

WOODHULL & CLARFLIN'S WEEKLY.

PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT! UNTRAMMELED LIVES!

BREAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 19, 1878.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

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LOANER'S BANK
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,
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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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Railroad, thus connecting that city by a direct line of
road with the metropolis.

Its length is 42 miles, its cost about \$42,000 per mile,
and it is mortgaged for less than \$12,000 per mile; the
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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

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Bills of Exchange on the Imperial Bank of London,
National Bank of Scotland, Provincial Bank of Ire-
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Deposit accounts received in either Currency or
Coin, subject to Check at sight, which pass through
the Clearing House as if drawn upon any city bank;
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,

19 and 21 NASSAU 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-
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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 14,000 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 not 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.



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.

THE INTERNATIONAL.

A meeting of the Federal Council (American) was held on Sunday, the 6th inst., at No. 129 Spring street, Citizen Madox in the chair.

Citizen West was appointed Secretary *pro tem*.

Preliminary business having been transacted, Citizen West, from the committee appointed for the purpose, reported the following address from—

THE FEDERAL COUNCIL (AMERICAN BRANCH) OF THE I. W. A.
To the General Congress convened to meet in Switzerland during the month of May:

CITIZENS—We send fraternal greeting, and congratulate you upon the happy auspices under which you assemble as a true representative body, free from the imposition of the despotic will of a self-constituted leadership. We would be glad to be represented by a delegate of our own, but the work at home requires the active presence of all our members.

The correspondence received from the Secretaries of the St. Imier Congress, held Sept. 15, 1872, informs us that our European co-laborers desire to learn our views in reference to the existing conditions and policy and future prospects of the association. We have heretofore made known our opinions by published addresses and resolutions and private communications. Perhaps the distance that separates us and intervening difficulties have combined to prevent their reception and diffusion. We now repeat them.

The principles of the association, all the world over, must, of course, be identical. Rights and duties are equal and reciprocal. To each human being, according to his or her needs, belongs the right to labor. Upon each human being, according to his or her capacities, devolves the duty to labor. There are no exceptions from this rule. "No rights without duties, no duties without rights." But inasmuch as human beings have other rights, such for instance, as those which relate to their secular education, insurance against sickness and the infirmities attending declining years, the free use of all collective facilities of exchanging products, and a voice or vote in the framing and administration of the rules or laws by which their several relations are recognized and their business transacted, the special work of emancipating the laboring classes (so-called), is found upon trial to embrace a much larger field of duty, it being nothing more nor less than an entire reconstruction of society upon the basis of a complete social and political equality. Thus the purpose of the association must be everywhere the same.

But the means of accomplishing our purpose must necessarily differ according to surrounding conditions and circumstances. In our judgment, complete Internationalization can only be effected by thorough Nationalization, or a full recognition of the principle underlying THE COMMUNE. Here, in strict conformity to our political conditions, we limit our measures as follows:

1. To the Nationalization of labor, and of land, and of the instruments of production; which includes the crystallized products of the labor of the past which have been converted into what has been called "labor-saving machinery," and also includes the mines, water courses, and public roads, and other means of transporting products, merchandise and passengers.
2. The Nationalization of money by which we mean that Government shall issue money as evidence of indebtedness for labor that it employs, and for no other purpose.
3. The Nationalization of education.
4. The Referendum, which includes the Popular Initiative, as understood and exercised in Switzerland.
5. The encouragement of co-operative workingmen's associations, with a view to the supersession of capitalistic domination.

We ignore the subjects of religion and of taxation, and we mean the ultimate transformation of our form of government from a republic to a democracy.

But we do not desire to dictate to our European brethren. Where a large landed aristocracy exists, and the suffrage is limited (albeit the same end could be effected by other methods more directly and cheaply under a system of universal suffrage), monopolies may be taxed out of existence, and possibly the transition from Absolutism to Democracy must be *via* the Republic.

Of the means best adapted to the attainment of our primary object, the members of the association in the several

nationalities must determine for themselves. When in any two nations we have succeeded in effecting a common purpose, there will be inevitably a fusion or rushing together that nothing can prevent, and that no law will be required to consummate. Speed the time, therefore, when in every State there shall be no political distinctions of sex, or race, or religion, and when its Government shall be to labor a protecting Providence, equitably supervising every branch of industry, commerce and insurance upon the basis of equality for all in lieu of privileges to a few.

With regard to future prospects, the signs of the times are propitious. Events do more for us than we are able to do for ourselves. Political equality of right, irrespective of class and race and sex, is already the law of the land, albeit it is not yet accepted by nor fully conceded in practice to women. Social distinctions exist as a consequence of unjust laws enacted by corrupt legislators. There is, however, a growing dislike to irresponsible legislation on account of such corruption. This dislike may soon take the shape and form of new party, having for its object a limitation of the powers of the legislator and a revocation of the grants or charters to private companies, which have resulted in so many unindurable monopolies. We shall take sides with such a party, and in this all classes of the people will join us. We shall succeed in our object and Government will be forced to begin the exercise of its true function. There are also appearances of a general "strike" in the coming summer. Out of "strikes" come sometimes partial successes, but always even if they fail, that experience which, even if it be bitter as gall, is prolific of other and more efficient organizations. We welcome and help the "strikers," therefore, for that reason.

And now that the General Council created by the Hague Congress has been repudiated at home and abroad, there is renewed hope of the formation of new sections. We trust that the Congress will provide a new Agency, which will be strictly executive and not legislative, and that will be acceptable to all the nationalities. Simply as a means of ascertaining, proclaiming and supervising the execution of the will of the entire body over affairs of general concernment, such an Agency is indispensable; but its members should be nominated and their appointment subsequently confirmed by the several nationalities co-operating. The Capitol, so to speak, or head-quarters and place of transacting business, should be located nearest to the safest and speediest centre of communicating with the most numerous nationalities, which, in our judgment, was and is London, England.

William West,
C. Osborne Ward, } Committee.
Hugh McGregor,

Citizen Herbert, General Corresponding Secretary, reported that he had received the following address from the Spanish Federal Council:

TO THE AMERICAN FEDERAL COUNCIL, SPRING ST., N. Y.
NO. 204.

Companions—We call your attention to our Circular No. 8 which we publish in No. 7 of our Bulletin.

We are persuaded that you will do what is possible to bring it to the knowledge of all the sections which form your regional federation, and we hope you will give us your opinion upon said circular.

We desire to keep and continue binding relations to co-operate to the practical working people's solidarity, which must lead us in the triumph of the social revolution.

Receive the fraternal greeting of those who say, "Anarchy and Collectivism."

FRANCISCO THOMAS,
Cor. Sec. of the Spanish F. C.
Horno del Vidrio, No. 6. 3.

ALCOY, Feb. 27, 1873.

CIRCULAR.

TO ALL INTERNATIONALISTS.

Companions—An unexpected change in the politics of the middle class has produced a transformation of the personalities in the governmental organization of the corrupt Bourgeoisie, in consequence of the ruinous state of property and of the civil war fomented by the fanatic partisans of inquisition and of absolute royalty which neither must nor can exist any longer.

The result of this change in Bourgeois politics, although in changing much in point of view of forms, has not produced anything better within the centralizing and authoritative organization, than the downfall of Amadeus and the proclamation of the Republic by those same men, who a day before praised and exalted the goodness and perfections of Monarchy.

We have seen with satisfaction the above mentioned change, not for the guarantees it can give to the working class, always exploited and deceived by the bourgeois governments, but because the Republic is, as we may say, the last farce of that bourgeoisie, the last means they have got at their disposal for the speculators of the fruits of our labor; besides, it will be the complete disillusion for those of our brethren who have hoped and expect from governments the amelioration of their fate and who do not comprehend that the political, religious and economic emancipation of the working class must be the work of the workers themselves.

Hence we workers, eternal soldiers of progress—we who in all times have always shed our blood for the conquest of political rights—we are the determined defenders of the liberty of progress and of the regeneration of all the slaves, because we need to free and regenerate ourselves. It is for this that we think that the duty of each and all of us workers consists in always marching forward without deviating from the road of revolution; passing over all the obstacles that the individuals whom, in the supreme instincts of the people's lives, in the great crisis of the present social organization, alone

pronounce the word "Order!" which in their mouths signifies nothing else but the continuation of immoral stock-jobbing, the causes of slavery, ignorance and misery, which weigh upon the working class. Therefore must we combat all those who, calling themselves either Republicans, Democrats or Socialists, do not desire the complete and radical transformation of the actual society, keep back by all possible means the accession of justice, and seek to coax the workers with some palliative to prevent them from continuing their vigorous and energetic march toward revolution.

This Federal Committee, neither pretend nor wish to impose its opinions, nor to chalk out the line of conduct to be followed to those who represent the sovereignty of the Spanish Regional Federation, who have entrusted it with the works of correspondence and statistics. We, the champions of complete individual liberty and autonomy of all sections and federations, do not seek to lead nor inspire our brother workers, because the grand work of emancipation of wages-slaves cannot be lead nor executed only by the spontaneous action of the workers themselves; action resulting from identity of aspirations and interests.

Unity of action is indispensable to deliver us from political and economic servitude which lie heavy upon us.

Whereas, then, that the emancipation of the workers must come from themselves during this period of relative liberty which allows us the natural rights of association and of meetings, we believe that some meetings of workingmen of all trades would be of great importance to discuss the line of conduct to be observed in the circumstances and during the unavoidable political and social crisis which may take place.

Now, more than ever, propaganda and organization in our association are necessary to exchange by a mutual correspondence the opinions of the local Federations, so as to arrive, by an efficacious co-operation, to the triumph of the great social revolution, which, in elevating labor to its deserving height, shall terminate forever that infamous speculation of man by man, and shall give to each the integral product of his labor.

We believe that it is necessary to apply in all its purity the system of free federative organization adopted by the Congress of Cordova, to put us in the condition to obtain promptly a reduction of the hours of labor and vindicate the autonomy of the natural groups, of the municipalities and of the free districts or communes; so that the social revolution be completely independent of all authoritative power, which shall produce as a logical consequence the social liquidation of the present institutions, and naturally continue without shock, the revolutionary march toward the gradual realization of felicity and well-being of all humans.

We believe that the principal base of the revolution which we recognize, consists in the complete decentralization or total destruction of authoritative powers, eternal enemies of progress, liberty and justice.

We believe that the hour has at last arrived for all internationalists to make a supreme effort of devotion and activity in propaganda to bring all workingmen, till now indifferent, to form new sections and to increase the number of those already formed; the more numerous, the more powerful and invincible shall we be. We demand the transformation of individual property of the land and of the great instruments of labor into collective property.

We demand the destruction of all privileges and monopolies.

We demand integral education.

We must hasten the triumph of anarchy and collectivism by the destruction of all the authoritative powers and class monopolies, so that we shall have no more popes, kings, nobilities, bourgeois, priests, soldiers, lawyers, judges, attorneys, recorders, sheriffs, nor politicians of any shade. But in their stead, a universal federation composed of free trades unions of all sorts of industries and agriculture.

We shall attain this aim by solidarity of revolutionary action between all the workingmen of the world. It will become an accomplished fact if we persevere in the propaganda of the radical revolutionary ideas and in the organization of the forces of all the sons of toil.

Companions, by activity, propaganda and organization sincerely revolutionary, the triumph is certain. Long may live the I. W. A.!

The above address was unanimously adopted.

It was reported that the gas-stokers were on a strike, and a Committee was appointed to wait on the strikers, and advise with them as to the best course to be pursued under the circumstances, and a resolution was offered by Citizen Carsey to appoint a committee of three to petition the Legislature to authorize the Common Council to purchase the gas works of the several gas companies and supply the people with gas at cost, under the provisions of the eight-hour law.

After the transaction of other business of a private character, the Council adjourned.

WILLIAM WEST,
Secretary, *pro tem*.

VOX POPULI, VOX DEI.

ONTARIO, WAYNE CO., N. Y., March 15, 1873.

My Dear Mrs. Woodhull and Sister—For months past I have watched with anxious eye and bated breath the farce being played in New York city, that Sodom of America. What will other nations think of the disgraceful conduct of the officials there? Can they ever see themselves as others see them? Uncle Sam at war with a couple of weak vessels. Are you of Southern blood and ire? I ask because a Federal soldier told me, during the war, that "Southern women were

the (where is Comstock?) d—dest rebs. that he had found," and added: "When we whip the men we shall have to come back and whip the women too before we have peace." I think by the number of blue fellows after you that you must be a rebel of the deepest dye. The best (?) government under the sun pitted against two women! But "let us have peace," by all means. Where is the manhood of the North? asleep, or wool-gathering? Is there no chivalry or kindness in Northern editors and journalists that you two must stem the tide alone, or are they ignobly waiting till success perches upon your banner to join the hue and cry—"I told you so?" I shall ever honor the names of those who have so boldly stood by you. Be as hopeful as you are brave and courageous; the issue at stake is so mighty. Ah! there is where the shoe pinches; editors and journalists realize that we stand upon the brink of a mighty precipice; one step more and the sceptre departs from man, his lordly power will sink to dust, women shall assert their individual self-possession in that day and trample under foot the tattered rag so long floating to the world's breeze, inscribed "Here's my woman, I command and she obeys." Understand me, I have no petty spite against men. I yield to no woman in true respect and esteem for all that is noble true and worthy in man—and I do reverence a good man—but I shall hail the day when equal rights are given to both halves of one perfect whole.

I was so glad to see Mrs. E. A. Merriweather defend you as she did. More than she remembers the vile slanders heaped upon Southern women, and millions know their falsity. I defy the world to produce a nation of more chaste and virtuous women. The slanders published and circulated here were in strange keeping with the angry oaths of the soldiers quartered upon us, when they learned that in many places there couldn't be a "harlot" found. Where is that saintly paragon of purity—Comstock? I hope he won't have me arrested for obscenity. Never give up! You have set the ball in motion, thanks to the eternal spirit of (naked) truth; time, nor tide, nor powers, nor principalities can stop it. If the powers that be (dignified Uncle Sam and puritanical Comstock) should crush the life out of your frail body, what then, Victoria? Countless victories will rise over your sacred dust, for that very act will arm women to the teeth.

"Alas! why a genius forever at strife
With the world, which despite the world's self, it enables?
Why is it that genius perplexes and troubles
And offends the effete life it comes to renew?
'Tis the terror of truth, 'tis that genius is true."

I am glad, yes, proud, that women lead this movement, since it is a womanly course, but our brother man should not forget that we rise or fall, sink or swim together. I know of men who read your famous Nov. 2 issue themselves, but said they would not have their wives and daughters read it. Why? Do men retain their sway by such a brittle thread that one single copy of any paper can snap it? If power is so sweet to them (and they hug it tenaciously) why blame us for wishing, Eve-like, to taste the sweet morsel? If liberty is so precious that men will fight to the death for it, why should it not be precious to women?

I only regret that sickness prevented my expressing my sympathy with you all long ago; meanwhile I have wafted upward many a prayer for your triumphant success, and now in closing, I waft you my blessing and my prayers.

Yours, for justice and truth (even naked),

Mrs. H. M. L. MILLINGTON.

812 NORTH TENTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 23, 1873.

Victoria, My Beloved Sister—Again, at the bidding of angels, do I open the window of my soul, and send forth to greet you this little white-winged messenger freighted with the dews of heaven's pure love and the sincere affection of a heart that would ever be loyal to those sacred truths that emanate from the higher life and are promulgated through your lips to the children of earth.

I am glad to know that you are once more flitting over the land, and may good angels soon guide your weary but unfaltering feet to this so-called City (oh, shade of William Penn, where art thou?) of "Brotherly Love."

You are the first brave enough to disrobe the truth of its garment of error, and present it to the world as it came direct from the hands of that great architect, nature, and you ought to be sustained hereafter in the lecture field. There is nothing like the magnetic presence of the living, thrilling human voice to awaken the people to a sense of neglected duty.

The mighty voices of heaven proclaim the truth and wisdom of your teachings.

Did ever anybody hear of such a thing as forced love? If not, then all who are free lovers, and those who declare that they are not free lovers, declare at the same time that they have never loved. Angels pity a loveless life!

But because they do not love, does it signify that the right is given them to say that others shall not exercise that most lovely of all divinely-bestowed attributes? If the spirit of holiness dwells within us we have nothing to fear, for where the soul leadeth no harm can come.

When people are educated to understand that love in its highest sense is freedom, and its ultimate perfect rest—that it is an expression of the holiest thoughts and feelings of which the soul divine is capable, then the beautiful name "free love" will not be left trailing in the path of ignorance, but will be written in letters more precious than gold upon the hearts of every household—cherished and protected there, because of the blessed peace and happiness it brings to all. Angels speed the day!

Were you, Victoria, as degraded as some would have you, it would be impossible for you to attract as you do the soul-love of thousands. You must have the elements which produce such love within yourself to a great extent, or you could not call it forth from so many hearts.

Dear beloved sister, searching deeply into the soul of things, I have found the rich treasures of your noble nature.

I listen to the voice of your loving soul as it falls on my spirit like the far-away echo of forgotten music. Oh, tell me not that I am mistaken in its tone of tender sadness, yet devoted courage as it sings to me this sweet refrain. I would worship ever at thy shrine, oh, spirit of purity and of truth! I would follow thee to the summit of life's joys; I would descend with thee into the very depths of infamy. I fear no evil, for thou art ever with me!

With deep and abiding love for thee and thine, I remain as ever, your sister,
LESSIE GOODELL STEINMETZ.

103 BELL TERRACE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, England, }
March 14, 1873.

My Dear Sister Victoria—I have to acknowledge the papers you sent me, with thanks. What else can I say? I shall make you a more substantial acknowledgment when I get to America.

I would praise you (as I sympathize with you in my heart for your present suffering), but "to gild refined gold, to paint the lily, to throw a perfume o'er the violet is wasteful and ridiculous excess!" Every one of the words I herein pen to you, breathes a living language which you may as easily feel as read. I am yours in the highest, noblest and purest sense conceivable, and should like to risk my life in defence of yours, in the crusade you have begun against bigotry, dirt, disease, confusion and all wrong. Fidelity and Truthful join me in these expressions of love and sympathy to you. God bless you! Angels guard you! And so it shall be.

Woe be to him who shall hurt one hair of your head! Better that a millstone were hung about his neck, and that he were cast into the sea.

There are a goodly number of Spiritualists here, chiefly, however, of that stamp who are ever hunting after "phenomena," but there is no union among them and less love. We seem to increase in numbers daily, but when these converts are wanted for any good or practical purpose, they become invisible like the fellowship of the departed whom they are ever invoking.

My dear sister Victoria, I am ever, most truly, your affectionate brother,
HUGH McLEOD, M. D.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 11, 1872.

Ladies Woodhull and Claplin—Your staunch and fearless advocate of human rights, the WEEKLY, was received to-day direct from the office of publication, unconquered and unsurpassed, by which I infer that my last letter was received; and inclosed please find \$5, which credit to my account as follows: \$2 toward the WEEKLY, and \$3 for photographs of yourselves and Col. Blood, which forward per return of mail, and let me know how my account stands, and thereby learning of the safe arrival of this. I will forward more in my next; and you will please also not only place my name upon your life subscribers, but if the publication of your paper is again interrupted by your enemies and occasion require it, I will hold myself in readiness to be one of twenty-five, fifty or more Liberals to go to your assistance, set your type and print your paper, while our assistance is needed, without money or price, and thereby teach the gold-worshipping, priest-ridden and money-bought persecutors around you, that the time has not yet arrived here in free America when capital will be allowed to crush out the liberty of the press, lawfully conducted enterprise and the very souls of American free men and free women.

I trust that you will excuse me when I object to the terms you make use of in speaking of the apparent alarm and opposition manifested toward the efforts of "two weak women." No two women in America have as strong hold upon the sympathies of genuine and earnest liberals, workmen and reformers generally of to-day as yourselves. They of the Pacific coast send you greeting, not only for the heroic courage which has sustained you through your late troubles, but in admiration of that unconquerable will power through which you have gained, almost unaided and alone, a victory over the enemies of a free press.

Many here are agreeably surprised upon reading your editorials to find them made up of reasonable, common-sense truths, which they cannot gainsay or ignore, having previously known but little of your paper, except through the medium of a prejudiced, illiberal (and, possibly, in some cases), ignorant press. The majority of the Western people are generally less creed bound and consequently more liberal in their views than those of other sections; and I am confident that your paper needs only to be well introduced and read to insure for it a liberal support on this coast. But where is Tennie? We miss the brave, earnest and truthful articles that have emanated from her pen in times past. I hope and trust that she has not become disheartened through past reverses.

Yours, opposed to slave love and woman's wrongs,

SPIRIT OF '76.

TOLEDO, Ohio, March 15, 1873.

VICTORIA WOODHULL:

Dear Madam—Not alone the sense of justice awoke, with the outrage upon you and the others with you whom the law sought to intimidate with threats and imprisonment. You had kindled by your evident truth, in the statement regarding Mr. Beecher, in the Nov. 2 issue, a flame that had long needed only a spark to light up the waste places in every heart that listened. One small part only of the social evil had ever been dragged to the light. But did we not know more was yet to come? There has been greater freedom on the part of some who have sinned, or done what is judged to be sin; because the power of the church grew so mighty that it could shield its favorites from publicity with simple silence. The fact of this being so has culminated in Beecher himself, as the very high priest of the inner sanctuary. Nothing was considered necessary but to wrap the mantle of his sanctity about him, "and lie down to pleasant dreams."

Mr. Beecher spoke to a large audience here in Toledo, and left us richer by a thousand dollars. Men and women like

to be magnetized by oratory, and the fame of the great preacher drew a crowd of people who could not well spare the price of a ticket to hear him.

"I have my cares and anxieties at home," said the speaker with a dramatic inclination of the head, and a softened tone, "but riches is not one of them." No! he could gather in the golden sheaves, and rejoice in that surely! Few can make such demands on the people, and leave behind them such big holes in the treasury of an association "bound to see him through."

It won't do for Beecher to come forward even so far as the "anxious seat," yet some one detected the night he was here "a great difference in him," and said in addition, "he knew him well, and this matter was preying upon him, and he could not hold out long. But not yet! The thunder-bolts, and lightning-flashes can rend the very earth under his feet, and yet his throne will not totter for a long time to come. He has taken refuge under the mightiest shield the world holds, and the whole of Christendom is at his side, to credit his simplest denial or magnify his stout-hearted silence into evidences of injured innocence? But Mr. Beecher will not lie! He is hanging upon the verge of a precipice, but he will tremble in the balance, till his heart burns to ashes and his hair whitens before he will fall back into security with a lie on his lips framed into actual words. To be sure he is living a lie, and it is the thing he will some time repent of in sack-cloth and ashes; but a positive, clear-cut statement he will never make, until he tells the truth. On every hand the press calls loudly for a denial or a confession. Ah! but confessions are terrible things to call out from a man who has, a quarter of a century or more, been the petted child of an unparalleled prosperity, lifted there by the might of his own genius. He trusts that same kingliness to thrust back the tidal wave that gnashed its white teeth full upon him with the issue of the WEEKLY, Nov. 2. The very stress of a pent-up grief will some time burst its bonds and set him free. He cannot be bullied into a confession; he is not a man to act by other people's measure; but some time the air will get stifling, worse than ten thousand cells, such as Francisco Martin was buried alive in, and George Francis Train is breaking down under, and then this great man will speak in thunder tones. Where he sits to day, the Magdalenes, the outcasts, and abandoned will be lifted up, to share in the same common humanity. It will be their day of rejoicing, and the social putrefaction will be changed to the healthy sympathy and freed from the "moral ulcers" we know are eating out the very life of society. Repression and concealment have been the drawn curtains behind which cowards have skulked in painful disguise, and worn the masks of hypocrisy, when truth would have been ten-fold more merciful to themselves and the world. If one has dared to tear away the veil, shall we curse her for it, and only allow her to go free on nearly half a million bail?

And when they hear me say, "It shall be so,
If death, or fine, or banishment,
Still I insist on the old prerogative
And power! the truth o' the cause."—Cor.

If necessary let the whole world make its open avowal at once and proclaim principles at any hazard. If necessary we will have a Victoria League from Maine to California, and the impending revolution shall speedily free the whole race from its need of masquerading, and forcing nature to bear false witness to itself. Now from the concert saloons the glare and glitter of uproarious halls or halls, where vice is wanton and pronounced, through the different grades, from Harry Hill's Theatre to Broadway palaces, where the blaze of gaslight "makes one golden sea on the street," where fountains flash musically at the doors, and you have reached the gala side of immorality, up—ah! how my pen pauses here; for have I a right to say that refinement and the semblances of virtue shielding vice from every taint of indecency is any better than some of its lower forms, as we find them in the squalor of Houston and Greene, though we go "up" to the platform of Plymouth Church itself? Nay, I have no right; and the lofty scorn of men who can enfold themselves in a mysterious mantle of secrecy is no more sacred to the "pass key" of truth than the suffering throngs of "outcasts" are safe from the wantonness of brutal men, and the weight of scorn that falls upon them from the laws that govern society.

Shall Beecher, if he be guilty, come out of this furnace unsinged? The masses of men and women would no doubt agree to this, in mercy to him and his. And then if the naked truth has even to be covered with a fig-leaf, the difference in the two persons you are choosing between is as great as heaven and hell! Beecher will go up, Victoria Woodhull will go down! What a gain in this! So the churches say; and so they will keep on saying, until the sky gathers blackness, and the avenging storm will fall on the heads of those who least expect it.

I have forborne coming early with my message to you, dear Victoria. I knew the wave of popular sentiment was surging to and fro, and you must, in spite of ten thousand, beat back the deluge, with your own frail body "and that significant soul in your face." I looked many a day to see you stranded on the rocks, lost past recall by some untoward thing, you had no power to hinder, sending you headlong to your fate. But now I believe you are taken care of, and the angel world have you in charge. You have carried the cross to the very top of the hill, but a crown, and not crucifixion, awaits you there.

You will be faithful to your trust, I feel the utmost confidence; and when, not long ago, Parker Pillsbury said to me "I hope she has told the truth," not doubting you, he was weighing the awful responsibility you were carrying on your slender shoulders.

Yours for truth and righteous judgment,

CHARLOTTE A. BARBER.

DOWAGITC, Mich., March 13, 1873.

Mesdames Woodhull & Claplin—I have, for over twenty years, advocated and been grounded in your faith that a

higher civilization requires the adoption of your theory of the social and sexual relations, and have not a doubt that the not distant future will realize its attainment. We had a lecture last evening in which your positions were openly and ably advocated by Mrs. Brinkerhoff before a good audience, which gave her a most attentive hearing, and evidencing very clearly that the world is ripe for the reception of these great truths. O. Barrett also addressed us a short time since taking substantially the same positions; so, courage, you are not working alone. Let us work with a faith that knows no doubting for the brighter future of humanity.

IRA BROWNELL.

GREIGSVILLE, LIVINGSTON CO., N. Y., March 9, 1873.

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN:

For some reason you have sent me an extra copy for several weeks past, and I have demand for them I assure you. One and another made application for them, and I mail or give them all away.

The public mind is certainly in a very inquiring mood, and becoming hopefully more so every day. The people of Western New York have been in a dying condition for want of intelligence on the subject of Beecher, Tilton, &c., and even some of the best posted ones are just waking up to a "sense of deplorable facts." What a cowardly part, with few exceptions, this New York city press has acted. They ought to be ashamed of themselves—those valorous knights of types and self-styled guards of liberty! Their moral courage has been put to the test for once.

Well, ladies—leagued sisters I may call you—I do not pity those recreant poltroons very much, but posterity will, and label them sneaks. But for you, sisters, in your persecutions (if you accept it), I have real pity. I would like to take you both by the hand and tender my sympathy, as to the injured and wronged ones. I sent for your paper for the intelligence it contains, obtainable in no other way. Although I neither approve nor fiercely condemn your "social views," hoping I do not fully apprehend them, yet I would continue to be a friend by patronage or otherwise, if necessary, so long as a bigoted, petrified and malignant Jesuitry continues to violate the principles of free speech, press and person, venting their spite upon you as representatives of the Goddess of Liberty.

Yours, fraternally,

FRANK.

P. S.—Really now, sisters, develop and round out your social views in healthful, practical detail, fast as possible, and if they are consistent, salutary and demonstrably conducive to the highest human happiness where adopted, the sober second thought of the people will comprehend and accept them. Whereas, if they do not so appear, I with others must longer wait the evolutions of some great time coming.

F. RICE.

STONEHAVEN, Mass., March 27, 1873.

My Dear Sisters in Persecution, Woodhull and Claflin—Ever having had a disgust for a light hid under a bushel, I am now most happy to touch upon the subject in a case so grand, noble and triumphant as your own—now so much agitating the public mind. Long have I wished to be able to speak to you, and could I have spoken for you as often as my soul has gone out to do something to help you in the day of trial, I might, perhaps, ere this have had the satisfaction of knowing that I had been one holding at your banner-staff, whose motto is, Revolution and Life. Had I ever professed to publicly advocate the gospel of Free Thought and Liberty, I would feel—for the little I have done—much condemned. What so many can be doing, in their silence, who are professors to reform, who have dared to be called spiritualists, is a wonder to know. With the thousand opportunities many have, of daily putting a lever to the great wheel of progress, how do they expect to render up in the "day of accounts?" A truth that will not bear holding up to the light is no truth to me. I have been a member of different religions, and never would shrink from taking up my "cross" (if cross it might be called) in speaking for my cause.

Where are those who were so ready at the first to take your hand and work with you in the great battle for right? It is evident they have made a retreat, and since the enemy came close upon you, they have been tenting, no doubt, scarce daring to give a look for your welfare and safety. I have no patience with women who dare not speak for their rights, nor with those who are so ready to censure their own sex. How many generations would there yet be willing to live with the same condition of affairs that now exist in society?—man ruling and sitting in judgment over woman, inharmonies and combats increasing, while love and spiritual growth find not their way.

I trust, dear sisters, that there are yet a few who would march with you through the fire, and that the unseen ministering ones will give you strength while you will not falter. Not afraid to be called by any name that would be attached to one who is ready to fight for liberty and justice, who is a lover of mercy, I am your sister,

MRS. S. S. LOVEJOY.

WORCESTER Co., Leominster, March 26, 1873.

Dear Mrs. Woodhull—Through the kindness of friends, I have been for nearly two years a reader of your free, truth-telling paper; but at such a time as this, I believe it to be the duty of every delighted reader to become a willing subscriber.

For justice to the promptings of my spirit, from my quiet home in the heart of puritanical Massachusetts, I desire to express my sympathy for you, seeing the persecution that follows you as you courageously work for humanity, and also my steadfast faith in your divine mission which I believe is no less important than was the mission of the Nazarine reformer. Dear sister your experience is not exceptional, for thus has the world ever treated its saviours. Many timid ones say, "Be quiet and wait; the great law of revolution will bring at length, truth and right, out of error and wrong." But by and through its workings, we sometimes

experience crises which although trying are healthful and purifying; and the terrible condition which humanity finds itself in to-day with its aching, bleeding, starving hearts, seems to demand a radical change, even this very crisis which is now upon us. "First pure, then peaceable." To-day, woman is awakening; and although yet "bound hand and foot, in the grave-clothes" of oppression and ignorance, yet soon will the word go forth, "loose her, and let her go," free, free, with her intuitive individuality. To you, my sister, we reverently accord the honor and glory of hastening this crisis which presages health, harmony and the reign of free pure love in the glorious future. Expect then, dear sister on your earth-journey to meet persecution and discouragement; perhaps to repeat in your own experience the story of Gethsemane; and if by the stupidity and cowardice of your brother and sister reformers, you are left to agonize alone, you have the sympathy of "legions of angels." With prophetic eye I see in the not very distant future, tall white shafts of pure marble, which, pointing to the upper spheres where Victoria Woodhull shall have ascended, shall, on their burnished surface, tell of the fearless discloser of human wrongs, and the brave champion of human rights.

Thy sister.

SUSAN A. BIXBY.

THE WAY THE "LEAVEN" WORKS.

[Extract from a Private Letter.]

We are the only equality ones here, save one young preacher; he reads every number of my paper and seems half-inclined to adopt its ideas—he was one of Beecher's worshippers. After all read the paper here, I send it to mother and her household, in York State; she sends it to Rhineback Academy, to my sister; from there it goes to a brother in Nebraska, who is also teaching in a seminary; so you see that the copy you so kindly send 'way down in Virginia, travels quite a journey on its mission of doing good.

I am, truly yours,

ELMINA DRAKE SLENNER.

Dear Ladies—Dr. Treat, in issue of WEEKLY of 15th inst. says: "Mr. Beecher is a good man, in very many respects one of our pre-eminently best men; but that very goodness has made it profitable for him to be, as all these years he has been, the greatest Jesuit of any man in America." (What character more despicable than that of a Jesuit!)

Now, I beg respectfully to say that there is such an utter incompatibility of ideas involved in the quoted expressions as to suggest great confusion of thought in the writer. I can very well see how a man can be rated very talented in the modes of expression and action peculiar, perhaps, to Beecher, but I cannot see how any man can be dishonest, a hypocrite, double-hearted and brazen-faced, without surrendering all claim to even the title of good, especially pre-eminently good; and, besides the possession of these latter-day Christian graces conceded to B., he stands charged with (convicted of, I may say,) being a sneaking coward, in that he basely (and covertly?) thrust yourselves and Colonel Blood into jail, etc., etc.

In view of these preferred charges of the Doctor, so fully set forth by him, and my objections, briefly stated, I trust you will allow me space to protest against his suggestion of making Beecher the apostle of the not new but revived gospel, and leader of the great world of loving brothers.

The revived gospel and band of loving brothers and sisters have already a leader, chosen of God, competent in every respect and reliable in every emergency. We want no cowards nor hypocrites, etc., in the van of such a host.

Victoria C. Woodhull is already the proclaimed leader, and with her *aids de camp*, Colonel Blood and Tennie C. Claflin, will not and cannot fail, since God and Christ and truth and right are on their side in the battle now being fought and being won.

Brother Beecher can be forgiven; but invited to leadership, Never! The sin may be condoned, but not the sinner.

Cordially thine,

S.

SOCIALISTIC.

"CAUSES OF PHYSICAL DEGENERACY."

The editorial in the WEEKLY of March 29, under the above title, is a very remarkable one. The position is taken, and fearlessly maintained, that "unused functions, designed by nature for use, must pass into a morbid, if not diseased condition." It is also asserted that "the subjects of continuous (amative) repression always suffer a pain at the base of the brain, a result of this reactionary movement of force."

Reading the above called to mind two facts relating to inferior animals bearing directly upon this subject; and as facts are the exponents of theories, and the Greeks were accustomed to say "the Gods themselves cannot alter facts," I furnish them for what they are worth.

1. It is well known among horsemen that stallions kept for driving or work, and never used for breeding purposes, are very apt to become diseased, generally in the head, sometimes become blind and otherwise degenerate, and often drop down dead in harness.

2. It is an equally well-established fact that female dogs never have the hydrophobia—at least, this dreadful disease never originates with them—while the male canine is often subject to it. The female will take advantage of her abundant opportunity, and act out nature and "increase and multiply," however closely watched; but the male must repress his sexual functions, because of the scarcity of females; and to this cause scientific men attribute the fact here mentioned.

Is it not singular that we know so much more about horses and dogs than we do about ourselves, and that the most rustic farmer anxiously considers how he may improve the quality of his calves and pigs, while even the most pretentious scholars have little or no thought about the quality of their own offspring?

Yours for the truth,

ANTHROPOS.

FASHION, NO. 2.—ITS INFLUENCE ON MEN.

Could women generally realize the pernicious consequences to the male sex of a custom that constantly appeals to the passions, they would stand aghast in the reflection that it is themselves who culture men to believe them created only to stimulate morbid fancies, minister to excitement and care of the nursery. Customs that make men tyrants at home and unscrupulous of associates abroad, do not underlie conditions of purity nor work out equality, but the reverse, as all may see.

It is useless, and measurably inconsistent, to expect men will combine to raise women from subjection while they wear the badges of dependence, and while a false estimate of honor and reputation makes easy prey of so many who tire of the struggle to live against torturing odds. While their apparel is the plain language of recklessness, their weakness a testimony to violence against nature, the wise must mourn their folly and stupidity, and the world wait for a quickening power. Could they show by a natural form that health were possible, and by convenient costume that motion could be free and labor easy, men would lose all excuse to withhold any right. Now, men say "very few could use more privileges; these waddling masses of flounces and humps can't be benefited by more duties;" failing to see that higher duties would tend to draw them to higher planes of action.

When we ask men, who are both thoughtful and cunning, to consider our wrongs, and especially our needs of legal equality, they appear puzzled, and say they had been contemplating measures to curtail the rights we now possess and abuse. In explanation, they become questioners, and ask "if we should be allowed to commit suicide by slow strangulation at the waist, and ponderous slave-clogs at the feet?" and then adds, "no statute compels this—free yourselves from the weighty pall, and when you are adequate to other offices our best shall be done for you." Were all men like these, ready aid could be counted on in efforts at Dress Reform; but, alas, a larger class is so blinded by selfishness that it does not offer to reason the points.

Quite as valid objections could be advanced to men's legal capacity, but the intent is not to cite their ruling appetites and lapses, but to avoid even the appearance of retort, while aiming to be instrumental in well serving both sexes.

Through all ages women's cumbersome robes have wasted their powers and banished their happiness, and the character of men has corresponded to their status in each century.

But never has the blight of fashion been so apparent as now; never have the nations so emphatically demanded that the whole sex rise above false tastes, and devote life to great and sublime purposes.

Can it be that this one source of failure, this absorber of time and robber of strength—this vampire on means, inherent and acquired, alone must bar the way to the redemption of both sexes from vanity and vice? Can it be that the finger of fools is still feared? Can it be that the dry-goods trade can still bribe the world, and swell its hoards by drawing the birthright of competence from earth's weary toilers?

M. E. TILLOTSON.

GIVE US THE FACTS.

RAVENNA, March 19, 1873.

Editors—In a recent number of your paper, that stern old hater of meanness and injustice and pusillanimity, Parker Pillsbury, animadverts, with a freedom truly refreshing, upon the contemptible meanness of the callers of the late Washington Convention, in purposely refraining from inviting Mrs. Woodhull, and then with craven hearts and brazen faces glorying in their shame.

But their must be some mistake; there is no doubt that the whole matter was discussed at head-quarters, and that it was prearranged that Mrs. Woodhull "should have the go-by," but that they should publish the fact in their "call" is too much for belief. Susan B. Anthony is presumed to have been the leading spirit in calling and conducting that convention, and Susan B. Anthony is not entirely wanting in sense and delicacy, however much she might like to see Mrs. Woodhull "take a back seat" (as that saintly pharisee, and paragon of purity, T. W. Higginson, said all free lovers would have to do).

But perhaps it was not designed to convey the impression that Mrs. Woodhull's name was mentioned in the "call," though the words "blasphemed in the call" would seem to indicate that. At any rate please give us the facts, the names of the signers, etc. Did Isabella Beecher Hooker have anything to do with the disgraceful proceedings? Some of us were coming to greatly admire her for her courage and true womanship. We want to know who stands by Mrs. Woodhull now, so that we may know who are worthy to be trusted in future. By and by she will be overrun with friends.

For one, I am thankful to these pseudo reformers for being so particular about their company. I want to see the lines drawn. I do not want the real friends of freedom for woman to be any longer deluded into supporting these humbug leaders. Many the time that I have breakfasted on faith, dined on a shilling and gone without my supper that I might give a dollar to the cause of woman as represented by these half-and-half advocates. I would not give them another farthing though I were as rich as Rothschild. They are welcome to their front seats, and, in future, I promise not to be in the way while their back ones are being filled. I suppose I have advocated (in a back seat) woman's right to the ballot longer than any of them. But I have ever regarded it as incidental—as based upon the fundamental, all-embracing right of individuality—self-ownership. And this is the free-love heresy. Mrs. Woodhull was all right till she demanded for woman the right to absolute freedom. Though jealousy has doubtless, had something to do with it, yet this is the real reason for their being no longer a seat for her.

Anthony, Livermore, Higginson, Blackwell and company pretend to advocate woman's freedom, but they do it with "intent to deceive." The freedom they go for is the freedom

to do what they consider proper. There is not a tyrant or bigot on earth but is in favor of just this kind of freedom. It is the advocacy of woman's right to be her own judge of what she shall do, that constitutes the unpardonable sin.

Womans' Rights, as represented by its "respectable" advocates, are the most perfect humbug and nonsense. The abolition of marriage leaves woman free, independent, self-owned, equal. To abolish marriage is the great, important and all-essential work to do. Everything of an incidental character will naturally follow. To talk of her right to the ballot while you do not recognize the right to herself, is to insult the common sense of mankind.

FRANCIS BARRY.

Ravenna, Ohio, March 16, 1873.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Dec. 23.—Under the head of occasional notes, it is worthy of note considering the silence of Mr. Beecher under your exposure.

Yours truly,

A. W. WILCOX.

"Mr. Stokes, now on trial for the murder of Jim Fisk, is reported to have made one remark to a friend, which coincides with a personal instinct of our own. We have always felt that if we should be charged with a crime of which we were consciously innocent, we should find the impulse irresistible—all the lawyers to the contrary notwithstanding—to make a full statement of all we know in regard to the matter, both to the examining magistrates and the public.

"In the course of his conversation with his friend, Mr. Stokes asserted that he is convinced that his original counsel made a great mistake in opposing his free access to newspaper men. 'Could I have spoken freely to the people through the press,' said he, 'I am convinced that my case would have been better understood. I wanted to speak freely to the reporters and tell them everything, but John Graham would not have it; and, at last, when I did speak, why, he wrote me a letter and resigned. But he was all wrong. Public opinion through the newspapers must try every murder sooner or later, and the best thing a man can do who is in a scrape is to make a clean breast of it to the newspapers. That is what I intend to do in the future, lawyers or no lawyers.'"

A CARD.

The great names of Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer, Darwin, living, and Humboldt, dead, have for years inspired Mrs. Mary Treat and myself, in our repudiation of Christianity, and devotion to Science in its stead. Mrs. Treat's discoveries and announcements in Botany and Entomology, receiving the recognition of Gray and Darwin, have been supplemented by her great experiment in Biology, by which she demonstrates her power to control sex in the development of butterflies. At this time she parts company from me, giving in her adhesion to Christianity, by joining the Methodist Church, while I remain true to the great Masters. The only tie that could ever have brought or held us together, being sundered, we remain no longer conjugally one, but only loving brother and sister, in that concord acting our full individuality—she upholding Christianity, I opposing it. She will prosecute Science, while I propose speedily to bring out a work, which will humbly submit that the principles laid down by the Masters themselves, carried out, give us a new Astronomy, a new Correlation and Conservation of Forces, and reduce to an everlasting "finality" the question of Christianity. [Correspondence with respect to bringing out the above work, invited either from publishers or friends of the enterprise.] As I hope soon, also, in obedience to the demand that Science work man's highest benefit, to enunciate a system of curing disease and checkmating death.

JOSEPH TREAT, M. D.

VINELAND, N. J., February 25, 1873.

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.

48 Broad st., New York.

The Norfolk (Va.) Day-Book, after giving a resume of the Beecher-Tilton case, says:

"The whole money power of Plymouth Church was brought to bear to clean her up. Friends were intimidated by threats from going upon her bond, and those more intimately connected with her were also arrested on hatched-up charges and likewise thrown into prison. But in spite of all these trials, difficulties and persecutions, she is once more at large. Friends have bailed her out, and the WEEKLY once more lies—temptingly fresh and brilliant and gloriously hot, deadly and irrepressibly in earnest—on our table, and has come through the mails at that. What sort of woman is this who snaps her fingers in the face of Uncle Sam, and with eight indictments hanging over her, turns right around and repeats the offense?"

"She is lifting the veil with a vengeance, and we, for one, are willing for the lifting business to go on. It can do no harm, and may result in the accomplishment of good. The revolution must inevitably force one of two things; it will drive the guilty parties to an abandonment of their evil practices, or it will compel an open, outspoken, defensive recognition of them. They must either reform their morals, or publicly acknowledge and defend them. They must cease to be hypocrites, or quit libertinism and prostitution; a change of base is absolutely necessary, and we await with lively interest the future development of the Plymouth congregation.

"We are no advocate of the doctrines contended for by these women, but we do love a fair thing even at the risk of letting a couple of females publish a paper containing their own peculiar notion of things, and scatter it broadcast over the land if they are that way inclined.

"We are not in the habit of reading WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, having from the first conceived that a paper emanating from such a source is demoralizing, and the efforts of every one should rather be toward opposing such influences. From such parties it must be evident that nothing but bad can emanate, so far as their doctrines and teachings. But if they are in possession of facts of so important a nature to the Church, their bad character or their bad teachings should not vitiate those facts. Truth can stand alone, though surrounded with crime, filth and ungodliness. If Woodhull can prove what she says to be the truth, she certainly makes a revelation that will revolutionize the upper circles of New York. As for ourselves we do not believe her; though the matter looks astounding when she makes a specific charge and names highly respectable parties as witnesses who will testify to the truth of her assertions.

"It is evidently a bad 'mess' look at it as you may, though the effort to crush the WEEKLY or its proprietors will not succeed through the process resorted to. Gen. Butler has given Woodhull his written opinion that a conviction for obscenity cannot be obtained, though a suit for libel might stand.

"We have read with much pleasure the able and exhaustive defense of Mr. J. M. Parker Jordan in this case, and are gratified at the masterly manner in which our former townsman used his eminent abilities. His speech is resplendent with rich thought clothed with gems of classic lore. Mr. Jordan has a master mind, and in so large a city as New York it will not take long for it to find its way to the top of the ladder. We wish him every measure of success."

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

It may be that "the criticism of so brilliant a luminary as Henry Ward Beecher should hardly be undertaken by so little a body as I; but I shall attempt it, nevertheless, if he is a man and I am only a woman.

Think of him standing in the pulpit, a minister, preaching one thing and practicing another. A minister of what? Perhaps he don't believe in the bible, and perhaps he don't teach it, but it is to be presumed that he professes to be a minister of the Gospel of Truth. If he professes to be a minister of the Gospel of Truth, yet is he clothed in the robes of falsehood. Standing before high Heaven, before the throne of that God who is the embodiment of truth, claiming to be His minister, to feed his sheep, to feed his lambs—clothed in the robes of falsehood!

Perhaps he believes with Mrs. Woodhull in freedom in conjugal relations, and thinks he has committed no sin, even if what she says about him is true; but that his congregation is too stupid and too mullet-headed to be taught such a doctrine, and that he will bring them out of the darkness into the light, not so much by what he preaches as by his example, and will eventually say, as has been said of woman suffrage, abolition, temperance, etc., that "free-love is the last great out-growth of Christianity." And if he does is he not then in a false position, by his sanction and inaction, allowing one of his co-believers in his name to suffer persecution and "to be run into the earth," while he looks blandly and serenely on and says, "I know not the man," or woman, in a way that mocks at the fidelity of Peter. If he is an orthodox Christian, then he is false, for he should come forward and prove his character pure according to their standard. It seems only right that a man should be unearthed while a woman is being run into the ground.

Could it be possible that he only wants his twenty thousand a year salary, and thinks that, the world being stupid, he will pick what he wants out of it anyhow, and let his hair grow long and turn his shirt-collar down, and look pious and do as he pleases. Could it be possible? If this is his position, the most staunch and unrelenting bigot, who, in all sincerity and consistency, works single-handed, according to the dictates of his conscience (and how many are they who work and toil in bye-places for little remuneration, of whom some might say they had but little light!) deserves respect where he deserves none. They may say he is talented, but according to the talents is not interest expected by our heavenly Father? Is he not afraid there will be written of him on the scroll in Heaven, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting?"

He is neither fish nor flesh, orthodox nor spiritualist, but sups a little out of every dish, and, so long as his appetite is satisfied, smiles mildly and says "all is love," when all is not love, by any manner of means. How unlike the beautiful Jesus, when satan took him on to a high place, and, showing him all the kingdoms of the world, said, "All these things I will give to you if you will fall down and worship me," who replied, "Get thee behind me, satan." Might it not have been that, being talented as well as good, some temptation of worldly riches and honor was presented to him if he would cease "testifying unto the truth," cease teaching and sacrificing himself for the world's betterance; to raise it from the low spiritual plane on which it was, to the higher one of which he taught; and how quickly he refused it. It will cover the figure at any rate, and if it means anything in principles it means that; but it seems to be a dangerous experiment in the nineteenth century to follow his example, "testifying unto the truth."

Was it not that Mrs. Woodhull, being kind at heart, wishing to do him a service and from her point of view thinking he needed a little cleansing, poured, not a bucket of slops, but one of clean water upon his head, and, as it poured down over his unclean garments and he looked at it "as through a glass darkly," it rolled off so dirty looking, that he naturally enough supposed it to be a bucket of slops.

I will revert again to the terrible audacity of a little woman in daring, yes, daring, to pass any remarks on the magnificent oracle of Plymouth Church, and will illustrate my feelings by a little story, as our revered Lincoln used to say, that I happened to be an eye witness to: An old woman called up to her a little boy she had in charge and said: "Samuel, always tell the truth; always be man enough to tell the truth, Samuel, never tell a lie; a liar is never respected by God nor man, and mind me and you'll always get along in the world." Presently she went out and seeing

three or four of a neighbor's geese in the road, she caught one, wrung its head off and carried it into the house. The little boy seeing what she had done went in and said: "Why that's Mr. B——'s goose, what did you do that for?" The old woman turned upon him in fury. "How dare you say that's Mr. B——'s goose; how dare you say I wrung its head off; do you call me a thief? if you dare to, I'll take your coat off and flog you till the blood trickles down to your heels. Is it Mr. B——'s goose? Did I wring its head off?" The little boy replied mildly, "No ma'am," and slipped out to cogitate on the moral lessons of the world.

How much did that man say he would give to run Mrs. Woodhull into the earth? One hundred thousand dollars was it not? And they are all rich and have front pews in Plymouth Church, too, have they not? Nevertheless, "it is written that offenses must come, but woe unto those by whom they come."

Lay on the lash, 'tis a woman's back,
Give a hundred thousand to hunt her down.
Let the slight form feel the dungeon and rack,
Wreath her head with a thorny crown.

A Joan of Arc is led to the stake,
And the bright stars sicken and pale at the sight,
And humanity bleeds at every vein.
In battling thus for the right.

Her shifting brother sits high in state,
With wealth and honor and world renowned.
Oh! lay on the lash, 'tis a woman's back,
Give a hundred thousand to hunt her down,

ANNIE E. HIGBY.

SOCIAL EXPERIENCES.

Under the above general heading we propose to publish such experiences as the people may find it meet to contribute. We trust a large variety may be called out, involving not only the ills which accompany the present system of enforced marriage, but also of those flowing from the prostitution and repression of the demands of the sexual nature, and of its excessive use and unnatural abuse, and including alike youth, manhood and old age. We also trust to receive statements of the conditions under which whole families of healthy children have been grown, with the view to be able to determine, positively, the truth of our theory, by an array of facts which cannot be questioned. We know that mere physical health in parents does not determine the health of offspring; but that the primary condition is, a true and perfect union, to which, if perfect physical health be added, so much the better. Names of persons and their residences may be suppressed in these experiences if so desired; but must be furnished us as a guarantee of good faith.

DOWAGIAC, April 1, 1873.

VICTORIA WOODHULL AND TENNIE CLAFLIN:

My Beloved Sisters—I have ever admired your courage in so bravely presenting a noble though unpopular (because not understood) cause to the people. But I feel that never have you expressed all in any one effort as in the essay in the WEEKLY bearing date March 29, entitled "Causes of Physical Degeneracy." Realizing, as you do, that hundreds of women, who are by custom and popular prejudice denied the God-given right of perfecting their womanhood by the exercise of the sexual functions, are from this cause withering and decaying by the action of the consuming element of repressed sexual appetite upon the brain, and that not only does this terrible condition exist among unmarried women but among those who are wedded; that other one, more horrible still, a starving of the hungry, passionate nature produced by a constant reception of an unsatisfying magnetism. You being the only woman who dare speak your honest convictions in defiance of the world, and almost the only ones who could express concisely and lucidly such opinions, you deserve the heartfelt gratitude of that class of women, and, indeed, of all women, as you are doing more toward arousing them to struggle for their own freedom than you dream in your most sanguine moments; but I desire to thank you in the name of humanity, for your noble words, while I remain, as I have always been, your sympathizing sister,

BELL U. S. FOSTER.

MARION, Iowa, March 22, 1873.

* * * * *
Have I said enough? Perhaps, if you think so, you need not read the balance. I have passed the romance of life and am struggling with its realities. I am sixty years of age and have sacrificed one woman upon the altar of ignorance. Few men of my age can say less, and some have sacrificed more. The occurrence is so common that it excites no surprise and little comment. In reality, it is not much of a feat. I married a beautiful young girl of 15, just blooming into womanhood. In my ignorance, I laid upon her the burthen of maternity repeatedly, which she was not able to bear, and with her fourth child both mother and babe sank into the grave. She had but three sisters. All sank in the same way, and their husbands all married again. And so the work goes bravely on. Some of the second wives are dead. Mine, however is not. She has notions of her own in that direction, to which I submit. We both appreciate your statement in the last WEEKLY, that the race will run out in another hundred years unless the female condition is bettered, and I, for one, feel that in bettering their condition we (men) are equally benefited.

HARRISON BROOKS.

Extract from a private letter, written by a married lady, residing in Carroll, Carroll County, Iowa, to her friend in Illinois:

"That's very true. We have to learn how to do, ourselves. A device is of little account. I have learned by experience how to do a great many things, and one is to care as little as possible what William says, and I was going to say how he does. In that particular there is very little fault to find, and no disposition to find any on my part. All men have got to learn that any show of authority over one they choose to live with—call her wife, or anything you please—brings in return

indifference and inaction, or else rebellion. Johnny is a nice boy. Either his papa or mamma might be glad if they were as good and reasonable, and I don't feel like chastising him only in a mild way. His papa got upset Sunday, because the boy dropped a board on the floor and made a noise; of course it ended in a quarrel with me, when he took occasion to call me all the nice names he could, and to tell me what a needless expense I am, but I am able to stand it, just as some women are able to stand a strain on their physical system. We have each one of use got to rough it one way or another, and so I take it all as a matter of course. Some nice, intelligent woman in Philadelphia has taken the privilege to write some of her best thoughts to William, which is all right in my opinion, but her lord and master or boss don't approve of it, so hereafter all communication is to be carried on by stealth. It will take no less than two centuries to educate men and women up to a plane of intelligence and reason.

"I am glad I can think of these things in connection with my individual private troubles, and feel that it is all natural, and everything in nature takes its own time to grow. I don't feel at all guilty. Taking things easy, especially when I am obliged to, and all the fault finding in the world won't make me drown myself nor feel disgraced. I am thankful I have as good ideas of life as I have, and I am glad there are such women as 'Woodhull and Claflin' to sustain me."

"MILLIE."

BOSTON, March 18, 1873.

MRS. VICTORIA C. WOODHULL:

Respected Madam—How I wish I could give you the faintest idea of my estimation of your own good, pure self—but my pen fails me to express how I truly love you for daring, in the face of the ignorant masses, to speak words that bind up the broken hearts of women, and give new life and hope to that class of laboring girls and women who have too much honor and true worth, to "marry for a home," but are rather content to work on for a mere pittance that they receive for their services, until you, who are destined to be their saviour, will so rouse the world, that the great and glorious "impending revolution" will free them from the dictation of those who now put a price upon their labor, as upon that of animals.

Your great and pure spirit will cause you to shine as one of the brightest stars that ever was set in the heavens. Your paper is as the "Balm of Gilead" to my soul, for I am a young woman who earns her daily bread from the work of her brain and pen, and who scorns to think of resigning self dependence for "a home." And wherever I may be the praise of Victoria C. Woodhull shall be upon my lips as a pure, true and noble woman, but so little appreciated and understood.

A. L. T.

YOU KISSED ME.

BY L.

You kissed me! my head dropped low on your breast,
With a feeling of shelter and infinite rest,
While the holy emotion my tongue dared not speak,
Flushed up like a flame from my heart to my cheek.

Your arms held me fast! O, your arms were so bold;
Heart responded to heart in that passionate fold.
Your glances seemed drawing my soul through mine eyes,
As the sun draws the mist from the sea to the skies.

And your lips clung to mine till I prayed in my bliss,
They might never unclasp from that rapturous kiss.
You kissed me! my heart and my breast and my will
In delicious joy for the moment stood still.

Life had for me then no temptations or charms,
No vista of pleasure outside of your arms.
You kissed me; my soul in a bliss so divine
Reeled and swooned like a man that is drunken with wine.

And I thought 'twere delicious to die then, if death
Would come while my lips were still moist with your breath.
'Twere delicious to die, if my heart might grow cold
While your arms wrapped me fast in that passionate hold.

And these are the questions I ask day and night:
Must my life taste but once such exquisite delight?
Would you care if my breast were your shelter as then?
And if I were there would you kiss me again?

Vineland, April 8.

SPIRITUALISTIC.

CHRISTIAN BIGOTRY IN PORT HURON, MICH.

It is fortunate for your humble servant that the Bible is not the supreme law of this nation, else I would have some Christian bigot with nasal twang, sing-song my sentence:

"He that blasphemeth the name of the Lord, he shall surely be put to death."—Lev. xxiv. 16.

There is no use denying the charge that I am an unmitigated blasphemer, in which fact I take much comfort. After my first month's engagement here as the lecturer for the Spiritual Society, the orthodox people evidently breathed a sigh of relief, and could have sung with Watts, as I took my departure:

"Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove!"

But their joy was of short duration. There are many sacrilegious minds here, and in one month they had me back dispensing with the gospel. My Christian friends groan more than ever, and are ready to exclaim in a burst of agony, "The last state of that man is worse than the first!"

And what is my offense? Not merely "preaching" to my own congregation; but, it is charged, so wording my announcements as to "preach" to all the churches roundabout through two weekly papers and one daily. The complaint is that my manner of announcing the discourses greatly disturbs the saints of the Lord. It ought to be stopped. The priests keep in the background, while they put forward some of their servile attendants to do their dirty

work. Some of them wanted to know if I could not give notices of meetings in a more modified form, so that they would not grate harshly on the feelings of Christians! I replied that I would not if I could. But the feelings of Christians are shocked. Glad of it. It will make them think. The chief part of my work is to make people think. These orthodox Christians never seem to reflect that their dogmas shock common sense, and even outrage decency, with their hell-fire, damnation, total depravity, infant-roasting, witch-burning, quaker-hanging, humanity-cursing religion. Yet Liberalists do not prevent them from freely preaching such nonsense, for Liberalism teaches that truth and error should have an open field and a fair fight, and that truth will triumph.

The next move was to compel the editor of the *Times* to exclude the notices of our meetings altogether, but thus far without success. Their efforts called forth the following brave editorial in the Port Huron Daily *Times*, Monday, March 24:

"It has come to our knowledge that the announcement of subjects for the lectures at Spiritual Hall on Sunday, in last Saturday's *Times*, has given offense to a few of our readers, though why it should do so we are hardly able to understand. The position of the *Times* on strictly religious questions has been several times defined, and ought to be understood as a complete neutrality. But for this reason we have not considered it necessary for us to exclude announcements of meetings, or subjects, in which any considerable number of citizens feel an interest. It is true that the subjects in question, which, as they appeared, were written and handed into the *Times* office by a member of the Spiritual Society, were so worded as to shock the feelings of most of those who hold the Bible and its teachings sacred. But so do scores and hundreds and thousands of other things, of which announcements are made in the newspapers in full detail, shock the feelings of nearly everybody, and no one thinks of condemning the newspaper which simply makes the facts known, so long as they are not absolutely indecent. It is the province of the *Times* to keep its readers posted, especially upon local events. And we think that a comparison of our columns with those of other newspapers will convince any one that this is done with more than average thoroughness, and with more than average care in the exclusion of anything improper or offensive. It has been, and will continue to be our policy to exclude anything that could reasonably give offense to any large number of our readers; and so far as religious announcements are concerned, we should certainly refuse to publish the subject of a sermon or lecture by a Spiritualist, a Methodist, a Congregationalist, a Baptist, a Catholic, or a member of any other church or sect, if we thought such publication, in itself, would be offensive to any large number of our readers holding different religious views. But ought any such thing to be presumed or anticipated? It seems to us that it ought not to be. If otherwise, our only positive safety would be to exclude such announcements entirely, as there is hardly any sect that does not consider the practices and teachings of some other sect absolute foolishness, wickedness or blasphemy. But those who are inclined to criticize the *Times* for simply making the announcement in question should be careful that they do not go so far as to appear to oppose free speech, and the right to hold and practice one's own religious or even anti-religious views, two of the dearest rights guaranteed by our free institutions."

W. F. JAMIESON.

RESOLUTIONS.

A meeting of Spiritualists and Liberals was held at the Spiritual Hall, in Port Huron, Mich., on the 20th of March, and, after full and free discussion, the following preamble and resolutions were passed; and in accordance to the instructions of said meeting, I forward you a copy requesting you to publish the same:

E. R. SEELY, Sec'y.

WHEREAS, Victoria C. Woodhull, President of the National Association of Spiritualists, and Tennie C. Claflin and Col. Blood, her partners and associates, in the city of New York, have lately had their property seized, their persons rudely treated and been cruelly incarcerated in an American bastille by servants of the people, in the name and under the pretense of law, all at the instigation of one Comstock, a tool of the American Protestant order of Jesuits, otherwise called The Young Men's Christian Association, simply because they exercised the liberty of speech and freedom of the press to expose the hypocrisy, libertinism and social corruption of certain great leaders of religion and morality; therefore

Resolved, That we believe Mrs. Woodhull and her co-laborers in the enunciation of their views on the social relations of life, and in their bold and fearless exposure of the naked truth in regard to the moral wolves who, in sheep's clothing, and in the name of the Lord, are debauching and corrupting public sentiment and opinion, are honestly and sincerely laboring to purify and elevate humanity.

Resolved, That we hereby solemnly protest against this high-handed usurpation by the servants of the people, who dare violate the Constitution in suppressing the freedom of the press and the liberty of speech.

Resolved, That we tender to our sisters and brother our deep sympathy, and we pledge ourselves to do all in our power to sustain and support them under their difficulties.

Resolved, That we deeply regret the silence of the *Banner of Light* and the denunciations of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, both of which papers should have come promptly to the aid of their sister editor and Spiritualist in the hour of her distress, and that they can only regain our confidence and support by a prompt and earnest acknowledgment and advocacy of the liberty of thought and freedom of speech and press.

Resolved, That these resolutions be signed by the president and secretary of this meeting and forwarded to WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, the *Banner of Light*, the *Boston Investigator*, the *Index* and the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, with a request that they publish the same.

LYNN, March 16, 1873.

At a meeting of the First Progressive Society of Spiritualists, held in Odd Fellows' Hall, the following Resolutions were presented by A. C. Robinson, and adopted:

WHEREAS, In the *Banner of Light*, of March 15, a letter appears, signed "Emma Hardinge-Britten," in which is contained the following:

"With those committees who, under the pretense of maintaining a free platform, suffer the noble truths of Spiritualism to be confounded with and disgraced by the teachings of animalism with those who help to sap the morals of the young and furnish an excuse for hoary-headed sensualities by maintaining a platform where impure morals and shameless doctrines are preached under the guise of Spiritual philosophy—with such as these I have nothing to do;" and

WHEREAS, Under the declaration the idea is conveyed that whoever dares to enunciate thoughts in relation to the social question under the name of free love must of necessity indorse animalism, and give encouragement to hoary-headed sensualities; and

WHEREAS, A large majority of our public lecturers, of acknowledged ability and personal worth, such as Victoria C. Woodhull, Laura Cuppy Smith, M. S. Hoadley, Anna M. Middlebrook, Nettie M. Pease, Nellie Davis, Jennie Leys, C. Fannie Allyn, Moses Hull, H. B. Storer, L. D. Coonley, W. F. Jamieson, R. G. Eckles, A. C. Robinson, Warren Chase, Lyman C. Howe and a host of others, are advocates of that theory entitled free love; therefore

Resolved, That while our platform has been free to the advocates of free love, it must also remain free to Emma Hardinge-Britten and the small minority who may oppose this doctrine, believing, as we do, that truth and justice will triumph only as opportunities are afforded for liberty of thought and speech.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be sent to the *Banner of Light* and WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY for publication.

ISAAC FRAZIER, President.

A. C. ROBINSON, Secretary.

I may be permitted to say a few words in vindication of my course in presenting the above resolutions. Being one of the Board of Trustees of the Spiritualist Society of this place, I did not feel like receiving censure at the hands of one at least who is but a child in Spiritualism compared to the time which I have spent in its service. I desired personally to disavow having any intention or design of giving encouragement to sensuality, and when my assent as a member of our board of trustees is given for men and women who have occupied our platform, or who may do so in the future, who have thoughts to utter which may not be suited to the immaculate ears of Sister Emma, that such thoughts, whatever they may be, shall be heard and treated as the honest expressions of honest hearts.

Our societies cannot be free upon other basis than this, and if every society that professes to tolerate freedom of individual thought (and I know of none who do not make this profession) would see to it that the strongest possible safeguards are at once thrown around each in their several individual rights as public speakers, it would enhance the cause Emma Hardinge-Britten is to occupy our platform the two first Sundays of next May; and her rights shall not be abridged, and none will dictate to her what she shall say to us. I am glad that she has written her very characteristic letter, for every one will know whether the spirit of toleration exists in her mind toward those of her co-laborers in the vineyard of Spiritualism. To those committees who suffer a speaker to be true to themselves when they shall dare to speak words in favor of social freedom, such are to be branded as compounding with sensuality; this is popery on a small scale. If my rights may be abridged as a public speaker upon the question of free love, and I am to be warned as to what I may not say, and threatened if I do say it, where is my liberty as an individual? Sister Emma, go on and fight with all thy earnestness what thou believest to be wrong—this is thy right, but do not say that others, thy equals, do not possess the right to oppose thee.

A. C. ROBINSON.

OUR (THE PEOPLE'S) AGE.

Our good and brave sister, Lois Waisbrooker, has issued the first number of a paper, with the above name, and under the following propositions:

Prospectus—"Our Age"—A weekly, of the same size as was the *Present Age*, to be issued from Battle Creek, Mich., two dollars and fifty cents per year. First number to be sent when enough is pledged to secure its publication for one year. Names of such as wish to become subscribers desired, but no money asked till the first number is sent.

Time for receiving names extended to the 4th of May, 1873. Lois Waisbrooker, Editor and Proprietor.

Such a paper as Lois Waisbrooker can make will be a great assistance to the cause of reform, in Michigan especially, and in the States generally. She is widely known as an earnest and energetic devotee to some of the most essential questions of the age, and we hope her enterprise may receive the support it deserves.

KINDNESS PERSONIFIED.

ROCHESTER "DEMOCRAT AND CHRONICLE," February, 1873.

Woodhull proclaims she will follow Beecher in his Western tour and lecture in every place that he lectures. We reckon she will fail in this startling programme. Mr. Beecher is quite as popular in the West as here, and Western people are not disposed to listen quietly to wanton abuse of a public favorite. In brief, if Mrs. Woodhull values her personal safety she will remain at home.

[Victoria Woodhull is not in the habit of threatening. What she makes up her mind to do, she does. She did not threaten to follow Mr. Beecher "in his Western tour;" but it so happened, that after hearing Mr. Beecher, the West wanted to hear her. She went and spoke the "Naked Truth" for two weeks, and returned unharmed, with thirty offered engagements unfilled. So much for the intelligence and wisdom of the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*. Try again.]

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Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly,

48 Broad Street, New York City.



NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1873.

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 labor in finding 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, Jennie 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.

As a account of the extraordinary press of matter for the last three weeks, very much against our wish, we are compelled to lay the Plan of Organization, which we proposed to publish in this issue, over till next week. In the meantime we hope the discussion of the subject of organization will go on among Spiritualists, since the time rapidly ap-

proaches in which it will not be expedient merely, but a necessity by which to protect themselves from their natural enemies—the God-in-the-Constitution people, the Y. M. C. A.

CLUBS! CLUBS!! CLUBS!!!

We must again call upon the friends of all-sided freedom to renew their efforts to raise clubs for the WEEKLY. Every even inconsiderable town ought to furnish one of, at least, twenty persons; and if the friends are zealous this can be done everywhere. Even one day a week, spent by a few persons in each place, would soon double our number of readers; and luke-warm, indeed, must be he or she who cannot devote one day in seven to a cause which, being in its infancy, needs the assistance of all who embrace it.

Then put your shoulders anew to the wheels upon which the car of progress is to so triumphantly nearing the apex of the mountain up which it has had to climb, so that, the summit being gained, all may stand and calmly survey the stony and stormy path by which it had to be approached.

TO NEWSMEN AND FRIENDS.

We are glad to be able to inform our friends that the American News Co. is now prepared to fill all orders from its customers, as formerly, for the WEEKLY. The inquisition which the authorities, located in this city, attempted to establish over the freedom of the press, by their arrest of ourselves and Mr. Train upon the charge of obscenity; and, perhaps, the fear that we had libelled Mr. Beecher have, until now, prevented the Company from supplying its customers. Hundreds of newsmen have, in the meantime, received notice that the Company does not furnish the WEEKLY, and they will now be obliged to renew their orders before they will be filled. Will our friends everywhere take the trouble to inform their newsmen of this change in the relation of the Company to the WEEKLY.

We would also specially request friends to send us the names of such liberal newsmen as would, in the various cities and towns, be most inclined to deal in the WEEKLY, so that we may take the necessary steps to furnish it to them.

REVOLUTION: IS IT AT HAND.

Before the slave war broke out, anybody who had foresight enough to see that war was to come, and the courage to express it, was set down as insane. When Genl. Sherman, after the war had broken out, said it would require years of time and a million soldiers to subdue the rebellion, he was universally declared insane. Indeed so good evidence of insanity was this opinion of his, considered, that it came nearly to depriving him of a command in the army. In fact whoever conceived the idea that a rebellion against the General Government was possible was instantly voted of unsound mind by the pulpit, the press and the people.

But notwithstanding the fact that those whom the world held to be insane at that time have been proved to have been the only really sane people there were upon that subject, the world learning no lesson from that experience of utter incompetency and fallaciousness continues to brand as insane those who now see revolution ahead. This thoughtless, and as will be proved, hasty decision, has been made without any weight having been given to that which is patent upon the face of things—that the causes that may lead to revolution now, are of a much more direct order than were those that led to the slave rebellion. That was precipitated and waged upon one side, and the primarily aggressive side, by those interested in it from motives of principle divorced from all personal interest; while the causes that will lead to that which is to come, combine the two elements of principle and of personal interest. How much more imminent, then, are the prospects for revolution now than they were before the late war. In many regards the situations are similar if not identical. The first gun of that war was fired against the government—against the power that had, under legislative administration, attained the control. So also will the war that is to come be introduced, not by the aggressive party, but by those whom the aggressions will subjugate in a legitimate way, and they will resist its decrees.

Neither had that war any collateral issues tending to precipitate events; it was a question of freedom for the negroes, merely; but various causes now, point from different directions to the same general culmination. The money question had nothing to do directly with that war; while it will be the chief one to precipitate that which is coming. For the past two years, we have been telling the people that there could be no solution of the impending question, that would be given, by which war could be prevented. We saw that it must come; but we were set down as insane, being simply desirous of creating a temporary sensation; and now that another who was long since dubbed insane by the self constituted censors of society, declares that blood will flow within ninety days, he is of course stark mad, and in danger of being sent to a lunatic asylum.

Now, we do not know that revolution will come in ninety days; but we should not be surprised if it were to come in as many hours; and we do not see how it can be deferred another year. Circumstances are combining with frightful rapidity; almost too rapidly to be competently noted. Events move no more in stage-coach methods. They have assumed the speed of the locomotive, if not, indeed, of

the telegraph, and hence, when one is brave enough to declare that it will be upon us in ninety days, he but speaks what is clearly seen or impending, and liable to fall at any hour.

And April comes in with prophetic indications. In the East, labor is gathering up its sinews to wrestle anew with capital, and on every hand, strikes are being inaugurated. In New York one trade, that of gas-making, is already out, and seems determined to accomplish its purposes—more pay and less hours for labor. In the West the producers of that upon which the East feeds, is in almost open warfare against the mighty railroad monopolies, that are leeching the life out of these producers; while they who compose these monopolizers are the same against whom the Eastern laborers are rebelling—the Eastern capitalists; and though the two parties, the Eastern mechanic and the Western farmer, have not yet seen that their interests are identical, it will become evident the moment a blow falls anywhere, given by anybody. When Sumpter was struck by the rebel shot the whole people immediately took one side or the other. So, too, when the Sumpter shot shall again be received, will the whole people take one side or the other; and can any doubt upon which the vast majority will be? can any sane person imagine that the labor interest will be in the minority? If they do, they had better rectify their judgments, and not wait to have them rectified by the logic of events as did the slave interests in the late war; unless, indeed, the people remain wilfully blind to what is going on before their eyes.

Everybody will remember with what a jealous eye the Administration regarded any upward movement in the price of gold before the election. It will be remembered to what questionable methods resort was made to keep the price below 113. Is it not singular that so soon after the election is settled that the price should rise to 119 and no effort on the part of the Administration be made to stay its upward tendency?

It may seem strange to those who do not look beneath the surface of things. But it is just what was anticipated by those who regard the cause that lies behind movements rather than the movements themselves. It was as necessary that the Administration should succeed in November as it was necessary that Tammany should succeed in its last election. It would not do to have the Administration pass into new hands. There was too much that needed another term to safely bury from all future observation. But that was not all. Behind even that, there may perhaps be another and a deeper scheme. Let us see if the exigencies of the condition do not point unerringly to such a scheme.

It will be remembered that the South went to war to preserve slavery. They saw that the sentiment against it had obtained such growth and strength that unless it were strangled slavery, would be compelled to yield to peaceable legislation; hence they resolved to take the issue of war; and results have demonstrated that they waited, as it was, a score of years too long. Freedom had obtained a much greater hold upon the popular pulse than their most sagacious men imagined. In a word, it had conquered slavery even before the war began.

Now the condition of the monopolists of free labor to-day is precisely what the position of the monopolists of slave labor was before the war. Like them the same class of the present see that unless by some coup they can obtain a more secure hold upon the power gradually slipping from their grasp, at no distant day it will be wrested from them by peaceful legislation, and without a struggle they will be compelled to yield the positions they have so secretly and adroitly obtained. They know that the demands of labor cannot much longer be put off by make-shift policy and sham or pretended legislation in its behalf. The cry is too earnest, and is repeated too frequently to leave them in any doubt regarding its meaning.

And they also know there is but one method of salvation—to secure a firm grasp upon the government. Now, what does this mean? We repeat that the monopolists, the moneyed aristocracy, in all and whatever form they exist, know that their days are numbered; they know when the trial comes, between them and the masses whom they enslave, monopoly must go down. Consequently everybody who is not a productive laborer is secretly, if not openly, in league against the increasing demands of labor for justice. But how shall it be successfully resisted? As we said, there is but one method, and that is to subvert the government, by making it a government of the monopolies, by the dictatorship or by the empire.

Of course we shall be named insane for even hinting that such a scheme is on foot in this country; but we nevertheless assert it to be true, and the people will learn it to their sorrow before the expiration of the present Presidential term. It is the only method, we repeat again, by which the powers that now control events can hope to hold their places. And in view of this, are the laboring people simple enough to imagine they will not resort to any seemingly necessary measure to avert the coming destiny? Will they not even be as desperate as were the Southern slaveholders? We tell you they will hesitate at nothing; and more; they are already resolved that they will hesitate at nothing.

Have the people ever stopped to think of the reason for last year sending three emissaries to the various European monarchies? Does it not look as if there were some secret plotting going on for which the approval of European crowns was desired? Surely they would not have been se-

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cretly consulted regarding any movement in the interests of the enemies of crowns—the people. But there were secret missions in Europe. They were not in the interests of liberty; they must have been intended against it. Would not the people be astonished if it should come out that a proposition to establish the Empire in this country has already received the approval of the crowned heads of Europe, and that the Y. M. C. A. is at the bottom of it all.

But this could not be done, or ever hoped for, without an exigency should arise to be made the occasion. Therefore an exigency is necessary; and, strange as it is, even that is not suspected. We have already hinted at it. Gold has reached a higher price than for nearly three years, without interference from the Administration. Suppose, now, while a further rise is going on, a rise which the financial policy of the Administration has made inevitable, that the European bankers should suddenly call the gold to the sum of thirty millions that is held in Wall street? What would be the result? Necessarily and unavoidably, a financial panic, involving every interest in the country; United States bonds would fall to 50, and every national bank be made insolvent and ruin and desolation would spread over the whole country, as it were, in a single day. Every manufactory would stop, and the Western harvest would be worthless. Universal panic and dismay would be the occasion for the proclamation of the Empire, and immediately that was done the gold of Europe would be at hand to sustain it. What chance would the labor slaves of the country have in such a muddle as this? None whatever, except to accept the situation, while the monopolies would be left with all their landed estates, and all their bonds, to be gradually appreciated again to their standard values by the general productiveness of the country, now entirely in their hands, which is the real and only wealth there is. And thus the laboring poor would be more emphatically enslaved than now, while wealth, reconstructed into a political aristocracy, would have its greedy hands still more tightly about the throats of its slaves, and the Revolution, now pending, be accomplished.

SEXUAL VICE IN CHILDREN.—No. 1.

We now approach a present sexual condition, which being antecedent to and the basis out of which others of which we have already treated grow, presents the most mournful picture of which it is possible for the true humanitarian to conceive. Sum up all other vices; add to them the terrors of inherited ills, and multiply these by all other deleterious influences, and the total is nothing when compared with this most frightful demon which is devouring the race and spreading devastation and desolation in every household. The clergy may prate of salvation for the soul, they may dilate upon the deep damnation which is sure to follow "wine and women," and they may hold up before the youth of the world the prospective possibilities that lie stretched before them in the shining future, but all the former may be shunned, and all the latter anticipated and hoped for, and yet the most vital thing of all is untouched—is ignored—and its deadly sting left to penetrate the very fountains of life, either to dry them up or, rushing to the opposite extreme, run them quickly away.

When we look around us and everywhere see the demon holding high revel among the brightest buds and choicest blossoms of humanity, and its teachers and guardians quietly watching its progress and lifting not a voice against it, our hearts sink in despair at the prospect of the future. We can see nothing but degeneracy here, degeneracy there, degeneracy everywhere. For years we have been waiting for the men of medical and physiological science to raise the warning cry, since to them does the duty primarily belong, and since from them society listening would receive it; but the few who have attempted to do their clear duty have been hounded silent by their brother scientists, and the whole subject for the past few years has been remanded into oblivion; and many seemingly gloat over the progress of the silent ravager.

It therefore falls to us to speak again the unpopular truth—to call down upon ourselves anew the bitterness and the cursings of this great sham called society, and to say to it: "You are permitting your children to commit suicide; moral, intellectual and physical suicide, without lifting a hand to save them; and with no resistance, a mildew—a blight—is settling down over all their future."

Is this anything to startle you into thought; to rouse you into the consideration of what is going on unchecked in all your households? It is not unknown. Ask your physicians and they will tell you that not one girl in a hundred, seventeen years of age, is perfectly healthy, sexually; ask them again and they will tell you the same of your boys;—your girls have leucorrhoea, your boys have spermatorrhoea, and both suffer equally the consequent blight.

Do you say this is not so? Look to your children. Are they bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked and plump-limbed? In vain you seek these evidences of health. And why are they wanting? Have your children been sick; are they overworked; do they over-study, or what is it that keeps from them the bloom which belongs to youth; why are they faded before fully blossomed; why are their cheeks hollow, their eyes sunken and yellow and their eyelids pale and dark; why is their skin sallow and their forehead pimpled; why are they nervous and fretful—always complaining, and delicate? Can any of you tell? Do any of you ever stop to ask the question? Neither the first nor the last; but now that your attention is called to it, do you not see that this is

all so? Mournfully must you shake your heads and admit it, for it stares you in the face in every household; and it is sufficiently terrible in its prophecies to warrant the most fearful alarm. It is not, to be sure, the acute disease that kills within a few days; but it is the slow-creeping consumption that beguiles its victims, months, or years perhaps, and when it has played with them until it is itself sick of the sport, suddenly puts its fearful claw upon the victims' life-currents and stops them.

Go to your fashionable boarding-schools—boarding hells, rather—and pass the members in review, and there you will find that vice stalks with most fearful tread. Look at the graduates as they come home from these hot-houses where the sexual appetite is prematurely roused and unnaturally satiated. Mothers send their daughters to them to be educated, and be assured they are educated in a way that will last them all their lives. And again, if you doubt this, ask a competent physician. And if you cannot believe even him, ask your daughters; pin them so closely down to the truth that they cannot evade it, and if they can evade this, watch them and you shall become satisfied that a fire burns within them that is feeding upon their vitals, and that they, though all the efforts of their natures are put forth against it, yield to its demands.

But gain the truth at last, and then listen to the confession, and you shall hear a tale of horror and of sorrow that will condemn you as mothers, and cause you to realize that, of all things, you have overlooked the most vital, and have permitted your daughters to acquire a vice which, when once fastened upon them is impossible of eradication. They will tell you that when very small, perhaps no more than eight, nine, or ten years of age, they were taught by some one already acquainted with the vice, the act that led them to destruction. They will tell you that they did not know there was any harm in it; that you had never told them any better, and that they did not think anything bad could come from it, because they had never known you to warn them against it, and that you certainly would have told them if it were wrong, knowing, as you must have done, all about it. In complete ignorance of its results, and unwarned as to acquiring the habit, they blindly fell into it, and knew not its fearful character until so far advanced that retreat was impossible. They will tell you how, when they really awakened to know its dreadful effects, they struggled to overcome the habit; that when its fascination ceased from the almost complete disappearance of the accompanying pleasure, that it took on a form from which they will shrink in horror even at its recital. They will tell you of dreams at night and of involuntary action upon the slightest excitement, by day, and altogether such a tale of horror as to make you wonder that you could have been blind to it all this time.

But these are the women whom you marry and who are to become the mothers of the next generation of children. Do you not think they will be worthy representatives of their mothers? Do you not think that the sexual demoralization of the parents of to-day will be reproduced in their offspring, if, indeed, they have any, which is extremely doubtful, at an early age! Every succeeding generation it makes captive the children at an earlier age. A hundred years ago the sexual appetite was undeveloped in girls at eighteen and in boys at twenty; now a girl of fifteen, aye, of twelve, feels the fire of sexual desire thrilling her veins, even when not unnaturally developed by sexual vice; and a boy of sixteen has realized all the sexual senses. In the next generation these realizations will be reduced to still more tender years, and for this very reason to which we have referred—that of the sexual demoralization of parents, which is reproduced in children, rendering them in early years the subjects of morbid sexual desires and capacities.

Well may the question be asked: Where will all this stop? We can only answer this: That unless it do stop, reproduction will soon cease and the physical race be blotted out of existence. Everybody knows that American women now bear less than one half as many children as their grandmothers bore. Where now are found families of ten, fifteen, aye, twenty children? Nowhere! Two, four, and perhaps five, and one half of them dead, have been the average. What does this mean? Has it no competent causes? Is it merely because women object to having children more than they formerly did? Yes, in part; but in a small part. The real meaning is, that men and women are sexually demoralized and incapacitated to beget and bear children. Suppose it go on unchecked a hundred years longer, what will have become of the race? Civilized nations will have become extinct, and the present generation may as well look this fact squarely in the face and prepare to meet it or to cure it, since one or the other must certainly be done.

To us the question is of such terrible moment that we, though feeling the necessity, approach it with fear and trembling. Those whose duty it seems it should have been have not raised a warning voice, but have left it for us to do who are already overburdened with a terrible weight of prejudice as the advocates of unpopular and unpalatable truths; but this is a natural adjunct of the question of social freedom; and as the advocates of that, we could not ignore it if we would; indeed, we had not entered upon the warfare for social freedom, had it not been that this question being under consideration, could and not be approached except through it. Every question that is based in the sexuality of the race, and all present ills that attach to it, must find the possibility for reformation in the establishment of freedom

in sexuality. We boldly assert it, and time will bear testimony to its truth.

None of the ills that now belong to the sexual relations of the race can ever hope for a cure until their freedom is first established and until nature is permitted to have its sway, instead of being compelled, as it is, into unnatural methods to attain its desires. If people are refused natural food, and that which is unwholesome is attainable, it may be set down as certain that the unwholesome, though it may be known that it will bring disease and death even, will be greedily devoured. The same rule holds good in all other appetites and passions.

It behooves the people, then, to set themselves about to investigate this question of sexuality, to find out what are its natural demands that require to be met to avert the certain coming devastation and demoralization, and ultimate death. And we shall not hesitate to discuss it in such plain terms as to be comprehensible to all, though both Church and State continue to hold its hands against us and to charge us with obscenity, just as though society itself is not obscene in the fact of the existence of all this demoralization.

THE PLATFORM OF THE EQUAL RIGHTS PARTY —FIFTH PLANK.

"That all monopolies should be abolished and all charters revoked, and that the government of the people should manage all public enterprises for the common benefit of the whole country."

It has come to be acknowledged that all monopolies exist at the expense of the people. It does not matter what form the monopoly assumes, all its gain must be extortion—must be the receiving of more value than it gives. In an especial sense is this true of those monopolies that exist and grow fat under chartered rights. The government, in the name of the people, grants privileges to individuals, by which, to swell their profits, the people are swindled. In fact, so extensive are monopolies, and so far reaching in their effects upon the community, that it may safely be said the common people are enveloped by them and actually deprived of all natural rights. And when the chartered rights of monopolies do not quite succeed in reducing the common people to absolute bondage, then the government slips in with its protective and restrictive laws and completes the subjugation.

So fearful and certain have the issues become between productive labor and aggregating capital that the former, let it produce what it may, barely exists, while all that is not required to sustain life passes to the possession of the capitalist. An evidence of this, at once complete and convincing, is in the fact that, whatever expenses the government may involve, it is never paid by capital, since, let them be what they may, it is continually increasing in quantity, while, let the laborer produce whatever he may, he remains the laborer merely. Therefore, it is clear, so clear, that none may question it, that labor pays all the expenses of government, while capital builds itself continually.

Now, this plank of the Equal Rights Party Platform looks to the supervision by the government of all enterprises that for their profit depend upon the public. Why, for instance, should the public be made to pay a million dollars in dividends to the stockholders of the N. Y. Central Railroad annually when the government could run it at cost of maintenance? Railroads, as a system of transportation, have become of even greater importance than public highways; and why like them should they not be maintained at the public expense for the public benefit. Is it objected that those who have no occasion to use them should not be compelled to pay as much for their support as those should pay who make continuous use of them? It is replied that the same objections hold with equal force as applied to highways. When railroads become, as they will, as common as public roads now are; indeed, when they shall, in a great measure, have superseded all other methods of transportation, then they will necessarily have to be conducted by the people through their agent the government.

In the same category as railroads, there must be placed all ferries, and methods of steam transportation; all methods of lighting cities; all coal, oil, gold, silver and other mines and salt manufactures, since these last are natural wealths, belonging of inherited right to all the people, to monopolize which, as is now done, is simply to steal from the people.

Were the Government to even manage all these public conveniences and necessities, at a profit, they could readily be made to pay all its own expenses, and thus save hundreds of millions of dollars to the producing people every year. The profits of our railway system alone are sufficient to meet all the current expenses of government. So, also, is the interest that is paid for the use of money to individuals sufficient to again meet all the same expenses; while the profits paid to those who monopolize the products of industry in their passage from the producer to the consumer, would several times over pay the same. And all this, even, does not include another vast swindle of the people. Forty thousand persons called clergymen are paid annually say \$40,000,000, while the untaxed Church property amounts to an equally great swindle, which are the greatest impositions, making the least return to the people of all the swindles, and, together with their attachments, again filching from the public a sum sufficient to meet every expense of its government.

Thus we have several systems in vogue, each of which is a necessity of the people, and each of which is

sufficiently profitable to the individuals who conduct it, to meet, if conducted by the Government, the whole expense of it. When will the people come to a realization of these enormities, to which they are now enslaved? When will they learn that to stand by the old parties represented by politicians now in place and power, is to continue their own enslavement? When will the people conclude to take the government into their own hands and to conduct it in their own interests? When will they come to the support of the Equal Rights Platform which looks to the establishment of perfect religious and social freedom, political equality and industrial justice for all people, without any distinction whatever?

NELLIE L. DAVIS.

No braver, nobler, grander woman speaks on the rostrum to-day, speaks for woman and then whole humanity than Nellie L. Davis. Young, sensitive, delicate, she is yet the perfect incarnation of power, courage, heroism. Those who listened to her recent address in Vineland, N. J., on the Social Question, will never forget how she electrified that vast audience with her startling utterances, sending a horror-thrill through every heart as she unmasked the hateful and revolting old, and holding all spell-bound and charmed and won over, while she painted the better and beautiful new! One kenned not which was the greater marvel, that she could make that terrible speech, or that those hundreds could so accept it—its most defiant features—with most rapturous applause! Strong men went on the platform as she closed, and taking her by the hand, told her she knew not how wonderful all seemed to them, nor how they loved and hallowed her in their hearts for the daring that could make her so brave. "Ah!" said she, "you know not what it costs me to speak so," and we did not know, and then again we did, and felt she was making her young life one long, grand holocaust for the salvation of humanity. We would rather a hundred times be that fearless herald of truth and angel of inspiration than all the craven apologists for rottenness and corruption, from Emma Hardinge up or down. May the workers for humanity ply her with calls, keep her constantly in the field, and know that she will everywhere surpass expectation—thrill all with her heroic courage and transcendent power.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., March 31, 1878.

Woodhull & Claflin—Your answer to my communication, in your issue of April 5th, does not solve the query I put to you. It seems to me you dodge the main point. Let me once more state the question as I see it.

If Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton when they made their first contract were guilty of fraud, and thereby the contract was not valid, they were swindlers and cheats from the beginning.

But I did not speak of fraudulent contracts. I did not mean cases where neither party complained; nor did I deny the right of freedom, so long as the rights of others were not infringed, but of persons who having honestly made a contract of their own free will being secretly false to such contract, and when found out and complained of by those on whose rights they were trespassing, acknowledged they were living false and hypocritical lives.

Now is this swindling and cheating, or is it honorable and fair dealing? It appears to me you call it honest, and "nobody to blame." I call it swindling, and both parties to the fraud, whenever committed, equally guilty.

Do I understand you?

C. S. MIDDLEBROOK.

It seems to us that you have not comprehended our reply to your former interrogations; at least we are positive of no intention or desire to dodge any point. We are always willing to admit any point that we cannot logically sustain. We said that if Mr. Beecher made any contract with Mrs. Beecher, its value depended upon the ability to keep it. If he contracted to love her, and was unable to fulfill it because he cannot love her, the contract is abrogated by natural law—a higher law than any legal enactment; but if the contract is kept in form and violated in spirit, then it is prostitution and not the fulfillment of the contract to love.

We are unconscious of what you state positively; we do not know that Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton "were guilty of fraud" or that they are "swindlers and cheats from the beginning." Who did they defraud? whom cheat? whom swindle (unless indeed it were themselves, which certainly you will not dispute their right to do)? They certainly did not bestow any love upon each other that belonged to anybody else, but that only which they had for each other. We fail to see any fraud, swindling or cheating in anything connected with the case. Mr. Beecher never contracted to give to Mrs. Beecher the love he felt for Mrs. Tilton; or if he had he might be open to the charge of fraud since it would have been a contract to do something that was impossible; nor did he give to Mrs. Tilton any of the love he had for Mrs. Beecher; hence, there is no fraud apparent.

I endeavored distinctly to set forth in the article itself that my complaint against Mr. Beecher was upon a different ground entirely from that upon which you and almost everybody else insist upon placing it, and I still maintain that the wrong, if wrong there be at all, is in the false customs and established standards of society which makes a wrong of that which is made right by nature. In a word, the wrong consists in society compelling people to hypocrisy and deceit in the healthful exercise of God-given capacities.

But if you mean that Mr. Beecher had no right to bestow any love upon Mrs. Tilton unknown to Mrs. Beecher, we reply that you are assuming to dictate to Mr. Beecher regarding something over which you have no control; in fact, over which he alone of all the world has control. You can no more proclaim to Mr. Beecher what his duty is to Mrs. Beecher than you can decide whom he may love or when he can love. He must love when he can love, and he must perform such duty as his own conscience determines.

It is useless to discuss this question unless we first decide upon the primary question of freedom. If we admit freedom of conscience, freedom of love and freedom of action, so that action does not carry the person upon unreciprocal ground, then the case is gone by default, since there is no ground for complaint; but if freedom be not admitted, the discussion reverts from love, duty, cheating, etc., back to that of the right or error of freedom. Hence, when you question Mr. Beecher's right to do as he has done and call him a cheat, etc., you indirectly deny the right of freedom, and this, then, becomes the question which must first be decided before we can possibly arrive at any common understanding of personal conduct. As it now stands, you deny the right of freedom, while we assert it. Mr. Beecher is not in the case until this little disagreement is settled; but when this is settled the whole matter is also settled.

For the hundredth time we re-affirm as our basis of discussing these questions: *Every human being belongs to himself or herself by a higher title than any which, by surrenders, arrangements or promises he or she can confer upon any other human being. Self ownership is inalienable*, hence there can be no such thing as ownership in human being; and he or she who assumes it is an unconscionable despot, unworthy of the love or respect of anybody born into the truths of the new dispensation.

NATURE AND ART.

Had the WEEKLY, from motives of purity not yet recognized by the barbarism of our country, advocated in its columns that which has been carried out in London, what a hue and cry would have been raised against it. Yet, to the lovers of true art, there is room for rejoicing in the following item taken from the London correspondence of the Cincinnati Commercial:

"The devotion of English girls to art and their success is so great that the art schools have had considerable difficulties in the matter of arranging for medals—difficulties of delicacy. The pupils of all the London art schools are of both sexes, and the Royal Academy has long proceeded on the principle that in drawing from life the sexes must be separated. But the Royal being very rich, was able to command as many models as it pleased; and the same is the case with the institution at South Kensington. But there are three other schools which have not equal advantages. Mr. Poynter was, I believe, the first to override the objections of the prudish and prurient in this matter, and now there are at least two important schools where young gentlemen and ladies assemble to sketch from the same nude human models."

It is our opinion, that ignorance is the bar to the improvement of the morals of the people, and as we believe that our youth of both sexes should be instructed as to the parts they have to perform in after life, and armed by intelligence against the vices now decimating mankind, we rejoice that English artists of both sexes have thus risen in their might to rebuke the false modesty of the age, which is only a cloak for licentiousness.

MORAL STATISTICS OF SING SING.

There is something singularly horrible in the following item, which is taken from the N. Y. Herald of the first inst.:

INFANTICIDE AT SING SING.

The church-going residents of Sing Sing village are at present shocked at some scandalous disclosures which have come to light in their midst within the past couple of days. Last Saturday while some children were playing near the public school, they found, partially covered in a heap of ashes the remains of a fully-developed, newly-born male infant, which had apparently lain there only a day or two. Coroner Bassett having been notified, empaneled a jury, and on a post-mortem examination of the body marks of violence were plainly discernable on the throat, leaving no doubt that the child had been murdered. A verdict to that effect—"by some person unknown"—was accordingly rendered.

Conjecture being still rife as to who the unnatural mother may be, information was yesterday received by Justice Hyatt setting forth that Mary Jackson, a mulatto girl, aged fifteen, living with her mother in Central avenue, had given birth to an infant some three or four weeks ago, since which time it had mysteriously disappeared. That official at once issued a warrant for the arrest of the girl Jackson, and an officer proceeded to her home for the purpose of apprehending her. On arriving at the house the officer displayed his warrant and intimated the nature of the crime of which she was suspected. The girl became thoroughly alarmed, and hastily replied that the baby found in the ash-heap could not belong to her, as hers was up stairs in the trunk. On ascending to an upper room the body of a colored infant, wrapped up in a bundle of old clothing, was found, and in an advanced state of decomposition. She insisted that the child was still-born, and as it was impossible to find any marks of violence on the remains, the Coroner's jury which investigated the case came to the conclusion that the infant had been "found dead."

The mother in whose sleeping apartment the body had lain rotting for four weeks, was then discharged from custody.

"The dead body could not belong to her, for hers was up-stairs in the trunk." Truly the social order of society is out of joint when child-murder has become so common an offense. If Christianity cannot protect the little ones, Spiritualism must—that is our opinion.

BLUEBEARD'S MARCH.

Under this heading it is proposed to present to the readers of the WEEKLY facts which speak louder than words, depicting the evils growing out of the present rulings of society as regards the conditions of women.

[From the Daily News, March 27.]

"James Shaughnessy, of No. 174 West Thirty-second street, does not live harmoniously with his wife Margaret, and he attempted last night to put an end to his domestic troubles by endeavoring to shoot her with a pistol. Justice Cox committed him in default of \$500 bail."

Wife-murder is getting to be so common, it is no wonder reporters make fun of it:

[From the same.]

"The following named keepers of disorderly houses were arrested last night, together with the inmates of the same, the former being committed by Justice Cox in default of \$500 each, and the latter in \$100 each; Nellie Clayton and three girls, from No. 142 Wooster street; Mary Porter and three girls, from No. 194 Wooster street; Hattie Monaghan, at No. 162 Wooster street; Josephine Thompson and four girls at No. 155 Green street; Anne Williams, at No. 133 Green street; Kate Williams, three girls and a man at No. 206 Greene street; Maud Livingston and three girls at No. 87 Amity street; Helen McGregor, three girls and a man at No. 89 Amity street; Nettie Van Leer, eight girls and three men at No. 53 Amity street; Lyllia Poole, three girls and two men at No. 237 Wooster street, and Maria Dayton and three girls at No. 239 Wooster street."

There is a nice legal distinction drawn between prostitution and intemperance. In the former case they arrest the sellers and in the latter, usually, the buyers. But if the liquor traffic was only in the hands of women, there is little doubt but that such distinction would soon cease to exist:

[From the same.]

Unfortunately not a singular instance of conjugal affection:

"Machael Shady, a promising young ruffian, got six months in the penitentiary for assaulting his step-mother, 'a woman,' so she says herself, 'that never drinks a drop.' Her husband swore that she was a regular old toper, but the Court seemed to think he was prejudiced."

[From the Daily News, March 31.]

Wm. McMahon, a livery stable keeper, residing at No. 154½ Madison street, was arraigned before Justice Shandley to-day for thrashing his wife and raising thunder in his domestic household. It appeared from the facts developed before his honor, that the prisoner had been imbibing rather too freely and committed the onslaught. Justice Shandley held him to answer in default of \$300 bail."

PER CONTRA.

Curious case of misplaced affection, as recorded in the N. Y. Herald, March 28:

Robert Lawrence was accused by a young lady named Emma Jane Jenkins of stealing a breastpin and earrings, and by Richard Doremus of stealing an opera-glass from the house 106 Bedford street.

He entered the house as a sneak thief, and was caught with the goods in his possession.

When asked if he had any witnesses, he said, "My wife is here, Judge, and she wants to talk with you."

Judge Bixby.—She cannot appear as a witness for you.

The wife then came forward, a young woman, scarcely twenty years of age, of delicate appearance, and sobbing violently. She pleaded strenuously in her husband's behalf, and her appeals were piteous in the extreme.

Judge Bixby looked at her a moment and said: "Did you not come to me some time ago and ask to have this man arrested for abandonment and because he spent all his money in gambling? Your name is Mrs. Daly and not Mrs. Lawrence."

Wife of the prisoner (still sobbing).—Yes, sir; but if he promises that if he gets out of this he will be a good man and a good husband to me—

Judge Bixby.—You had better go home, Mrs. Daly; you can't do anything with him.

Mrs. Daly then went toward her husband, and spoke to him kindly. The latter answered surlily, "Oh, what's the use of talking; you see you can't do anything."

Judge Bixby (to the prisoner).—Haven't you got some pawn-tickets? You had better hand them over to your wife. They won't be any good to you for some time.

The prisoner handed over a roll of these significant tokens, and his wife took them somewhat reluctantly.

Judge Bixby.—Prisoner, we sentence you to four months' imprisonment on the first charge and four months' on the second at the expiration of the first term.

Prisoner (philosophically).—Eight months, eh? Well, so long, Judge!

[From the New York Herald, March 29.]

ST. LOUIS, March 28, 1878.

Judge Primm, of the Criminal Court, to-day postponed the execution of Anton Holme, the wife murderer, from April 3 to November 13. The prisoner's counsel filed a bill of exceptions, and the case will probably go to the Supreme Court, as a new trial will be had.

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Holding, as we do, all executions as barbarous, and especially condemning the prolongation of the torture by a reprieve, we ask of the Supreme Court of Missouri to spare this murderer's life. We do this believing it is one of those cases in which women have a natural right (though deprived of its exercise) to dictate the law.

In the same paper (same date) there are reported in one column no less than three cases of these domestic horrors.

No. 1.—Catherine Kerwin who died in Centre-street Hospital on Friday night (March 29) from the effects of the most brutal ill treatment alleged to have been received from her husband, Patrick Kerwin.

No. 2.—The murder of Mrs. Clark and one of her children by her husband Ed. Clark, in Warren County, Georgia.

No. 3.—The arrest of Annie Adair, of Adams County, Illinois, who is charged with having poisoned her husband with whom she lived unhappily.

The New York Herald, of the 30th inst., adds one to the list, as follows:

DENVER, Col., March 29, 1873.

William Newman, a man of property, residing for several years past in this city, died a few days since under suspicious circumstances. His wife and a half brother were arrested yesterday, charged with murdering Newman, by administering arsenic. The evidence is very strong against them.

INTERNATIONAL COMPLIMENT.

Some, of what are termed the liberal thinkers of England, have lately been advocating suicide in certain cases. One of the ablest of the English newspapers, the *Fortnightly Review*, it is believed indorses the affirmative of the question in its columns.

Under these circumstances, the owners of the WEEKLY feel it to be only courteous in them to pass the hat across the Atlantic for the editor of the above-mentioned newspaper. We have believed ourselves previously to be somewhat radical in our opinions, but we draw the line at homicide.

ONE TIME ONE PRICE.

Before laborers can dictate the price of labor, they must be united. Ten Unions cannot do it, nor twenty, nor one hundred. It is very questionable whether the united force of all the mechanical unions would be sufficient to accomplish such a purpose. But if mechanical and agricultural labor unite, laborers can give the law to both distributors and money holders. This Union of the Great Labor Interest can only be effected on the basis of equal justice to all laborers. With the war cry of "Equal Compensation for an Equal Time of Labor," or "One Time One Price" for all workers, the cause of labor would assuredly speedily triumph.

HARK! FROM THE TOMBS.

THE LOSS OF THE ATLANTIC.

MURDER ON THE HIGH SEAS.

Reporter.—Did not Mrs. Train go out in the Atlantic?

Mr. Train.—Yes; and notified me that she was unseaworthy and was in danger of foundering. I thought the letter so important I published it as a note of warning to the owners in Liverpool. (Published in WEEKLY, April 12.) Mr. Sparks, the agent here, is not to blame; it is the reckless action of Messrs. Innaz, Innie & Co., Liverpool, who should be indicted for murder on the high seas in the first degree.

Reporter.—Is not the loss of this steamship with so many lives another of your prophecies?

Mr. Train.—Yes; I was just showing the *Train Ligue* to Stokes to say that a prophet may be recognized in his own country before stepping from the Tombs to the Asylum. These are the foreshadowings:

(From the *Train Ligue*, November, Suppressed.)

EXTRAORDINARY PROPHECIES.

November 2.—Mr. Train, addressing ten thousand people in Wall street, made the following startling prophecies:

1. *Burning of an Atlantic City.* 2. *Horse Distemper* would soon strike cattle, fowls and wild animals, culminating in the plague. 3. *Wall street Panic.* 4. *Death of Greeley* or Grant. 5. *Reputation National Debt* through European crisis. 6. *Revolution* placing him in the White House. 7. *Burning* or foundering of an ocean steamer with loss of five hundred lives.

A TRAP SPRUNG ON THE COMING DICTATOR.

Warden Johnson has been indefatigable in his endeavors to get Mr. Train into better quarters, and to walk in the open air for some time past, and while at the court yesterday he sprang a trap on the Coming Dictator, as will be seen by the following note:

SHUTTING HIS CELL DOOR, NEVER MORE TO RETURN TO THAT HISTORICAL MURDER PEN.

He packed up his letters and epigrams, and neatly folded a batch of newspapers. He was requested by one of the keepers to step over to a large and comfortable room in the rear prison. This he emphatically declined to do, writing the following:

Dear Warden Johnson—I told you to-day that where they first put me I wished to remain. I wish to see no visitors, and will only leave when the court opens the door. They have just come to take away my bed. I wish my cell to be locked when I go to court, as my papers are loose. While appreciating your kindness in giving me a large room in the rear prison, I must decline, as I have from the first, occupying any courtesies not extended to the poorer prisoners in the Tombs. What I have gone through with in this hell-hole for the last fifteen weeks I can stand to the end. G. F. T. CELL 56, 11:03 A. M.

This note to the Warden shows how they caught the bird—caging the millionaire who insisted on his being a pauper:

MR. TRAIN TO WARDEN JOHNSON.

THE CHIEF MOVED INTO BETTER QUARTERS BY FORCE, April 3, 5 P. M.

To Warden Johnson.—When I was taken to the court by Keeper Daly, at 4, you told me that nothing from my cell should be removed. But you did not tell me that I was to be removed when I returned. Keepers Daly and Henry asked me to look at the new prison, and I find myself locked into a new cell. Now this is forcing a kindness under false pretenses.

LAST IN PURE AIR.

Fifteen weeks of the peculiar atmosphere of 56 has entirely unprepared me for the pure air that comes in from Centre street. This splendid chamber is so different from the old cell I hardly know how to manage it; but, strange as it may appear, although in so many prisons in different lands, I have never had a room smaller than this.

I do not wish to be captious, but if this change is intended as a kindness, I can only protest in being treated better than the rest. If the prison rules compel a man who has committed no crime to be put on a level with criminals, it is the fault of the system, not of the officers, and perhaps good may arise therefrom. The points I wish to make are set forth in the inclosed note to Judge Brady. G. F. T. (This note appeared in the WEEKLY, April 12.)

NOTE FROM THE MURDERERS' ROW.

Mr. Train received a note from his old friends in Murderers' Row the moment they heard that Warden Johnson had sprung the *habeas corpus* on their President.

COPY OF NOTE FROM THE MURDERERS.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN, THE COMING DICTATOR:

Cheer up, Chief! Everything is well. Above all things make no complaints at change of quarters. We shall all miss you, and make our united acknowledgements for many personal acts of kindness.

(Signed by eleven names, which are withheld.)

NOTE FROM COUNSELOR MOTT.

51 CHAMBERS STREET, New York, April 3, 1873.

Friend Train, Cell 56, Tombs—"The band will begin to play" at four o'clock P. M., what tune I cannot now say. We will then decide whether we dance or not. I have called to Gen. Chatfield, as you requested, twice since I last saw you, but did not find him in. I will see him this morning. I shall insist upon you being present in court, so please be ready to come up. Very respectfully,

JOHN O. MOTT.

EPIGRAM REPLY.

CELL 56, MURDERERS' ROW, April 3, 1873.

To J. O. M., Counsellor in behalf of liberty:

Here's the "*Corpus*." "*Habeas*" the show, Leave a vacuum in Murderers' Row. Yes, the elephant is walking round; The Christian band begins to play. Such Beecher hounds as can be found, Had better keep their wolves away. With Chatfield, Mott, Jordan and Bell, Hammond's heaven will be Phelps' hell.

G. F. T.,

President of the Murderers' Club.

A SHARP EPIGRAM TO DISTRICT-ATTORNEY PHELPS.

CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE.

The People vs. Geo. F. Train—Indictment for publishing obscene literature.

GEO. F. TRAIN, Esq.:

Dear Sir—The investigation as to your sanity will take place before Chief Justice Daly and a jury on Thursday, April 3, 1873, at 4 o'clock P. M., in Court of Common Pleas, in the new Court House. Counsel in the case have been notified. Very respectfully,

April 1, 1873. BENJ. K. PHELPS, District Attorney.

The lightning Train checked up for a moment, but was soon started, and Keeper Kilroy received the following, addressed to the District Attorney:

CELL 56, MURDERERS' ROW, THE TOMBS, All Fools' Day, 1873 (Fifteenth Week).

Benjamin K. Phelps, District Attorney:

While panic crashes through the banks Your notice I receive with thanks. If quoting the Bible is "obscene," This spark in powder magazine May fire the Revolution Train And prove both Court and Church insane. When law and people once collide Nothing can stop the homicide. Already labor's starving mass Are waiting to shut off the gas.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,

President Murderers' Club, the Coming Dictator.

BROTHER WYNNE, OF IRELAND, AND THE BLACK-THORN STICK.

AMITYVILLE, L. I., April 3, 1873.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE TOMBS.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, Esq.:

Dear Sir—I sympathize sincerely with your incarceration; at the same time I congratulate you on your success in pulling down the Tombs and giving fresh air and daylight to the unfortunate inhabitants. What rotten atmosphere, and how destructive to the innocent and the guilty. Your unjust imprisonment has been a great boon to the unfortunate victims of police suspicion, magisterial whims and the sterility of the land. Even murderers, until found guilty, should be better provided for than in this modern bastille. It is terrible that a man of your mind and nobility of character should be immured in the Tombs; you, who know the Scriptures from Genesis to Revelations—more, I think, than half the theologians of the city—should be, without the shadow of crime, condemned to a wet, stinking cell in the Tombs.

A line directed to 131 West Nineteenth street, New York, will find your very humble servant, who presented you with the black-thorn stick in the Marshalsea bastille in Dublin.

BROTHER WYNNE.

MR. TRAIN'S EPIGRAM REPLY.

To Brother Wynne, who presented him with a black-thorn cane while in the Irish bastille. (Ten months for daring to be a man.)

Is it not strange, dear Brother Wynne, That one who ne'er committed crime

Should pass so many years of life In prison, where these crimes are ripe? I never injured man or broke a law, Although living in perpetual war. The victim, already, of fourteen jails! But sending the Bible through the mails Has been a powder magazine. Who wonders that I'm called "obscene?" That black-thorn stick you gave to me, There in the Four Courts Marshalsea, Is in my collection of regards, Sent from a hundred Irish bards. Sometimes I almost feel ashamed To think that I have England blamed, When their prison system is far ahead Of ours! They do not sell their murdered dead!

The Tombs, April 5, 1873.

G. F. T.

THE BANKERS TO THE RESCUE.

KOUNTZE BROTHERS, BANKERS, 12 Wall Street, NEW YORK, April 2, 1873.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN:

Dear Sir—Why will you persist to continue to sojourn in the Tombs? Why not throw off your shackles and breathe God's free air once more? Why not consent? You know security to any amount can be easily provided. Yours truly, A. KOUNTZE.

MR. TRAIN'S EPIGRAM REPLY.

Dear A. K.:

Because I cannot tell a lie, Its nobler far in jail to die, For naked truth in manhood's fight Than might should conquer over right. Far better innocent in jail, Than a "suspect" loose in street on bail. If force can throw me in Murderers' Row, Augustus Kountze may be the next to go. Where forty millions are owned by church and state, Let one man act out the people's fate.

STARTING THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Have you forgotten where we took our stand To strike the pickax in the sand At Omaha, in eighteen sixty three, To build that railway to the Western sea. Do you remember the speeches made, Before a single rail was laid, When they pronounced us both insane. And now they say I'm mad again? Stand from under! Clear the way! The credit financier will rule the day; After the panic the man who dares Will be dictator of bulls and bears. When the Boutwell bankers come to grief, I will startle Wall street as the Chief, Ten millions cash will soon turn the tide, Get ready, I want you by my side.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,

[Founder of the Credit Mobilier; organizer of the Union Pacific, and president of the Credit Financier of America.] Cell 56, Murderers' Row, the Tombs, April 3, 1873.

BREAKING GROUND AT LAST.

The silence of six thousand journals on this outrage on liberty is the most startling episode in this astonishing age. But a great newspaper has broken ground at last. In two articles on our case, although ungenerous in its remarks personally, they denounced the arrest, the extreme bail and the prison in bold terms, when others were silent, and now they open in a bold article that has brought down Mr. Train with an epigram, making a suggestion of power.

[From Frank Leslie's Illustrated, April 2.]

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, MADMAN AND ELEPHANT.

It seems that George Francis Train has been declared a madman, and that he is to be sent to a madhouse.

WHAT WE THINK OF THE COMING DICTATOR.

This remarkable man ought not to pass away from civilization without suitable recognition. Personally, there is no "nicer fellow," as the phrase goes, than is Mr. Train. Social, polished, humane, active, shrewd, enterprising; "full as is an egg of meat" of ideas wide and comprehensive; centrifugal and centripetal in his organization—at once an earthquake, a storm, a rainbow and a lifeboat; the father of all sorts of schemes in railways, "Credit Mobiliers," and the like; a poet and lecturer; a devotee; a politician; a journalist; a Presidential candidate; the hero of the Communists; the daring spirit of the International; soaring for ever and ever, on wax wings, in a tempest of his own creating—the foe of tyrants and of priests and of sectarian creeds; the friend of the people; the hero of dungeons, cis and trans-Atlantic; the Daniel who boldly enters the den of the British Lion, with a sprig of shamrock as a magic talisman in his martyr hand; the Horatii and Curatii (both in one) who fought the latter end of the Prussian and French war on "his own hook," running amuck between the hostile lines, reckless of blood and treasure, and finally subsiding only at the base of the fallen Column Vendome; a modern Crusader, who flies, in complete mail, hither and yonder, with almost the speed of thought, heralding his approach, noting his departure, by squibs, telegrams and epigrams, all instinct with a revolutionary magnetism; a creation of world-wide notoriety—such, in part, is Mr. Train, who has remained for months in the Tombs, resolutely refusing bail or even freedom on his own recognizance; who has been a voluntary martyr in "Murderers' Row," eating and drinking prison fare, shivering within cold and damp walls; the possessor of wealth enough to afford him Johannisberger and truffles, and as varied a menu as prince need covet, for his daily fare.

THE SPIRIT OF THE REFORMATION.

Whether mad or sane, this man presents to the world the embodiment of Radicalism of all sorts. There is point in all that he says and does; and there is great wisdom and forecast in many of his utterances. His intuitions early probed all lately discovered public rottenness. Statesmen and journalist will find themselves in Train's rear in most of the noted fruitless and developments of the present hour. He is no madder in his line than is Mr. Wendell Phillips in his specialty. Train has "cut under Phillips"—and that is the only difference in this respect between those two great men. Train is a Radical who out-Herods the Phillips and even the martyr Brown, whose soul still "marches on."

Mr. Train shoots his pebbles, David-like, at all sorts of giants. Mainly he is at war in behalf of workingmen and the freedom of the press. He would like to hang a few capitalists to the lamp-posts and to burn the Christian religion—as interpreted by its priests—at the stake. Mr. Train would Communize Paris and New York. And yet he is by no means a Jack Cade agrarian. He loves law. He would uphold law. That is to say, the law as interpreted by Mr. Train.

THE OBSCENITY OF THE BIBLE.

Mr. Train is not entombed like the Prisoner of Chillon. He is not a Bonnivard. He walked into the Tombs in Pick-

wickian fashion rather. He published extracts from the Old Testament, with such sensational headings as to bring himself within the law regulating obscene literature—i. e., in the opinion of the authorities. In effect, he pleaded guilty to this charge. But Mr. Train so modeled his plea (which he framed in these words—"Guilty of publishing the Bible") as, in his opinion, to give him an opportunity to ask the verdict of a jury as to the fact of the obscenity of the Old Testament. Such an issue would have made Mr. Train a Religious Elephant. And that would have rounded the man's ambition. He had been a political elephant, a railroad elephant, a lecturing elephant, a Fenian elephant, a Communist elephant, an International elephant, an epigram elephant and a telegram elephant. Now, it would have been a "big thing," as poor Mr. Lincoln used to say, if Mr. Train could only have managed to become the centre of a religious excitement which would have convulsed the world on the issue—Is the Bible obscene?

BAD FOR THE MADHOUSE.

Like Alexander the Great, and Napoleon, and Julius Caesar, and the Little Napoleon, and many others, Mr. Train went too far. We fear that his sun is setting. Personally, we part from him with regret. If he goes to the madhouse, he cannot remain there long. Mr. Train, if he preserves his health, will develop some phase of character yet hidden within the magic depths of his soul, which will some day demonstrate to mankind that it is the keepers and superintendents of madhouses, and not the crazy-celled inmates, who are lunatics. The madhouse, if Train goes there, will catch both a Tartar and an elephant.

THE MAN OF ENTERPRISE.

(After reading the April Twelfth Editorial.)

ACKNOWLEDGING THE CORN,

To Frank Leslie (and E. G. S.):

When you called me names, you heard me damn;
I'm sorry I wrote that epigram.
It breaks me to pat me on the back,
And makes me take the backward track.
Your Greeley fiasco made me mad—
Yet in my nature there's nothing bad.
I told you he would not win a State;
But all these things are ruled by fate.
Though a hard fight, at last my star
Checkmates the pulpit and the bar,
Hence priests are sent to this stinking hole
With stupid sermons to save my soul.
I told you if Party left me in the lurch,
So help me God I'd smite the Church.

A GREAT IDEA SUGGESTED.

So here's to Leslie, a bumper chalice—
I bear no human being malice.
Shake hands, old friends, you've drawn my fire,
And now your brain I would inspire
With ambition, power and grace
To help me educate our race.
Our stupid, air-tight, public schools
Must stop producing knaves and fools
Start a daily! You have the cash,
The artists, genius and the dash.
Frank Leslie's Spirit of the Age,
Illustrated, would be all the rage.

I want an illustrated paper sent
To every family by the Government.
Eight million copies every day,
A record of what the people say—
Short, sharp, condensed, full of fire,
Boiled down along the electric wire.
So let the Leslie banner be unfurled
O'er a daily history of the world!
You are just the man for this enterprise.
The hour has come to educate the eyes.
Picture how corruption has grown,
And hurl the Ring thieves from the throne.
Assist me with your artist's pen,
I'll back you with ten million men!

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

(The originator of the idea of educating the people by sending a daily illustrated newspaper free, by Congressional act, containing a telegram and cablegram history of the world boiled down in paragraphs, to the head of every family, say eight million copies mailed every morning!)

The Tombs, April 3, 1873.

THE LAWYERS WHO DEFEND LIBERTY FOR THE FREE LOVE OF IT.

NEW YORK, Thursday, 1873.

Dear Train—I received your kind letter, and went to see General Chatfield.

I found him courteous and gentlemanly and I will be with you this afternoon at 4 o'clock, the time appointed for your investigation, when and where I will see you.

It is therefore unnecessary for me to see you before this hour as we understand your case. Your friend,

JORDAN.

NOTE FROM GENERAL CHATFIELD.

April 4, 1873.

Friend Train—Don't you think you have too many counselors? "Order is Heaven's first law," and I fear from the demonstrations yesterday we are to have too little of that beautiful commodity. If you think you need them it is all right; they are good men. * * *

Mr. Bemis, your private secretary, is very urgent that I shall do what I can in your behalf, and such is my inclination irrespective of his wishes. We gain nothing by mixing the pestilent doctrines of * * * with the higher and nobler purposes of human liberty of which you are at present the exponent and champion.

Think of this and see whether my views would not conduce to the health of the "spared monuments."

Very truly, &c.,

L. S. CHATFIELD.

EPIGRAM REPLY.

L. S. C.: Dear General—

I don't believe in lawyers or law,
In churches and preachers, doctors or war,
I don't believe in courts and iron bars,
I am not a child of Saturn or Mars;
I have no faith in justice and judges,
And yet I bear the world no grudges.
If wisdom is not a multitude,
Four counselors will do some good;
But, dear General, when you run this race,
Remember it is not my case.

You are all proving your legal skill
As citizens! against my will.
If you find some stormy weather
Should you not all pull together?

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
President Murderers' Club.
The Tombs, Cell 56, Murderers' Row, April, 1873.

MR. TRAIN IS TAKEN OUT WITHOUT HIS OWN ACTION BY HIS FRIENDS.

Board of Supervisors' Office—in the
Thirteen Million Dollar Court House,
CITY OF NEW YORK, April 2, 1873.

To HON. GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,
the Defender of Truth, Liberty and Justice:

Dear Mr. Train—The inclosed note will state the time my counselor (John O. Mott, 51 Chambers street) wishes you to be ready to appear in court to-morrow (4 P. M.). Therefore I implore you to comply with our request.

I called at this office and asked Mr. Young for a copy of the physicians' bills, which are as follows:

WHAT IT COSTS TO FIND A MAN SANE.

Bills of Drs. Cross and Hammond, for professional services as medical experts in the case of John Scannell:

Dr. Thaddeus M. B. Cross.....\$1,000 00
Dr. Wm. A. Hammond..... 500 00

Referred to Committee on the Criminal Courts and Police.

The above experts have not yet sent in their bill for pronouncing you insane!

THE PHYSICIANS IN MR. TRAIN'S CASE.

I am happy to state that the following talented and incorruptible physicians will be summoned in your case and appear before the judge:

Dr. Gurnsey, 23d street, opposite Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Dr. Gurnsey, Jr., " " " "

Dr. Thompson,

Dr. Kirby.

All noble and unimpeachable gentlemen, belonging to the profession, including our most worthy Brooklyn friend.

With kindest regards, believe me

Yours most worthily,

ELEANOR-FLETCHER-BISHOP,

Room 2, 208 and 210 Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Prisoner in a Palace—Immense Liberty but no Visitors Allowed—A Robinson Crusoe Epigram to the Reporter of the Sun—The President of the Murderers' Club all alone in his Manhood—The Martyr and the Mystery—Still Master of the Situation—A Beautiful Basket of Flowers from Stokes—The Sun not Allowed to Shine in the Cell of the Coming Dictator.

April 5, 1873.

Dear Mr. Train—Door again barricaded. No sun-light again to-day. Please send by messenger your reply to your Brigadier-General appointment to the Montgomery Guards of Harlem. Mr. Martin, the Captain and Committee, want to see you Monday. They can't get in. I also wait at the gate for your reply.

Yours, with regards,

JOHN A. GREEN.

(As Mr. Green did not succeed in passing the forbidden ground, our reporter found him at the gate, and was well repaid by receiving the epigram pencilled on the back of the envelope.)

EPIGRAM.

(From the Bastille Chief—The People Live—To the Reporter of the Sun who will not be Allowed to Print it in that Paper.)

NO MORE SUNLIGHT IN THE TOMBS—THE SITUATION.

You are very kind, dear Mr. G.,
When forgotten by all, to think of me:
The reportorial work is done,
The orders are to shut out the Sun.
I'm monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From Centre street all round I can see,
I'm lord of the Tombs and its brute.
I live in a palace, though the rents are high,
While the other poor knaves are left to die,
With no one in all this space to dwell.
Why are they packed there four in cell?
Here it seems dry, and plenty of air,
There it is wet with no one to care.
What is the matter? Explain if you can
Why they have placed between us this span?
Neither murderer nor convicted thief,
Yet no one allowed to talk with the Chief!
No maniacs are here to spend their rage,
No delirium howls from the drunkard's cage:
Although I was all alone before,
I could hear the murders through my door.

MURDERERS' ROW—INTERVIEWING THE "SUN" REPORTER!

Explain, I ask, if you can to me,
Why they force on me this liberty?
Why did they torture me a hundred days
And now so handsomely my comfort raise?
Why did they coop me up in that cell
And now like a prince treat me so well?
Where there's space enough for a hundred more,
How happens it they never look the door?
Is it through kindness they changed my fare,
Or are the Commissioners all on a scare?
I lead the life described by Defoe.
What are they doing in "Murderers' Row?"
How is Scannell and Simmons? any new Jokes?
Just received some splendid flowers from Stokes.
I hear they have cut off his supplies,
That Brennan has stopped his exercise.
Will you let me know if King is alive—
How can he in that air-tight cell survive.
Are the devils at work in padded cell?
Any new coffin's been sent to hell?
Does my friend the Reverend Stephen Tyng,
Round his Bible-boy Nixon his mantle fling?
Poor Foster's soul he laid on the shelf;
Is Nixon's game to poison himself?
Why is President of Murderers' Club,
Been banished here to the new Prison "Hub?"

THE CLOVE CORNERS ON THE NEWSPAPERS AND THE GOVERNMENT.

Six hundred papers may as well back down,
My corner is the joke of country and town;
The press is laid up with the whooping cough,
Frank Leslie you see is first to lead off.
The Montgomery Legion were here,
But they could not see their Brigadier.
My gas boys, you see, can do what they like,
And so will all when I order the strike.
Judges, Lawyers, the Tombs and Ludlow Jail,
Are all co-partners under the church's pale,
Comstock has got the church in an awful mess,
And Phelps and Hammond are in, I guess.
Chatfield, Mott, Jordan and Bell,
As citizens, manage the trial well.
As for Judge Daly, as chief of the clan,
We know he is a whole-souled Irishman.
How strange these officials all move by rote,
Even Judge Brady don't answer my note.
Oh, solitude! where are thy charms
(Can you see the end of my case);
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.
Remember to-morrow the "obscene" fleas,
Meet in the "Insane Court" of Common Pleas.
The ring thief swindlers may as well beware—
There's revolution in the started air!

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,

The Man of Fate, the People love and the Officials fear
THE TOMBS, April 7, 1873.

Forward the Death Brigade—Six Hundred People Murder for a Ton of Coal—Geo. Francis Train Epigrams the Terrible Disaster to his Wife, whose Letter foretold what might have been expected—The Ship was Unseaworthy going out and was not Repaired or Examined in Liverpool—Ours should be Indicted for Murder—Captain must have been Drunk, no Blame rests on Mr. Sparks in New York—Vie Description of the Dying and the Dead—The Startling Tragedy Described by Byronic Power.

There has been one great thing accomplished in totum Mr. Train in the Tombs. It has given us a greater life Byron. We have nothing like these epigrams in our literature. He pours them out like bombshells from a broadside. The power is in the condensation—an idea in each line. thousand columns on the Atlantic horrors boiled down to a few score lines. Three of his epigrams leveled the Tombs in the face of the wholesale denial of the press the authorities have condemned the death-pits in the catacombs. Torture has developed the poet. Instead of killing him has sent his enemies down to everlasting infamy.

MR. GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN TELLS THE STORY THREE WEEKS BEFORE THE DISASTER.

[From the Toledo Sun, March 30.]

A NOTE OF WARNING TO THE WHITE STAR LINE
FIRST NOTICE—NO EXCUSE FOR DIRT AND WATER.

[Extract letter from on board the Atlantic.]

STEAMSHIP ATLANTIC,

OFF QUEENSTOWN, March 14, 1873.

My Dear George—Here we are off Queenstown, and a weary, worn-out set of passengers you never saw. The lantic left port with forty-six unfortunates—the dirt 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, as a consequence, every one on board with a fearful cold. Mine is something distressing, and I shall have to step out day or two at Liverpool.

WHO WANTS TO SLEEP IN A PERPETUAL BATH?

Sleeping in water is not conducive to health, and I can scientifically 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; but 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 vessel in the condition of the Atlantic, and it will only injure their reputation instead of benefiting them, if persisted. The winds have been with us the entire voyage, but a screw—the invention of a "genius"—is too heavy for the chimney, and our progress has been very slow, but to-morrow night will end our troubles, and see us safe among the Liverpoolians.

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 end us; but the captain assures me there was no danger. "Atlantic has rolled night and day, but nothing to compare with the Adriatic." * * * W. D.

NOTE TO MRS. G. F. T.

PARIS, FRANCE

Dear Willie—What a narrow escape; you foreshadowed. No one has hit the mark; pardon me for publishing extract from your letter. But while all are blaming this and that, nobody has told the cause but yourself. The was unseaworthy; it was not so much lack of coal, as could have made the short distance by sail; it was as stated at Queenstown, unseaworthy. She was no doubt leaking; there is a mystery about it; there is no such accident in its brutal sacrifice of women and children in the his of the ocean world. I have epigrammed the story for Suebelle and the boys. G. F.

EPIGRAM ON THE ATLANTIC HORROR.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY—THE HOLOCAUST.
[Dedicated to Willie Davis Train.]

ALL ABOUT A TON OF COAL.

"Six bells, and all is well!" Breakers ahead!
The dirk pierced her heart! The steamship was dead!
Another North-Red host is lost,
Great God! another holocaust!
The "Atlantic" on the Atlantic shore
Is wrecked! Five hundred murders more.
They never knew what stopped their breath,
Their ocean sleep was the sleep of death.
Those who awoke rushed from the hold
To sink in the sea or freeze in the cold.
The pioneer ship of the Irish boats,
The White Star Atlantic, no longer floats.
At midnight the captain went to sleep,
At three, the holocaust was complete.
When the steamship struck the sunken rock

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THE LAST
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"We're plunging
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The wreck was s

A village was murdered by the shock,
Appearances show both owners and master,
Are all to blame for the dire disaster.
A man's body, say nothing of his soul,
Should not be sold for a ton of coal.
The wire already the news has hurried,
Under the ocean through a startled world.

SOMEBODY BLUNDERED.

When two kinds of lights in all harbors shine,
A blunder like this is more than a crime.
If strangling Foster's corpse shocked society,
In spite of Dix's Bishop and Stephen's piety,
What wonder if owners the public blame
When on the hangman hides his head with shame!
In ten minutes, more are murdered it appears,
Than were ever hung in a hundred years.
Sambro Light, from Prospect Head is far away,
And Halifax Harbor is not Piemont Bay.
No Cunard captain ever went to bed
At midnight on a coast so dread.
Out with the truth, let some one speak,
The ship no doubt had sprung a leak.
Far better end the voyage with sail,
Than face that Nova Scotian gale.
Would English Admiralty Court
Have allowed that ship to leave the port—
Six hundred human beings wrecked,
Through the most infamous neglect?

DRIVING THE BLAME STRAIGHT HOME.

Owners, please explain, if you can to me,
As she was eleven days at sea,
Why, if she had fifteen days of coal,
Did she stop at Halifax for toll?
Coal there is ten dollars—here 'tis five;
That is why so few came back alive.
The facts look bad upon their face—
The public already judge the case.
Nine sixty-seven against nine forty-four,
Say, owners! why add these twenty-three tons more?
Why did she burn seventy-six tons a day?
This discrepancy should be explained away.
Will somebody be so kind as state
If the coal-bins were not used for freight?
Careless captain, reckless mates, ruffian crew—
Nobody aboard knowing what to do
In the driving rain, the furious gale,
The pitchy darkness, the straining sail.
With noise of thunder—like a lightning flash,
Into the jaws of sudden death they dash!
Rocks to the right of them—rocks to the left—
Rocks around them, and the senses bereft.
Can any one doubt that somebody blundered?
What shall be done for the murdered six hundred?
Was he drunk—insane—or what?

Short of coal, off the track; he goes to bed,
Mistaking Sambro Light for Prospect Head;
And yet they are many miles apart,
As shown on every ocean chart.
You cannot mistake a modern light,
"Revolving," "Flash," or "Steady" at sight.
No captain at midnight seeks his bunk
When entering port unless he's drunk.
How happens it no pilot was found,
Or signals hoisted twenty miles around?
When barometer showed the coming gale,
Why not throw up rockets and take in sail?
Why, when distance was overrun,
Did he not fire his signal gun?
Why plunge ahead, that dismal night,
Regardless of pilot, storm, or light?

FEARFUL UNDERCURRENT WRECKING SO MANY SHIPS.

I've crossed the ocean two and forty times,
And seen the coast from nearly all the lines;
And knew that even when the wind was fair
There is always a fearful current there.
When I was managing the Diamond Line,
We lost the Anglo Saxon off Salle Isle;
And that stormy Nova Scotian coast
Has caused many a holocaust.
In Ninety-seven, La Tribune, three hundred souls;
In Twenty-two, from frigate Drake, the ocean rolls
O'er eighty men. Troopship Albert, in Forty-three,
Was lost in a terrible sea,
When Sixty-fourth Foot had a narrow escape.
Mail ship, Hungarian, in Sixty, off the Cape,
Went down with two hundred and five,
And nine I believe, escaped alive.
Harrison, Ryrie, Stone, Jenkins, Lot and Litch,
Never left their steamers on that rockbound beach.
Had captain Williams kept his post on deck,
We should not be mourning this fearful wreck.
Give him this credit, its no more than fair,
No other man tried to save a woman there!

COMPARISONS ARE NOT ALWAYS PLEASANT.

How different in troopship Birkenhead—
The women all saved!—the men all dead!
The White Star comfort, safety and speed,
Seems to be avarice, gold and speed
Women and children all lost in the spray,
May tell the story with the wrecker's pen.
The age of chivalry has passed away—
The captain is saved with four hundred men!
Off South Africa, in Fifty-two,
The gallant captain went down with all his crew.
When off Spithead, the Royal George went down,
It shook the world as earthquake shakes a town.
But this disaster is worse by far
Than the City of Boston or Evening Star.
America and Arctic were lost—
Holland and Hearndon with life paid the cost.

THE LAST GOOD-NIGHT ON EARTH.

Think of the thousand friendly greetings,
A thousand happy ocean meetings.
"Good-night, Darling!" I just saw the note;
"We're plunging along at lightning rate."
"Sleep soundly, and meet me in the morning."
These words were his last before the morning,
He never saw his darlings more,
The wreck was a fact. The ship was ashore!

Thinking, dreaming of the Western land,
Sleeping together hand and hand,
They thought and dreamed of what could never come,
They woke to see their sands of life were run.
"You are neither captain nor mate,"
As the ship steamed on as if by fate,
Said the second officer to Thomas at two,
The only sailor who, it seems, was true.
Then came a noise of thunder sound,
"My God! My God! The ship's aground."
"We're on the rocks!" Do you hear that crash?
It came as swift as a lightning flash.
Shriek succeeds scream—scream follows shriek;
Strong men trample down the sick and weak.
Mid raging surf, and lightning in the sky,
Who will ever forget that ghostly cry?

SIX HUNDRED OPEN GRAVES AND ONLY ONE TOMB-STONE.

The sea was rough; the night was dark;
The ship was bound to have a lark.
Hark! A thump! What's that? Another crash!
We are lost! And on the rocks they smash.
Imagine Beecher's church floor to fall,
Or the bottom drop out of a ball
Into the water. You realize the shock
Of planting a township on that sunken rock.
From the laggard details it would seem
Her great length and narrow beam,
Although no one yet has spoken,
Caused her back to be quickly broken.
Five water compartments! Yet she sunk like lead
An ocean village of murdered dead.
Waves o'er her; rocks under her; all wondered
That the iron coffin was not sundered.
The last night in March in slumber they laid
The Norwegian mother, the fair Swedish maid;
And April Fool morning—no wonder you weep—
Down there by the sea they continue to sleep.
The harrowing story will never grow old,
For the sad record can never be told.
Let owners lay this unction to their soul,
They lost the people, but they saved their coal!

AN OCEAN CITY OF THE DEAD.

Half a league out in the ocean of death
Plunged the six hundred! History saith
It is murder! Forward the dead brigade.
Never before were such blunders made.
At Cape Prospect or Meagher's head
They have planted a city of the dead,
Only a few miles west of Halifax.
Six hundred lost! These are the facts:
All the women and children are drowned;
Not even their bodies can be found!
Father and son, mother and daughter,
Cold in death down under the water!
A thousand homes and a thousand hearts
Recalling a thousand endearing arts
Of loved ones under the surging wave,
Sleeping so still in that ocean grave;
Cabin and steerage, high and low degree,
All together in the sounding sea!
Within sight and almost reach of land,
An ocean Morgue there in the sand!
Like all dogmas in God's holy word,
Resurrection of body is most absurd.
'Tis time this hell-fire work was done.
Damn your pulpit world-to-come!
Disease, shipwreck, vice and crime
Is hell enough to last our time.
"Heave to!"—"Stock fires!"—"Await daylight!"
Should have been the orders that night.
Why not tell the mate to heave the lead
Before so early going to bed!
Though night was dark, the stars were seen
Only a few miles from the tragic scene.

AN OCEAN CEMETERY DOWN IN THE SEA.

Parents and children, lover and maid,
On the rocks where the sea-lions played,
Babe and mother both rocked to sleep,
In that iron cradle there in the deep.
"Good Lord deliver us from sudden death!"
Was scarcely said before they lost their breath.
No separations in the stormy weather,
Mother and child are sleeping together,
Her arms clasped round the baby's neck,
They find them lying in the wreck.
Husband and wife there lie side by side,
Beneath the ebbing and the flowing tide.
The golden curls of the dead baby's hair
Are richer than the Wall-street coinage there.
Four hundred per cent. for gold and stocks
Is nothing to that panic there on the rocks.
In that English casket on the rocky shoals,
Lie buried forever six hundred souls.
Their Greenwood was a watery grave;
On a dismal coast, there under the wave.
Six hundred hearts! The white grave-stones,
Instead of marble are human bones!
A host of friends, amid hopes and fears,
Still listen for news through a mist of tears.

THE DANCE, THE SONG ON THE WAY TO THE GRAVE.

Oh! the joy of the emigrants the night before,
As they were plunging toward that Barnegat shore.
The life on shipboard I know so well.
All are wild with hope, for the sea-sick spell
Has left them, and, with story and song,
Twelve knots an hour they whirl along.
They laughed, they danced, they sung, they played,
And perhaps in costume were arrayed
To play next morning April Fool,
Full of fun, like children at school;
Talking and chatting, girls and boys,
Matrons and maids, of the New World's joys.
Leaving home behind, and his life before,
He leaves the East for the Western shore,
With a freight of Faith, a freight of Hope,
Why should it end in a sailor's rope?
"Good-night, everybody!" "Good-night, dear,
Call me early if the land is near."
"Good-night, Susie, don't forget
The hour on which we made the bet."
"Good-night, Willie, dress, if you are able,
And meet us all at the breakfast-table."

THE TRAGIC BATTLE IN THE SEA.

Five minutes more, and the struggling masses,
English women and Scottish lasses,
Emigrants from Denmark, holding their breath—
Can it be possible that this is Death?
They went to bed such a happy band,
To awake in sight of the promised land;
And now the ship breaks its mighty frame
Upon the rocks! Is no one to blame?
Oh, shame on the men! Mark the great Dark Roll,
"Did you save the women?" "Not a single soul!"
I thought so; the hatches were fastened down.
Who gave the order to stifle a town?
Brady took two, and a few men aloft,
But the Atlantic whirlpool swamped the boat.
The men burst open one hatch and made their escape,
The others were closed—What a horrible fate.
Spencerman and Owen—and now Brady dives
Into the ocean, swimming for their lives;
But the rising tide left little time
To save a township with a halyard line.
The wholesale murder is all the talk,
As many die each week in New York.
What a hell of a fellow God must be
To cause this great calamity at sea.
Calling on the sea to give up its dead
Is praying like a fool for daily bread.

INDIVIDUAL SORROW AND COLLECTIVE MISERY.

When one lost child or one woman drowned
Will shock a nation till it is found,
The newspapers may call this a fatal error,
But Six Hundred Murders is the Reign of Terror!
Are we to believe this English blunder
Is only to be a nine days' wonder?
It is all very well for us on shore
To criticize, scold, carp and roar
Against the owners, captains, mates and crew,
The point is, What do you intend to do?
When a single funeral creates such dismay
Six Hundred Coffins would darken a day.
The Hungarian, Arctic, Pacific, Royal Charter,
Are all eclipsed in this trade and barter.
No wonder the news was quickly hurried
O'er two continents, to shock the world.
Plimsoll says, each day in the year
An English ship will disappear.

THE SHAME OF ENGLISH MANHOOD.

Passengers, mates, crew, you are all to blame.
Did you save a woman? Oh, for shame!
One brave lady, while struggling to get free,
Froze in the rigging, then fell in the sea.
Oh, the anguish—the scenes of horror!
Never before was known such horror.
That young girl climbing about my neck,
Beggings me to take her from the wreck—
Calling on Providence her life to save.
The Captain said, "will haunt me to the grave."
Think of a corpse to the rigging lashed
While the angry waves through the steamship crashed.
Oh, what a ghastly, horrible sight,
Half naked—staring with sightless eyes,
Prometheus-like chained where she dies;
Her jeweled fingers, her wedding ring
Sparkling with diamonds! what a fearful thing!
What a disgrace to the English nation;
Better, perhaps, than die of starvation!
Poor little babes at the mother's breast,
Their last supper was everlasting rest.
Oh, for a raft, a rope, a buoy, a spar,
It is hard to die when we came so far!
If God has the power to rule the waves,
Why people the ocean with new-made graves?
What had the Atlantic done to Him,
Were the owners guilty of smuggling tin?

WILL GOOD COME OUT OF EVIL?

The sick'ning, revolting, horrible tale
Of recklessness—avarice—cannot fail
To remind us that Two Hundred Steamers more
Are daily passing this dangerous shore.
Let Byronic satire or Junius' pen
Shame if you can these Liverpool men;
Let Parliament and Congress quickly pass
A law prohibiting such a mass
On board a single ship. Five Hundred Souls
Should be the limit when they call the rolls.
This frightful wreck is sufficient cause
To pass at once restrictive laws.
Let the universal wall of sorrow
Checkmate a disaster on the morrow.
Ten life-boats, carrying fifty each,
Might land five hundred on the beach;
But what of the rest? Is the natural cry,
Must the other five hundred be left to die?
The boats were smashed, the record states,
And life-buoys were as useless as the mates.
With their heads in water and feet in air,
Life-preservers were badly managed there.

INCIDENTS OF THE DISASTER.

How strange that none were saved through Providence,
I hope Christians will not take offense.
When one gets into trouble on a rock-bound coast,
God and his Son seem to give up the ghost!
Two babes were born on board, and now
Lie in grave! Why were they born to die?
And the stow-aways, what strange mishap
That they should all step into the trap.
Said Cyrus Fisher, "My wife oh, save!"
When a wild sea swept both in the wave.
(It was Parrish and Fisher, I believe, and Vall,
Who laid down my tramways when I was in jail.)
"Leave me, dear husband," another said,
"And save yourself!" Soon both were dead.
That Church of England, Ancient of Days,
Who rescued Frith, deserves all praise.
The priest who risks life where breakers roll,
To save the body, has a noble soul.
The women were smothered in their rooms,
As we stifle prisoners here in the Tombs.
When they dole out the mood of praise
Pray don't forget Kelley and Hays.

A SHOAL OF MERMAIDS FLOATING IN THE SEA!

One little boy rushed on the deck,
The only one saved from the wreck!

But he was twelve. I was but four
When left an orphan on that Southern shore.
Oh, those agonized faces in the surging waters,
Those loving wives, those helpless daughters,
Hark! What's that? It is the sea lion's moan.
No; those three hundred women floating alone.
What! Four hundred men themselves can save,
And leave women and children in the wave?
Did the captain prove himself a man
When he gave the order, "Save who can?"
He tells of the corpse with the staring eyes,
And the tender hearts where the steamship lies.
And will ever mourn with a pitiless cry,
Why did I leave all the women to die?
With coal for twelve! provisions for thirteen days,
The captain swears! Can owners expect our praise?
"I could have saved the ship, the coast was so near,
If called at THREE, as the weather was clear!"
He managed to save Captain Williams we know.
The "Northfleet" Captain did not survive the blow.
One word in his favor in that tempest wild,
He nobly rescued that little child.

THE HONEST IRISH FISHERMAN.

It was Dunn, the steward, who waited on me,
That took the first rope through the surging sea.
See the dead in rows along the sloping ledges,
Where the ocean surf so rashly sedges.
Where the ghouls, with stealthy tread,
In the dark night were robbing the dead.
How different in the humble dwellings of the poor,
Where Irish fishermen made the welcome sure;
While the winds howl mid the ocean's roar,
Mast and bow could be seen from shore.
Fritch the first mate called in vain,
To Brady for a boat to reach the main.
My mind still goes back to the sight
Of the "sea lions" struggling in the night.
'Twas a noble act in that Ancient clergyman,
And shows that a priest can sometimes be a man.
Hand closed in hand, husband and wife
Went down together in that battle for life.
Their love was free, but there's no divorce
Where the surging waters is a union force.

* * * * *

This gaffing the bodies when nothing by,
Made them look as though torn with shot and shell;
Covered with tarpaulins, there they lie,
Children and parents where the fishers dwell.

ALL NATIONS PALL BEARERS.

Let all the world, ocean-sundered,
Shake hands o'er our mutual dead;
We have buried the whole six hundred
In an English coffin of iron and lead!
It all came through the captain's dreaming,
And the pitiful shave of the owner's scheming.
"Short of provisions! Oh, it is so cruel,
Camanchio — "as well as fuel."
Suppose in mid-ocean she had lost her screw,
What would the starving passengers do?
Tagliani, Jenny Lind and Bremer,
'Twas your land that peopled the steamer.
Gustavus Adolphus and Bernadotte,
This fearful picture will never be forgot.
Send the requiem by cable and by mail
To the sad home of the Swedish Nightingale.
Anguish, desolation, misery, despair—
A thousand novels were written there,
In broken words and suppressed tears,
Sailors will tell the tale a thousand years.

THE CAPTAIN ONCE MORE—THE JUDGMENT.

The Manhattan, Wisconsin, Colorado,
Nevada were under his command, we know;
But we are not sure why he left that time,
Unless better paid in the White Star line.
Oh, the anguish on his face that was engraved,
When saying, "Not a woman or child was saved!"
(When a lady warned the owners at Liverpool,
That the ship was leaky—did they think her a fool?)
In concluding these severe remarks,
I wish to exonerate Mister Sparks.

* * * * *

First. The ship of her coal supply was short;
Second. He lost his way and passed the port;
Third. He did not for pilot "heave to;"
Fourth. He mistook the lights, old and new;
Fifth. He left his post and went to bed;
Verdict!—Guilty! Six hundred dead!

Forward the Death Brigade!
What a mistake was made—
All the world wondered.
Down under the wild wave,
Down in that depthless cave,
Down in the ocean grave,
Murdered six hundred!

But the meanest of all these hidden crimes,
Is the secret joy of the other lines.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,

[Who has still faith in the Irish boats and the White Star Line, represented by him in Melbourne, Australia, from 1853 to 1857.]

PERSONAL POSTSCRIPTUM.
SOLILOQUY.

P. 2.—'Tis midnight, dear, and I have told the tale
For you and the children, while still in jail;
But don't be afraid of the White Star Line,
They will take your advice another time.
Tell the boys and Sue an old ship has gone,
Cracking on the rocks and lost in the storm,
And their mamma had a narrow escape,
But all these things are worked by fate.
Now I've stamped the Bible "obscene."
It explodes the astounding scheme
Of torments in hell instead of joy on earth,
And a new religion has been given birth.
Corruption, scrofula, bible and Grant
Must be rooted out while the truth we plant
In France, church, state and education,
Nothing else can reform this nation.
Ventilation, drainage, water supply
Are natural laws we must not defy.

In every land, in every age,
Early and late, and in every stage
The scenes are acted in all their vice,
Through society, cards and gambler's dice,
War, shipwreck, famine, pestilence,
Fire, marriage, attack, defense,
While wrong and crime forever roll,
'Till Death steps in to take his toll;
For even while the sun is shining
There seems to be no silver lining.
The strange index of our lives is ever bent
To purple the heavens with perpetual Lent.

G. F. T.
The Coming Dictator.

The Tombs, April, 1873! (Fourth month.)

[From the Daily Graphic, April 9, 1873.]

THE WHITE ELEPHANT AND THE GRAPHIC.

The examination into the sanity of George Francis Train will take place this afternoon before Judge Daly and a jury.

[Monday's Graphic.]

What shall be done with "The White Elephant in the Tombs," is a matter which puzzles judges, and cannot be answered by artist or writer. Yet with the public, they can thoroughly enjoy the comedy of the situation.

THE TOMBS, April 7, 1873, Sixteenth Week.

THE INSANE CASE TUESDAY AT FOUR.

Dear Graphic:

A slight mistake; Tuesday is the day,
The hangers refuse to act for pay,
General Chatfield Mott, Jardon and Bell,
Are the counsel who manage the case so well.
The Warden has delt me a fearful blow
By forcing me out of "Murderers' Row;"
In perfect solitude here in the tombs
They place me in charge of the new Train rooms
No one to see me is allowed,
They say on account of the crowd;
They never think of locking my door,
Nor do they come to visit me more.

THE CARTOON IN THE GRAPHIC.

The White Elephant is best of all,
'Tis already posted on the wall.
The sun of Austerlitz is set,
The cartoon is the biggest yet.
It shows up the case as good as a play,
I roared when I saw the "faded bouquet,"
You are doing more to teach our race
Than all the journals in the place,
Better and better every way—
By George, the Graphic is bound to pay.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN,

(Of unsound mind, though harmless; commander in chief of the Gasmen.)

MR. TRAIN'S IMPROMPTU REPLY ON SEEING THE FAC-SIMILE CARTOON.

Dear Graphic:

Wonderful! What is this magic art
That moves the head and charms the heart?
What is this artistic skill
That so controls the human will?
Wonderful! That fac-simile letter,
I was sick, but am now much better.
The picture gave me a hearty laugh;
How perfect you print the autograph.
It lays my aches upon the shelf,
I like a joke, though on myself.
How can you, from a single brick,
Build a Graphic palace so quick.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN,

Who has again just escaped assassination from a bullet through the Centre-street window.

The Tombs, April 9, 1873.

THE PAGAN BIBLE:

OR, THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY.

FROM THE TOMBS TO THE ASYLUM.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE MURDERERS' CLUB.

THE OFFICIALS TO BE INDICTED FOR MURDER.

George Francis Train in Hell!—Blood or bread! Vive la Commune! "The Chamber of Horrors; or, the Tortures of the Damned in the Tombs." A thrilling book of startling epigrams on the downfall of Christianity. By a Pagan Preacher; written in his fourteenth Bastille by the coming Dictator. A bombshell among the churches; exposing the great Grant-Tweed Republican Ring fraud and the subsidized Press, giving names and amounts; secret history Credit Mobiller; Beecher, Tilton, Colfax, Dodge; obscene Y. M. C. Ass. Conspiracy.

Workingmen! Pay no Taxes!
Start the battle! Grind your axes!
The only thing to save the nation
Is immediate repudiation.
Down with the Party! Smash up the Ring!
Wake up, people! Death to Kings!

ONE MILLION COPIES WILL BE PRINTED!

Agents Wanted from all over the United States.

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C. O. D.

Remit your Stamps for the Greatest Book since the World Began to

WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & CO.,

48 Broad Street, New York.

CHARLOTTE A. BARBER.

This gifted lady, whose letter appears in another column of the WEEKLY, is, we learn, soon to begin a lecture tour in the State of Michigan. The subject will be: "Beecher and

his Ascension." She has recently published a book reviewing the Beecher-Tilton Scandal, which is an exhaustive analysis of the case as it stands to-day. The same can be had on application to her at Toledo, Ohio. Price, 25 cents.

DR. S. B. LANDIS.

Dr. Landis, of Philadelphia, who, for two Sunday evenings past, spoke in the Athenaeum Hall, Broadway, to large and enthusiastic audiences, will repeat the lecture of last Sunday—Woodhull and Beecher—analyzing Free Love, at Assembly Buildings, Tenth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, on Sunday evening, April 13th. Admission, 25 cents.

In the Herald's report of the late N. Y. East Conference it is stated that the same closed after singing the hymn commencing:

"My latest sun is sinking fast," etc.

Can it be possible that spiritual manifestations have commenced to exhibit themselves in that numerous and very politic body, in order to warn it of its speedy decay and dissolution?

SAN FRANCISCO, March 20, 1873.

Thanks to you my dear Victoria, for putting my "Rhapsody" in print, amid so many other eloquent expressions of the hopes, aspirations and criticisms of the day. Since I have been a writer I have frequently felt the truth of Cowper's lines—

None but an author knows an author's cares;
Or fancy's fondness for the child she bears;
Committed once into the public arms,
The baby seems to smile with added charms.

Besides, I am always glad to find my name in your great and true organ of reform—the WEEKLY—which is now the very head and front of protest and plan in this time of spiritual purification.

Of my own productions, I am as severe a critic as Balzac; and this last one, it appears to me, does not sufficiently define the thought it was my purpose to express and illustrate therein, viz., that, radically, the condition of woman, apart from the wholly illusive halo of social convention, is no better in matrimony than in prostitution; the latter, indeed, having many material advantages over the other.

As does every one who is interested in the stirring history of human evolution, as it is now progressing, I read every number of your WEEKLY, with ardent interest, and thrill especially in sympathy with the impetuous and soul-quickenings appeals to the public heart, in which you are so prompt, prolific and powerful.

I can scarcely tell you how much I think of and admire you two sisters, who, to the eye of thought, are the precursors and establishers of the new era of woman, and who will be ever looked up to, in the future, as the heroines who fought the first great fight for the entire freedom of the sex.

From the first moment I saw you and Tennie—the night of the Editha Lola Montes lecture—you won me. You presented to me a picture of a new species, as it were, of woman; and I felt at once that a few such as you would revolutionize the world. Girls, you seemed to me, in the buoyancy of your manner; and yet, earnest and enthusiastic souls, profound and ready in every sphere of progressive thought. You have fulfilled the mission that I then saw for you. What you have done in shaking the shackles of the innumerable oppressed and benighted of our sex, and wakening the world to a sense of its impending judgment, is scarcely appreciable by contemporary perception. The recollection of my first acquaintance with you is entertaining and suggestive of the quick operation of the psychical laws of attraction and repulsion in our natures. It was as an encounter of a Spartan and an Athenian. You, reckless, bold, fearless, onward, frank and uncompromising; I, suave, cautious and polished, seeking rather to refine the world than to scourge it. We mutually studied each other. Many times, dear girls, I quitted your presence loving you with all my heart; and again, on some succeeding occasion, knew not what sentiment to entertain. Long before we separated, however, no doubt occupied my mind that you had become endeared to me in every way, not only because you are the greatest reformers of the age, whom all future women must acknowledge as foremost in the work of their disenfranchisement, but because you are socially the most charming women in the world, and fitted to inspire the warmest affection. I see this moment the beautiful face of Tennie, her complexion of marble whiteness, and her large, clear, blue eyes glowing with geniality, her mouth, so faultlessly formed, the Cupid's bow definitely outlined. To be a reformer and to be beautiful, what a combination! And then, superadded to this, a nature heaven-gifted; light, vivacious and caroling as a bird, beaming through storms like a torchlight in darkness, a Mozart-like temperament—such is the dashing Tennie's. And you, dear Victoria, with all the bonhomie of your sister, but chastened and etherealized by deep contemplation and spiritual exaltation. How could I choose between you. The thought of selecting either of you for a companion seems as absurd as it were to seek the undivided sympathy of one of the Siamese twins. Were I of the male sex, I might say with the jolly Captain McHeath:

"How happy could I be with either,
Were either dear charmer away."

Your social nature, to my apprehension, would make you a Siren, were you not a Sibyl.

In these backwoods I think every day of you. You are dearer to me than ever, and I long for the time when I shall again clasp your hand. That will be, I hope, in the spring when I return to New York.

Affectionately your sister,

FRANCES ROSE MACKINLEY.

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C. L. James' Column.

In my former letters on the Terrible Question, I have endeavored to show that only Free Lovers were able to grapple with the monster Prostitution. Now there is altogether too much cant in the so-called Free Love literature on this question. The consistent Free Lover, who considers prostitution as respectable as marriage, or marriage as infamous as prostitution, whichever you like, is not ashamed to show his faith by his works. I am not, and I am not vain enough to think myself alone. In every town there are premeditated men and women who do likewise. All they need is organization, and they are establishing it at. Soon, all over the United States, the prostitute who wishes to become a Free Lover will find friends to shelter her, and the woman who will not be a Free Lover will find an organized society which regards her as a prostitute. It costs less than is supposed to belong to that society. Mrs. Grundy's attitude toward it has the following three distinct stages:

First Stage.—Did you see that? Mr. James bowed to a prostitute!

Second Stage.—Well, he's a privileged character, and no one cares what he does.

Third Stage.—D—n it, it's according to his theory, and I wouldn't wonder if he was more than half right. Brothers and sisters, never say that no one can extirpate prostitution, or at least no one dare try. We dare, we can, we are doing it! Courage! Hurrah for Liberty, Equality and Fraternity!

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

From an abstract standpoint, unquestionably, the recent executions of George Driver and Henry McNulty were wicked and deplorable events. But there can be no doubt that Driver and McNulty died martyrs to the holy institution of marriage, and their victims to the opposite principle of Free Love. Driver murdered his divorced wife whom his abuse had driven to seek the protection of the law, and McNulty, after his wife had left him and been sent on by those tender mercies which are cruel to prostitution and its fearful consequences, thought proper to shorten her disgrace and avenge his own dishonor by killing her. The State of Illinois must certainly be poisoned by Free Love principles, for these "honorable murderers" were hanged by the neck till they were dead. Opposed as I am to capital punishment, the only tears I can shed in view of this event is that a similar act of "self-defense" was not done by "society" fourteen years ago, the acquittal of Daniel E. Sickles was a tribute of blood to "marital rights," and blood has flowed like water ever since. But better days are coming. The slave trade, which had lived and fattened through the days of declamation and red tape, came to a surprisingly sudden end when Abraham Lincoln hanged a slave-trader. And so we may hope that the death of these unhappy men bodes a time when people will not be murdered for adultery. After that, we may begin to look for the day when they will not be murdered for murder.

LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY.

A HUNKER'S VISION OF JUDGMENT.

I had sat up later last night than is my custom. I sleep a great deal, as a man fifty years old who has a wife to keep the tavern running can afford to. Sleeping four or five hours every day and going to bed at nine, I can usually get up by seven, after Mrs. C. and the girls have made the fires. I wish all the boarders would do the same; but some of them will work till ten or eleven o'clock every night, which prevents them from getting breakfast before seven, and keeps my wife waiting on them at the time she ought to be getting the sewing done. But last night I got to reading the Religio-Philosophical Journal, and dropped asleep finally in my chair. I read how Beecher had been lecturing through the Western States, and what magnificent ovations he had received in every city, and I thought, no matter if Beecher is a Christian, he's a gage by which we can measure the credence people give to Woodhull, and behold it is but small potatoes. After I had fallen asleep I fell to dreaming, and lo! beneath the starry heavens lay a woman sleeping on a lion's hide. She was fair to look upon, but with the appearance of more than manly strength. Her brow was bound with a cap of liberty, and her hand lay lightly on a mortal sword. Just as I was wondering at the spectacle a voice appeared to say to me: "This is the goddess of our country. Escaped the tyranny of kings and slave-owners, she sleeps in peace upon the sacred soil of Columbia. But her enemies are close at hand." As these words I looked around me, and lo! a host of spectators, each with a pot of gold on his head, came toward a spot where Andrew Jackson, improved by the addition of both wings and a tail, stood shoulder to shoulder with Bill Poole and an Irish priest. All three had blacksmith's hammers, and were at work at an anvil supplied with fire from some subterranean source. As fast as the gold was brought to them they forged it into chains. Next came a lot of politicians with a huge box labelled "Cant," out of which they took bottles marked "Glorious Union," "Fourth of July," "Star Spangled Banner," and other buncombe words, which they uncorked under the goddess' nose. The effect seemed to be anaesthetic, for she slept very soundly while the goldsmiths put her chains on. After this came an army such as I had never seen before. All the newspaper editors, except five or six, two-thirds of all the judges, lawyers and Congressmen, all the preachers except Noyes and his peculiar clique, most of the spiritual writers and speakers, came arm-in-arm with John Allen, Kit Burns, Laura Skittles and a great multitude of other men and women, walking two-and-two. In front marched Mrs. Livermore, Cora Pearl, Mrs. Dahlgren and Mrs. Sherman. They bore a great flag, white on one side and inscribed in silver letters with the word "Trinity." But as it flapped in the breeze I caught sight of the other side, and lo! it was black, and had a death's head and marrow-bones upon it. As

the procession advanced the band played the Rogue's March, and when they got up to the goddess they changed it to "Hail to the Chief." Hudson, Tuttle and Jones (S. S.) then stepped forward, blew each others' noses and wiped their own eyes, after which they conveyed the goddess to a cave and put her in, the band playing, "Hush, my Babe, lie still and slumber," and then the rest of us filed the cave up, the band meanwhile playing the dead march. I feel encouraged by that dream. It savors of reality, and I hardly think she will get out again in my time.

Yours affectionately,
SLEEPY SAMUEL CLOTPOLE,
Landlord of the Sandwich Island House, in the town of Inkermann, on the Mississippi River.

Prof. Dio Lewis recently gave an account of a young couple who were forced, though wealthy and successful, to give up housekeeping, because, while the young man thoroughly understood his business, the young lady knew nothing about hers, except four European languages and other useless accomplishments. "I say," says D. L., "that the match was unfair." Unfair! Here's richness! to adopt the words of Mr. Squeers. What is there unfair in getting just what you pay for in such an open slave market as fashionable marriage? Maids of all work can be bought much cheaper than four European languages; but no man has a right to expect the union of such incongruous qualities in one person. There are things which even money cannot do, and one of them is to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

TWENTY YEARS' PRACTICE.

DR. PERKINS
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or by mail, box 1,227, on the various symptoms of Private Diseases. The afflicted will take notice that I am the only man on the American continent that can cure you of Syphilis, Loss of Manhood, etc., caused by self abuse or disease. I challenge the combined medical faculty to refute the above statement by successful competition. The symptoms of disease produced by sexually transmitted diseases or by excessive sexual indulgence, or by self abuse are as follows: Loss of memory, sallow countenance, pains in the back, weakness of limbs, chronic constiveness of the bowels, confused vision, stunted intellect, loss of confidence in approaching strangers, great nervousness, reticent breath, consumption, parched tongue, and frequently insanity and death, unless combated by scientific medical aid. Reader, remember Dr. Perkins is the only man that will guarantee to cure you or refund the fee if a cure is not permanently made. Also remember that I am permanently located at No. 9 Fifth street, south, opposite the public square, Kansas City, Mo., and I have the largest medical rooms in the city; call and see me; a friendly chat costs you nothing, and all is strictly confidential. Post box 1,227.

DR. PERKINS, Kansas City, Mo.

THE MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF ANY AGE.

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A reliable and painless remedy for the Opium habit. Cures without any inconvenience to or interruption of business. Pamphlets sent free on application. Address,
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56 West 33d Street
(Bet. Fifth Avenue and Broadway).
OFFICE HOURS:
9 A. M. to 1 P. M. & 5 to 7 P. M.

DR. DAKES

APPOINTMENTS FOR 1873.

Elgin, Ill., 1st and 2d; Rockford, Ill., 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th; Beloit, Wis., 7th, 8th and 9th; Madison, Wis., 11th and 12th; Watertown, Wis., 13th, 14th and 15th; Fond Du Lac, 16th and 17th; Oshkosh, 18th, 19th and 20th; Ripon, 21st and 22d; Whitefish, 23rd and 24th; Waukesha, 26th and 27th; Chicago, Madison House, 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st of each month during the year. Offices, principal hotels in each city. Chronic complaints incident to both sexes exclusively and successfully treated.

ENCOMIUMS FROM THE PRESS.
The Western Rural speaks of Dr. Dake as one of the most successful physicians in the United States.

DR. DAKES.—That this scientific physician has no equal in the West thousands will affirm.—Journal, Beloit, Wis.

Live, energetic, liberal men, advertise. Such a man is Dr. Dake, who in the last three years has built up one of the largest practices of any physician in the West.—Lockport Gazette.

Dumont C. Dake, M. D., is having great success in this city. He is active, whole souled, in fact, one of the "whitest" gentlemen we have ever known.

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Has for sale, or to be rented out upon the usual Circulating Library plan, an excellent selection of Superior Books, of a well-known highly advanced moral and reformatory character.

Also "WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY," the "BANNER OF LIGHT" and other Liberal Weekly Papers.

Office Hours.—8½ to 12 o'clock a. m., and from 2½ to 6 o'clock p. m., daily, Sundays excepted.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

Probably never before in the whole history of medicine, has anything won so widely and so deeply upon the confidence of mankind, as this excellent remedy for pulmonary complaints. Through a long series of years, and among most of the races of men it has risen higher and higher in their estimation, as it has become better known. Its uniform character and power to cure the various affections of the lungs and throat, have made it known as a reliable protector against them. While adapted to milder forms of disease and to young children, it is at the same time the most effectual remedy that can be given for incipient consumption, and the dangerous affections of the throat and lungs. As a provision against sudden attacks of Croup, it should be kept on hand in every family, and indeed as all are sometimes subject to colds and coughs, all should be provided with this antidote for them.

Although settled Consumption is thought incurable, still great numbers of cases where the disease seemed settled, have been completely cured, and the patient restored to sound health by the Cherry Pectoral. So complete is its mastery over the disorders of the Lungs and Throat, that the most obstinate of them yield to it. When nothing else could reach them, under the Cherry Pectoral they subside and disappear.

Singers and Public Speakers find great protection from it.

Asthma is always relieved and often wholly cured by it.

Bronchitis is generally cured by taking the Cherry Pectoral in small and frequent doses.

So generally are its virtues known that we need not publish the certificates of them here, or do more than assure the public that its qualities are fully maintained.

Ayer's Ague Cure,

For Fever and Ague, Intermittent Fever, Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical or Bilious Fever, &c., and indeed all the affections which arise from malarious, marsh, or miasmatic poisons.

As its name implies, it does Cure, and does not fail. Containing neither Arsenic, Quinine, Bismuth, Zinc, nor any other mineral or poisonous substance whatever, it in no wise injures any patient. The number and importance of its cures in the ague districts, are literally beyond account, and we believe without a parallel in the history of Ague medicine. Our pride is gratified by the acknowledgments we receive of the radical cures effected in obstinate cases, and where other remedies had wholly failed.

Unacclimated persons, either resident in, or travelling through miasmatic localities, will be protected by taking the AGUE CURE daily.

For Liver Complaints, arising from torpidity of the Liver, it is an excellent remedy, stimulating the Liver into healthy activity.

For Bilious Disorders and Liver Complaints, it is an excellent remedy, producing many truly remarkable cures, where other medicines had failed. Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical and Analytical Chemists, Lowell, Mass., and sold all round the world.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

THIS MACHINE IS EMPLOYED IN EVERY GENTLE HOME SEWING MACHINE.



ELIAS HOWE JR. U.S.A. INVENTOR & MAKER NEW YORK

The HOWE Sewing Machines
MANUFACTURED BY
THE HOWE MACHINE CO.
—ELIAS HOWE, JR.—
FOR FAMILIES AND MANUFACTURERS

THE GREAT PRIZE,
EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, PARIS, 1867.
Awarded over Eighty-two Competitors.
THE HIGHEST PREMIUM.
THE ONLY CROSS OF THE LEGION OF
HONOR AND GOLD MEDAL.



given to American Sewing Machines, per Imperial Decree, published in the "Moniteur Universel" (Official Journal of the French Empire), 23 July, 1867. In these words:
Fabricate de Machines coudre exposant.
Elias Howe, Jr.
Manufacture of Sewing Machines, Exhibitor

The Howe Sewing Machines are celebrated for doing the best work, using a much smaller needle for the same thread than any other machine.
They are adapted to all kinds of Family sewing, and Manufacture of every description, making a beautiful and perfect stitch, alike on both sides of the fabric, and will neither rip nor ravel.
Every Machine is as near perfection as the best machinery in the world can make it.
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