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Vol. VIII.—No. 11.—Whole No. 193.

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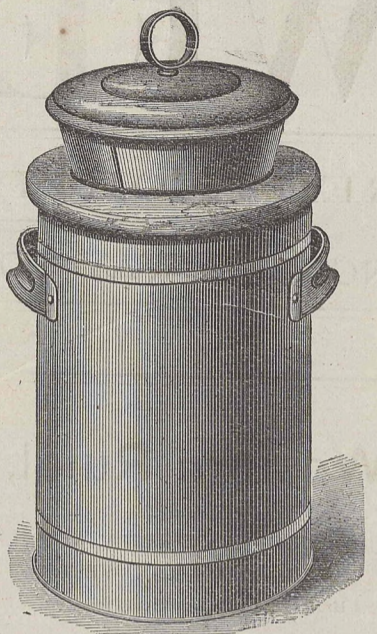
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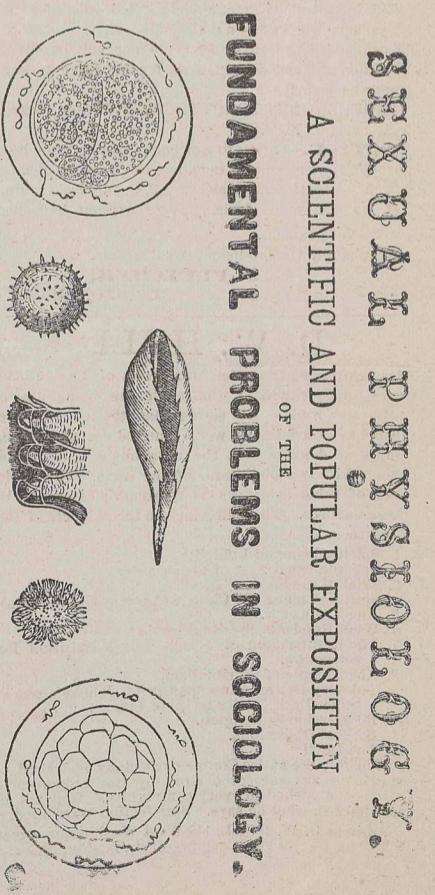
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CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"How the Emperor came to meet his fate none could tell. Probably the mephitic vapors stifled his senses, and made him unable to direct his course. But he was seen to descend into the very midst of this furnace, and with him went the finest collection of diamonds in the world. There can be no doubt of it. They had disappeared from the Palace at San Francisco. They were not found in the captured balloon; and they have not been heard of since. I ought to mention, if only for the credit of my own countrymen, that an heroic attempt was made to save him. His Chancellor of the Exchequer seeing his danger, made a dash at him on another parachute, and actually succeeded in overtaking and grappling with him for several moments. But he was forced at last to let him go, and with difficulty saved himself.

"And now, pardon me if once more I ask how these jewels which, a couple of generations ago, were thus lost in the crater of Kilauca, have returned into existence in the hands of their present owner. If I am exceeding discretion in making the inquiry, I apologize and withdraw it."

All looked to Bertie Greathead. He had resolved to keep the matter secret, at least for the present. He felt the temptation strong upon him to reply—

"Lost in a crater of fire, they were found in a crater of ice!"

But he resisted it, and observed merely that it was probably a case of mistaken identity.

The merchant shook his head, and looked disappointed. But he only said:

"In that case the previous history of the lost jewels can have no interest for you. Now what do you want done with these? I may be able to find you a purchaser, but I can undertake no responsibility about the title."

"Of course not," said Mr. Avenil, somewhat sharply: "that is our business. All you have to do is to describe them as heirlooms in a family that wishes to realize their value. And it occurs to me, that as we are disposing of the property of a minor, it will be well to make a condition providing for their repurchase at his option on the occasion of his attaining his majority."

The merchant declared that such a condition was without a precedent, but that he would do his best. He had at that very time a commission to provide a set of diamonds to be worn at the coronation of the Emperor of Central Africa, a ceremonial which had been long deferred, owing to the loss of the crown jewels of that country, and the failure to procure any worthy to replace them.

Not to multiply details, I will only add that a sale of the jewels was effected in the manner proposed, the eagerness of the African monarch to obtain them at any price the moment he received his agent's report, leading him to consent to the unusual proviso for their future redemption, rather than forego their present possession.

It was highly improbable that any private individual would care to keep such an amount as that of the purchase-money lying idle in the shape of jewels, but the trustees were agreed as to the propriety of retaining the option, and the method they adopted of investing the fortune accruing from the sale would enable its possessor easily to re-purchase them on coming of age. For it was carefully placed in good governmental and co-operative securities, to average the moderate rate of ten per cent., the income being re-invested as it came in, so as to allow the capital to accumulate by compound interest.

Bertie was unwilling to accept any portion of the child's income toward its maintenance and education. But he was overruled by Mr. Avenil, who said that the immensity of the fortune would give his scruples about such a trifle the appearance of affectation, and also that it would be unfair to the boy himself to restrict his advantages to suit the far narrower means of any of themselves.

CHAPTER VIII.

Under the loving guardianship of Bertie Greathead, little Criss Carol thrived wondrously. Mr. Avenil and Mr. Wilmer knew well that they were doing the best for the child's highest welfare in committing it to such superintendence.

They knew that the hardness and irresponsibility of character likely to be engendered by the possession of ample wealth would find its best corrective in the championship of one so simple, tender and true as Bertie, the aeronaut. Whatever intellectual supervision was needed, Avenil would himself supply, but he agreed fully with Mr. Wilmer in ranking character as above attainments, especially for one exempted by fortune from the struggle for existence, and endowed with an almost unlimited power of influencing others.

The struggle for existence! I shall not, I trust, be neglecting my story for my reflections, if I make here some observations respecting the origin and development of the period which produced the character I have undertaken to present. We are, each one of us, the product, not of the present only, but of the past. Nature, though it repudiates the vicarious principle, links all things together in an inevitable sequence. It is to the ever-memorable nineteenth century—a period to which we trace the first dawning of our glorious Emancipation—that we are indebted for the clue whereby we have escaped entanglement in those labyrinths of transcendental speculation, in which our forefathers lost themselves.

How would they have rejoiced could they have seen in their day the revelation of the divine method of the universe which has been made to us!—could they have known that in the original substance which filled infinity was such capacity for evolution as would account for all subsequent phenomena whatever; that the various steps of physical motion, heat, life, light, sensation, thought, conscience, follow each other necessarily, evolved, as the spark from the contact of steel with flint, from the contact of part with part—given only time, or rather eternity, for the process; and this not over the infinite whole merely, but throughout each separate portion.

It was the struggle for existence—a struggle often, doubtless, in those who are too weak to endure to the end, fatal to that conscience, which alone we recognize as worthy to be the final cause of all things—that at length produced the conscience which now governs the world—at least, in its maturer parts—and constitutes the salt of its preservation. Read by this light, history exhibits nation after nation, race after race, Aryan, Turanian, Semitic, all faltering and failing, tried and found wanting, through lack of capacity for development up to this the crowning point of the structure of humanity. No single race was equal to the achievement; and so it comes that now the first place on the earth is held by the peoples into whose composition enters something of each of these, but most of the Aryan, and that under its Anglo-Teutonic form, this being pre-eminently the race which acknowledges the supremacy of man's brain and heart, and ranks the intellect, the moral sense, and the affections of living humanity as above all traditions and conventions whatsoever.

Such was the significance of "the glorious Emancipation."

Young Christmas Carol was fortunate alike in the period of his existence and in the persons among whom he fell. Had he, with his beauty, his wealth, and his mystery, lighted upon our isles in the days when money was king and conventionalism was god, the story of his life could scarcely have been other than a tale of the degradation and ruin of a character, of his essential innermost sacrificed to his accidental outermost, to the utter effacement of the divine capacities of his being as an individual. But he came in a time when the dominant characteristics and achievements of modern society were such as found fair representatives in men like those who became his friends and guardians. Greathead, Wilmer and Avenil, each was an exponent of a different yet co-ordinate factor in the sum of triune perfection. With goodness, beauty and use, thus impersonated, to preside over his youth, Christmas Carol had all the external advantages that the world even of these our days could bestow.

I assign the function of representing beauty in the above-mentioned category, to my grandfather and father, each of whom in turn were the lad's trustees and guardians; for the same exquisite spirit of poesy animated them both, and their influence had much to do with the nurture of the lad's nature on its softer side. Would that death had not so early removed my father. Yet even Criss's ample repayment to me would not have exceeded his indebtedness to him. I believe my father's chief regret in dying arose from his desire to carry on to completion the education of which he had helped to lay the foundation.

Physically and mentally little Criss Carol exhibited the characteristics of his ancestry. The Greek came out in his keen appreciation of knowledge and beauty; the Sinitic showed itself in his sensitiveness to the imaginative and emotional. Never was prophet-poet of the ancient Hebrews possessed by a more vivid sense of a divine personality. Soar far aloft with him as Bertie would on his voyages while yet a child, or afterward when as a lad he had become an adept unsurpassed in the management of his beloved "Ariel," and mounted by himself to regions of air inaccessible to others, even the most daring, his foster-father owned himself startled at the boy's absolute inability to comprehend the feeling of loneliness. Sometimes he seemed as if he held commune with beings palpable only to himself. But Bertie, while he watched and wondered, respected the individuality of the child's manifest genius, and therefore abstained from any remark that might chill his spirit and throw him back upon himself.

When permitted to make ascents by himself it was Criss's delight to shoot rapidly up to a great height, and there remain almost stationary, like an eagle poised on outspread wings, without help from his propelling apparatus. Here he could remain floating about on his parachute. The perfection which he soon attained in the use of this appliance was so great as to relieve Bertie of any misapprehension on the score of accident. His parachute was one of the flat kind, so difficult to master, but so admirable in its action when mastered. It would almost float on the air by itself when expanded; and Criss, who was slenderly built, of moderate stature, and a wonderfully active and wiry frame, was able by its aid alone to raise himself from the ground and remain in the air for a considerable time. Indeed to fly, seemed to be almost as instinctive with him as with the birds; and it

was one of the prettiest sights to see him, quietly and without apparent effort, soaring aloft in the clear blue, sustained by the white expanded wings of his parachute, with a crowd of birds flocking round him, and seeming to recognize him as of their own order.

As he grew up he was allowed to have for his own a rocket-spiral machine of the most perfect make that the skill of Avenil could devise and his own fortune purchase. This was worked by the power long ago discovered, but for the secret or whose practical application our ancestors for generations sighed and toiled. Their mistake consisted, not in their conception of the potentialities of the magnetic coil, but in supposing that the power produced was only in proportion to the amount of the chemical and metallic elements consumed. It was the discovery that these agents are but a necessary initiative, and that the power is capable of almost indefinite enlargement without a corresponding increase in their consumption, but merely by bringing other and more subtle elements into co-operation, that has made possible all our modern mechanical developments.

So naturally did Criss take to flying, that it needed no laborious instilling of the formulae respecting the relations of atmospheric pressure to falling bodies, to produce the confidence indispensable to the exercise of the art. The ancient hymn, "Heaven is my home," had for him from the first a peculiar and literal significance.

Bertie was long profoundly affected by the loss of the wife he had so curiously acquired; and partly under the influence of this feeling, partly for the sake of more bracing air for Criss, he removed his headquarters from the Triangle to a cottage on the Surrey hills, situated near the new town, which was then rapidly springing up. It was here, where, except on one side, there was scarce a tree or impediment for miles, that Criss made his first essays, and acquired his chief skill in aerostation and aeronautics. Had Alma lived, and their home continued to be in the city, it would scarcely have been possible for Criss to become what he was; and had his lot fallen in a wooded country, it would have been equally impossible. We have here an illustration of the apparent fortuity of the events which dictate fate. An open down, and a convenient starting point in the shape of an old chalk quarry, from whose brink he could take his first flights, were the leading agents in the formation of his career.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

ICONOCLASM MY HERESY.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

The Banner of Light again denounces my iconoclasm. Like Topsy, "I knows I's wicked." Dear old conservative Banner, who would have imagined that my article in the WEEKLY of July 4 could have aroused the calorific of its genial editor. He felt that it would be unsafe to extend his remarks on the subject. That was wise. Finding himself traveling the wrong road it was best not to prosecute the journey. Here is the Banner's last fulmination:

"The iconoclastic road that ambition travels is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty, and too dark for conscience."—Banner of Light.

Some deceiving spirit has been imposing upon you, my brother. If Davis' theory is correct there are many diakka circling around the Banner office.

Bro. Colby says the iconoclastic road is narrow, crooked, rugged and dark. How does he know? he has never traveled it. He does not propose to travel any road that is not well trodden.

"Too narrow for friendship." A friendship that cannot bear jostling is worthless. Genuine friendship is all the better for close contact.

"Too crooked for love." That is just the road love travels, unless nearly all writers on the theme are mistaken. Any one who says, or implies, as does Bro. Colby that the road traveled by love is straight, smooth and pleasant, exposes his ignorance. This is not surprising. He is a bachelor. This fact speaks volumes. One poet says, "the course of true love never runs smooth." If Bro. Colby thinks it does let him try it.

"Too rugged for honesty." Is it not a rugged road which honesty always travels? Go ask those men and women who stood for principle, who bravely defended unpopular truths, the Galileos, the Harveys, the Woodhulls and Hulls. True, they were and are stronger for their struggles. It is the hypocrite who chooses the smooth road, or drifts lazily with the current.

"Too dark for conscience." If conscience is not of use in the dark its services can be easily dispensed with.

Dear Luther, I thank thee for these texts this morning. Thy similies are very unfortunate for thy conservative cause. Iconoclasm continued to haunt the Banner, for in another part of the same issue are these words from the editor:

"Our chief business as sentinels upon the watch-tower is to place before our readers the scientific and philosophic aspects of Spiritualism. We have but little time or inclination to devote to cavilling skepticism or idiosyncratic iconoclasm. Our readers will therefore see how impossible it is that we should devote much of our space to the latter subjects."—Banner of Light.

Indeed! Valuable space. "Cavilling skepticism." A borrowed phrase from the theologic enemies of Spiritualism. The religious journals pronounce the Banner about as crazy a specimen of "idiosyncratic" blasphemy as can be found. It need not go to "putting on airs" and making believe that it is respectable. It is too thin a disguise.

Devoted to the "scientific and philosophic aspects of Spiritualism." Why, then, condemn (not openly and manfully, but covertly) those lecturers who are likewise devoted to the "scientific and philosophic aspects of Spiritualism?" If the Banner is thus engaged, it is chargeable with what it urges against iconoclasts. Science and philosophy both are the most terrible iconoclasts known. Philosophy has ever

been the deadly foe to superstition, idolatry, myths, false images. It destroys all these by explaining the phenomena of nature. Science, which means knowledge, has revealed to us the grandeur of the universe, and the dignity of human nature an important part thereof. In accomplishing this noble work, science has ever been a remorseless image-breaker. If, then, the *Banner* is scientific and philosophic (as it is anxious to appear), it is most truly iconoclastic. If it is not iconoclastic, then it is not scientific and philosophic.

If the *Banner* is so friendly just now to science and philosophy, why has it so persistently ignored a full, frank, free discussion of social science? Its treatment of the question of socialism has been mincing, gingerly. It has contained from time to time slurs on science and scientists that were, to say the least, in bad taste on the part of a *scientific* journal. It has been governed more by what purport to be spirits out of earthly forms than by reason, science or philosophy.

If we lecturers are proper subjects for iconoclastic love-taps from our journals (we do not object to criticism), we wish the journals to resign themselves to the situation, "brace up," and take their own medicine. When some of them presume to dictate what lecturers shall say upon Spiritualist platforms (and this is what the *Banner* has done), they should be reminded by the lecturers that no such dictation will be countenanced. Some spiritualist papers act very much like some of the old popes and bishops who used to denounce heresy and anathematize Free Thinkers. A pity it is that a professed liberal paper should pursue such a popish method. If the sentiments of the Iconoclastic lecturers are wrong, show wherein. Meet their declarations manfully, not sneakily. Such a course would insure respect, whereas the present plan of innuendo is contemptible.

The *Banner* in its issue of May 23, advised that such iconoclastic principles as I teach should be "squarely" condemned, its language plainly implying that if it had the power of the ancient "head of the church," it would prohibit their utterance. The *Banner* has shown itself illiberal in this respect. It has for years been known by many Spiritualists that in the matter of free discussion, and an unmuzzled rostrum it has not represented Spiritualism at all; for if there is any glorious thing which Spiritualism has done, more than to demonstrate the grand fact of spirit-communication, it is to emphasize the principle of free discussion—the safe-guard of liberty. Without this element of free debate (which the *Banner* has so sadly neglected) the cause of angel ministration would have lacked vitality. The Christian church to-day is afflicted with dry rot, because, under the pretence that free debate was abused, it has discountenanced it altogether as dangerous or unprofitable. Such is always the plea of tyrants and conservatives.

The *Banner* is a good Spiritualist newspaper; but other papers have sprung into existence to meet the demand for freedom which the *Banner* failed to supply.

Yet I would not condemn it as it has condemned those who differ from its views and policy. As a Liberalist I would not be justified in denying its right to be as conservative as Calvin or Pope Pius. It is when a Calvin, or a pope, essays to interfere with free speech that he subjects himself to deserved criticism.

The WEEKLY has the honor of recognizing and advocating the principle which I am defending—an "unmuzzled rostrum"—and for which it is entitled to the unfeigned thanks of the whole lecturing profession.

While I believe the *Banner* has its work to perform, and hope it will ever wave, it should learn to be humble as well as spiritual. There is said to be such a thing as *spiritual* pride. It is just possible it is slightly afflicted with this disease, which causes it to think it is under the special care of a lofty congress of spirits who have the power to crush out all who dare oppose its messages to the benighted denizens of earth. There are a few lecturers who fear not the frown of the *Banner*, nor its spiritual congress.

All right, Luther.

WOMEN, INSANE AND OTHERWISE.

Kate Stoddard, accused and, by public opinion founded on circumstantial evidence, convicted of shooting unto death one Goodrich, was committed on Thursday, July 13, to the State Lunatic asylum at Auburn. This tragedy is very suggestive when we reflect on the wrongs which women receive at the hands of men, and on the fact that the impulse for revenge seldom or never takes possession of the heart of an injured woman until her sufferings have overthrown the citadel of thought, which is the lightest citadel known to metaphysical architecture; for, after all, heart is woman and woman's heart.

The wonder is that more women do not go insane and kill more men; we see reasons for their doing the first and justifications for their doing the latter every day. Nor do we confine ourselves to the class who suffer sensational wrongs and subsequent deserts. There are a thousand and one exhibitions, within the observation and experience of every looker-on, of acts of carelessness, neglect, cruelty, of selfishness, miserliness and manly vulgarity; that is, vulgarity peculiar to the animal—man, which are enough to overthrow the sensitive organization of woman.

We believe that if a census could be taken of all the "skeletons in the closets," they would be found to be, for the most part, the rattling bones of some bridegroom's eloquent promises to some too credulous bride. There certainly is among the characteristic evils of to-day a great lack of appreciation of and respect for women. This is in a great part owing to the innate vanity of man, which, like the value of gold, has been expanded as the result of the late civil conflict. It might seem strange to refer the wrongs of women, and what is as bad, women's rights, to the teachings of political economy in regard to the doctrine of demand and supply, but it is an old idea, as the reader will recollect, in recalling the scene of Sir Harry Gubbins contracting for his son's marriage: "Aye; but, brother, you rate her too high; the war has fetched down the price of women; the whole nation is overrun with petticoats; our daughters lie upon

our hands, Brother Tipkin; girls are drugs, sir—mere drugs." And yet there is a fallacy in the whole of our argument, for it is well understood that men estimate women at the value they estimate themselves; it is in the power of the one class to make the other always respect as well as love and marry them. Thackeray most happily illustrated the influence of women over men when he said, "A woman with fair opportunities and without an absolute hump on her back can marry whomsoever she pleases."—*The Capital, Washington, D. C.*

THOUGHTS DURING CHURCH SERVICE.

Too early, of course! How provoking!
I told ma just how it would be.
I might as well have on a wrapper,
For there's not a soul here yet to see.
There! Sue Delaplaine's pew is empty—
I declare, if it isn't too bad!
I know my suit cost more than hers did,
And I wanted to see her look mad.
I do think that sexton's too stupid—
He's put some one else in our pew—
And the girl's dress just kills mine completely;
Now what am I going to do?
The psalter, and Sue isn't here yet!
I don't care, I think it's a sin
For people to get late to service,
Just to make a great show coming in.
Perhaps she is sick, and can't get here—
She said she'd a headache last night.
How mad she'll be after her fussing!
I declare it would serve her just right.
Oh, you've got here at last, my dear, have you?
Well, I don't think you need be so proud
Of that bonnet, if Virot did make it,
It's horrid fast-looking and loud.
What a dress!—for a girl in her senses
To go on the street in light blue!—
And those coat-sleeves!—they wore them last summer—
Don't doubt, though, she thinks they're new.
Mrs. Gray's polonaise was imported—
So dreadful—a minister's wife,
And thinking so much about fashion—
A pretty example of life!
The altar's dressed sweetly—I wonder
Who sent those white flowers for the font—
Some girl who's gone on the assistant—
Don't doubt it was Bessie Lamont.
Just look at her now, little humbug!
So devout—I suppose she don't know
That she's bending her head too far over
And the ends of her switches all show.
What a sight Mrs. Ward is this morning!
That woman will kill me some day,
With her horrible lilacs and crimson—
Why will these old things dress so gay?
And there's Jenny Welles with Fred Tracy—
She's engaged to him now—horrid thing!
Dear me! I'd keep on my glove sometimes
If I did have a solitaire ring!
How can this girl next to me act so—
The way that she turns round and stares,
And then makes remarks about people;
She'd better be saying her prayers.
O dear! what a dreadful long sermon!
He must love to hear himself talk!
And it's after twelve now—how provoking!
I wanted to have a nice walk.
Through at last. Well, it isn't so dreadful
After all, for we don't dine till one;
How can people say church is poky!—
So wicked!—I think it's real fun!

—Geo. A. Baker, Jr., in *Scribner's* for July.

CANASERAGA, N. Y., July 19, 1874.

Mesdames—In your number for June 27 is the peroration of Mr. Charles Bonsall's address at Odd Fellows' Hall, Salem, Ohio, in which he refers to the possibility of the advance of woman, at some future day, beyond the Rebekah degree and into the penetralia of the order. Allow me to make a few short remarks on this. Before the Roman conquest of Britain, woman in that country was man's equal in liberty and privileges. That state of things was one of the conditions of Druidism—the primitive religion of Europe and of the white man, whether in Europe or Asia. Odd or God is one of the titles of officiating Druid, male or female. In the case of the latter, a feminine affix being subjoined, man could perform a particular part in this religion which a woman could not, and *vice versa*. Odin or God was the presiding elder, and the Virgin Mary was his mate. I say Virgin Mary because the term is more familiar than the Druidical terms. Mary means sea-born; she was called by the Romans, Venus Marina. In Odinism (which is the Druidism of the Odds or Gotths), all men and women were considered fellows, or brothers and sisters (ge-felles—twins), hence Odd Fellows. Of course Odd-brotherhood has much altered since the days of its primitive purity, and among the rest of the changes in it is reckoned the exclusion of woman.

Now, at the present day, one of the most prominent as well as learned members of the ancient Druids in Great Britain is a British baroness. How is it the ancient Druids of Britain hung on to their primitive principles, while their Gothic branch let them go? It is to be hoped that Mr. Bonsall's good wishes for restoration will soon be realized. The above remarks may be considered fanciful by many readers, but they involve facts which all may learn for themselves by inquiry and study.

ANTIQUITAS.

ANOTHER BROOKLYN SCANDAL.

Another scandal has just been brought up in the Supreme Court of Kings county. The case involves the fair name of a wealthy lady in Brooklyn and the character and standing of a stock broker in New York. The plaintiff is Mr. William W. Proctor, who seeks to recover the sum of \$50,000 damages from Mr. Samuel W. Lapsley, of the firm of Lapsley & Bazley, New York brokers, with whom the wife of the plaintiff did business. The plaintiff sets forth that his wife, when she called and placed \$10,000 in their hands, was induced by the defendant to drink wine, and that while under its influence he seduced her.

It appears that about the 18th of February Mrs. Proctor applied to the firm of Lapsley & Bazley, and opened an account in her own name with this firm, leaving in their care sums of money and securities on deposit amounting to upwards of \$10,000. It is charged that on or about the 25th of last February Mrs. Proctor was induced by the defendant to enter a private office attached to his place of business, and after plying her with wine until she was in a helpless condition to resist the attacks of Lapsley, he accomplished the crime of which he is accused. It is also set forth that in the interval between the 25th of February and the 2d of May last, at several times and places, particularly in the office above named and in the West Side Hotel, the same criminal course was pursued by the accused, and on each occasion wine was used as the means whereby Lapsley was able to accomplish his designs. It is also claimed by the injured husband that a certain Mrs. Fanny Rosenthal, the wife of Robert Rosenthal, of New York, was taken to the office of the defendant and other places, and both ladies rendered helpless from the effects of wine in order that he might accomplish his bellish purpose. Mr. Proctor lays claim to damages in the sum of \$50,000.

Samuel W. Lapsley, the defendant, admits the alleged business transaction with Mrs. Louise Proctor, but states that she deposited no money with the firm to which he belongs, the capital having been, by her desire, invested at her own risk and account in stocks. A general denial on the part of the defendant is set up in answer to the criminal practices mentioned in the complaint.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., July 13, 1874.

It is now six weeks since Mrs. Woodhull gave her first lecture in San Francisco, and I cannot but wonder at what she has accomplished here in this short space of time. The prejudice existing against her was universal, and, with the exception of a select few of men and women of thought and intellect—students of Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill—she had positively no friends. The night of June 1, when she made her appearance at Platt's Hall for the first time, will be an ever memorable one, and marks an epoch in the history of San Francisco. That it is not recognized as such by the mass of common-place humanity, who go to make up the unthinking busy life of a great city, and who are too blind and obtuse to see anything that does not immediately affect their own little insignificant, individual lives—in common parlance, who cannot see beyond their own noses—is no concern of mine; that Mrs. Woodhull left an impression that night whose future beneficent effects are simply incalculable, is the belief of all the truly thoughtful men and women who heard her.

The house was full, and the audience, as the *Alla* stated next day, was in point of respectability "one before whom Canon Kingsley might have been proud to have spoken." Yet it is not to be supposed that they were all in sympathy with her. They were brought together from various motives. There were the few who have believed in Victoria Woodhull as the new Christ, the saviour of the world, who for years have been quietly, and perhaps too secretly, worshipping her and looking to her for the redemption of humanity; another and an unprejudiced class came to hear and to investigate, but the largest part came from curiosity; they affected to sneer and to despise, but they wanted to see this strange woman who is upsetting the world and all our time-honored theories—calling virtue vice and vice virtue—who is setting up new standards and tearing down old ones, and getting things into such a general state of confusion, that if she have her way we shall soon not know a prostitute from any other woman, but be obliged to accept the alarming, demoralizing doctrine, that all men and woman are our brothers and sisters, no matter what they may do or may have done.

There was yet another element in the audience, and this was of the disturbing kind, who had come there on purpose to put Mrs. Woodhull down, let the consequences be what they might. Just before she appeared Col. Blood had endeavored to obtain a hearing in the giving out of some notice, but the disturbing element clapped him down and persistently refused to let him be heard. Then Victoria, who was within hearing, indignantly came upon the stage. Then the divine play began. All the lion in her nature was aroused. She was regally indignant. Pale with emotion, and with every nerve of her fine, sensitive nature quivering with the outrage, she yet controlled herself sufficiently to calmly begin the lecture. She held her manuscript in her hands, and with studied deliberation read therefrom for some ten or fifteen minutes. Up to this time her audience was not in sympathy with her. She was beautiful, graceful, artistic; her voice melodious, her enunciation perfect, but she was not herself. It was the calm before the storm. Suddenly she threw down her manuscript. Her eyes gleamed, her face flushed. Withering sarcasms fell from her lips; tumults of indignant words poured forth like a hurricane. She paced the stage with the fury of an insulted queen; she hurled defiance at her audience and dared them to do their worst.

She had gone forth with her life in her hands to fight this battle for liberty and freedom, and she could fight to the end. As she stood there with her hand aloft and with grandest words upon her lips, it was the sublimest spectacle I ever witnessed. She seemed scarcely human, and for myself, if I had suddenly seen a visible glory encircling her head, I should not have been astonished. I was completely oblivious to everything that was passing around me, and others told me afterward that they were similarly affected.

From the tragedy queen, she suddenly melted into a beautiful, loving woman. She told of her idiot boy, her darling made so by her ignorance of Nature's laws, and she asked, nay, she pleaded with all the mothers, with all the women in her audience to bring no more badly made up children into the world; to usher no more unwilling children into a miserable existence to fill our insane asylums, prisons and penitentiaries. At this point, as she pleaded with clasped

hands and voice of intensest feeling, she was sublime, she had touched her audience to their inmost depths; women wept and even men were seen stealthily wiping away a tear. It was Mrs. Siddons—it was Rachel—nay, it was the incarnation of our ideal of the divine motherhood; and if an inspired artist could then and there have faithfully transferred that sweet vision to his canvas and fixed it forever, he would have given to the world a Madonna before which Correggio's and Murillo's would pale.

That evening was the grandest effort of Victoria Woodhull's life. *She conquered her audience*; it was a triumph, and a great one. Since then she has given three more lectures in San Francisco, and all of them were crowded with respectful, appreciative and eager hearers. She has been requested to repeat the fourth lecture, viz.: the one on St. Paul's prophecy, "The enemy which shall be destroyed is death;" and I regret that she cannot find it convenient with her engagements to do so.

Mrs. Woodhull's rooms were daily thronged with visitors, who called to pay their respects to this world-wide celebrity. All classes were there, from the judge on his bench to the despised Magdalen, to whose dull and deadened ear the heavenly breezes have wafted that divine sentence of Victoria's, uttered a few evenings ago, from the rostrum in this city, but which has been upon her lips for years, and echoed and reverberated from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Australia to Greenland:

"If there is any unhappy woman, whom all the world has deserted, tell me where she is, that I may go to her and put my womanly arms around her and lift her up."

That sentence alone, if she had never uttered another, ought to cover Victoria Woodhull with glory, and hand her name down to latest generations, for it is the key-note for the redemption of the world.

But at Woodhull & Claflin's rooms there are to be met the choicest of intellects—investigators, humanitarians, philosophers. Mrs. Woodhull is a sort of medium around which the most original thinkers seem to have centred. To go therefore to them is always to meet rare and delightful people—persons of thought and outspoken words; oftentimes persons of large culture, and always of refinement, if you meet them there more than once. These are the kind of people Victoria Woodhull attracts to her. If they are not all able to follow her to the extent to which her convictions have led her, they love and honor her as one who has given up everything for what she believes to be the truth, and they are certain she is accomplishing a great work. There is no doubt she has already made a permanent impression upon the thought of California, and she has already caused a rustling even among the dead, dry bones of orthodoxy, though it is not to be supposed that the conservatives will acknowledge it. The seed, however, is being sown, and *the harvest will surely come*, but it will not be until the grass waves above her grave.

In private, and as a woman, Mrs. Woodhull is inexpressibly loved and admired. Nature has gifted her with rare graces of manner and person, and, what is greatly to her credit, her personal conquests are largely among her own sex. Women love her with an enthusiasm which has positively no limits.

And thus Victoria C. Woodhull is fighting the battle of the centuries, and breaking the way, indeed, for future generations!

when it became known that a member of his congregation had charged the venerable prelate with undue familiarity with his wife. The indignant, disbelieving howls of the High Churchmen were astounding. They denounced the charge as malicious and trumped up. But the Low Church folks held their peace and suggested that the charge had better be investigated. Between the squabbling and recrimination of these doctrinal factions an official inquiry was instituted. The lady's character and reputation for respectability were unimpeachable, and as a consequence the venerable bishop came out of the examination with mitre cracked and lawn soiled. It was shown that, while under the influence of wine or other stimulant he had indecently caressed the lady. There was no blinking the fact that his thoughts at the moment were impure and his action disgraceful. Wherefore he was suspended from performing his sacred functions—the fact of his being "stimulated" at the time being taken in extenuation.

Glancing for a few minutes across the Atlantic, some few of our readers will no doubt remember the case of Achilli vs. Newman. Achilli was originally a Roman Catholic priest; but, on being ejected from the Roman fold for gross and habitual licentiousness, at the date of the trial, in 1852, he adorned the pulpit of a London Protestant church. It was shown on evidence at the trial that as early as 1826 he was deprived of his faculty to lecture for an offense which his superiors did their best to conceal; that in 1831, he robbed of her honor a young woman of eighteen; that in September 1833 he was guilty of a similar crime in the case of a woman of twenty-eight; that on another occasion he chose the sacristy of the church for the perpetration of another such crime, the day being Good Friday. He afterward made the wife of a tailor faithless to her husband, and lived publicly and traveled about with the wife of a chorus singer. After his excommunication from Rome, and while professor in the Protestant College at Malta, he was dismissed from his post.

The Rev. Newland Maffitt was a pastoral gift to us from England. What an angelic person he was, and how some of our mothers admired him, and doted on him, and lingered on his words! He was the Sunday sensation of the age, and Beecher, in his palmiest days, was never more idolatrously followed than he. He belonged to the unctuous legions of Methodism, and he was accustomed to itinerate from church to church, bruising the old serpent's head and transforming hordes of blackest sinners into whitest saints whenever he preached. There are folks who still talk of his almost more than mortal eloquence; the fire of his eye; the vehemence of his gesture, and the grace and symmetry of his form.

They will rehearse how, when he used to preach in the Allen street Methodist Church, the place would be so crammed hours before the services commenced that the Reverend Newland had to be passed bodily over the heads of the people, through the window, and so on, until he was hoisted into the pulpit. They will tell you that the ladies were the most enthusiastic admirers of the man, and that many of them were ready to melt and dissolve in Heliconian dew when he chanced to look upon them. But that is thirty years since, and such of the matrons who, as maidens exhibited Maffitt adoration, who survive, have also survived their folly and laugh at it.

When poor Mr. Maffitt's wife died, wasn't there oceans of tears and whirlwinds of sighs among unmarried Methodist sisters! The loss of the angelic Mrs. Maffitt to her celestial, heaven-inspired husband was, of course, pronounced irreparable. Gushing young ladies, with tear-bedewed eyes, told him so, and he loved to listen to them. For under the shadow of the bereavement that had settled over his roof, he went much abroad, seeking sympathy and endeavoring to dispel the gloom of his loneliness. Of course he prayed much, and talked with gloomy eloquence of bending to the rod, until finally there were enthusiastic maidens who would have made almost any sacrifice to have restored the heyday of the minister's happiness. One, indeed—a splendid, sentimental girl of Brooklyn—went so far in demonstrative sympathy that in the course of human events it became necessary to confess as much to her pious father. Then there was some sanctified blasphemy, accompanied with some threats against the heart, liver and bodily welfare of the Rev. Newland Maffitt. Afterward there were heartburnings and accusings and scandals, and general pandemonium. The case was investigated, a true bill was found and the wolf ceased to prey, in sheep's clothing, at least, on the ewe lambs of the fold.

Again, we have the lamentable case of the Rev. Stephen P. Avery. He, too, stood seer-like on the pastoral mountain tops; he was a beacon set on a hill, who never hid his light under a bushel. Forty years since Boston and Georgetown resounded his praises, and the echoes thereof traveled afar. In the pulpit and as the shepherd and visitor of his flock he was deemed peerless. The impressive sanctity of his manner and the splendor of his oratory were only equaled by the sweetness of his disposition and the purity of his heart. But David surreptitiously glanced upon the unadorned loveliness of Bathsheba and became a sin-stained king, and the saintly Stephen gazed upon a sister of the Hub, and there was soon after an unheard-of hubbub at the Hub and round its borders. There was a long trial, the salacious charges were proved, and the pastor ceased to be a shepherd of Christ's fold.

Then the Rev. Horace Cook, a few years since the minister of the Seventh street Methodist Church—an eloquent, tall, dark-eyed, handsome man. Every one remembers how he suddenly left his wife and ran away to Philadelphia with Miss Johnson, daughter of a member of the church; how he wrote a letter to his trustees, explaining his flight and confessing his love for the young lady, and how he subsequently sent her home, solemnly avowing she was as pure as an angel. But these facts, as we have said, will be remembered and need not be longer dwelt upon here. Mr. Cook, of course, left the church and is now studying law; yet he had abilities that would have ultimately made him a bishop.

[From the N. Y. Sun, July 30.]

PRELATE KAPFF'S WICKEDNESS.

THE BEECHER-TILTON SCANDAL OF GERMANY—A CLERGYMAN SENT TO PRISON.

Germany is agitated by an affair very like the Beecher-Tilton scandal. The central figure is Prelate Augustus Kapff, the highest dignitary in the Protestant Church of Wurtemberg, a man who for years had occupied in his church, owing to his erudition and eloquence, a more exalted place than any other German clergyman. For many years he has been foremost in all endeavors to promote morality in South Germany. So much the greater was the consternation of the orthodox Protestants of Germany, when, on the 18th of May, a merchant, Frederick Amann, appeared before the Criminal District Court of Wurtemberg, and preferred the following charge:

"I, Frederick Amann, of Stuttgart, Wurtemberg, charge the Rev. Augustus Kapff, prelate and presiding divine of all the Suabian Protestant Dioceses, with having willfully, meanly, and by false religious representations seduced my heretofore virtuous wife, Anna Amann, nee Straub. I furthermore charge the aforesaid Kapff with having cohabited with my aforesaid wife many times during my absence on commercial business. I also charge him with having taken her to the watering-place of Ragatz, where they lived as man and wife. I finally charge him with being the father of the child (a daughter) born four months ago. I wish to add to this arraignment of the Rev. Prelate Kapff that I hold him solely responsible for these infernal outrages; that my wife is a poor, religion-struck creature, who fell, not knowing what she was doing; that I have but reluctantly asked for a divorce from her, and regret not having contented myself with having demanded that the Rev. Prelate Kapff should be confined in consequence of this seduction of my wife in the cellular prison of Wurtemberg for many years at hard labor; and that I pray the government, furthermore, to strip the Rev. Prelate Kapff immediately of all his ecclesiastical dignities."

The unfortunate wife of Mr. Amann at first endeavored to defend herself by saying that her relations with Prelate Kapff had been entirely innocent; but when she was told that her husband had brought a suit for divorce against her, and demanded that she should also be sent to the penitentiary for adultery, her reason gave way, and she is now an inmate of the Lunatic Asylum at Thurgovia, in Switzerland, her native place. There she calls herself the Virgin Mary and pretends to be the wife of Martin Luther.

Prelate Kapff at first entirely ignored the scandal, but his own church having urged him to contradict it, he published the following card:

"Several newspapers have attacked my honor most grievously in the last few weeks, and to this end have made the most astounding misstatements and uttered glaring falsehoods. I have immediately requested my official superiors to investigate in the most searching manner the complaints made against me, and I confidently look for my triumphant acquittal, trusting in the justice of the omniscient God."

This manifesto was immediately answered by the publication of the following affidavit:

"Ida Tanner, housekeeper of Jacob Amann, deposes and saith, that the divorced wife of my employer yesterday went mad, and had to be taken to the city hospital. The servants of poor Mme. Amann informed her husband of the great misfortune that had befallen her; but Mr. Amann declared that he could do nothing for her, as she had allowed a hypocritical scoundrel to get the better of her; that he had long deliberated whether or not he should shoot Kapff, but had forborne, believing that his inevitable disgrace would be preferable to his violent death, which would make him a martyr; that he would pay her, according to the legal decree, 120 florins a month, although she had lived in adultery with Kapff for over a year, and has lived with him as his wife for several months at the watering-place of Ragatz. I also swear that the said Kapff promised to marry her after she had been divorced from her husband.

(Signed) "IDA TANNER."

The *Neue Wiener Freie Presse* says:

"Kapff, the clerical hypocrite, cannot explain this. He has to leave the pulpit, and a cell in the State prison awaits him."

ANOTHER CLERICAL ROMANCE.

A singular story in connection with the "falling from grace" of another clergyman was told to a *Herald* reporter yesterday, but for the truth of which the writer is not prepared to vouch.

A Methodist Episcopal clergyman has been for some time past administering to the spiritual welfare of a large and respectable congregation in New Orleans. In the flock which this "good shepherd" undertook to lead was a woman of bewitching personal attractions, who conceived a more than platonic affection for her pastor, and which in time was fully and freely reciprocated by the divine, who, it should be stated, was a married man. Some three weeks ago the pastor and his paramour became invisible to their friends, and, as it subsequently transpired, were clandestinely married in the Crescent city, and immediately afterward left on a northward bound train, doubtless to seek some umbrageous nook, where first wives cease from troubling and all save conscience might be at rest. Suspecting the cause of her husband's absence, his spouse, accompanied by her little son, lost no time in following her perfidious lord, and ultimately traced the guilty pair to Amenia, a thriving settlement on the line of the Harlem Railroad, and distant from New York about eighty-five miles. Here the indignant wife arrived yesterday morning, and found the object of her search, together with his morganatic mate, snugly domiciled at a fashionable hotel. Face to face the parties met, and while both women thought fit to faint by way of a prelude to what followed, the guilty clergyman looked on complacently, as though asking the bystanders for an explanation of the sudden and extraordinary scene. Restoratives

MINISTERIAL DELINQUENCIES.

[From the Sunday Mercury, Aug. 2, 1874.]

PREDECESSORS OF BEECHER WHO HAVE BEEN TRIED AND FOUND WANTING.

Although the newspaper notoriety attained by the Beecher-Tilton scandal is probably unequaled, it is but just to say that Plymouth's pastor is not the only eminent and eloquent saint who has got himself into a bad scrape through a lamb of his flock. Long ago Peter Pindar had occasion to denounce persons of this type and their long-faced fellows. "Their occupation," said the satirist, "is to serve the devil privately during the week and blackguard him publicly on Sundays." There have been murderers and forgers in the ministry, as well as violators of the seventh commandment. A few such examples are briefly mentioned below. They will be found suggestive reading at the present time, and to the saints of the Plymouth persuasion especially they may prove useful for instruction, discipline and correction.

The case of the Rev. Isaac T. Kalloch—sometimes known as "Whisky Skin" Kalloch, the Boston Paul—will be familiar to many of our readers. His tall, majestic, muscular form, resembling the Farnese Hercules; his grand, expressive features that might have graced Apollo; his wonderful eloquence; the magnetism of his manner; the charm of his voice; the soundness of his orthodoxy; the crowds of panting women that crammed his church to listen entranced and mesmerized when he preached—are they not all written on the memories of Boston matrons to this day, and do they not form another commentary on the danger of pulpit idols of the physical persuasion? Alas! the reverend gentleman had been wandering in the groves sacred to Cupid rather than bearing the cross emblematic of salvation. A young lady named Steele was his fascinated companion. Their soul communings were first transcendental, then seraphic, then beatific, then earthly and sensual. Kalloch was kicked out of the church, and went to Kansas, where he has since become a model man and a politician.

Then again, shall not the supporters of the Plymouth parson take courage when the name of the Right Rev. Benjamin T. Onderdonk is mentioned. The fourth Bishop of New York, belonging to the High Church section of the Episcopal faith, this prelate had attained man's allotted term of years, and was in the enjoyment of every comfort that fortune bestows upon its most favored children. He was regarded as another mitred Enoch, who walked with God; and if, some morning, New York had been informed that he had been carried up to heaven like Elijah in a chariot of fire, here would have been far less astonishment expressed than

having been applied, both females quickly recovered their senses, and in an instant thereafter were diligently investigating each other's hair. The injured woman entreated the hotel keeper not to use unnecessary harshness toward her husband, since he had just promised to return home with her. When the landlord discovered yesterday morning, however, that the reverend scoundrel had no funds wherewith to liquidate his indebtedness, the clergyman and his partner were unceremoniously ejected from the house. The entire party then took a Harlem train for the city, the first wife taking care not to let him leave her for a moment, although she refused to pay passage fare except for herself and her little boy. This action on her part compelled the impecunious husband to deposit a diamond pin with the conductor as security for himself and the second wife, in order to escape being put off the train. It is also stated that both women quarreled furiously during the entire length of the journey, much to the amusement of their fellow-passengers. On arriving at the Forty-second street depot another exhibition took place, both women claiming a right to the clergyman. The first wife, however, carried her point by threatening to invoke the assistance of a policeman, and finally escorted her truant husband out of the depot, while the other woman defiantly brought up the rear.—N. Y. Herald, July 31.

ANOTHER MINISTER FALLEN.

Some two months since a young, talented, and prepossessing Methodist minister named Howard T. Alexander came from the adjoining State of Pennsylvania to the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and located in what is generally known as the Bucktown district, Dorchester county. Being single, and attractive in his manners, he was soon a great favorite among the fair ladies of the neighborhood. His name and that of a Miss Shorter, the daughter of W. L. Shorter, a respectable and worthy citizen, soon became connected in a way creditable to neither of them.

Upon this the Rev. Mr. Alexander was refused the use of the school houses for holding religious services, and he therefore attempted to hold meetings in the woods.

At the first meeting, just as Alexander had started the opening hymn, Wm. L. Shorter, Jr., brother of the lady who is disgraced, entered the stand upon which the pulpit was erected, and attacked the minister, swearing that he could not preach any more in that community.

W. L. Shorter, the young man's father, who is represented to be a strict member of the old Methodist Church, went to the assistance of the assailed minister, and he and his son commenced a terrible fight. A general and bloody combat ensued, in which a large number of the congregation took part.

After this an investigation was made of the affair before Justice Winterbottom, the result being that the minister was charged with criminal indiscretion, and placed under heavy bail for his appearance at court.

When the minister was charged with his crime he fainted, and was prevented from falling to the floor by the bystanders.

On Friday afternoon, when the trial took place, he again fainted and fell in the streets, severely hurting his face.

The excitement over the affair remains unabated, and it is apprehended that another outbreak will take place.

[From the Irish Times.]

AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN PUNISHED FOR BREACH OF PROMISE.

It is notorious that young clergymen in England are the pets of the ladies for a wide circuit round the scene of their ministrations. If they happen to preach attractively they run serious risk of being completely spoiled by the flattery of the most charming portion of their congregation. Such damage has undoubtedly resulted in the case of Mr. Thomas Simon, a candidate for the ministry in the Independent Church. Two of Mr. Simon's brothers are preachers, and Mr. Simon himself is studying at an ecclesiastical college in Birmingham to qualify himself for the same profession. Somewhat more than four years ago, when Mr. Thomas Simon had just reached man's estate, he met Miss Frances Pover Saunders, who, though the daughter of a dealer in such a grimy commodity as coal, was surpassingly fair in his eyes. He saw and worshiped. What is more, his passion was returned. The lovers became engaged. Letters were exchanged which breathed the yearnings of two souls longing to be united in indissoluble bonds. The amatory correspondence lasted for nearly three years without showing any perceptible diminution in fervor.

But there is an end to all things, and Mr. Thomas Simon's love for his *inamorata* was no exception to the general rule. It seems that in the Independent community students are allowed to preach while pursuing their theological course. Mr. Simon preached, and preached with so much effect on his lady auditors that the praises showered upon him turned his head and alienated his heart from her who had been hitherto the guiding star of his existence. Why should a promise given to the daughter of a simple coal merchant stand in his way when wealth and beauty were sighing at his feet?

Though Mr. Simon's head was turned his mind retained its primal straightness. Accordingly, with an amount of candor which it is positively refreshing to meet, he wrote to his betrothed and told her plump and plain that he had been flattered by the ladies for the sermons he had preached, and that he had yielded to the temptation to forsake her for others in a higher position and good society. Miss Saunders was indignant. Her indignation took a practical form, for she threatened her recreant knight with the last modern resource of outraged womanly affection—an action for breach of promise. Mr. Simon was obdurate. He was resolved to be faithful to the "others in higher society" for whom he had forsaken his first love. His fidelity to his new plural affection has just cost him the round sum of £250, awarded as compensation by an intelligent and independent jury to the deserted Miss Saunders.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

[N. Y. Mercury, Aug. 2, 1874.]

SQUIRMING OF BEECHER'S MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY.

The exposure of the scandalous immorality of Beecher has pierced the clerical Pecksniffs in the country to the marrow of their bones. The blasphemous eloquence of a satanized pulpit, the corrupting influence of bloated money-bags, the seductive power of a rotten circle of social hypocrites—all unite to prevent Beecher's conviction for an offense which he himself has confessed, when pressed to the wall by his accuser, and a denial had become impossible in face of his evident guilt. This is the only new, but not wholly unexpected shape which this affair has assumed during the past week. Next to Beecher's own lustful and adulterous course of life, the conduct of many of his friends is as shameless and contemptible as any proceeding recorded in history. Starting out with a secret, star-chamber inquisition, organized not to convict, but to whitewash and acquit, the members of this committee of investigation have valorously set to work to hide the truth under a cloud of irrelevant side issues, have taken into service the cunning of tricky lawyers, descended into the slums and sought out discharged scullions and kitchen maids, in order to befog the public mind and cover their "beloved pastor" with a thick and impervious mantle of fudge and tomfoolery, making him, in truth, what he already is, morally—a whitened sepulchre. But they will not succeed. The admissions over his own signature are too emphatic, and his self-condemnatory explanation of them too apparent to permit any attempt at wriggling out of the consequences of his criminality to be successful. Finding that they, alone, cannot help the sinner, and him from his rightful doom, the members of the committee have, within the last few days, called to their aid what they are pleased to consider the "more highly-educated circles" and the "best people," of whom it is vaingloriously proclaimed, even from so renowned a snobbish seat of learning as Yale College, that their confidence in Beecher "remains unshaken." Beecher is a representative of his class—of that very set which superciliously arrogates to itself the claim of being the "best people"—and, imitating the Pharisees of old, they thank their God that they are not like other men. While shamming decency, and sporting an exclusive morality for outward show to deceive the public, their inner foulness, now laid bare, stinks in the nostrils of an amazed community. It need not be wondered at that all these "best people" rush pell-mell to the assistance of their idol and chief. In him their own sins are exposed, his conviction is their own sentence, his fall entombs them all. For years their Pecksniffian morality was successful; they put on a bold, proud face before the public, to practice their misdeeds in secret. Now that the bubble of mock sanctity has burst, and the true character of Beecher, and of all the gentry like him, is exposed, the ingenuity of the "more highly educated circles," whose "confidence in Beecher remains unshaken," is strained to the utmost to devise means and subterfuges under cover of which he may escape. The latest move was made last Friday, when Mrs. Tilton was again called before the committee. Of course she denied her guilt, painted Beecher as an immaculate angel, as free from all blemish as fresh-fallen snow, and portrayed her husband as a crazy loon. This is all quite natural. If she were ten times as guilty as she is charged to be, she could do no more than protect him whose guile, artifice, and magnetic affinity led her to sin; and as to defaming her husband—why, it is the rule among a certain class of pettifogging lawyers, when they have no defense worth speaking of, to abuse the plaintiff. This is the course pursued by the *World* newspaper against Tilton; it is the system of tactics adopted by the committee and its aiders and abettors, in the hope that by dragging the name of Tilton, who stands in the position of plaintiff in this case, into obloquy and shame, they could shield Beecher. They now pretend to be anxious for Frank Moulton to come forward and speak. He will undoubtedly appear as soon as the committee shall have made a great fuss about not finding him, received with due familiarity Beecher's own denial of his guilt, and published their finding that the charge was false, and then Moulton is to be gravely told that he is too late, that the case is closed, judgment passed, and their "beloved pastor" exonerated. But the trick will not serve its purpose. Everybody believes that Tilton is no lunatic, and would never have made such charges against his life-long friend had he not possessed proofs of this man's guilt. The result sure to follow will be the reverse of what the committee expects. Judgment of condemnation is already pronounced by the public. Hypocrisy is unmasked, and the blow will fall upon the guilty.

[From the N. Y. Sunday News.]

Mr. Beecher takes issue with Mr. Tilton as to the subject-matter to which his letters refer. Mr. Beecher narrows his defense to a perilously narrow basis; he affirms the case to be this: That Mrs. Tilton had conferred with him as to what course she should pursue in view of Mr. Tilton's manifold offenses, which she laid before him. Accepting as fact all that had been told him by Mrs. Tilton, his judgment dictated separation as the best and most proper remedy. But Mr. Beecher adds that Mr. Tilton himself in an interview so clearly showed the baselessness of some of the charges against him, and made good a statement so different from that upon which Mrs. Tilton had drawn his opinion, that he was satisfied injustice had been done, and that the real circumstances did not sanction the opinion or advice he had given Mrs. Tilton; that naturally he felt regret at the injustice he had done Mr. Tilton, and hence all the expressions of regret, anguish and self-reproach which appear in any and all of the writings with which Mr. Beecher's name is connected.

The question then is, which of the two assertions is true—the charge of *crim. con.* by Mr. Tilton, or that of Mr. Beecher, who alleges that the only matter referred to by the papers, and the only cause of dissatisfaction to Tilton

was his advice to Mrs. Tilton, under her own story, to separate from her husband.

Mr. Tilton's statement is corroborated by Mr. Beecher's letters, which, on their face and unexplained, are the remorseful or penitent confessions of a damning crime. This interpretation has color from Miss Anthony's statement of Mrs. Tilton's own avowal of her guilt as told by Miss Anthony to Mrs. Cady Stanton and others, thus showing that it is no late conception of Tilton, engendered at this late date for sinister purposes. The great Beecher, like Sampson, had his Delilah, and Beecher's Delilah was his own.

Mr. Beecher, *per contra*, avers that the only possible offense committed by him against Tilton was the erroneous counsel he gave Mrs. Tilton, to separate from her husband. We cannot resist the conviction that Mr. Beecher made a fatal mistake when he so sharply defined his attitude and placed his defense upon so narrow a basis, with such limited bounds. In what attitude did Mr. Beecher's erroneous advice to Mrs. Tilton place Mr. Beecher? Why, exactly in that of counsel who gives an opinion on a case stated. If the case be as stated, his opinion stands justified. But if the case turns out not to be as stated, then, although the opinion cannot stand good as to the true or real state of the case, yet the counsel stands fully justified in giving it. So with Mr. Beecher upon the case as stated by Mrs. Tilton. His advice was just, wise and proper. It was upon a hypothetical case, and did Mr. Tilton no harm, if the case upon which he gave advice was not the true case. The whole fault was with Mrs. Tilton, who had stated the case erroneously to Mr. Beecher; for Mr. Tilton himself would acknowledge the justice of the advice if the facts had been as represented to Mr. Beecher, and upon which he had given his advice. According to Mr. Beecher, Tilton explained away and so extenuated matters as to take away the base of Mr. Beecher's advice, and he admitted that the case under the altered phase which Mr. Tilton's explanation gave to it, would not justify his opinion. Under this, the real and full state of the case as presented by Mr. Beecher for his own perfect defense, and as the sole basis for all the letters, conferences and conversations which passed between him and others, the natural and the obvious and all-sufficient course of Mr. Beecher for his perfect vindication would have been this simple process: "Mr. Tilton, your wife made such a statement to me and asked my advice as to what she should do. I told her that if I had before me the whole case and truly told, my advice was that it would be best for all parties that she and her husband should separate; but this advice could apply only to the condition of affairs, as stated by Mrs. Tilton. Now, as you have made it clear to me that the condition of affairs is not such as Mrs. Tilton represented to me, my advice falls to the ground without support. I regret very much that I have been led by my confidence in Mrs. Tilton to accept her statement unquestioned, and by giving advice on it, have seemingly condemned you. I have passed opinion only upon Mrs. Tilton's statement. Now I pass opinion upon your statement, and, accepting it as true, I must say my opinion to Mrs. Tilton has no application to the actual condition of affairs. I greatly regret having been led by my confidence in Mrs. Tilton to give an opinion which, unexplained, would seem to condemn you. I trust this explanation will prove sufficient and entirely satisfactory." That anything more could have been exacted of Mr. Beecher by the most sensitive person no one will perhaps urge.

Mr. Beecher, in his card in reply to Tilton's statement, says: "Every line and word of my private, confidential letters which have been published is in harmony with the statements I now make. My published correspondence on this subject comprises but two elements—the expression of my grief and that of my desire to shield the honor of a poor and innocent woman."

So it would seem from this paragraph that the whole of this tangled complication involved the "honor" of Mrs. Tilton and the guilt of Mr. Beecher. As Mr. Beecher's statement is that all the dishonor attributed to Mrs. Tilton was an erroneous statement of her husband's conduct, honestly made under misconception, and his only guilt an advice given upon this erroneous statement; it must seem passing strange how upon so slight a foundation so formidable a superstructure as this whole complicated affair could have been erected.

The grief and horror at the idea of the exposure of such a case, as is shown by Mr. Beecher, is simply astounding, incomprehensible, but very readily understood if the honor of the woman and the guilt of the great minister, as charged by Tilton, be involved. Mr. Beecher asks "Mr. Tilton's forgiveness." "I can ask nothing except that he will remember all the other breasts that would ache. I will not plead for myself." Now Mrs. Tilton's fault, error or guilt, according to Mr. Beecher, was going to him with a story much of which had been imposed on her belief; her only guilt was too ready a credence of tales against her husband. Was a revelation of such a matter so terrible a thing as to call for all these letters, all these lamentations, self-accusations, all these pleadings for forbearance, so that he "wishes he was dead." Truly his interest in shielding Mrs. Tilton from the blame of an incorrect statement is marvelous. *Credat Judæus*. He says "Mrs. Tilton is bearing the transgression of another," himself, "I will die before any one but myself shall be inculpated." He thus admits his own wrong, and magnanimously acquits Mrs. Tilton of any of the guilt. "I humbly pray God to put it into the heart of her husband to forgive me." To forgive him for advice upon a hypothetical case! Mr. Beecher says of Mrs. Tilton, "Her forgiveness I have." Why, what had she to forgive Beecher, if the only fault of both Beecher and herself was, as Beecher states, that she misrepresented her husband to him, and thus got his advice? It would seem rather that Mrs. Tilton needed Beecher's forgiveness.

"Does God look down from Heaven on three unhappier creatures that may need a friend" (Mr. Beecher and Mr. and Mrs. Tilton)? Can any human being perceive good reason for such language in the simple fact that Beecher had indiscreetly advised Mrs. Tilton to separate from her husband?

What terrible thing could Mr. Tilton do to Mrs. Tilton for having sought advice from Mr. Beecher; for remember that is all the guilt, according to Mr. Beecher, which attaches to Mrs. Tilton? Mr. Tilton in his letter to Mr. Moulton (who was made thoroughly acquainted with all the facts by all the parties) says he "will discountenance any exposure of his (Beecher's) secret to the public." It was Mr. Beecher's "secret," to keep it a "secret" which gave rise to all this correspondence, these lamentations, pleadings, remorseful, despairing expressions.

The letter of Mr. Beecher to Mrs. Tilton will rivet the attention of every reader. Mr. Beecher says he "does not expect ever to see her again or to be alive many days;" he speaks of "this terrible emergency of my life," expresses his gratitude to Mr. Moulton, who "had tied up the storm that was ready to burst on our heads." Who supposes there would have been any storm if the fact of Mr. Beecher giving advice to Mrs. Tilton under the circumstances had been "made public?" Mr. Beecher well says of and in this letter to Mrs. Tilton, "will you return it to me by his own (Theodore's) hand? I am very earnest in this wish for all our sakes, as such a letter ought not to be subject to even a chance of miscarriage."

The portions of the letter of Mr. Beecher to "Dear Frank," speaking of the "devices by which we saved ourselves," do not smack of the *mens conscia sibi recti*. "He" (Tilton) Mr. Beecher says, "has condoned his wife's fault;" and yet Mr. Beecher says his whole correspondence was "to shield the honor of a poor and innocent woman." An "innocent" woman has no "fault to condone." "He" (Tilton) had enjoined upon me, with the utmost earnestness and solemnity, not to betray his wife nor to leave his children to a blight." Is that consistent with an "innocent" woman, or is it not with one guilty of a "fault" to be "condoned?" Will Mr. Beecher, in the narrow programme he has allowed himself for a defense, find justifiable reason for such expressions?

Mr. Beecher, in his letter to Mr. Moulton, shudderingly expresses his terror that his friends will "break out into a ruinous defense of me."

Again, Mr. Beecher says: "If my destruction would place him (Tilton) all right, that (Beecher's destruction) shall not stand in the way." Now, how can Mr. Beecher, on the narrow platform to which he has limited his defense, show how his "destruction" was possible? "That (my destruction) I do offer. Sacrifice me without hesitation if you can clearly see your way to his safety." This is admitting that Moulton could "sacrifice" him; but Mr. Beecher's narrow platform of defense leaves him no room consistently to explain these numberless criminating sentences in the correspondence. Mr. Beecher is in an ugly plight.

MRS. BEECHER STOWE says in a recent article: "A great deal of good sermonizing is expended on gossip, which is denounced as one of the deadly sins of society. But, after all, gossip has its better side; if not a Christian grace, it certainly is one of those weeds which show a good warm soil."

This comes well from the authoress of the "Vindication of Lady Byron." There seems to be a show of a good warm soil about Brooklyn just now.—*The Capital, Washington, D. C.*

POOR SAMUEL!

The only sufferer from this Plymouth Church mud volcano that we have any sympathy for is the venerable Sam Wilkeson. That Samuel should be caught fills our journalistic bosom with heaviness. We are sad. We would that Samuel had escaped. Samuel has been to us a boon, so to speak—a special dispensation. We have regarded this great and good man as a guide, philosopher and friend. His teachings made us patient under a protective tariff. Samuel seemed to us a product of that great system created for the better protection of "American eendustries," as the eloquent pig-iron pupil of Forrest is wont to say. He made us believe that a national debt was a national blessing, in disguise—very much disguised. He gave value to our famous North Pacific bonds, did Samuel, and so Cooked our goose. To say that we love Samuel is but feebly to express the emotions of our bosom. His facile pen was ever at the service of great enterprises—that had money in them. The bloated bondholder, the lordly banker, the iron-heeled and iron-hearted monopolist, called up Samuel as the magicians of old were wont to call up a demon, and Sam, by a wave of his magic pen, made these supposed oppressors appear in the light of blessed patriots, laboring in the interests of an afflicted people. And now Sam is under the mud volcano, and great bowlders are falling on his devoted head. We are sad.

When the volcano began to rumble and heave, when dark clouds fell upon the horizon of the Plymouth Church, Sam rushed forward and lifted his voice against Tilton. He declared roundly that Theodore was animated by a sordid spirit. This afflicted the lofty soul of Samuel. That any one should be animated by a sordid hope of gain filled the pure soul of Samuel with indignation.

And now it seems, since the volume could not be smothered, but has burst forth, burying in mud and stones great heaps of pious people, Sam is a sufferer. He took stock in Henry Ward. He took much stock in the evangelic teacher. He has stock in the Plymouth Church, in the *Christian Union*, in the "Life of Christ." "If this continues," screams Samuel, "the 'Life of Christ' goes higher than a kite."

To have the "Life of Christ," by Henry Ward, make such an ascension in the eyes of men—shot out of a mud volcano, as it were, in murky clouds and hell's forked lightning, to there explode and disappear, carrying with it Samuel's little investment, to the great scandal of good Christians and the utter pecuniary and ecclesiastical ruin of Sam, is perfectly frightful.

"Don't let it be done," cried Sam, in great anguish. "Good ladies and gentlemen, let us sit on this mud volcano and keep it down. For God's sake—and mine—let us sit on it and keep it under. Keep it down until I can sell out—oh! keep it—"

But alas, as he cried the explosion, amid the fiendish laughter of Woodhull & Co., took place, and up went Samuel, Plymouth Church, *Christian Union*, the "Life of Christ,"

and many other saintly things, careening and cavorting, amid sulphurous glare and rumbling roar, into the unfathomable depths of eternal space. And all through could be heard the dreadful tolling of the church bell:

Ding-dong bell,
It is the knell
For Sam-u-el
Gone to h—l,

—*The Capital, Washington, D. C.*

PERSONNEL OF THE MISSING LINK.

Mr. Moulton, with his family, reside in the elegant brown stone house No. 49 Remsen street. Mr. Moulton is about 35 years of age, and is nearly six feet in height, rather stout, but well-proportioned. He has a well-knit frame and is very muscular. He has a fine suit of auburn hair, and wears a heavy moustache. His eyes are blue, and his complexion of the blonde order. He has a heavy lower jaw, and his general expression is indicative of firmness and determination. He generally wears a gray business suit and straw hat with the edge of the brim slightly curled, and a heavy gold watch chain. His actions and movements would lead one to think him much older than he is. He carries a heavy walking cane on which he often leans. He is an habitual smoker and bon vivant, often giving sumptuous entertainments at his house. Mr. Moulton has the reputation of being a very high-toned and honorable gentleman. He has already declined to go upon the stand, be placed under oath, and submit to a thorough examination by the committee. On that occasion he declined to do this. His manner was quiet, dignified and determined. He expressed the most tender sympathy and regard for Mr. Beecher, but declared that his warm friendship for Theodore Tilton was such that he could not hear him abused without making every effort in his power to justify him in his course.

THY NAME.

I told the rose thy name—it blushed and stirred;
Its petals trembled as in ecstasy.
I cried the name aloud—and lo! the bird
Burst into song within the thick-leaved tree.

I spake it when the morn was gray and cold—
And straight from out his east upshot the sun.
I spake it in the night—the clouds that rolled
Above dispersed; the stars came one by one.

Should any whisper it when on my face
The black earth lies, calm sleeping underground,
I think my heart again would beat a space,
And that my lips would tremble at the sound.

And e' before the gates of heaven I came,
And e'ild for mine own worth no entrance win,
I think that then, if I should name thy name,
Th' eternal doors would stir, and let me in.

—*Gerard Bondall, in the Spectator.*

BEECHERIANA.

BY THE ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY.

"The eagle, towering in his pride of place,
Was, by the mousing owls, hawked at and killed."

—*Shakespeare.*

So sang the bard, in good Queen Bessie's time,
And so sing we in ours. For proof, behold
The bats and owls and birds of night around
The eagle of the Heights of Brooklyn fair.
Let not the carping critic here assert
The arrow quivering in his breast is ours.
The WEEKLY dealt not with the man; its dart
Was aimed to strike down systems; to expose
The specious shams that stain the present time;
To pluck from social life its painted mask,
And show the "grinning mockery" beneath.

Our work has been performed. Society,
A prisoner at the bar, now pleading stands
To ask the world for mercy on its crimes.
Religion, too, shorn of its priestly pride,
Cowers, trembling and rebuked, before the press.
The press itself, that never spared before,
Has donned the vesture of humility,
And, in its new-found charity for man,
May also learn its duty to his mate.

But who can paint the sorrow and the woe
With which the public fills the weary air!
It seems as though the sun had ceased to shine
And all the world was suffering an eclipse.
Alas! whence comes this sympathy? And why
These groans and sighs, and murmurs of distress?
The answer's simple: It had made a God,
And grieves to find its idol is—a man!

'Tis not for us to join the insane cries
Of either party. These, to cringe and fawn,
And swear allegiance to an uncrowned king;
Or those, whose eager hate would all condemn,
And shroud in silence and oblivion
The memory of the past. Between the two
We steer a middle course; while we expose
And hold the hypocrite to just contempt,
We would not pluck one laurel from his crown.
We have no censure for the venial crime
(Of which society should take no charge),
And, for the actors, charity for all.

To him (who sits beside his broken hearth,
With all his household gods in ruins round;
His wife and children aliens from his home)
We would approach with most respectful love
And whisper words of cheer. Tell him to cease
To mourn for what is past; but to look round
And do his duty in the present time.
For one who's left his side, we'd show to him
That, in his hand, he holds a magic wand
Would make all women look on him with love.
The "black your-boots" and the poor shrivelled girl
That shoves the "Beecher Scandal" in his hand,
We'd point to him for his, and say to him,
"Be these your children for the ones you've lost;
Your goods, your country; and your home, the world!"

To her, the cynosure of every eye,
Without presumption, but with faith and truth,
We offer counsel. Follow out your course
Whate'er it be, nor heed the world's cold scorn.
'Tis not for man to judge you; unto him
You should not yield obedience like a serf.
Unto yourself be true; and, being so,
You'll treat usurpers with a proper scorn.
Silent contempt alone be your reply
To future questions asked—you should not hear!

Though last, not least—the idol of the day,
Now tottering on its pedestal. He knows
We, from the first, have ever been his friend.
For if, unscorched, he passes through the fire,
He'll reason have to thank us in his heart
For having brought him to the public test.
If not, and he should fall, we claim that he
Should honor us for taking off his chains
And setting him at once at liberty.

This, then, to him, the Jupiter of men,
Between whose legs his brother clerics crawl
"To find themselves dishonorable graves."
Have you not oft stood foremost in the field
For true reforms, and, single-handed, fought
Against a nation for your country's good?
Quail not, then, now to face a gaping crowd,
And, if needs be, to suffer. Man may forget,
But woman never, how you stood her friend
Beside a murdered man. Yet once again
Let your white plume fly floating in the front
For that true sovereignty that woman claims.
The day has come—the hour! Stand forth in truth,
"And give the world assurance of a man!"

AN ANSWER TO MANY INQUIRIES.

LOVELAND, O., at Home, Friday night, July 11, 1874.

Dear Weekly—I cannot contemplate crossing the ocean without a parting line to you. We sail for England in steamer Enterprise, of Anchor Line, one week from tomorrow. Mrs. Lewis, of Chicago, goes with us, also Mrs. Burnett's daughter.

Because I've not written to you of late does not indicate abatement of my love for you or the cause. Since my illness I've felt an indifference to write. I think overstrained nervous power prostrated me, and the reaction had to come. I'm in for a rest and all the good a sea voyage and a foreign land can do me. I've dropped all correspondence, for even one letter sets my nerves "all of a teeter."

I did indulge the sweet hope, Victoria, that you would be my companion across the water; then, indeed, the trip would have been a double boon. But the desire of my life seems to be near its fulfillment and at the best time of my life. I must not be too exacting and repine that I can not have it all to my heart's content. But as our ship casts her moorings and heads for a distant shore, the glorious spirit of Victoria will be with me as an anchor to my hope in emancipated womanhood. With love to all you love, and best wishes for your success, I am, as ever,
HELEN NASH.

WANTED.—The editors of a Brooklyn journal, published near the ferry, want a man who is obliging, and willing to swear that Theodore Tilton's grandfather was a pirate; that his grandmother was a murderess; that his father is a drunkard; that his mother is a raving lunatic and that Theodore has exhibited unmistakable signs of lunacy ever since he was three days old.—*Argus.*

This has been a cool summer, but in view of the warm time Henry Ward Beecher has had of it the past few weeks he has doubtless repeated to himself many a time that favorite expression of his, "It's d—hot."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

It is evident now that Frank D. Moulton does not wish to testify before the Plymouth Committee, and that he will not testify unless compelled by statements made by other witnesses. There is one path left open for Mr. Beecher, and in no other can he walk with safety. Delay is, of course, injurious to his cause. Let him come before the committee and submit to the most rigid and searching examination on all that has come before them, particularly his own letters. He can recall sufficiently the circumstances under which most of them were written, and where he might be in doubt without the presentation of the originals, he can frankly say so. He can thus strengthen his case as he can strengthen it in no other way, and he can force Mr. Frank Moulton to the front.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

COMMENT.

It is not believed that it is H. W. Beecher's desire to force Mr. Frank Moulton to the front. Let the Plymouth Church Committee take the testimony of the accused, and then hurry up the cakes. That's their role.

Honor to Susan B. Anthony. We are glad that there is one woman connected with this scandal who can see that there are times when the confidences of friendship have something like sacredness. She may have gossiped with the rest when this affair was something of a private thing—it might seem so from the statement of Mrs. Stanton—but she has closed her mouth now.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

COMMENT.

Until a public trial opens it. Then Susan B. Anthony states she will give in her evidence. Don't dare Susan—Henry!

WHAT THE POET SAYS.

BY T. C. LELAND.

Tennyson, our readers should remember, is the Poet Laureate of England—that is, the Official Poet, the "Poet to the Queen," the poet *par excellence* selected from all the living poets of the realm to receive royal honors and government endowment and support. He is probably as courtly and refined as was Horace Greeley; as learned, orthodox and inspired as T. W. H. or H. B. B.; and, on the whole, as "smart" as anybody in the "Hub." Yet he is not afraid to tune his lyre to the very great delight of two Victorias and sing:

"Free love—free field—we love but while we may:
The woods are hush'd, their music is no more:
The leaf is dead, the yearning past away:
New leaf, new life—the days of frost are o'er:
New life, new love to suit the newer day:
New loves are sweet as those that went before:
Free love—free field—we love but while we may."

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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, AUGUST 15, 1874.

For later and important revelations see 13th page.

LOOK OUT FOR OUR NEXT NUMBER.

Highly important matter bearing upon the various parties to the scandal, crowded out of this number, will appear in our next, together with Mr. Beecher's private and real convictions regarding the social issues of the hour, as stated by him to Mrs. Woodhull during their private interviews.

OUR PREVIOUS NUMBER.

Our previous issue contains the statements of Mr. and Mrs. Tilton and Mr. Beecher, together with a great amount of other matter pertinent to the scandal. We can supply any number of copies of it; and we ask our readers to send for them to distribute among their friends. We furnish them fifteen for a dollar, or seven for fifty cents, postage paid.

THE CONVENTION.

On account of a desire on the part of a member of the National Provisional Council, to change his vote as to where the convention shall be held, we delay the issue of the regular call for another week. Meanwhile let Spiritualists, Socialists and Infidels remember that it will be held either in Chicago or Boston, on the 15th, 16th and 17th days of September next, and prepare accordingly.

SEND FOR THE WEEKLY.

Now is the time to subscribe for the WEEKLY. The present universal agitation and discussion of social matters in connection with the Beecher-Tilton Scandal make this the most propitious opportunity for the friends of social freedom to spread the only organ in the world of this reform. Everybody should be questioned as to their confidence in the present order of things, and if it be found weak, the WEEKLY should be administered. Those who are desirous that the old and now clearly shown to be rotten social structure, shall continue, are using every possible effort to prevent the consideration of the principles of the new social order. This effort on the part of the enemies of reform should be met by a counter effort on behalf of its friends. Let every reader of the WEEKLY determine to do this much for the cause: to promptly renew his or her subscription, and to induce at least one new subscriber. Every person can do this with a very little effort; and every one should feel it a duty to put this effort forth. We perform our duties as best we can. We devote all our time and means to this cause, and we speak out boldly whatever truths our inspiration or reason presents us. Now let our friends, everywhere, compliment this labor of ours by doubling our subscription lists during the present season of excitement.

REMINISCENCES OF THE BEECHER-TILTON SCANDAL.

ELIZABETH R. TILTON.

Before I had ever seen Mrs. Tilton I had come to entertain a deep respect for her for the faithfulness which she exhibited to what I then believed were her convictions upon the great social issues which at that time were just beginning to ruffle the waves of public thought. No public expression had as yet been made to centre that thought upon any movement to develop the sentiments that had found resting-places within so many human breasts; but many of the ablest, best and purest of the grand army of noble men and women who had been wakened into considering these issues were already asking "What of the night?" The failure of what had passed as our social systems was beginning to be apparent, and they who perceived it were looking anxiously to every professed reformer for some solution; or at least for some information regarding the situation. I believed that Mrs. Tilton had arrived, intuitively, at the solution of all this through her years of experience in this very matter about which she now so indignantly denies all knowledge. I believed that she considered the law which attempts to bind two human souls together whom the higher law of divine attraction had severed, was obsolete, and that she was merely waiting for some occasion to drop even her seeming allegiance to the old, and to publicly give in her adhesion to the new: and so indeed did I regard all of the persons connected with the now great social convulsion.

I believed too that Mrs. Tilton felt in her soul that she had done no wrong; that however much she might be condemned by those who profess to represent the old order of things, in the sight of God and Nature and in her own conscience she was pure; and I have always spoken of her from this conviction. I believe even now, although pressed by the exigencies of the situation to entirely different action, that she is fully convinced in her heart that she has done nothing but what she had a perfect right to do, and I venture to prophecy that it will so come out, when the convulsive struggles that are now rending the community shall have subsided and the real sentiments and convictions that have produced them, shall have risen to the surface.

It is proper for me to say that, after the knowledge of this scandal came to me, I determined to make such use of it as the cause of social reform should seem to demand.

But I took no hasty steps. Having once become convinced that the statements I had heard were statements of realities, I moved cautiously in every direction to fortify this conviction. I published letters in the daily papers hinting at the facts in so clear a manner that everybody who knew anything about them knew to whom I referred, and much confirmatory information as well as more details regarding the facts of which I already had knowledge were brought to me through this. No matter how urgently I was pressed from this side or that to hasten the publicity, I was firmly resolved to take no final step until I knew beyond all possibility of doubt that I should do no one any wrong by any statement I should make. Scarcely a day passed from the time when I first heard of the case until it was made public that my position did not receive additional fortification.

I desire that the public shall fully realize my motives for what I have done, and I therefore repeat again that they were wholly the reverse of those with which I am generally credited. I had no ill-will toward any of the parties. Nor had I any desire to use their names for the purpose of a vulgar notoriety; but I believed by ventilating this case that I should be rendering humanity the greatest possible benefit, and eventually that the parties themselves would frankly acknowledge that the results were such as to justify this belief; and I may state frankly and truthfully that all the parties involved have time and again assented to the proposition that it would come out some time, let whatever might be done to suppress it; and the most that any of them can say is that I precipitated it sooner than it would otherwise have come.

I learned in my investigations that the scandal had already been put in type in the offices of no less than four prominent and influential papers, some of which have had no scruples in declaring that my motives were those of black-mail. The public will judge between us as to which was most open to the charge when the time for summing up this case shall have come and they can be mentioned in this connection.

The more I studied the case the more fully I was convinced that I should be doing an undeniable service to all parties to this affair by ventilating it through the WEEKLY. There were the facts of the scandal, or some of them, in the possession of half the newspaper offices in the country. Wherever I went I found something was known about them, and Mr. Beecher knew this was true to a certain extent, if not to the whole. He knew that some one of the papers was liable to publish the scandal any day. Is there any wonder that he lived constantly "on the sharp and ragged edge of anxiety, remorse, fear and despair," as he says he lived, in his letter to Mr. Moulton? For instance, had a detailed statement of the scandal been made in the Brooklyn Eagle—as it was fully known to Mr. Kinsella, and so stated by him to me—or in any of the great New York journals, it would have fallen upon Mr. Beecher with such tremendous force that he could not have survived it, and undoubtedly he would have committed suicide, as he declared he would.

That such a publication had been threatened seems evident, or why should Mr. Beecher have been to Mr. Kinsella imploring him "to remember his gray hairs and his twenty-five years' service in Brooklyn, and not expose him," as stated that he was by Mr. Kinsella to me, in presence of another person, who will confirm my statement at any time, and who has reminded me frequently of the circumstance.

But to make the matter public in a paper already under the ban of the expressed public opinion was altogether a different thing. It was certain that the press would at once rush, as it did, almost unanimously, to the defense of Mr. Beecher, and it was certain that it would result, as it did, in shifting whatever odium there was attached to the case from him upon those who should publish the scandal. In this way he would be given time to rally from the blow, and perhaps time to gain wisdom and strength enough to declare publicly the convictions upon which he had based his acts, and thus assure me the realization of one of my most cherished hopes of him. I had good reasons to know that another publication was to be made, and that it was only prevented by its being done in the WEEKLY in advance. So the public will see that in this view, and from its own standpoint, I really did a service to all the parties concerned, and it may come out after all that at least some of them acknowledged the expediency of my publication, and agreed that it ought to be made, although I shall for a time have to bear, and shall bear, willingly, whatever opprobrium there is attaching to it, alone.

In writing these reminiscences, I had originally intended to begin by a complete history of my association with Mr. Beecher, and state clearly and truthfully all the conversations that occurred between us relating to the social question. I believed as I stated in the original article, that from force of circumstances Mr. Beecher would declare in favor of the new social order; and I shall not now be recreant to my mission by ignoring any resources at my command that may induce him to take such a step. But circumstances developed by the investigation make it necessary for me to depart from my intention of reviewing him, and to first relate my associations with Mrs. Tilton, which I shall do with such rigid adherence to truth as will present her ill-considered course and testimony in the light that it deserves.

It will be remembered that immediately after the publication of Mr. Tilton's letter to Dr. Bacon, Mr. Beecher's theory of defense was foreshadowed by his friends, and widely published in the press. It was said that Mrs. Tilton, becoming annoyed and exasperated by Mr. Tilton's association with Victoria Woodhull, had sought the advice of Mr. Beecher, and that he had advised a separation; but afterward, finding that Mr. Tilton's story put altogether another light upon the subject, he apologized to Mr. Tilton in the language published by Mr. Tilton. This explanation was persistently alleged and eagerly seized upon by everybody who was prejudiced against me, or in favor of Mr. Beecher. But in their eagerness to make me the cause of the estrangement between Mr. and Mrs. Tilton, they had entirely overlooked the fact that my acquaintance with Mr. Tilton only began fully three months after the date of Mr. Beecher's letter of apology. When this fact dawned upon them there came the necessity of bringing in the other women reformers as being the cause instead of me.

In Mrs. Tilton's statement to the committee there is the following language:

"The implication (in Mr. Tilton's affidavit) that the harmony of the home was unbroken till Mr. Beecher entered it as a frequent guest and friend, is a lamentable satire upon the household where he himself years before laid the cornerstone of free-love and desecrated its altars up to the time of my departure."

Now, who were his companions with whom Mr. Tilton laid the cornerstone of free-love and desecrated the altars of the household? Why, they were—as stated by Mr. Tilton in his cross-examination and by Mrs. Stanton in her letter—herself, Susan B. Anthony, Annie Dickinson, Laura Curtis Bullard, Celia Burleigh, Lucretia Mott, Martha Wright, Lucy Stone, Grace Greenwood, Paulina W. Davis or other prominent women of the same character. Nobody pretends, Mrs. Tilton herself does not pretend, that Mr. Tilton ever brought home to her household any women of any other sort of public notoriety than these. These, then, were the women who had helped him to desecrate the altars of her household; these were they who with him had laid the cornerstone of free love in her home, since it must be remembered it was not until all this had been done that I entered her house. But having begun their defense by the statement that it was the doing of these things by me that brought out the advice and apology of Mr. Beecher, it was necessary, after finding that they could not apply it to me on account of my non-acquaintance at the time, to substitute these other women reformers for me in their story; for to abandon the theory was to leave nothing to stand upon. So they were forced to assert, in amendment of their first story, that it was these women who had caused the trouble in the Tilton family.

Now what are the facts in the case? Why, precisely the opposite. Not only were these women constant visitors at Mrs. Tilton's, but they were her intimate and acknowledged friends, with whom she visited, attended public places, and associated at woman-suffrage meetings, herself being an enthusiastic advocate of that reform. Will these women, or

such of them as are involved, remain quiet under such an impeachment from Mrs. Tilton; even those who two years ago boasted in Steinway Hall that "they followed in the steps of such men as Henry Ward Beecher?" Will they be willing to have it go to the country that it was with them that Mr. Tilton laid the corner-stone of free-love and desecrated the altars of Mrs. Tilton's household? Mrs. Tilton says so, and Mr. Beecher's friends say that her word is not to be questioned in this connection; that it is to be received as against Mr. Tilton's statement made under oath, and as against the statements of all other people whatsoever, when confirmed by Mr. Beecher's denial. But this is all too preposterous to merit the serious consideration of any one who has the capacity to put this and that together and to draw the logical deduction. Alone, it vitiates the truth of her whole statement; and, if this were testimony made under oath before a jury, it would be thrown out as unworthy of belief upon this evident falsity.

But seemingly bent on utter destruction, Mrs. Tilton hastens to volunteer other and equally transparent stories. Oblivious to everything except the assurance of friends that her statements will be believed as against everybody else's, she again appears before the committee on the evening of August 1, when she is reported, among other things, as making the following statement:

"When he (Mr. Tilton) brought the Woodhulls to her house and imposed these harlots upon her, she used every means in her power to induce them to leave, but they would not go. She finally in despair sent for the police to remove them, and when the Woodhulls heard that they left."

From the caution with which I proceeded in the development of this scandal, it will be seen that I saw the necessity of keeping minute records of everything that occurred with all of the principals. Every important word and act I have carefully noted down, which, if ever made public, as circumstances now seem to indicate may become a necessity, the most remarkable view of the internal operations of modern society will be seen that has ever been presented. By means of this record, when my memory fails me, I am able to judge of the truth or falsity of every statement that is made about this case by any of the parties involved; and when it shall come to the "summing up" many "lapses of memory," on the part of those who are taking part in it, will be pointed out.

Upon the day when Mr. Tilton came to my office bringing a New York *World*, and asked me who I meant when I said that "I knew of a public teacher of eminence who lives in concubinage with the wife of another public teacher of almost equal eminence," he said: "Let me take you over to see Elizabeth. On being introduced to Mrs. Tilton she was evidently surprised, and only recovered when Mr. Tilton said:

"Elizabeth, Mrs. Woodhull knows all."

"All, do you say?" replied Elizabeth with great alarm.

"Yes, Mrs. Woodhull knows everything." Whereupon she received me and after a while relaxed into a friendly, and finally into a confidential manner. The subject of our conversation was the scandal, of course; how I had become informed, and what I knew about it. She conversed with, and treated me frankly, and while she did not at that time affirm or deny the fact of sexual intercourse with Mr. Beecher, the whole conversation was based upon that fact and the further fact of her continued love for him, for all of which I fully justified her, and said "that it was such a revolution in society, as would permit the peaceable adjustment of such cases that I was working to inaugurate." She invited me to remain and take tea with them, and I did so; and when I left she pressed me to come again, and I promised to do so. I left feeling that I had done her good, and that in her, at least, I should find no objections, at the right time, to making use of the scandal for reformatory purposes. I even hoped from some of her expressions that she might join with me in making the statement, and all my future intercourse with her was directed to this end.

My visits to her continued at intervals during the whole time of Mr. Tilton's association with me. Mrs. Tilton fully understood the objects of this association, and she will well remember the occasion of my last visit. Certainly up to that time she will scarcely assume that she endeavored to get rid of me, or that, failing to do so, she called the police to aid her. On this occasion she will remember, upon second thought, that our conversation was anything but such as would lead to an expulsion from the house. She will remember that it was upon an afternoon, and that we were in a room upon the upper floor, adjoining Mr. Tilton's study, and that Mr. Tilton was in his study laboring upon one of his elaborate articles. She will remember that she sat sewing upon a dress for one of her daughters—a small-checked, light silk pattern—and that I sat at her side upon a low chair, by her own request, in the most familiar converse—so familiar that several times she dropped her work, and, putting her arms around my neck, kissed me. And when she recalls all this she will not be able to forget the beautiful book of poems she presented me, in which she wrote with her own hand: "To my friend, Victoria C. Woodhull.

"Elizabeth R. Tilton."

Was it upon this occasion, Mrs. Tilton, that you called the police to expel me from your house? It must have been at this time if at all, since this was my last visit to you. And then that you learned that I was a harlot? Oh, for shame, Mrs.

Tilton, to resort to opprobrious epithets to pander to a supposed public opinion, with the hope that it may help you in the acceptance of your other stories! A cause that requires such means to support it is weak indeed, and that such resort is made shows the desperate condition to which its advocates are driven.

After the publication of the reply to Dr. Bacon, how eagerly did I search each day's papers in my absence from the city to find the glorious declaration that you had taken your position upon the platform of individual sovereignty. Oh, how earnestly I hoped that you might be strong and wise enough to declare that your life is your own, and that nobody should question it by attempting to inquire into it. Had you done this you would have sealed the emancipation of all womanhood; you would have opened the way to Mr. Beecher and Mr. Tilton and all other reformers who are halting by the way to have come forward and declared for the new social order, in which the last shackles shall be rent from woman and she be left free to fulfill her divine mission of maternity under her own supreme sovereignty.

Well must you remember how urgently I pressed this course for your consideration during the visits to which I have referred, and how I attempted to show you that it was the only course of safety for all concerned; and how earnestly did I urge the same course upon all the other parties to this case. You must remember the arguments I advanced. How terribly have they been justified; and the time will yet come when they who remain will advance to the position, which if they had occupied two years ago, all that is now transpiring would have been prevented.

Finally, I deny Mrs. Tilton's statement regarding my visits to her house, point blank. The "Woodhull sisters" were never at her house. I never visited her house in company with my sister; and my sister never visited her house, either with me or with anybody else, or alone; and Mrs. Tilton never, at any of my visits, manifested any desire to have me retire, and never called the police to remove me; and Mrs. Tilton knew she was telling a deliberate untruth when she so testified before the committee. But the responsibility of this falsehood does not lie upon Mrs. Tilton. It is a part of the general theory of defense that Mr. Beecher's counsel have constructed for him. Having no valid defense based on ability to disprove Mr. Tilton's impeachment, they resort to blackguardism of everybody who is supposed to be against their theory of Mr. Beecher's innocence: Mr. Tilton is insane, Mr. Carpenter is a tattler, and Mrs. Woodhull is a harlot, say the friends of Mr. Beecher; and these allegations, they hold, are proofs that Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton never committed legal adultery; or, if they did, that the wrong did not consist in the doing of it, and does not rest upon them, but in the telling of it, and rests with those who told. Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton are innocent; while Mr. Tilton, Miss Anthony, Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. Woodhull have committed all the crime there has been committed. They are the ravens and cormorants who have ruthlessly coupled the names of two pure and innocent people with what is made a crime by both the Christian and the statute law. Such is the morality, such the Christian virtue that prevails in this day and age.

A BEECHER ON CHURCH-WOMEN.

We have always contended that the existence of the church depends upon the faithfulness and devotion of the women to its interests; and that the support of the men continues only through the influence of their wives and perhaps from a disinclination to break away from their associations. Doubtless the wives have known just what influence to use upon their husbands to induce them to continue the support of the church in general.

But we have never thought or given expression to the thought that the animus of this originated among the women. We were not willing to believe that the sentiment from which their devotion arose was indigenous in women. On the contrary we have believed, and still must believe, that it is the intentional influence of the clergy upon women that awakens in them the feelings that are in harmony with marriage only upon the idea that they are spiritual instead of sexual, as they would be called if they were bestowed upon men outside the clergy.

But it seems that various circumstances that have lately arisen have pressed certain clergymen to disavow the source of this influence. This movement is sufficient proof that all that we have charged regarding the relations that exist generally between pastors and the female portion of their flocks, is true. Else why these attempts to shift the responsibility by the ministry? Do they, by doing this, think to induce Mr. Beecher to adopt the same line of defense; to charge that Mrs. Tilton is responsible for all that has occurred between them? What can the Rev. Mr. Fulton mean to say to him if it is not this, when he speaks as he does as reported in another column? or what else can William H. Beecher, the eldest brother of Henry Ward Beecher mean, when he speaks as he recently did to a reporter of the *Post and Mail* of Chicago, in the following words:

Reporter—Wouldn't Tilton's own statement that he had condoned the wrong and lived with his wife long after its committal, go far toward proving that it had never been committed?

Mr. Beecher—No, I don't think it would; for, with his avowed free-love principles, it would not make so much difference to him that his wife had gone astray as it would with men of an orthodox way of thinking; so that that part of his statement, taking it to be true, is not so much to be wondered at.

I have never known any woman except my wife, nor has my brother Edward ever known any woman except his wife, and I believe the same is true of Henry. He was never in the habit of running after women. I believe he looks upon the marriage as sacredly as any one. In fact, I know he has suffered great trouble on account of his wife, and has endeavored to be faithful to her, notwithstanding the sore trials she has cost him. It has separated him from his kindred, from his brothers and sisters, who were prevented from coming to the house on her account. Yet he bore with her, and in every way endeavored to arrange matters so that they might visit him. Still I think she loved him and was faithful to him.

On another ground this charge seems weak. Henry never was in the habit of running after women; but if he had been, would he have been likely to choose an old married woman? There were plenty of young girls that he could have had if he had been so inclined. There was no difficulty about it. He could have had them if he had wanted to—plenty of them. Then why should he choose an old, faded married woman? It is easier for a preacher than any one else, except, perhaps, a doctor, to take advantage of women?

Some further conversation upon the effects of the scandal upon religion took place, after which the reporter withdrew.

His opinion about Mr. Tilton is no doubt true and just, for no one can read his lengthy cross-examination by the Committee of Investigation without coming deliberately to the conclusion that he really holds that Mrs. Tilton in his opinion did no wrong when she loved Mr. Beecher, as she says she did. But what will the women of Plymouth Church—the young, unmarried women we mean—say about the picture which he draws of them?

A special reason why this elderly divine thinks the charges against his brother are weak, is because he should have chosen Mrs. Tilton instead of young girls, when there were plenty of them that he could have had if he had been so inclined. How does the reverend gentleman know this so well? Does he speak by the book, or does he gratuitously cast this insinuation upon the young girls of Plymouth Church? Are the young girls of his Chicago Church of this stock? Have they offered themselves at his shrine, and, Potiphar-like, been refused? "He could have had plenty of them if he had wanted to." If this mean anything—if there is any conclusion to be drawn from plain and emphatic words, it means that his experience as a minister is that at any time, anywhere, he could have had "a plenty of young girls" for his sexual use. To have had this experience he must have either sought and obtained them, or else they must have played the part of Potiphar to his Joseph in the divine drama of "The Passions." If he deny these, then he speaks having no knowledge of what he says—then he speaks falsely; and no one will believe this; every one must believe that he spoke frankly and honestly, upon full and undoubted conviction of what he was saying, especially with a view to discredit the statement that his brother had sought Mrs. Tilton. Doubtless, he thought this argument conclusive, because nothing of the kind could have possibly occurred, since had Mr. Beecher been a man desiring promiscuous lovers, he would have sought the "plenty of young girls" who were a perpetual offering at his shrine, instead of this "old, faded, married woman."

But there is another view which may justly be taken of these words of Wm. H. Beecher. There is an old adage that when the word "virtuous" is found pinned upon the back of anybody, it is time to begin to think there is reason at least to suspect that there is something that calls for the public notice. Perhaps in this case it is nothing more serious than his relation to the pastor of Plymouth Church, which he thought was near enough to call for a declaration of virtue (?) from him. This, however, is scarcely consistent with the other parts of the statement. It is more likely that, having had the experience above referred to, whether as a Joseph or as a Henry Ward, he desired to "hedge" against any possible scandal that might find its way before the public, now that clerical scandals are becoming so popular and frequent—now that "nest-hiding" is evidently a mania among the pious divines, who have been anointed of Christ to preach Him crucified to a sinful world.

There is another reason why it is to be believed that the reverend divine spoke frankly in this interview. He would not have given more publicity to the terrible home-life of his younger brother had he been playing a role. He joins with other Beechers in confessing that Mrs. Beecher has made the Columbia street mansion in Brooklyn a live hell, into which no Beecher could enter without suffering from its hot flames. Therefore we are bound to accept the statement about there being a plenty of young girls in congregations generally, and in Plymouth specially, who are always waiting to be offered up at the shrine of their pastor's sexual demands, as the explanation of the remarkable language used, and as his belief about the condition of Plymouth Church.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

The most important event that has occurred since the publication of Mr. Tilton's affidavit, in which he charges legal adultery upon Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton, up to the time of this writing August 1, is the statement of this great and grand woman. She says that Mr. Tilton stated the facts to herself and Laura Curtis Bullard, as a phase of social life; they all being reformers in that sphere, of course. Mrs. Stanton repeated it to us as reformers, also as a phase of social life and we first repeated it to the world, still as a phase of social life, and as reformers, after having obtained its corroboration from the parties directly involved. Mrs. Stanton has maintained a dignified silence during the interval since this publication up to a few days since, but having spoken, her words come like a thunderbolt upon all the parties la-

boring to whitewash Mr. Beecher, and utterly paralyzing their efforts, so that nothing of importance has been done for several days.

This of itself is a virtual acknowledgment of their weakness, and of the terror that Mrs. Stanton's words inspired. She has been before the world many years, and has gained its confidence. The world will believe what Elizabeth Cady Stanton says upon a mooted question of facts more readily perhaps than that of any other public character—equally as readily as it would have believed Mr. Beecher's word two years ago; and it believes that Mr. Tilton conveyed to her the facts which she states, just as she states them; and it also believes that Susan B. Anthony also stated to her that Mrs. Tilton confessed to her just what she says she did. There can be but one question about the truth of all that Mrs. Stanton has said, and this is, did Mrs. Tilton confess to Miss Anthony as Miss Anthony said she did to Mrs. Stanton?

The Beecher whitewashing concern seeing the only escape from adverse public judgment was through casting a doubt on the veracity of Miss Anthony, have been very busy about this business probably so absorbing their attentions as to have virtually suspended the investigation. The result of their labors which is paraded in all the papers in an exultant way, is the saying of a nameless suffragist from Chicago, who, so says the Post and Mail of that city, upon being questioned whether she had seen Mrs. Stanton's statement, said:

"Yes, and I am just as vexed as I can be about it. I don't believe Mrs. Stanton ever said what is ascribed to her."

"You know something of the case?"

"Yes; I have known of it for years; knew of it a year before Mrs. Woodhull did."

"Have you ever heard Miss Anthony say anything about it?"

"Yes; we have talked it over a great many times. She always gave me the impression that there was absolutely no truth in the charge. And Mrs. Stanton, too; she always conveyed the same idea to the mind. I'll tell you what I think this whole affair amounts to. I think Miss Anthony was stopping at Theodore's one night when they had a big quarrel. Mrs. Tilton was sick and nearly crazy. She rushed up to Miss Anthony's room wild, frantic, raving. She probably said she had done wrong, meaning that the quarrel was one in which Tilton was not the only blamable person. Under her excitement she made a confession. This Susan locked up and has never revealed. It was not a confession of the crime Tilton charged I am sure, and for this reason: Susan Anthony is the most practical of all the suffragists I know. She has no peculiar notions on the marriage questions; believes what every other sensible person does, and is not in the slightest tinctured with free-love theories. Now she read this confession, and yet immediately after and ever since, has entertained the highest regard for Elizabeth Tilton, and at the same time insisting that she was a woman of more than ordinary brain. Is that consistent? Do you think if Mrs. Tilton had confessed criminality to her, Miss Anthony would have been as extravagant in her praise? It don't seem so to me. Another thing which makes me believe this statement of Mrs. Stanton is not genuine, is the way she is made to talk of Sam Wilkeson. Now, Sam Wilkeson is her brother-in-law; she thinks the world of him. It is not at all like her to say anything against him. I don't believe she has."

Another lady, recognized as a leader in journalistic circles, said Miss Anthony never could have made such assertions to Mrs. Stanton, and she did not believe Mrs. Stanton had been correctly understood.

Now had this been advanced as collateral evidence to support Mrs. Stanton's statement, it could scarcely have been stronger. There was a scandal, and it was talked of a great deal a year before Mrs. Woodhull was known in it, both by Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton, neither of whom conveyed any such charge as adultery. But there was a "big quarrel." Mr. Tilton rushed to Miss Anthony's room wild, frantic, raving, "and Mrs. T. made a confession which Miss Anthony locked up and has never revealed;" and the reason "Suffragist" cannot believe that confession was adultery, is that Miss A. still retains a high regard for Mrs. Tilton. If this confession was nothing, why should Miss Anthony have concealed it so carefully? But everybody admits that there was something wrong, about which a confession had been made. Even the Investigating Committee accede so much. But what the act was is the question. Mr. Tilton says quietly to Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. Bullard, that it was adultery, and under oath, the same to the committee. Mrs. Stanton says that Miss Anthony told her the same as being Mrs. Tilton's confession. Nor does Miss Anthony deny that the confession was of adultery when confronted by Mrs. Stanton's statement at Unadilla, N. Y., as reported in the *Herald*, Utica, N. Y.

Miss Anthony declined to affirm or deny the statement attributed to her by Mrs. Stanton and her brother, D. R. Anthony. She said: "If I did say it, it was very ungracious of me to repeat it. If I did not, it was worse of them to make it up." When asked if she would go before the Plymouth Church Committee if summoned, she replied decidedly: "No. What I have to say will be said only before a tribunal competent to deal with the matter and able to compel unwilling utterances."

So Miss Anthony with several others has secrets that are so terrible that nothing but a court where they may be compelled to testify can wrench them from their hearts.

But as if to give Mrs. Stanton such confirmation as makes it positive that Miss Anthony did communicate the fact of adultery, upon the same day upon which Mrs. Stanton made her statement to a reporter of the *Argus* of what Miss Anthony said to her, Col. D. R. Anthony, formerly Mayor of Leavenworth, and now editor of the *Times* of that city, stated to a correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* as follows, which we may add is precisely what he repeated to us when we were in Leavenworth in January last:

"That he first heard the scandalous story from the lips of his sister in Washington about one year ago. Miss Anthony then told him that she was a guest in Tilton's house when a violent domestic scene occurred. She retreated to her own room to avoid it, and was presently followed by Mrs. Tilton. The two women bolted the door, placing the bedstead against it to keep Mr. Tilton on the outside. Mr. Tilton accused his

wife of adultery with Beecher, and she replied with the accusation that he had procured an abortion for a young lady of Brooklyn, whom he had seduced, calling the lady by name. That night Miss Anthony and Mrs. Tilton slept together, and, during a conversation, the latter, in seeming mental distress, imparted the secret of a guilty intrigue with Beecher. Miss Anthony asked her how she came to yield to Beecher's advances, and if he used force, to which Mrs. Tilton replied that no force was used, she yielding without knowing why she did so. She averred that Beecher treated her with the kindness he would a child. She resolved many times to yield no more, but as often her good resolutions failed. This is the whole substance of Miss Anthony's story, as related to her brother. He is of the opinion that his sister will not testify in the case unless compelled to do so in Court."

Can anybody read these various evidences and not believe that Miss Anthony has said that Mrs. Tilton confessed adultery to her with sobs and tears, as stated by Mrs. Stanton? And that having said it, that she did not receive them from the lips of Mrs. Tilton, as also said by Mrs. Stanton? Perhaps a jury might not find a verdict of guilty upon such testimony, because Miss Anthony herself does not now make the statement. But that she has made it there is no reasonable doubt; since it were folly to suppose that Mrs. Stanton in Tenafly, N. J., and Col. Anthony in Leavenworth, could upon the same day make a statement of the same facts as coming to them from Miss Anthony, and that they should agree absolutely as to the facts. Against such evidence the mere statement by Mrs. Tilton that she does not remember any such scene as having transpired in the presence of Miss Anthony, is futile. Of course this evidence is not regularly before the committee, and what is more it will prevent it from coming regularly before it if it can do so possibly. It has shown beyond denial that it does not want evidence to lead it to a truthful conclusion, which showing sinks it to the level of a common congressional whitewashing committee. Mr. Beecher knew in advance who to ask to constitute this committee. He knew enough about each member to know absolutely that there could not be an adverse report made. Such a committee gather stones to cast at Mr. Beecher! Impossible!

As if courting destruction, however, every person alluded to by Mrs. Stanton in her statement makes haste to deny. All that is deemed necessary by those conducting the defense for Mr. Beecher is for each person as soon as involved in anything to say "it is a lie." Everybody is a liar who says anything against Mr. Beecher or Mrs. Tilton, and if it chance to be a woman a few more epithets are added to finish up the job and parade their immaculateness to the world. And as they court it so will destruction come. Mrs. Stanton, finding that she is questioned, that she is laid in the lie, speaks again, and in no uncertain tone. Hear her:

An *Argus* representative spent several hours yesterday, in company with Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, at her residence in Tenafly. In the course of a protracted conversation, Mrs. Stanton spoke freely of the position she had taken in reference to the Beecher-Tilton matter, and expressed her views in no mincing manner upon the course adopted by certain papers in treating the scandal. Whatever may be thought of the opinions held by Mrs. Stanton on the subject of Social Reform, no one can listen to her words regarding the great topic of the day without a convincing belief in the sincerity of those words. A gifted and noble woman, who has been prominently before the world for thirty years, and whose private life has been as spotless as her public record has varied—Elizabeth Cady Stanton is not the woman to deal in scandal for the sake of scandal itself. What she told the writer, was told for the cause of truth. She stands ready to appear before any court of justice in the land, and swear to the statements which she has made.

In the delightfully cool and pleasant parlor of the Tenafly mansion, the *Argus* scribe sat, turning the leaves of an elaborately bound copy of the "Life of Christ"—wherein, on the fly-page, is written by the hand of Plymouth's pastor, "H. B. Stanton, from his friend, Henry Ward Beecher"—when Mrs. Stanton entered the room. She greeted the reporter cordially, and expressed her willingness to converse upon the subject introduced.

"The report of your former interview with me," she smilingly remarked, "attained wide publicity, didn't it?"

"It did, certainly. And I have one or two questions in reference to that report which I have come out here to ask you."

"Very well. I think I can answer them."

The scribe called Mrs. Stanton's attention to the fact that a number of journals throughout the country had taken her severely to task for the statements she had seen fit to make; and furthermore, that one or two minor sheets had gone so far as to question the genuineness of the interview published in the *Argus*.

"Let them say just what they want to," laughed Mrs. Stanton; "I have been before the public so long that the press of this county has said all that it can say, for or against me."

"Did you notice the extract from the *Chicago Post and Mail*, printed in some of the morning papers?"

Mrs. Stanton had not seen it. The reporter produced a copy, and read the extract, to which Mrs. Stanton listened attentively.

Reporter—I wish to ask you at the outset, Mrs. Stanton, whether the report of the interview held with you on Monday last, and printed in the *Argus* of that day, was substantially correct?

Mrs. Stanton—It was, certainly. The only inaccuracy which I recall was the statement as to the time when Mr. Tilton told his story to Mrs. Bullard and to me. It was not his "table talk," as one of the papers made so much of; it was told in the library, after dinner. In other respects, the report was correct.

Reporter—You have no doubt in your mind but that Mrs. Tilton made a confession to Susan B. Anthony?

Mrs. Stanton—Not the slightest; not any more than though I heard it myself. Susan always speak the truth.

Reporter—And that confession was of a criminal intimacy with Henry Ward Beecher?

Mrs. Stanton—Yes; criminal as the word is generally understood. Mrs. Tilton did not look upon it in that way.

Reporter—But it was a confession of what Mr. Tilton has since charged?

Mrs. Stanton—Precisely.

Reporter—You know, beyond all doubt, that Theodore Tilton told to you and to Mrs. Bullard the story of his wife's infidelity?

Mrs. Stanton—Certainly. The main facts of the case he told us at the time I have specified. Many incidents related in the Woodhull statement I had never heard of; but the story itself I heard from his lips.

Reporter—After Mr. Tilton had told you this story, did he ever deny it?

Mrs. Stanton—Yes. When the Woodhull thunderbolt had fallen, Mr. Wilkeson called on Mr. Tilton, and the latter flatly denied having made any such statements regarding his wife. As soon as I was informed of this, I said to Miss Anthony, "I have proof of my story, and I want you to go straight to Mrs. Bullard's with me." We went there. And in an interview lasting over an hour, I recalled to Mrs. Bullard Mr. Tilton's conversation to us on the Beecher matter, and she fully confirmed my statement to Miss Anthony. On the same occasion, Miss Anthony, indignant at the message Mr. Wilkeson had communicated from Mr. Tilton, stated to Mrs. Bullard her interview with Elizabeth on that memorable night.

Reporter—To whom does this account, in the Chicago paper interview, refer?

Mrs. Stanton—To Mrs. Fernando Jones.

Reporter—What do you think of the statements credited to her?

Mrs. Stanton—Perhaps I ought to extend the same charity toward Mrs. Jones that she has toward me—believe that the interviewer reported her words incorrectly. At the same time, I readily understand how, not knowing that I had decided to make anything public, Mrs. Jones might have told her story out of simple friendship for me. That is, in order to hide the truth.

Reporter—Have you any idea what testimony Frank Moulton could render, if he wished?

Mrs. Stanton—Nothing more than that he has been in the confidence of Mr. Beecher for many years. After a visit which the latter once made to Mr. Moulton, Frank said: "We have had Plymouth Church on its knees here." Of course his testimony ought to be had.

Reporter—Are you willing to appear before the committee, Mrs. Stanton?

Mrs. Stanton—No, not before that committee. When gentlemen who are in the confidence of its proceedings tell me that the integrity of every witness who appears against Mr. Beecher is to be impeached, I have no wish to give my testimony. I belong to a family of lawyers, and I have great respect for the law. When the case comes before a civil court I shall willingly appear if summoned. There is no stronger proof that the committee have a difficult case in sustaining Mr. Beecher, than its understood determination to impeach the integrity of every witness against him, and no better proof of the strength of Mr. Tilton's position than its subtleties in trying to undermine him by attacking the characters of all the ladies of his acquaintance. Can Mr. Beecher, in his circle, boast nobler, truer, purer women than those identified with the various reform movements in this country? Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Tilton need be ashamed of such acquaintances as Grace Greenwood, Celia Burleigh, Anna Dickinson, Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony, or Paulina Davis, who have all been honored visitors at their house. It is beneath the dignity of any man or committee of men to attempt to shadow lives like these.

Reporter—Do you think Miss Anthony would be willing to testify before the committee?

Mrs. Stanton—I think not; but before the civil courts she undoubtedly would.

Reporter—Mrs. Stanton, do you believe in the doctrines of free love, as advocated by Mrs. Woodhull?

Mrs. Stanton—No; I believe in law. I have always been in favor of doing everything in harmony with law. In my address on "Marriage and Divorce," which was made in substance before the Legislature of New York, I gave my views on the whole social question. The speech is published. Any one can refer to it.

Reporter—The *Chicago Mail and Post* attributes to Mrs. Jones these words: "Miss Anthony would not have revealed a confession of criminality made by Mrs. Tilton to any one—not even Mrs. Stanton." What have you to say on that?

Mrs. Stanton—Mrs. Jones did not tell to the *Post and Mail* all that she might have told. Miss Anthony and I have been intimate friends for more than thirty years. When we met the evening after the confessions, both fresh with astonishment, it was perfectly natural that we should mutually confide. And we did so.

Reporter—Have you heard from Miss Anthony since the publication of your statement?

Mrs. Stanton—I have. She has been on a lecturing tour, and has been very unwilling to say anything about the matter. She considered it would be a breach of confidence.

Reporter—Did you read Mr. Carpenter's statement, published in the *Argus*?

Mrs. Stanton—I did, and in its confirmation I have to say that, during my recent visit to Paulina Davis at Providence, she told me that she had heard this story from Oliver Johnson's family long before I knew anything of it.

Reporter—What do you think of Mr. Tilton's arrest?

Mrs. Stanton—I was in hopes that it would bring the case into the Courts, but I suppose some other means will have to be taken to accomplish that end.

At the conclusion of the interview, which had been pleasantly seasoned with a lunch and spiced with racy remarks on a variety of topics, Mrs. Stanton observed: "I don't like to be represented by the press as striking a blow at a woman; but when it comes to the women of the suffrage movement and Mr. Beecher I prefer to let him kick the beam, though he may take some one woman with him."

As having a peculiar and significant reference to the present controversy in Brooklyn, and specially as to Mrs. Stanton's position and relations to it, we quote the several following articles from the *Earlville Transcript*. Mr. A. J. Gordon is the editor and proprietor of this paper; but Elizabeth Cady Stanton's name stands at the head of its editorial columns, as a contributor, with those of Edward M. Davis and Matilda Joslyn Gage. Undoubtedly it is from their inspiration that such words as these emanate:

[From the *Earlville Transcript*.]
THE PLYMOUTH PRACHER.

If Mr. Tilton's charges against Beecher are sustained, we shall insist that the church shall in some way ask pardon of Mrs. Woodhull for the injury which it has done her by its wholesale slanders and by its unjust and wicked persecutions. Her virtue, not her crime, was in telling the truth two years in advance—this and nothing more. And, by the way, was her statement of the facts any more obscene than the reports which now fill all the newspapers? Not a whit. Let justice be done now to Mrs. Woodhull, or more judgments may come upon the church for its wickedness. We suggest that a collection be taken up in all the churches to reimburse Mrs. Woodhull for her expenses in defending herself against her persecutors.

Mrs. Stanton and Susan B. Anthony, it appears, will be called upon to testify in the Beecher scandal case. This we have expected all along, as we have known for three years or more that they can testify to important facts.

All the great dallies of New York with one voice defend Beecher and endeavor to crush Tilton. This wonderful accord is so unprecedented and so perfect that it must have been brought about with a gold tuning-fork. Theodore Tilton may rest assured that the people of this country will see fair play in this fight, and that the masses can entertain an opinion not found in the *Tribune*, *Herald*, *Times* or *World*. The Western press, almost with one accord, left free and

without a client or a fee, regard Mr. Tilton as having told the truth in the spirit of the highest type of manhood.

THE GREAT SCANDAL.

The testimony of the principal parties is all in the great case of Tilton vs Beecher. Tilton, Beecher and Mrs. Tilton have spoken. Mr. Tilton's statement was made under oath, and included letters from Beecher and Mrs. Tilton confessing the charge of love and adultery, and afterward an agony of repentance for what they had done. In neither Mr. Beecher's or Mrs. Tilton's statement are these letters attempted to be explained. Neither Mr. Beecher's statement nor Mrs. Tilton's is under oath. Mr. Tilton's testimony is under the sanction of an oath; it is circumstantial and convincing to those accustomed to consider carefully proofs in court. Mr. Beecher's statement is very general in its terms, evasive, not under oath, and explains nothing. Mrs. Tilton's statement is sufficient, at least to show that she is wholly unreliable; loving her husband to madness one day and Mr. Beecher the next, her speech and letters corresponding to her moods. The whole record, so far as she is concerned, consists in declarations and retractions for and against her husband and Mr. Beecher. She, by her own showing, can love and lie, repent and hate, with about equal facility. After she had been before the committee to prove her husband an infamous scoundrel, she says she spent two days with him, which were almost beyond comparison the happiest days of her life. She then tells him that the die is cast; that she will never take another step with him on earth; and in her statement a few days after, she betrays the most overpowering love for Mr. Beecher. Mr. Beecher also betrays in every reference to Mrs. Tilton his love for her, and his inability to hide his present feelings or his past relations to her. His words, when speaking of Mrs. Tilton, soften into unwonted tenderness and affection, which all readers who read between the lines cannot fail to observe. Mrs. Tilton appeals with religious fervor to God, to bear witness to her truthfulness. If God would testify, which he will not. Infinite wisdom itself could not make her story straight or her loves consistent. While this is true of Mrs. Tilton, we do not fail to discover much to admire in her. Her nature is evidently poetically sympathetic, affectionate and emotionally religious. Her misfortune is, that she is absorbed by every strong admirable nature she meets. Like iron filings she clings to the strongest and nearest magnet. She would have always clung to Beecher if she had not met Tilton, and then she would have clung to Tilton if Beecher had been out of sight and out of reach. As it was, and as it will be in all probability in the future, she vibrated between the two like the pendulum of a magnetic clock. From Mr. Beecher's professed standpoint of Christianity he must be pronounced a very wicked man. Nobody will claim that he is weak. From all standpoints Mrs. Tilton must be considered a very weak woman. From every point of view, Theodore Tilton must be regarded, so far as his relation to his wife and to Mr. Beecher is concerned, as towering almost infinitely above the other actors in this drama, in truthfulness and nobility of character. If it is God-like to forgive the foulest wrong and the blackest treachery, then Mr. Tilton is God-like. It is to suffer the loss of the most perfect ideal love of woman and wife, and heroically bear it for her sake and for the sake of the man who has robbed him, is noble, then Mr. Tilton is the noblest living man. If, finally, when this love had been as far as possible restored to him, purified and exalted by the deepest contrition and penitence, and he had placed the man who had wronged him under his feet by forgiving him, all this must be considered a farce in consequence of the insincerity and treachery, and crime of the really guilty parties, trying through a series of years to fasten their own guilt on him. If to vindicate his honor he is willing to resurrect the whole bitter record of his wrongs and recrucify himself, then, verily, Mr. Tilton must henceforth be ranked with the noblest of the race.

SOCIAL FREEDOM—AT WHAT DOES IT AIM?

A very large proportion of the masses of the people can see nothing in the demand for social freedom, except the mere fact of freedom to do wrong for those who desire what is held to be wrong by the legal morality of the day and age. Those who are making this demand, those who go before the world and plead for sexual emancipation for women, are denounced as advocating sexual license and debauchery. Freedom for love is denominated license for sex, while criticism of legal marriage is made to appear as an effort to undermine society.

But all this is very foolish, inconsistent and illogical; and at no distant day they who now are so earnest against any change in the social status, will be ashamed of their work. It never seems to have entered into the conception of these people that there is a thousand times more need of freedom, in order that the right and best things may be done, than there is that the bad and wrong things be exempt from restraint. The bad things and the wrong things are done now by whoever is so inclined, while a hundred times as many more of the same occur because there is no freedom to do otherwise. We have only to refer to the natural desire for blood, in the case of the boy murderer of Boston; or to the uncontrollable tendency to burn babies, so recently ventilated in the city papers, to call attention to the cause of these abnormal capacities, to indicate what we mean by the freedom to do right. The mothers of these children were not free to do right. They were bound by the law of legal marriage, and in this bondage they wrongly bore these children; whereas had they been living a life of freedom they would never have cursed the world with such monstrosities. We have only to call the attention of the wife-mothers of the country to these points for them to realize what we mean. The wives of the land who were never compelled to bear unwished children are the exceptions to the rule, which rule is precisely the reverse; and we appeal to those under the rule for confirmation of what we say.

Now, when the vulgar, unthinking world attributes to us motives of wrong-doing when we advocate the emancipation of wives from the bearing of children against their will and wish, forced upon them because husbands have the legal right to command them sexually whenever they so will, whether it be the will or wish of the wife or not—we can only pity it for its stupidity and live in the hope that something may come quickly to move them into right-thinking upon this, the most vital of all subjects of human welfare and progress; indeed which is that upon which all progress and welfare depend, to ignore which; to postpone its consideration for any considerable period of time longer, is to

insure the downfall of this race through physical and moral degeneracy.

It is this consideration that leads us to so earnestly urge the emancipation of woman—to so persistently demand that the maternal functions shall be remanded absolutely to the control of woman; and that they shall be called into action when and when only she shall so elect. Is this to degrade woman? Is this to advocate a descent to a lower grade of sexuality than now obtains? Is this to be the "High Priestess" of darkness? Is it to be these degraded things to claim that woman shall never be subjected to undesired sexuality, and consequently unwished and improper maternity? If so, then we are all of them. But the world shall no longer ignorantly pursue the advocates of freedom for love with these vile abuses. If this continue it, it will be with malicious intent.

These, then, are our deductions: We demand for woman that she shall be emancipated from dependence upon the individual man for physical support; that such an order of industry shall be inaugurated as will make it unnecessary for women to depend upon or surrender their sex for maintenance, which they now do almost wholly, whether in or out of marriage; that their relations to man shall be such that their maternal functions shall remain under their own control absolutely; that they shall never be called upon to submit to sexual intercourse except at their own election, and that they shall be so enlightened about the science of generation, procreation and gestation, that hereafter none but the best children, physically, mentally and morally may be born. These are our claims, and none others, and freedom—free-love—is the only way over which they can be reached. Dare the press, which has vilified us so shamefully, correct these statements, and in so far as possible do us justice? If not, it will come otherwise, in the fullness of time.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH F. BARRY & CO?

In an article in *Hull's Crucible* this excellent gentleman makes a wondrous exhibition of some personal feeling, growing out of his relations to the Free Love movement of the last quarter of a century. In this article, among many other things, he says: "I deny that she (Mrs. Woodhull) is a free-lover at all, or that she understands the principles of free-love, or that she is fit to expound them. She claims to have made the first free-love speech ever delivered in favor of Social Freedom. I deny that the Steinway Hall speech was a free-love speech."

In this speech, to which Mr. B. refers, there appear the following words: "I have an inalienable, constitutional and natural right to love whom I may; to love as long or as short a period as I can, to change that love every day if I please, and with these rights neither you nor any law you can frame have any right to interfere. And I have the further right to demand a free and unrestricted use of these rights, and it is your duty not only to accord them, but, as a community, to see that I am protected in them." It may be possible that we do not know what these words mean, or what principles are involved in them, and perhaps are unfit to attempt to expound them. We have never claimed any of these things that we remember of. We have been content to work as best we could to impress what we understand as free-love upon the people, being willing all the time that the real Free-Lovers should come in when the work is done and claim its doing to themselves. All we have cared for has been that the cause should be advanced, and, if we remember correctly, even Mr. Barry admits that this has been done.

But again. No longer ago than in the WEEKLY of July 4th, last, in an editorial written by Mrs. Woodhull herself, there are the following words: "The proposition that woman should be emancipated from sexual slavery has been made at various times by various persons (and we will add that Mr. Barry is one of these various persons), and in some instances with great effect; but no organized warfare against existing despotism (marriage) was attempted until it was done by the WEEKLY." Also in the speech entitled the "Naked Truth," the following language was used: "In addition to the wise and powerful words of others, I added such as was suggested by my own inspirations." This language does not look like an endeavor on our part to pocket the free-love movement, as Mr. Barry assumes; still we may not know the force of language, and may be compelled to leave it to Mr. Barry to determine.

All this may, however, be forgetfulness on the part of Mr. Barry. But this cannot be pleaded for what follows. He endeavors to make it appear that we favor some sort of legal marriage, by making a pretended quotation from the Steinway Hall speech, thus: "They should only be compelled to file marriage articles" (italics his own). Now, a dishonest quotation is worse than a downright falsity, because many may have read and retained an indefinite memory of something of the kind having been said, and upon hearing it referred to incorrectly may take the reference as genuine, while to say there was something said to which there is no reference whatever in the original is to say to the people, "I am lying." Now what is the real language which Bro. Barry pretends to quote. Here it is from page 19 of the speech: "If it be primarily right of men and women to take on the marriage relation of their own free will and accord, so, too, does it remain their right to determine how long it shall continue and when it shall cease. But to be respectable, people must comply with the law, and thousands do comply therewith while in their heart they protest against it

as an unwarrantable interference with, and proscription of their rights. Marriage laws that would be consistent with the theory of individual rights would be such as regulate all other associations of people. They should only be obliged to file marriage articles, containing whatever provisions may be agreed upon as to their personal rights, rights of property, of children, or whatever else they may deem proper for them to agree upon." And on the 14th page as follows: Marriage must consist either of love or of law, since it may exist in form with either term absent; that is to say, people may be married by law and all love be lacking; and they may also be married by love and lack all sanction of law. True marriage must consist entirely, either of love or of law, since there can be no compromise between the law of nature and statute law, by which the former shall yield to the latter.

Now, when Mr. Barry claims to know more of us than we do of ourselves, he ought to be able to comprehend the meaning of language, and the merest tyro in language must know that when we use the word marriage we use it under this our own definition, and Mr. Barry knows it can be nothing but intentional dishonesty in him to attempt to make a handle to his jug out of an opposite definition.

But Bro. Barry is not the only one among the old reformers with whom something seems to go wrong. Numerous of them have brought forward their claims to the recent triumphant progress of free-love doctrines. They are welcome to all the honor. We are satisfied that the work has gone forward, and if anything that we have done has accelerated its progress we are thankful that we are young women soldiers in the rear rank, under the wise leadership of such men as Barry & Co.

There are those, however, who will not fail to see that although McClellan began the recent war, that Grant and Sherman completed it; and there are others who have already said that although the seed was sown years ago by men who thus become the fathers of Free-Love, it has recently been given full birth through the persecutions and sufferings of women who are thus equally entitled to the relation of mothers. Now let the fathers come forward and acknowledge the paternity, and not attempt to brand it before the world with bastardy, or to strangle the mothers in their efforts to rear the new-born child.

THE DANGER OF MINISTERS.

On Sunday, July 26, Dr. Fulton, of Brooklyn, preached upon the Beecher case. Among other things he descanted upon the temptations and dangers to which ministers are constantly subjected in their pastoral visits. His remarks may or may not be considered complimentary to church women. They can accept them according to their several tastes:

"God loves a man whom He can trust. A minister is tempted to love unwisely. He is not like Satan, going about seeking to entice the unwary. This is not his peril. The minister is rather in peril of being sought unto and of being tempted when striving most earnestly to fulfill the commands of Christ. A great mistake has been made when we think the man who has power to evoke love is necessarily sinful. Without this capacity a man would be powerless."

Evidently the learned divine knows whereof he speaks. Where are the women members of his congregation? Do they know anything about being the cause of temptation to this pious man? Have they "tempted him," unsuccessfully, "to love unwisely?" have they put him in peril? have they "sought unto him?" But hear the justification: "Without the power to evoke love a man would be powerless as a minister, we suppose he intended to say. If the women of the church are visited by parsons having the capacity to evoke love, is it sinful to have that love evoked? Or is the biblical saying that, if a man look on a woman to lust after her—to feel love for her—he hath committed adultery already in his own heart; or, if a woman look on a man to lust after him she hath committed adultery already in her heart, no longer of any effect? We wish when these very Josephs discuss matters upon which they seem to be so well informed, that they would be explicit in their statements so that there need to be no mistaking their meaning. Taken at his word the Rev. Fulton virtually says that it is not safe for ministers to visit the women of their churches, lest they be tempted to fall.

TAKING POSITIONS—HERALD AND SUN.

It is in times of great public agitation that the press gives out its real sentiments, speaking often from the heart when the head, cool and calculating, would be more guarded. The present social convulsion is no exemption to the rule. Several of the greatest of the great metropolitan journals have openly committed themselves, in words that cannot be misinterpreted. Foremost among these is the *Herald*. When Mr. Tilton threatened to retaliate upon Mr. Beecher by naming other women than Mrs. Tilton, this great journal, in a leading editorial, insisted upon the right of individual privacy, and declaimed fiercely against lugging other women into this controversy. This is exactly what the WEEKLY claims—it is the legitimate outcome of the doctrine of individual sovereignty extended to the domain of sex. If Mr. Tilton has no right to retaliate as threatened, then it means that the women threatened have a right to the lives they have lived, and that Mr. Tilton has no right to interfere with them. The language of the *Herald* is susceptible of no other construction, unless it be this; that it matters not what people do, since the sin is not in the doing but in being found out. But a still more palpable acceptance of the doctrines of

the WEEKLY is to be found in the *Sun* of 28th ult. It will be remembered that in the original scandal article, when speaking of Mr. Tilton's action upon learning of his wife's infidelities, it was said: "I ridiculed the maudlin sentiment and mock heroics he was exhibiting over an event *the most natural in the world.*" The *Sun*, it seems, holds to the same point. In its issue of the above date, in an editorial entitled "The Truth Bound to Come," it says, in speaking of numerous letters received: "We do not publish them, because they do not seem likely to contribute toward bringing out the whole and complete truth of this astonishing, yet, after all, *natural affair.*" We congratulate the *Sun* on its frank admission, and hope soon to find it asking that woman generally shall enjoy the rights of such a declaration.

OUR POSITION.

Lest the manner in which we are treating the Social Convulsion in Brooklyn may be misunderstood and we be placed under erroneous light thereby, we deem it proper to constantly restate our position. As journalists, and to properly inform our readers of the course in which events are traveling, we must take notice of the performances of the principals to this drama, no matter how ridiculous or grotesque or abominable or absurd they are, and comment upon them accordingly. But at the same time we hold that there could not possibly be a more outrageous thing perpetrated against the sovereign right of every individual to the pursuit of happiness as he or she may elect, nor a more contemptuous denial of this constitutional principle of law, than is presented by the Committee of Investigation now in session in Brooklyn. This committee, in the name of religion and Christianity, pretends to be sitting in judgment over the acts of Mr. Beecher; to determine whether they have been such as the members of the committee can or cannot endorse. That all this is a most miserable pretense may be clearly shown by trying it by the teachings of "The Master," whom they profess to be following. He said: "Judge not lest ye be judged; for with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." And again: "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone," and when there could none be found among the accusers to cast the first stone, he added: "Neither do I condemn thee."

Now, had Mr. Beecher followed the doctrine and practice of Christ, when accused, he would have replied: Let him or her that is without sin among you, cast the first stone; and when he failed to follow the instructions of his professed preacher, and called the committee to inquire into his practices, it should have said: "Let him that is without sin among you, cast the first stone," and when the multitude would have withdrawn because of their inability to cast a stone from their own sin, it should have said to Mr. Beecher, "Neither do I condemn thee." This is the Biblical—the Jesus Christ manner of teaching such cases. Why, professing to be a Christian Minister and a Christian Church, should Mr. Beecher and Plymouth congregation have failed to follow "The Master?" Clearly because they were ashamed to follow his teachings; like Peter they denied him with an oath; clearly because they have more respect for a false and contemptible social system and public opinion in which his teachings are utterly ignored, than they have for the teachings themselves. The committee may be so ignorantly blinded to the real condition as to be honest in their action; but a few years only will elapse until this same committee will be ashamed that they so far forgot what was due to Christ and to Mr. Beecher as to pretend to inquire into and to judge of Mr. Beecher's private sexual affairs. When Mr. Beecher permitted such a proceeding, indeed invited it, he fell a thousand feet in his own estimation, as well as in that of every right-thinking person whose esteem is worth having.

CHARITY.

The Bible says "Charity covers a multitude of sins." The quantity of it that has been exhibited during the past two weeks by the presses of New York city is beyond computation. True, they have not used the article for the past eighteen months, or at least we have not met with a specimen of it since our famous November number in 1872. This being so, we had reason to suspect they had a large stock on hand, but were by no means prepared to expect the extraordinary quantity that has been exhibited in the case of the famous pastor of Plymouth. Any of our readers who are lawyers will please not to laugh when we set before them a sample of the white-robed maiden, whose name heads this article, from the leader of the New York *Herald* of July 22, 1874.

What, then, is the expressed offense against Mr. Tilton? Let us look at the "letter of contrition" about which so much has been said, which was dictated to Mr. Moulton under such extraordinary circumstances, and which is really the keystone of the case. We are certainly bound to weigh every word of this letter, and to remember, as our reporters recite elsewhere, that they are the hurried soliloquies, not the measured statements of Henry Ward Beecher. "I ask, through you, Theodore Tilton's forgiveness, and I humble myself before him, as I do before my God." This is a strong sentence, but it reads like the opening of the average morning prayer of Plymouth Church, and might refer to an error in paying a bill, or the repeating of some hasty, ill-considered scandal that one hears in the best governed churches. "He would have been a better man in my circumstances than I have been." This is simply an appeal to the mercy of a young man not free from vanity, and, it is hoped open to mercy. "I can ask nothing except that he will remember all

the other hearts that will ache," which only is another phrase of Beecher rhetoric. Such also, in a highly exaggerated form, are the following sentences: "I will not plead for myself; I even wish that I were dead." At this point the letter as originally quoted by Mr. Tilton ended. Now, we come to the suppressed sentences, which are before us for the first time. "But others must live to suffer." I will die before any one but myself shall be inculpated." There is a pathos in these expressions which grows stronger and becomes painfully intelligible when we note the delicate hints of our reporter that no explanation of Mr. Beecher's conduct is complete that does not involve his own home. How naturally his thoughts pass from his own household, from those he is bound to protect even with his own life, to the others who would suffer in any stain upon his fame! "All my thoughts are running toward my friends; toward the poor child who is lying there and praying with her folded hands." Certainly this means a sin, or it would mean a sin or the knowledge of sin in the minds of both if we did not read on to this remarkable, exonerating and providential sentence: "She is guiltless, sinned against, bearing the transgression of another." Now, whatever this may mean, it certainly shows that there was no crime of adultery in the mind of Mr. Beecher, no contrition for such a crime. When he spoke of her innocence he meant that there had been no violation of the sacred laws of marriage and home, and the thought is strengthened by the succeeding sentence, "Her forgiveness I have." "Forgiveness" for what? If it was for the crime of adultery, then it is the first time in the history of language that one who thus sinned had asked pardon from his partner in the crime.

If this be not a practical exposition of the text, "Charity suffereth long and is kind," what is it? True, on reading the *Herald* and other papers one might wish that a little of it now and then would slop over on Mr. Tilton, but it does not. Instead of that, he is rarely mentioned without (as Dickens said) something with a "D" to it being placed before his name. We had thought that in our own case that letter had been exhausted, but it seems that it is not so; that there are strings of epithets and stocks of anathemas on hand yet. But we do not mean to affirm that the charity of the press, so beautifully exhibited, is entirely monopolized by Mr. Beecher. Far from it. From a leader in the New York *Sun*, we perceive that it is free to all clergymen, as witness the following item from its issue of July 22:

Jersey City is just now the theatre of a scandalous occurrence. The pastor of a Presbyterian church stands charged in a judicial proceeding, before a magistrate, with having seduced a young woman, a member of his flock.

He is a bachelor. Such cases are not of so unfrequent occurrence as it might be desired they should be. A statistical table showing the percentage of clergymen charged with offenses akin to this would, we apprehend, be somewhat startling. We are fully aware of the danger of misapprehension which attends the mere simple statement of a fact like this in a public journal. Yet our confidence in the safety and the wholesomeness of truth forbids us to forbear. Only the most ignorant and unreasoning can take it as having any bearing against religion. Of course it has not any.

There is, however, a lesson which it teaches. Does it not serve to show that the relation generally existing at this day between pastor and people is, in some respects, an unsafe and improper one?

Clergymen are too often regarded as if they were not human, but supernatural beings. We cannot say that men often make this mistake with reference to them; but women, both married and unmarried, are very apt to.

Lead us not into temptation is a prayer which clergymen have quite as much occasion constantly to offer up as any other class of the community. In the present state of society they are in a pre-eminent degree subjected to temptation. We express great surprise that they sometimes—indeed, not seldom—yield. When the public come to look upon this as a natural result, as a matter of course, then we shall be in a condition to do something to remedy the evil, and not before.

The distinctions made between the treatment of clergymen and that of other people are altogether too great. It is hardly worth while to pursue the difference into nice detail; indeed, it might not be quite decent to do so in a public journal. Suffice it for the occasion to remind our readers of what every one knows to be true, that in many societies clergymen are admitted to almost all places, at almost all hours, and under almost all circumstances, as no one else, not a member of the family, would ever be received.

Then there is a blind and bigoted admiration of clergymen, outrunning the bounds of reason—a sort of semi-worship—a looking on them as if they were demi-gods. The old lady in the backwoods who replied to the protestation from her pastor not to make his tea quite so sweet, "La, it would not be too good for the minister if it was all molasses," was but the ignorant prototype of a numerous and cultivated class.

We speak in the interest of men and women; we speak in the interest of husbands and wives; we speak in the interest of parents and daughters; and, we speak emphatically in the interest of clergymen themselves, in giving expression to these sentiments—founded, as they are, upon indisputable facts. It is a matter in which change and reform are immediately and prepotently demanded and required.

How delicate—"Unsafe Relation between Pastor and People." How different in tone from the article which we commented on in a recent number, in which it consigned the proprietor of the WEEKLY to a place where, our orthodox friends tell us, the thermometer ranges considerably over the nineties; bespattering us with the worn-out whinnings of a lecherous old debauchee, and forgetting, in its insane vindictiveness, the nobler precepts of the great Nazarene. But, fearing lest our contemporary's reformation should even yet be but half accomplished, we would respectfully remind it that, under the present rulings of society, the "Unsafe Relation" it treats of is far more to be dreaded by the women than by the parsons, and that the former merit and really ought to obtain the lion's share of its sympathy, instead of being, as they are in the foregoing article, almost unnoticed and forgotten.

DOES THE COMMITTEE WANT THE TRUTH?

If so why don't it call for those persons who can give it to them? Mr. Tilton has made a statement under oath, specifically setting forth his complaint against Mr. Beecher. This statement is denied by Mrs. Tilton. Mr. Beecher, the other party to the case, has not been called. Everything except the fact of adultery is virtually admitted by Mrs. Tilton. There is nothing else then to inquire about outside of this fact. Whatever else may be established or disproved does not affect the truth or falsity of this charge, and if this be

true, then everything else passes for nothing. What has Mr. Tilton's conduct toward Mrs. Tilton to do with her adultery with Mr. Beecher? Suppose it all be true that is alleged against him, will the Committee hold that that is a palliation or an excuse for adultery? Suppose Mr. Tilton has been intimate with one or a dozen women, will the Committee make that an excuse for Mr. Beecher? All this proves only too palpably that the Committee knows there is no other defense, and its persistent following of it, clearly foreshadows its already determined conclusion. If the members of this Committee desire to arrive at the truth of the whole matter, they would call Mr. Beecher, and then, if his statements conflict with Mr. Tilton's, Mr. Moulton, who in such an event, and in such an one only, has said to them that he would voluntarily appear and tell the whole truth. The course is plain. Why prolong the agony, except to gain time for the blackguardism which Mr. Beecher's friends are busy about, to have its effect upon the public, and prepare it for a splendid whitewashing of the whole affair.

THE BLUNDER OF A BIGOT.

In general, the clergy have latterly wisely refrained from any allusion to the Brooklyn scandal in their discourses. But a few (not scabby sheep, but scabby shepherds, desirous of notoriety, and not being competent to amuse their audiences in any other fashion, have disgraced themselves and disgusted the right-thinking public by referring to it in their remarks. One of these, the Rev. Justin D. Fulton, who is a late importation from Boston, and appears to be either a resuscitated Pilgrim or a clerical Rip Van Winkle, thus amused himself in "lifting up his testimony" against the free-love community on Sunday, August 3, 1874:

Rev. Justin D. Fulton, D. D., pastor of the Hanson Place Baptist Church, preached last evening on the doctrines of the modern Jezebel, taking for his text the words: "Notwithstanding I have a few things against thee because thou sufferest that woman Jezebel, which calleth herself a prophetess, to teach and to seduce my servants to commit fornication, and to eat things sacrificed unto idols." In his remarks, the Doctor gave expression to a scathing rebuke and denunciation of the principles of free-love advanced by certain sects and individuals in this country. He said that their creed was specious, plausible to the unthinking and therefore doubly dangerous. They were the doctrines of hell, and their authors and apostles should be treated as criminals. The house was crowded and the sermon was listened to attentively.

This is a neat way of getting round the post, but the reverend gent might remember that the free-love community are not now on trial, but that somebody else is. As to the "hell" part of the business, if that is to be the destination of free-lovers, we feel justified under the circumstances in unbanning to the clergy as they arrive at that locality, and greeting them at the gate with the words, "Seniores priores," as they pass in ahead of us. In the meantime we feel satisfied to think that our little friends, the orthodox Baptists, are not in power, and never likely to be; and also that the two great Toms of this country, Paine and Jefferson, have secured for all such melancholy fanatics a pleasant place in the world for them to toot their little horns, so long as they do not disturb their neighbors, without punishment.

LET THERE BE DARKNESS.

The whole tone of the New York press on the Beecher-Tilton controversy indorses the above petition. The secular dailies and the religious weeklies whine over the fact of the exposition of the matter, instead of deploring their remissness in not having previously called public attention to it themselves, as was most certainly their duty. The Catholic presses, who better understand how to shield the liaisons of the clergy, are generally silent; if they mention it at all, it is as much as they feel called upon to do. This is consistent in them. They respect the secrecy of the great protestant confessional, although most certainly, in this country, their protestant brethren will never return the compliment. Even our contemporary, the *Jewish Times*, comes to us with the following moan over the exposé, although it may be said to insult the Mosaic Law in so doing:

Why can't Plymouth Church wash its filthy linen within its own doors, and not infect the public morals? Even if they succeed in clearing the skirts of their own minister (which we hope and trust they will), they can never repair the incalculable injury which they have wrought by the publication of the affair.

We are indeed deeply grieved at the exhibition of so much corruption within the bosom of a church that stood foremost in the esteem of the people. The downfall of a man like Beecher is a national calamity. It means more than the disgrace of a minister of the Church; it is a proclamation of the unsafe condition of society under a spiritual guidance, that made it possible for such a state of affairs to exist. It casts a deep shadow upon the foundation of the whole Christian Church.

But we are glad to add that the necessity for the exposition is well exhibited by the paragraphs immediately succeeding the above quotation:

If, with such magnetic influence as is wielded by the pastor of Plymouth Church, no higher standard of morality and virtue can be attained, then the fault must lie deeper; it must be sought in the rock upon which society is organized, which after all will be found to be, instead of a rock, a marsh of miasmatic exhalations.

And indeed, the conceptions that are generally entertained of the relations of the sexes to each other, are so loose, so confused, so unstable, entirely guided by the whim or passion of the moment, that family purity seems to belong to the exception rather than the rule. Married women have no compunction to yield to the fascination of elegant men; they take in the full draught of the charm and call it the nonce "elective affinity;" it is enjoyment they are seeking, and they seize it whenever the opportunity offers. They do

not realize the brink upon which they are stepping, and before they are aware of it, they are the victims of their hallucination. Women nowadays must shine, their dresses must be as attractive as possible, to increase their power of fascination; and for a married woman to pass for a young girl, is a deception considered legal and as a matter of triumph. The visionary ideas of a heavenly bridegroom, of a sweet-scented love to an imaginary Divine personage, is easily turned into an affection for a supposed representative and the realization of a picture which unhealthy minds have carried with them for some time.

If a *diabole boiteux* should uncover for us the roofs of the palatial residences in this city and Brooklyn, a picture would be revealed that would horrify and appal society. Without that process it is well known that society is undermined, and that the revelations made from time to time are but the casual eruptions of a Vesuvius of corruption and demoralization.

Permit us to ask the *Jewish Times*, and the presses generally, if they suppose the doctrine of "mastery inactivity" is in order under the above-mentioned circumstances. According to their laws, ecclesiastic and civil, such conduct is criminal. We do not assert its criminality, but we loathe the deception and hypocrisy with which it is accompanied. It is for that, and that alone, that we have exposed it; and we glory in having done our duty in the matter. We are not virtuous enough to hide it, we leave that to our contemporaries and the clergy generally. We have let the light stream in upon the bats and owls that cling round the rafters of Plymouth Church, and the beams of the WEEKLY are penetrating and dispersing the miasmas that are generated by the dismal swamp whereon it stands.

Of course the public is horrified at the exposition that has taken place. It is no pleasant duty to watch the pus and fetid matter slowly oozing out of the great social and religious ulcer of Brooklyn. But, notwithstanding, it is a necessary duty that public reformers are called on to perform. They must not only watch and note the contortions of the patient, but record the throbbings and fluctuations of the public pulse as exhibited daily in the newspapers of the city. These prove the depth and universality of the moral fever that is prostrating the nation, and we do not agree with our Jewish contemporary when it states that

If anything is apt to increase this state of affairs, it is the wide publicity given to such scandals as the one referred to; it acts with the force of contagion. And the result? We prefer to cover it with the veil of obscurity.

To sum up we would assert that, in our opinion, the whole of society is diseased; the effort is vain to adjust social and sexual relations by arbitrary laws is clearly made manifest. The people see it, and, where the press is not hampered by pecuniary considerations, as in the larger centres, it admits it. There is no disputing the fact, and it cannot be hidden, that society is a hybrid monstrosity and religion a farce. The WEEKLY claims its just share in the light that has been thrown into dark places in this affair, and therefore begs to be excused from joining in the almost unanimous howl of the presses of the cities, which is—let there be darkness.

THE DECISION OF THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

As there will doubtless be no little anxiety among our readers to obtain an idea of what the committee are going to do about it, we offer the following, reprinted from the last number of the WEEKLY, as foreshadowing their action:

I think I'll manoeuvre something like this:
I'll summon a jury who *can't* go amiss.
Their brotherly kindness will quickly dismiss
All the charges against me in Brooklyn.

And when they inquire, Well! what did you do?
We'll say we sifted it through and through,
And the sum of it is, the stories ain't true.
How's that for high in Brooklyn?

FRANCIS D. MOULTON.

Just as we were going to press we learn that this gentleman, who is now the most important person connected with the scandal, after several days' mysterious absence, has suddenly appeared in Brooklyn and fallen into the hands of an *Eagle* reporter. Whoever else may be open to a charge of insanity, Mr. Moulton certainly carries a clear, cool head. To one inquiry he replied:

Indeed I am sorry that any action, past or present, of mine, should be the occasion of uneasiness to so respectable a body as the American public, although I will be rash enough to say that had there been less deference shown to public curiosity, and more respect paid to private interests in this matter, both Mr. Beecher and Mr. Tilton would have been in a much happier frame of mind to-day than they are.

To another:

On this point let me be explicit. I have for years past been honored with the friendship and confidence of both Mr. Beecher and Mr. Tilton. Trouble arose between them, and I, as a gentleman and a friend, undertook to serve both by bringing about a reconciliation. I looked upon their families—certainly innocent of any wrong, but sure to suffer by any open hostilities—and I felt that for their sakes, if for no other reason, peace ought to be preserved. I was also convinced that, irrespective of right or wrong in the matter, both Mr. Beecher and Mr. Tilton would of necessity suffer, and could not by any possibility to me visible gain by having their differences dragged before the public for arbitration. On these beliefs I have endeavored to act in the past, and upon them I shall, as far as in me lies, shape my policy in the future.

To another:

I shall make no revelation to that committee unless invited to do so by both Mr. Beecher and Mr. Tilton. The position I occupy toward these gentlemen is one of mutual confidence and that confidence, I assure you, will not be violated. Before I shall at all feel justified in speaking, I must receive a written request, signed by both Theodore Tilton and Henry Ward Beecher. I should then feel called upon to consider seriously the propriety of telling what I know.

And the following:

BEECHER'S REQUEST.

Reporter—Have you not received a letter from Mr. Beecher requesting you to speak?

Moulton—I have not.

Reporter—The *Eagle* was informed on good authority that Mr. Beecher had written such a letter, and that a special messenger had been dispatched to deliver it to you.

Moulton—That may be all true; I presume it is, but the letter has not reached me yet.

Reporter—In view of the fact that all the letters of importance in the case which go to cast suspicion on Mr. Beecher, have passed through your hand, don't you feel that the request of the gentleman who wrote them places you under obligation to tell how you got them, and how you came to turn them over to Mr. Tilton?

Moulton—Without discussing the point I answer in the negative. I am conscious of having done nothing of which a man of honor should be ashamed, and I know that it would be dishonorable to make public the secrets of two men at the request of one. In short I shall avoid speaking as long as possible, but if Mr. Beecher and Mr. Tilton insist upon it I shall go forward and speak the truth.

Mr. Beecher's letter requesting Mr. Moulton to testify—Mr. Tilton already having made the request—has not reached Mr. Moulton. If Mr. Beecher is still anxious to hear from him, he can be reached easily now. Let Mr. Beecher call upon him; and let Mrs. Tilton ask Susan B. Anthony to come to the Committee and testify, and there will be a probability of arriving at the facts, which it seems can be easily covered up without the testimony of these individuals. Miss Anthony, if requested by Mrs. Tilton, can tell about any confessions made to her, and Mr. Moulton can do the same by Mr. Beecher.

LATEST—THIS FROM THEODORE.

By the subjoined correspondence it will be seen that Mr. Tilton has determined to carry his case into court:

MR. SAGE TO MR. TILTON.

BROOKLYN, July 31, 1874.

Theodore Tilton, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—I am instructed by the committee to state that the letters and documents referred to in your statement presented to us have not been delivered, notwithstanding your several promises to furnish them.

As your statement, in the absence of these documents, is deprived of its greatest force, we think you should desire to place them in our possession; and I desire to impress on you the importance of delivering them to us at your earliest convenience.

Very truly yours,

H. W. SAGE, Chairman.

MR. TILTON'S REPLY.

174 LIVINGSTON STREET, BROOKLYN,
August 3, 1874.

Mr. Henry W. Sage, Chairman of Committee:

MY DEAR SIR—I have just received your note of July 31—four days after date. Unless you accidentally misdated it, the communication should have come to me several days ago. This leads me to recall a similar dilatoriness of delivery of your original note, first summoning me to your committee, which I received only four hours before I was to appear, and yet the summons bore date of the day previous. But let these trifles pass.

Your note, just received, surprises me by its contents; for you seem to have forgotten that on the last day of my appearance before your committee I carried to your meeting not only all the documents which I quoted in my sworn statement (save those in Mr. Moulton's possession), but many more beside, making a double handful of interesting and important papers, vital to my case and destructive to yours. All these papers I proposed to lay before you, but no sooner had I begun to read them aloud in your presence than one of your attorneys stopped me in the reading, and proposed that I should save the committee time by referring these papers to one of your members, the Hon. John Winslow. I acquiesced in this suggestion, and retired from your committee with the expectation of a speedy conference with Mr. Winslow.

Perhaps it was my proper duty to have called on Mr. Winslow, but, as the whole committee had previously set the example of calling in a body on one of the other parties to this controversy, I took it for granted that Mr. Winslow would repeat this precedent by doing me the honor to call at my house—at which he would have been a welcome guest.

But while waiting for his coming, I was called upon instead by a policeman, who arrested me, and carried me, at thirty minutes' notice, before Justice Riley's Police Court, to answer a charge of libeling the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, against whom I had spoken not a libel, but the truth.

Up to the time of this arrest I had employed no lawyer, not needing any. But on finding myself before a Police Court, and not understanding the motive of my arrest, nor the methods of Courts, I requested my friend, Judge S. D. Morris, to answer for me in a technical proceeding in which I knew not how to answer properly for myself. Twice already I have been before this unexpected tribunal, and may be called before it a third time on Wednesday.

Meanwhile, my counsel, to whom I have just shown your note, instructs me to lay no documents, papers or remaining testimony before your committee, nor to hold any further communication with you in any form, except to send you this present and final letter containing the reasons for this step.

The reasons are the following.

First—You are a committee of Mr. Beecher's friends, appointed by himself, expected to act in his behalf, assisted by attorneys employed exclusively for his vindication, holding secret sessions, inaccessible to the public, having no power to compel witnesses, giving no opportunity for the opposite side to cross-examine such as voluntarily appear, publishing or suppressing their testimony as you see fit, and so far as my own experience goes, asking me no questions save such as were irrelevant to the case, and omitting to publish in your imperfect and unjust report of my testimony, all that was most pertinent to my own side of the controversy.

Second—The daily papers of Brooklyn and New York have

been artfully fed, day by day, with crumbs of fictitious evidence against my own character, as if not Mr. Beecher, but I alone, were the man on trial; and though I have little right, perhaps, to hold your committee responsible for this daily misrepresentation, which may come through the malice of others, yet the result is the same to me as if you had deliberately designed it; and that result is this, namely: I expect no justice either from your tribunal, since you cannot compel witnesses to testify, nor from your reporters, since they do not give impartial reports.

Third—I cannot resist the conviction (though I mean no offense in expressing it) that your committee has come at last to be as little satisfactory to the public as to myself, and that your verdict (if you render one) could not possibly be based on the full facts, since you have no power to compel witnesses, nor to verify their testimony by oath, nor to sift it by cross-examination.

For these reasons, which ought to have moved me earlier, I have at last instructed my counsel to proceed at once, at his discretion, to carry my case from your jurisdiction to a court of law; and in view of this instruction from me he has in turn instructed me to hold no further communication with your committee except this present letter of courtesy, in which I have the honor to bid you farewell, in doing which, allow me to add that the respect which I am unable to entertain for your committee as a tribunal, I cannot help expressing for you, each and all, as individuals.

Truly yours,

THEODORE TILTON.

MATILDA HERON ON THE SITUATION.

Come to me, darling, I'm lonely without thee;
Come in the twilight when day's gone to rest;
No rude eye shall witness me twining about thee,
As fondly I pillow thy head on my breast.

Then come to me, darling, nor doubt I am true,
For my heart is but happy while thinking of you.

Come in the midnight, that preocean hour,
When soul blends with soul in love's starlight bower,
When linked in long sweetness of exquisite bliss,
We murmur good-night in a sweet, silent kiss.

Then come to me, darling, nor doubt I am true,
For my heart is but happy while thinking of you.

Come in the twilight, or midnight, or day,
It's only my darkness when thou art away;
Then come to me, sweetheart, I languish, I pine
For one little smile, to say "Yes; I am thine."

Then come to me, darling, nor doubt I am true,
For my heart is but happy while thinking of you.

LORD BYRON ON THE SITUATION.

We "sate, but not alone. I know not well
How this same interview had taken place,
And even if I knew I should not tell;
People should hold their tongues in any case.
No matter how or why the thing befell,
But there were 'I and Byron,' face to face."

"I am a reporter of the *Christian Age*, and would desire, by your Lordship's leave, to interview you upon a sad case, of which you've doubtless heard, since the name of a posthumous friend of your Lordship is therein interwoven. I refer to the Tilt-on Beecher," said I.

"Hold, enough!" cried he, interrupting me, "The whole affair is Moulton together in such a tangle that conversation upon it were sacrilege to Be-stow(e)."

"Will your Lordship pardon me, if I simply ask if it is not yet possible that their friends may patch up a peace, to keep the worst from leaking out?" said I.

"My replies to all questions are here," said he: "Behold!" extending the open pages of a book toward me, the first glance at which told me it was "Don Juan." He then pointed to a particular verse, and I read:

"Their friends had tried a reconciliation,
Then their relations, who made matters worse,
'Twere hard to tell, upon a like occasion,
To whom it may be best to have recourse.
I can't say much for friend or yet relation."
* * * * *

"What do you think of Mrs. Tilton's position?" and again I read:

"And then this best and meekest woman bore
With such serenity her husband's woes,
Just as the Spartan ladies did of yore,
Who saw their spouses killed and nobly chose
To never say a word about them more.
Calmly she heard each calumny that rose,
And saw his agonies with such sublimity
That all the world exclaimed, what magnanimity!"

"Is not the rev. gentleman's silence intended to convey the idea of forbearing patience?" I asked. Following his finger, I read:

"No doubt this patience when the world is damning us
Is philosophic in our former friends.
'Tis also pleasant to be deemed magnanimous,
The more so in obtaining our own ends.
And what the lawyers call a *matus animus*,
Conduct like this by no means comprehends.
Revenge in person's certainly no virtue;
But then 'tis not my fault if others hurt you."

Emboldened by the aptness of the replies, which seemed to have been gotten up for the occasion, I proceeded: "Do you think there is any real ground for the charges?"

"A real husband always is suspicious,
But still no less suspects in the wrong place;
Jealous of some one who had no such wishes,
Or pandering blindly to his own disgrace
By harboring some dear friend extremely vicious.
(The last's, indeed, infallibly the case)."

Were the words presented in the book for my perusal? "It was certainly laudable of Mrs. T., if, as she says, she started out with the intention of improving the morals and reputation of the rev. gentleman; but was it not a dangerous role?" I asked.

He merely turned a page and pointed again, when, following his finger, I read:

"Love, then, but love within its proper limits,
Was Julia's innocent determination
In young Don Juan's favor, and to him its
Exertion might be useful on occasion;
And lighted at too pure a shrine to dim its
Ethereal lustre, with what sweet persuasion
He might be taught by love and her together,
I really don't know what, nor Julia either.

"Fraught with this fine intention, and well fenced
In mail of proof—her purity of soul,
She, for the future of her strength convinced,
And that her honor was a rock, or mole,
Exceeding sagely from that hour dispensed
With any kind of troublesome control.
But whether Julia to the task was equal
Is that which must be proved in the sequel.

"Poor Julia's heart was in an awkward state.
She felt it going and resolved to make
The noblest efforts for herself and mate,
For honor's, pride's, religion's, virtue's sake.
Her resolutions were most truly great,
And almost might have made a Tarquin quake.

"But then, there are such things as *love Divine*,
Bright and immaculate, unmixed and pure,
Such as the angels think so very fine,
And matrons who would be no less secure,
Platonic, perfect, just such love as mine.
Thus Julia said—and thought so, to be sure;
And so I'd have her think, were I the man
On whom her reveries celestial ran."

This last answer had scarcely been perused, when he hurriedly turned the pages of the book, and, as I was about to ask a question as to Mr. T.'s return from the noted "Western trip," he pointed to yet other verses, and handing me the volume, said: "Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest;" then, ere he vanished, I scanned the verse:

"An honest gentleman at his return
May not have the good fortune of Ulysses;
Not all lone matrons for their husbands mourn,
Or show the same dislike to suitors' kisses.
The odds are that he finds a handsome urn
To his memory, and two or three young misses
Born to some friend who holds his wife and riches,
And that some *Argus* bites him by the—breeches."

The noblest kind of love is love Platonic
To end or to begin with; the next grand
Is that which may be christened love canonical,
Because the clergy take the thing in hand.
The third sort to be noted in our chronicle
As flourishing in every Christian land,
Is when *chaste* matrons to their other ties
Add what may be called marriage in disguise.

BYRON'S TON.

BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

TO YOUR TENTS, O, ISRAEL!

There will be a grand camp-meeting of Spiritualists and Liberalists on the banks of Lake Massabesic, four miles east from Manchester, N. H., on the Manchester and Portsmouth Railroad, commencing August 6 and continuing twelve days. Fare at reduced rates has been secured on all branches of the Concord R. R., and all arrangements have been made to make this an enjoyable affair.

Good speakers have been secured to address the audiences. Such amusements as swinging, bathing and fishing have been provided.

Board at reduced rates can be secured in Manchester, or near the camp ground, for those who wish. A limited number of tents will be provided for those who apply in season. Two large empty ice houses will be opened as boarding and lodging houses.

The platform is free, alike for radicals and conservatives, Christians and infidels, spirits and mortals. All are invited, and all shall be treated well. The managers will speak or furnish good speakers every day. Extra trains will be run from Manchester and back for every evening meeting.

Managers.—Laura Cuppy Smith, Mattie Sawyer, Anthony Higgins, Moses Hull.

MASS MEETING.

There will be a mass meeting of Spiritualists, Free Religionists and Liberalists, held under the auspices of the First Spiritual Society of Terre Haute, Ind., at the Vigo Co. Fair Grounds, on the 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th of August.

The ground is pleasantly located, comprising twenty acres of a beautifully shaded grove, within two miles of the city, accessible from every direction by good roads, and from the city by railroad, and is bountifully supplied with good water and sheds and buildings adapted to the purposes of such a meeting.

Dancing and other attractive and innocent amusements will be introduced.

Board and lodging furnished at a nominal price on the ground, and every effort to interest all attending and to render them comfortable will be made.

All stands for refreshments will be controlled by and in the interest of the above society.

Extra trains for the accommodation of those passing from and to the grounds will be held in reserve. Arrangements are also being made at this point by which those attending may reach the city at reduced rates; and it is hereby made a special request of the friends that they negotiate with the proper authorities at their respective points for reduced railroad fare, and report the result at once to the undersigned, notice of which will be given to the public in due time.

Speakers and mediums are particularly invited, and will receive due and proper attention. Such intending to be present will confer a favor by notifying the Secretary at once that timely notice thereof may be given. A full attendance and a good time is expected. Let all who can attend do so and they will be made welcome.

By order of the Committee, JAMES HOOK, Sec.

LAKE PLEASANT CAMP MEETING.

The Spiritualists and Liberalists will hold their first camp meeting in the Connecticut Valley, at Lake Pleasant, in the town of Montague, Mass., seven miles from Greenfield, Mass., forty-two miles from Springfield, Mass., twenty-five miles from Brattleboro, Vt., and ninety-five miles from Boston, Aug. 13 to 27, 1874.

People from Boston and vicinity take the Fitchburg Railroad, and can come to the Lake without change of cars in about four hours. People from Springfield, and all towns on the Connecticut river, can go to Greenfield by the Connecticut River Railroad, and changing cars at Greenfield station, will take the trains over the Vermont and Mass. Railroad.

People from Troy, Albany and Western Massachusetts can come by way of the Hoosac Tunnel route, crossing the Green Mountains at North Adams, and getting a splendid view of that magnificent scenery, as well of the picturesque valley of the Deerfield, and be transported from the east portal of the tunnel by rail direct to the Lake.

People from Vermont and New Hampshire can come by the Vermont Central, the Connecticut River, the Ashuelot Railroad and the New London and Northern Railroad. People from Worcester and beyond will find the most direct route by the Worcester and Fitchburg, and up the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad. People from Eastern Connecticut will take the New London and Northern as the most direct route. This latter road, as well as the Vermont and Massachusetts, has stations contiguous to Lake Pleasant.

Lake Pleasant is a beautiful sheet of the purest water, surrounded by groves of maple, chestnut, oak, pine and hemlock trees, covering a bluff. A large Pavilion, sufficient to accommodate several hundred dancers, has been erected, and provided with a gallery for musicians and lanterns for the evening. This season a large dining saloon, with ladies' parlor, ice cream rooms, private rooms and a general promenade encircling the whole building, and affording a near view of the lake, has been erected. Also, another small victualing saloon has been constructed on the lower lake shore, convenient for the accommodation of boating parties.

An ample supply of boats and swings afford every facility for boating and other amusements. Tents are to be erected along the shore for bathing-houses, especially for the accommodation of ladies. Beautiful walks, smooth and wide, along the border of the lake and in the surrounding groves, are laid out.

A speaker's stand and a large amphitheatre of seats afford ample accommodation for public speaking and large audiences. Excellent soft, pure water is furnished by artesian wells, sunk on different parts of the ground. On the crest of the bluff is ample room for two hundred tents.

The Fitchburg and Vermont and Massachusetts, and the Connecticut River Railroads, and other connecting and converging roads, will carry passengers to and from the camp-meeting at half the usual rates of fare. For further particulars of distances and local rates of fare, see posters of the several railroads.

An earnest invitation is extended to all people within or without the pale of church membership to come to Lake Pleasant, and especially is the invitation extended to the clergy of all denominations to come, and there will be accorded to them a free platform and a respectful hearing.

The best Liberal and Spiritualist speakers have been secured and no pains will be spared to render the camp-meeting a splendid success.

The Fitchburg cornet band and orchestra, of twenty pieces, have been secured and will furnish music for the public exercises, as well as for dancing parties. Board can be obtained at low rates, by the day or week, on the grounds. Those who wish to engage board in advance should address Harvey Lyman, of Springfield, Mass., or Dr. Joseph Beals, of Greenfield, Mass. Tents will also be provided for all who may desire them, by addressing Harvey Lyman, Springfield, Mass.

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

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

FREE DRESS CONVENTION.

The American Free Dress League will hold its first annual convention in Painesville, Ohio, on Wednesday and Thursday, September 2 and 3, 1874.

In this age of radical thought and rapid progress, no subject appeals to the understanding of the serious or the benevolence of the philanthropic with more earnestness or deeper pathos than the insane extravagance and suicidal folly of woman's dress.

We mourn over the barbarisms of war, and lament the wretchedness, degradation and ruin caused by intemperance, yet it is an open question whether the sword and alcohol combined are as fatal causes of that waste of physical and mental vigor whereby the masses go to untimely and dishonored graves, as are the absurd and wicked styles of dress for woman.

In view of these appalling facts we appeal to all lovers of their kind to meet us in convention for a radical and fearless consideration of one of the most vital questions affecting the welfare of this or any age.

The platform will be open to the broadest consideration of the principles of dress reform, and of the best styles of dress for all. Come, let us reason together.

Presidents—D. M. Allen; S. L. O. Allen.

Secretaries—O. F. Shepard; B. R. Tucker.

Corresponding Secretary—M. E. Tillotson.

Will papers friendly to the cause please copy.

Correspondence is solicited on "The Corporal Punishment of Girls in Select Schools and the Family." The book to be published the coming fall.

All interested address, J. H. EWERY,
Box 105 South Boston, Mass.

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

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

H. AUGUSTA WHITE, Cor. Sec.

WANTED by a Middle-aged Man, a Single Medium not over 35, as a companion. For particulars address MR. WILLIAMS, Washington, D. C., Post Office.

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MAN IN EMBRYO.

We have published in pamphlet form, with the above title, the oration in verse of John A. Jost, which was printed in our No. 187, of July 4. It makes a pamphlet of twenty pages, and it can be obtained from us here, or from John A. Jost, Ogden, Utah. Price 10 cents per copy.

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

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QUARTERLY CONVENTION.

The third quarterly Convention for 1874 of the N. J. State Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress will be held in Hamonton on Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 29 and 30. Three sessions each day. Hamonton is midway between Philadelphia and Atlantic City. Fare from Philadelphia less than \$1; from New York, \$3. The friends in Hamonton are noted for their liberality and the excellence and variety of their fruits. It is expected that the Association will join in an excursion to Atlantic City on Aug. 31. Good Speakers will be in attendance. Subject: Spiritualism; Its Relation to Science and Reform. All are invited. Those who propose attending the Convention and wish further particulars, please address D. J. STANSBERRY, Secy.

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

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JOHN A. VANZANT.

Bright's Disease of the Kidneys Cured.

NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 3, 1869.

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

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

T. P. RICHARDSON.

Inflammation of the Face and Eyes Cured.

NEW YORK CITY, June 21, 1869.

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

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A band of angels are scattering flowers, typical of God's inspired teachings. One holds in his hand a crown of light. A little flower-wreathed seraph drops roses and buds which in their descent assume the form of letters and words that whisper to the youthful pilgrims on the shore, "Be Kind." Near the water's edge, mingling with the sunlit grass, in flower letters we read, "God is love." Just beyond sits a humble waif, her face radiant with innocence and love, as she lifts the first letter of "Charity"—"Faith" and "Hope," being already garnered in the basket by her side. Over the rising ground we read, "Lives of Great Men," and "Longfellow's poem, "A Psalm of Life," lifts the veil, and we read beyond the limits of the picture—"all remind us we can make our lives sublime." Further on to the left, "So live," admonishes us that we should thoughtfully consider the closing lines of Bryant's Thanatopsis. "They will be done" has fallen upon the bow of the boat, and is the voyager's bright uttering of faith. Trailing in the water from the side of the boat, is the song of the heavenly messengers: "Gently we'll wait him o'er." The boy, playing with his toy boat, and his sister standing near, view with astonishment the passing scenes.

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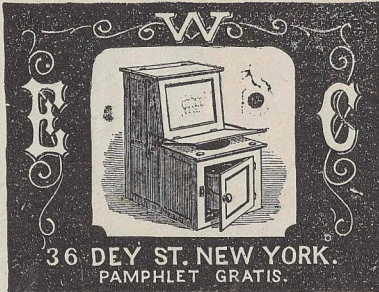
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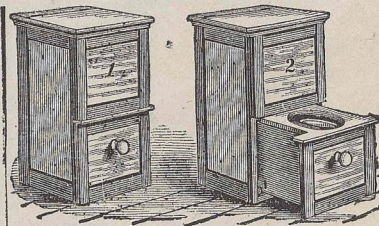
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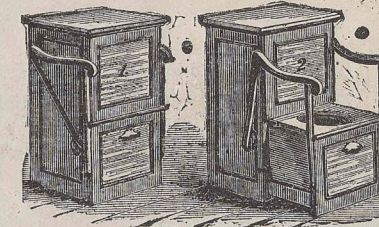


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