tilton in regard to these

letters, but at the time did not care about Mrs. Woodhull's possible explanation of them. He was therefore desirous of getting her out of the jurisdiction of the court.

Judge Neilson finally suggested that Mr. Evarts should stipulate to have Mrs. Woodhull present when Mr. Tilton's cross-examination was begun.

(From the Telegram.)

The main topic of conversation among the visitors was the coming advent of Mrs. Woodhull on the witness stand, and the promised fight between her and ex-Judge Fullerton. She was subpoenaed yesterday at her residence in No. 26 East Fifth street.

At 11:38 Victoria Woodhull entered the court and walked into the room with the air of a tragedy queen. She was preceded by the little lawyer, Mr. Shearman. The contrast, as Tilton once said, was "too great." Mr. Fullerton passed close by her, but avoided looking at her. Floor Manager Cauldwell obtained a nice, roomy seat for her not far from where Mrs. Beecher sat. She was dressed in a dark drab suit, trimmed with velvet, black hat, trimmed with velvet, and ostrich feather, over which was thrown a blue veil. In the corsage of her dress she wore a bouquet of white and red roses.

At ten minutes to twelve Mrs. Woodhull rose from her chair, in compliance with a signal made by Mr. Shearman, and addressed the Court after speaking laughingly with Mr. Evarts, who could crack a joke, it is thought, anywhere on this side of eternity. The voice of the head of the Spiritualists trembled slightly, as she spoke. Her voice was soft and womanly, and not suggestive of the shrieking sisterhood. She stood a couple of feet in front of Mrs. Beecher, as she spoke, and between Shearman and Evarts.

(From the Tribune, May 15.)

The Judge has been censured for permitting Mrs. Woodhull to make the little speech which she addressed to him last Wednesday morning. He complains that the censures are unjust. Mrs. Woodhull had been talking with Mr. Beecher's counsel, and, suddenly turning, she addressed some respectful words to him. "What could I do?" said Judge Neilson; "I could not peremptorily cut her short, and if told to retire she would surely have gone, taking with her the papers she had been subpoenaed to produce." Judge Neilson thought it desirable that counsel should see the letters, although little use could be made of them. It was then at too late a stage in the case to introduce more letters in evidence. The only way in which the letters could have been employed would have been to question Mr. Tilton concerning expressions in them.

From the above it would seem that Mrs. Woodhull's few words have hurt somebody. The question is, who? Again, the wide publication of the letters made first in the *Herald*, and afterward copied into nearly all the city papers, shows that there is much more importance attaching to them than would at first appear from their reading.

These are the letters published:

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.

My Dear Victoria—Put this under your pillow, dream of the writer, and peace be with you.

Affectionately,

THEODORE TILTON.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

My Dear Victoria—I have arranged with Frank that you shall see Mr. Beecher at my house on Friday night. He will attend a meeting at the church till 10 o'clock, and will give you the rest of the evening as late as you desire. You may consider this fixed. Meanwhile, on this sunshiny day I salute you with a good-morning. Peace be with you.

Yours,

THEODORE TILTON.

TUESDAY.

My Dear Victoria—Emma is expecting you at dinner this evening. It will be a picnic frolic for the three of us, held in the library, around the centre-table, and graced with Frank's Burgundy. I will call for you in a carriage at your office at a quarter past six o'clock. You will stay all night at Emma's. Do not fail to be ready.

Hastily,

T. T.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Victoria—I have a room temporarily at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where I shall abide for a few days and until Frank's return. I will ride up with you in your carriage this afternoon at five o'clock. If I don't call for you, please call for me.

Hastily,

T. T.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

My Friend—I drop you a line, hoping to catch you with it before you leave. I am anxious to see you again to-day, if convenient to yourself. Can you stop at my office on your way up town? If so, at what hour will you call? Or if I should go down to your office at 5 P. M., or later, would I be interfering with your departure for dinner? My boy will bring me an answer.

Fraternally,

THEO. TILTON.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

My Dear Friend—I make haste to say, while yet able to sit up (for I am giddy with faintness this morning), that your wishes, so far as they relate to my action, shall be faithfully fulfilled. If no one else should remain to honor you, I, who know you well and believe in you utterly, will give my honest witness that you are one of the best and truest of human souls.

Mrs. Hooker's letter, which I inclose, is no fuller of good will toward you than your uprightness and singleness of mind merit. I think the advice she gives concerning your non-acceptance of the committee, like Mrs. Davis's advice concerning your positive withdrawal, is not so good as the suggestion with which I hereby replace both—namely, that you abide in your lot, neither wavering nor changeful, but like the apostle who said, "Having done all, still to stand." I have no patience with any other policy than justice and courage. I counsel you against any appearance of surrendering to the apprehensions of timid friends. But, then,

I am not a woman, and perhaps my advice is made of too stern a stuff.

You settled everything last evening but the biography. Is it to go on or stop? And will you see Mr. Beecher this evening, as arranged?

Yours ever,

T. T.

Now, the fact is, that the first of these letters was not in Mrs. Woodhull's possession, and was not given by her to Mr. Evarts in court. That it is published now as one of them confirms what she said in court, viz.: That she believed the defense had more of her letters that had been taken from her when she was arrested in November, 1872, when her office and private trunks at home were ransacked and rifled of every suspicious bit of paper and writing. That the defense declined to examine Mr. Tilton on these letters when they evidently contradict him about the character of his relations with Mrs. Woodhull may be wondered at; but if the letters be read carefully it will also be discovered that they also as abruptly contradict Mr. Beecher, who testified that his meetings with Mrs. Woodhull were purely accidental, which would have been contradicted by the prosecution had the defense attempted to question Mr. Tilton about them. So the case is closed, leaving mystery upon mystery unsolved, fact after fact concealed, and perjury piled on perjury, challenging the future for determination.

(Written for Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.)

BEECHER'S SOLILOQUY.

BY A. L. W.

Oh! the burning recollection, and the future retrospection,
Of the troubles which assail me, I would bury out of sight;
I've been false to my convictions, and now follow the predictions,
Which my truest friends predicted—if I would not act aright—
Said they, "Sanction what you practice, clamber up the moral height
Into light."

But I spurned them from me, saying, I have been so long delaying,
That I dare not now give utterance, or proclaim that I am free;
I must still continue preaching, and by outward conduct teaching,
That which I have failed to practice; but to-night I plainly see
All my falsehoods and deceptions swept, like mist from off the sea,
In this social victory.

Ah! distinctly I remember that bleak evening in December,
Being summoned to the presence of the injured Theodore;
Where, with trembling agitation, heard I Tilton's accusation,
And the promise that I made him, that I'd see his wife no more;
Never would I write her letters, never enter through his chamber door,
As of yore.

Ever since I made confession, that my actions and profession
Saved not of love Platonic, I have suffered tortures dire;
Now my aching heart seems bleeding, and the voice within me pleading,
Bid's me assert my manhood, and confront the scornful ire
Of the witnesses arisen to proclaim that I'm a liar,
Fit for fire.

Bids me to make reparation, and withdraw my accusation,
'Gainst the truest friends that ever God raised up to me before,
And I feel almost persuaded, that I will be more degadéd
Than the lowest thief or felon, if I continue to ignore
All the sympathy and councils from the bounty of their store,
Evermore.

And to-night a better feeling o'er my inmost sense comes stealing,
Like a zephyr gently wafted from an ever fragrant shore,
Filling all my soul with gladness, and dispelling grief and sadness,
Prompting me to rise triumphant, and on truthful wings to soar
O'er my past misdeeds and follies, and to be a man once more,
Evermore.

VINELAND, N. J., May 1, 1875.

To Mrs. V. C. Woodhull—I frequently look over your lectures, and never do it without being lifted and blessed. It is true that the repeated readings are elevating and restful. Those persons (women in particular) who reach after you with a large sympathy, far-reaching, earnest and persevering, are generally limited in their means.

In the last clause of "Tried as by Fire," preceding the benediction, you ask for "sustaining love, sympathy, and to feel yearning hearts following you with prayers." Ah, my dear woman, the blessing is just as much yours as if you heard it. If the aspirations were audible, they would come to you with great power and pathos from numberless woman souls, whose petitions are ascending continually.

My heart responds to your appeal; is with you in every labor, and reaches after you as you pass from one locality to another on your vast mission for woman, and through her for the race.

The manner in which you are bringing forward the old and new testament prophecies and showing their bearing upon the present and coming times, looks to me so fully in harmony with the present outlook and with what is expected of its future, that it is simply a splendor, a grand consummation to lead woman to her place in the establishment "upon this earth of a reign of peace and harmony and ultimately of happiness."

That the best of blessings may rest with and sustain you for your great work, is the prayer of yours truly,

RUTH A. MILLS.

MARK'S BOOK OF THANKS.—"I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben," cried Mark, "that I really must"—"Do something in revenge?" inquired his cousin Cecilia. "No, look over my book of thanks." "What's that?" said Cecilia, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy-book, nearly full of writing in a round text hand. "Here it is," said Mark. Then he read aloud: "March 8th—Ben lent me his bat." "Here again: 'January 4th—when I lost my shilling, Ben made it up to me kindly.' Well," observed the boy, turning down the leaf, "Ben is a good boy, after all." "What do you note down in that?" asked Cecilia, looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "All the kindnesses that are ever shown me; you would wonder how many there are. I find a great deal of good from marking them down. I do not forget them, as I might do if I only trusted to my memory, so I hope that I am not often ungrateful; and when I am cross, and out of temper, I almost always feel good-humored again if I only look over my book."—*The Methodist.*

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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, MAY 29, 1875.

AN EXPLANATION.

By reading the reports of the scenes in court in which we were made to take a part, the whole truth does not appear. After Mr. Shearman demanded the letters, the Court having refused to order their delivery, saying the only way to obtain them would be by attachment, they were delivered, as it appears voluntarily, but really under this condition: Mr. Shearman said that unless they were so delivered he should be compelled to have the Court issue an attachment which would consume a half hour more time, which he did not think it worth while to do, as the result would be the same in the end; and so thought we. Nor did we desire to leave the impression that there was anything in the letters discreditable of itself to anybody, which a refusal to deliver them and a failure to compel them would have left. As it was it was a choice between the delivery that was made and that of giving them under compulsion, we choosing the former.

BROTHER WHEELER'S QUESTIONS OF MOMENT.

It seems to us that Brother Wheeler ought to have had and held the opinions expressed in his article in another column at or about the time of his birth, so that no external influence whatever should ever have been permitted to have had any effect upon him. He ought never to have received any communications or instructions from any source, since then he could have said, I am now an individual, independent of everybody and everything. But the facts of the case are that nobody—not even Bro. Wheeler—can ever be so. In the first place, he and everybody else were at birth what others had made them to be, and after birth, on through life, are what the circumstances by which they are surrounded, acting upon the organization which was given to them, have made them. Even now, every movement that Bro. Wheeler makes is so made because the influences and powers that operate upon him compel him to make it. So, whether willing to admit it or not, the inevitable conclusion to which all must come when they shall analyze human action, is that there is absolutely no such thing possible as free agency, which is the thing for which Bro. Wheeler contends so stoutly, but that in place of this,

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul."

So then, whether it be spirits seen or unseen; personalities presuming or declining; powers visible or invisible, by which we are acted upon through life; or whether it be all of these blended together, it cannot alter the fact that the universe, as a whole, of which every one is a part, works together by immutable and never-failing laws, which move it to happier and better conditions as rapidly as it is possible for Nature to obey the mandate issued from the beginning, by which God, the All Power and Everywhere Present, is reconciling man unto Himself

THE HIGHER AND THE LOWER RELATIONSHIP.

While he yet talked to the people, behold his mother and his brethren stood without, desiring to speak with him.
Then they said to him, Behold, thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee.
But he answered and said unto him who told him, Who is my mother? and who are my brethren?
And he stretched forth his hand to his disciples, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren!
For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, my sister and my mother.—ST. MATTHEW, xii. 46 to 50.

In this doctrine of Jesus, which is repeated in the Gospels of St. Mark and St. Luke, is found still more proof of the ultimate character of his mission, and confirmatory evidence also of the ultimate character of the doctrine of Communism as the final condition in which the human race shall inhabit the earth. The great human family can never be instituted so long as the modern Christian idea of the isolated family prevails. This latter-day Christianity, when examined by the light of the teachings of Jesus, is found lacking at every point. In no single instance do the practices of modern Christians agree with the teachings and practices of Jesus. And least of all do they agree on anything in which the family is concerned. At the age of twelve years, Jesus, with his parents, Joseph and Mary, went up to Jerusalem to the feast of the Passover. When they returned, he remained behind, which was not discovered until they were a day's journey on their way. Returning, they found him debating with the doctors, and when his mother reproved him, he replied, "How is it ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Now, Jesus had brothers, by name James, Joses, Juda and Simon, besides several sisters, whose names are not given. Although he did many works, which were seen of them, nevertheless they did not believe in him, as we are informed by St. John (vii. chap. 5 verse). So when he had departed from them to teach and to perform his Father's work; and was sought of his mother and brethren, he did not recognize them, but claimed that those were his family who believed on him.

What a mighty lesson of truth is there in this, to the present, and how strangely it harmonizes with the most radical views held about social organization! The truth, to any one, is what he or she conceives it to be, and for that truth he has the right, indeed is in duty bound, to forsake all and follow it. He who does less than this fails to act up to his highest conviction of right. The legitimate relations, or family ties, that grow out of these truths are those of likeness in truth and not of consanguinity. The desperate holding to family relationship rather than to those which would naturally follow were it dissolved, is the cause of more unhappiness and strife than any other single custom, save only that of marriage contracted and maintained after the same rule.

These great truths about relationship begin to have force among us, because we are now rapidly approaching the time when the higher relation will begin to be established on the earth. A brotherhood cannot consist of families irrespective of their construction. It must consist of persons who are alike, and probably to be found at first singly only, in many families, from which they must come forth. The formation of a brotherhood in the sense of modern communism and in the sense taught by Jesus and practiced by the disciples and the early Christians, are equally destructive of the isolated family; and yet modern Christians teach that it is the most sacred of all institutions, and that everything else must be given up to save it. Of course marriage is the corner-stone of the isolated family, and when it falls, the family will fall with it, or rather with it merge into the greater and the grander family which Jesus came to establish. The family of the future must be based on attraction and not on legality or consanguinity.

It is not expected that the whole world is to be brought into the great human family at once. It must begin and develop like everything else. It will have begun when any three persons shall have been developed into the conditions that must precede it and are brought together; and from them it must spread over the world. It cannot be calculated, even, how long a space of time may be required from the time it is begun to complete it; but that it will be begun and that it will be completed must be admitted by whoever believe either in the teachings of Jesus or the science of Sociology. The brotherhood that Jesus taught and the social organization that science teaches are one and the same thing. The great difficulty with the many attempts that have been made has been the same that was present when Annanias and Sapphira sold their possessions to join the disciples but kept back half the price.

"If any man come to me (that is, to the truth), and hate not his father, his mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple," said Jesus. That is, if any one do not love the truth well enough to do it and live it and teach it and acknowledge it, at all times and in all places, without let or hindrance from any or all circumstances whatever, then he is no disciple of that truth. Paul taught decisively upon this point, since he said, "Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers. Come out from among them saith the Lord." What would be said should any of the modern professed ministers of Christ stand in their pulpits and teach these plain doctrines of the Bible? or rather, would it be possible for one to be found who believes sufficiently in Him whom he professes, to go into his pulpit and preach as commanded?

We dwell upon these things because they go far toward

showing that the end of the Christ Dispensation is at hand. Near twenty centuries ago Jesus introduced these doctrines on the earth, and ever since they have been growing in the hearts of men, and now they are so nearly culminated that there are thousands who recognize them and are almost persuaded, as was King Agrippa by Paul, to become Christians. The kingdom of heaven does not come by observation. It must be within the man before he can enter into it and live in it. But when it exists there, although it has not been observed to come, nevertheless the fruits of its existence are observed and testify to its reality. So when some weeks ago, we spoke of those being nearest the kingdom who were nearest in communion with the spirit world, we did not mean to be understood to say, as some did understand us to say, that their entrance into the kingdom or its coming to them would be observed, but we meant just this: that when the kingdom is once come to man, he will yield fruits by which it will be known that the kingdom is set up within him.

Nor is it necessary to imagine that only those who profess to be mediums and in communion with spirits, are the only ones who are nearly related to the kingdom. There are thousands still in the bosom of the churches who are just as much in communication with the friends upon the other shore, as are those who stand before the world as being so. Moreover there may be thousands everywhere who are really, though perhaps unknown to themselves, very nearly developed into the conditions of brotherhood. It is not what men and women profess or seem to be that can determine this question, but it is what they really are. As there are many better Christians outside of the Church than there are inside, so may there be many better real disciples of brotherhood within the churches than there are without them.

There is a great deal of truth in the saying of Jesus, That the last shall be first, and the first shall be last, and it is not inapplicable to those who are to enter into the Kingdom. Many who stand, as they imagine, nearest the gateway, and ready to enter, may after all have to wait until thousands, seemingly far away, have entered. A wise and an advanced man once said that many reformers, so called, are like apples that ripen early, and drop off the parent tree because they are wormy or rotten at heart. We fear that this is too true, and that many who have been loud in all sorts of reform for even years are still far away from the desired road to the Kingdom.

It is from this fact that we hope and anticipate when the hidden mystery of the Bible is revealed to the understanding of those who hold it in unquestioned respect that they will gladly receive the new baptism. We are well aware that there are thousands now in the modern church who are anxiously looking for the truth. They are earnest and anxious, and will, we verily believe, be the first to accept it when it shall come with power and authority, and until it do so come none can receive it who do not perceive it spiritually; or else who have not arrived at it scientifically.

The same condition that exists in the Church in regard to the religious side of the truth, also exists among the wealthy in regard to that of industrial justice. The few persons who are very wealthy in this country know that their condition is not the Christian one, and they are beginning to call out, "What shall we do to be saved" in real earnest. They will not give up their wealth to any one who demands it, nor can it be expected that they will. Indeed they ought not to give it up until it is properly provided. If they could be shown the proper way and could be convinced that it was the proper way, we do not hesitate to assert that there is scarcely a very wealthy man in the country who would not be glad to be well rid of the terrible responsibilities of his wealth. The difficulty of coming at this solution, lies in the fact that those who have had the capacity to accumulate wealth have not had the capacity or the time to study the relations of wealth to society; while those who have studied and partly solved these relations are considered to be of so little capacity by those who have made the accumulations that there can be no confidences between them.

We have no doubt if there were to come a real disciple of Christ into the world—one whom the signs laid down by Jesus as the proof of belief in him, should follow—that the earnest Christians and many of the wealthy, would lay everything down at his feet and at once join the common family. It cannot be expected that anybody is going to be made to believe very much or very deeply, by those who preach, not themselves believing—not themselves having the power to do the works of belief. Let one come healing the sick, casting out all manner of devils, raising the dead and drinking deadly poisons without harm, and then if unbelief continue, know that condemnation shall follow. The people are ready for this now; but they were not so, to any great extent, when Jesus did these works. Multitudes for the moment looked on them and wondered, scarcely convinced that they were not deceived of their own senses that they saw what they saw; but now it would be different. The real development toward Christ is much greater than there is any idea of, generally prevalent. We see the disintegration of the isolated family going rapidly on in a thousand unsuspected ways. Marriage and the family are the great obstacles to a rapid and happy consummation of many things; and their growing weakness, indeed their tottering condition, instead of being the dreadful thing that it is thought to be by many really good people, are just the most needed and absolutely necessary steps toward what all desire should come.

It may be set down with safety that a people who are the

most addicted to family cliquishness—where members of families cling together to the exclusion of everybody else, whether there are any ties between them save those of consanguinity or not—are the farthest away from Christian brotherhood or Christian communism; while those who are given to seeking congenial companionship outside of family relations—those who do not find their soul's desires satisfied within the narrow limits of a modern home—those who frequent their "clubs" and places of amusement for relief for their yearnings—are on the very verge of brotherhood—are well developed into the higher than earthly relations, and are best prepared to become Christian Disciples after the manner of those whom Jesus chose and loved.

All this is a necessary result of progressive civilization. The ever increasing combination of human interests brings the people more and more into general social relations. To one who has wisely traveled the world over, and profitably mingled with its most enlightened people, the isolation of the modern Christian family is an abomination—indeed it is death. Jesus declared that one of the principal signs of the coming of the end of the world should be just the disintegration of the family that is now going on. He came to set the different members of families against each other as a necessary step toward the construction of the greater and the grander human family, of which he is to be the head. So let the Christians who think that they love Christ so well take heed lest they be found loving him with their lips only, while their hearts are far from him, when he shall come with his holy angels—when he shall come the second time to judge the world. Let them take heed, lest when he shall come and bid them to his feast, they "have bought a piece of ground which they must needs go see;" "or have married wives and therefore cannot come;" lest they be unprepared to "let the dead bury their dead;" indeed, lest they be unwilling to leave family and friends, wife and children, and follow him, becoming members of the new, having put off the old, relationship; and always remembering this: that the modern Christian family cannot exist when Christ's family shall have been instituted over the earth; when old things shall have passed away and all things become new.

THE BROOKLYN BUSINESS.

There is any amount of speculation as to what the result of the trial will be. When the case closed, there is no doubt that a very large preponderance of opinion was upon the side of a disagreement. It is admitted, generally, outside of a small and very select class, that the weight of evidence is on the side of the prosecution. It is also conceded that that side of the case has been the most successfully conducted. True, Mr. Evarts, the senior counsel for the defense, has a wider reputation than either of the counsel for the plaintiff, but it can scarcely be said that his talent is of that kind best calculated to win in such a suit as the one in question. Had the trial risen from the plane of petty personality into a grand contest for principle, perhaps Mr. Evarts might have been more at home; but as it was, he was not only outwitted, but outargued at nearly every point by Mr. Beach, and beaten at cross-examination by Mr. Fullerton; while Mr. Shearman and Hill, in their respective parts, were more than matched by Mr. Morris, except, perhaps, in devotion to their client, where, it may be fairly conceded, Mr. Shearman stood pre-eminent.

Next to a disagreement, there are probably more people who look for a verdict for Mr. Beecher. Those who make up this portion are principally from two classes: first, that class of religionists who cannot believe that it is possible for a minister of the Gospel to do such a thing as that of which Mr. Beecher is accused. This class think that the verdict ought to be in favor of religion; not, perhaps, because they feel that the weight of evidence is upon that side, but because it would do their cause an irreparable harm to have it otherwise. They regard the whole matter as a contest between Christianity and infidelity, in which the latter, by every foul means, seeks to overcome the former. The other class represents the professed respectability and wealth of the country, and have little care about the facts in the case, regarding it as a business necessity that Mr. Beecher be sustained, if not exonerated.

Then there are those who think that the verdict ought to be for Mr. Tilton, and those who hope that it may be. They are those who have carefully read the whole evidence, and who compose the thinking part of the community. They care little either for Mr. Beecher or Mr. Tilton as persons, but really desire that justice may prevail. They have already arrived at their verdict, and none of the sophistry of Porter, the shrewdness of Evarts, or the logic or invective of Beach, can change or confirm it. A part of this class, while feeling that the verdict should be for the plaintiff, and that the jury should so find from the evidence, has grave doubts about the action of the jury being improperly influenced. It is well known that any amount of money needed to secure a disagreement, if a verdict on the wrong side were feared at all, could be raised. The persons who compose this class are not overburdened with faith in the efficacy of juries, and many of them believe that a large proportion of men have their price, which can be easily learned when it is desired.

If there should be a verdict for Mr. Beecher, almost the whole of this class would believe that it was obtained by improper means, whether there should be any active grounds for suspicion or not. The effect of a verdict of this kind

would be to create a small but strong Tilton party, which cannot be said now exists in the country. The friends of Mr. Beecher are those who appear—who make themselves known. That Mr. Tilton has a party undeveloped is also true; but they, for the most part, keep their own counsels. They are like those who favor radical views, who do not feel that there is anything to be gained by expending their forces against established things. But let the Sumter gun be fired, then very many of them would speak out. There is really a question whether it would not be even better for Mr. Tilton's future if such a verdict were rendered. An opposite one, or a disagreement might result in leaving his best (his real) friends unknown, while it is as certain that the real truth in this case will come out in any event as it is that the sun will continue to rise and set. A future triumph in this way would be of infinitely greater value to Mr. Tilton and of infinitely greater damage to Mr. Beecher than anything that could occur now.

A disagreement in this case is probably to be desired by reformers, because it will leave the whole matter to be decided by the public in its own peculiar and generally just way. Moreover, it would leave the principles out of which the case has grown open to discussion, both privately and publicly, and what would be of especial advantage in a reformatory sense, it would continue to fill the public prints, whether the editors would have it so or not.

The people, let the editors say what they may, still greedily devour anything and everything that pertains to the scandal, and they will continue to do so. Never, until this whole question of the proper relations of the sexes is settled, will there cease to be a growing public demand for literature and journalism in which the principles involved, or the facts elicited, are discussed. Of this, those who consider themselves to be the conservators of morality may rest assured, and they will find, perhaps to their astonishment, that the public morality, instead of deteriorating under this tendency, will improve.

Should there be a verdict against Mr. Beecher, it is difficult to determine what course the expressed public opinion might take. But as we are of the opinion that a verdict of this kind would ultimately do Mr. Tilton more good than any other could do him, in the present, so also are we induced to believe that a verdict against Mr. Beecher would do him more good than any other. There are thousands of people who really believe him to be guilty of the charges made by Mr. Tilton, who, when a verdict should once have been given against him, would begin to remember the immense work that he has done in liberalizing the religious thought and theory of the country, and who would begin to condemn Mr. Tilton and everybody else who had anything whatever to do with his downfall, in unmeasured terms. In these memories they would forget everything, and mourn his loss as if it had been brought about by the foulest means. Such is the characteristic of a large part of the American people, and it is a legitimate outgrowth of the growing idea of the sovereign right of the individual to manage his own affairs in his own way in all departments of life.

But let the verdict be whatever it may, for our part we are assured that it will be just as those who have planned and executed the whole affair, shall wish it, and just as they knew it would be from the first. Looking at it from the grand standpoint of progress, and as one of the inevitable conflicts of progress, the individuals are lost sight of in the good that is to come to the world through it. Therefore, to those who view it in this way, it matters little what the twelve men who shall determine it, may do. The infinitely more important jury, the future, can and will find but one verdict—a verdict of universal good through individual suffering—a crucifixion of personality that the world might be saved, in which both Mr. Tilton and Mr. Beecher will be considered as saviours.

CAN THE PRESS IGNORE THE TRUTH?

When we contemplate the course that the public press pursue toward the full and free discussion of the problem of life, we are led to ask if indeed its representatives and managers have not yet learned the futility of attempting to gag any truth out of existence? The editors of the leading papers, especially the great dailies, seem to imagine that they carry the destinies of this people in their pockets, and that they can command and secure silence upon any subject that they choose to condemn. They forget J. Peter Zenger, whom it was attempted to crush into seclusion, in this same city, a hundred and forty years ago. He was one of the Sons of Liberty, and published an opposition paper that the Church and the State of that day did not like. So he was imprisoned, but he conquered in the legal contest that followed, and lived to fulminate his ideas with tenfold power, being defended and advised by the venerable Alexander Hamilton, of Philadelphia. Our own case has its parallel to this in many respects, and especially in being defended by counsel from the City of Brotherly Love.

Last week we published a letter in reply to an article in the N. Y. Sun, which that paper had refused to print. There is no person in this country who knows the iniquities of the social system better than Chas. A. Dana. He was one of the "Brook Farm" community, and has studied the question in all its bearings and knows the truth. But he refuses to let it find expression in the columns of his paper. He not only does this, but he characterizes the doctrines that he understands so well as logically leading to unsavory things. There is such a thing as consistency, and some few

editors maintain it; and it is consistent to refuse to characterize freedom for the affections and at the same time to refuse to print articles in its favor. But it is not consistent to condemn a theory or doctrine without argument, and to stigmatize its holders and advocates as improper people, and then refuse to publish their defenses. It is not only not consistent, but it is unjust and ungenerous. But these are the best weapons that many editors can find to fight the common enemy to man's usurped power over woman. They know if they permit the arguments of those who believe in freedom for the affections to appear in the popular public prints, that they will appeal to the common sense of woman as truthful and just, and they fear to awaken the idea of independence in woman, just as the slave holders dreaded to have their personal property hear the claims of independence and freedom made.

But a still more ungallant trick than this kind of suppression is commonly practiced by a too large class of editors. They permit their columns to be used by private individuals to blackguard and demean, and to vent their spleen and spite upon the advocates of freedom, and then refuse the damaged party all redress. This is a free press with a vengeance. Not many days ago the *Telegram*, which always takes a malicious delight in admitting anything that is contemptible and vile into its columns about free lovers (imagining that they are a class very nearly related to those who are better described as free lusters), printed a letter from a well known woman suffragist, which was evidently written by her purposely to offer the personal insult it contained, which was as false as it was malicious.

In January, 1871, at the Woman Suffrage Convention in Washington, there were present a number of persons, just then come, by invitation, into the suffrage movement, being wholly unacquainted with its personnel. At the evening session one of these persons observed a woman in the ante-room, evidently in great distress. Inquiry was made of some of the acknowledged controllers of the meeting, and it was found that the distressed lady had been denied the platform on account of having "a damaged reputation." The new comer stoutly objected to any such ostracism, and said plainly that if that woman was not good enough to come on that platform, that she was not, and that she would not. After considerable controversy among the "heads," it was agreed to permit the ostracised lady to appear and speak; and she did so. But she now repays the sister who stood by her then, by writing blackguard things in the papers and telling infamous stories of her privately, wherever she has an opportunity. This Christian lady is the one referred to as the *Telegram's* correspondent, and is still a prominent woman suffragist, who thinks that the free lovers have damaged the suffrage movement.

There is this consolation to be gleaned from all this: We know that the tree that bears the choicest fruit is the one at which the most clubs will be hurled, and therefore rest content under the malicious innuendoes and ungenerous insinuations that are poured upon us from the bitter tongues of shallow women and through the columns of a venial press, that does not dare to let the truth have a fair hearing in its columns. We know very well that the almost unanimous combination among the editors of the daily press to ignore the discussion of the evils of the social system, must some day give way, to let the light of truth shine in upon the foul things that now lie concealed beneath the cloak of respectability. "Cover them up!" will not do for a rallying cry much longer. It must and will be replaced by "Drag them out!" and that, too, soon. The widespread canvass of the Beecher trial has done a vast work in making these things a matter for common consideration, and the very editors who have fought so long and foolishly to strangle the birth of freedom for the affections, have entered into this propaganda with the liveliest zeal, and thus defeated the objects previously in view in a way and to an extent not yet conceived by them.

We have received "The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviours," by Kersey Graves, from the press of Colby & Rich, and shall review it as soon as we have time.

QUESTIONS OF MOMENT.

BY E. WHEELER.

We talk as if the age of progress, the era of rapid advancements, has been fairly inaugurated since the moment that spirit manifestations had intelligently dawned upon this earth; and mayhap we have our conceptions on this particular point, upon the variety of our notions, and the remarkable ease and readiness with which we change from one thing to another. It is an old and trite saying, that "a drowning man will catch at a straw."

From childhood we have been taught the importance of "straws" to buoy us up. Spirit manifestations had a tendency to shake man loose from old dogmas, and without stopping long enough to reflect that old ones were just as good as new, we directly work these manifestations into an imaginary *ne plus ultra* of all philosophies, on the simple virtue of having proved our old philosophies false. We did not think to ask an assurance that it would not repeat an old fraud, and "give us a stone when our yearning hearts asked for bread." But we trusted it, because it made a pretension, without insisting that we should have all the values that the heart could ask. Hence we have left for ourselves the certainty of making another change, for the honest soul will change until it finds for itself substantial justice. If I were to say that there were not a half-dozen individuals on the face of this earth who had ever intelligently comprehended the signifi-

cance of spirit manifestations, I should say just what I think about it. If this is thought to be illiberal, it may be set down as honest.

These manifestations were not produced to enlighten us upon old topics, nor to introduce new ones; but to incidentally expose the frauds that had always misled us; not to suggest some important aids to inform us when our broth is seasoned to suit us, but to frankly acknowledge that ourselves are the best judges; and equally so with everything appertaining to ourselves as individuals. No sooner is intelligence gotten to us from the unseen to tell us of the whereabouts of devoted, loved ones, that so distinctly made existence plain to us (and which had ever constituted the forbidden pass or line of demarkation in the conflict of ages), that class of spirits who had always watched and wrought to keep man in the dark, and who had by this means ruled him, saw that in case he could not be gotten back into deep water without discovering the trick by which it was done, they could never maintain their power over him, against the near and endearing attractions of those dear fond hearts we had missed, without knowing why. These creatures had ruled for thousands of years under the cognomen of a God. In the advent of spirit manifestations there was whispered back to us that we had an interest in the unseen, nearer and dearer than any yet intimated by either gods or angels, and that interest nestled in the hearts of fond ones who had, up to the period of that event, failed to make man cognizant of their whereabouts. When this knowledge began to manifest itself, baser spirits were in fidgets, because they saw that their power was at an end, unless man could be thrown into the dark again, where mystery and extravagance could sway him as the feather is blown about by the winds. Hence the performances and conflicting variety of notions demonstrated from the unseen to amaze and bewilder man. To enlist the attention and sympathy of the awakened mind and to afford it business to help others, are just the methods by which these same infamies have fooled the religious world for centuries—always in fits to set others right, with no assurances of being right themselves. There is a craft in this, and in its cunning lies its power.

To imagine that goodness would not allow this is to make goodness responsible for all the ills we suffer, whether by imposition or otherwise. Whatever power presumes to control man; call it (or them) whatever name we choose, whether a great sovereign God, a divine providence or a divine fatality; whether good or bad spirits from the unseen, that power is responsible for all the miseries that afflict the race; for to pretend to manage for good without being able to do so, is a sham, and any power is out of place that presumes to regulate interests not its own, or that intrudes the sacredness of personal being in another. The plea for such an assumption has all the merit in it of a claim that would justify a first-class assassin; and the question just here as to why there is or ever should have been any attempt from the unseen to govern man in this life, is a startling one. Call the pretender to such right Jehovah, God, Lord, Theodore Parker, Thomas Paine, Red Jacket or Blue Jacket, the tyranny to the sovereign soul is the same in either case. Man is made over, put down and really set forth as a natural know-nothing. In the rights of the wasp, he is directly conscious of the wrong, and resents it. The timid mouse will run while he can, yet he will die game when he must. Man alone is craven. There is a subtle, lying influence on him, coupled with a false education, that makes him tremble almost at his own shadow. The unseen braggarly claims an advantage over him, and he, coward like, allows it. Nature speaks for herself in all other manifestations; here usurping tyrannies seize the reins and man is and ever has been wrecked.

Why is it that man, the only complete solved problem of creation, should be the worst solved, is a question that must go outside of the fitness of things to find an answer. That man should be a perpetual riddle to himself (if by any necessity), demonstrates his existence a failure. I am not difficult, yet no power shall set before me enigmas for me to guess out with my consent. Frank and plain treatment or none; fairness or open defiance. If this position is deemed dangerous, let those fear it who see the danger, I do not. I would stand eternally alone in the realm of being, sooner than make company with those whose conceptions could only be weakness to me. Who requires or counsels me to feel dependent tells me that I am an incompleteness. This, if so, is not wrong; nor could the fault be mine, since I would have been complete if I could. But I do not love dependence, nor to be told that I am lacking. It always seems a treason to nature and her methods.

My conscious soul has never wished to be constitutionally and organically better than it is. I am not envious now; yet when I was a boy and saw my father with a feather in his cap, and spurs on his boots, I wanted a feather and spurs. My cooler reflection tells me that it was the feather and spurs that had my admiration, and not my father. These baubles put my father in the shade, simply as all honors, wealth, and those performances that go to make up distinctions, obscure the man. We admire him for these, just as the simple child loves the monkey for his ingenious tricks. All I ask of this, or another mode of being, is room and freedom to repeat myself. When I trench upon another's inborn rights, I will confess that others have a retaliatory right to trench on me. I would live unlet and unhindered, working in with the harmonies of being, where discords are never dreamed of. All else is treason to nature, and could but work a wrong to me, even though I were fool enough to esteem it divine.

When I was some five years old, my grandmother told me the story of the two she bears that God sent out of the wilderness to devour two and forty children who had mocked at the prophet. My little soul instantly thought as meanly of her God as if he had eaten them up himself. The phases of modern spiritualism, as it has loomed up for many years past, where spirits claim a right to manage this world and direct man in this life, is of the same type. 'Tis treason against the sovereign soul to invade its sanctity and claim a

right to control it; and yet it is done with the claim that strains to justify it. Has man lived for the past twenty-seven years and gained nothing to his stock of personal knowledge in regard to the character of the actors in the unseen, who claim so much right to meddle in the affairs of men? When the gentle, tiny "raps" first heralded the fact that loved and dear ones were directly in our midst, and had ever held holy reveries with every quiet soul, though unrecognized, yet as unassuming in what they did as is sunlight in its laughing frolics with the air we breathe; these intelligent "raps," that worked their way to man so ingeniously through the dense stratum of falsehood that closed about him and held his attention, told us more than mere implication could—that some foul wrong had shut this knowledge from us in all past ages. And this it was that forced the powers who perpetrated the wrongs to adopt some new expedient, or lose their hold on man. And this new expedient is noisy, popular spiritualism that dares to control human brains and arrogantly dictate to humanity what they should believe and how they should live, while it is as destitute of life as any theory that had preceded it. And it is the same stripe of infamy that began its infernal record thousands of years ago, and man on this earth has never had the quiet his heart yearned for since. The same footprints are seen to-day, in this shade of spiritualism, that have been so prominent and barefaced in other ages, viz.: a claim of right to correct and manage man. In these gassy, pretentious and noisy performances, it unwittingly crops out that these meddlers in the affairs of this mode of being are men and women themselves, who are destitute of every sense of personal justice; for every interference with man throws him off his centre, where they have him at their option. Man does not seem to see a point as invariable in its results as the explosive nature of powder when in contact with a spark of fire. And that point is, that he cannot have any use of himself while under the control of any abstract influence, whether by personal contact or by those agreements that create an obligation; and this is just where he has always been beaten by a subtle power that he does not understand.

The analogies between the claims of the God of oldest times and those spirits who set up to control mediums, or in any way to exercise authority to-day, are marked and distinct. Each begin with treating man as a know-nothing, then blaming, commanding, directing and threatening him. While sitting in a circle in '58, I was amazed to hear the controlling spirit talk of "punishing men and women." I asked, "Why do you punish them?" He said, "Because they won't obey us. That is, they won't do as we want them to do." I then asked, "How do you punish them?" He carelessly let off (as with a sly wink), "Oh, we know how to do that." And so they do. I soon lost my last six thousand dollars.

Our methods of pursuing life justifies one man in robbing, another in dealing, compels another to steal, and drives another mad; and to-day State prisons, poor-houses, insane asylums, and all those bastiles that whisper of degradation, and mortify glorious men and women, are filled with their victims. In '67 I said these creatures will never rest until this whole thing is thrown back under the god-power, where they can keep man in sufficient awe to control him easily. Some time in '58 these spirits began to lay the foundation for this work. The first prayer was uttered through Mrs. Conant, of only two or three lines, to some great abstraction, and the name of Rev. Asahel Nettleton, or Nathaniel Emmons, was given. (As I have not seen the piece since I cannot be quite positive which.) Something over one year ago they proposed to lay aside prominent actors, and to this end called a convention, with the flourish of wishing to establish "the bureau of the harmonial brotherhood," and signed the order from "the Spiritual Congress of Nations." The convention was a failure. But the spirits who signed the call with stolen names exemplified the worst possible taste in appending what they supposed would be taken for characteristic representations of the persons named. For instance, Jesus is set forth as calling himself "the humble Nazarene." Some coxcomb they would have us take as a remarkable Indian spirit, is autographed as "Big Sunlight," and all other signatures are as characteristically stupid; and yet these creatures would be taken for those artless and unpretending souls they set forth by name!

In the call for the convention by these celebrities on the 23d of December, 1873, I was overlooked, but have since been addressed by an especial letter with some insinuations; then a statement that the medium knows nothing in and of herself, and that "I must give them the credit of going behind the scenes in such matters." They shall have it. "The Spiritual Congress of Nations," ambitious for the credit of being sneaks, nosing in matters that could by no possibility be any of their business! This is a step down from the spread-eagle performance of forming "The Bureau of the Harmonial Brotherhood," but it is in keeping with the whole batch of their performances, from the ceremonial jugglery among the Israelites in the wilderness of Judea to the last especial control of the human brain. These creatures in these acts (like the God of Moses getting mad on Mt. Sinai), have overshot greatness a long way. This claim of sneaking around "behind the scenes," brings to my mind a great lubberly half-wit, who lived just where any one would keep him, and if he could hear of a young lady who was to have a beau, he would walk three or four miles of a Sunday night, and, cat-like, spend hours to get a peep in at the window. But I never knew that he claimed such an act as being especially smart or any remarkable indication of greatness.

Does this position ignore spirit presence and spirit loves? By no means; but it scouts these loud-mouthed pretenders in whatever name they may come. Man has allowed spirits, calling themselves God, Galen, Greeley, Parker, Spinoza, and other consequential names, to invade the sacredness of his soul, and dictate to him the conditions and way of life with a mean audacity that plainly revealed an outlandish spirit trying to imitate a greatness and goodness he never realized; and hence the awkward performances of the Greeleys, Parkers, Paines, Websters, etc., and yet man has been as tame as a whipped puppy under it all. If some person had

crept into our house and meanly taken us by the nose, then tyrannically assumed the rare privilege of telling us we were ignoramuses and needed a discipline to impart to us a sprinkling of thier wisdom, we should demonstrate our good sense by showing him the door, and hurry him up to find it.
AUBURN, March 26, 1875.

MRS. EVART'S said to Mr. Evart's one morning: "Get up and open the dampers, William;" and Mr. Evart's said absently, turning over for another nap, "Your honor will please note my exception."

BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

DR. SLADE, the eminent Test Medium, may be found at his office, No. 18 West Twenty-first street, near Broadway.

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WARREN CHASE may be addressed at Cobden, Ill., during May, and at Independence, Iowa, during June, and at *Banner of Light* office, Boston, Mass., during July and August. He may be engaged for Sundays of July and August in or near Boston.

THE NORTHERN ILL. ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS will hold their Fourth Annual Convention in Grow's Opera Hall 517 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill., commencing on Friday, June 11, 1875, and continuing over Sunday, June 13. The Convention will be called to order at 10 o'clock A. M. on Friday.
O. J. HOWARD, M.D., President.
E. D. Wilson, Secretary.

Send Austin Kent one dollar for his book and pamphlets on Free Love and Marriage. He has been sixteen years physically helpless, confined to his bed and chair, is poor and needs the money. You may be even more benefited by reading one of the boldest, deepest, strongest, clearest and most logical writers. You are hardly well posted on this subject till you have read Mr. Kent. You who are able add another dollar or more as charity. His address,
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MARION TODD, the sprightly, vivacious, uncompromising lecturer and charming woman, has changed her headquarter from Michigan, where she has been speaking for the past two years with success and profit, to the East; now being at Springfield, Mass., where she is, as we learn, delivering a most entertaining course of lectures on spiritual and social reform. Societies in New England who like to hear a speaker who has got an opinion and is not afraid to talk about it, will do well to apply to her, care of B. B. Hill, Springfield, Mass.

MRS. NELLIE L. DAVIS speaks in Salem during May, in Maine during June and July, in New Haven, Conn., during August. Further engagements for the autumn and winter months may be made on application to her permanent address, 235 Washington st, Salem, Mass. Mrs. Davis is an agent for the WEEKLY, and is constantly supplied with photographs of the editors of this paper, which may be purchased upon application to her. She will also receive and or ward contributions in aid of the WEEKLY.

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

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PROSPECTUS.

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

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

It advocates, as parts of the new government—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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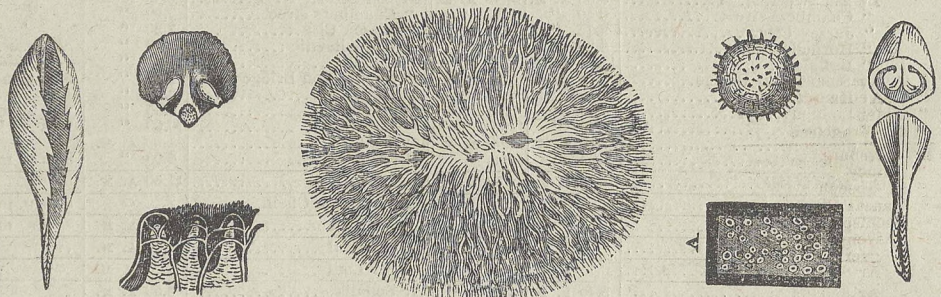
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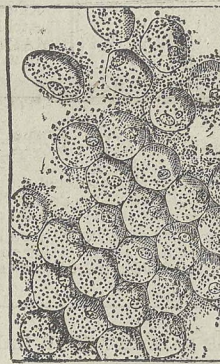


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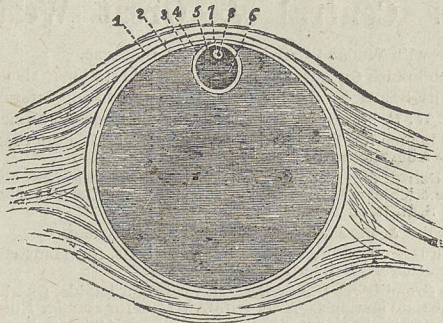
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