

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT! UNTRAMMELED LIVES!

BLAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 12, 1873.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

THE
LOANER'S BANK
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,
(ORGANIZED UNDER STATE CHARTER.)
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We receive the accounts of Banks, Bank-
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We buy and sell at current rates, all classes
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We buy and sell, at the Stock Exchange,
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telegraph, will receive careful attention.

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A FIRST-CLASS
New York Security
AT A LOW PRICE.

The undersigned offer for sale the First Mortgage
Seven Per Cent. Gold Bonds of the Syracuse and Che-
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This road runs from the City of Syracuse to Smith's
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Its length is 42 miles, its cost about \$42,000 per mile,
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The road approaches completion. It traverses a
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of gentlemen of high character and ability. Its bonds
possess all the requisites of an inviting investment.
They are amply secured by a mortgage for less than
one-third the value of the property. They pay seven
per cent. gold interest, and are offered five per cent.
below par. The undersigned confidently recommend
them to all class of investors.

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TO INVESTORS.

To those who wish to REINVEST COUPONS OR
DIVIDENDS, and those who wish to INCREASE

THEIR INCOME from means already invested in less
profitable securities, we recommend the Seven-Thirty

Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Com-
pany as well secured and unusually productive.

The bonds are always convertible at Ten per cent.
premium (1.10) into the Company's Lands, at Market

Prices. The rate of interest (seven and three-tenths
per cent. gold) is equal now to about 8 1-4 currency

—yielding an income more than one-third greater than
U. S. 5-20s. Gold Checks for the semi-annual in-

terest on the Registered Bonds are mailed to the post-
office address of the owner. All marketable stocks

and bonds are received in exchange for Northern
Pacifics ON MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

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Circular Notes and Letters of Credit for travelers;
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the world.

Bills of Exchange on the Imperial Bank of London,
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Deposit accounts received in either Currency or
Coin, subject to Check at sight, which pass through
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Interest allowed on all daily balances; Certificates of
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THE ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAIL-
ROAD COMPANY'S

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

Are being absorbed by an increasing demand for them.
Secured as they are by a first mortgage on the Road,
Land Grant, Franchise and Equipments, combined
in one mortgage, they command at once a ready
market.

A Liberal Sinking Fund provided in the Mortgage
Deed must advance the price upon the closing of the
loan. Principal and interest payable in gold. Inter-
est at eight (8) per cent. per annum. Payable semi-
annually, free of tax. Principal in thirty years. De-
nominations, \$1,000, \$500 and \$100 Coupons, or Regis-
tered.

Price 97 1/2 and accrued interest, in currency, from
February 15, 1873.

Maps, Circulars, Documents and information fur-
nished.

Trustees, Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New
York.

Can now be had through the principal Banks and
Bankers throughout the country, and from the under-
signed who unhesitatingly recommend them.

TANNER & CO., Bankers,
No. 11 Wall Street, New York.

AUGUST BELMONT & CO.,

Bankers,

50 WALL STREET,

Issue Letters of Credit to Travelers, available in all
parts of the world through the

**MESSRS. DE ROTHSCHILD AND THEIR
CORRESPONDENTS.**

Also, make telegraphic transfers of money on Cali-
fornia, Europe and Havana.

TOLEDO, PEORIA

AND

WARSAW RAILWAY,

SECOND MORTGAGE CON-

VERTIBLE 7 PER

CENT. CURRENCY BONDS.

INTEREST WARRANTS PAYABLE

OCTOBER AND APRIL,

PRINCIPAL 1886.

We offer for sale \$100,000 of the above bonds in
block. By act of reorganization of the Company these
bonds are convertible into the First Preferred Shares
of the Company, which amounts to only 17,000 shares,
and into the Consolidated Bonds (recently negotiated
at Amsterdam) of six millions of dollars, which cover
the entire line of 230 miles of completed road, to-
gether with all the rolling stock and real property, to
the value of more than ten millions of dollars. The
road crosses the entire State of Illinois and connect
with the mammoth iron bridges spanning the Missis-
sippi at Keokuk and Burlington. The income of the
road for the year will net sufficient to pay interest on
all the bonded indebtedness and dividend on the pre-
ferred shares.

For terms apply to

CLARK, DODGE & CO.,

Corner Wall and William Streets.

RAILROAD IRON,

FOR SALE

BY S. W. HOPKINS & CO.,

71 BROADWAY.

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

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

The Principles of Government, by Victoria C. Woodhull	\$3 00
Constitutional Equality, by Tennie C. Claflin	2 50
The Principles of Social Freedom	25
The Impending Revolution	25
The Ethics of Sexual Equality	25

"If an offense come out of truth, better is it that the offense come than that the Truth be concealed."—Jerome.

INDUSTRIAL JUSTICE.

PRACTICAL WORKINGS OF LAND MONOPOLIES.

Muth has been said by a prostituted press and hiring theorists about the manifold benefits derived from the free donation of Government lands for the purpose of constructing railways through frontier localities. As an individual who has been brought in practical contact with the workings of this scheme, we hesitate not to pronounce it as villainous an outrage as was ever perpetrated against an unsuspecting people by the treacherous officials claimed to represent them. With the uninformed masses the Government is supposed to be an institution abstract in nature, and independent of the people constituting it; and hence they bow the neck to the yoke imposed upon them by their political task-masters, and seem never to realize the wholesale robberies perpetrated against them and their posterity. Our venal authorities have recently discovered that this reckless appropriation of the people's heritage to unprincipled monopolies is unconstitutional; but, strange to say, this discovery was not made until all of our most profitable domains were gobbled up by these home-devouring cormorants.

We are located in the vicinity of the Sioux City and St. Paul R. R., to which has been secured a grant of every alternate section of land for ten miles on each side of the line of the road, and constituting, in the aggregate, millions of acres of the finest lands found in this region of country. Not content with this more than princely domain, the company hesitate not to perpetrate outrages against the unsuspecting emigrant so oft as opportunity presents. All town sites are monopolized by the "ring," leaving outsiders no chance for lucky strikes. As the company holds every alternate section, it is disposed to patiently wait for the labor of the actual settler to enhance the value of its claims by making permanent improvements on adjoining tracts; and thus this monopoly shares the profits accruing from the emigrants' toil, without extending to him the least equivalent therefor.

A party wishing to purchase land of the company pays his money to the agent, and receives a receipt for a bond for a deed. This receipt has a condition ingeniously inserted in it, which leaves the validity of the purchase subject entirely to the will of the "Land Department." The unsuspecting purchaser, after being subject to this farce, sets about making improvements on what he considers his newly-acquired possession, or perchance returns to a distant State for his family; but after the lapse of weeks and perhaps months he receives an official note from the agent, worded about as follows: "Sir, the heads of the Land Department, for reasons best known to themselves, refuse to confirm your purchase of land made, &c." Thus are emigrants often cheated out of their time, labor, use of their money, etc., with no means of redress. If a purchase of land is made of this monopoly, and after a time prospects for a rapid advance in the price of the tract sold is not favorable, then are the sales "confirmed;" but if the purchased lands bid fair to rapidly increase in value, then is the purchase repudiated by the "Head Centre," thus shutting out from the emigrant the last chance for a favorable investment. It is a confidence game in which the unsuspecting are induced to engage through the influence of flattering newspaper advertisements, only to experience inconvenience and loss. Railroad lands in favorable localities are assessed at extravagant figures, after which the monopoly awaits the results of the emigrant's toil to insure a sale.

We advise all prospective emigrants to shun these legally authorized thieves and swindlers, as they cannot engage in any business transactions with them without suffering outrage at their hands.

When will the toiling masses cease to be victimized and their substance devoured by money and land monopolies? A hollow echo answers, When? WARREN SMITH.
Graham Lakes, Nobles Co., Min., Jan. 22, 1872.

We clip the following from the Pittsburgh Leader:

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S LECTURE.

Editor Leader—As yours is considered the only journal in Pittsburgh that is open to free discussion, I beg leave to offer a word of criticism on the lecture of Mr. Beecher at Library Hall. Being absent from the city I did not hear Mr. B.'s lecture; but judging from the report I see in the daily papers, I do not like it. This glorifying riches in this rampant, money-getting age, spurring men on in the insane race after wealth, stimulating their spirit of cupidity, already in a morbid state, so much so as to threaten shipwreck of all

honor, justice and moral honesty among men, as well as the permanency of our National Government. Such teachings from "the prince of public orators" seem greatly out of place. To the insatiable millionaires, to the "bulls and bears" of Wall street, such a lecture would be highly gratifying.

But there not being money enough in the world to make one millionaire out of a thousand, or the twentieth of a millionaire, why then encourage this spirit of monopoly, which, in the nature of things, includes only the few and leaves out the many? What is desirable, and what would be but simple justice, is that every industrious man and woman on the earth should have a competence and a home. But it is a most lamentable fact that millions of such have no homes. They are houseless, homeless and landless. And so long as this inordinate wealth exists on the one hand, there must be poverty on the other; and most of all is, that this very poverty often exists among the very ones who produce the wealth of the world.

It would seem much more compatible with the calling of one like Mr. Beecher to teach men to lay up treasures in heaven—in the mind—the treasures of wisdom, goodness, justice, truth, than to be engaged in urging them, when their only thought now is, to lay up treasures without limit on earth. Such teachings are a blow at co-operation, the forlorn hope of the race.

How does the reverend gentleman reconcile these Scripture injunctions with his lecture? Thus: "Labor not to be rich." "They that will be rich run into temptation and a snare." "Do not the rich men oppress you," etc. And in the first six verses of the fifth chapter of James, money-mongers, monopolists and mobsters, may find words not quite so comforting as the lecture of Mr. Beecher. But an individual receiving from five hundred to one thousand dollars for one evening's lecture would not be likely to have much sympathy with the laboring man or woman who had to work hard two years for the same amount. MILONIS.

COMMUNISM: THE WAY IT WORKED AND WHAT IT LED TO.—ARTICLE X.

PRINCETON, Mass.

Some facts are "more strange than fiction," more philosophical than philosophy, more romantic than romance, and more conservative than conservatism.

Had society, then, started wrong at the beginning? Had all its governments and other communistic institutions been formed on a wrong model? Was disintegration, then, not an enemy but a friend and a remedy? Was individuality to be the watchword in harmonic progress, instead of Union? I dwelt upon these thoughts day and night, for I could not dismiss them, and was almost bewildered with the immense scope of the subject and the astounding conclusions that I could not avoid; but I had become so distrustful of my own judgment from our late disappointments, I resolved to dismiss these thoughts and these great problems to be solved by the wise, the "great" and the powerful; but I could not dismiss them. They haunted me day and night; they presented to me society beginning anew; I found myself asking how it should begin. It could not be formed or formulated, for we had just proved that we could no more form successful society than we form the fruit upon a tree. It must be the natural growth of the interest that each one feels in it from the benefits derived or expected from it. The greater these benefits, the stronger is the "bond of society;" where there is no interest felt there is no "bond of society," whatever its "unions," its organizations, its constitutions, governments or laws may be.

We had just seen that no bond could be stronger than that which bound us together till we commenced "organizing" and making laws, rules, regulations and governments. There was now no interest felt in the enterprise, no "bond," no society; but we were scattering as rapidly as possible, never, perhaps, to see each other again.

If the enjoyments derived from society are its true bond, what do we want of any other bond? "Oh, we want governments and laws to regulate the movements of the members of society—to prevent their encroachments on each other, and to manage the combined (communistic) interests for the common benefit."

But the movements of members have never been regulated; encroachments have not only not been prevented by laws and governments, but they have always proved the greatest of all encroachers and disturbers. Encroachments are increasing every day, the common interests have never been managed to the satisfaction of the parties interested, and there is no agreement among us as to what would best promote the common interest or what measures to adopt to that end. It was precisely these problems that remained to be solved which was our purpose in our late movement. It had been defeated by our attempts to govern each other, to regulate each other for the common benefit, the good of society, no two having the same view of the best way of promoting the good of society, and no one retaining the same view from one week to another. We had not arrived at principles, and infinite diversity with regard to measures and modes was inevitable in the transitional stage. If we could fortunately arrive at principles, they would become our regulators, perhaps. J. WARREN.

SPIRITUALISTIC.

REFORMATORY LECTURES.

In view of the determination recently manifested by certain would-be authorities in Spiritualism, and from a sincere desire to promote their expressed purposes, to set up a distinction that will produce a free and a muzzled rostrum; we shall henceforth publish in this list the names and addresses of such speakers, now before the public and hereafter to appear, as will accept no engagement to speak from any committee of arrangement, with any proviso whatever, as to what subject they shall treat, or regarding the man-

ner in which it shall be treated. A reformatory movement, such as Spiritualism really is, cannot afford so soon to adopt the customs of the Church and fall into its dotage. On the contrary, it demands an unflinching advocacy of all subjects upon which the Spirit world inspires their mediums under the absolute freedom of the advocate. To all those speakers who wish to be understood as being something above the muzzled ox which treads out the corn, this column is now open:

C. Fannie Allyn, Stoneham, Mass.
Rev. J. O. Barrett, Battle Creek, Mich.
Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, National City, Cal.
Annie Denton Cridge, Wellesley, Mass.
Warren Chase, St. Louis, Mo.
A. Briggs Davis, Clinton, Mass.
Miss Nellie L. Davis, North Billerica, Mass.
Lizzie Doten, Pavilion, 57 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.
R. G. Eccles, Andover, Ohio.
Mrs. Elvira Hull, Vineland, N. J.
Moses Hull, Vineland, N. J.
D. W. Hull, Hobart, Ind.
R. W. Hume, Hunter's Point, N. Y.
Charles Holt, Warren, Pa.
Anthony Higgins, Jersey City, N. J.
W. F. Jamieson, 139 Monroe st., Chicago, Ill.
Miss Jennie Leys, 4 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. F. A. Logan, Buffalo, N. Y.
Anna M. Middlebrook, Bridgeport, Ct.
A. C. Robinson, Lynn, Mass.
Mrs. J. H. Stillman Leverence, Milwaukee, Wis.
Laura Cuppy Smith, 179 Temple st., New Haven, Ct.
M. L. Sherman, Adrian, Mich.
Dr. H. B. Storer, 107 Hanover st., Boston, Mass.
J. H. W. Toohy, Providence, R. I.
F. L. H. Willis, Willimantic, Ct.
Lois Waisbrooker, Battle Creek, Mich.
Prof. E. Whipple, Clyde, O.
John B. Wolff, 510 Pearl st., N. Y. city.

[NOTE.—Should any person whose name may be found in this column feel aggrieved thereby, upon notification of the same we will hastily make reparation by removing it. Names respectfully solicited.]

LOVE AS A SAVIOUR.

BY J. B.

DEAR BROTHER:

We're crossing down the stream of time,
And to its rapids we are nearing,
And I trust that you, like me,
Do not indulge in constant fearing.

We've been upon this stream

Since first we had a being;
But oh, how frail our bark had been
Could we have seen as seeing.

My life has been a checkered one
Of sunlights and of sorrow,
And oft the day has darkened been
To light the coming morrow;
But in the darkness of the night
And in my deepest sorrow,
When burning tear-drops trickled down
And widened in their furrow,
When wildest phantoms of the night
My fevered brain was burning,
And cold December hove in sight
Without a shadow turning,
'Twas then I felt the worth of love
That lighted all my sorrows.

I hailed this love with pure delight,
I sent it on the billows;
I fanned it with the breeze of night
Upon my downy pillows;
I bathed it in the mountain stream
Of yonder mountain gore;
I sported in the evergreens,
Above the cascade's roar;

I hailed it in the birds, the bees,
The rippling brooks, the waving trees,
The sun, the moon, the stars of even,
That guides our pathway up to heaven.

I hailed it in the hour of prayer
Upon the bended knee,
When in the closet of my heart
I revered Deity.
I hailed in my noontime walks
And in my midnight dreams;
I hailed it as the helm of life,
While passing down its streams.

Oh, for this love let angels speak,
And silent rocks begin to move,
And all the shining world's above
Proclaim to man the power of love.

ORSON KNIGHTLY.

HELLEN GROVER AND LIZZIE CROSBY.

These mediums have been spending a few weeks in Philadelphia. (They are now permanently located in New York and may be found at 316 Fourth avenue—see card in paper.)

Miss Grover is a test and healing medium, and also a good lecturer. She lectured here during the month of July. She is successful in answering questions, which made her meetings attractive.

Miss Crosby read poems at the lectures. They had rooms for giving seances, and both of them were used as test mediums. We believe they gave general satisfaction.

One of the guides of Miss Crosby is a little Indian girl, giving the name of "Little Barefoot."
Miss Grover has an Indian spirit named "Owanica," who

has very powerful influence, especially in healing; he also speaks through her.

The following communication from Col. James Fisk was given to us through Miss Grover. He commenced:

"Oh, how tired I am! So tired all the time, and it is all hard work—hard work. I thought I should have rest when I got there, but there is no rest."

"Who are you?" we said.

"I don't know," he replied.

"Is it not James Fisk?"

"Yes, it is. Tell them I am tired yet. I have not found hell, and I have not found God! There is no God. I have not gone out of life, and I never shall; but law is inevitable, it is useless to dash against it. People thought when I was in the form that I ruled the world, or my portion of it, as I would, but yet I dwelt in chains forged by my own conditions, my own habits. I passed into the spirit-world, and I fancied that I was to go free; but law meets me here as it did below. There is no God but law—no visible God but law. I have looked for the Saviour that I had heard of; I have searched for the God that the churches told me about, but I find all the God I have to deal with is in my own soul, and all the Saviour I have to help me is my own will and my own aspirations.

"How little people know Jim Fisk! They thought I was an animal, a puppet, but they did not understand the great upheaving of my inner life, and my longing for something better than I could grasp. I love my old friends yet, and I have no hatred for my enemies."

"What do you think of Stokes?"

"Poor fellow! I am better off than he. I told this medium in Bloomington, Illinois, that I would come to her and help her, and I mean to do it. I don't want Stokes hung, and I don't think he will be; I am working hard to prevent it. He was the victim of law, and if they don't want murders on earth they must not murder people and send them into the spirit-world. Legalized murder is worse than any other, for it is done in cold blood. I can't make them understand it; they don't see it as I do—I mean about this murder business. I did not see it so when I was here, and I can't blame them, but I would like to show them better. I am having a tough time, but I will be boss yet. I can't make them understand it, it is no use of trying, but tell them it is better to know where you are going to land, and they had better be looking ahead some.

"I have been pretty busy since I came over here—have more to do than ever—not dealing in fancy stocks, but real business over here. In the first place I was not anywhere, and in the next place I wished I was not anywhere. By and by I got my footing, and I have been considerable busy ever since. Then I had to attend to the Stokes' case. I would not let that jury agree. People did not know that I was a medium, and I did not know it myself as well as I do now. I knew something of it. How did I acquire that wonderful power I had over people? I know now, I see it plain enough. I had spirits to help me and I was their medium. I am sorry about my poor old father, he took it to heart so when I went over. I shall have him over here before a great while, and I will show him something that will satisfy him.

"I found my mother, or she found me. She took me over. She was one of the first to meet me. People should not be too hard on boys that don't have any mother. My step-mother was good enough, but she was not my mother.

"Friend, I guess I have made a bungle of it, but you can straighten it out."

"Shall I publish this?"

"Certainly, and let the people know that I still live."

ON LEGAL MURDER.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

[From the New York Sun.]

OVER—AND NOT OVER.—Foster is dead. All that could be done to him has been done, and that is over.

With Gen. Dix it is not all over. It is just begun, and he will hear from this thing as long as he lives.

What has Foster done?

When laboring under great excitement he struck a man a blow which proved fatal. He always declared that he had no intent to kill.

What has Governor Dix done?

In cold blood, with premeditation, he has taken away the life of a citizen of New York, who, according to the oaths of seven jurors, was convicted by mistake. Gov. Dix, on a mere technicality, refused to consider their evidence, and put a man to death on a legal quibble.

Capital punishment promotes murder, not prevents it.

[From the New York Tribune.]

Now that the forfeit exacted by the law has been paid, we have nothing to add nor to retract from what we have formerly said of this and similar cases. The execution has done no good, it may be said. It has profoundly and painfully impressed the sensibilities of the city. But we were placed in a situation, created by the crime of Foster and the faults of the law, where there were only two issues, and both of them objectionable. We are convinced that mercy to him would have been a great public error and damage. We have no respect whatever for the gallows as a moral or civilizing force. But while it lasts it should not remain a mere scare-crow. We do not believe in the law of hanging. But all law is brought into contempt when a convicted murderer is not hanged. The letter of Mr. Bovee, which we print this morning, shows how fallacious is the assumption that the gibbet is a deterrent of crime. But the efforts of those who disbelieve in it should be directed to replacing it with something better, instead of attempting to rescue individual criminals from the rope. We cannot afford to keep up an idle gallows, any more than to retain a dead-letter law on the statute books.

We need prompt and efficient punishment of our criminals

and that, we fear, we shall never obtain under the regimen of strangulation. Had it not been that so many minds revolted against the legal killing of Foster, he might, long ago, have been shut up for life, using his youth and strength in the service of the State. If it were not for the death penalty, does any one imagine that Nixon, the brutal murderer of Phyfer, would not have been punished before this with life-long imprisonment?

Every good purpose now subserved by it could be better secured by vesting in our higher courts the function of reviewing a sentence upon the discovery of facts which invalidate it. But until this is done, until the disgrace of the gallows is removed from our municipal life, there is no legal or logical position which the conscientious opponents of capital punishment can assume, except to demand the prompt trial and unflinching execution of every man found guilty of the crime of murder.

[From the New York World.]

It is in this respect of the promptitude of punishment, and in the other respect, which is closely connected with it, of the certainty of punishment, that our criminal code most of all needs improvement. In so far as punishment is vindictive and in so far as punishment is exemplary, its end is alike best served by dispatch. Take this very case of Foster in its effect upon the men whom we wish to deter from his crime. What is the terror of a man at being told that if he murders another man to-night there is a chance that he may be hanged two years from now compared with his terror at being told that if he murders another man he will surely be hanged within a month. It is this latter chance that the administration of our criminal justice leads him to expect. We have reason to be solemnly thankful, with whatever pity we may temper our thankfulness, that justice has been done in spite of them upon Foster. But it is monstrous that justice should have been so long delayed.

[From the New York Herald.]

THE AWFUL SPECTACLE OF JUSTICE AVENGED.—The execution of William Foster, which took place yesterday at the Tombs, has vindicated the law. Men will feel that when murderers can be hanged there is some chance of grappling with crime.

However it may be touched with the sufferings of the families of those who bring the death penalty upon themselves, it will not consent to see society at the mercy of the cut-throat by encouraging a mistaken leniency. With Foster the argument has finished. Society is victorious in the battle for its right; but the Tombs has yet its dozen of murderers whom we must not forget. The wretched man who yesterday rendered up his existence was not by any means the worst of the offenders who have done hideous wrong to society. We call upon the authorities to pursue this salutary work of bringing crime to its knees. We call upon the press to unite in the assertion of the principle which our brave old Governor has inculcated—that "law and order must prevail, cost what it may." It is high time, too, that juries should act with something like a sense of responsibility, and consider the public safety with at least as much tenderness as a fifth-rate lawyer can awaken in them for the interests of a common murderer. One murderer executed will be as little likely to make our great city an Arcadia as one swallow is proverbially unlike to make a summer.

We count in the effect of these executions the terrifying of all evil-doers. It is from the strength of their well-founded fears that society will gain liberty to breathe once more. For this reason we have given a large share of our space to-day to the affrighting tableaux. The great reason that the public good is paramount over all private considerations leads us to display these scenes of agony.

The details of the crime have been spread abroad because society demands to know its dangers, and is the safer for knowing them. A new system of burglary, a novel mode of garroting, a fresh plan to rob, are all necessary to be published that people may know what they have to fear, what to prevent. A fortiori is this true of the crime of murder. The same reason which prompts the publication of the offense calls for the details of its punishment.

The lessons of yesterday are not likely to be soon forgotten. They preach to men's eyes and minds as the Gospel of the tangible alone can preach. They grimly and emphatically proclaim that murder is something which demands the immolation of the murderer on an altar which is a gallows, by a celebrant who is a hangman, and before an audience which embraces all civilized mankind.

[From the Star.]

Yesterday was rather a remarkable day. Foster was hanged in New York, Mr. Goodrich was murdered in Brooklyn. The execution of Foster was a credit to the Sheriff and those in charge of the melancholy occasion. There were but two marring incidents in the entire affair. The first was the refusal to give Foster a little brandy, when, exhausted and nauseated, he craved a steadier for his greatly shaken nerves, and the second, Dr. Tyng's preposterous service for the dying. Dr. Tyng actually read the beautiful service for the dying, while poor Foster, already unnerfed by exhaustion, shook and trembled like an aspen leaf, and Mr. Brennan was compelled to tell the clergymen to cut it short. The hour of the execution was admirably chosen as to avoid the tremendous pressure of privileged people, who, as it was, were forced to content themselves with the invitations which were liberally dealt out, the "entertainment" being reserved for those who imitate the early bird.

The murder in Brooklyn, if it be a murder, was one of the boldest of the many daring violent deeds on record. In some respects it resembles the celebrated Nathan affair, but we trust there will not be as much money spent to put peo-

ple on the wrong scent in the Goodrich case as there was in the Nathan affair. Mr. Goodrich was an exemplary citizen, and not at all likely to commit suicide.

[From the New York Star.]

But first observe the following document presented to Governor Dix at Albany by Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, the day before the execution:

"The People against Wm. Foster—City and County of New York: We do solemnly swear that we were jurors in the case of William Foster; that the conviction in his case could never have been obtained but for the opinion which prevailed among the jurors that their unanimous recommendation to mercy would insure the commutation of the sentence to imprisonment for life. This terrible mistake cannot be remedied now except by the Governor.

"We would do it if we had the power, but we have not. We earnestly appeal to you, therefore, the only person who can do it, to prevent a man from being put to death through an error of opinion on our part at the time of the trial.

"In doing this, we do all we can to wash our hands of Foster's blood, and we humbly assure your Excellency that if the sentence be carried into effect in view of the circumstance which we now under oath lay before you, we shall never cease to look upon it as an unjust punishment which was not contemplated by the jury in rendering the verdict.

"Sworn to this 15th day of March, 1873, before me,

"ADAM GOS, Notary Public,

"New York County."

(Signed) F. E. Hoagland, R. T. Martin, Samuel Dowding, Henry Leo, George K. Chase, James Daniel, H. C. Rogers. The Governor said he would give the document his most careful consideration; having done which he decided that the public welfare demanded Foster's hanging; and he was hanged.

SPIRIT OF THE PULPIT.

THE DUTY OF THE PUBLIC.

In conclusion, Mr. Beecher spoke very impressively of the cry which had in many instances been raised against the doomed man. "Do you think," said he, "that when you have inveighed against the law for its delay, against judge and jury for allowing the pleadings of mercy to have part in their counsels; when you have exhausted every argument against pardoning the criminal, clamored for justice and shouted yourselves hoarse with urging the necessity of vindicating the so-called outraged majesty of law, and bringing the unfortunate man to condign punishment; when, finally, you have seen him expiate his crime on the gallows; when you have done all this do you think you have done your whole duty? Had you no duty to perform before the deed was committed? Have you, as patriotic citizens, done all that lay in your power to prevent the crime which you were so eager to punish? Have you tried to abolish the squalid dens where men are maddened with liquor—the filthy streets, the disgraceful, demoralizing boarding-houses, and the unnumbered sinks of iniquity where crime is fostered and bred? And when it was represented to you that good schools and sound education were the great preventatives of evil deeds, did you do all that lay in your power to make these blessings universal? If you have done these then, indeed, you have contributed your share to the safety of the community; but duty is ill done which looks only to the punishment of crime, and gives no thought to its prevention."

THE REV. DR. HEPWORTH'S ABHORRENCE OF THE HIDEOUS HANGMAN'S ROPE.

Steinway Hall was filled last evening by an intelligent multitude, who listened in breathless silence to the Rev. Geo. H. Hepworth, who delivered an eloquent sermon, taking for his subject "God's Punishment and Man's." Mr. Hepworth said: "We are in a world of law. Brethren, we have, within a few days, been made acquainted with a portion of that law. The heart of this people has been stirred with pity. The circumstances are curious. A man born of a good family has ended his career ignominiously. He had the ambition to be a good man. Had the future been foretold to him he would have shrunk back with horror. There was no prospect twenty years ago of such an end for him. He began with a good father and the advantages of a Christian home. He went into life simply to get out of it a good time. He entered into all kinds of dissipation. Infidelity in religious principle is sure to end in tears and death. There are two or three things that have been developed. It was wrong to murder him because, when drunk, he had murdered some one else.

The case has shown plainly enough that it is hard to enforce capital punishment. I would to God that it was abolished in our noble State. It is not Christianity; it is undiluted barbarism. What a picture for a Christian city the wretched man's last night on earth! The poor wretch to be obliged to listen to the erection of his own scaffold. You would not treat a dog so. Though a murderer he was a human being, and it was hard and cruel on Foster. [Here a lady fainted and was carried out.] How the heart of the State shuddered to think that a Christian community can listen to the dying groans of such a victim. I hope to live to see the day when capital punishment will be abolished in this State. Is this man's life a sacrifice to public opinion? You have taken your text from the hangman's rope; now preach it. Let us find out some more decent punishment than the hangman's rope, which is only a relic of barbarism."

SECTION 12 OF THE I. W. A.—A preliminary meeting of the members of this Section is called at No. 43 Broad street on Monday evening, April 14, at 8 o'clock P. M., to take steps looking to the reorganization of the Section.

SOCIALISTIC.

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

GENERATION vs. RE-GENERATION.

Like produces like the world over, and all are ready to admit it. As a general rule you cannot expect luscious pippins from a thorn bush; nor figs from a thistles. Jesus said you must reap that which you sow, and the world pretends to believe it. If you sow tares, you must not expect to harvest wheat; and, my Christian readers, you say "Why, of course, what fool does not know that?" Then, knowing it, why not practice it, my Christian friend? "I do," says my friend; "Ah, do you? Let us see if that be so. How large a family have you?"

"A wife and four children, sir, besides two which God has taken to himself."

"Of what complaint did they die?"

"One died of scrofula, and the other of consumption."

"Are the rest all healthy?"

"No, one has fits, and another has the St. Vitus Dance, and the other two are sick more or less."

"How is your wife's health?"

"Really she is very poorly, from over work, I suppose, and from taking care of the children, she can hardly get a good night's rest. She is greatly afflicted of God, whose ways are past finding out."

"I beg to differ with you, my friend, on that subject. And claim that His ways are not all past finding out."

"Now, my friend, God has spread his general laws over and through all his works, so that it is just as fair for one as another, and if you violate any of them you must suffer the penalty, and there is no escape since there is no effect with out a producing cause."

"Now let us look for the causes which have produced all this mischief, this affliction upon your family."

"How was your own health before you were married?"

"Well, not of the best; I appeared to take after my mother some, who was generally weakly."

"Did you not contract that disease of a woman before you were married?"

"I did, but I supposed I was all cured of it."

"There is where you are mistaken, my friend, After being married, how long before your wife conceived?"

"About one year."

"How soon did your wife conceive her next child?"

"Well, about nine months after the first was born."

"And you say that it died of consumption?"

"Yes, poor thing."

"Now can you not also see that with your habits, you were entirely unfit to become a father; and that your wife, under these circumstances, was equally unfit to become a mother. And besides all this, she had been taxed nine months with gestation, then with nine months' nursing, just prior to this conception, which drained her system to the last drops; and how could she possibly be in a condition to furnish a good constitution to the next offspring, which had a right with which to start its earthly career, instead of the curse entailed by you upon it. But it could not be obtained, hence it died of consumption before it was two years old. So you cannot blame God in this case, it was the result of His laws which you had violated."

"Your next, or third, child was born, you say, in one year from the second one, and that has fits."

"Now, how could you expect your wife to produce anything better, when her nervous constitution was shattered and worn out from the production and care of her former children. It is only a natural result from the conditions which you have formed."

"The next, you say, has the St. Vitus' dance, which is a want of control over its nervous system, which it could not inherit from either of its parents, hence must suffer innocently for the sins of its parents."

"The last two of your family, you say, were not born until after your return from a two years' voyage, and they are more healthy; and you think they will live. Now, if you had taken a two-years' voyage at sea between the birth of all of them, I think you might have raised quite a healthy family."

"As I was telling you, this calamity is not of God's will, but from the effects of a violation of his laws of life and health. It is really the effects of your own ignorance."

"If you had investigated these laws of procreation before you married, indeed, had they been taught you at school, you would not have had this sickly family, which are a tax upon you and upon the sympathy of the world at large, and will be so in the world to come. You should inform yourself on the laws of stirpiculture, or the propagation of the race."

"Ah! Excuse me, sir. I do not think it is a proper subject to investigate. I should not want such books and papers about my house, where my children would be contaminated with them. Why, sir, you are getting on the Woodhull and free-love doctrine; and I cannot bear so vulgar a subject."

Is it possible? How extremely nice your susceptibilities are! Still you thought it proper to become father to two miserable, rotten children, who for the want of purer bodies have been sent to the spirit world, there to tax the benevolence of that world to care for them. And you can contaminate society with a sickly family here. You have seen proper to produce fits in one, and St. Vitus' dance in another, all because of your fears of being contaminated with a knowledge of God's laws of generation."

The rest, at best, are but poor excuses for humanity; all are liable to become a tax in some way upon the world in which they live. You have ruined your own health, and that of your wife and innocent children, from a fear of being contaminated by the laws of God governing parentage and conception, as taught by Mrs. Woodhull. You have really strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel; while your consistency has become a crime against the Holy Ghost; which shall not be forgiven either in this world or in that which is to come, since the effects of your course upon your

children can never be either fully remedied or entirely outgrown, and upon yourself and the world at large.

Your professed Christian churches have been trying for eighteen hundred years to regenerate the world, while if they had learned and practiced one-half as much about generation among themselves, as they do with their horses, hogs and cattle, long before this there would have been no regeneration necessary, and this world would have been free from its prison houses and insane asylums, its locks, bars and bolts would be unknown among us, and the millennium for which they have all so devoutly prayed, would have been here long since.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

DR. E. WOODRUFF,

MY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE.

We are taught to love from childhood's years,
'Twas stamp'd upon my mind;
My earliest article of faith
Was love for human kind.
To love one's neighbor as myself
Is Christian-like they say;
And if I love my neighbor's wife,
How can I help it, pray?

The Golden Rule I strive to heed
Wherever I may be,
And do to others as I would
That they should do to me;
And so one day I thought 'twere well
If I this precept tried,
And, filled with generous thoughts, I took
My neighbor's wife to ride.

But, ah! this kind and simple act
Gave rise to slanders high;
A host of furious tongues assailed
My neighbor's wife and I.
We are taught to share with liberal hearts
The blessings that we prize—
To smile with others when they smile
And dry the mourner's eyes.

And when one day I chanced to find
My neighbor's wife in tears,
I whispered words of sympathy
Within her listening ears;
I drew her trembling form to mine
And kissed her tears away;
The act was seen, and lo! there was
The very deuce to pay.

Alas! alas! 'tis passing strange—
I'm sure I can't see through it;
I'm told to love with all my heart,
Then blamed because I do it.
The precept that I learned in youth
Will cling to me through life,
I try to love my neighbor,
And I'm sure I love his wife.

D. H. S.

[From the Albany Evening News, March 17, 1873.]

A SHAKER'S PECULIAR VIEW OF MRS. WOODHULL.

Elder G. A. Lomas lectured in Troy last evening before the society of Spiritualists, and in the course of his remarks upon the necessity of Spiritualists complying with their convictions of right, regardless of public opinion, thus referred to Victoria C. Woodhull: "I do not ask you to indorse any supposed impurity of heart or unchasteness of language of Victoria Woodhull. Persons under the pressure of the times will sometimes be unwise. I never indorsed the language of Jesus, 'Ye generation of vipers,' etc., nor of Ann Lee, when being pulled down-stairs by the feet, she exclaimed, 'Ye hell-hounds!' but after a careful investigation of Mrs. Woodhull's career and character under the bias of popular prejudice, I am ready to say I do not condemn her. Her crimes may be many—one is in being a woman; another is in daring to raise a woman's voice in behalf of woman; but most severely is she condemned for the demanding the manumission of human hearts from an unspiritual servitude, compared with which African slavery is honorable and quite humane. She demands the right of woman to possess her own body and soul, and denies the right of any man to make a beast of a woman because he chooses to be a brute? The perversions of the marriage order she very justly condemns as 'a covenant with death and an agreement with hell;' but I find none more appreciative of untarnished virginity, nor more severe upon the prostitution of soul or body, by either sex. The race will stand improved, when woman has the right to say whether her children, either or all of them, must be fathered by a drunkard or a villain!"

"France had her Maid of Orleans; England and other countries have had, and honored, their noble women, and America will find and honor her's yet; and none need be surprised if it should be Victoria Woodhull. For never has there appeared upon the American arena a woman with pen so sharp and words so true in protest to its social evils. Her words, composed in a few sentences, have made the supposed-to-be pillars of Plymouth Church shake to their foundations. She shall have her reward some time, and when 'ever the right comes uppermost and ever is justice done,' her monument will compare favorably with any America has yet erected. And if at its base there shall be seen a crouching figure, in the attitude of begging for mercy, wearing a white cravat, we shall then learn two important lessons: 'How short-lived is fame,' and that 'God is not mocked.'"

STRANGE GOODNESS.

The New York Independent, in describing the appearance and character of Tweed, says: "A good husband and father, he is yet celebrated for his licentiousness." How low an estimate the public puts on personal purity, and how little it really cares for conjugal fidelity, may be imagined when one of the most popular and influential of the religious journals of the country thus admits that a man may be grossly licentious and yet a good husband and father! I enter my most serious and emphatic protest against the statement, as something utterly impossible to be true.—"The Evangelist," edited by Olivia T. Shepard, Foxboro, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROGRESS VERSUS FASHION.

BY MARY E. TILLOTSON—No. 1.

Faith in Woman's motives, sympathy in her sufferings and devotion to all humanity prompts my task.

VINELAND, N. J., Jan., 1873.

Fashion is a figure which is doomed to be held before the mirror of enlightened thought, and there be criticised and pronounced upon according to Nature's law. When that trial occurs in the general mind, the law of the fashion speculator will be annulled.

Preliminaries to that issue are private examinations of women in full fashion at the bar of their chamber looking-glasses. On this witness-stand the self-accused are solicited to note the classes of organs made to appear predominant by the present style, and then consider what characters would result could nature deign to form such monstrosities. History shows strange caricatures, but is silent concerning anything approaching the fashion illusions of to-day. The swell on the bust and hips, corresponding to that on the lower back-head show that the style was not hit upon by accident but was planned by beings sufficiently depraved to gloat on the spectacle, and must have been devised in the interest of licentiousness as well as fashion-changers' coffers, with the view of bringing the morals of women to the standard of their appearance. Had the compliant dupes discovered the poisoned hook in the ruse labeled "Grecian-bend," they might not all have bowed to receive the trade-mark that outrages their whole being. Could I believe they might, this appeal would not hope to reach their better judgment.

Styles suggestive of decency, changing as they do monthly to swindle all women's earnings, time and strength, are too horrid and heartless to be tolerated; and when they ask the feeble vassals to assume appearances of solely sexual creatures it must be time to revolt, and seriously reflect if, peradventure, there may be enough womanhood remaining in the sex to raise it from supineness and bid it live for character and heavenward growth.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

Infinitely far from adulation, I yet look on, and see fact. Victoria "is set for the fall and rising of" more persons, than any other individual living. Her starting point and corner-stone is Woman. Woman's independence—and then freedom—and then free love. All this about Beecher is a side-issue, to which she has been forced. The whole question of "Sexuality," to her dates back to that first start in Woman. Woman, half the world, instantly becoming through "generation," the whole world. This is Victoria. For seeking this, through fire and sword, in life and if need be in death, she will go down to the future as Victoria the Brave! She is Intellect, but she is more—she is Intuition, Inspiration, Genius. Her law, her propulsion, is in herself. She is not Vanity, but she is Necessity, Fate consciousness of it, and trust in it. She is a terrible sincerity and resistless earnestness. She will yet inspire and fire the whole nation, till it shall make her its first befitting President. Then Man will preside, as well as Woman—the whole, and not as now the half. How transparent: Generation wraps up Re-generation: Origination, Reform.

"But she is in favor of promiscuity!" You stultify and contradict yourself. Independence will put an instant end to all but love. Grasp that, and stand rebuked for your foul slander! It is yourself who are in favor of promiscuity!

"But she says she has a right to change her husband every day!" Yes, and like the brave being she is, likes to startle cowards and slaves by saying what is impossible! But she has a right to change her husband every day, if she needs to! That is the very thing she means, that if she needs, she has a right to change her husband as often as she needs—she has a right to be free! And as you are alive, they will one day build a monument to the brave woman for just this! In an age of cravens, and in the face of the whole world, she dares say what is noble!

You utterly mistake her: you do not know her. She does not live in the realm of Amativeness, nor even in that of Social Affections; but she lives in her great Intellect, in conceptions and aspirations high above the multitude, and in supreme devotion to a transcendent and immortal cause! Her nature is her bond, but that nature is the very reverse of what you have supposed.

Justice will be done her in the ages. The glorious future to which we are flowing, will enshrine the name of one victorious over all, Victoria C. Woodhull. JOSEPH TREAT.

[From the New York Sun.]

TIPE VICE-PRESIDENT'S MISSION.

HENRY WILSON AND WILLIAM E. DODGE BEFORE THE Y. M. C. A. OF JERSEY CITY.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Jersey City held their sixth anniversary last evening in the Tabernacle. The Hon. A. O. Zabriskie presided. The announcement that Vice-President Wilson would address the meeting filled the house to its utmost capacity. On the platform were seated the officers of the association, several of the leading Protestant clergymen of Jersey City, and a few noted men from other localities. Among them were the Rev. Dr. Hepworth and the Hon. William E. Dodge. After some preliminary exercises, Chancellor Zabriskie introduced Vice-President Wilson in the following words:

"I have the honor of introducing to you Henry Wilson, the Vice-President of the United States. I only introduce his person. His name is well known by his deeds in the United States Senate, of which he has been an honored, upright, and honest member for eighteen years. Especially is he to be revered for the noble stand which he has always taken in the cause of freedom and humanity. His honesty, his high-mindedness and his zeal in every measure of reform render him a fitting man to address the members and friends of a Young Men's Christian Association." [Loud applause by the audience, led by the Hon. William E. Dodge.]

THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S REMARKS.

Vice-President Wilson was received with applause. He said he had come there to address the Young Men's Christian Association in consequence of the earnest desire of that body. The motives that induced him to comply with their request came from the best impulses of his heart. As a patriot, as a lover of his country who comprehended its present greatness, and the prospect for the future that loomed up before us, beloved Young Men's Christian Associations, and commended them to the prayers of the Christian men and women of the country. God had given us a mighty country, vast in its extent, and containing 40,000,000 of people. A great work was to be done there in the years to come for the advancement of humanity. Four years before we had organized the young men of the country to make it a free country, a great work was done, and 4,000,000 men were emancipated. [Applause by the Hon. William E. Dodge, which was joined in by the audience.] These men needed the active and earnest help of the Christian men of the country. Men were coming annually to this country from foreign lands, hundreds of thousands of them. They had been trained in a school different from that in which we had been trained. He would welcome them. A great work was to be done among them. He would ask them to help us to build up the country, and make it not only the greatest country in the world, but a nation which would always bear aloft the banners of Christian civilization.

The Young Men's Christian association were doing not only patriotic work, but they were working for humanity. He believed in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of humanity. The poorest and meanest man who walks God's earth was his brother. He was more than that—he was his neighbor. And the one who needed the most assistance was the nearest neighbor. [Applause by the Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, in which the audience did not join.] He commended the Young Men's Christian associations because they acted on these principles and labored to lift up humanity. There was another great work which he wanted to see them engage in, and that was the work of temperance reform. Slavery had been struck down and freedom established in the land. The next great step was to save the country from the blighting curse of intemperance.

If we look over the land we should see much that was evil. For there was plenty of it—evil and corruption everywhere. [at this allusion to existing corruption many persons in the audience smiled.] But we would also see that the greatest evil was drunkenness. Mr. Wilson then told his hearers how many stump speeches he made last summer, and said he had noticed that in some States the people were alive to the need of temperance reform. He asserted that no one thing was so antagonistic to the progress of Christianity as habitual drinking. The peril to the young men of the land was the fatal cup of intoxication.

He concluded by exhorting the young men to give their influence and example in favor of sobriety.

The Hon. William E. Dodge gave a smile of approval to the concluding sentiment, and turning round cordially shook the hands of two or three venerable gentlemen who were sitting just behind him.

Shortly after the conclusion of his address the Vice-President retired from the platform and proceeded to the depot where he took the train for Washington.

THE WAY TO CURE FOUL MOUTHS.

DANBURY, March 4, 1873.

Dear Sisters—As our friend is going to your city to-morrow I seize the pen to write you a few thoughts, not for publication, unless you think they will serve the cause of truth.

I am able to say to you that the cause is progressing slowly but surely in this place.

When the blue-noses—the sanctified hypocrites—found that several of those papers containing the "Beecher-Tilton Scandal" was being circulated through the town, and that they were being pretty generally read by men and women of all classes and conditions, and that your account of the affair was accepted and believed by them as being the simple, unvarnished truth of the whole matter, their hate and rage knew no bounds. They were determined to turn the tide of popular sentiment which had set in so strongly in your favor and against Mr. Beecher, against you, and to this end they did not hesitate to declare that you were both known to be vile prostitutes, some going so far as to declare that they knew you when residing in Chicago, and they knew that you were both prostitutes of the worst character. Of course these assertions only "vexed my righteous soul within me," and caused me to resolve to spike at once and forever the only gun—that of downright slander—which your enemies could bring to bear against you. So I immediately conferred with Bros. Joyce and Perry on the subject, and we came to the conclusion that those who made the assertion positively that you were prostitutes should be made to prove it or take the consequences.

Well, the next day I heard a couple discussing the subject, and one of them declared that "no one of sense would believe your story, as you was well known to be a prostitute." I could stand it no longer, but simply showed them my hand, and they found that I not only held both bowers, but also the ace, king and queen!

I said to them: "Gentlemen—I have ever believed these two women to be honest, virtuous, pure; but as you say they are not, I go for giving the world the benefit of their true characters, so that hereafter no one shall be deceived by them." They answered, "So do we." "Well," said I, "I want it to be distinctly understood that the friends of Victoria C. Woodhull and Tennie C. Claflin have resolved to furnish the necessary funds for them to retain a counsel in this town who will prosecute any one and every one who asserts positively, as you have done, that they are prostitutes. So, sir, get yourself ready for action, for I promise you that unless you take back what you have asserted before these witnesses, about these two women, you will either have to

prove the truth of your assertions in open Court, or take the consequences! I shall write to her immediately, that she may retain her counsel and commence operations at once. So, sir, get yourself ready!"

Oh, you should have seen how quickly the poor miserable hypocrite descended from his stilts of self-righteousness and immaculate purity, and began to whine and beg to be excused from shouldering the responsibility of his declarations.

"Why, I don't mean to say that they are prostitutes in the sense that I can prove them to be such; I only mean that I knew—well, ahem!—that they were—well—what every one called prostitutes." "Oh!" said I; "in other words, you mean that you know nothing against their characters as good, virtuous women except from public rumor. Is that just what you mean?" "Well, yes," said he; "I suppose it is." "Now," said I, "tell all your friends for me that they must stop this wholesale slander of Mrs. Woodhull and Miss Claflin, as any one who hereafter asserts what you have asserted, but have taken back, will be held accountable for his or her assertions." And do you know, dear sisters, that your enemy's big gun of dirty, wicked slander has been effectually spiked on this part of the battle-field.

Now, can you not in some of your editorials make use of what has been done by the friends of truth in this place in such a way as will nerve the friends of truth in other places to go and do likewise?

Yours for truth,

SILAS TYRRELL.

A GREAT CONFLICT! AN ORTHODOX GOD IN AN OLD NEW JERSEY STATUTE!

A PRIEST SENDS A VINELAND CONSTABLE AFTER JOHN GAGE FOR CUTTING KINDLING WOOD ON SUNDAY—THE ORTHODOX GOD IN THE STATUTE TOO WEAK FOR A VINELAND JURY—THE PRIEST AND THE PHARISEES DEFEATED "HORSE, FOOT AND DRAGONS."

On Sunday, the 9th day of March, A. D. 1873, John Gage was cutting kindling-wood on his premises at Vineland. The Rev. Chubbuck, a Methodist priest, living nearly fifty rods distant, left his home, walked over where the chopping was being done, went on to Mr. Gage's premises, and without salutation, said: "Mr. Gage, I don't want you to chop on Sunday." Mr. Gage replied: "I want to do it." The priest replied: "You will then hear from me to-morrow," and walked off.

In due time the constable came with legal process issued on the complaint of this Chubbuck, and on Tuesday, the 25th of March, the case came to trial at Plum-street Hall, in Vineland. The prosecutor, his witnesses and attorney were present. The large hall was nearly filled with spectators eager to witness the proceedings and hear the trial.

The defendant first demanded a jury. The complainant, by his counsel, objected and claimed that he had no right to a jury; thereupon the defendant, contrary to his original purpose, employed Newcomb, Esq., a respectable member of the bar in Vineland, to aid in securing him his legal rights according to the provisions of the New Jersey statute, with which Mr. Gage was not familiar. Mr. Newcomb soon satisfied the Court that a jury was admissible. A venue was issued and the jurors forthwith summoned.

The first witness was the prosecutor, whose appearance upon the stand, and whose testimony was in such perfect keeping with the spirit and character of the complaint as to inspire in the minds of the thoughtful who were present devout thankfulness that they lived in a country where persons who are accused of crime against religion can have a public trial by jury instead of a secret one, whose inquisitorial bigotry, aided by perjury, is seldom defeated.

Mr. Gage testified that he did exercise on that day cutting wood during some ten or fifteen minutes; that he had been in the habit of such exercise and found it necessary for his health.

The case was opened on the part of the defense by Newcomb, Esq., who defined the law and made a searching and damaging analysis of the complaints testimony, and thereupon Ira Porter, a friend of Mr. Gage, who happened to be visiting at Vineland, submitted to the jury the following argument, after which the respondent concluded the defense by making his statement and appeal to the jury which follows.

The jury, after an absence of about ten minutes, came into court with a verdict of "not guilty."

Thus Daniel came out of the lion's den unhurt. Woe betide such sinners as John Gage when the orthodox God gets into the United States Constitution.

Gentlemen of the Jury—Why are we here? What have we to do? My venerable friend has been cited here to respond, as a malefactor, to a charge made against him by a Methodist priest, charging him with cutting wood on his own premises, in the town of Vineland, on Sunday.

The priest insists that the cutting was a crime, and that this aged man who cut the wood should be condemned and fined to the extent of the law as a criminal.

He, on the other hand, insists that he has committed no crime, that on the Sunday specified in the complaint he was doing nothing that deserved prosecution, fine or imprisonment.

You are called on to act as judge of the issue made in this case. The defendant is now placed in your power. It is your province to justify or condemn him, for which he is charged with doing—to brand him as a lawless criminal and impose upon him a fine which he must either pay or be committed to prison, or to give him an honorable acquittal. Aside from the consequences accruing to the alleged culprit, your verdict will stand as a precedent, and throughout Vineland, at least, he deemed the law.

The cutting of the wood on the day called Sunday is not denied, but to the legal conclusion that the cutting was a crime the defendant demurs. On the contrary, he alleges that the wood to be used needed to be cut; that the wood cut was his own; that it was cut on his own premises; that in cutting it he made no needless noise; that the labor of cutting it was a bodily exercise promotive of his bodily health and his religious enjoyment; and being necessary, the work he did was, to the extent of the work, useful to the world;

that in cutting it he was serving God, himself and his fellow-man, according to the dictates of his own conscience; that while so serving God no Methodist priest or other attorney for God had any right to molest or forbid, or any just power by which to make him afraid. The question you will have to decide is, whether or not the priest who prosecutes the defendant has the legal power to make him suffer, because he does not believe as the priest believes about the day called Sunday, and will not act as the priest commands on that day.

In order to determine of what the defendant's criminality, if he be criminal, consists, it is useful to inquire: Was it in cutting wood with an ax? Was it in the place where, and the person for whom, it was cut? No. In neither consists the alleged crime. It was the time in which the act was done that makes the act criminal. It is because the wood was cut on that day called Sunday that makes the chopping of the wood a crime, if a crime it be.

What is there about that day to designate it from all the other days of the week? Is it called Sunday because the sun shines more brilliantly on that than on any other day? Do not the winds blow and the waters flow? are not all the activities of animate and inanimate nature carried on in the same way as they are on the other days of the week? Suppose, gentlemen of the jury, that either of you had never heard that God had allotted six days of the week to labor and one to repose, would you have ever discovered from what was going on, in and around you, evidence of such an arrangement? All must answer, I never should have learned or even mistrusted that one day of the week was sacred and that six days were common, had I not been told that they were so by some religious priest or taught it by some book which such priest cites as authority. You discover, gentlemen of the jury, that the question whether wood can or cannot be rightfully chopped on Sunday is a religious question. The priest who has originated this prosecution insists that God worked hard at making the world and all of its appurtenances and surroundings six days, and that he rested on the seventh and was refreshed, which means that he felt worse for the hard work and better for the resting, so that when he rested he was refreshed or freshed over again. The Jewish priest insists that man shall work as God works—six days; and if he get unfreshed, rest on the seventh and get refreshed. The Christian priest insists that God has now reversed the Jewish order, and that we are to lie still the first day of the week and rest, and that on the remaining six we must work, having first rested before having begun the labors of the week.

The defendant honestly believes these stories, both of the Jewish and Christian priest, childish myths, beneath the dignity of the human understanding, and that learned men stultify themselves in believing and propagating them as truths.

The prosecutor and his brethren of the evangelical churches affirm that the God of the universe spake unto Moses: "Speak thou also unto the children of Israel, saying, verily six days may work be done, but the seventh is the Sabbath of rest, holy to the Lord. Whoso doeth any work on the Sabbath day he shall surely be put to death."

"Ye shall kindle no fire throughout your habitations upon the Sabbath day."

This defendant, in common with myself and many others, does not believe that God ever commissioned any individual, or any number of individuals, to take the life of either man, woman or child by violence for kindling a fire to warm their habitations on the Sabbath; that such a law, if enforced, would render it impossible for human beings to inhabit Greenland, Labrador, or any other of the cold climates of the world, and would be a great inconvenience even in Vineland, and that if the Creator of men had really desired to have people killed for kindling fires on the Sabbath he would kill them himself, and that he would not have intrusted perjured witnesses, corrupt courts and vindictive priests with authority to try, condemn and put to death their fellow-men.

If the defendant in this case was told that it was his duty to execute a Sabbath-breaker or put a witch to death, his organization is such that he could not believe the command divine. In spite of his interest, he would insist that the God he worshiped would command no absurdity, much less a murderous service damaging to those who performed it. His conscientious scruples would not suffer him to take the life of any other man, whoever might seem to command it, without first knowing, by the evidence of his own senses, that the command was reasonable and ought to be obeyed.

He finds from experience that daily out-door exercise is necessary to his health. He fully believes that the exercise demanded for the health of the body should be expended in supplying something needful for human comfort. He is too much of an economist to waste the exertions of his body in walking about the neighborhood in order to find some sinner that he can help God to convict and to punish. He prefers to provide by industry for the wants of himself and family, and leave the punishment of sinners to the exclusive control of Him who best knows their needs, their temptations and their characters.

The defendant has been in the habit of thus exercising himself on the first day of the week, called Sunday, for many years.

During all that time he has studied, as carefully as was in his power, to learn whether God was pleased with or offended at what he was doing. In the meantime he has enjoyed as good health as usual for men of his years, and, for aught he can discover, has had an average share of worldly prosperity. He has not yet been able to perceive that the Lord himself interposes the slightest objection to his exercising himself on Sunday, in such ways as he has heretofore selected as the wisest and best for him. He therefore believes that when the prosecutor in this case left his own home nearly fifty yards distant, and came on to his premises to interfere with his employment, the labor he performed was neither a work of necessity, a work of charity, or a work of duty that the defendant's God of truth, love, justice and power

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never commissioned prosecutor to perform that act, but, on the contrary, he was incited thereto by the instigation of the devil, in an ignorant and blind disregard of the example of the true God, who shows no more repugnance toward a man who cuts wood on Sunday, than to a priest who obtains his bread by preaching what he calls Christianity on the same day. Will you decide that the defendant committed a crime by doing what was needful to his health on Sunday—taking exercise? Was it criminal in him to turn that exercise to a useful account? To judge rightly of the moral quality of the defendant's acts, let us compare them with those of the public prosecutor. Both were taking bodily exercise upon that day called Sunday. The exercise of the defendant had a two-fold object, first to secure to himself health; secondly to prepare needed fuel for the use of his household; the work was done upon his own premises at some distance from the public street.

The exercise of the prosecutor had for its object to hunt up some sinner against his God—command him to quit doing what the prosecutor decided to be a sin, and if the sinner would not quit, to collect evidence against him to be used in a criminal prosecution. In the defendant he found the supposed sinner. He walked on to the defendant's premises, where he had no legal rights, and virtually commanded the defendant to refrain from his work under the penalty of a prosecution. The defendant did not obey; the priest was foiled, he walked off from the defendant's ground, resolved to use all the power invested in the old statutes of New Jersey, to make the defendant suffer. The next day the constable followed the track of the priest, after the incorrigible offender. All this array of justice, jurors, constables, witnesses and spectators; all this suspension of productive industry has grown out of what? The exercise which this sectarian salaried priest took on Sunday in order to act as avenger of, and attorney for, God.

Is it alleged that the employment of the defendant disturbed the neighborhood? If so, how? Was it the noise of his ax? Had it been Monday would the same noise have been deemed a disturbance? You, gentlemen of the jury, all know it would not. In what, then, does the disturbance consist? Is it not in the fact that this Chubbuck, the complainant, is, in his despotic sentiments, a lineal descendant from an old Assyrian king, Nebuchadnezzar, and that, like the old king, he has set up for universal worship a God patterned after his own despotic and tyrannic character—a God far more objectionable than the old king's image of gold, and, like that old heathenish tyrant, he requires every man in his neighborhood, at certain sounds which he shall make, to fall down and worship this God that he worships? The defendant, being a conscientious worshiper of that other God, who is truth, justice, love and power, could not, without injustice to his conscience, obey the behest of the priest.

It was this that disturbed the priest; not the noise of the ax. He desired the defendant to believe as he believed. The free, cultivated, generously endowed intellect of the defendant made this impossible. He demanded that the defendant should act as he acted on Sunday. The defendant's regard for his health would not allow him to do as the priest desired. The priest could not control the defendant's belief or his conduct as he desired to do, so he was greatly disturbed. All the fires of persecution that have ever burned upon this planet of ours have been kindled into flames by just the sort of disturbance which this modern Chubbuck-nezzar felt when he found that he could not control the opinions or actions of the defendant.

This kind of disturbance is no new or rare thing under the sun. It is bred in the nether hells of selfishness, ignorance and bigotry. It is fed by all that is low, vile and despicable in human sentiment. Swine like it tramples under its feet the golden rule proclaimed by Confucius and repeated by Jesus: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." At the hands of courts and jurors it is entitled to no favor. It is selfish, despotic and diabolical. Fearing that God cannot take care of his own government, it rushes to his service with eagerness, anxious to spread damnation around the land on each it adjudges a foe to God.

It is the same selfish, bigoted, tyrannical spirit which actuated this Chubbuck of Vineland to leave his own home on Sunday, trespass upon the defendant's ground, and command him to abstain from cutting wood that now inspires kindred bigots to get their God into our Government. When they have done this they will possess greatly increased power to persecute humanity under pretext of serving God. And who is this God of the Jews which the prosecutor and his friends insist that we shall worship? We have no knowledge of him but by the history of his acts as recorded in the bible, which it is insisted is his word, and that we must believe it under penalty of being despised and persecuted as infidels in this world, and damned as sinners to an endless hell in the next. To excuse ourselves from His worship, gentlemen of the jury, we will read to you that portion of His history recorded in the XXVth chapter of Numbers. (Here followed the reading of that revolting history.)

Now, Gentlemen of the Jury, can you ask us to worship such a God as that? Before it is possible for us to do it, we must become divested of every sentiment of benevolence and mercy—we must spurn for our guidance the dying example of Jesus Christ, who, praying for those who were torturing him to death, said, "For this forgive them, for they know not what they do." Before we can worship this God of the prosecutor, the tide of civilization must be reversed and we rolled back, past the age of barbarism, into that primitive state of savagism of which the Feejee Islanders are the last existing type.

The defendant insists that this suit is instituted for the purpose of a religious persecution; that in doing what the complaint alleges he wronged no one, neither the complainant nor the public; that in cutting the wood on Sunday he was humbly imitating that divine activity which is constantly employed in processes promotive of the happiness of the Universe; that, therefore, he was actually serving God more emphatically than if, on his knees in a pulpit, he engaged in pompous laudations of the God of Abraham, Isaac

and Jacob; that the exercise he was taking, the God he worshiped had made a necessity for his health.

The defendant, therefore, appeals to you, Gentlemen of the Jury, as the only appropriate judges of what are works of necessity and of charity, and asks at your hands such a verdict as will best reconcile the obsolete superstitions embodied in the statute with the rights of individuals to guard their own health and to serve God in their own way, hoping that it may be such as to give no encouragement to bigoted, intermeddling priests to trespass upon other people's premises, while, like Romish Inquisition, they are mousing around on Sunday to find somebody they can prosecute and fine, whose ideas of God and his service does not harmonize with their own.

OUR CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE.

MRS. WOODHULL IN THE WEST—BEECHER PREACHING DISGUISED "WOODHULLISM" AT \$1,500 PER NIGHT—DECADENCE OF THE DIVINE AND VICTORIES OF VICTORIA.

CHICAGO, March 22, 1878.

Our delectable Western metropolis has enjoyed two lectures from the great pulpit orator of Brooklyn, and as was threatened in the dispatches of the Associated Press to the West (whether authoritatively or not, we are not informed), Victoria C. Woodhull has followed him and told "The Naked Truth," where he merely gave hints of the peculiar notions covertly entertained by the distinguished exponent of Puritan theology. The immense amount of advertising recently done for H. W. B. by the WEEKLY has been turned to practical account by him. Only \$1,500 per night did he charge the enterprising young men who conduct the Chicago Pulpit (monthly), and also the "star course" of popular lectures, dramatic readings and operatic extracts, which are being given on secular nights in orthodox Chicago pulpits; and only \$3 was the charge for the best reserved cushions whereon to listen to that doubly-renowned Brooklyn preacher and practitioner. The Academy of Music was opened to the courageous Victoria, and was filled at the regular theatrical prices, the only vacant seats being some that had been secured by a well-known sister of Sorois celebrity, whose excellent husband turned back the clock-hands one hour so as to prevent the departure of ambitious and disorderly femininity in time to occupy them. But there were many vacant cushions at Beecher's lectures, and he failed to elicit much enthusiasm. Some of his best passages fell coldly on the sacred frescoes. It is probable that the dodge of his managers in advertising the "last appearance of Beecher in the West" will prove a fulfilled prophecy. The great star has culminated, not even once did he in Chicago arise to those sublime heights of eloquence that have made him famous. Was it because, with so many unsanctified eyes resting upon him (for the ungodly multitude were well represented, going for prurient satisfaction—those who flock to see the "Black Crook" et al)—was it because of this that he could not drink in his usual supply of inspiration from the bright magnetic eyes of the orthodox and sympathetic sisters.

Victoria's invasion of the West is proving triumphant. She has drawn full houses of a most refined and thoughtful people. Some of the vulgar and ignorant, of course, attend, expecting to see a blatant demagogue and demirep, their expectations created by the slurs and slanders of sycophant scribblers in slimy sheets; but how they are disappointed! Many attend, impressed by the desire to hear all sides of all questions, which these latter days is bringing into healthy action, and most of them are disposed to judge justly. Few hear the "Woodhull" who are not captivated by her earnestness and eloquence, and convinced that she knows profoundly whereof she speaks, and is terribly in earnest, though, perhaps, they may not be at once convinced that her methods of reform are the proper or necessary specific. Nearly everyone admits that, however they may view her ideas of sexual freedom, her denunciations of the distinctions made against erring woman in favor of man, who necessarily equally errs, are deserved and just. If Mrs. Woodhull do nothing more than arouse the world to the damnable outrages on women who lapse from respectable virtue, and thus induce the adoption of human and equitable relations, she will confer a blessing for which, not woman alone, but the race will bless her.

Six months since the name of Woodhull was forbidden at many tea-tables, above a whisper. Now the merits of her methods are as freely and seriously discussed as any other topic. She is greeted and feted wherever she goes. Distinguished people hasten to pay her their respects, in daylight. Our best hotels vie to render her honest hospitality. She is unable to receive, personally, the hundreds who call upon her daily, wherever she is known to be, not from curiosity so much as to give her words of cheer, if not of hearty approval of all she says. We can see it! The day is not far in the future when the name of Victoria C. Woodhull will be clothed with a holy halo, and the dear, brave woman who bears it will be revered as scarcely no woman who has yet lived has been revered.

Vigorous and valiant Victoria! We hail thee as the saviour of women! Thou art wonderful in thy ways and inscrutable to conservative wisdom, confounding the conceptions of profound social sages, who have sought so industriously, all down the centuries, to keep man in the traces. As fearless as George Francis, and as ubiquitous, too, as that brilliant and dashing egotist, thou hast—we are, thankful—more of that love and steadfast resolution and enterprise needed for success. The great cosmopolitan reformer has done, is doing, great work, and society has caught a Tartar in incarcerating him. While he is awaiting events in his cell in the Tombs, thou art leading the sappers and miners, and planting batteries that shall shake the earth to its uttermost parts.

Mr. Beecher, who is now fancying that when the "great awakening" shall come he will float into popular favor on the swelling tide, will be left in the lurch. But all the

powers of the air can never save him to this world. He has been weighed and found wanting. Mighty work has been done in uprooting theological superstition and supplanting old bigotries that have hindered the growth of human souls; but, though he has "knocked the bottom out of hell," he falls in a great crisis. While holding views akin to, if not the same as Woodhull, he confines himself to dubious utterances, which will be understood by those "in the ring" for what they are intended, and will deceive others, as he intends. The instincts of humanity do honor to those who avow their opinions, and dare to maintain them at whatever cost.

Though in homeopathic and disguised dress, Beecher dealt out "Woodhullism" in one of his Chicago lectures. In "Manhood and Money," he broadly declared one "true man" to be one with a "complete physical development, with all his passions in full play!"—(we give his own emphasis exactly)—and that the future highest and best condition was to be one of unrestricted enjoyment of all our gifts of God—that every one would then, in that happy epoch, enjoy all the luxuries, all the PLEASURES of this world, without contamination!" If the now renounced free-lover does credit to his alleged business shrewdness, when an honest penny is at stake, he will hasten to lay before the public his own version of the "Beecher-Tilton Scandal," before it be too late to find a Bonner to pay him a round sum for it.

What a pitiable plight our Puritan prelate is placed in! The Swedenborgian theory (in Chicago) is that he is influenced by low and undeveloped or disorderly spirits, who have lead him away from the paths of purity and holiness into dark and carnal courses. Oh, Beecher! Why hast thou not regarded the advice originally given to thee, personally, by Davy Crockett—*Be chure you're right, then go ahead!*

And this leads me to matters and things spiritual hereabouts. This civilized center is receiving a plentiful supply of the angelic afflatus. Phenomena and all the phases of inspiration are very "prevalent," so much so that a prominent Methodist preacher has been led to express his conviction (confidentially, of course) that we are on the eve of a great spiritual dispensation! This astute seer is new at the business. Why has he not seen what has been going on for these years and years? He little knows what is in embryo for the next half decade, which is to see all sorts of institutions tremendously distraught.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

This applies as pertinently to the above unsophisticated follower of that celebrated rapping-medium, Wesley, as it did when it was first uttered (according to Shakespeare) by Hamlet, to me,

Your friend and faithful correspondent, HORATIO.

CAUSES OF PHYSICAL DEGENERACY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY:

I read with much satisfaction your article on physical degeneracy, and desire to express my hearty approval of your noble efforts to arouse public attention to the immense importance of a thorough knowledge of the functions and abuses of the sexual system. Your language is pointed and forcible, but I am convinced you cannot express yourself too forcibly on this vital subject. I do not wish to trespass on your space with a lengthy article, but merely to state in confirmation of all you have said, that in the daily exercise of my profession for nearly thirty years, my experience during that time has deeply impressed me with the enormity of the crime of suppression of sexual subjects on the part of the pulpit and the press.

Owing to the false modesty, the result of a most pernicious education, the formation and functions of the male and female sexual system are imperfectly understood; and but for the laudable efforts of a few reformers, yourself included, to give these subjects publicity, an impenetrable darkness, and the grossest ignorance would universally prevail, causing more disease, sorrow and suffering to both sexes, than even now they daily fall victims to. Those parents and guardians who do know anything about the functions and abuses of the sexual organs observe the most profound silence, erroneously imagining that silence on their part will avert the evils to be feared from abuse; and that blank ignorance on the part of their children will lead to happiness, while every-day experience demonstrates that ignorance on this subject leads only to misery and life-long suffering; and continually plunges to one vortex of ruin the brightest and noblest of both sexes of our race.

The thousands of letters I have received during past years from applicants of both sexes for medical advice and treatment, present an appalling picture of ruined constitutions and blighted intellects, all encouraged and perpetuated by silence and ignorance through which tens of thousands are annually hurried to premature graves. It is time that parents should avoid all mystery, for that is the ruin of their children, and talk more freely and earnestly (though not lightly) of the sexual than of the digestive organs. Parents by their mysterious silence, lay the foundation for mental and other uterine diseases in their daughters, and encourage self-abuse, with its terrible consequences, in their sons and daughters both, who naturally conclude that a practice against which their parents say nothing, must be entirely harmless. The public must be instructed in sexual science, no other science more deeply concerns their welfare. The fearful effects of sexual abstinence as well as sexual excess, must be plainly pointed out to them; and a wiser course adopted, or nothing can prevent a rapid decay of the physical and intellectual constitution of the coming generations. Sexual starvation is, if anything worse than sexual excess. I am pleased to find you are determined to make this subject popular. I am convinced that a wide-spread publicity of sexual science will promote virtue and happiness, and that silence is false modesty, and leads only to crime and misery.

Yours truly,

T. R. KINGET, M. D.
234 5th street, N. Y.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1878.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In writing to us the following rules should be observed :

1st. Every letter should be plainly dated—town, county and State.

2d. When the letter is to contain a remittance, which, if a check or money order, should be made payable to Woodhull & Claflin, the necessary explanations should be introduced at the head of the letter; a failure to observe this rule subjects the person in charge of that department to much needless reading to find out what it is all about.

3d. After definitely stating all business matters, and especially if it be a renewal or a new subscriber, then should follow any friendly words, which we are always happy to receive from all.

4th. We request those who send either articles or personal letters intended for publication to write graphically and tersely. The necessity for this will be apparent when we say that we have already in "our drawer" enough personal communications, full of words of hope, cheer and comfort to fill a dozen papers. Many of them we shall be obliged to pass over.

5th. All letters should close with the signature of the writer in full; and it should be plainly written. Many letters that we receive are so badly signed that we are obliged to guess at what the writer's name may be.

PHOTOGRAPHIC.

We recently mentioned the fact of our having procured genuine photographic likenesses of ourselves—Victoria C. Woodhull, Tennie C. Claflin and Colonel Blood—to supply a large expressed demand that has been made almost continuously during the past two years. There are many unauthorized editions floating about in the country and being sold by various persons. None of these are genuine, except such as have been procured directly from us, while many of them that we have seen are either burlesques or libels upon our features.

We are aware that these at a dollar each are dearer than photographs of imperial size usually are, but we thought our friends would be willing to help us in this way to pay the immense expenses to which we have been put by our numerous arrests and coming trials, and we are gratified by the very liberal responses with which our request has been received; but the amount realized thus far falls far below what we are obliged to have before we can properly prepare our cases for trial. We can draw nothing from the WEEKLY to meet these demands, because it requires all that is realized to cover its current expenses, and its existence must not be endangered even to meet these very necessary claims.

So we again say to our friends, while you nominally pay one dollar each for our counterfeit presentations, a part of this is really to apply to expenses to which we have been put by the Government in its attempts to "squell" the WEEKLY, and that all who respond to the appeal for this purpose contribute so much toward this end.

THE PAGAN BIBLE, shortly to come from the Press, contains what everybody wants to know about the Train Muddle; or The Big White Elephant of the late attempt at a Public Menagerie. Orders for any number, from one to one million, promptly filled from this office,

THE CONTINUED DUTY.

Our friends will not think it a pleasant duty which we have to perform in keeping continually before them the fact of the necessities of the WEEKLY. It costs us just so much every week to issue the paper, and we are compelled to rely wholly upon the receipts from its circulation for the means to meet this cost. Up to this time the responses have been even more general and larger than we had hoped they would be, and we have only to say to the friends of the cause we advocate: "Continue to labor as earnestly as you have labored and the WEEKLY will never cease to make its regular visits.

But having labored effectually and obtained clubs of certain proposed proportions, you should not cease your exertions but continue to add to them and to urge others to join you in the good work.

We are now in the very heat of the battle for existence, and with past success must not sit down to rest, but must continue the strife until the complete victory is secured. To permit us now to go back would mean to renew the fight under greater disadvantages at another time—giving up all that has been gained. This, we are sure, no one would have, while all that is required to prevent it is continued effort.

We are, as it were, half way up the hill, with all your shoulders to the wheel. If you pause to take breath, even, the wheels may stop, and with all your combined exertions it may be utterly impossible to again start the load. Therefore it is the only policy to keep the wheels rolling until the summit is gained, and then we may all rely upon being able to recruit our exhausted energies.

Then let your efforts be redoubled, hastening the progress toward the end to be gained. Let all those who have labored with so satisfactory results, push on anew, not only continuing their own efforts, but securing recruits from all possible sources. In this way and in this only may we hope to overcome the immense odds against which we have to contend—bigotry, intolerance, phariseism, hypocrisy, ignorance, depravity and the whole clan of powers that is always found in opposition to the enlargement of the area of freedom.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We are again obliged to call the attention of those who write for the WEEKLY to the fact of the great pressure upon its columns, and to the necessity of sharp, terse and incisive articles. It is one of the most difficult duties of an editor to make selections from so vast an amount of manuscripts as is contributed to the WEEKLY. As it is the only free paper in which all sides of all subjects are discussed, it naturally calls out all that immense class of people whose thought can find expression in no other journal. Each one of these is anxious to say his or her say; and we are anxious to permit everybody to do so; but our space, though more extensive than almost any other reformatory journal, is altogether too limited to admit of it. At best, we can publish not more than one-fourth of what we receive that is in shape to be published; and there is a large amount besides this, rich in thought, but which requires rewriting before going to the compositor, and which, not having the time to revise, we must pass entirely unnoticed.

Therefore, we ask everybody who writes, hoping to see it in the WEEKLY, first, to compose so that it will not require revision to make it comprehensible; second, to write what you have to say at once without lengthy introductions, and third, to write upon one subject at a time, which can be clearly set forth in an appropriate title. Articles prepared by these rules, no more than half a column in length, are almost sure to be published; those three-fourths of a column in length are always acceptable; those a column in length may be used, while those exceeding this standard, unless of more than ordinary, indeed, unless of extraordinary merit, will probably remain in our drawer.

No one should feel slighted by the non-appearance of an article. We have as able and interesting correspondence in our drawer as were ever published, which we have found impossible to give space to; and were the WEEKLY a thirty-two instead of a sixteen-page paper, it would still be too small to accommodate all. We endeavor to perform the editorial duty with impartiality, and to most faithfully subserve the best interests of the whole.

LAURA CUPPY SMITH.—This talented speaker and earnest worker is engaged to lecture in Lynn during the present month. She desires engagements within a day's journey of this city for the summer months. Her labors during the past year have everywhere been attended by the most flattering success, and this, if we mistake not, has been the result of her advocacy of the living issues upon which it is her wont to speak. She is a person of unscrupulous honesty and truthfulness, having positive convictions which she is never fearful of presenting in the most forcible manner; therefore those committees who wish to engage speakers under any restrictions or limitations they may desire to place upon free speech, rather than to seek the inspiration of the controlling spirits, had better not apply to Laura Cuppy Smith. But for those who have the moral courage to listen to the burning words of living truth, we bespeak great satisfaction and profit from her ministrations. She may be addressed care of this office,

THE METHOD BY WHICH SPIRITUALISTS SHOULD ORGANIZE.

Having given a brief consideration to the questions: Should Spiritualists organize? and, For what purposes should Spiritualists organize? the further question remains to be considered: How organization should be accomplished?

It must be apparent to all people who have any competent idea of the methods of creation, that everything grows; having first the germ, next its incubation, and thenceforth its gradual evolution onward to completion. Creation, as a whole, has strictly obeyed this method, and so also have each of the parts of which it is composed. Take any single theory, or fact, to be found in the universe, and its history will be found to conform to the general rule of progressive development, known in our day as evolution.*

The methods which are instituted by the people and called organic movements are further illustrations of this theory; and if their conduct is such as to conform to the science which that theory has developed; if they have a natural beginning and then a natural growth, and they are adapted to the circumstances to which they are applied, it may safely be concluded that this is not an "inverted method of procedure," the sage of Orange to the contrary notwithstanding. Neither can there be the remotest cause for fear for any results that may flow from such movements, because it is a natural method by which they proceed.

The fear of Spiritualists, then, about organization, or an organized—a combined—movement, ought to be directed against its perverted use, discriminating between this and the natural, the scientific adaptation to which it may be applicable.

Now then, is there anything to be done, any demand to be met which may be promoted by the combined efforts of Spiritualists? If the purposeless definition, that it means the communication of the spirits merely and the extension of its demonstrations, having no practical and but a mere theoretical significance given to it by some self-constituted or some would-be authorities in Spiritualism, which knows no authority except individual convictions and accepted truth;—if it means this and this only, then there is no need for organization. But if it be concluded that Spiritualism has a practical side, one which may be utilized in the interests of a better humanity, then no person of sound mind, it seems to us, can deny the absolute necessity of organized effort to accomplish it. Indeed, organized effort is a necessary preliminary to any general good that may result to the race from the advent of Spiritualism.

The theory which Spiritualists who denounce organization advance, is similar to that which the Christian world has carried out by its organizations. It has expended all its efforts in the endeavor to spread the acceptance of its religious theories; and in this, failing utterly to regard the living, present needs of the people. It even goes so far after the delusion as to devote millions of dollars to the conversion to Christianity of the children of the heathen, while they are surrounded at home, by children lacking bread, shoes and education; such is the result of a blind following of a theory; and such is the already recognized result to Spiritualism of an absorbing effort to propagate the theory that "spirits communicate," in which Spiritualists are ignoring all the good that otherwise would legitimately follow from the acceptance of that theory or from a knowledge of the fact.

Spiritualism is something more than a negation in religious evolution. It has a positive and practical meaning, which has been denied to all previous religious beliefs, to which all such have been impossible. Spiritualism removes from the mind all doubt as to the future. It destroys alike the orthodox hell, the Universalist heaven and the Catholic purgatory. It ends the controversy about the final judgment day, in which the dead are to be resurrected to life, after ages of death, to be judged for the deeds done in the body; and, in doing this, also establishes, beyond peradventure, that the constant effort of life in the body should be to secure the most perfectly developed spirit with which to enter spirit life; a religious bigot, merely, who has spent his life in singing psalms, in preaching and in prayer, there becoming the most insignificant of all the insignificant. The legitimate teaching of Spiritualism which, if it be sought logically, cannot be escaped, is, that the effort of life should be to make all of its conditions as nearly perfect as the present development of the science of life will permit, this being necessary to a proper advent to spirit life.

Then it is with this life after all that Spiritualism has principally to do, demonstrating, if it be well lived, that there can be no grounds of fear for the future. Spiritualism, therefore, belongs to the domain of organization, being itself the subject of evolution. The germ has been implanted in the soil of the human heart and intellect, and it has already taken root there, and is well advanced in, if it have not completed, the process of gestation. The question now is upon Spiritualists, those who have had its processes in charge, whether it shall now be born into a perfect outward organization to develop into full growth; or if it shall be left to abort and to return again to its elementary conditions, to be resurrected in some other form by other and better incubators than Spiritualists shall prove to be.

Organization completed means a perfectly organized body, whether it be of people, of things or of a single individual or thing; after which, growth, until all that belong of nature

* Sir Herbert Spencer's "First Principles."

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ral right to it, is comprised in it. An organized body of people means a body of people associated together for special purposes, giving to the organization those forces which, while belonging to the individual, do not lessen his or her individuality, but rather promotes the strength of individuality. Organization may be begun, then, by two individuals, and the only other thing that is involved, which determines whether it shall continue and encompass the human family, is whether it is based on the principles of organization and developed by its science. But organization involves a base and a head, evolving in its order of growth from the base to the head, and not from the head to the base, as almost all religious organizations are attempting to evolve, and to the comprehension of this fact, to the exclusion of what lies back of even the beginning of organization, and without which it could never be begun, is to be attributed the failure of Spiritualists to attempt organization.

Organization is the arrangement of already existing things. Nothing is created by its processes. But before an arrangement can be begun, those who essay it must have within their minds what they intend to accomplish. There must be a plan distinctly in their comprehension. Like the inventor who constructs a model machine from which to build one for use, of which the model is the ideal, the real exists in the brain of the inventor before he even begins to construct the model. The model is the copy of that which exists in the intellect, idealized in external form. So also when Spiritualists begin to construct an organization, they should build by a model which is the externalization of the principles of organization. Hence it is that, although external organization must begin with the people, still there must be a preconceived model by which their construction may be governed.

It does not follow, then, as is asserted by some, and believed by many, that a plan of organization prepared by a Mass Convention of Spiritualists or by a committee appointed by the Convention and by those offered as a model by which to build, would be in any sense a despotic imposition of anything upon the body of Spiritualists. Indeed, such a thing is just what they need, not by which to be absolutely controlled, but by which to see from the beginning by what method the end is to be gained.

Therefore, as a preliminary to anything like the possibility of general organization, it is necessary that a Constitutional Convention be called, whose business it shall be to prepare a Constitution to be afterward submitted to Spiritualists generally, and by them approved, amended or rejected in its several degrees of development, from primary on through secondary and tertiary stages to the head or ultimate.

With a plan of organization proposed by a Convention, to the whole public, the people would begin first to organize locally. When there had been several contiguous local organizations formed, these would form an organization similarly related to the primaries, as our States are related to the various towns and cities within them. When there had been several State organizations, these would form another, related to the States as our general Government is related to the several States. When several of these general organization had been completed, then an International or Universal organization might be formed; and thus the organization would be completed, having first begun with individuals in various localities, it would have grown into a system which could encompass the whole world.

But these several steps, instead of being like our political organizations, each succeeding and higher one a sort of sequel to the preceding, which is the cause of party strife, compelling the whole people to separate into two opposing parties, each succeeding step should be the result of the preceding; thus growing naturally and giving no opportunity for the division of the people into great national parties. Therefore it is that those who pretend to think that a general Convention cannot propose a general plan for organization without ignoring the principles of true organization, so think because they have not exhaustively analyzed all that is involved in the question of organization.

We trust that this important question may now have the general and earnest consideration that the prophecies of the times seem to demand of Spiritualists. There is but one method by which to oppose an existing organization that is threatening to imperil, if it have not already imperiled, the freedom of that very large body of the people who are not professing Christians—and that is by organization. Our advice to Spiritualists is to not delay it too long until the enemy shall have you bound hand and foot, and you made incapable of resistance. The God-in-the-Constitution Young Men's Christian Association intend to force their programme. Are Spiritualists prepared to oppose them? No, nobody pretends it; but of this be assured, if you are not ready soon, you will be compelled to make ready with the Inquisition already established.

[NOTE.—Next week we shall present a plan of organization which was offered at the last Convention of the American Association of Spiritualists, but which was never permitted to go before the people, being neither reported by the Committee to whom it was referred to the Convention, nor published in any report of the Convention in any of the Spiritual journals.]

WANTED—A live person who can discuss the Social Question to take charge of the Advertising Department of the WEEKLY. A rare opportunity for the right man or woman.

JENNIE LEYS' LAST LECTURE.

The last lecture of her present engagement was delivered by Jennie Leys in St. James Theatre, Sunday evening to a crowded and enthusiastic audience. No speaker who has labored in this city upon the spiritual rostrum has so firm a hold upon the sympathies of the people as she has, and none have made use of this to better advantage. She seems to have the power to realize just what the mind of her audience will receive without hesitation; and while this is an element necessary to every great speaker she has still another, of which, perhaps, she herself is in partial ignorance; we mean that by which she may carry her audience with her, instead of keeping merely in advance of it. The former is characteristic of almost every exact rhetorician, while the latter constitutes the real orator. In our opinion Jennie Leys may attain to both these excellencies. Her rhetorical construction of sentences is surpassed by no speaker now before the public, while her bursts of eloquence sometimes rise to the sublimest pitch. If her health fail her not, she is destined to wield a great power, having only this to learn; that whatever may be her convictions, she has only to exert her power to carry them to her audiences.

Her engagement has been a most successful one. Her audiences each night being of the capacity of the hall. The subjects, too, have been wisely selected, the first of which was Organization; the second, The Modern Pagan; the third, Marriage, and the last, The Mission of Spiritualism. In this she took direct issue with the Emma Hardinge-Britten school of Spiritualists, claiming that there can be no side issues to Spiritualism, since it includes all issues in which the interests of humanity are involved. She showed it to be the merest pretense, to profess practical Spiritualism, and at the same time declare that any subject is unworthy of its consideration.

But that which is of more importance than all the rest she held to be the social issue, which, for the first time, is now prominently before the world demanding attention. It is useless to talk of reforming bad things, when the better way is to make good ones. Create none but good children, and there will be no bad men or women. To accomplish this, she said, woman must be enfranchised, not only politically, but socially also; and the more especially should she be invested with the supreme control of her maternal functions, so that by no possibility may they be exercised against her wish and will.

She said when these reforms shall have been ushered into existence, then would the dawn of the long foretold millennium, in which Love would be the supreme ruler, dispensing her blessings with profuse hands upon all of the white-robed children of earth, and irresistibly bearing them onward and upward toward the central infinitude of glory and power.

When it was announced that she is to return in May, there was the most profound satisfaction manifested by the entire audience. Those who heartily accept her brave and comprehensive words are rejoiced that she is engaged for six months, while those who are not yet ready to give her cordial greeting upon her most radical subjects, still honor and respect her for her courageous advocacy of what have been ignorantly supposed to be unpopular truths. We look hopefully forward to her labors here, trusting she may be blessed with regained physical vigor, and consequently with a quickened spiritual perception and an increased influx of inspired truth.

SOCIAL EXPERIENCES.

To many inquirers we wish to say that we are now specially desirous of scraps of personal experience illustrative of the terrible social condition that exists, and we invite all who are interested in bringing the necessity of reform still more prominently before the public to send us such experiences, either of their own or those that are known by them. These should be accompanied by the name of the writer as a pledge of good faith, to be used or not at his or her option, while the names of parties implicated may be omitted, as well as of their residence, when the facts are of so prominent a character, as to have undoubted personal application where the parties are known. Facts are more potent as arguments than any theoretical exposition, no matter how able or logical, and they are what are needed at this particular stage of the social agitation. Especially do we desire to collect an overwhelming array of facts to illustrate the well-known condition of sexual inharmony and its effects upon its subjects and their offspring, as well as those of the opposite extreme. It is by the constant presentation of these things that the world would be compelled to listen to the necessity of social freedom, to the end that sexual adaptation among men and women may be made possible.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL has just returned from a most successful two weeks' lecturing tour in the West, where she spoke to large and enthusiastic audiences. She has several engagements still to fill in that locality, and proposes shortly to make a second trip. She invites correspondence, looking to further engagements in the States of Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa, and requests her friends in those States to call the attention of the lessees of public halls to the subject.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE WEEKLY.

Thos. J. Lloyd, Adams House, Boston, Mass.; George D. Henck, 918 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, Pa.; E. G. Hoyt, 341 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill., each of whom will supply dealers in their respective localities with the WEEKLY, and receive receipt for and transmit subscriptions.

THE controlling powers of the Progressive Spiritualists who occupy Apollo Hall having testified their support and indorsement of Mr. Beecher by excluding the WEEKLY from sale at the hall, we take pleasure in stating that they who depended upon obtaining it there may now obtain it at the Gilkey House news stand, on Broadway, corner of Twenty-ninth street. It is not a little curious to observe how many conservative people approve the secret practice of theories which they publicly condemn.

We are again called upon to say to several of our contributors, whose articles were to have appeared this week, that owing to the immense interest manifested in the Train Muddle, which has not yet culminated, we are again obliged to lay over some very important articles, as well as to omit some of our usual editorials. We trust however, that the importance of this celebrated case will more than compensate for any omission made upon its account.

BOOK NOTICES.

STRANGE VISITORS; Dictated through a Clairvoyant while in an abnormal or trance state—a series of original papers, embracing philosophy, science, government, religion, poetry, art, fiction, satire, humor, narrative and prophecy, by the spirits of Irving, Willis, Thackeray, Bronte, Richter, Byron, Humboldt, Hawthorne, Wesley, Browning and others, now dwelling in the Spirit World. Fourth edition. Boston: Wm. White & Co., *Banner of Light* Office, 14 Hanover st. 1873. Price —.

This book comprises declarations from thirty-seven different spirits, many of which bear a striking similarity to the writings of these persons when living. It would be barely possible for a person of the very widest reading to himself copy successfully after so many authors. It is simply impossible for a clairvoyant to do it; therefore, this book may safely be accepted as "the word of the Spirit." Not that by being so it has any authority other than its real merits, but that it is the addition of another to the many proofs that spirit existence is real, is tangible and possible of utilization in the interests of humanity.

Also: OUR CHILDREN; edited by Hannah F. M. Brown. By Wm. White & Co., 14 Hanover st., Boston, Mass. 1873. Price 75 cents; postage 10 cents.

In the preface Mrs. Brown says: "Another book for children! Yes, another. Why not another, and still another? Little folks see the world in books. They call for the news; they want to know what is going on beyond the garden-gate, very likely they know that the future has something for them to do, so the little dears are trying hard to see and hear what the full-grown world is doing to-day.

"Children call for scraps of history, bits of summer in songs, stories of real life. They want to be amused, instructed. I have seen the child-mind, heard the young pilgrim call for help, I am going to do the best toward the demand. Some of the lovers of the juvenile world have kindly joined me in making up this little book. We send it out hoping it may brighten some of the cloudy winter evenings."

It is a welling-up of the sweetness and purity that always resides in the soul of the gifted editor.

THE FAITH OF THE FUTURE.

We are indebted to the "Literary Record of Harpers' Monthly, for April," for the following extract. It applies well to the grand progressive religion of Spiritualism, which is being daily more and more developed in all civilized nations, and recognizes in all humanity a universal priesthood:

Mr. Samuel Johnson will awake in the minds of many of his readers serious prejudices against his work on "Oriental Religions" (J. R. Osgood & Co.) by his introduction. Yet it was only just to himself and to his readers that he should advise them beforehand what is the philosophy which underlies his work. This would be generally called infidel. We do not mean by that that he casts any obloquy on Christianity, only that he calmly and deliberately rejects it as a divine religion, or as of any higher value than one out of which a "universal religion" is to be constructed by much painstaking and study. "The Christian ideal is but a single force among others, all equally in the line of movement." He implicitly denies the need or existence of any divine power in the uplifting of the human race. "The leaf needs no special miracle to become a flower, nor does the child to become a man." True religion is to be gathered from a careful comparison of all religions, as true science from a study of all sciences. "Universal religion, then, cannot be any one exclusively of the positive religions of the world. Yet it is really what is best in each and every one of them, purified from baser intermixture, and developed in freedom and power."

In the above statements of Mr. Samuel Johnson, we recognize with pleasure an accurate picture of the great develop-

ment which has arisen out of the foolishness of rappings, which is called by (and well merits) the name of Spiritualism.

"Harpers' Monthly for April" also contains an excellent paper entitled "Agricultural Laborers in England, accompanied with a portrait of their great and wise leader, Joseph Arch. It admits that the movement now going forward among the soil tillers of this country amounts to a revolution as important as that of the Rebellion of the sixteenth century. It might with truth have stated, that, in its ultimate consequences, it will prove far more valuable to mankind than any fight that yet has occurred between the nobility and the bourgeoisie.

It gives also a condensed history of the laborer, Joseph Arch, and a short summary of his opinions on the reforms he is endeavoring to introduce into Great Britain. The Joseph Arch song, now sung by hundreds of thousands of agricultural laborers in that country, shows the confidence the soil tillers have in their leader. Remembering the part played in the Rebellion by the world-famed "John Brown" song, we extract the same for the instruction of our readers as to the feelings, which at present, animate the oppressed masses of Great Britain.

"Under the spreading branches of the far-famed Wellesbourne oak, Joseph Arch, the laborers' chief, the welcome words first spoke: More rest, more wages, and more food; a bit of land to rent; And a union strong, we'll form ere long: the news like wild-fire went.

Chorus.—We know he will prevail!
The news like wild-fire went;
The news like wild-fire went;

And a union strong we'll form ere long, the news like wild-fire went. There were hundreds, ere the night was o'er, determined to begin, Though squires oppose it all they can, and some they call it sin. Through Warwickshire and Worcestershire the tidings quickly flew, And a Union band now quickly stand, and sport their favorite blue.

Through Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire, in Essex, far and near, Our champion's scattering broad the seed, the people gladly hear; Through every county in the land our general we will march, For the Union band, is a movement grand, led on by Joseph Arch.

Some farmers fume and break the law, and dare to use their whips, And curse and swear at us poor men, thinking to seal our lips; But the secret's out, the bird is loosed, the captive's free once more, The Union band, which Arch has planned, extends from shore to shore.

We mean to go on peacefully, but will not be deterred: What Arch has told us we well knew is true in every word. 'Tis said that he will eat and drink, and all at our expense; Well, the Union band the cost will stand, and freely give their pence.

So here's success to Joseph Arch, that truthful, fearless man! May he carry on the noble work at Wellesbourne oak began! He's honest, manly in the right, and hard he hits the nail, Has the cause in hand of the Union band, we know he will prevail.

Chorus.—We know he will prevail!
We know he will prevail!

There is only one point in the article the correctness of which we take the liberty of disputing. It is that which ascribes to Joseph Arch the merit of originating the movement. While we believe him to be the truest and bravest leader in it, we do not think he commenced it. There were means required for that work which the great reformer had not. Our method of accounting for the great uprising of the soil-tillers is as follows:

It will be remembered that some three years ago, when the movement commenced, the leaders of the Disraeli party of Great Britain had made overtures to the "skilled" mechanics of Great Britain. Agreements were drawn up and signed, in which some of the nobility bound themselves to favor the "skilled" workingmen of the cities, and the latter, by their votes, were expected to return the compliment by sending opposition members to represent the large boroughs in Parliament. To countercheck this movement, the ministers secretly promoted the rising of the rude agricultural laborers, which overset the arrangement completely, and gave the Tory noblemen an unpleasant labor problem to work out first on their own estates. This we believe to have been the true origin of the movement of the agricultural laborers of England.

But the power which evoked the spirit has not the power to allay it. Like the fisherman who liberated the genius from the casket in the Arabian Nights, Gladstone has now good cause to tremble before its presence. But, though it bodes ill to all privileged classes, it portends nothing but good to the cause of labor and of man. Both here, and in Great Britain the soil-tiller now stands on a plane from which he can clasp hands with his brother toilers, the artisans and mechanics of the cities. When a union takes place between agricultural and mechanical laborers on the basis of equality and justice, they will assuredly be in power. The sophistries of our political economists will vanish; distributors and financiers may close their books and receive the law from the producers. So mote it be. H.

[From the Leon Lone Star, Centerville, Leon Co., Texas.]

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY is before us and is read with a degree of interest. Its best articles are written by Victoria Woodhull. If the late persecutions of this woman result, as she alleges, not from positive violations of law, but simply for her vindication of certain theories, only affecting the morale of the world, we think she is the victim of Federal oppression. Of course we spurn her theories, but her theories affect the immaterial world. And what right has a government, whose fountain-head and branches run black with corruption, to exercise a censorship over the morals of any body or any community? The Federal Congress, with Henry Ward Beecher for Chaplain, could not improve the morals even of the infernals. Vic. Woodhull is as good a man as there is in the Yankee nation.

HARK! FROM THE TOMBS.

OPENING THE MAIL BAG OF THE COMING DICTATOR.

Letters pouring into from all over the Country—The Rallying of the Clans—Immense sale of the Weekly—The Newsman of the Tombs sold One Hundred and Sixty-three to the Prisoners—Epigrams—The Spirit of the Age—The Sensation of the Day.

While V. C. W. is running the West at Chicago, Milwaukee, Dayton and other cities, G. F. T. is running the East. The Toledo Sun, with its fifteen columns a week in the reformation, is only distanced by the WEEKLY, with its twenty-one columns, although we talk Train. He flies back and says it is only the cause—not the man.

He returns our note with these comments:

DOWN AMONG THE BROKERS.

48 BROAD STREET, March 29, 1873.

Dear Mr. Train—Twenty-one columns, seven pages on the coming Dictator, all fresh and all pointed, discounting six thousand papers who have not yet learned that liberty is in jail. Our reporter could not get in? What does it mean? Commissioners refused; warden refused, and report say you said no. Can you not give us two or three pages from your mail bag? Remember we talk to an universal audience, our friends are your friends. Can you not give us the suppressed interview on the Presidency "killed" by Dana? COLONEL.

THE MAN OF DESTINY SICK A-BED.

CELL 56, MURDERER ROW, Saturday.

Dear J. H. B.—"Knocked up." Is it the weather, or the stink of the vault in the corner, the miasma and the malaria in the putrid atmosphere? I am sick a-bed, but damn them (I am learning to swear among these puritans, and will steal by and by, and murder somebody. Evil communications—you remember the proverb that that old Tombs' shyster Paul stole from Confucius.) I find more gems when sick and lying down than they can do when well and standing up.

THE BOMBHELL IN THE WEEKLY.

You did a big thing this week to make all the other journals appear so small. Even the Sun is obliged to ridicule this attack on liberty; but nobody shall escape. Your enterprise deserves acknowledgment, and herewith is pass that will admit your reporter to the Tombs—through all the lines.

I am not ready to publish Dana's suppressed interview where somebody sold me out to Belmont and Barlow, without C. O. D. G. F. T.

THE MAGIC PASS.

The Chef de la Commune was right. The secret word on a card opened the Tombs to our reporter, and one of the guards we saw made a military salute. Is their a gigantic secret society that has undermined all these frauds and is about ready to explode? Just as the reporter got in, a terrible crash was heard which startled the whole corridor. Simmons was with Mr. Train, thanking him for his Graphic report of the fire, when in rushed Stokes, with flushed face:

"Did you hear that, Train? Has the revolution commenced?"

"What was it?" said Simmons, who is as cool under fire or danger as a Commune general on a barricade.

"A bomb-shell through the window, smashing the framework, bringing down whole window with a crash!"

Dr. Nealis came in also somewhat excited, and asked, "What's the matter, Mr. Train?"

On inquiry it was found that instead of a hand-grenade it was a brick-bat thrown from somebody over the prison wall. "Evidently there is Revolution in the air," said Mr. Train. Mr. Train was too ill to talk with our reporter, but said he was quite welcome to look over those letters there in this morning's mail, and take any, where the answers are in pencil.

ON WITH THE DANCE, LET JOY BE UNCONFINED.

280 FOURTEENTH ST., Brooklyn, }
March 28, 1873. }

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN:

Dear Sir—Will you see Mr. W. L. Brown, of Western New York? He is a noble, staunch friend of the cause you represent. Mrs. BRIGGS.

The sun brightens; the news in this morning's Sun is interesting. The gods are with you. Truly the signs of the times are propitious of great events.

Yours, with admiration,

RUTH W. SCOTT BRIGGS.

THE COMING DICTATOR'S

EPIGRAM REPLY.

COMING EVENTS CASTING SHADOWS.

Only to thank you, dear Mrs. Briggs,
But I don't believe in the gods;
I don't believe in preachers and wigs,
But in man who labors and plods.
And for woman, too, the bright sun shines.
Passing events show signs of the times!
When Woodhull struck the Beecher trail,
I made a strike to break the jail.
'Tis the Church and Prison, present and past,
That held and holds the fools and slaves so fast.
Read the Colonel's seven pages this week,
And see how the ages begin to speak.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,

(Who cannot be shot, burnt or poisoned in the Tombs.)
Cell 56, Murderers' Row, March 29, '73, the Tombs.

THE CLANS GATHERING IN THE WEST.

PLEASANTON, LINN Co., Kansas, March 2, 1873.

DOWN WITH THE BIBLE.

MR. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN:

Dear Sir—Through the press, I have learned of your arrest and imprisonment for publishing a wee bit of "Holy Writ." I have been in the lecture field many years, and, politically and religiously, we doubtless think nearly alike. We, in this county, are in the dark respecting the movements in New York about you and Mrs. Woodhull—who, I think, are very unjustly persecuted—as we get hold of no papers on your side of the great question. I have seen a few copies of Mrs. Woodhull's WEEKLY on my recent traveling trip in South-western Missouri.

GIVE US THE FACTS.

What I wish is some document or papers which have the independence to take up your side of the question. I have traveled over nearly all the eastern border counties of Kansas. Mrs. Woodhull as well as yourself have many warm friends here, and they truly feel that the officials are striking a great blow at the vital element of our nation's freedom, as well as individual rights.

I would state that I have, within the last year, built me a residence in this town.

Please send me some Train Liqes. * * * Tell Mrs. Woodhull that my wife, Mrs. Fanny Wheelock, will act as her agent in selling her paper, or in getting subscribers.

Will Mrs. Woodhull's paper be sustained? and will subscribers be sure to get it for twelve months if I send the money?

E. B. WHEELOCK.

THE BIBLE MARTYR SAYS,

'RALLY ROUND THE WEEKLY.'

MR. TRAIN'S EPIGRAM REPLY.

Yes! Send on your money—subscribe.
Rally all your Kansas tribe.
am the chief! I have said the word—
I intend the WOODHULL shall be heard.
By God's order—through Beecher intrigue—
Uncle Sam has suppressed the Train Liqes.
Now the Church begins to curse and damn,
For fear I shall surpass Uncle Sam.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,

The Iconoclast.

Cell 56, March 30, '73,
Murderers' row, the Tombs.

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR OF THE TOLEDO SUN.

TOLEDO, O., March 27, 1873.

THE REFORMERS WANTED IN TOLEDO.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN, Cell 56, the Tombs—Just received supply of crimson (the Commune and International ink) from headquarters, and write you a few lines to try the first bottle. What may not the contents of this bottle perpetrate. Well, to the point. Can you give me any definite idea of the time that you will turn up in Toledo? I will print tickets and sell (no reserved seats) for that lecture, bank the funds and await your coming.

THE REFORMATION IN BOSTON.

Subscribers pouring in from ladies in Boston yesterday. Mrs. Kettredger, 361 Tremont st., and Mrs. Nancy Dickerson, 313 Meridian st. The City Council has been sneering at the Sun. I will salt them every time. They deceive the people. It is a good thing to be "brought up" among thieves (I mean the paper talked about by these officials). It helps the cause and the subscription list, and gave me subscribers yesterday. Was accosted by a sleek preacher (an Ex. I presume), who was selling Seward's travels. Told him I didn't want. Government should have sent out a man who could have written and remembered what he saw on his travels. Who could I name was more competent? George Francis Train, said I, and your defense was almost disastrous to the bottles and cans on the shelves of the store in which we met. But I nailed Solomon, and got a cash sub. for the Sun on the spot. Solomon had very little to say about the man who was declared a lunatic when I closed. So we go. A brave word sometimes wins—always pays. The poor cusses hereabouts are deserting me, but the world is large and the air free. Tell Nichols his letter has only been pushed over for want of room. It will come in soon.

THE WOODHULL WANTED IN TOLEDO.

The Blade and Commercial are defaming Mrs. Woodhull a column at a time. If she could only come here she would reap the benefit of her persecution. How does it seem possible to have the newspaper world so effectually against any one, unless they are a power and amount to more than "a little." I hear by telegram that Colonel Blood has twenty-one columns on Train! Three cheers and the cause.

Yours,

JOHN A. LANT,

Editor and Proprietor of the Toledo Sun.

The editor having named his first boy after the Coming Dictator, the little fellow got the enclosed epigram which will carry him safely through the world:

ADVICE TO MOTHERS, BABIES AND BOYS.

EPIGRAM ON G. F. T. LANT.

Your bouncing namesake weighs twenty pounds, and will make his mark in the world. [Extract private letter.]

MAY THE UNIVERSE BLESS HIM.

I'm glad to hear, in Murderer's Row,
From that twenty pounder of Lant & Co.
In my young army of namesakes Nature sent
He shall be Colonel of a regiment.
The Christian calls on God to give you joy,
But UNIVERSE will bless your Pagan boy,
Would you discover a mine of wealth,
Then keep the little fellow in health.
He could not well the world stir up,
Fed on Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
And would you save him from a curse,
Baptize in name of UNIVERSE!
And never let Doctor vaccinate;
To disease the body opens Death's gate.
Again, long clothes on a baby child
Would drive a Pagan mother wild.
Don't spoil the boy with canting prayer,
But open the window, give him air,
And ask your kind and gentle wife
To stamp this sermon on his life:

THE SERMON OF THE PAGAN.

Don't drink, don't smoke, don't swear, don't chew;
Don't lie, don't cheat! be always true.
Don't let preachers your vision blind;
Don't be afraid to speak your mind.
Love manhood, love courage, love truth;
Be honest, earnest and brave forsooth.
There is no God, no soul, no ghost,
But earth and ocean and all the host
In Nature's army? The phalanx grand
That peoples land and air and wood
In Creation's mighty multitude?
His name but represents a cause,
It is the UNIVERSE! necessity's laws,
A race of giants we must elevate

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To work out this grand decree of Fate!
As bends the twig so will the tree incline;
So, study hard and save your golden time.
Scar the young sapling and the gnarled oak
Shows how fatal was the youthful joke.
Never permit the poison of Christian cant
To blight the honored house of Lant,
Your Pagan mission has just begun.
Toledo must be the central Sun!

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN,
President of the Murderers' Club.
Cell 56, Murderers' Row, The Tombs, March 26, 1873.

THE PRESS AT LAST WAKING UP.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., March 27, 1873.
Geo. Francis Train, Esq.—We shall feel obliged if you will allow our reporter an interview touching up a few of the points on your imprisonment, trial, &c. At whose instigation was the charge of insanity made against you? the motive, etc.? But it is unnecessary to suggest points. The taking ones will suggest themselves to you at once. We want to know what you are going to do about it. Among other things do not omit the salient ones that turn up in the trial. The country cannot understand your long detention, and our reporter is specially detailed to find out.
We inclose you slip from *Leader*, which will show you that you are not without friends in Pittsburgh.
We mailed to you the two-column Credit Mobilier interview obtained through your courtesy.
Yours,
PITTOCK, NEVINS & Co.,
Pittsburg *Leader*.

MR. TRAIN'S EPIGRAM REPLY.

Give me your hand once more, old friends,
A generous word always tends
To lift the pain from aching brain;
The lying New York city press
Are holting signals of distress.
Truth and manhood they deny,
Partners of Tweed they steal and lie,
And one of these days, perhaps, will die.
Viva la Commune.
Read Woodhull's paper and Toledo *Sun*,
A bombshell broadside from weekly gun.
Does *Leader* want to make a strike,
Then publish what the people like.

G. F. T.,
President Murderers' Club.
CELL 56, THE TOMBS, MURDERERS' ROW,
March 30 (15th week).

Here is a note from Mr. G., just arrived in England:
A NOTE TO THE WHITE STAR LINE.

FIRST NOTICE—NO EXCUSE FOR DIRT.
[Extract private letter from a gentleman on board the Atlantic.]

STEAMSHIP ATLANTIC,
OFF QUEENSTOWN, March 11, 1873.
Dear Mr. Train—Here we are, off Queenstown, and a more weary, worn-out set of passengers you never saw. The Atlantic left port with forty-six unfortunates—the dirtiest steamer you ever saw, alive with vermin, and so out of repair as to keep us in a perpetual bath; all the state-rooms leaky, and as a consequence, every one on board with a fearful cold. Mine is something distressing, and I shall have to stop over a day or so at Liverpool.

WHO WANTS TO SLEEP IN A PERPETUAL BATH!
Sleeping in water is not conducive to health, and I can conscientiously say I have not had a single night's rest on board. The captain is a genial, charming man, and has done everything in his power to make us comfortable and content, and the table has been all we could ask for.

THE BLAME IS ON THE LIVERPOOL SIDE.
But 'tis unpardonable in the Liverpool house to send to sea a vessel in the condition of the Atlantic, and it will only injure their reputation, instead of benefiting them, if persisted in. The winds have been with us the entire voyage, but a new screw—the invention of a woman—is too heavy for the machinery, and our progress has been very slow; but tomorrow night will end our troubles, and see us safe among the Liverpoolians.

FRIENDS OF THE COMING DICTATOR ON BOARD.
Among our passengers is an old Poughkeepsie schoolmate of your daughter; a young bride; Major-General Pleasanton, (an old friend of yours, whose pamphlet I think will interest you, and I will forward it from Liverpool; his opinion of our government so exactly corresponds with your own, I should almost imagine you had been exchanging views on this all-engrossing subject); Sir Charles Bright (whom you will remember as breakfasting in company with Tal. Staffner when you invited me to breakfast in your apartments in London some years ago), who wishes to be remembered; a Mrs. Weber, of New York, and a few others—comprising all that is in any way agreeable in the passenger line.

THE ROLLING OF THE STEAMER.
I had not been in the least sick, except on the second day, when we had a fearful cross-sea which I feared would swamp us; but the captain assures me there was no danger. The "Atlantic" has rolled night and day, but nothing to compare with the "Adriatic." I shall go to London on Friday, remain until Monday, go thence to Paris for a day or two, and on to Cologne and Frankfurt, where I hope to arrive the 20th or 22d; then to Vienna and St. Petersburg, returning via Moscow to Paris.

A LARGE FINANCIAL OPERATION.
I have written Barings' to send my letters to the Langhorn. Will write you from Liverpool and London, but knew you would be anxious to hear at once about the five million negotiation, so this will catch the Wednesday's mail from Liverpool.
T. D.

A CHEERING WORD FROM VINELAND.

VINELAND, N. J., March 28.
A TREAT FOR MEN OF INTELLECT.
Dear George Francis Train—You have not been forgotten. O, no! Have been looking after trial of Mr. Gage, and to preparing to leave next week, or as soon as possible. Mr. Gage is cleared. I speak on Beecher next Sunday, and that ends my appointments. But I shall not be able to leave before Wednesday, at the very least, may not then. I am going to launch out and speak, SHRIEK, THUNDER! Soon. Amen.

NON COMPOS MENTIS.

Dear Train—They are infinite sneaks, to trump up their plea of "insanity" to get rid of you. It is confession, throwing up the sponge! It will react—be worse for them than before! And for you, it is best, and I am glad of it. It will save your life to the world! The Tombs would in time kill you, but the Asylum will estop that. And we shall get you out of both! If I had been a man of fortune I would have given

myself to holding meetings, every one of which should have passed resolutions in a voice of thunder, and sent them up to New York to go into all the daily papers; and then before now, we would have had a meeting; and flashed lightning all over the country, till the blaze should have burnt the Tombs up, and brought you out!

THE WOMEN OF THE REFORMATION.

Dear Train, there are women who love you, almost, yes, quite, to tears! When I come to New York, if you are still there, I shall at once come to you. And anywhere, I shall. And we shall take counsel, all of us, and save you, the Hero!

THE TWO PAPERS OF THE PEOPLE.

How do I know but before this gets to New York you will already be gone somewhere. Still it will get to you. And how I should jump if you could send me one word in reply! The women here snatch at your photographs! "What is to pay," they say, and all want one. Have had letter from Lant, and have the Toledo *Sun*, and others have it. We shall get a lot of them here, yet.

WITH WOODHULL'S PAPER AND THE TOLEDO SUN WE WILL SHAKE THE WORLD.

Train! Train! All is well, and will be! Only, it is cruel to be outraged and tortured, but an end will come to that! And reward for it. Reward, yes, Glory!
Good night! Your own,
JOSEPH TREAT.

MR. TRAIN'S EPIGRAM REPLY.

Your lectures on Woodhull, Beecher and Train
Will wake Voltaire and startle Paine,
While Gibbon and Jean Jacques Rousseau
Will show their ghosts in Murderers' Row.
Your grand creation is nature's roll,
There's nothing immortal in the soul.
Hurrah for Victory! all hail to Gage!
The old church w—s are in a rage
To see their sceptre shrink and bend
While you its swindling record read.
You struck the harlot at the root
That night at Cooper's Institute,
When the Right Reverend Stephen Tyng
Hissed like an adder, and showed his sting,
Calling us "sharks!" The old h—ll h—d
Will smelt as bad when underground.
Tell those lady friends that by and by
They will see the sunshine in the sky.
Your Pagan victory means Christian defeat,
Your large audiences will have a Treat.

CELL 56, MARCH 30, '73,
MURDERERS' ROW, THE TOMBS.

PLAYING COUNTRY EDITORS ALIVE.

The Toledo *Sun* gives a one-sided duel between Richard Hinchcliff, editor of the Lawrence (Mass.) *Labor Reform Journal*, and the great epigrammatist. It seems the editor wished Mr. Train to write for the *Journal*, to give it circulation among his host of friends, and tried to patronize Mr. Train by using the words, "We permit," etc. Mr. Train replied by saying as his lectures were two hundred dollars in Lawrence (a donation it so happened) and his newspaper articles fifty dollars each, he was plaintiff, not defendant. We add the conclusion of the sharp debate:

To R. H., Esq., "Lawrence Journal."

EPIGRAM.

Great Labor Reformer (!) of a one-horse town,
You are just the party to succeed John Brown (!)
A number six hat and a number twelve boot
Will astonish the world if it strikes at the root.
Your courage is power, you do quite right—
Don't be a babe to the tail of a kite!
By the way, when your pen begins to throb,
Remember there's no *e* in spelling bob.
How pleasant it is for me to find
That even you have an ax to grind.
Poor hide-bound, pulpit-bound, party-bound man
Drink water, and wash out yourself, if you can.
I hate to leave you in the lurch—
That two hundred dollars, I gave to the Church!

The Tombs, Cell 56, March 17, 1873.
(Reply Lawrence Journal, March 29.)
GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

George Francis Train, in the columns of that "bob to the tail of the Train kite," the Toledo *Sun*, has made our name immortal. We are the theme of a poem written by Geo. F. Train, the Coming Dictator!!! We feel immensely flattered. Just think of it, a whole column devoted to us from the pen of the great Train himself! The American Shakespeare.

One who boasts that he gave birth to Credit Mobilier. Good God, Train, we have mistaken your sex; give us the date of your accouchement. Would like to know the exact age of your baby. Since you are the mother, tell us who is the father. It would be interesting to our readers to learn all about the matter.

You claim to be a millionaire; how glad we are to make your acquaintance! We take off our hat, the circumference of which you have measured with a yard stick. You have taken another title, and you are now signing yourself George Francis Train, President of the Murderers' Club! This is terrible. We tremble all over. Pray, Mrs. President, do you cut throats with a razor or an oyster knife? We want to be prepared in self-defence—"No, 12 boots" may be useful. You have been examined lately to find out whether you were sane or not. Now be kind enough to tell us whether you are as crazy as you pretend to be, and give us the news in the next number of the "Bob."

That original epigram of yours about the "dog and his tail" is older than the ghost of your great, great, grandfather, old Adam Train. It is beneath the dignity of the American Shakespeare to act the plagiarist. As you set yourself up as a teacher of orthography, try if you can't spell immense with two m's and take the y out of the word kyte and insert i in its place.

Good-by, old Mother Train,
Till we hear of you again,
Through the columns of the "Bob."

SHARP REJOINDER FROM THE GREAT SATIRIST.

To R. N., Esq., Lawrence:
Shake hands, old fellow, don't feel bad,
I'm only insane, I am not mad;
Who wonders you yourself perplex
If you cannot tell a fellow's sex!
So fly high your "kyte!" cut off your "bob,"
And let the widow and orphan sob;

Buy Woodhull's paper, and then you'll know
About the chief in Murderers' Row.

G. F. T.

The Tombs, Cell 56, Murderers' Row,
March 30, 1873.

THE COMING DICTATOR SHAKES HANDS WITH THE GRAPHIC.
[Epigram note to the Managing Editor, an old acquaintance of the Graphic.]

No wonder the *Graphic* is all the rage,
It is the grandest paper of the age,
We all admit in Murderers' Row,
You discount Harper, Leslie & Co.
You've taken their *Weeklies* down a peg,
They look like a last year's robin's egg.
The old blanket sheets cannot last,
And the five-cent papers are dying fast.
Croly remembers their thunderbolts hurled
From an Irish Bastille through the *World*.
My three thousand dollars is still unpaid,
And the *Marble Sponges* are sore afraid;
And should admit the Byronic power
That makes the rings and churches cover.
(Why let your *Personal* sneer and rail
And insult a man when sick in jail?)
Then why should we now disagree?
Why not jump in and ride with me?
The *Graphic* is a decided hit,
I wonder that no one thought of it!
We men are only grown-up boys,
And women are simply grown-up girls,
And pictures of our school-day joys
Are mingled with these school-day curls.
Dana's invention in the *Sun*
Is distanced by what you have done.
'Twas the Egyptian, oriental plan
Of object lending, which made their man.
What he wanted to educate the nation
Was a Daily *Graphic* illustration!
A newspaper uncontrolled by rings
That defends Republics instead of kings!
I must permanently subscribe
And send your journal to my tribe;
To all my Darlings far over the sea;
'Twill be a *Graphic* remembrance of me.
Address *Suzelle Darling Train—Care,*
Barings, London, England. So rare
A Treat the Americans should send abroad,
For its great success we must all accord.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN,
(Who saved Four Hundred Men from Suffocation in the
Tombs, March 28, 1873.)
President of the Murderers' Club.

THE PICTORIAL VICTORY.

In the picture of "George Francis Train in Court, Refusing Bail," our readers will readily recognize the hero of the hour and the court officials and counsel who surround him. The dilemma of the gentlemen who have this "white elephant" in charge is one of the laughable little matters of the hour. They only can answer the question: What will they do with him?—"Graphic," March 29.

The evening edition has just come in—
Congratulations! You are bound to win.
(While reporters waded through the mire,
You alone detailed the tombs on fire).
G. F. T. in court refusing bail,
Shows artist knows no such word as fall.
Friend Chatfield's likeness is excellent:
The old Roman seems on justice bent.
(You have also sketched my faded bouquet—
'Twas the foul air that made it decay.
Send him here to sketch the padded cell,
And paint a graphic picture of hell!)
Let him describe the "Bridge of Sighs,"
And the murder pens that near them lie,
And by these pictures there may appear
The fearful crimes that are hidden here.
Old foggy newspapers clear the road
For the only picture daily on the globe,
You are bound to have an enormous traffic—
Attention, Train boys! Rally round the *Graphic*!

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN,

The Tombs, cell 56, Murderers' Row,
March 29, '73.
[Fifteenth week. Provided I had been tried and sentenced, the whole fine under the "obscene" statute is only six months; hence by working out the sentence without accusation, examination or trial, I have destroyed the law while, if sentenced it destroys the Bible. Big thing.]

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE ON THE LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT.

Reporter.—You just remarked to Counsellor Mott, in my presence, that you intended to ask Judge Brady, had you been called up, an important question relating to prisoners in the Tombs. Have you any objection to stating the point for publication?

Mr. Train.—Certainly not. You are quite at liberty to copy my note to him, which covers the whole ground.

MR. TRAIN'S NOTE TO JUDGE BRADY.

CELL 56, THE TOMBS, MARCH 31, 1873.
To Judge Brady, Court Oyer and Terminer, New York:
Your decision when before you, that the liberty of the citizen took precedence over other cases, would have emboldened me, had I been brought into Court to-day, to hear your decision about the legality of the indictment under which I was arrested to have asked you a question relating to that point. But as no notice has been served for me to appear, and I have not been notified of your decision, perhaps you will do me the courtesy of answering the following questions:

SOME POINTED INQUIRIES.

1. How long should a prisoner be detained after arrest before trial? And is there any law that settles that point?
2. In case the prisoner is a pauper, without friends to make the inquiry or means to procure counsel, in what is his guilt or innocence to be made known?
3. If after several months incarceration (without accusation, examination or trial as in my case), he succeeds in being brought into court and is found innocent (the arrest being illegal), has he any redress against the authorities?
4. When a prisoner pleads guilty, has the Court a right to enter "not guilty," or, in other words, should not the prisoner be sentenced on his plea?

IS AIR PROHIBITED BY LAW?

5. Ought not in all cases the alleged offense be set down in the indictment in detail—or at least some proof of the charge; in fact, that is the question before you, whether the indictment as written holds?

6. When detained waiting the action of the Court to examine or try him, is not the prisoner entitled to his two hours open-air exercise as is the case in all foreign jails?

7. Is he not also entitled to proper ventilation in his cell, and means of warming it in cold weather?

I would not ask these questions of your honor had you not made a direct reference to the liberty of the citizen. This is my fifteenth week, and the District-Attorney has made no sign of bringing me to trial (except the suggestion made before you of the examination *De Lunatico Enquirendo* before Judge Daly).

The close confinement is telling on my health or I would not trouble you to drop me a line in reply as soon as possible.

Most respectfully, GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.
KING REMOVES TO SAVE HIS LIFE.

P. S.—King's health has completely broken down under the fearful air of the cells, and they are removing him to the hospital to save his life. That I have reason to ask these questions, I may mention that there are prisoners now in the Tombs who have been here for weeks, and months, and years without having their case come to trial, and in some instances are entirely forgotten. As I should not suppose our food costs twenty cents a day, while twenty dollars may be charged the people—hence it is for the interest of the contractors to keep the jail well filled with permanent boarders!

WHY MR. TRAIN REMAINS IN JAIL.

As my persistency in remaining in jail (not accepting bail) has been discussed to my injury, I may state that my object was to appear as a pauper (Question No. 2), in order to test what rights the people have the government is bound to respect. This explains why I remain—why I have paid no money to lawyers—why I intend to stop here, until the authorities release me by clearance or sentence. *Guilty or not guilty*, am I not entitled to an immediate trial as a pauper as well as though I was a millionaire? If guilty, as General Chatfield remarked, the extent of the sentence is only six months. Already nearly four has run off. If punished thus before trial, why the necessity of going into court?

G. F. T.

Reporter.—Why are the authorities so strict in your case, permitting no one to see you, while all other prisoners are allowed to see those who call?

Mr. Train.—Why am I here at all? Why is Woodhull under \$100,000 bail? Why don't they try Nichols? Why are they trying to poison me—to burn down the jail—to send me to asylums? Simply to cover up a thousand murders and a fifty million fraud. These notes show how close is the barrier, etc.

A LARGE AUDIENCE WAITING TO HEAR THE WOODHULL.

PROMPT ACTION IN MR. TRAIN'S CASE.

[From the New York Star.]

The Internationals—Yesterday's Meeting of the Federal Council—A Disappointment—The Eight-Hour Law—Sympathy for Train.

The Federal Council of the Internationals met yesterday at headquarters, No. 129 Spring street, Citizen Carsey in the chair. The female broker, Mrs. Woodhull, was expected to be present and address the meeting, and in anticipation of this the attendance was larger than usual, but Mrs. Woodhull failed to appear. After reading communications from sections in Switzerland and Spain, a committee was appointed to call a convention of delegates from the various trades unions in the city and State, to be held in the latter part of April for the purpose of considering the best means of enforcing the eight-hour law.

Citizen Carsey offered the following resolution, which, on motion, was adopted:

Whereas, We protest against the willful and malicious attempt of the enemies of free thoughts and free speech to "railroad" George Francis Train to an insane asylum as an outrage on the liberty of the citizen, a violation of all the laws of the State, and the plain declaration of war on all our liberties; therefore be it

Resolved, That we will resist all such attempts by all means in our power.

VIVE L'INTERNATIONALE.

The City of New York will follow the Fate of Boston and Chicago—George Francis Train calling the Roll of the Army of Liberty—The Blacks are Free, let us Emancipate the Whites—The Strikers Struck with the Anthem of the Tombs.

TORTURING THE CHIEF.

The Coming Revolution—The Rolling of the Distant Thunder—The Flashing of the Lightning on the Edge of the Horizon—Vive La Commune—Sound the Alarm Bells—Attempt to Force the Coming Dictator into a Mad-house—Startling Epigram Calling the People to Arms—The Strikers and the Struck—The Gas to be Shut off Ere Many Days—The Approaching Panic in Wall Street—Repudiating the National Debt.

THE UNSEEN POWER.

We are on the eve of the most startling changes ever recorded in this or any other country. We are within a stone's-throw of the most peaceful solution of the impending struggle between Labor and Capital, or on the very threshold of the bloodiest revolution in history. We are satisfied, from our association with the Internationals, that there is a power beyond it, and controlling these other societies; a power that has its associations prevailing the entire nation—moved by an unseen hand; in short, a gigantic secret organization of several millions of able-bodied men, secret as Masonry, or the Carbonari, or the Know-Nothings, but more active than all combined, while all are in it. Its direction is absolute—as absolute as the power of Ignatius Loyola, with his legion of Jesuits. So perfect is its organization, that one leader falling, another steps in his place to the end; and so secret, that the leader is not known. It appears in different sections of the country under different names. Familiar as we are with the revolutionary committees, while aware of some

mysterious power greater than the Fenians, we did not know how extended was the terrible engine of revolution.

AN IMPORTANT PAPER FOUND IN THE BOWERY.

It has been remarked within the last two weeks that those applying for permits to see Mr. Train have been refused. Other prisoners see their friends, but you must be a relative of the coming Dictator or the door is closed. These strict regulations were made after the report about capturing the Tombs (see last week's W. & C. W.) Policemen, foreigners and others had been seen talking to Mr. Train through the grating—salutes as if to authority were made. Yesterday our reporter, hearing the name mentioned by two Frenchmen in earnest conversation, is under the impression that some coup d'état is close at hand, and the discerning of this by the police was the cause of the extraordinary back down of the authorities, first, semi-officially in the Times, the very day Mr. Train was to be sent to the Asylum; second, the official retraction of District-Attorney Phelps before Judge Brady.

THIS WAS FIRST NOTICE OF THE BACK-DOWN.

[From the N. Y. Times, March 27.]

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN NOT TO BE SENT TO AN INSANE ASYLUM.

The publication in a morning paper yesterday of a statement to the effect that George Francis Train, now confined in the Tombs for publishing an obscene paper, is to be sent immediately to the insane asylum on Blackwell's Island, is pronounced by the District Attorney to be utterly untrue. Mr. Train, who persistently refuses to allow himself to be bailed out of prison, is not desirous of leaving the Tombs, and will not be sent away, of course, without the usual bail.

An official told the reporter yesterday that Train is evidently afraid that he will not be allowed to continue his burlesque martyrdom. When his wife recently came to bid him good bye, before her departure for Europe, he was invited by the keepers to see her to her carriage, but he absolutely refused, appearing afraid that once in the street the door of his "bastille," as he delights to call it, would be shut and barred against him forever. There are ten writs of habeas corpus out for the appearance of Train in the Supreme Court, one returnable to-day and one to-morrow, and if the prisoner really should desire to be liberated from the "bastille" there will be reason to think that his sanity is returning.

After the hue and cry about Mr. Train's insanity this semi-official notice in the Times is a complete surrender.

THE SECRET ARMY OF THE REVOLUTION.

One of the Frenchmen dropped this paper which we at once confiscated and publish, minus the names, reserving the original for further developments:

SECTION 7, DISTRICT 17, SUB-DIVISION 200—G. C.—NO. 219,000.

"To the restoration and preservation of the Government of the United States of America, in all its branches, and of the governments of all the States thereof in all their branches, and the preservation of the liberty of the American people, by the selection of men for all offices, who will faithfully and fearlessly perform their duty, regardless of cost, class, party, sect or personal interest; I promise my most earnest efforts in accordance with the plans of the General Council directing this movement, and to the full and faithful performance of this promise, I pledge my life, my fortune and my most sacred honor.

"Witness (one name—withheld). Name (withheld). Address (withheld)."

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

It will be remembered the Telegram gave a sensational notice of a great meeting to form a Vigilance Committee, where five hundred were present but no reporters. We believe this is so, but it takes a wider range than the city of New York; it is nothing more than what we are unravelling skein by skein—an organization to take this Government from the hands of the swindling oligarchy of capital and restore it to the sons of labor.

THE SECRET MEETING IN THE BOWERY.

We were unable to either get admission or information from any of those who came out to get a report of the meeting (it was nearly midnight before the close of the G. C. ?), but we did succeed in getting hold of a document that is circulating from hand to hand all over the city inside of the organization, but has never seen daylight through a newspaper.

Private Circular, only to be used inside "The Army," and each citizen is not to part with his copy, as it is important at present to watch events, and not anticipate the revolution by rash action of the organization.

Note to the President *De la Ligue du Midi*. In the Tombs for quoting the Bible.

WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

NO ONE ALLOWED TO VISIT MR. TRAIN.

MONDAY, March 31, 1873.

Geo. Francis Train, Esq.—I am this moment from Eleventh street. The authorities refuse to allow me to see you. None but near relatives are allowed a pass to see you. What shall I do? I stated my business with you, which had no effect.

Yours, hurriedly,

BURNHAM WARDWELL.

I'll wait at the gate a few moments, perhaps the editor of the Sun can open the way.

The Sun editor was equally unfortunate; but the reporter of the W. C. W. came and saw and conquered.

MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE.

THE TOMBS NOT FIT FOR HUMAN HABITATION.

(Ex. Private Letter from Mr. Train.)

A LAWYER DYING IN THE TOMBS.

DEAR J. H. B.;

James C. King, indicted for the killing of O'Neil in Pine street, is very ill, and the prison authorities think of sending him to the prison hospital on Blackwell's Island. He has wasted almost to a skeleton, and physicians think that unless he is shortly taken to other quarters he must die within a month. He is hardly able to move his limbs, and scarcely speaks above a whisper. Dr. Nealis, the Tombs physician, does everything in his power to relieve his sufferings.—Sun.

* * * Weeks ago I stated that King could not live unless he had the open air. Nearly four months ago you saw how it was yourself. For fifteen weeks I have seen these poor wretches dying all around me. The press denied my statements. At last I aroused the authorities to investigation, and the several civic committees have reported that the Tombs is not fit for human habitation—a "death-trap," a "pest-house," a "grave-yard"—and the new prison is to be built at once. Meanwhile, are we to be left here to die? March 31, Cell 56, The Tombs. G. F. T.

[From the New York Sun.]

TRAIN TO BE TAKEN BEFORE JUSTICE DALY.

The elephant was in unusually good humor yesterday, and devoured great stacks of newspapers and letters. Among the latter carried to him was one from the great actress Matilda Heron Byrne, who visited him on Saturday. She covered eight pages of fine tinted note paper with laudations of him, and thanked God that she had one friend among the living, and that one George Francis Train. The prisoner lost no time after reading this letter in writing an epigram in reply. He spoke in rapturous terms of "Camille," and prayed that the gods might protect her from her enemies. He was visited by Mrs. Gen. Chatfield and Counsellor John O. Mott, who has been retained by Mrs. Eleanor Fletcher-Bishop to defend him. Mrs. Chatfield told the prisoner that her husband, the General, had just received a letter from Chief Justice Chas. P. Daly, informing him that Mr. Train would shortly be tried before a Sheriff's jury which would be impaneled to inquire into his sanity. Counsellor Mott said he thought there would be much difficulty in obtaining a jury. The prisoner's face brightened up, and he seemed much pleased. He said he would astonish the jurors. He will probably go before Judge Daly on Thursday. Then the Sheriff will endeavor to capture a jury. Warden Johnson was well enough yesterday to attend to his usual duties. He visited all the prisoners, and they seemed much pleased to see him.

THE PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

DISCUSSING THE COMPOS MENTIS QUESTION.

[From the New York Star, March 31.]

SANE OR INSANE.

Train Discussed—The Question of His Mental Equilibrium—What Dr. Landis Thinks About Him—Eccentric, but not Insane.

An audience congregated last evening at Butler's Athenaeum on Broadway, to hear Rev. Dr. Landis, of Philadelphia, discourse on the subject, "Is George Francis Train insane or not?" The speaker said he had known George Francis Train for a long time, and had been in communication with him since his incarceration in the Tombs. He thought that Train was eccentric, peculiarly so, but not insane. Every one of his hearers had his eccentricity, so had Train. Train was disputing with those who claimed to be Christians, and the speaker, after giving his views of the question, desired to know of the audience which they considered the most insane, George Francis Train, who taught the community not to drink, use tobacco, and also the laws of growth, or those who consigned him to jail. He, the speaker, would rather die for principle's sake than sell his principles to the highest bidder as some of the fallacy Christians of the nineteenth century did. If George Francis Train had published obscene articles with intent to harm the public, then he deserved to be sent to jail for it, but he didn't believe he had. The speaker considered the church of to-day an institution that would soon sink, because it was built upon sand. People ask why Train did not come out of jail when offered his freedom. Did he do so he would acknowledge himself a libeler, and that was simply the reason of his refusal. The lecturer was of the opinion that Train taught the people more regarding the laws of Nature than all the priests and ministers put together.

At this point of the lecture one of the audience arose, and asked the speaker whether he thought Train sane or insane when he called himself the "Dictator" of the people. The lecturer replied by stating that he thought Train's reason for doing so was to draw the attention of the people, and he (the speaker) knew it was very hard to get the attention of the people to a subject that enhanced their happiness. But for all that he considered Train eccentric, in fact very eccentric. He had not appeared before the public to vindicate George Francis Train, and did not want to debate the subject. At this point another person arose, and was about to ask the speaker to solve some question as to Train's insanity, when the lecturer checkmated him by stating emphatically that he had not come there for the purpose of debating the question, but challenged him or any other man to meet him on the rostrum and debate any subject whatever; but the challenge was not accepted, and the speaker concluded by saying he would lecture next Sunday on "Beecher and Woodhull."

THE SONG OF THE REVOLUTION.

To GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN. [Fifteen weeks in prison without trial, examination, or even accusation in regular indictment.]

WHAT THE PEOPLE SEE.

We represent ten millions of fighting men. We have worked hard all our life-time, and yet most of us are poor. There has been no period in fifty years where our struggle for existence is so great as at the present hour. We see princes and palaces, crowded theatres and beautiful gambling saloons, bloated railway corporations, magnificent life insurance buildings, and fashionable hotels organized into whisky dens. We see the President accept a bribe of one hundred thousand dollars from three hundred Congressmen to sign a bill permitting them to steal sixteen hundred thousand dollars in the name of "We the People" from our taxes paid into the treasury.

THE RELIGIOUS FRAUDS.

We see the president of the Evangelical Society and chief of the Y. M. C. A. pay some three hundred thousand dollars as a compound for defrauding the government of millions, and the Secretary of the Treasury, a partner in the swindle, is rewarded by a State in making him a Senator. We see bribery and corruption through great and little Credit Mobilier rings, sapping the life-blood of republican institutions. We see churchmen loaded with wealth join demagogues in the name of religion to rob us of our labor. We see politicians who have stolen forty millions of our wages defy legislatures, courts and society, their horses and dogs living on the fat of the land in palace stables, while we, the sons of toil, the only men who labor, are starving in tenement-houses. All these things we have seen, until at last they arrest our leader before our eyes, and falling to torture him to death with the fatal miasma that has made a morgue of the Tombs—falling to poison him, or burn down the prison—afraid to bring him to trial for fear of destroying the Bible, and exposing the swindle of the law—they now, to evade the terrible retribution that awaits their crimes, intend forcing him into a madhouse, either to murder him or to torture him into madness.

This note means business. We admit we have been led by demagogues. We admit we have always been wrong; you have been right.

THE CAUSE OF DESTITUTION.

We now see that this country is ruled from England, and the import of five thousand millions of trash in ten years has come out of us the people. Now what are to do? We are ready for immediate action. You see the reports of all the trades for the coming strikes. We await your counsel and obey your orders. We have not acted before for reasons known to you. You agreed to give the signal, but we are tired of waiting. If you are taken to the asylum the streets will run with blood. We therefore ask you not to leave us to act too impulsively. What are we to do?

Please write us an epigram reply, as we too wish to test your "sanity." Cover as wide a field as you choose in reply.

(Here follow the names of fifty men belonging to different trades, and many of whose names are well known to the public. We suppress them for obvious reasons.)

EPIGRAM REPLY FROM THE COMING DICTATOR—PLAIN WORDS FROM THE CHIEF.

To the Central Army of the G. C.—Wait a little, you are not poor enough yet. The panic is not far off. Pack your families away in Potter's field. Wallow in the mud of slavery awhile longer. Drown yourselves in whisky in order to drown your sorrows. You must have an empty stomach before the head fills up. I did not tell you to act? Of course not. Are you children? Are you nobody? Have you been so long led by the nose you have no individuality of your own?

I prefer to be in this stinking hole to leading an army of dogs. When you admit my power is supreme, that I am a born leader, who defies your paid votes, your paid advocacy, and despises your cowardice based on ignorance; when you agree to change the thousand lying, swindling church and party thieves who are running the nation for one man, who has the courage, the truth, the spotless character, the inspiration of the patriot and the statesman; when, I say, you raise the flag for the coming Dictator, the only man that can rescue the Republic and save the people, then I will advise you; meanwhile, read these flying thoughts flashing out of the torture of the Chamber of Horrors in the Council of the Damned:

From "a Man of Unsound Mind, though Harmless."

EPIGRAM.

From the Prisoner of State in the Tombs to the Strikers who have Nothing to Strike.

Vive La Commune!

I would recall my early dreams,
But they are dead to me;
As well with last year's withered leaves
Reclothe a this year's tree;
It is not what I might have been,
But what I yet may be!

The man who represents a holy cause,
The Bastille victim of unjust laws,
May well despise the world's applause,
Vive la Commune!

AUX ARMES! EN AVANT!

Tax the Stomach, tax the Passions,
Tax Corruption and the Fashions,
Tax the Churches! tax the Priest!
Tax the Bible—that at least
Will wake them up! stop the tap!
Shut off the cock! snap the cap!
Kill the kusses! shoot them down!
Risk the fate of old John Brown,
And when they fire, burn the town!
Vive la Commune!

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

HOW THE CHURCH MAKES SLAVES OF THE WORKMEN.

* * * * *
Leave me alone, you canting dogs,
Thunder in your pulpit fogs
Shout for Jesus! beg and pray,
Leave me alone; get out the way.
Talk not to me of hosts of friends,
My Divinity shapes its ends.
Vive la Commune!

The editor of the Sun, it is reported, was the subject of prayer, by a devout gathering, last week. Thanks. We can, in no other way, account for the rush for back numbers of the Sun. Tilden will accept this test of the efficacy of prayer.—Editor J. A. Lant, Toledo Sun.

THE LIGHTING OF THE EUROPEAN FIRES.

The steady strain that never stops
Is mightier than the fiercest shock;
The constant fall of water-drops
Will groove the adamant rock;
We feel our noblest powers decay
In feeble wars with every day.

Maecaroni Primo abdicates
Spanish Pronunciamento States,
Kings are flying, says the Fates,
Vive la Commune!

The beardless Monarch of Savoy,
That Prim imported as decoy,
Has gone! Castellar shouts for joy.
Vive la Commune!

The Republic is declared in Spain,
Amadeus can never raise again
A kingdom on the Spanish main.
Vive la Commune!

The Monarchies are tumbling down,
The next will be the English Crown;
Shall we forget our own John Brown?
Vive la Commune!

REPUDIATE THE NATIONAL DEBT.
Help us corral these Congress cattle;
Hark! Do you hear that death-like rattle.
The People have commenced the battle!
Vive la Commune!

Working-men! Pay no taxes,
Start the battle! Grind your axes.
The only thing to save the nation
Is immediate Repudiation.
Wake up, People! Smash the Rings,
Down with Party! Death to Kings.
Vive la Commune.

Get up and fight, you lazy fool;
Starve your children! Pay your Priest!
Kill your wife, you drunken beast;
God made you the rich man's slave,
So pray yourself into the grave.
Vive la Commune.

THE COMING CRASH.

The English crisis was cabinet boah,
A Disraeli and Gladstone English "Wash,"
Like contract between Grant and Tweed
To slaughter Greeley through Thurlow Weed.
Now comes struggle between Lombard and Wall,
To settle which shall be the first to fall.
Belmont has bolted from the haunts of men,
Barlow driven into his Erie den;
Stockwell is down, and soon Jay Gould
Will tumble from the Rings he fooled.
Tricks that are vain, ways that are dark,
Will soon fall Schell and break up Clark.
Then comes the long-expected crash,
Wiping out the Debt in the smash.
Vive la Commune!

OVERBOARD WITH THE BIBLE—OBSCENITY MUST BE ABOLISHED.

Down with the deadly upas tree,
Opposed to Morals, Progress, Science,
Manhood, Truth, Self-Reliance,
A dirty collection of "obscene" fables,
Innocent Cains and murdered Abels.
Contradictions in God's Holy Word
Have made Religion and Christ absurd.
Does my irreverence your feelings shock?
My church is founded on Pagan Rock,
And not on Colfax' Christian sound,
Or Dodge and Beecher holy ground.
And would you to yourself be true,
Do what you are afraid to do!
Vive la Commune!

THE DOWNFALL OF SUPERSTITION.

Ye lecherous churchmen! Take care,
A Thinker is loose! Swindlers beware!
I ask no quarter! I accept no grace,
My worship is nature, my Heaven is space.
Smash up, break down, those Bible links,
Let every man say what he thinks.
We may as well go down to the base,
There is no God! There's nothing but space!
The perfect world by Adam trod,
The poets say was made by God.
Gibbon, Rousseau, Voltaire, Paine,
All trimmed for power a place to gain!
God is a myth! a priestly fraud
Got up for money, and called The Lord!
Man made God! not God made man,
The universe is where the world began.
There was no beginning—is no end,
No God was needed his love to send,
Vive la Commune!

EDUCATING THE PEOPLE FOR SELF-RELIANCE.

If God made the world, who made God?
Who did Cain marry in land of Nod?
Oxygen dissolves nature night and day,
And works humanity into clay.
This eternal, never-ending change,
Goes on forever in Creation's range.
Why should Heaven and Hell make men afraid,
When the Gods and Devils by men are made.
Let man all nature's lessons rehearse
As part of mystery's universe.
Man himself is heaven, hell and God,
Why should he follow where others trod?
Lay your creeds and dogmas on the shelf,
If you follow God believe in self.
God's leading question from the first day,
Through all his saints is—Will it pay?
Events give life to epochs and aims
As mountains rise out of the plains.
New impulses, inspirations,
Invigorate the life of nations.
The disease is oozing from the pores;
The rotting ulcers are filthy sores.
Strike the root! Let the splinters fly!
Better in action live than in torpor die.
Vive la Commune!

REBUKING THE PEOPLE.

When a great man disappears
Over his grave they shed their tears,
And ever greet his name with cheers.
Vive la Commune!

How long will the blind lead the blind?
I hereby challenge all mankind,
Upon my honor, a stain to find.
Vive la Commune!

We have so long on horrors supped,
The revolution will be abrupt,
The People are themselves corrupt.
Vive la Commune!

Between two thieves they're crucified,
The Church and State! The Bible lied:
"God is love." Bah! God is hate,
His mercy always comes too late,
He uses Church to rob the State.
Vive la Commune!

THE IGNORANCE OF THE AGE.

Is genius now allowed to soar?
Has thought more scope than ever before?
Philosophers, wise men on his staff,
Once got their grub to make the monarch laugh;
Once minstrel-poet dined with the cook,
Before in the hall his harp he took,
As now the Laureat's pension pays,
For puffing king's coronation days!
When doctor was barber-gossip of the day,
Science entertained the sovereign for pay.
When Theology seized Science by the throat,
Geology did its tenets and dogmas choke.
Aristotle knew more of animals and birds
Than all our colleges with all their words.
Would you know how feebly our knowledge speaks?
Look back and study the classic Greeks.
If living in the United States
Would they confound fish with sharks and skates?
Those ancients, two thousand years ago,
Forgot more than we shall ever know.
Our manhood has fallen to zero.
Live, moral coward! Die, martyred hero!
Vive la Commune

REVOLUTIONS COME FROM TRIFLES.

God's love is only dollars and cents;
The love of man means great events,
Christianity all progress stifles—
The world itself is made of trifles.
Gravitation came from apple's fall,
And Arab camp-fire gave glass to all.
A little tea-kettle gave a dreamer
The thought that made railroad and steamer
The sun shadow on stone—the shade and light
Gave mankind the daguerreotype.
Talma gave Napoleon a trifling loan,
And millions fell with dying groan.
A duel trial founded Rome;
A cup of tea made Columbia's Home;
Old Sutter's saw mill on the range
The commerce of the world did change.
A golden apple caused the fall of Troy.
And paper kite from a Boston boy
Gave mankind the magnetic wire.
Showing trifles great things inspire.
So this Bastille outrage in this cell,
Will grind to powder the pulpit bell.
The silent grief breaks the steadfast will;
In depth of sea the waters are still.
You'll worship the chief in the grave-yard mould
When you discover that his lips are cold!
Vive la Commune!

THE CHIEF STRIKES OUT FROM THE SHOULDER.

I decline your counsel; your advice I despise;
Your God and your church is made up of lies.
If you mean action where nature dwells,
Follow your leader, as infidels.
Between falsehood and truth God gives you
Get up and work, let every man rejoice.
Work with brain, and hand and heart;
Get up, you sluggard, and act your part.
I mark your friendship in your frown.
Don't be so sure, they've got me down,
Away with sympathy and prayers,
You are unworthy the chief who dares
The born leader of the blue blood race,
Who dares to strike the church in the face
And choke this fact down its lying breath
Here's a man that's not afraid of death.

GRINDING THE PEOPLE INTO ACTION—FORWARD, MARCH!

Slave speech, slave press, slave church, slave trade!
See what Christian avarice made!
Presses destroyed! speakers mobbed! closed halls!
Nothing left of freedom but prison walls.
Let the vicious insult the pure;
Rich men tread upon the poor;
Kick them, curse them, grind them down,

Trodden worms will always turn,
But cowards only frown.
Death for death; life for life;
Hand on throat; knife to knife.
Vive la Commune!

Zouq et de Lisle, wrote La Marseillaise,
And made the revolution blaze,
So I am passing my college days.
Vive la Commune!

I look beyond the common crowd,
As sunshine pierces through a cloud;
Ye ring-made thieves prepare your shroud.
Vive la Commune!

How dare you look a man in the face
After four months in this Christian place?
Cowards and serfs, you kneel to God,
You crawl, you beg, you never trod
The soil of manhood. You only cry
To be a dog and eat, and lie.
Starve your children. Pay your priest,
Destroy your wife. Disgrace the beast,
God makes you the rich man's slave—
Got up and fight your life to save.
Vive la Commune!

*The lamp post! the lamp post! hear that cry.
You robbed the people, prepare to die,
You say you didn't, we say you lie.*

Viva la Commune!

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,

(Just before being sent to the Lunatic Asylum.)

The Tombs, Cell 56, Murderers' Row, March 1873.
(Fourteenth week.)

THE TOMBS LUNATIC ASYLUM.

Reporter.—Have you any new points to give us to-day, Mr. Train, or letters that we can copy?

Mr. Train.—There is a big mail this morning. Take anything you like, not marked private. There's a note with an Epigram reply from the radicals of Syracuse, and another from the great actress, the greatest in her line, Matilda Heron. She is very sensitive about the press, but I see nothing in the note but what tells to her credit.

A NOTE FROM CAMILLE, THE GREAT ACTRESS,
TO THE PRISONER OF STATE.

SUNDAY MORNING.

TOUCHING FINGERS THROUGH THE IRON GRATING.

Good Mr. Train—Here I am quietly pondering on the event of yesterday.

While I know that, as events go these times, nothing can surprise you, still my humble visit to your cell may require a few words of explanation.

Beyond your cross-barred gridiron boundary, where we had the liberal liberty of shaking fingers instead of hands, it was impossible for me to express the nature of my errand. I will endeavor to do so now.

Frankly and solemnly I beg to assert that it was for your advice.

The advice of a brother to a sister.

MATILDA HERON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Apart from the Divine belief which has been transmitted to me through the bitter crucible of sad experience, and which gives me the wondrous endowment of the sweet, peaceful nature, and almost childlike simplicity which I possess; still I am admonished by a certain fatality in my family to look to the material worldly welfare of my little Bijou (my daughter).

Now, you see, Mr. Train, about that business yesterday, concerning the publication of the history of my life, I am puzzled from head to foot. Sometimes discouraged and heart-sick in my battle against the stream, I say to myself: Matilda, suppose you take a back seat and go down foot? Then comes the ever-present silent voice, still whispering, "Go on!" And I am going on; and with heaven's help I shall keep going on. I have been 27 years on the route and am now convinced that I have only now found the right "Train" to reach my haven by.

I want your advice. Shall I publish this rigmarole about my life or shall I not? Of course there is a mint of money in it—dramatic, sensational, tragic, comic, farcical and otherwise. How could it escape success?

Lord, Lord, what one of the San Francisco reporters would give for it, if he had anything to do with it! What a grace-forsaken pack, eh? Why I could have bought a cart-load of them packed as thick as salted herring for the better earned wages of my week's laundrying by a ching-chon—John China—washerwoman.

THE SAN FRANCISCO PRESS UNDER A CLOUD.

Speaking of these ducks of the quill who pecked so mercilessly at the poor Heron. The chief of the roost, has just arrived here in the dignified escort of a U. S. officer as a creditor of \$30,000 (thirty thousand dollars) Government property. N. B.—Virtue is its own reward!

THE BOOK A TRIBUTE TO THOSE NO MORE AS WELL.

About this "History of my Life" even you may wonder, my fellow maniac as you are, that I would bestow so chaste a piece of truth to this corrupted world. I will tell you how I first contemplated it. Because it was suggested to me so frequently by those who, by sea and land half over the world, have been pleased to listen to the little pastime anecdotes of my curious life. Then, again, it is due to the dead, whose names are raked from their graves and daily sent to me by hand and post, couched in language meant to sting my already lacerated heart; but, praise to Heaven, only give me strength to more bravely bear my wounds!

Talk of obscene literature! May Heaven forgive my enemies! And if some day a black sheep should enter their fold, may the angel Charity stand at their door and conceal the skeleton! Aye! even in greater proportion than they are now exposing so cruelly my unfortunate recently deceased relatives! (This is my mode of dispensing Christian maxims!)

But, as I was saying about this publication—do, dear sir and friend, give me your advice, firmly believing that you are the only living friend I have on earth to turn to for it. The poor make no new friends, and the daisies have long since covered the last of those who so long and faithfully were such to me!

Thank Heaven that George Francis Train is still with us! Be pleased to convey to me your answer as early as convenient, as the publisher is awaiting my final decision.

TALKING WITH THE MURDERERS.

By the way, I had a pleasant little time with you all down there. With what a world of thought it has furnished my mind!

"Murderers' row!" Dear me, how we prate about justice being blind—and what has poor justice to do with the whole of it? It is we who are blind, who, through our stiff-necked ignorance, will not unseal our eyes and look out upon the truth.

I assure you, Mr. Train, I begin to fear that the greater part of our ills and evils in this world springs from the pernicious teachings, false examples and audacious ignorance of those who have the peace of our hearts, the purity of our lives, and the salvation of our souls in care.

THE INJUSTICE OF OUR CHRISTIAN SYSTEM.

Look at the example mothers give their daughters, and we wonder at the result. Look at our corner rowdies, and we wonder that our cells are packed. Look at our executions, and we wonder that the gallows has lost its terror! Just think of sending a man with all his "imperfections on his head" before his Maker with the *fal-de-rol* obituary that he died a penitent, while the poor wretch may—far from thinking of either his sins or his soul—have evinced his feelings at the sacred remembrance of some dear living or departed one no longer near to say a "good-bye" to him!

DOWN WITH THE BRUTAL GALLOWES.

Goodness me, is justice such a tyrant that a whole life passed in a jail will not appease her?

You see, I abhor capital punishment. Do please come out of your rat-hole down there, and scourge the infamy from our State at least!

After all, the whole swindle is but a seven-days' wonder, while servitude would be a life-time, life-long example.

But I am too prosy this morning, and shall afflict you no further. Ever grateful for your recent kindness to me in California, and sincerely gratified in the pleasure of your acquaintance, I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,
MATILDA HERON.
To MR. GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
Tombs Prison, N. Y. City.

MR. TRAIN'S EPIGRAM REPLY TO MATILDA HERON.

Had you chosen some bright and cheerful morn

Instead of wandering through the storm,

Your presence here in Murderers' Row,

Like the rest would have been to see the show.

But it was the impulse of a noble heart

That brought you to the Tombs to act your part.

One must suffer themselves to feel

The power to represent Camille.

And so my card, through the iron panel,

Let you talk with Simmons, Stokes and Scannell.

These Murderers down here in the Tombs

Are only individual Communes.

Your autobiography is sure to pay:

The world should know what made your hair so gray.

The private story of Matilda Heron's strife

With injustice will show a most eventful life.

But before the book, why not take the lecture stage

And recite the tale? Camille would be all the rage,

Commenced at the Cooper! astonish New York,

All the world would flock to hear the actress talk.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,

(Who held one thousand and thirty conventions of the people on successive nights, immense paid audiences on his way to the White House for liberty, and brought up in the Tombs at last for quoting the Bible. *Gloria in excelsis.*)

The Tombs, cell 56,
Murderers' Row, March 31st.

SYRACUSE DISCUSSES THE OUTRAGE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., March 29, 1873.

Dear Mr. Train—Your conduct at the present time commands the admiration of every lover of liberty in this country, and alarms the tyrannical church power that would enslave us all. Your imprisonment was the subject of discussion at our Radical Club last Sunday evening. We know you will triumph. Stand firm.

Faithfully yours,

H. L. GREEN,

Cor. Secretary Radical Club.

THE PRESS WAKING UP AT LAST.

P. S.—The Syracuse Courier has a fine editorial in your favor this morning. The public are waking up. You are the greatest "elephant" the young Christians ever had on their hands. Everybody thanks the Sun for shining on the Tombs.

H. L. G.

THE "LUNATIC'S" EPIGRAM REPLY,

H. L. G. and the Radical Club:

'Tis kind of you, my good friend Green,

To shake so warmly a hand "obscene."

If Syracuse is the Empire Hub,

Shake the State with your Radical club,

Well may the Radicals come to time.

The fight is theirs as well as mine

The complete destruction of the press

Will rouse the sluggards at last, I guess.

The hell-hounds still follow the Woodhull trail—

Under a hundred thousand dollars bail,

While for same offence, through some mischance,

I can go on my own recognizance!

A hundred thousand, says your Meredith Moore.

Bricklayers, are coming to break down my door.

While your press spits out its vile abuse

I shall take no stock in Syracuse.

It was rum, and preachers, wh—dom and malt

Turned Lot's wife into a pillar of salt.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,

(Who does not believe in Beecher's God).

The Tombs, Cell 56, Murderers' Row,
March 31.

NEW JERSEY TO THE RESCUE.

VINELAND, N. J., Saturday, March 29.

NEW JERSEY TO THE FRONT—DOWN WITH THE HYPOCRITES.
Glorious George Francis Train—When I wrote you this morning, I had not seen yesterday's Sun. Bless Tinnie C. Claplin for coming to welcome you at the Tombs, and glory to the fates that they and you have gone into partnership! Now your united efforts will shake the world as it has never been shaken yet, you will raise the Bastille, you will smash the Bible, you will abolish all this Christianity! Go ahead and do so! You helped them, and now they return their fitting compliment, and you and they become the complement. That was worthy of a bigger God than ever existed yet—to go back into the Bastille after they had dragged you out by force, go back to rot and die with the murderers, unless they could have justice done them! That will yet upheave the Tombs! Still more, to-morrow, shall I contrast Beecher and you! One the quintessence of mean selfishness, the other

the impersonation of chivalry and heroism! But I must stop. Good-bye!

Your own, forever (long as we last),

J. T.

THE CREDIT MOBILIER OF AMERICA.

NEW YORK, March 27, 1873.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN:

Dear Sir—Would you please give me your opinion of the "Credit Mobilier" and you would confer a favor on one of your well-wishers. Yours truly,

C. A. McCULLOUGH.

MR. TRAIN'S REPLY.

C. A. McC.

MY OPINION OF THE C. M.? CERTAINLY.

1. When I organized it in 1864, after building the U. P., I intended to develop American industry and stop five thousand million dollars importations, which propped up European thrones while starving American workmen.

2. As managed by the ring, it was a gigantic machine essential to show up the corruption of Congress and the rottenness of our present system. GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN, Founder of the C. M.

If a man's popularity and fame is measured by the autograph hunters, Mr. Train must be the sensation of the age, as his mail bag is crowded.

Here is one we note going over the country:

CHARLES P. BACON (Reportorial Department),
Care Hartford Courant.

Kind regards to Hawley, Goodrich & Co.
From the Bastille chief in Murderers' Row;
Hartford some fifty autographs has taken,
O how the Courant wishes to save its Bacon.

G. F. T.,

President M. C.

Reporter.—Has Judge Brady made any decision on the question of error in the Comstock indictment?

Mr. Train.—He informed Councillor Mott, I learn to-day, privately, that he thought it would hold, notwithstanding General Chatfield's argument; but nothing was said in open court; nor have I received any official notice of being taken there.

Reporter.—Has anything been done regarding the Lunacy Commission, Mr. Train?

Just at this point a note was handed to Mr. Train which he glanced at and handed to the reporter. (This was on the back in pencil.)

NOTE TO MR. MOTT.

Dear Mr. M.—Sick in bed; can't come down; nor shall I leave my cell again until free or forced into court. What have you done about King? He must have the open air soon or he is a dead man! Poor fellow, it is infamous to murder men legally and officially. G. F. T., Cell 56.

NOTE FROM COUNSELLOR MOTT.

TOMBS, March 31, 1873.

KING TO BE TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL TO SAVE HIS LIFE.

GEO. FRANCIS F. TRAIN, Esq.:

My Dear Sir—I found upon inquiry that application had been made to have King removed to hospital, and therefore it was quite unnecessary for me to send a letter.

THE COMMISSION DE LUNATICO ENQUIREND BEFORE JUDGE DALY.

I am sorrow you have decided not to "come down again unless free." I think you had better reconsider that and see me now, for they have already issued, returnable on Thursday night at four o'clock, by Chief-Justice Daly, of the Common Pleas Court, to test the question of your mental condition, and something must be done. I must talk with you in order to make necessary arrangements. If you cannot come down, I must come up to see you.

This matter will not do to go on without proper attention.

Very respectfully,

JOHN O. MOTT,

51 Chambers Street.

THE SHERIFF'S JURY.

At this point Mrs. General Chatfield came to the bars to say that General C. had just received a letter from Judge Daly, saying that Thursday, at three, a Sheriff's jury would be appointed to test the question of lunacy, and we learned subsequently that Counsellor Mott and the General, who have taken up this matter on behalf of the people and the liberty of the citizen, held a conference on the matter. Several distinguished counsel have proffered their services, and the trial bids fair to be the most extraordinary on record. Clark Bell, Esq., Mr. Train's private lawyer, has also entered the field on behalf of the people in earnest.

THE LAWYERS COMING TO THE RESCUE OF THE "LUNATIC."

OFFICE OF TITUS & JORDAN,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
19 Nassau Street, New York,
Monday, March 31, 1873.

My Dear Train—

OPEN THE DOOR TO YOUR FRIENDS.

I cannot understand why it is that you persistently ignore my proffered kindness and good-will toward you. You seemed to have tabooed all professional advice and friendship, as if lawyers were proverbially treacherous.

I have labored to impress you that within my bosom there beats a heart, warm with grateful emotions, and, toward you in particular a tie produced by former associations, that can never be broken. I am indignant at the harsh and unbecoming treatment daily visited upon you by those arrayed in a "little brief authority."

THE INFAMY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

They deprive you of liberty; and now seek to destroy the consciousness of your individuality. They send medical men to torture you with theories which science can never

explore, and are but, at best, crude speculations of men, who, by their practice, have gangrened the world with temporizing expedients.

RING THE ALARM BELLS—HOIST THE DANGER SIGNALS.

My dear, kind friend, will you listen to those who would roll back this tide of Christian persecution? I feel, for one, you must be vindicated by strong hands and bold hearts. I do want to test this inconsequential surface reasoning of these bold innovators.

HERE ME FOR THE CAUSE.

When your cause comes to be tried upon this Commission of Lunacy, will you allow me to act as your friend and adviser? Tell me—you whose body is imprisoned, and whose mind, with its noble aspirations and scientific research, they seek to destroy, because you stand in the front ground of that cause which seeks to emancipate the world—tell me, will you allow me to stand by you and offer you the consolations of unpurchased friendship. If so, let me hear from you and I will immediately come to see you.

I want to test Dr. Hammond's theories by a practical exhibition of your own ability to demonstrate their falsity.

Your friend,

J. PARKER JORDAN,
of Titus & Jordan.

MR. TRAIN'S EPIGRAM REPLY.

J. P. J.—

My good friend, you must not grieve
"Hard work getting over Jordan, I believe"—
You yourself in prison would stick,
If you had your enemy, Titus, a brick.
(Is it necessary to explain that pun?)
Dying in a vault is such Christian fun!)
General Chatfield and lawyer Mott,
As private citizens, have cast their lot
With mine, and have commenced the war
In this struggle for liberty and law.
The field is wide, the laborers few.
See them and organize a Waterloo, too.
Shall be glad to see you in my cell.
You fought the Woodhull battle well.
If the court is sane in its Beecher hive,
I am the maddest man alive.

Geo. Francis Train

P. S.—Suppose you call at Twenty Nassau
And see Clark Bell, Attorney-at-Law,
He drove the Union Pacific team,

And says he intends to run this machine.—G. F. T.

(The Champion Lunatic, who proposes to boss the Asylum.)
Cell 56, the Tombs, Murderer's Row.

NOTE, WITH A BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET.

THE NATIONAL RAILWAY COMPANY,
96 Liberty Street, New York, April 2, 1873.

Dear Mr. Train—Please accept these flowers, with my regards.
CHAS. K. SEAMAN (on behalf of a lady).

THE RUSH IN BOSTON FOR "THE WEEKLY."

(Extract from a Private Letter.)

Boston, April 1, 1873.

Live forever!—I have read Mr. Train's inimitable productions in Mrs. Woodhull's WEEKLY. I had got the paper of her agent, under the Adams House, in Washington street, early this morning, for I expected it would contain something good. I could scarcely wait for the paper to arrive, so great was my suspense. * * * E. B. T.
No. 4 Montgomery Place.

MRS. WOODHULL:

Dear Friend—I want to be your agent here for the sale of Mr. T.'s book. If you can let me have them in ten days' or two weeks' time, I can remit you the money in advance. I am satisfied the book will go off like hot cakes. I should want posters in advance, to get up a sensation, and then bill the city with the Train ordinance. I have your last paper. Splendid! You do right, and I glory in your pluck. I tried to see you when you were at Parker's, before you delivered your last lecture. * * * T. B. J. ELLIOTT.

GENERAL DIX AND CISCO TO BE SUPPRESSED.

(Note from Mr. Train's Private Counsel.)

Law Offices of Bell, Bartlett & Wilson,
No. 20 Nassau St., April 2, 1873.

Dear Geo. Francis Train—I have received the following notice from the District Attorney:
City and County of New York,
District Attorney's Office.

The People vs. G. F. Train.

Indictment for Publishing Obscene Literature.

Clark Bell, Esq., Counsel, etc.: Dear Sir.—Please take notice the investigation as to the sanity of the above-named defendant will take place before Chief Justice Daly and a jury, on Thursday, April 3, 1873, at 11 o'clock, A.M., in the Court of Common Pleas, in the New Court-house.

Yours very truly,

BENJ. K. PHELPS,
District Attorney.

New York, April 1, 1873.

I have subpoenaed our family physicians—Dr. Marcy and Dr. White—some of the Credit Foncier people, probably Governor Dix, John J. Cisco, and Kountze, the banker; Dr. Ralph C. Parsons, Warden Johnson, Commissioner Isaac Bell, General Husted, James Haswell, of the Health Commissioners, and others. I hope your health is improving.
Truly, etc., CLARK BELL.

PROCLAMATION.

Given from this our Island of Barrataria, in the nineteenth century of the Christian Era.

To all the families, tribes, natives and peoples of the earth, Greeting:

WHEREAS, it having pleased our trusty and well-beloved Religio-Philosophical Society of the United States, in

the plenitude of its wisdom and the ripe development of its experience, to issue the following notice, to wit:

"The Religio-Philosophical Society has granted a letter of fellowship, on the 20th of March, 1873, to Sister Sophia Woods, of Burlington, Vt., constituting her a regular minister of the gospel, and authorizing her to solemnize marriage according to law. Also, on the 22d March, 1873, to Brother Warren Woodson, of Dansville, New York."

THEREFORE WE, SANCHEO THE FIRST, of the Island of Barrataria, desire all our loving lieges to give good heed to the same, and We furthermore commend all priests, Christian, Mohammedan, Brahministic, Buddhist or Pagan, to receive into loving communion all people whatsoever, who may be indorsed as speakers, teachers, binders and loosers, or undertakers, by the aforesaid Religio-Philosophical Society of the United States.

AND WHEREAS, it having come to our ears that there are a number of male and female scoundrels teaching without authority from the aforesaid Society, and aiming to overturn the present cheerful, happy, singularly truthful and eminently moral condition of the human family, by instituting industrial, financial, legal, physical, social and other reforms—

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE to all such malcontents to betake themselves as speedily as may be convenient to the place of meeting of the aforesaid Religio-Philosophical Society, there to beseech it to arm them with proper authority before they again open their mouths for the purpose of edifying the great family of mankind:

Whosoever neglects to obey this proclamation in any particular will not fail to incur Our high displeasure.

Signed and sealed in, and promulgated from our Spanish Castle, in the Island of Barrataria, by US, "Gubernator et Pontifex Maximus," of the same. SANCHEO.

LAURA CUPPY SMITH.

The following letter, written over a year since by one whom all who know her love, is strikingly characteristic of the purity of purpose by which she is governed. Such people can bear to stand unveiled before the world. It finds a place in these columns unknown to the writer, who we hope will pardon us for bringing it before the public; and if she do not, the better understanding it will give to the world of one of its noblest characters will compensate us for any censure she may lay at our door. The subject of it is sufficient explanation:

No. 257 WEST FIFTEENTH STREET,
February 28, 1872.

DOCTOR —:

Dear Sir—Your letter of February 23d duly received. I perused with some surprise your sentiments with regard to my retention of Mr. Cuppy's name. In reply I beg to state, that at the time of my marriage with Mr. Smith, I attempted to dispense with it, but from the hills of New England and the quiet homesteads of the middle States to the flowery valleys of the Pacific and beneath the shadows of the Sierras, I was known as Laura Cuppy and had made the name respected. Through me, at least, it has never been associated with cowardice or baseness in word or deed, and the public have refused to call me by any other. I at first requested Chairmen to introduce me as Laura Smith, and in doing so they would invariably add "better known to you as Laura Cuppy;" my letters would come from the post-office with Cuppy added by the clerk—in short, such confusion resulted from the efforts to disentangle myself from a name, certainly the reverse of euphonious, that I abandoned the attempt. You express a fear lest the retention of the name may disturb the harmony of my domestic relations. In response to that clause in your letter, permit me to say that Mr. Smith and myself regret exceedingly that we submitted to the mockery of a "legal marriage," or that I followed in any sort a custom "more honored in the breach than the observance" by taking his name at all. If I thought that Mr. Smith could not accept me with all my antecedents, memories and predilections, I would not live with him an hour.

Secondly. You think that I owe it to your friend, "in common generosity, to relinquish his name." I must confess that I am too obtuse to see why I should abandon a name that I have brought into some slight note and repute in a country where the judge was never heard of, and by which I am known to the general public, because Mr. Cuppy is occasionally questioned regarding his relation to myself, especially when I accord him *carte blanche* to respond in any way he thinks proper. When I left for California, I should have resumed the name of McAlpine, from choice, as that borne by my beloved living children; but in order to do so, I should have been compelled to insert a card of explanation in the *Banner*, which, at —, would have pained Mr. Cuppy exceedingly; therefore I abstained—a weakness and forbearance to which I am indebted for this very unpleasant correspondence.

Thirdly. You find yourself called upon to explain, and sometimes even to "prevaricate in my behalf." I beg you, my dear sir, to do so no more. The truth, and the whole truth, is my best vindication. I have recently filled an engagement, to my own and my friends' entire satisfaction, in Port Huron, Michigan, and I presume the curiosity of that entire community is quite satisfied. For the rest, my whole life is at the world's service, and will one day be published. I am not ashamed of any part of it, having always lived out my highest convictions at the times of action. Therefore, when in retrospect I discern much in my past betraying the crude impulses and imperfection of an unformed character, I regret nothing and repent nothing, noting as I do the steady growth and progress of a truth-loving and undimmed soul—Godward. If, during my life with Mr. Cuppy, he, in living out his nature, occasioned me

untold anguish, I yet have attained, through that experience, a growth of soul that I could not otherwise have reached. If, in living out my sacred convictions, I wounded his feelings and crucified his pride, doubtless the law of compensation will not be powerless in his behalf.

That I still love all that is beautiful and divine in your friend's nature—and there is much—and remember as the object of my once blind and utter devotion, and the father of the three little sons I went into the valley of death itself to bring him, is to me so natural and beautiful a thing, that I should as soon think of apologizing for God as of concealing or blushing for it. Mr. Smith knows all this, and to his credit be it spoken honors me for it. In this age of hypocrisy and lies, where every second soul you meet wears a mask and lives a sham, it is good to walk unveiled before God and man. You conclude by saying that Mr. Cuppy "still retains an interest in your welfare." If he could forget the woman who lavished upon him such love as comes but once in a life, who poured out freely the life blood of a heart whose "very sands were gold" at his feet—if he could do this, he were less than man. But enough of this; he best knows what I have been and am, in the silence of his soul he will do me justice. Those who have once loved, even though forever divided by circumstances, habits and connections, must remember tenderly their past, if they are not degraded or infamous, and can rise above the petty jealousy and hate of vulgar minds. In the life beyond I hope you will learn to estimate more truly the motives and character of

LAURA CUPPY SMITH.

MR. BEECHER AND "PROMISCUITY."

If I understand Mrs. Woodhull's views on free love, they are to this effect: If Mr. Beecher meets Mrs. Willis, and they both find a strong tendency toward each other, a strong affinity for each other—sexual affinity—they have the right of every law of love to meet upon that plane of love; that is, they have the right to enjoy each other sexually for the pleasure and profit [it is said where affinity is perfect between two persons that intercourse is a great builder-up of the brain and nerves and tissues of the body] to be obtained thereby; also, if he meet half-a-dozen women between himself and whom this same tendency or affinity seems to be present, the same law that gave him the right in the first instance gives it in the other six. The law that makes sexual intercourse between two persons right is the law of reciprocation. If both have the same strong sexual desire to meet for the highest pleasure on the selfish sexual plane, this strong desire is the law that gives the right. This may be promiscuity, but not prostitution. Prostitution is the yielding of woman to man's desire without reciprocating the same pleasure or desire; and this is what most marriages are; there may be some exceptions. Promiscuity where sexual affinity is present never is productive of sexual disorders; while prostitution, which is the absence of sexual affinity, is continually producing the most loathsome disease.

For proof of the former is the undiseased condition of the members of the Oneida Community; for proof of the latter, see the sanitary laws respecting the social evil in St. Louis, and inquire of any physician in cities who makes the diseases of houses of infamy a speciality.

SHAMEFACEDNESS.

The reason why the people object to the public discussion of the subject of the sexual relations is because they have abused these highest functions of their natures. They have used these powers for excessive pleasure—pleasure that has been no pleasure but physical and mental prostration, or they have been used where there was no sexual affinity. The unnatural use of any faculty will produce an unnatural mental condition, and the unnatural use of amateness has produced a feeling of shame for the mention of these faculties. Use every faculty as nature's laws dictate, and no shame will be the result; but we will be able to talk of them all and their uses in perfect freedom from shame.

M. T. H.

The WEEKLY may be obtained from the following persons and at the following places:

At all the prominent Newsdealers in New York.
In Boston, at the Adams House, and at No. 107 Hanover street.

In Charlestown, Mass., at 165 Bunker Hill st.
In Worcester, Mass., at the Post Office.
In Springfield, of Powers Paper Co.
In Albany, N. Y., at 498 Broadway.
In Utica, at Lowell's News Depot.
In Rochester, N. Y., 58 Buffalo st.
In Philadelphia, 918 Spring Garden st.
In Pittsburgh, from Pittsburgh News Co.
In Cleveland, Ohio, at 16 Woodland ave.
In Detroit, of P. P. Field, Fisher's Block.
In Cincinnati, at 164 Vine st.
In Louisville, Ky., at 310 Market st.
In Kokomo, Ind., from Joseph Maudlin.
In Battle Creek, Mich., from E. R. Smith.
In Wilmington, Del., at 313 Market st.
In Providence, R. I., at the Tillinghast and Mason News Co.

In Terre Haute, from A. H. Dooley.
In Chicago, at 341 W. Madison st.
In St. Louis, Mo., at 614 N. Fifth st.
In Kansas City, Mo., at Kansas City News Co.

THE PAGAN BIBLE, by George Francis Train, in press and will shortly be issued. The greatest and most excitingly interesting book of the ages. Agents wanted all over the United States. Sent by mail. Twenty-five cents per copy; or, Fifteen dollars a hundred, C. O. D.

Send in your orders to

WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & CO.
49 Broad st., New York

THE MAGNETIC HEALING INSTITUTE,

No. 544 Third Avenue,
NEW YORK CITY.

This Institute, organized upon the combined principles of
CLAIRVOYANCE,
MAGNETISM and
MEDICINE,

Makes a specialty of all those diseases, which, by the Medical Faculty, are usually considered incurable. Among these may be mentioned
PARALYSIS,

SCROFULA,

RHEUMATISM,

DYSPEPSIA,

EPILEPSY,

CHOREA,

NEURALGIA,

CHRONIC DIARRHOEA,

Diseases of the Liver, Spleen and Kidneys, and especially

BRIGHT'S DISEASE,

AND

All Diseases Peculiar to Women.

In this last class of complaints some of the most extraordinary discoveries have recently been made, which surmount the difficulties that have heretofore stood in the way of their cure. That terrible foe to human life,

CANCER,

Is also conquered by a very simple, but recently-discovered remedy, which by chemical action upon the diseased fungus causes it to separate from the surrounding parts and to slough off, leaving behind only a healing sore.

The peculiar advantage which the practice at this Institution possesses over all others is, that in addition to all the scientific knowledge of Medical Therapeutics and Remedial Agents, which the Faculty have, it also has the unerring means of diagnosing diseases through

CLAIRVOYANCE,

As well as the scientific administration of **ANIMAL AND SPIRITUAL MAGNETISM** in all their various forms.

The Best Clairvoyants and Magnetic Operators are Always Employed.

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

In addition to the cure of disease, Clairvoyant consultations upon all kinds of business and upon all forms of social affairs can also be obtained.

The very best of reference given to all who desire it, both as to disease and consultations.

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

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

All letters should be addressed,

MAGNETIC HEALING INSTITUTE,

544 Third Avenue, New York City.

Testimonials.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels Cured.

NEW YORK, July 20, 1870.

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

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

Spring Valley, N. Y.

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.

JOHN FOX.

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