

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN WEEKLY.

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NEW YORK, JUNE 21, 1873.

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Du Lac, 16th and 17th; Oshkosh, 18th, 19th and 20th;
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[From the *Chicago Daily Sun*, Nov. 30, 1871.]

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already issued the first number (since the fire) of the
Western Rural, the same size and in the same form as
previous to the fiery storm. Nobody would imagine,
on glancing at the neat, artistic head and well filled
pages of the *Rural* that anything uncomfortably warm
or specially disastrous had ever happened to it. Suc-
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WHAT "THEY SAY."

[From the *Chicago Evening Post*.]

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[From the *Letter of a Western Mother*.]

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AT 90 AND ACCRUED INTEREST. COUPON AND
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The Principles of Government, by Victoria C. Woodhull	\$3 00
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The Impending Revolution	25
The Ethics of Sexual Equality	25

INDUSTRIAL JUSTICE.

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

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

Gal. Ep. James v. 1-4.

"WHAT'S TO HINDER?"

Why, Anna Dickinson's own self, to be sure. Her lecture with the above title is simply a huge stumbling-block, flung directly in the way of woman's work and woman's wages—a back-set to her efforts after just compensation—a wet blanket to her hopes. 'Tis shallow in conception because it deals with results, making them responsible, utterly ignoring causes which such women as Anna Dickinson ought to consider first of all, and put her shoulder to the wheel to uproot and weed out.

But Anna has "magnetized" Waterson of the *Courier Journal*, who publishes Stuart Robinson's senseless protests against women lecturing in the city of Louisville. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* has furnished her several sugar-plums. I've known that paper pluck her a sprig of rue. And last, but not least, Murat Halsted has published a synopsis of her lecture with an infinite smack of satisfaction. I can readily guess—for any kind of logic that that reveals to him, the line of demarcation between the sexes giving man the largest license and credit, is sweet incense to his nostrils. Don't he sit in his sanctum day after day reading up all the male and female authors that prove God's intention to license men to partake of "stolen waters?"

But Anna is sublime and equally magnetic as Waterson says she is. I've heard her plead gloriously for her sex, striking bravely at the root of the evil. But there she did not win sugar-plums from the *Enquirer*, and Waterson was not magnetized—neither, alas! did Halsted approve. 'Tis a grand achievement to be able to wring encomiums from the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, the Louisville *Courier Journal*, and M. Halsted!

There is a time in the lives of women, which some one—Michelet or Madam Sand—has said is the weakest period of their lives—when they will sell their birth-right for the applause of men. Is Anna upon that critical time? It is at thirty, or thereabouts.

I wonder if there is any friend of Anna's candid enough to tell her she has added her efforts, inadvertently, perhaps, to strengthen the tyranny of custom? She is beginning to roll the sweet morsel, popularity, under her tongue, and ten to one it won't strangle her. Next we shall hear she is married and retired in "sanctified wedlock." God grant, if Anna, whom I have loved, ever does marry, her wedlock may be sanctified.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, in noticing Miss Dickinson's forthcoming lecture in that city, informed the public that she does not "condescend to trouble herself about woman's rights nonsense. She deals in living, vital issues." Such praise from that source ill befits a woman whose whole heart, soul, mind, might and strength are enlisted for the best interests of her sex—whose ambition is not to inhale the delusive breath of popularity. Anna can be sure her lecture is only calculated to please the opposition of both sexes. The earnest well wisher of women can but grieve that she is before the public with such a cruel blow to "woman's work and woman's wages."

A gentleman, who is disposed to be entirely just toward women, after reading the synopsis of "What's to Hinder?" in the Cincinnati *Commercial*, said to me, "By George! 'tis hard on the women, but 'tis true." That remark roused me to take up the cudgels. Miss Dickinson's strictures may be true in some measure, but only true as results of pernicious causes, which the woman movement of the nineteenth century is tending to eradicate. And it ill becomes Anna Dickinson to be whining over miserable results at this day and hour of the battle.

She brings statistics and cites authority as the result of her extended and patient observation to prove that women are not successful in business instead of considering how remarkably successful they have been, in view of great drawbacks in education, custom, public opinion and rank prejudice. The good behavior of the negro with the ballot in his hand is something wonderful to contemplate. Then should not Miss Dickinson award all due praise and encouragement to woman who has climbed the rugged pathway to successful endeavor, without the sure passport of the ballot and with adverse wind and tide to contend against? Woman's battle has not yet reached its holy baptism of blood while Anna's bugle sounds a note of defeat. But as regards woman's non-success according to Anna's observations, may we not bring

rebutting testimony? I had it from Gen. Spinner, of the Treasury Department, that women under his charge were entirely successful. He had tried both sexes in that department where the duties are arduous, and he did not hesitate to pronounce in favor of women. He took me through the department and was particular to point out the finished and beautiful results of woman's work, and he spoke with pride of woman's capacity under full scope. He also utterly condemned the system of paying all those women a uniform salary, for he said women, as well as men, possessed grades of merit and should be paid accordingly. At that time he was lending his efficient aid toward mending the matter by Act of Congress. He saw and deplored the injustice to women in the matter of work and wages.

The only lecture I ever heard Anna Dickinson deliver, she herself made complaint that when she once taught school she was most shabbily paid for it. Shall we judge her by the standard she herself has set up, and protest she did not earn what she got? She says when male cooks get two thousand a year, 'tis because they earn it; but when women get three or five dollars a week, they don't earn even that. Anna has suffered from bad cooks.

'Tis true all women do not succeed in their undertakings—never can, never will—no more than all men. And 'tis also true that an eye to matrimony, and a hope to escape all work with aim enough in it to demand constant progression toward perfectness, prevents many women of capacity from being successful in their undertakings. But it were more logical to try and instill into women the energy and application that leads to success—matrimony entirely aside—than to be holding up before men's eyes the spectacle of shiftless "ne'er do weel" women false legislation and custom have created. There are just as many female clerks who achieve greatness as male clerks, proportionately speaking. I've traded at many counters from Maine to California, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, and I never have been bored any worse by one sex behind them than by the other. I never yet saw a female clerk neglecting her duty to "read a novel," or flirt with a male customer, which, I declare, as regards the flirting, I cannot say of male clerks and female customers. Then 'tis perfectly legitimate for female clerks to part their hair in the middle.

As regards the impudent forcing of goods upon customers, which Anna seems to think so praiseworthy a part of the male clerk's attention to business, if Anna likes that sort of business capacity she should enjoy it. But there are people immensely bored by it. I sincerely hope female clerks will never win success in that line.

Let Miss Dickinson preach all she will about the false social theories, that make women what they are; let her condemn in strongest terms the pernicious system of education that makes drones of women in the human hive; let her hold up men for the unjust judges they are; we cannot have too much of that, for it is probing the sore cause. But I beg of her to pause and think before she again gives statistics to prove why women are not successful. Perhaps she thought so to goad women on to better effort; but her course has rather served to tickle the prejudices of men and women who are not for us but against us. I venture by her lecture, "What's to Hinder," she has taken bread and butter from many a woman's mouth, for she has held up the loose end of the argument—the end which all conservatives have been tugging at since Adam was a little boy, to prove women were only designed by God to bear children, and to do that in the worst possible manner, judging from results.]

HELEN NASH.

SOCIAL EXPERIENCES.

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN:

Dear Ladies—I have seen a call in the WEEKLY for the private experiences of persons whose lives have been such as to serve as illustrations to that doctrine you teach so ably and so unflinchingly. I have decided that the time has come when I must bear my testimony openly and let my friends think of me as they will.

I am much respected and beloved in this place. I have been a true sister to every woman here, and a tender mother to all the motherless children. I have many friends, though once I was friendless; and I have wealth and position and a good kind husband, though but a few years ago I begged my bread on the streets of your city. I shall dignify this little history by giving it a name; and that name must be—

THE UGLY GIRL.

CHAPTER I.

I was the elder of two sisters and lived in a charming village in Southern Indiana. My father supported his family by a clerkship which he held from year to year. I was very domestic, and made myself so useful at home that I was unscrupulously deprived of nearly all educational advantages. Nettie, my young sister, was handsome and willful, and had many admirers. That I was grieved to see all the admiration centered on her, who that is human will doubt. I bore it silently, but I longed intensely every day for some one to love. My temperament was nervous arterial. My passions—awakened early with my premature development—clamored continually for the pleasures of love. But no one loved me. When I was nineteen years old Nettie married a young lawyer of excellent ability, and moved into a house of her own. I continued to live with my father for three years longer, when he died suddenly, leaving me quite unprovided for. Nettie invited me to live with her, and there was nothing else I could do. In her house I became a servant of servants, performing quietly all those duties too irksome or too difficult for the others to attempt. My services were received as a thing of course. Nettie was unkind to me, the servants snubbed me, my brother-in-law, Robert Elston, took no notice of me, only the neglected baby seemed to care for me. He loved me dearly, and turned from all others to cling to me. It was through little Harry that all my strong motherly instincts awoke. I worshiped him and would have given many years of my life to have called him mine.

In the night, when he slept with his soft cheek upon my bare bosom—a bosom whose beautiful curves had been rounded in the amplitude of nature for nothing, since no babe's mouth might ever press it, I dreamed strange waking dreams. I thought that, but for the awful wickedness of such a thing, I would conceive a child and go off to some other place where Nettie would not be disgraced by me, and there give it birth, and then I would have something to love and to work for. But this was only a vision of the night; with each returning day I took up my treadmill round of duties, and no one would have thought the sad-eyed, hollowed-cheeked woman, every line of whose face and form was so drooping, could have harbored a thought so degrading and sinful. But I did harbor the thought, and it grew into such proportions it became the hope of my life. I must have something of my own. I could not live forever unrecognized and uncared for. The world might frown upon me, it had already passed me by; but if I had a child I would make a world of my own in which love would rule supreme. And behold, while I yet dreamed, Destiny took up my thoughts and carried them on to completion.

Nettie was a hard person to live with. She was irritable, disagreeable and slatternly. She liked gossip and fine clothes and dancing parties, and here her pleasures ended. She was the gayest of the gay in company, but at home she rarely spoke a kind word to poor Rob, and her baby was a source of great annoyance to her. Rob, in the meantime, appeared gloomy and morose. Society had few charms for him, so he spent his evenings at home reading or holding his baby. Little Harry would go to sleep in his arms every night, and he always held him tenderly for an hour or two before allowing me to take him to bed. We were usually alone, as Nettie spent nearly all her evenings out, but we rarely exchanged a dozen words in as many hours.

Our lethargy was broken by a lady who had spent several days at our house. She lived a few miles from the town, and when she was leaving she asked me pleasantly to come and see her.

"I should like to go," I said, "but have no way."

"Make some of your lovers bring you," she answered.

"I am not so fortunate as to have one, Mrs. Wilcox."

Nettie laughed uproariously at this, and hastened to inform Mrs. Wilcox that I had never had a lover in my life, and probably never would have. "Martha's so homely, you know," she added, by way of explanation.

As I passed back into the room I caught my brother-in-law looking at me intently—wonderingly, pityingly. I turned my flushed face away from him, but presently looked back and again encountered his beautiful eyes full of mute sympathy, and something more. I think it was tenderness; not love, perhaps, but pitying tenderness. And all that day it was the same; he treated me with a courtly politeness that was new to me. The habitual indifference of his manner was gone. When I lighted the lamps he hurried to assist me, and when I would have carried the baby to bed he said, "No, let me, he is too heavy for you, Martha." For a wonder Nettie was at home that night grumbling and whining as usual. She tried to pick a quarrel with Rob, and failing in that she assailed me with a burst of cruel words. All my life I have been unable to say unkind things to people, no matter what the provocation. I am sensitive, and I shrink so terribly under harsh words, I will not, I cannot inflict them on others. When Nettie scolded me to-night Rob bore it silently awhile and then turned on her fiercely:

"Nettie," he said, "have you no charity, no mercy for one who, by your own account, has lived all her life without love? Who, though a thousand times superior to you, has been your faithful servant as well as your sister? Whose magnanimity is so great she will not wound you by one bitter word like those with which you lacerate her heart every hour of her life? It is time that you and I should come to an understanding on this point. You may say to me at all times the very worst your ungovernable temper shall dictate; it will not hurt me, for your influence over my feelings is gone; but you shall not abuse her. This house is mine; she is my guest—my dear and trusted friend—Harry's mother more than his aunt. I have seen to-day, though never before, how important she has been to my happiness. I know now that but for her quiet ministrations I could not have endured to remain under the same roof with you as long as I have; but I accepted all she did unthankfully, as we accept the sunshine and the fragrance of flowers, until this morning when you used those cruel words about her to Mrs. Wilcox—'Martha's so homely she never had a lover.' I looked at her then to see wherein she was homely, and saw every feature of her sensitive face writhing under the pain of that cruel stab. And as I marked the timid, sunken eyes I read within them a great poem of unspoken sadness; and all this day I have tried to discover in what respect 'Martha was homely.' Comparisons are odious, Nettie, or I might ask you to stand with her before the glass in the hope that you would be able to distinguish the sloven from the lady; the coarse, frivolous woman from the sensitive, gentle, refined being that she is. And I maintain in the face of all the hysterics at your command, that no man can live with you two sisters as long as I have without feeling that Martha is the family beauty and Nettie the homely one."

CHAPTER II.

It may be imagined how these words tortured me for Nettie's sake. I implored him by look and gesture to stop. I felt as if he was murdering her while I stood helplessly by; and when he did stop, although she was crying, I could offer no consolation. In my perplexity I did not know where to turn; I wanted to leave the room, but I was spell bound. My sister soon found her tongue and said such terrible things I did leave through very shame. I was chilled through when I took the baby in my arms that night in bed; I could not close my eyes. But all the time through my pity for Nettie would creep the remembrance of what Rob had said about me, and his words warmed me.

For a few days after this there was great reserve between

Rob. and me, but this wore off and we were soon spending our evenings quietly alone as before. One night he seemed restless; he could not read; he walked the floor impatiently and finally drew a chair to my side and sat down."

"Martha," he said, "I am afraid to tell you what is in my heart for fear of shocking you; and yet the compulsion is on me and I must speak. I think it must be that I have loved you for a long time, but I did not know it until Nettie said what she did to Mrs. Wilcox. Then when I looked up to find the homely woman I saw the most beautiful woman on earth. I was looking at you through the eyes of love, and you had become transfigured, radiant, angelic. Since that I have contrasted you with every other woman I know, and to me there are none who will compare with you. I think of you day and night. I long for you. My breast aches for your embrace. In the night my imagination transforms Nettie into Martha, and the fervor of my caresses surprise and annoy her. One night, months ago, Harry cried out in his sleep and I took a candle and went into your room. I saw him in your arms with his cheek upon your white bosom. I looked at you and him as one looks at some sweet picture, and that was all. But now the remembrance of what I saw, and the thought of that beautiful breast almost drives me mad. O, Martha, it seems to me that if I could only press my lips where Harry's little unthinking head rested, it would comfort me beyond measure."

He took my hand and kissed me. He put his arms around me and I was weak as water and trembled violently—not with any premonition of evil, but because I loved him, and because my unsatisfied heart clamored for love's perfect fruition. But not this night nor for many nights did I find the rapture of that supreme abandonment which counts "all for love and a world well lost." As the months passed on, the chilled, almost forgotten possibilities of my character, like the un-nourished seeds of plants hidden deep in uncongenial soil, sprung to life and blossomed thick upon me. Even my casual acquaintances told me I was growing handsome. I began to be sought out in the social circle by the nobler class of men and women. I could have gone on all my life in this way, but nature, rounded into completion within me, put forth a fresh germ of life and beauty. To bear a child under such circumstances seemed very appalling as much as I had desired it. And yet my mother instincts were so strong and tender I would not consult an abortionist, as I knew I might have done with perfect secrecy. This little life was as precious to me as my own or Rob's. It was the spiritual and physical blending of myself and the man I loved. I knew my power over Rob. He would have given all his property to Nettie and taken Harry and me to some other country if I had told him of my situation, but I could not wrong my sister so much as that. Rob had intrusted some money to my care—about \$200. I wrote him a letter telling him of my situation, and telling him also that to mitigate his anxiety for me, I had taken this money with me. I went to New York, and by close economy and a little plain sewing that I obtained I contrived to live for near a year. I found myself at last utterly destitute and was compelled, with my baby in my arms, to beg upon the streets. During the first day I only obtained a few cents with which I bought some bread. That night I went out again. I knew the prostitutes, or at least I was able to guess at them, from their dress and manners. They gave me money freely. So I subsisted for a month longer, but my life was a burden to me, and had it not been for the deep love I bore my little boy I should have put an end to it. One night a woman asked me why I did not turn "fancy girl" and make money for myself. Her words impressed me deeply. I only saw the outside of that awful life and did not appreciate its horrors. My passions inclined me toward it; my necessities caused me to gravitate toward it; and at last I found myself in a house of prostitution. For a few days, unknown to the manager, I contrived to shun the crowds of men who came, and in my own room spent my time with my precious baby. I was already deeply disgusted with everything connected with the place, and resolved to go on the streets again to beg my bread, when one night the proprietor came to my room and ordered me to go below. I did so; but in the crowded parlor I was shocked and paralyzed by the obscene jests and open lewdness of several couples who had not yet retired for the night. I made my way to a corner and sat down in a recess formed by a projecting piece of furniture and tried to shrink out of sight. Presently I knew by the noise that there had been a fresh arrival of gentlemen, and one of them approached me.

"You seem decidedly lonesome," he said.

"Yes, I am lonesome. If you have one feeling of self-respect, or can realize a sense of shame for others, look around you here and then say if you are not lonesome, too."

"Ah! I see; new to the place, perhaps; or possibly you are trying the virgin game on me, though you hardly look young enough to play that successfully."

"No," I said; "my youth is gone and all the charms of my youth; and I could show you something better than any woman's virginity to disprove your charge. I have a precious baby sleeping in my room, and as innocent as he is, he is the cause of his mother's being here."

"A baby in such a place as this! Let me see him, won't you?"

As we crossed the room together a hundred brutal jokes assailed us. I had not believed I was going to my room for the purpose which took them to theirs; and as I realized the truth I turned faint and would have fallen but for the arm that supported me out.

Inside of my room, all the reserve—all the repression of my natural character fell upon me. I begged him to take me away from there—to find me a situation where I could work for my living. My words fell in torrents—in prayers and entreaties for his brotherly assistance. The eloquence within me burned its way to the surface like pure flame. I clung to his arms; I kissed his hands, humbly and piteously. I caught my rosy pet out of his crib and laid him on his bosom; I told him that it was the child of love, and that for its sake I had been made an outcast, but I begged him to pledge his honor to me by kissing my baby. He did kiss

him, and then by honorable and generous words he comforted me.

"I won't leave you here another hour," he said. "What is your name?"

"Martha."

"That is a promising name. It was Martha of the Bible who was the careful housekeeper. I have lived for two years in a house where confusion reigned supreme. I had a home once, but my wife and child both died, and after two years of domestic chaos I sold my farm in Illinois and started to California. I am going to take the steamer for that State tomorrow, and I will take you with me. Since Emma died I did not know there was a woman in the world who could move me as you have moved me since I came into this room. I know I shall love you, for every line of your face betrays the truth and purity of your character. Look me in the face, my poor darling, and tell me if you think you can love me well enough to go with me as my wife?"

I looked at him intently, and if ever I saw nobility and generosity and resolution, I saw it all in his earnest, beautiful face.

He took me to a hotel that night. We were married in the morning and started to this State. A good many years have passed since then. My baby, dear little Rob., is now seventeen years old; he is at college in San Jose. We have two daughters, Emma and Nettie—fair as lilies—and three boys younger. We have been very happy and very prosperous. And sometime perhaps I may tell you how it turned out with Rob. Elston and poor Nettie; but that was a tragedy which a master-hand might delineate.

MARTHA HUNTER.

A PSYCHOMETRIC ACROSTIC.

Victoria, girdle on thy armor, thou art right.
Independence is the supreme thought of thy mind.
Conditions rise and fall at thy bidding;
Tempest tossed but not dismayed—thou art holy.
Onward and upward is an eternal principle with thee!
Raise thy voice, O, thou child of nature.
Incipient germs lurk within—water them well.
Almighty powers are gained through the struggles of life.

Chastity wears well, it is the soul's crowning diadem.

Within thy bosom dwells the child of Peace: it will yet be born!
Original are thy thoughts; they come from Nature's God.
Only through stages of development canst thou succeed;
Demons cast their venom at thee, but Nature protects thee.
Helpless thou art were it not for the Gods above.
Unloose the ties of friendship, but walk in the path of duty.
Listen to the call of men, but answer the demands of thy nature.
Lily wreaths are floating above thee, they crown thee as thou art true!

Yours in the spirit of love,

D. S. CADWALLADER.

* PERSONAL, PERTINENT, AND TO THE POINT.

HOMER, Ill., April 30, 1878.

My Dear Friends, W. C. and B.—A few years ago, when sitting by the side of Frederick Douglass in conversation, he made this, to me then, striking observation: "During our struggle (anti-slavery he meant) in the times which tried men's souls, we could not and did not depend on Mr. Beecher or Mrs. Stowe. When brave work was to be done, they were not there." To this add Bowen's revelations, your own charges against Mr. Beecher, and Mr. Tilton's declarations that Mr. B., in trying to save his life, has lost it; and the moral degeneracy of this representative modern Christian is made at one glance apparent. Some thoughtful and observing moralist once declared that "What a man sows he shall also reap," and as I sit here pondering, I do wonder how Henry likes his crop. If he is satisfied with what you and Bowen and Tilton have put on exhibition recently, then let him go on sowing as heretofore. After all, Mr. B. is only what modern Christianity has taught him and made him. It is the tendency of modern Christianity to produce hypocrites in quantum et seriatim. Indeed, a man who dares to think beyond their dogmas, can have no peace or place among Christians, and this violent persecution for opinion's sake, this sectarian ostracising power, is what blights the race in its growth, and turns those who would be men and women into moral cowards and lying hypocrites. Every blow struck at modern Christianity is striking at an influence and power which creates and perpetuates hypocrisy.

Yours for a Free Religion,

THOS. W. ORGAN.

FASHION No. V.

To show that the estimated influence of dress on men is not exaggerated, let me quote their own confessions; and I will not draw from dissipating rones and foppish gallants, who have as little esteem for themselves as for their playthings; but from men of much culture and honorable regard for women.

Over twenty years ago when a goodly number of thoughtful matrons seized the idea that they would adopt a convenient, healthful attire, rather than succumb to fashionable burdens, and prematurely give their bodies to the grave, a few brave brothers rushed to their aid, advocated their cause and shielded them from abuse to the extent of their power. Another class, somewhat friendly to the cause, but wavering as to the ripeness of the world for its inauguration, came, like consistent men, to reason the subject. They said, we can see a vast help in the change, in the line of comfort, health and economy—can see that when the eye is accustomed to it, it will be far the more beautiful of the two styles, because of its lightness, naturalness, and the freedom it gives for lithe and graceful motions; but here is our perplexity—we can't feel any gallantry for you—your appearance don't say, Please hand me into the carriage sir—Condescend to pick up my glove—or, Just protect me, and I will be your most obedient; and we fear we cannot love you, even if you woo us. What are we to do?"

A frank explanation of the many sensuous causes which had conspired to produce conditions which prompted their present tastes and feelings, among which causes a majority lay in the appearance and subordination of female associates,

usually gave such understanding of the position that they conceded its merits and immediate urgency, and confessed that social training had perverted their affections and had clouded their reason. They readily saw that the fashions placed women, both by exterior appearance and interior condescension, in the attitude of appealing expressly to the amoral element of the other sex, and as readily admitted that it was a main cause of the social mischief in society, inasmuch as all sold themselves in some degree and form, as the abandoned in the worst form, to sustain the ever-changing, beggar-tyrant, Fashion.

All along through these twenty years the same complaint has often found utterance. It says, "I admire your powers and achievements, but you don't seem courteous—don't touch my heart." The expression simply declares the fact that men still, as of old, are taught to (I cannot say love) be charmed at first sight, whatever the nature of the unknown charmer or the bitter consequences. And mark well, the fascination is always sensuous, not intellectual.

There is not enough of frank, fraternal converse between the sexes to secure needed understanding. The little encounters on the platonic plane, even of strangers, along the path of life, have good results, whether they relate to topics of general or personal interest. One of these entirely relevant to my theme may be repeated here without apology.

M. E. TILLOTSON.

REPLY TO AN OLD FRIEND.

BY MILO A. TOWNSEND.

Mrs. Woodhull—An old-time friend, in writing to me recently, says:

"I am quite surprised that a man of your general good sense and intelligence should write such a strong letter of sympathy to Mrs. Woodhull, which I see copied into a late number of the *Beaver Radical*. If we can believe the press and pulpit, Mrs. Woodhull is one of the vilest women of the vile."

In answer to this letter, I responded as follows, which I have thought well to send to you:

"You express surprise that I should write a letter of sympathy to Mrs. Woodhull. I will briefly give you a few of my reasons.

"If a man should stand passively by and witness a ruffian strike a refined and intelligent woman to the earth—or, indeed, any woman—and did not protest against the devilish deed, what would be your opinion of his chivalry, or sense of justice, or honor?"

"A noble woman, for telling the truth, for demanding equal justice for all women, as well as for all men, and the same code of morals for both sexes—that if a woman's name is rendered infamous for certain acts, a man's should be also for the same acts, for urging with intense earnestness and with rare eloquence and power the importance of discussing the science of marriage and the production of a higher order of human beings—for these things, coupled with her denunciations of that insatiable spirit of greed and monopoly which rides roughshod over humanity, for denouncing in the name of justice these money-mongering lunatics and remorseless legalized robbers and oppressors, who have been in all ages, and are still, a curse and a scourge to humanity, beneath whose heavy hands the rights of the toiling millions, the hopes of widows and orphans, have been blasted, until the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain, and until an influx of light from the celestial worlds is wellnigh cut off, and the very atmosphere of earth is poisoned by the vile magnetism escaping from these human vultures, who care not who sinks so that they swim—for rebuking such men, and their allies generally, and prophetically pronouncing their doom, Mrs. Woodhull is dragged off to prison by those who claim to be the representatives of a Christianity which they say is the especial friend of the poor, of the widow and the fatherless, and the inflexible advocate of freedom, justice and peace!"

Whether a person indorse Mrs. Woodhull's sentiments relating to love, marriage and parentage or not, one would suppose that as the rights of free discussion, free thought and free press are involved in her case, and are struck down in her person, that every friend of freedom and fair dealing (to say nothing of chivalry) would speak out in words not to be misunderstood, and that the press especially would be, not as "the muzzled ox that treadeth out the corn," but would vindicate her right to be heard. Who is so blind as not to see the perils that threaten us as a people; and that if both press and pulpit are muzzled, and fail to speak out against wrong and injustice, in high places as well as low, then a nation's funeral knell is rung.

All honor to the Troy and Syracuse press, and to the few score of others of the editorial fraternity who have spoken with no uncertain sound against the imprisonment of Mrs. Woodhull and her three heroic friends. And thrice honored be the name of that grand old moral hero, Parker Pillsbury, who, almost solitary and alone of the old-time friends of freedom, now proves himself "the noblest Roman of them all," by lifting up his voice like a trumpet against this act of injustice and inhumanity.

You say, "If we can believe the press and pulpit, Mrs. Woodhull is one of the vilest women of the vile."

Would to heaven, my friend, we could believe the press and pulpit when they speak in reference to any unpopular truth or any movement that has for its object the enlightenment, elevation and liberation of men and women from mental, social and physical bondage. With a few noble exceptions, they are the first to oppose and the last to concede any newly-discovered truth, or to aid any humanitarian enterprise. They are "backward-looking sons of time." A careful observer of events for the last thirty years, especially if he have been identified with the anti-slavery cause or the Spiritual unfolding, knows bravely that if he rely upon either the press or pulpit for correct information concerning reform and reformers, he will be most grievously misled. I speak it sorrowfully, for I have valued friends among these two powerful moulders of public opinion, who are, as a general thing, subordinate to capital—to the money power which now so unrighteously and oppressively rules the world. Dependent

upon their patrons, their utterances must be such as to please and to keep themselves popular and respectable. And what a temptation! Unless he be some rare, eccentric genius, some strong, heroic mind, to whom the love of truth is supreme to all things else, he will not dare to grapple with unpopular subjects, however vital they may be to the welfare of the race. No wonder the Society of Friends bear a testimony against a hireling ministry. For they saw how such ministers would be tempted to "quench the spirit," to suppress their honest convictions, to stifle free discussion, to preach for doctrines the commandments of men, to fulminate eternally upon the doings of men who lived thousands of years ago, while the real practical questions of the hour would be ignored, and the gigantic wrongs, villainies and oppressions which every now and then culminate in desolating wars would go unrebuked. How important that the press and pulpit should be free. Mental bondage is worse than physical.

Before we can hope for any great change for the better, the whole structure of society and the present plans of doing business, which engender antagonism and a spirit of venality, must cease; when woman shall be emancipated, when a general co-operation in all the interests of life and a working for each other, instead of against each other, shall be inaugurated. Then, and not before, may we expect the kingdom of harmony and happiness on the earth.

But before we can hope for a new and higher order of society, we must have a new and higher order of men and women; and this, let me tell you, is the great sin, the terrible offense of Mrs. Woodhull and her coadjutors; the discussion of the conditions and principles necessary to the propagation of higher types of mankind.

What question so important as this? A man standing by a river expecting to dip it dry with a pint cup, while the waters are pouring in from abundant fountains on all sides, is a simple illustration of the dabbling with effects by Church and State, while the great causes of evil and wrong remain untouched. Twelve hundred millions of human beings upon the earth, and but one to the thousand, or two to ten thousand sufficiently healthy, elastic, and self-poised, as to rejoice in the mere sense or fact of being. How few that are noble, high-minded, brave. How many whose types are represented in the tyrant, self-seeker, the Mammon worshiper, the legal and illegal thieves and robbers, who continue to repeat themselves through the ages in their unhappy offspring.

If certain conditions are essential to the propagation of superior horses and cattle, similar conditions are essential to the production of healthy, symmetrical, noble men and women. Of all questions, none so momentous as this, none where every science, having a near or remote bearing upon the nature thereof, should be so studiously consulted. But alas! what headlong blindness and recklessness; do most people act with reference to these things. Thus verifying the saying, that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

To look to any other source for the improvement and elevation of the race, than obedience to Nature's laws, which are God's laws, is to look in vain. To lean upon any creed or faith which ignores science, or the laws of nature, is to lean upon a broken reed. To resort to any political expedient for a radical cure of existing evils, is equally vain. There is not a single drop of balm for "the healing of the nations," in any or all the conclaves, clubs, caucusses or conventions of party politics, nor in any system of religion, theology or Spiritualism, which overlooks the facts and verities of science, or keeps not in view the laws of cause and effect. Not all the preaching and praying of Christendom can avert the penalty of Nature's violated laws, or enable us to "gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles." "Whatsoever ye sow, that shall ye also reap."

June 1, 1873.

SPIRITUALISTIC.

PURE RELIGION.

BY WILLIAM CHAMBLISS ELLIOTT.

Author of "A B C of Religion," "Religiosophic Bible," and "Orations against Superstition."

PRACTICAL RELIGION IS, BEING AND DOING GOOD.

To know one's self, to respect one's self and to be one's self are the first duties of pure religion. These guide each individual into self-knowledge, self-culture and self-harmony; they are the primary laws of true heaven—within.

Such is self-justice. It is the beginning of rational politics as well as pure religion. Such defines the "charity" that "begins at home;" such measures the first step in true education; such is the rock of ages on which to build up society; such constitutes the initial form of just governments, because it embodies the preliminary rules for the only true republic, republic of hearts and souls!

To love one's neighbor, to teach and be taught by one another and to do good to all are the next rules of pure religion. These, uniting hearts to hearts and souls to souls, lead into conjugal purity, family peace and social culture; and then into national and international harmony. They are the secondary laws of the true heaven-on-earth, first flowing out of as within every spirit.

Such is fraternal justice. It is the second outgrowth of rational politics as well as pure religion. Such is the wise beginning of charity abroad; such makes the grand leap into a true education of the masses; such is the golden rule of society; such, out of hearts for hearts and souls for souls, overthrows old Church and State; such is the sunny way of the "pure in heart," ending in "peace and good will;" out of such is the good time coming; as truth is under and over it all, and as amid it all is God!

To be good and great for God's sake, to get wisdom from all things and beings, to do well because it is right, to bless all for their true and holy uses and to love the God of nature, that is to use one's self for truth's sake, to love one another for blessings' sake, and to obey God for heaven's sake, are the highest laws of pure religion. These keep the heart out of hate, the soul out of folly, the body out of disease and the world out of trouble; they are the shrine of

pure worship, the crown of true culture and the throne of holiest prayer. A spirit of love, such is scorned by the sects, scouted by the partisans, nailed up by the Church and stabbed by the State! But out of such is the only republic of heaven, within and without, above and below, here and hereafter, now and forever!

Such is universal justice. It is the fullest growth of rational politics as well as pure religion. This leads in the golden way of eternal progress and happiness! Such opens the inward and outward republics of heaven for all on earth; such, leading upward and onward forever, causes disembodied spirits to rise in truth's salvation throughout the celestial homes of angels and seraphs; such carries forth up-soaring cherubs on wings of blissful wisdom! For behold! throughout eternity as well as time, pure religion—being and doing good—enables all, from the highest to the lowest intelligences, to march away in a spiral flight higher and higher, deeper and deeper, purer and purer, holier and holier, happier and happier! Thus ever and anon, by its divine and eternal unfoldings, such brings every immortal being nearer and nearer, still closer and closer, to the inmost spirit of universal justice!

REFLECTIONS ON REFLECTIONS.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

(Offered by S. S. A. Pope.)

I regard Christ as the crowning exemplar of the spiritually inspired. My inspirations lead me to say had Robert Dale Owen regarded Jesus Christ as the crowning exemplar, I could have indorsed the sentiment with reluctance; but the declaration that Christ, disconnected from Jesus, is the great exemplar, is to me most intelligent, for Jesus the medium represents the outward material form of universal humanity, whereas Christ, the inward, spiritual, divine character, points to a superior plane of life, where principle shall overrule policy and love constitute the true selfishness.

With no fear that Spiritualism will by my influence be dovetailed into Christianity as now exhibited to the world, or that I shall in any way give comfort to the orthodox church, the golden-headed calves of whose members too often are spirited away from lecture-rooms when a Geo. Combe speaks through or aids me to indite lectures on "The Reform much needed and forthcoming on Religion," which will tear them from their idol worship of Jesus Christ, so soon as with an illumined vision they behold the divine order of nature. With none of the above fears do I indorse the sentiment and propose to defend the same, that Christ or an inward virtuous character, the result of a life not in the base of the brain, but in the coronal region, where benevolence, veneration, justice, spirituality, hope and ideality rule all below and make the new heaven and new earth, is the crowning exemplar set for 1800 years to all the world, and especially the spiritually-inspired. And which Christ, the spiritually-inspired of what is termed modern Spiritualism, are now putting on as fast as they can.

Admitted, Brother J., that Christ did not outshine, as the sun and stars, all other moral and spiritual teachers; that the old Pagans left nothing new for Jesus Christ to say in the science of ethics, unless all the past was ignorance and superstition, it may not only be proper but useful, yea, a necessity for its repetition under more favorable growth and at a future period, which was the sin committed by Christ. But when will materialistic Spiritualists, who denounce all religion as superstition, refusing to advocate the legitimacy of the Divine germ, because covered up in rubbish, natural and appropriate mulch, talking about modern spiritualism as though it were divided, an impassable gulf separating the past from the present, when true spiritualism is a unit and eternal, virtually denying the inspiration of the past on account of imperfect prophecy, be just to the cause we all love. I answer without intending to censure any for their tardiness, never, until they become spiritually inspired with a view of the harmony of the whole and what was the true mission of the Christ Spirit to the earth.

It was not to have the medium's form nailed to the cross no more than it was the mission of the thief suspended by his side. Humanity are not lost, unless some mad tyrant, having such a monster bump of justice in his brain, must thus brutally murder a poor mortal body to satisfy its cravings.

But the great lesson to be taught to the ungrown inhabitants of earth was that while this world was good, a utility and beauty divine, the outward form indispensable for the manifestation of the spirit, the five senses useful as a means to receive blessings from this beautiful earth, these are the shadows, and man must learn how, by facing the sun, to place them behind him.

To desire through the most intelligent action the kingdom of God (which is spirits) to come to earth, not to take such anxious care about the morrow, but to lay up treasures in this heaven which will flow to them if they obey these and similar injunctions. To regard the soul superior to the body. That they must change their material views for Spiritual, ceasing to regard the body as the man; and when they do this they will alter the order of society to suit these facts. When they know that the Spiritual man is made up of thought, idea, principle, law, the loves and affections, and that these are part of the invisible, imponderable, indestructible realities we in our idiosyncrasy call God, they will learn how it is that God is manifested in the flesh. This Exemplar talked not to the forms of men, but with the spirits (at least of Moses and Elias); he set us the example of telling folks all things whatsoever they did. When we leave the form to promise, if I go away I will come again unto you, he set the example (I believe the first) of taking on to his spirit, through condensation of eternity, at one time the form of Jesus, then that of a stranger; walked with the disciples deceiving those who look at the outward, thus training them to look for the character within if they would know people, in which only place does God shine forth not only in the face of Jesus Christ, but in the noble pagans of the past. He set us the example of going up into high places (the coronal region) in order, for superior vision, to see afar off, develop the inward.

Now how do you like this Spiritual Exemplar, Bro. J.? Was he much of a Spiritualist? Not one of these facts can you deny as taught by Christ, and if Spiritualists could only agree in a certain rational sense to crucify the outward habit, this world, the flesh, the abnormal functions of body and mind, ignore riches and poverty, use this world but not abuse it, they would become Spiritually inspired, and regard Christ and Socrates both as their examples, and become an example to the Christian world. How they can admit that the coming life will be the living out of the doings of this and not, as one man, commence a superior life here, is astonishing.

Bro. J. says he has proved that many of the teachings of Christ were impracticable.

Was his life not the practical exemplification of his teaching? Did he not go about doing good to both body and soul? Would it tarnish the spotless character of Spiritualism, modern or ancient, to imitate him in this particular? Would it not, quicker than by any other means, establish the universal brotherhood? Is the universal law, which has existed from all eternity as the only true selfishness, that as ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so unto them, impracticable? May not Spiritualists imitate this example with impunity? Dare they live even with one another on this plane? What think you, Brother J., who now has halted at the half-way house between Rome and reason? Certainly not Christian Spiritualists like R. D. Owen.

But,

MORE ANON.

PLAINWELL, May 13, 1873.

Victoria and Tennie—You have opened the great drama of social reform, and the actors are fast rushing to the stage. The thick pall that has so long hid beneath its ample folds the secret play is being removed, and the scenes must now be re-enacted before the public gaze, and its merits or demerits judged by the critic and curious, as well as the honest investigators for truth and the sincere lovers of pure principles and scientific philosophies.

Let it come, it is quite time the people know "whom they serve."

Old hypocritical theology now trembles before its declining star, whose light lessens as the day breaks to usher in a more glorious age—an age when Reason shall outshine the mysteries of a superstitious hope; when knowledge shall wholly eclipse the dim light of faith; when the ardent, assiduous investigators for truth shall not rest with the few, but all shall learn to know and love the joy and happiness it brings. The world has too long worshiped individuals instead of principles, too long made gods of men and proclaimed them special Divine incarnations, seeming to forget, or never have known, that all things are Divine, and the human family the highest individual development of Divinity upon earth.

Men have attempted to make laws, have founded creeds and written books which they have forced upon the people in each and every age, each age annulling the laws and faiths of ages past, until the time is fast approaching when the human family must learn that men cannot make laws; and all those compilations which in the past they have been pleased to call laws were only forms and resolutions as means to an end, and were as changing as the minds that formed them.

But the laws of attraction and repulsion; the law that covers the earth with verdure; that fills the lakes and rivers with living things; that causes the trees to put forth their leaves in spring time and fruits in autumn; that sends the blood rushing through the veins and gives life to all creatures; the law that forces the hungry man or beast to search for food; that causes the head to think and the heart to quicken its pulsations when in the presence of those who possess the congenial and necessary attractions for their happiness and peace; or when forced in the presence of those who repulse them, cause the heart to sink like a dead-weight and almost cease its beating; the cheeks to pale and the strong desire to escape from the presence of such objects force them away. These may with truth be called laws, and with all the power and wisdom of which men can boast, they cannot break or change one of them; for like the starry heavens above they have lived in the "eternity of the past," and will in the eternal future.

And now ye would-be law makers, is it not time you paused in your unjust and headlong career and ask yourselves a plain question, and see if you can determine how many sessions of legislatures and conventions of D. D. and M. D. it will yet take to accomplish your designs to make a definite change in nature's laws, or come to the just conclusion that you are a set of blockheads and fools? And also how many times the Bible must yet be translated and revised before it will be fit for moral people to read; and should any be pleased to make quotations therefrom, will not be in danger of being thrust in the Tombs for obscenity?

P. S.—Please write my name among your list of references.

Mrs. L. E. DRAKE.

JUST WHAT IT MEANS.

NORWALK, O., May 30, 1873.

Editor Weekly—Every prospect is encouraging, even though the red hand of persecution is busy. I still believe that the conflict will break out in 1873, and we shall be called out to sustain our principles at the point of the bayonet.

To this end I want to organize a Liberal League on the plan of secret organization. I have the whole plan in my mind, and if you wish to start in New York city can give on paper all but the passwords and recognition signs, which must never be written.

If I had means to support my family, I should visit every city in the United States this summer, and organize lodges and appoint places of rendezvous.

The Y. M. C. A. means war, and I mean it too. My health is again returning. Have been sick ever since August, but will be ready for action in time for any emergency.

You will hear from me soon again.

Yours truly,

D. W. HULL.

RELIGIOUS HUMBUG.

When God created Adam He made him pure and good,
Of course for His protection He did the best He could;
He placed him in a garden with fruits and herbs replete,
But of the Tree of Knowledge He told him not to eat.

And then when God Almighty it seems had stepped aside,
In slipped the wily serpent and told him God had lied.
The Devil's wit and logic pleased Adam, and prevailed,
And, much to God's annoyance, His sacred project failed.

For Adam violated His most supreme command,
And thus entailed damnation forever in the land.
It seems that God mistrusted the trick the Devil played,
So in the cool of evening He took a promenade—

And found the cunning serpent, but Adam ran and hid,
Till God, by calling, found him, and asked him what he did.
Now Adam owned up frankly; he knew that he was found;
But God became so wrathful He cursed the very ground.

And though His own creation by disobedience fell
They lost their claims to Heaven and soon were doomed to Hell.
Thus God was quite defeated in reference to man;
The Devil was the victor and thwarted God's whole plan.

For man became so wicked, though God had made him good,
He finally concluded to drown him with a flood.
And still he hesitated to do the barbarous deed
Without selecting Noah to save at least the seed.

Now Noah took the vessel and floated high and dry
While every living creature outside was doomed to die.
We wonder where the Devil was suffered to abide
While Noah and his household were floating o'er the tide?

For Noah had selected his inmates just before,
And when the ark was loaded God fastened up the door;
But when the boat was landed and all the motley crew
Went forth in peace and grandeur to fill the earth anew—

We read that righteous Noah—that good old man, blessed monk—
Soon planted him a vineyard and got most beastly drunk.
Now God, as if discouraged, this accusation brings:
The heart of man's deceitful above all earthly things.

And in His cogitations He tries another plan
By which to bring salvation to the fallen creature man;
A ghost shall overshadow—a virgin bear a son—
His name shall be called Jesus, by Him it shall be done.

About the time appointed a Jesus had his birth
To whom all power was given in Heaven and on earth;
A faithful, honest human, who did the best He could
To rescue man from evil and make him wise and good.

He gave the good examples and precepts pure and true,
And made himself a martyr—'twas all that he could do.
But when they say that Jesus hath died for you and me,
And bore mankind's transgressions himself upon the tree,

And made conciliation with His own precious blood,
Whereby mankind is pardoned, and turned from sin to God,
We simply ask the question: Why evil yet prevails,
And why it is that Jesus in all His efforts fails?

With all the hosts of preachers who preach and sing and pray
The millions of prayers and sermons down to the present day—
All, all have now been trying these eighteen hundred years,
And countless thousands dying in gloomy doubts and fears.

The only true salvation in each one's bosom lies:
It rests in shunning evil and being good and wise,
And never trust to Jesus nor any other man,
But seek the fruit of knowledge and do the best you can.

Then when the storms of Jordan shall wreck our little bark
We'll land as safe in Canaan as Noah in the ark.
All praises to the Devil for giving God the lie
For teaching man that knowledge is not what makes him die.

REASON.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., May 31, 1873.

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN:

Dear Friends—I mailed a dollar bill for subscription, which you say never reached you. No. 130 came to hand, but I had already bought one on Broadway. Please send No. 128 for the 25c. Don't fail.

Christian Comstock must have intercepted my letter containing the dollar bill, as I see it stated that he is authorized to open any suspicious letters in the mails in quest of obscenity; and the poor idiot doubtless believes all letters addressed to you contain obscene matter. There was no obscene thing in the letter, except the dollar bill: that had a picture of female forms, partly nude; so I suppose he "went for" that dollar bill. Our pictorial currency is more obscene than anything I ever saw in your WEEKLY: that is true. If the special agent captures all the obscene currency addressed in letters to you he will make a pretty good job out of it, but it will be doing you and us, poor subscribers, a cruel injustice. But what do the Y. M. C. A. care for cruel injustice? Pooh! Vide the Tombs, Ludlow-street Jail, mad-houses, excessive bail, and so forth. E. F. BOYD.

PEKIN, W. T., April 15, 1873.

Mrs. VICTORIA C. WOODHULL: Madam—I have been interested in reading some of your articles of late on the causes of physical degeneracy, in which the lamentable results of ignorance of the laws of sexuality are depicted. It seems to me of the highest importance that a suitable text book could be published on this subject, so that every family could possess one, and by it be able to instruct and fortify their children against errors and abuses consequent upon ignorance. And I doubt there being a person in the world better qualified to handle this subject than yourself. And allow me to suggest the propriety of your publishing such a work. I would suggest outlines something like this: First interest the minds of the young in the principles of sexuality, as discovered in the lowest organizations of matter which, if I mistake not, commences even in the mineral kingdom. Then proceed to the vegetable kingdom: here is a beautiful field in which to interest the pure and innocent minds of the children; then gradually proceed to show how the same principle runs into the lower animal organizations, and how it is developed into the different departments of

that kingdom, till at last we arrive at its laws as applied to the human race. The subject, treated in the light of science and reason, would constitute a work as chaste and pure as unadulterated nature itself. I am not aware that any work on this subject suitable for children has ever been published. And I believe you capable of leaving an invaluable legacy to the world in a work of that kind. Hoping your persecutors may ultimately become heartily ashamed of their treatment of you, I remain, yours truly, F. H. MARSH.

BIBLE ASTRONOMY: A CHRISTMAS DISCOURSE.

BY JOSEPH TREAT, M. D.

Christmas is older than history, is as old as utmost tradition. The whole ancient world, through untold thousands of years, rose at midnight, to welcome in the 25th of December. So universal a festival could have grown only out of the birth of a God—the same God, however known by different names in different countries. But the one great, universal God of antiquity was the Sun, as nothing else was for a moment possible, for he is beyond all compare, most glorious, wonderful, and beneficent, Source of life and all its blessings; and the Sun is indeed born, every year, at midnight between the 24th and 25th of December. At that moment, he has gained one degree of ascent from his lowest point in winter, and thus fairly commenced his upward progress to summer.

Personification made the Sun a being, and so there seemed to be as many beings as there were names for him—Christna, the God of India; Adonis, God of Phenicia; Mithra, God of Persia; Osiris and Bacchus, Gods of Egypt; Apollo, of Greece; Jupiter, of Rome, &c.—but all these beings were equally born on the 25th of December. And of course, there were as many different stories of their birth, and circumstances attending it, as there were beings; and of their deaths, likewise, for some of these Gods died, as no matter if they did, seeing thus the Sun was going to be born every year.

The name of the God who has come down to us is Jesus Christ; and he has his particular story of being born and dying, like all the others. But, as the people in those ancient countries grew at length to regard their beings real, so have we come to think our being actual, and to suppose that there once was a Jesus Christ, who was born on Christmas day; and all our Christmas hymns and literature are based on this idea. When I was a Christian, I entertained the same opinion, and wrote and published these hymns in accordance with it:

Long, long ago, in that time of old,
On a day when the light of the Sun was bright,
In the clear blue sky, far, far on high,
Shone a star in the East, as the Magi told.

Before them it went, till o'er Bethlehem it hung;
Round the terror-clad shepherds, the angel-choirs sung:
In the ears of immortals, good news they were ringing:
Glad tidings of joy, to mankind they were bringing:
Holy voices of love, on the air they were flinging:
And the thing was as said, ere the night passed away—
Messiah was cradled in a manger that day!

Joy upon joy, for the Christmas Present!
Joy to the King, the beggar, the peasant!
Joy to the green world, beautiful, pleasant!
Joy to the rebels—there waves a white crescent!
A Gift hath come down on the Christmas day:
A Gift of more value than angels could say:
A Gift that endureth forever and aye:
A Gift of a God in a bosom of clay:
Mercy hath now ascended the throne:
Mercy doth smile with a smile all her own;
Mercy, now, the sceptre doth sway—
Mercy gives Christ on the Christmas day!

But it is not true. The fact that the Sun was born at midnight, this early morning, is proof that it was not any Jesus who was born on Christmas. And the analogies of all these other Gods prove the same thing. The stories told of four of these Gods—Christna, Adonis, Bacchus and Prometheus (a God of Greece)—comprise almost the entire history of Jesus, from his birth to his death, written hundreds and thousands of years before. Some of these Gods had borne these very names, *Jesus* and *Christ*, for unknown ages. And these two names, *Jesus* and *Christ*, both mean the *Sun*, in those original languages, as all the other Gods' names mean the *Sun*, too.

Even the Bible, as expounded by some of its most learned and orthodox commentators, proves that Christmas is in commemoration of the Sun, and not of any Jesus. The Bible Jesus was born at a time when "shepherds abode in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night." But Dr. Adam Clarke shows that in the country where these things are said to have taken place, shepherds never drive their flocks into the field in the winter; and, accordingly, he declares that Jesus was not born then, but, certainly, as late as April or May. So, Christmas is not in honor of any Jesus, because he was not born on Christmas.

That the Jesus Christ is really a myth, and only another name for the Sun, is proved by the fact that the Lord's day is the Sun's day (Sunday), and so the Lord is the Sun. And the whole account of the birth of the Jesus, in Matthew and Luke, to one acquainted with the original languages, is purely astronomical—a palpable description of the birth of the Sun, instead of Jesus; and it is so notoriously identical with the narratives of the births of some of the other Gods, that many of the most eminent Unitarian Divines have called to have it left out of the Bible.

The writings of the early Christian Fathers are full of passages, demonstrating that it was only the Sun that lay at the foundation of their whole doctrine of the Jesus. Ignatius, Origen, Tertullian, Ireneus, Justin Martyr, Albiertus and St.

Augustine, all teach, by most transparent and unavoidable necessity, that their religion was, after all, only Sun-worship—some of them almost say it. Justin Martyr boasts "that Christ was born on the day when the Sun takes its birth in the stable of Augeas, on the 25th of December. And the rapid spread of Christianity is attributable to the fact that it was Sun-worship—the same religion the heathen world had always had, only now, in a dress a little new. As, among endless other confirmations, we have the high evidence of the good Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, that the "bishops of Serapis," one of the oldest Egyptian Gods, "were known and recognized as the bishops of Christ."

But even, the Christianity of to-day attests its true character as Sun-worship. The great church of Notre Dame, in Paris, is in honor of the Virgin Mary, as its very name, *Our Lady*, indicates. But the architecture of the building itself shows, that by this Virgin was never meant any woman who ever lived, but the constellation Virgo in the sixth sign of the Zodiac; which rises precisely at midnight between the 24th and 25th of December, at the very moment when the Sun is born, and so is said to preside over his nativity, or to bring him forth! [There is the mother of Jesus for you, and the Virgin Mary at that, for the Greek name of this constellation is Maria, or Mary!] Over the grand entrance of Notre Dame are carved the twelve signs of the Zodiac, from which the Virgo is thrown out and placed high above all, as the Goddess to whom the edifice is dedicated; than which nothing could more plainly say, that the religion celebrated in that cathedral was intended to commemorate the passage of the Sun through those twelve signs, in making his annual circuit of the heavens!

Astronomy determines that all the church-festivals to the Virgin Mary, are really, not in honor of her, but of the Virgin of the Zodiac. So, all the "saints' days" are equally shown to be in honor of the constellations of the Zodiac, or of the Sun in them; and not of any apostles, who are proved by their own Bible names and histories never to have existed, but to be these twelve constellations; as the same thing is in the same way proved of the twelve patriarchs and tribes of Israel, the only reason of all these various *twelves*, being these very twelve signs of the Zodiac and months of the year; and that being the very significance of these twelve months being called *apostles*, that thus the Sun sends them forth in his annual journey through the heavens! So the four Evangelists are in the same manner, proved never to have existed, but to be only four principal ones among these constellations of the Zodiac, dividing the whole into *threes*, in answer to the four seasons of the year, of three months each. [Thus, the Man (Water-Bearer) of January, the Calf or Bull of April, the Lion of July, and originally the Scorpion of October, but afterward changed to the *Eagle*, as coming to the meridian at the same moment, and used to represent the same month.] And to this day the Evangelists are represented as these four constellations, on all the altarpieces and pulpit-cloths in Christendom; as well as on all the great cathedrals, even on Trinity Church, New York. [Yes, Man, Bull, Lion, Eagle, are Evangelists on Trinity Church to-day (east window, over the chancel)—not Catholicism but Protestantism!] And it is only about three hundred and fifty years, since the very Bibles all represented them in the same manner (Man, Bull, Lion, Eagle), in pictorial illustrations at the head of their Gospels! The author's likeness in front of each!

London means the Sun, and was the God of those who founded the city of London (from Phenicia), and in honor of whom that city was named. To this God, St. Paul's Cathedral was built; and to this day, that edifice preserves its ancient hieroglyphic representation of the Sun entering the constellation of Castor and Pollux, the Twins of the Zodiac; thus rightly deriving its name as Poll's church, or the temple of Pollux, that is, the Sun in Pollux—not till hundreds of years afterward, translated into Paul's church, or St. Paul's cathedral. Also, over the great entrance of the cathedral, still stands the statue of Hercules, only another name for the same Sun, thus proving to whom the building belongs, by showing the master's name upon the door! [Protestantism, too, not Catholicism!] So at Rome, the temple of the God Janus, that is, the Sun in the January sign of the Zodiac, is replaced by "St. Peter's," but Peter is still the same January sign: the temple of Apollo, the God of light, the Sun, is now the temple of St. Apollinus; and the temple of Mars, the Sun in March, is now the temple of Martina, a martyred Christian maid. But at Naples they keep the Janus yet. [Church of St. Januarius.]

The Bible itself teaches Sun-worship, that is precisely what it does teach. "The Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world," is the Sun in the month of March (whose sign is the Ram or Lamb), when, in his coming up from winter, he reaches the equinoctial point, and thus rectifies the inequalities of the mundane system, first by giving equal days and nights again, and still afterward, by bringing on the glorious summer! The crucified Lamb is simply the Sun in March, arrived at that equinoctial point, crossing the equator; as the same Sun equally crosses the equator again, in September, and the Bible everywhere recognizes two crucifixions, or Covenants, that is, Co-Venants, or *comings* together of the Sun's path in the ecliptic and the equator; at each of which comings together the Sun, of course crosses over, and is hence said to be *crucified*, or crucified; and at the second of which crucifixions, his blood is shed or poured forth, in the wine of the grapes which in September he causes to be ripened! What can exceed this?

And that it is the Sun that is crucified, and not any Jesus, Christianity itself bears witness: for the ancient forms of the crucifix, all represented a *lamb standing under a cross*, with five wounds, answering to the five winter months during which the Sun is literally below the cross, or equator; and not till nearly seven hundred years after the commencement of our era, was the form of that crucifix changed by a decree of a Council, ratified by the Pope, to represent a *man hanging on the cross*! And to this day is preserved the ancient representation on the *temple*, in London—a building or collection of buildings in honor of the Sun in March, because that month is the temple or *tempus* from which reckoning of time formerly began: on which temple is still to be seen the figure of a *lamb* holding a cross in his paw, showing that it was the Lamb, that is, the Sun in the Lamb, that was crucified, and not any man. So, too, to this day does the crucifix retain the three Greek letters, IES, as always accompanying the cross; which three letters, though in these later times read as Roman characters, and thus changed into I. H. S., the initials of *Jesus Hominum Salvator*, Jesus, Saviour of Men, are yet in reality, and at full length, the well-known Grecian name of Bacchus, God of Wine, or the Sun in September; and which letters themselves, in their character as radicals, still more directly resolve into, *the one Great Fire, the Sun!* And these three letters, IES, are the whole original name of Jesus, which used to be written with an I instead of J, and which only long afterward took on us as a mere termination, so that positively, our very name *Jesus*, stands out to all ages this astounding and overwhelming verification, *the one Great Fire, the Sun!* What answer can be made to that? Literally, your very *Jesus* is this God in heaven!

And likewise, the sign of the cross had been the distinguishing symbol of all the religions of the world, for thousands of years before the era of Christianity; in all cases alike, pointing to this very crossing of the Sun over the equator, as the foundation of all the crucifixions, pass-overs, cross-overs, or go-overs, entering into the composition of those religions! And the same cross was a symbol in Mexico and Yucatan, long before America was discovered, showing that religion there was not borrowed from Christianity, but that the West found it at first hand in the same sky where the East did! Just as, if in Asia, the bare sight of the rising Sun was enough to make a man prostrate himself in adoration, even so, in America, the Indian came to the door of his wigwam at sunrise, and waved three whiffs of smoke from his pipe, as incense to the same great God of day!

The death of the Bible Jesus, is the Sun reaching his lowest point in winter, on the 21st of December; the three days of burial, are the three days during which the Sun remains at that lowest point; the resurrection is the *birth* again, on the 25th; the ascension is the continued coming up, and regaining the realms of spring and summer; and the day of judgment is at the point of crossing in the Scales of September, when the Sun ripens the perfect harvest, and as a righteous judge, "rewards every man according to his work!" Could anything be more transparent than all this?

As the Sun in spring and summer, annually revivifies the earth, and is therefore the Creator or God, so in winter, by descending beneath the equator, he equally leaves all things to perish, and is therefore the Destroyer or Devil; [the origin of the Hindoo Trinity, Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, Creator, Preserver and Destroyer, since the Sun preserves all through the season what he first brings into existence;] so that God and Devil are both one, considered as occupying these opposite points in the Sun's circuit in the heavens; the Devil never being called an enemy, but only the Adversary, that is, the one standing over against! Thus the Sun is both God and Devil by turns: God in summer becomes the Devil in winter, and the Devil in winter becomes God in summer; giving the clear meaning of that scripture, that "Satan is transformed into an angel of light!" [How patent!] All the Bible names of God are given to the Devil; and even the Jesus says not one whit less than, "I am Lucifer, the Devil, and Satan," in calling himself "the bright and Morning Star," seeing that that is one of the express and most distinguishing names of the same Devil! And, "the Old Serpent" means only the same thing, that the Devil is still God; for the Serpent was always worshiped as an emblem of the Supreme Being, and that Being, still nothing but the Sun himself; as the very Jesus asserted the serpent his own unmistakable and absolute emblem! ["Brazen Serpent."]

And, as the dwelling-place of God, or in other words *summer*, is called Heaven, or the Kingdom of Heaven, so the dwelling-place of the Devil, or *winter*, is equally Hell, or Hades, or the Invisible World, or the Bottomless Pit; but this very word "Hell," still means the Sun; and "Hades" is the Lord, the Fire, the Sun; and "Abaddon," the name of him who dwells in this Hell, means the Father, the Lord, the Sun; and "Apollyon" is only Apollo, the God of light, the Sun—so that God and Devil are still one, alike in Heaven and Hell, and that one the Sun! [How infinitely more rational than any theological doctrine of the Devil ever was! Devil just as natural and easy as God, instead of this thing that never could be accounted for!]

All the Bible names of God, in their original languages, are the names of heathen Gods, and mean the Sun, who was the only great heathen God, worshiped under these various names. Jehovah is precisely identical with Jupiter, though commonly interchangeable with Lord; Lord is Adonis; Jesus is Bacchus; Christ is Krishna, or Apollo; and God is any one of all these, or absolutely a hundred more. But the

God worshiped more than all others by the ancient world, was Ammon, whose name still tells the same story, and means the Everlasting Fire, the Sun! [How wonderful and sublime all these names are—a thousand times more so than all the names of God!] So the Bible has it Ammon, likewise, as where the Jesus himself says, "I am the Amen, the faithful and true witness;" that is, "I am Ammon, the faithful and true witness;" as it was always the Sun that was regarded as the symbol of truth, from his eternal and unchangeable regularity in performing his circuit; and Amen, Aumen, Ahmen, Amon, being still only the varying names of this God, Ammon, who was that Sun. To this God men still appeal as the pre-eminent and excellent type of truth, as when they make their wills, "In the name of God, Amen," that is, "in the name of God, Ammon!" And to this God men still pray, as they testify by pronouncing at the end of their prayers, Amen, that is, Ammon, that is, "the God to whom we pray is Ammon!" And when they close with, "Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen," be sure they only say, "Bacchus, Apollo, Jupiter, Ammon"—as, by placing G before the Ammon, they may see what it makes to suppose anything else! Worshiping the Sun was real, but all the rest is gammon.

The Bible-representations of God are transparent revealings of the Sun. "Our God is a consuming Fire"—the Sun. "That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world"—the Sun. "I am the Resurrection and the Life"—the yearly Sun! "Whom no man hath seen, nor can see," that is, look upon—the Sun. "Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself"—the Sun, in winter! "Thy face, Lord, will I seek"—that Sun hid! "O Lord, the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising"—the Sun, returning in spring. All the passages which speak of "brightness," and "glory," and "shining," and "beams"—the Sun, absolutely in so many words! "There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heaven in thy help, and in his excellency on the sky"—the Sun "riding upon the heaven, and in his excellency on the sky," than which nothing, not even that Sun, can possibly be plainer! "O sing unto God, sing praises unto his name; magnify him that rideth upon the heavens as a horse, even God in his holy habitation"—the Sun again, "in his holy habitation," the sky, where he literally "rideth as a horse," because he is a horse! For the Sun, which in Aries, is a ram or lamb, in Taurus, a bull, in Leo, a lion, (taking the name and character of each sign while he is in it,) is in Sagittarius, a horse; so that there indeed is "God in his holy habitation, riding as a horse," precisely as the passage paints him, and proving that it paints him so, absolutely because he is so!

And another passage draws the picture still more faithfully and minutely: "The Lord delighteth not in a man's legs, neither hath he pleasure in the strength of a horse." For the horse in Sagittarius, is only half a horse; he is horse in his body, but in place of his neck and head, grows up a man, holding in his hands a bow-and-arrow, from which the constellation derives its name, Sagittarius, or the archer, half-horse and half-man, for the man is only to the hips. So that "the Lord delighteth not in a man's legs," because he has not a man's legs to delight in, he himself is without a man's legs; and he has no "pleasure in the strength of a horse," because it is now November, (of which month Sagittarius is the sign,) and the sports of hunting make but poor amends for the Sun's humiliation at that wintry season. So the Lord, horse, and Sun are all one, and there they are riding in the sky together! [And this is what the Bible means. It is as plain as the nose on your face! It can't mean anything else.]

So, the general and historical narrations of the Bible are nothing but this same Astronomy. "Paradise" literally means, among the stars; and Adam and Eve are nothing but the constellations of the Virgin [Virgo] and the Herdsman, "tempted" or led on by the Hydra, which goes before them [rises first]; and they are driven out of Paradise, that is, they set in the West, at the moment when Perseus rises in the East, holding in his hand the "flaming sword"—as of course a starry, or fiery sword must be! The Exodus of the Children of Israel in twelve tribes, is nothing but the successive coming up of the twelve constellations of the Zodiac from their wintry "Egypt," into the upper heaven of summer, "the land flowing with milk and honey (the land of the Milky Way and the constellated Honey-Bee)"—as the absolute and irresistible, original names of the whole history demonstrate. The "fiery, flying serpents in the wilderness," are the actual fiery, starry serpents sailing through the sky [Draco, Hydra, &c.]. "Balaam's ass" was in the sky before he was ever on the earth (and before he ever made asses of so many others on the earth), and so were the two "asses" on which the Jesus rode into Jerusalem. The book most preposterously makes him ride, "sitting on an ass, and a colt, the foal of an ass," [probably astride both,] but the Sun actually does ride or pass over two stars called "the asses," every year in traversing the constellation Cancer! What do you think of that? Only this astronomy can keep your Bible from lying!

"Jonah in the whale's belly" is only Aquarius, the Water-Bearer of the Zodiac, pouring his stream of water into the mouth of the great Southern Fish, and getting swallowed along with it; and as Aquarius is the sign for January, Jonah remains in the whale's belly three days, as the Sun at the same period remains three days at his lowest point in winter. All the materials of the story of the birth of the very Jesus—"Joseph and Mary, the wise men, Herod, and the

slaying of the children"—are to be found in the heavens, even in their literal and original names, if there were room to show it. And Jesus being baptized by John, is the Sun at the commencement of the year, passing through the January Aquarius, who is the Baptist pouring forth his stream, through which the Sun cannot pass without a ducking; and Jesus immediately afterward suffering the forty days' fast, is the Sun in the Fishes of February, which Fishes are so far apart that the Sun is forty days in getting through them, during which time he of course has nothing but fish to eat; in honor of which people now keep Lent in February, and eat nothing but Fish forty days! [Could they be bigger fools?] The "great wonder in heaven, a woman," is *real* in heaven [the Virgo]; and so is the "dragon that persecutes" or pursues her: and the "four beasts [or living creatures] in the midst of the throne, and round about the throne, full of eyes [stars] before and behind," are those same four Evangelists—Man, Calf, Lion, Eagle, the Lion having a very bright star in his tail [see how it all fits—and nothing else could be true at all]; and one of the passages in Revelation speaking about these constellations, by showing how the stars were at the time of writing, proves that that last book in the Bible was penned over 4,000 years ago! [Bible itself turning states' evidence, and overthrowing the claims set up for it!] The "scorpions that have power to hunt men five months," are the five winter months themselves, dating from the Scorpion of October; and the "seven churches of Asia," or holy congregations or constellations in the land of fire [Asia], are the seven summer months, or constellations of those months, as the very names of the churches denote (as Philadelphia [Brotherly Love] stands for the Twins [Gemini] of May, &c.). The whole Bible is in the heavens, and that is the sole reason of its being anywhere else!

And itself says as much, to all who have comprehension to read. "Our conversation is in the heavens," that is "our discourse is on the heavens"—it is all this astronomy. "Set your affections on things above, and not on things on earth"—for none of these things ever existed on earth! "Which things are an allegory"—as true enough, they are! "Have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, with respect of persons"—no such person ever existed! "There is no respect of persons with God"—he is not a person, he is only the Sun!

"Hath made us able ministers of the New Testament; not of the letter, but of the spirit; for the letter killeth"—runs it all into the ground, makes it all nonsense! "By faith the walls of Jericho fell down," and all the other impossible things took place—they never took place at all, but it was only a make-believe; not one of all the things was ever done except by faith! As it is even said of the very Jesus, "being, as was supposed, the son of Joseph"—that is, people were only told so, there never was any foundation for it! And a thousand other passages, even to nearly all in the book, if one had his eyes open—all showing that believing the Bible is understanding it; that faith in it is not taking it as true, but as it means; and that it was never designed to teach any of these doctrines which men have got out of it! The whole Bible is astronomy, or the doctrine of the Sun, making his revolution through the heavens, and shedding his light and heat over the world! That is, this is what the Bible originally was; for since those earliest ages, other men have written in it, confusing and changing its sense, and making it this mass of absurdity and contradiction, of teaching everything and nothing and both things, it is now.

So is our festival in honor of this King of Day whom all the world worships, and whose festival has therefore become that world's great holiday; as Christmas and New Year's—which are really but one and the same thing, the lapse of a week only making it more certain that the Sun is actually born, from which time therefore, the New Year is made to begin—are emphatically called The Holidays! Since this festival originated, it has been kept by more than all our present whole-world of human beings a hundred times over! Millions upon millions are celebrating it with us to-night; and in it, both we and they, celebrate the birth of the Sun this morning!

In one word, Christmas is as old as the Zodiac; and we can trace that back over 15,000 years, thus demonstrating that Jesus is a myth more than 15,000 years old! For there are still extant, ancient representations of the Zodiac, picturing the stars as they were at that time, as necessitated by the Precession of the Equinoxes!

And so the stars live on, the Zodiac perpetuates its record, the Sun is where he always has been, and Jesus is nowhere.

The Bible becomes the book of Nature, Religion converts to celebration of earth and heaven, and God ends in the Everlasting Fire, the Sun!

Yet, not that the Sun nor any one of the stars is eternal, but the Universe is. Stars come and go, and so there was an eternity before any particular star, but yet that eternity was just as full of other stars! There never was any beginning of the Universe, any more than there was a beginning of eternity—it was the Universe already existing that made eternity!

And because there was always a Universe, in full career, therefore there never was any need of a God!

But now comes the most gigantic task ever imposed upon man—to drag the proud Sun from the sphere where he has served so long, and stuff him into the American Constitution! When the Young Men's Christian Association gets ready to give the word, let creation stand from under!

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1878.

OBSCENITY AGAIN—CASE NO. 2.

Last week the readers of the WEEKLY were informed that the representatives of the Y. M. C. A. in the U. S. Courts had abandoned the first indictment for obscenity, because they were satisfied they could not make out a case. But the imminent danger of Mr. Beecher since the publication of the famous covenant makes it necessary that

A VICTIM BE SECURED

by some means, hence it is that the second indictment, which was supposed to have been lost, is now brought forward, and Woodhull, Claflin and Blood are notified to appear to answer to the same on Thursday, June 12, at 11 o'clock A. M., and this, too, in the face of the publicly-notorious fact that

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL

lies at the point of death, which is liable to be precipitated by any undue excitement. Well may the question be asked, What does all this mean? Is it really true that the District Attorney now thinks he can rely upon his regular set of jurors to secure a conviction, of which there have been so much bragging in this case? And are they so desperately situated that they must attempt to force a woman from her death-bed, almost, in order to lighten the pressure that begins to rest upon a revered citizen? The readers of the WEEKLY must remember that this damnable persecution is based upon the issue of November 2, which this indictment represents as "being too indecent to be mentioned in this instrument." Now, every person who has read that paper knows that this is a

BAREFACED FRAUD

upon law and justice, as well as an infamous attempt to INVADE THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS, and the whole people should rise and punish this infamous wrong, if it shall so turn out that by prearranged means the conviction of these three persons is secured upon so groundless a charge.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

"Truth forever on the scaffold:
Wrong forever on the throne."—LOWELL.

Victoria lies prostrate: her tenure of life so brittle that it is liable to snap at any moment. Suddenly overcome on Friday last, she yet lingers on the borders of the spiritual, as though not yet convinced that her mission in the earthly is completed, and as though regretful to go and leave it unfinished.

To the readers of the WEEKLY it is needless to write words of praise for Victoria. All of them know and recognize the mighty labor she has performed, and those who do not know her, need but turn backward through these pages to see the handiwork of a master mind controlled by an indomitable spirit. And yet no one knows or can know Victoria. A person never lived more misjudged than she is. Some of her noblest traits have been made out by her enemies to be almost Satanic, while her best friends sometimes fear her terrible candor and truthfulness.

But Victoria has not yet left us, and she may live to become more a terror to her enemies and less a paradox to her friends; and enemies and friends are here used to mean those who are so in principle. She knows nothing of personal friendship or personal enmity in the concrete. Some who hate her she considers her best friends, and some who love her she can endure only by suffrance. A strong,

strange character, too strange and strong to be comprehended except by the very few.

THE PROXIMATE CAUSES.

Her present difficulty is of the heart—functional disease of the valves of the auricles, brought on years ago by continuous sorrow and anxiety. At the time of the writer's first acquaintance with her she was in the habit of frequent attacks, upon unusual mental excitement, though they were not considered dangerous, which finally, in about a year's time, under judicious treatment and happier conditions disappeared almost altogether, and until the past year have seldom given her trouble.

The continued anxieties of the past year, however, have developed it in a more serious form than that of the past. The causes that led to the suspension of the WEEKLY a year ago, together with the suspension, were probably the beginning of the present aggravation of the disease. The early hopes she had built upon a consolidation of all the various reform parties into a grand party of reform, contributed to feed the fire begun by intense pecuniary anxiety; while being compelled to give up her home in Thirty-eighth street, to be as it were almost without a where to lay her head, and to submit to deprivations and hardships in various ways, told fearfully upon her general health, as well as aggravated her special disease.

Then again, the terrible ordeal of denunciation through which she has been compelled to pass, because of her belief in and advocacy of, the extension of freedom beyond religion, and politics to the social domain. Perhaps no other woman in the world was ever so thoroughly and persistently misunderstood and misrepresented upon any question as she has been, and still is, upon this one of social freedom; and certainly no other woman was ever so bitterly abused and denounced so wholly without reason. The most beautiful points of her theories are barbed by her enemies, by dipping them in the slime of their own imaginings, and then thrust into her as her own, making her soul to shrink from the vile contact; and yet the cry is raised: "It is hers. Let her bear the sting."

Her words flowing fiercely from the altar of her soul, where burns the incense of truth divine, are sunk in the frozen sloughs of debauchery, and then blazoned to the world as damning her. The divinest flights of spirituality emanating from her heart, purified of dross and corruption by years of fiery trials, are hurled into the lowest depths of sensualism, and then dragged forth to be labeled Woodhull. And yet if there is a person living entirely removed from the domain of mere sensuality, that person is she. But the world has mistaken the extreme, placing that which is far removed above the common level, down in the filth of slums, where spirituality is unknown and where intellect ministers to the lowest orders of happiness. Is it then to be wondered at that the cruel branding she has had has sunk deep into her soul and eaten away at her heart? Is it not the rather to be wondered at that she has been able to contend with the world as she has, with a heroism sometimes seeming almost fanaticism?

She is generally supposed to be bold, self-reliant, even brazen; while her whole nature is delicate, shrinking and sensitive to the extreme. That which gives her the strength to stand before the world, daring its severest frowns and most biting criticism, is pure moral courage and devotion to truth. And the fact that this is her source of inspiration, makes the effect of the frowns and calumny upon her a thousand times more terrible than if she were physically hardened against them. The world may never learn and appreciate this fact in Victoria; but if it even do, it will honor her proportionately as it has dishonored her, and will make haste to repay the sorrows it has caused her by permitting her to render it the services in which she would find delight.

THE IMMEDIATE CAUSES.

The immediate causes of her present prostration date from the time of her first arrest, November 2. She had published the WEEKLY of that date, only after long and careful consideration, and finally from a sense of duty in obedience to what to her was a command. It was a part of the great social warfare that is being waged, by the means of which universal freedom is to be born into the world. She did not know that she was to be cast into prison and indicted for an offense punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary. She knew she was to publish only the truth; and she did not realize that that could involve her in difficulty. She was not aware that the State—the Government—was in combination with the Church, to vindicate the reputation of any revered citizen whose practices might be exposed as running counter to his teachings. Nor was she aware of the existence of an obscene Beardsley, who, debouching from his den, casts the slime of his vocation over the garments of the poets, philosophers and reformers.

But she learned immediately she published the truths of November 2 that the hounds had been let loose, and they seized upon and cast her into prison almost before she realized what was about to be done. Indeed, she has often told me she thought such a thing impossible, until she heard the click of the lock that confined her in a "six-by-eight" cell. But with this she sank to the floor, and here began the immediate cause of her present situation.

Previous to this she had had numerous friends; but the causes that made it necessary that her arrest upon a charge of crime should be accomplished, to save the persons whom she had involved, overcame their courage, and she stood in prison almost alone in the world and apparently friendless,

and as the authorities imagined, about to fall an easy victim to the prepared programme. But it required a few days only to disabuse their minds of the error into which they had fallen. Immediately the first shock had spent its force a reaction set in in her favor, and it has continued gaining in volume and power, until it is now made patent to the world, by many more terrible details than were those in which she dealt, that there is "something rotten in Denmark."

But she felt keenly the month's imprisonment. At first she refused bail, trusting to the honorable coming forward of a sufficient number of persons who were perfectly familiar with all the details she had related, and upon which her imprisonment was based. A half dozen voices, for which she waited, raised at any time, as they could have been raised, would either have released her from Ludlow or have demolished the jail. But she waited in vain, and the conviction at last settled over her that she must fight the battle alone, and she girded up her strength, fully determined to do so, on to victorious justification, unless her strength should prove insufficient. It was this conviction in her soul, that those who could prevent it, would stand silently by and permit her to be convicted and sent to prison, that weighed upon her perhaps more heavily than everything else. This touched and wounded her in her affections, where she is most vulnerable, and in a manner that precluded any mention upon her part. She can resist, undimmed, the whole world as open enemies, but the weakness of a should-be friend stabs her to the heart; and it is to these stabs, from which, for the last six months, she has almost constantly suffered, together with the indignities above referred to, that she owes her present prostration.

THE STATEMENT OF THE CASE.

During Monday and Tuesday of last week, while she was in Court, the evidences there shown of the intention of the prosecution to push matters rapidly to a climax roused her whole nature in protestation against the contemplated outrage; and when she saw, with a single exception, that the city press was silent regarding it, she felt that it would indeed require superhuman exertions to prevent the actual consummation of the plans of the prosecution. Many a case is rushed through the Courts, the injustice of which never comes to the knowledge of the people; and in this case the prosecution might imagine it could be done and the truth about it concealed from the public. Moreover, when, in preparing her cases for trial, she found people who, eight months ago, talked freely and fully of their knowledge of all the facts at which she wished to arrive, now struck with a dumb moral ague, she began to think almost the whole world was in league against her. But she remembered that

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
While error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among her worshippers."

and bravely faced the opposition. On Wednesday Dr. Comins, her trusted physician, warned her she must desist from this terrible mental strife and relax her physical exertions, or she would be stricken down suddenly. She replied, "It is simply impossible; I cannot leave a thing undone, an effort untried, to confound my enemies; and if my strength fail me, it must. I do not know how to act differently."

And sure enough, on Friday evening it came. She left the office in Broad street about five o'clock, in a rain storm. In the stage on the way up town she complained of more than usual difficulty about the heart, but attached no special importance to it. She merely drank a cup of tea at the supper-table, and when retiring to her room was overcome, and fell so suddenly and heavily that the whole house was aroused and rushed to her side. She was perfectly unconscious. She was carried quickly to her bed and restorative administered, but there was no reaction. Apparently she was dead. Dr. Comins was immediately sent for, and in a half hour from the time of the attack was with her. On learning the incidents preceding the fall, he made a careful examination. There was no pulsation at the wrist, and no movement of the lungs, but a slight movement of the heart was discovered, whereupon he set actively at work to revive her. The movements of her body brought blood from her mouth, but not in sufficient quantity to prove alarming. She had probably ruptured a blood vessel of her lungs, and this may have been the simple fact that saved her life.

In a half hour circulation was again restored; but she remained unconscious, with small quantities of blood flowing from her mouth upon the slightest movement of her body, during the entire night, the next day, and till nearly one o'clock Sunday morning, when she aroused into consciousness and gradually to a comprehension of her situation. The first intelligent word she whispered in the ear of the writer was: "If my work is done, say to my friends to not let the cause to which I have given my life die with me; and that I shall still live in the WEEKLY; and if they love me they will also love it and make it a mighty power in the land."

When she was first stricken, Tennie, in her grief, hastily telegraphed to an intimate friend that Victoria was dead; and this is how it came to be so announced over the country by telegraph. This error was corrected as soon as possible after she revived, and it is very much regretted that it occurred.

The New York Sun was the only morning paper that had a full account of her attack and condition. The news flew over the city in the morning, and instantly from every quarter the anxious inquiries of friends began to flow in,

requiring two persons constantly to attend to them; and almost as early, dispatches of inquiry from other cities, in which it had been announced by telegraph, also began to come over the wires; and all this, interspersed with bouquets and baskets of flowers, continued without interruption up to midnight on Saturday. The *Sun* has a usual circulation of about one hundred and thirty thousand copies; but this day it reached double that number—a fact taken in connection with the further fact of the anxiety that existed all over the country regarding her, which shows, in spite of all the existing prejudices, and whatever people may say, and though it may never come to their realization until she shall have passed away, that Victoria lives in the hearts of the people.

During Sunday night, and Monday up till three o'clock, she continued gradually to revive; at this time, however, a fever set in, and she passed a bad night, and fears were entertained during Tuesday that a serious relapse might ensue; there was an intense pressure upon the brain, with symptoms of cerebral congestion, and occasional fits of unconsciousness. These symptoms, however, became modified during the former part of the night, and at three o'clock she passed into a calm and peaceful sleep, from which she roused at six o'clock Wednesday morning, considerably refreshed and perfectly conscious. She continued to improve during the day; and at the time of this writing, six o'clock Wednesday afternoon, she is comparatively free from suffering and able to be bolstered up in bed.

A SUMMARY OF VICTORIA'S LABOR.

At this time, when the life of her who is the inspiration of the WEEKLY hangs almost equally balanced between life and death, it is meet to briefly review what has engaged her attention, and what she has accomplished since her advent into the field of reform. In observing what is transpiring in the present, people generally, and indeed those specially interested, even connected with the movements, fail to connect therewith the antecedents that lead to them, and consequently are incompetent to take an outlook into the future and comprehend what must legitimately follow as necessary results. It is because this is generally true that it becomes necessary frequently to review the past, and to show its connection with the present, and both with the future; and this is why at the present time it is eminently proper to review the labors of Victoria C. Woodhull, and to show that they have been a logical and rapid combination and advocacy of intimately connected principles, instead of the wild and unconnected strides that they are accounted by some who should be better judges, and who, in a few months, perhaps, will be surprised into finding that the world has made a rapid stride in reform in the last three years.

On the 4th of February, 1870, the office in Broad street was opened, and the fact that two women had begun a broker's business in the money centre of the Western Continent was widely announced and largely commented upon all over the world, bringing it to the knowledge of almost the whole enlightened people of the globe. Locally, the most profound impression was produced. Column upon column in all the city dailies day after day evidenced the fact that an unusual thing had transpired, and the calling of the general attention of the public to the movers in it had the desired effect of preparing it for the next steps to be taken in the development of the programme.

The conduct of such a campaign as was intended required the command of the columns of a journal. It was soon found that, although the New York press was open to almost anything sensational in its character, it could not be relied upon to take the first step in the advance of any single reform. "The equality of woman, even politically," these editors said, "was a good enough thing for hussies and grannies to gather together over and amuse themselves; but no woman of sense would think of such stuff." A journal of their own became then at once an immediate necessity, and probably its publication should have been begun during the height of the excitement over the advent in Broad street; but in the hope that it would not be necessary it was delayed until the middle of May.

On the 14th of this month the first number of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY made its appearance and entered upon its regular publication. In its columns the various conditions and relations of women were freely and radically discussed until the following October, when the proposition that woman is by the Constitution of the United States politically equal with man was first announced, and the world was startled into new thought regarding the rights of women.

In the meantime she had prepared and published "The Principles of Government," containing a dissertation on The Tendencies of Government, showing its origin, evolution and logical culmination; on The Limits and Sphere of Government, showing for what purposes it should be organized and its proper sphere of action; The Principles of Government, being an examination of the propositions upon which government should be built; a series of articles on Labor and Capital, and another series on Finance and Commerce; an elaborate article entitled "The Basis of Physical Life;" a reply in part to Professor Huxley's "Physical Basis of Life," and a thorough analysis of the power in the universe denominated God; and finally an article on "The Prophecies and Tendencies of the Present Age," comprising

altogether the most extraordinary evidence of comprehensiveness of mind ever put forth by any woman.

In December, 1870, came the memorial to Congress, claiming the right to the suffrage under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution, which, with the argument before the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, brought forth that ever memorable minority report of Judge Loughridge and General Butler, whose force and conclusions no amount of argument can ever shake; and which will remain so long as our institutions exist, an imperishable memorial of woman's rights as a citizen.

Rapidly following this immense success, was the exhaustive argument of the entire constitutional and legal aspect of woman as a citizen, which commanded the admiration of almost the entire press of the country, and became the accepted position upon which the combat for suffrage of woman has since been fought.

Immediately when able leaders of the movement for suffrage took this position, Victoria turned her attention more specifically to the analysis of the principles underlying industry, and delivered an oration before the American Labor Reform League, entitled "Labor and Capital," which was soon followed by another, on "The Principles of Finance," together forming a comprehensive digest of the relations underlying industrial justice, which have done great service in bringing this question before a class of people who had never considered it; in a word they popularized the labor question, as the constitutional claim for suffrage had popularized the woman question.

In September, 1871, came the speech before the Convention of the American Association of Spiritualists, at Troy, N. Y., on "The Rights and Relations of Children," calling attention to the great cause of unregenerate humanity, and the subsequent election to be President of the Association, and the celebrated message to the Spiritualists, in which a new order of government was foreshadowed. In November (the 20th) came the ever-memorable Steinway Hall speech on "The Principles of Social Freedom," which was the formal launching of the whole question of freedom of the sexes, to which all that had preceded was merely preparatory. It was evident from the world-wide and very liberal notice made of this speech, that it had touched the most vital of all questions; and the further fact that the discussion of this question has been kept up in a very large portion of the most influential journals of the land, even though it has been mostly adverse to the whole sweep of the question, shows that it is the most important of all the mooted questions—one that the more it is discussed the more widely it is accepted, and to-day it stands the foremost of all things in the hearts of the people.

In January came the Academy of Music Speech—The Impending Revolution—which, from the fact that it drew an audience of eight thousand persons inside and ten thousand outside the hall, must ever mark it as an epoch in the history of reform. In it the most radical positions regarding the rights of the producing classes were taken and logically maintained, while the unity of genuine religion with all kinds of reform was clearly demonstrated.

With the promulgation of the principles contained in this speech began the efforts to build up a new party of reform to comprehend all the various branches of reform, and to unite all these specialties into a new constitution. With this view frequent conferences were had with the leaders of the various reformatory movements, and a draft of a constitution made to incorporate their demands. Simultaneously with this it was decided that a convention should be called in May to formally proclaim the new party and its objects.

But the enemy to the consolidation of different reforms, the regular partyites, saw the danger that was ahead in this movement, and influence of one kind and another was brought to bear upon several of the more powerful divisions, and for the time succeeded in preventing the consolidation. However, the Convention met and proclaimed the Equal Rights Party, and adopted a platform of principles in accord with the terms of the new constitution, including an announcement of the purposes of the party to supplant the old by the new constitution.

Had this movement been carried out as it was conceived, and had there been unity and harmony instead of discord and self-interest, the new party would have played no inconsiderable part in the ensuing Presidential election. As it was, a great fact was demonstrated by the spontaneous assembling of a delegate convention of over six hundred members, representing twenty-six States and four Territories, which, with the utmost unanimity, nominated a woman and a negro respectively for the office of President and Vice-President.

The God-in-the-Constitution movement having assumed a formidable character, the idea was conceived of the necessity for the close organization of the Spiritualists, and a plan for the purpose was elaborated and presented to the annual Convention of the American Association of Spiritualists in Boston, and is one of the most complete and comprehensive organic instruments ever constructed, and will be so recognized by them when the necessity for organization is forced upon the people by the further progress of the movement of the Y. M. C. A. for the religious control of this country.

Following all this came the attack made by the Beecher-Tilton Scandal upon modern Christianity and marriage.

The results that have succeeded since that momentous movement have fully justified the most sanguine expectations that clustered around its bursting upon the world; and although it was the immediate cause of the facts that have led to Victoria's present prostration, the general results to the world in launching the social question for open instead of secret discussion, are to her, full compensation for all she has been, and for all that she may yet be, called upon to endure on its account.

When the world shall come to a full knowledge of the immensity of the labors that have been accomplished, mainly through the instrumentality of a single person, and that person a woman, having none of the supposed advantages that usually make up a character which impresses itself upon the world, then and then only will a competent realization of how intently and earnestly, even profoundly, has this woman devoted herself to what she believes to be the good of the human race. In all these weary months of intensest labor, not a single day has she put aside her toil, either for recreation, and not until now on account of sickness; but she hopes now, even if she recovers, that the souls of a sufficient number of persons will have been touched by the fires of devotion to make her future task a somewhat easier one, and render unnecessary the further severe taxation of her mental and physical powers and capacities for endurance.

No one can look over all that has been done by her in these three years, the faintest sketch only of which has been here hinted at, and not wonder that she was not long since prostrated; but her indomitable spirit and her fine general constitution have made possible in her what would have been impossible to one differently constituted. And if all this comes home to be realized by those interested in social reform, it is hoped her future labors if, in the evolution of events, she be permitted to resume them, will be lightened at least by the pecuniary assistance that has heretofore been lacking, so that in her pursuit of them, half her strength may not necessarily be diverted from reform to obtaining the means for its propagation. Concentration of purposes and unity of action are now required—a common coming together of all those who have any faith whatever in the prophecies and songs of all climes and tongues—a universal humanity united by common interests and a common destiny.

"THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN AMERICA."

T. R. J. Elliott, Boston, Mass., writes in substance that there has been enough of the Beecher Scandal. That he cares for nothing but international and revolutionary articles, and thinks women badly prepared to use further privileges to advantage. Says, that two sisters who board where he boards, and who are peculiarly violent in their demonstrations of free love and Woodhullism, are known by him to be practical examples of that theory; and he concludes that those who denounce most fiercely do so to cover something they are living. At least his experience compels him to this conclusion. He thinks G. F. Train the only person in America, and Lant's Toledo *Sun*, the only free paper. We should be glad to publish the letter entire; but this is its essence, and we present it in this form, even at the risk of being condemned by him as "a slave instead of a free paper."

PREPAYMENT OF POSTAGE.

On strict inquiry we learn that we were in error in interpreting the new postal law, to require the prepayment of postage on papers sent to subscribers. The reading of the law conveys this idea, but it is not to be construed to mean it. Such postage as has been remitted us, however, we will pay here, so that no loss shall result to any one from our misconception of the law.

TO THE RESCUE! TO THE RESCUE!!

Awake, arouse, friends of freedom! Let the cry sound up and down the length and breadth of this land. The hand of the despot is raised to crush out the new-born ideas of freedom. The only paper in the world that dares advocate the sovereignty of the individual is threatened. The only paper that dares lay hold of dark deeds in high places and drag them out into the pure sunshine is set upon by the representatives of these places with a desperation that means victory or death. The only paper that dares defy the minions of the combination between Church and State, to stay the rising tide of reform, is attacked on all sides, by all sorts of enemies, who make common cause against it as their most dreaded foe. Say, freemen and freewomen of America, shall they succeed? Let your replies flow in upon us, and let us be overwhelmed in turn by your emphatic Nevers! and let every soul contribute his or her mite to sustain this decision!

CLUBS! CLUBS!! CLUBS!!!

Again must the friends of the cause of individual freedom and responsibility be reminded that it cannot prosper, lacking their active and persistent support. Let those who have made up one club continue their efforts to increase its numbers, and all others to labor if for but a single subscription. In the condition that exists here at present, with Miss Clafin withdrawn from active interest, and Mrs. Woodhull prostrated by sickness, there is serious need of all possible exertions on the part of every friend. No one can remain inactive in this cause, and feel that his or her full duty has

been done. These two, Victoria and Tennie, have given their all of means and life nearly to the WEEKLY, and the cause it advocates, and they call upon every person who would not now see the cause abandoned on account of want of support, to spring to the rescue, and that without delay.

THE PRESS FUND.

The success of the special fund to provide the WEEKLY with an office-outfit has exceeded our most sanguine hopes. One-third of the entire amount required has already been subscribed. Several persons have made their subscription to exceed the proposed share of twenty dollars; while, on the other hand, there have been numerous requests for permission to contribute smaller sums than twenty dollars. At this special time we would urge upon the friends who contemplate contributing to the fund the necessity of doing so at once. Those who do not desire their name to appear in this connection, on account of family or business connections, may rest assured that their wishes will be faithfully respected. Then rally, friends, and complete this fund at once, so that one cause of embarrassment may be removed from the publication of the WEEKLY!

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

[From the Sun, June 7, 1873.]

MRS. V. C. WOODHULL DYING.

Shortly after 7 o'clock last evening Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull had an attack of heart disease, and fell unconscious to the floor in her residence at No. 6 East Thirty-fourth street. She was in her office in Broad street up to 5 o'clock in the evening. Then she and her sister Tennie started for home in a Madison avenue stage. On the way, Mrs. Woodhull complained of illness, and told her sister that she feared the excitement she was laboring under regarding their coming trial might result in her death. She ate sparingly at dinner, and was on her way with Col. Blood through the hallway from the dining-room staircase to her room when she fell.

Miss Claflin and her mother, who were in the dining-room, heard the fall, and hastening up stairs, saw Col. Blood bending over the prostrate form of Mrs. Woodhull. All three carried her into the bedroom and laid her on the bed. Her face was ashy pale, and she was seemingly dead. Restoratives were applied, but all were useless. Dr. Comins and two other physicians were sent for. They, after a careful examination, pronounced her dead.

Miss Claflin and others of the family could not believe it, and they used every means to ascertain whether life was extinct, employing the looking-glass, the feather, and other tests. About a half hour after Mrs. Woodhull was carried into her room, blood began to ooze from her mouth, and she moved her lips as though about to speak. One of the physicians drew close to her ear and said: "You must not speak; do not move. Your life depends on your remaining quiet." Her hands and feet were put into hot water, and mustard plasters were applied to her body. Miss Claflin and Col. Blood sat by her. Although almost distracted, they sat as though dumb, with eyes fixed upon her.

The physicians retired for consultation, and reached the conclusion that their efforts to save her would undoubtedly be fruitless. They thought she might die before morning, but counseled her watchers to continue the application of restoratives without cessation, and to permit no one to see her. The venerable mother and father of Mrs. Woodhull were almost overwhelmed with grief.

Mrs. Woodhull has long been affected with a disease of the heart, and it has surprised many of her friends that she has lived so long. As a physician in the West, a broker in Broad street, advocate of woman's rights, the women's candidate for the Presidency and as an editor of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, she has worked hard, never neglecting her duties a day on account of sickness. Her sister Tennie, although always much more robust than she, was compelled a few weeks ago, on account of failing health, to withdraw from their newspaper. Their arrest and imprisonment in November last it was thought at the time would kill Mrs. Woodhull. On two or three occasions, while in Ludlow-street jail, her sister thought she was dying, and physicians were summoned. Their difficulty then in obtaining bail on account of the excessive amount demanded by the courts, affected Mrs. Woodhull deeply, and her subsequent arrest and imprisonment in the Tombs almost drove her to distraction. It was thought that she might become insane. She pleaded with her rich acquaintances to step forward and become her bondsmen, but, said she, they dreaded that the public might cry out against them if they should exhibit any friendship for the women brokers, and at length it became necessary to purchase bail.

There are two indictments in the United States Courts, two in the State Courts and a civil suit for damages, all growing out of the publication of the WEEKLY of November 2, 1872, pending against Mrs. Woodhull and her partners, and they are held under \$240,000 bail. Their principal witness in the libel suit was indicted for perjury, and it was supposed that he was to be tried first, as it was well known that some material witnesses who would appear in his behalf might attempt to escape being sworn in the case of Woodhull, Claflin and Blood, if the latter case was tried first. On short notice they were called upon to appear for trial in the Oyer and Terminer on Monday last. When Mrs. Woodhull entered the court room she felt as though she was about to fall dead. Her face showed it. Her sister sat by her, and although almost ready to give way herself, tried to soothe her. They were not ready for trial, material witnesses being absent, and they begged the Court to grant them time. District-Attorney Phelps insisted that they should be tried at once, and after much debate Judge Barrett granted them until the following day to show by affidavits why the hearing should be postponed.

On that day they procured additional counsel, and, armed with affidavits, went to court. After an excited discussion between their counsel and the District Attorney, his Honor set the trial down for a week from next Monday, and added that he thought the District Attorney might well try their principal witness on the charge of perjury, so that they could have the benefit of his testimony. The District Attorney intimated that he would do as he pleased. On the same day one of the cases in the United States Court was called, and on the following day their counsel moved to quash the indictment. Through some bungling in the District Attorney's office the wrong indictment was produced, and the case is still pending. Only yesterday morning she said that she feared she was not to be treated with fairness by the courts, and that in case of her conviction she could not survive. Her physicians told her that it would not do to go into court now, and were urging her to insist upon a postponement of the cases. She was anxious to be tried, she said, and be done with it, as the anxiety was killing her.

Some of her bondsmen showed a disposition to desert her, and this, too, added to her misery. Many who had professed friendship for her, she said, had repeatedly visited the District Attorney's office and urged that official to make every effort to convict her. She thought that she was surrounded by conspirators, and said that when persons asserted that she and her sister wore an air of indifference and were brazen, they little knew how much they really suffered, and with what difficulty they could refrain from giving way when brought to public notice. The treatment she had received from her own sex troubled her most. Although she had spent a fortune in the advocacy of woman's rights, the leaders of that movement now had seemingly forgotten her labors, and were said to be anxious to have her sent to State prison.

She and her sister had worked hard the past few months to make up for their losses sustained during their imprisonment, but made scarcely more than enough to pay the current expenses of their office and home. Miss Claflin said last night that in the event of her sister's death she would retire from the brokerage business. She added that she could never reconcile herself to the loss of her sister, to whom she has always been so warmly attached. At a late hour last night Mrs. Woodhull was still unconscious. Miss Claflin and Col. Blood were with her throughout the night.

[From the Graphic.]

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull is reported to be in a dying condition. It is thought that she cannot survive the day. The severe strains of business and public life, and the severer trials through which she has been called to pass, have naturally enough overtaxed the strength of a constitution never strong and peculiarly sensitive and excitable. Mrs. Woodhull is an exceptionally endowed and truly remarkable woman. Her career has been as wonderful as it is open to censure. Her influence over people of intelligence and refinement, women as well as men, amounting in some instances almost to fascination, and in spite of theories and actions that they condemned, is a phenomenon which has yet to be satisfactorily explained. There is little question that she had been nurtured in a good home and among refined people and refining influences, and thoroughly educated under competent teachers, she would have become one of the most noted women of this generation. Had her ill-directed personal force, her enormous ambition, her enthusiasm—which sometimes arose to a wild fanaticism—been inspired with true ideas and kept in proper check by a sound judgment and cultivated taste and active conscience, she would have been the pioneer of some great reform or the apostle of some needed charity, and not the advocate of crude social ideas and the leader of a wild crusade against the present social order and our current ideas of propriety and ethics. Her misdirected zeal has made her a revolutionist instead of a renovator, and her course has been something of a public calamity at the least, however she may have been the victim of circumstances and the subject of hallucinations, and however the beneficent forces of nature may heal the wounds she rudely made.

[From the New York Star.]

CARD FROM MRS. WOODHULL.

No. 48 BROAD STREET, N. Y., June 6.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STAR:

Courts and their officials are for the purpose of public justice, and should never be made the vehicle of spite, malice or revenge. Neither should the failure to secure conviction, when the evidence is insufficient, be considered anything less than the vindication of justice. And all prisoners or defendants should not only be held to be, but should be accorded the treatment due to the innocent. Indeed, the courts should compel this, when the prosecuting attorneys exhibit any other than a spirit of perfect fairness. I am charged with uttering an alleged libel, and a witness by whom I proved the truth of my accusations, upon the preliminary examination, is indicted for perjury. I am cited to appear for trial, while the District Attorney refuses to try the charge of perjury, though urged to do so frequently. On a motion to postpone, my counsel brought these facts to the attention of the Court, and the judge remarked to the District Attorney that it would be eminently proper to dispose of the perjury before proceeding with the libel. But the District Attorney replied: "I have good reasons for not trying the perjury." One reason evidently is that he desires to deprive me of the benefit of this witness' evidence, unimpeached. If this witness committed perjury ought not he to be convicted? If, however, he testified to the truth only, ought the District Attorney to endeavor to convict me while the cloud of an indictment hangs over him? I only desire justice, and this I have the right to demand from the courts and the public; and I have the right also to call attention to

any movement by the District Attorney to deprive me of the means of obtaining it.

Respectfully,

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

EDITORIAL ON SAME.

We print elsewhere a card from Mrs. Victoria Woodhull in reference to what she believes a prostitution of the District Attorney's power. Of the reasons actuating the prosecuting officer we know nothing, but no one can be unmindful of the fact that when a witness named Maxwell exhibited himself at Jefferson Market on the arraignment of Mrs. Woodhull, Miss Claflin and Col. Blood, Mr. Sullivan involved him in such a mesh of contradictions that he was compelled to resort to vulgar blackguardism to conceal his mortification. Shortly thereafter he was indicted for perjury, gave bail and has been waiting for a trial since. As we understand it Maxwell is Mrs. Woodhull's main-stay in the Challis libel suit, and if Mr. Phelps is anxious and able to prove Maxwell a perjurer it would seem to be one way of defeating Mrs. Woodhull; and on the other hand if Maxwell tells the truth Mrs. Woodhull is entitled to all the benefit she can derive from a witness unprejudiced by an untried indictment. It is not to the interest of any party to "railroad" these defendants; an unfair prosecution, an unjust conviction would secure a reaction in public feeling to the advantage of the injured, and decidedly adverse to the wrongdoer. If Mrs. Woodhull, her sister and husband are guilty of libelling Mr. Challis it is susceptible of proof, and it will be infinitely better for Mr. Phelps to convict them fairly, or even to fail in that, than to send them to prison by sleight-of-hand while honest men cry "shame."

[Another from the same, Sunday, June 8.]

Mrs. Victoria Woodhull called at the Star office on Friday afternoon, and in her peculiar manner pleaded against the cruel injustice with which she was treated by District-Attorney Phelps, predicted her conviction and sentence in the Challis libel case, and requested the insertion of a card in Saturday's edition of the Star. Shortly after that she was struck down by apoplexy or heart disease, and yesterday lay at the point of death, to the utter dismay of her family and friends. If Mrs. Woodhull had been born and educated in a different sphere—if her surroundings had been refined and inspiring—she would have developed into a great and glorious character. As it was, she simply leaped from one excitement to another, wasting her life, exhausting her vitality, and scattering over worthless "causes" energy and momentum sufficient to carry to success any one of a dozen "movements." In person she was very attractive. Ten years ago she was a truly beautiful woman—graceful, winning, always ready for a frolic, kind in her manner and generous to a fault. Her private affairs were somewhat unnecessarily thrust before the public by pretended friends, and claims were idiotically put forth in her behalf which reacted to her damage. The course of her paper did much more to injure her than those it assaulted, and while there was very possibly a grain of truth in the stories it told about sundry parties, there was so much gross exaggeration, and in many instances so much that was absolutely false, even the grain of truth was disbelieved.

The last article penned by her personally was a card to the editor of the Star, published yesterday.

To the excitement growing out of her belief in the "railroading" intent of the District Attorney her sudden prostration was doubtless due. She was worked up to a pitch of intensity beyond endurance, which, in addition to the fearful heat and her natural apprehension of almost immediate imprisonment, undoubtedly brought upon her the fatal blow.

The Star has never agreed with Mrs. Woodhull in any of the doctrines she taught, and some of which she would have scorned to follow; but it would be a bit of hypocrisy entirely foreign to its habit if it should fail to remember the good there was in her, the filial devotion which made her life at times a slavery, the fidelity with which she adhered to those who had befriended her, and the energy, perseverance and ability which, however misdirected, she brought to the consummation of her plan. Many harsh and rude things will be said and written of her by men and women not half so true in the domestic relations of life, and if only he or she should assault her who is without sin among us, there wouldn't be stones enough thrown to build even a modest monument.

[From the N. Y. Sun, June 9.]

MRS. WOODHULL'S CONDITION.

The Sun's article on Saturday on the severe illness of Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull startled her friends, and hosts of them hastened to her residence at 6 East Thirty-fourth street. Many who called had never seen her, but had long taken an interest in her and wished to offer their condolences to the family. Telegrams and letters poured in, and several baskets of flowers, with kindly written notes attached, were received. It was rumored in the morning that she was dead, and her office in Broad-street was besieged by anxious inquirers. She lay motionless throughout Friday night, Miss Claflin, Col. Blood, and Dr. J. M. Comins, of 143 East Twenty-sixth street, attended her.

Early on Saturday morning, Mrs. Woodhull had so far recovered as to give directions in whispers to her sister and Col. Blood about their business in the event of her death. She added, she hoped that then the world might understand her, and know that she was not the bad woman that she was represented by many to be. Her physician bade Miss Claflin and Col. Blood to admit no one to the room, not even the other members of the family. Up to a late hour on Saturday night telegrams from all parts of the country inquiring concerning her condition reached the house, and friends continued to call. All day yesterday it was the same. Her condition was much improved, although she was too weak from loss of blood to move her limbs. She frequently motioned to her sister and Col. Blood, who were at her bedside, and bade them draw nearer. At such times she spoke of the lawsuits in which they are involved, and hoped that

she might be able to go to court on Monday, the 16th. She wished to have the cases tried once for all, so that she might know her fate, and requested that everything should be done to secure the attendance of their witnesses. Toward evening she slept, and late last night was easy. Her physician hopes she will recover, although, he says, the least shock at this time may take her off.

[From the N. Y. Express, June 7.]

MRS. VICTORIA C. WOODHULL LINGERING BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, the well-known female broker, who was suddenly stricken down by heart disease, last evening, at her residence, No. 6 East Thirty-fourth street, is still in a precarious condition. Col. Blood and Miss Tennie C. Claflin remained by her bedside all night ministering to her wants. To-day she is quite conscious, but is not allowed to speak or move, as the slightest exertion might prove fatal. Sedative medicine was administered to her during the night to prevent any inflammation, and allay, as far as possible, all excitement. Blood occasionally oozes from her lips, and the physicians are satisfied that she burst a blood-vessel near the heart. They add that for the next twenty-four hours she will continue in a critical condition, and at the end of that time they will be able to say with certainty whether she will recover from this attack or not. Meantime, her death may take place at any moment.

Miss Tennie C. Claflin says that her sister has been overworked of late, and that the excitement attending on the various trials in which she is defendant, has preyed upon her system much more than was believed by the unobservant public. Yesterday afternoon a gentleman called at their office and told them that two new indictments had been found against them. This intelligence gave Mrs. Woodhull a terrible shock, and she seemed for the rest of the day, up to the final catastrophe, like one in a dream.

[From the Pittsburgh Leader, June 8.]
MRS. WOODHULL DYING.

The telegraph reports that Victoria Woodhull is dying, or at least very dangerously ill. Whether this report is reliable or whether it is merely a characteristic attempt of the "obscene sisters" to create a public sympathy of which they can avail themselves in their forthcoming trial, we have no means of knowing. If, however, it should be confirmed as genuine, the world will be rid of one of the most remarkable, albeit terrible and dangerous women, who ever lived in it.

It serves no useful purpose to underrate the great ability of Victoria Woodhull. Those who have read her principal productions, especially those who have perused the awful Beecher-Tilton article, which has given her such a lurid celebrity, cannot but acknowledge to themselves, however much they might like to deny it, that she is a writer of high culture and tremendous power. The readers of her WEEKLY—which, by the way, is by no means suppressed, but comes forth week after week, filled with fulminations against religion, marriage and organized society—feel the fatal fascination of her strong and clear style, however much they may reprobate her argument. And to this ability is added an apparent earnestness of conviction that is difficult to resist, and a fearlessness that the world has rarely seen equalled in man or woman. Her death will be a greater blow to the Communists and Anarchists, of all beliefs and "isms" that have clustered around her standard, than anything that has ever happened to them. For whatever their theories, we suspect even the strongest-faithed Spiritualist of them all will hardly maintain that Victoria in the spirit could continue the work in writing, speaking and organizing which Victoria in the flesh has fully shown her ability to do.

But because she will no longer be here to give them life, will the desperate social heresies, the irreligious beliefs of the Woodhull die with her? We are not sanguine enough to think so. The freedom of opinion and latitude of action which are justly the boast of our country carry with them the permission to live for many opinions and actions which we do not like and which are intrinsically bad. It is not ours to kill them, and God only can and will put them down in his own good time. Of this sort, which we must leave to time and Providence, are the tenets of the followers of Woodhull.

Will the Great Scandal she has raised die with the Woodhull? We neither believe nor hope that it will. The truth is that this scandal has got out of Woodhull's hands and is now the concern of the church and the nation. The triple agreement of Tilton, Bowen and Beecher proves if there were no other proof, that the charges against the Plymouth pastor originated, not with her but in Plymouth Church. While on the other hand that agreement disproves nothing whatever, but leaves the mystery deeper and darker than ever. That agreement proves Bowen to be a scoundrel, Tilton a coward or hypocrite, and Beecher no indignantly innocent man, but at best a too ready forgiver, and apparently a certifier to the Christian character, of a man he knew to be a scoundrel. There is, there must be, something behind all this which is yet concealed. Plymouth Church owes it to Beecher, to the Christian church and indeed to the Christian and moral sense of the whole country that a thorough investigation demonstrate what this "something behind" really is. The time for "brave silence" is past; the scandal must be probed and the truth found, whether Mrs. Woodhull lives or dies, or her adherents will have their substantial victory in seeing a profound distrust of the great preacher of America, and through him, of all exemplars of virtue and piety spread through the land.

[From the Dispatch, Pittsburgh, Pa.]

A WORD FOR THE WOODHULL.

It is no thankful task to take up the cudgels in defense of offenders against society, be they men or women, who oppose the tenets of religion, and labor incessantly for the subversion of recognized codes of morality. We are quite well aware of this truth; but however violently it may force in ap-

plication, we should not yet be deterred from doing justice, no matter how despised the person who thereby is vindicated or high in public opinion stand those against whom such vindication may militate.

Mrs. Victoria Woodhull is not an exemplary character—perhaps of all individuals who have come prominently before the public within the past five years there is none regarded with more general contempt. Mrs. Woodhull is, in the estimation of many, an unprincipled adventuress, who has gained notoriety by assault upon the fundamental principles of our social usages. It is generally believed that her course has been prompted, not by an irresistible tendency toward championing what she believed to be proper and good, so much as by desire to make herself a national celebrity and at once satisfy a craving for infamous distinction and love for money.

Still she deserves as fair and accurate judgment as a better woman, and an unjust sentence having on one particular count been passed upon her, it is now warrantable to ask for a writ of error, reversal of that sentence, a *venire de novo*, and acquittal. The special cause upon which Woodhull was grossly injured was that involving the relations of Henry Ward Beecher and Theodore Tilton. Six months ago, in propagating her doctrines of free love, Mrs. Woodhull came forward, and to show that what she claimed to be the weakness of the present marriage system, as opposed to promiscuous sexual relations, published grave charges against the celebrated Plymouth pastor. We need not review these, their general tenor or specifications, here. They will be remembered as involving allegations of gross immorality. Mrs. Woodhull did not avow that she, of her own personal knowledge, knew the offenses were committed. She expressly stated that Theodore Tilton and others had told her of them. Yet, when the publication was made, the holy world raised its hands in horror, pronounced Woodhull an awful liar, declared that she had fabricated the entire story, and that not one of her assertions had foundation in fact.

But there were those who read her fearful effusion, not through the glasses of prejudiced opinion, but with the clear and searching eyes of experts in the examination of deed and motives. And while the holy world shook its head in feigned disgust, even as it rolled the morsel of scandal with great gusto under its tongue, these experts felt impelled to the conclusion that whoever sinned or whoever lied in the terrible scandal at issue, Woodhull had only told what had been told her. It was impossible, they saw at a glance, for the most intelligently evil-disposed person to construct a great lie and mark it with the same minuteness of detail that distinguished this. And, again, it did not accord with reason that any one, other than an idiot, should build such a slander against the most eminent preacher in the country, and refer, by way of proof, to well-known men and women, who, if the narrative was in any part a lie, could and would at a moment's notice have refuted it.

Still Woodhull was condemned. But now how is it? Why, now she is, so far as concerns her veracity in that famous libel, vindicated. Mr. Beecher, Mr. Bowen and Mr. Tilton, by the covenant recently given to the public, acknowledge that such charges were made against Mr. Beecher before they were retailed at the point of Woodhull's pen. The Woodhull made no charge, on her own responsibility; she simply constituted herself the medium by which those made by others were transmitted to the public. And in doing this she was not animated by malice so much as a desire for the advancement of a doctrine, which, however offensive and wretched in itself, she claimed to believe in.

Hence it is but fair that the load of obloquy placed upon her shoulders, because of the supposed untruth of her Beecher *expose*, be removed; she has enough to answer for without being subjected to sentence for that of which she has not been guilty. Meantime, to speak very plainly, the best thing Mr. Beecher can do is to step forward and say aye or no whether he be guilty of the offenses ascribed to him or not. "Brave silence" is a thing of the past. Was it very brave in Mr. Beecher to stand by all the time and witness Mrs. Woodhull denounced as the fabricator of charges which he, Mr. Beecher, must have known did not originate with her? "Brave silence" is a good thing under certain circumstances, but we cannot forget there is also a silence of another kind, and that occasionally it is difficult to distinguish between the two. So far as Woodhull is concerned, while it may have been indiscreet on her part to publish the Beecher Scandal, she can no longer be accused of having woven it from her imagination.

VOICES OF THE PEOPLE.

VOICES OF THE PEOPLE.

"Free as the laughing waters."

TWO RELIGIONS: THE TRUE—THE FALSE.

Editor *Minneapolis Tribune*—There is a beautiful instinct in man called Veneration. It is the religious element or sentiment of human nature—the receptive channel of inspiration and aspiration, and connects the soul's sympathies with God, angels and humanity. This is the foundation of all that is named religion the world over.

Religion may be good or bad, foolish or wise, according to the way it runs. Rightly directed, it becomes a balm of a thousand flowers, and its perfume fills the earth. Otherwise, it is a disgusting weed of innumerable trifles, stinks, and abominations, like Mormonism, Jesuitism or Juggernautism, with all bigotry and superstition, under every sectarian name, which abound in every community.

Out of their own mouths we prove the true and the false by the adherents of the popular piety. For instance, no churchman, in his business dealings, ever asks or cares whether a man prays or curses, or belongs to any church. There is something behind all this that is every man's real religion; that is, honor, manliness, character. Everything else styled religion is mere hullabaloo and hifalutin, by common consent.

All the duties of men and women are covered and included

in the following human relationships, namely: The good husband and father, wife and mother, son, daughter, brother, sister; the good neighbor, citizen, friend, philanthropist. The perfection of these is all. Nothing in earth or heaven can go beyond. These are the weightier matters of the law. No anise, mint, or cummin, nor church worship dogma, or ordinance, or revival, or conversion, can add a hair's breadth.

Thus I have defined the true religion. It is practical common sense and the performance of the common obligations of life that everybody accepts. It is so cheap that it costs absolutely nothing but the daily and hourly living of friendship, love and truth. Stop, then, dear reader, stop right here. Draw a line of division at this very point between the true and false, and save your wasted money. This is the religion for the workingman, who, "though a fool, need not err therein." Jesus says: "Why judge ye not even of yourselves what is right?" "The kingdom of heaven is within you." "Work out your own salvation." You need no priests, nor deacons, nor churches, nor creeds of thirty-nine articles.

THE FALSE RELIGION.

Now turn the picture, and I appeal to every honest and unbiased workingman that pays his money. The false religion is the kind that costs—costs tremendously and frightfully, and costs all the time. It is noisy, boisterous and excited, and explores the nations for proselytes. It builds churches, temples, cathedrals, vaticans, mosques, pagodas and Joss houses—in direct opposition to the words of St. Paul, that "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

St. Paul's Cathedral, London, cost the people of Great Britain seven and a half million dollars, paid by a tax on coal used by the laboring class of the nation. There it stands, solitary, empty and idle five-sixths of the time, a splendid monument of architectural skill and grandeur, while the great city has a million of paupers!

The Pope's Vatican at Rome cost fifty million dollars, and holds among its ingredients the sweat and bones of hundreds of millions of ignorant and degraded human beings; and Europe and America are thickly studded over with smaller but similar institutions. Every city and town goes in for them. Pity! They produce only poverty. Such concentrated magnificence in cities is a most cruel robbery of ignorant, laboring humanity. Does the extravagance and show of New York in this direction do her any credit in the eyes of philanthropy? Nay, nay.

Our last census report states the value of church property of this country at over three hundred and fifty million dollars, which is exempted from taxation, and that proportion of extra taxes is laid upon workingmen.

This religion cuts mankind up into divisions and subdivisions, and rules the world more than any other influence, and so absorbs and binds the human mind that two-thirds of the people are mum and dumb, and actually afraid of its free and open discussion.

In European history this false religion has produced more wars than any other cause. Its horrors make the warm blood curdle to the finger tips. Read the dark record of the Bloody Assizes, the Fires of Smithfield, and the French Revolution, with the massacre of St. Bartholomew—all for religion! This is creating an earth hell, indeed, to get men to heaven.

Jesus was the Prince of Peace. Yet Christendom is more bloody and more skilled in the art, practice and savagism of war than all the barbarous and heathen part of mankind.

Longfellow says:

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts."

But this religion of war, waste, extravagance and bigotry is everywhere zealously promulgated. It is said the Rev. Mr. Hammond is paid his regular two hundred dollars per week for his revival preaching. What a cruel imposition on poor people—worse than railroad extortions or Congressional salary swindles. Yet this is the popular evangelical religion. Let workingmen study its character and cost.

CHAMPLIN, Minn., May 17, 1873.

TO REFORMERS.

BATES, Ill., May, 1873.

I have some things which I want to say to my dear friends, the readers of the WEEKLY and reformers in general, very much, and hope my turn has come to speak; am certainly old enough (sixty-three), and have studied social reform attentively for thirty-two years. I invite attention, criticism, discussion of the following:

Q. Why did Jesus of Nazareth exhort his hearers to love one another? A. Because, being an illegitimate, he was probably begotten in love, and so had a loving disposition.

Q. What shall we do to be saved, not from the wrath of an angry, heathen God, but from monopolies; from being devoured by the human sharks that are endowed by government with special privileges? A. Organize an army; get up other monopolies strong enough to oppose the Vanderbilts.

Q. What shall be the plan? Well, after much reading and pondering, I answer: The plan of the Oneida Community, with some modification. Motto: Evolution, development, improvement, progress in every department of life. Locate a family, a village, a community on a tract of land (that is now vacant) three miles square, nine sections. Organize a corporate company, and let the property belong to all the members in the town. Take advantage of all modern improvements, establish shops, unite farming with mechanical industry and capital with labor, make our own cloth and wear it, and defy the usurpers. Learn wisdom from Fourier, Geo. F. Train, S. P. Andrews, Warren Chase, Josiah Warren, Victoria Woodhull, H. W. Beecher, Francis Barry, Noyes Tom Paine, St. Paul's charity, Mary Magdalene's loving kindness, Dr. Franklin's philosophy, Lincoln's public spirit and Fremont's energy.

My plan is detailed on forty pages foolscap, and my great wish is to have it published and read.

To Brother Beecher I wish to say: Do please come over on the side of freedom, and help roll on the great ball of social

reform. For every evil there is a remedy; and is it not our proper business to find the proper remedies and apply them?
W. M. GOULD.

WARRIORS AND MARTYRS.

FARMINGTON, Mich.

Victoria—For several weeks my mind has been full of thoughts similar to those of Parker Pillsbury in the last WEEKLY. I had thought to write you an article entitled "The Crime of Mary Dyer;" but I notice that every number of the WEEKLY is already full of matter of the utmost importance. Thought rushes like a mighty river, but the lords of the press have dammed, if not damned, the channel. I was brought up a Quaker, but I do not believe in non-resistance altogether; it suits the aggressor too well. I still revere George Fox, William Penn and Elias Hicks; but these names do not thrill my soul like that of the Maid of Orleans and Mary Dyer.

Every thoughtful person knows that your crime is identical with Mary's, viz., fidelity to the soul; and every one should know that those pious, would-be-murderers who seek your life and liberty are lineal descendants of the murderers of Mary Dyer. Nothing can appease their wrath but the destruction of your life or liberty. If they would only be as accommodating as their mythical God, I would engage to find them a substitute.

Some are better qualified for martyrs than for warriors, and from present appearances there will be a chance for us all in one capacity or the other. The popular lethargy is so complete it will require a great many martyrs before the people will be aroused to organize the grand army of freedom.

The martyr's fate is not the most deplorable after all. Now, the good martyr's name is not prefixed to that of a God, to be blasphemed for 1800 years. Look at Paul, who went from city to city to put the friends of Jesus to death; and afterward becoming his self-elected champion, calling Jesus what he never called himself, the Christ, and saying: If any man—women ignored—come among you and teach any other doctrine than I have taught, let him be accursed—a sentiment that has shed more human blood than would be necessary to float the Great Eastern.

Now all is changed; Mary Dyer is allowed to rest in peace. Certain death is preferable to a life in the hands of a judge who manifests no more sense of justice than a wild beast, and no more sense of decency than to turn prosecuting pettifogger and laugh and sneer at the prisoner.

"Come, welcome death, the end of fear;
I am prepared to die."

"Right forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne;
But that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow
Keeping watch above his own."

And the only true God will watch and protect Kent, Train and Treat just as vigilantly as if they shouted ever so loud, There is a God.
GEORGE ROBERTS.

1114 CALLOWHILL STREET, Philadelphia, Pa.

Victoria—I hasten to say that a Philadelphia friend wishes to give \$20 for press and types for the WEEKLY—to be one of the 200 subscribers. So when you get your amount pledged, please apply to me for it, as he desires his name should not be used, because of misunderstanding that would come from his friends. If you think it best, you can say in the WEEKLY that you have received this through me, giving my address, and thus it may be a hint to others of what they can do. I mention it, because I had an intimation to-day that another might do something if he could certainly remain incog.

The WEEKLY surpasses any paper I know, and does all connected with it credit. My heart and mind are often with you and yours, and how gladly would I help to bear the burden, imposed by ignorance, bigotry and wickedness, which you are and have so long borne.

The mantel of our sitting-room is ornamented with your likeness, and 'tis on our centre table there, and in our upper room.

Close attention to labor that will give bread and butter holds me as in a vice, and I try to be quiet under it. My love to Col. Blood. Let me say that Mr. Tilton, at Towanda, recently spoke to a friend of ours in highest terms of Col. Blood. Of course, to our minds he could not be honest and speak otherwise; yet his course has not always been honest, I suppose you know. May Heaven guide and guard you ever. My heart is tender for Tennie. Though weakened outwardly, may it more than be compensated for by inward strength.

Mr. Spear hopes not to remain indebted to you for your kind advertising. He speaks every Sunday at a church, and has copies of the WEEKLY from Dr. Henck for sale in the church.
CAROLINE H. SPEAR.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A LONDON LYRIC.

By BARRY CORNWALL.

(Without.)

The winds are bitter; the skies are wild;
From the roof comes plunging the drowning rain;
Without—in tatters, the world's poor child
Sobeth alone her grief, her pain.
No one heareth her, no one heedeth her;
But hunger, her friend, with his cold, gaunt hand,
Grasps her throat—whispering huskily,
"What dost Thou in a Christian land?"

(Within.)

The skies are wild and the blast is cold,
Yet Riot and Luxury brawl within;
Slaves are waiting in crimson and gold—
Waiting the nod of a child of sin.

The crackling wine is bubbling
Up in each glass to its beaded brim;
The jesters are laughing, the parasites quaffing
"Happiness"—"honor"—and all for him!

(Without.)

She who is slain 'neath the winter weather—
Ah! she once had a village fame,
Listened to love on the moonlit heather,
Had gentleness—vanity—maiden shame.
Now her allies are the tempest howling,
Prodigals' curses—self disdain,
Poverty—misery; well, no matter,
There is an end unto every pain!

The harlot's fame was her doom to-day,
Disdain, despair; by to-morrow's light
The ragged boards and the pauper's pall;
And so she'll be given to dusty night.
Without a tear or a human sigh,
She's gone—poor life and its "fever" o'er.
So let her in calm oblivion lie,
While the world runs merry as heretofore!

(Within.)

He who yon lordly feast enjoyeth,
He who doth rest on his couch of down,
He it was who threw the forsaken
Under the feet of the trampling town.
Liar—betrayed—false as cruel,
What is the doom for his dastard sin?
His peers, they scorn! high dames, they shun him!
Unbar yon palace and gaze within.

There—yet deeds are all trumpet-sounded—
There upon silken seats recline
Maidens as fair as the summer morning,
Watching him rise from the sparkling wine.
Mothers all proffer their stainless daughters,
Men of high honor salute him "friend."
Skies! oh, where are your cleansing waters?
World! oh, where do thy wonders end?

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Ellen Barling, in the office of Librarian of Congress at Washington.)

WHAT EVERY MAN, FEMALE* AND MALE, AND PARTICULARLY EVERY LABORER, OUGHT TO KNOW.

What Man is—What Education is and Herein of the Distinction between Education and Training—What Government is—The Constitution of Great Britain (What those words mean)—The Constitution of the United States (What it is).

CHAPTER I.

WHAT MAN IS—LET US BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING.

"Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you."—Christ.

"Shakespeare says we are creatures that look before and after. The more surprising that we do not look round a little and see what is passing under our very eyes."—Carlyle.

"But to know that which about us lies in daily life is the prime wisdom—what is more, is fame or emptiness, or fond impertinence, and renders us in things that most concern unpracticed and unprepared, and still to know."—Milton.

"We cannot know anything of nature but by analysis of its true initial causes—till we know the first springs of natural motives, we are still but ignorant."—Glanville.

"This exactness is absolutely necessary in inquiries after philosophical knowledge, and in controversies about truth."—Locke.

"General observations drawn from particulars are the jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in little room."—Locke.

Anima (Latin).—Air, breath, life.

Animal, from anima.—A creature having air, breath, life—as man, beast, bird, fish.

Man.—A human being—human from humanus (Latin), belonging to mankind.

Beast.—An animal, not a man. The difference between man and beast in size, bodily proportion and feature, sense and nature, is not more than the difference between man and man. Men vary in size from the giant to the dwarf; in bodily proportion and feature, from the godlike to the monkey; in sense, from a Shakespeare to an idiot, and in nature all beastiality is represented. The name man, therefore, can convey to us the idea but of an individual human within these possibilities. Without preamble properly man may question his fellow as did Hamlet the ghost:

"Be thy intents wicked or charitable thou comest to me in such a questionable shape."

1st Murderer.—"We are men, my liege."

Macbeth.—"Aye, in the catalogue ye go for men, as hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs and demi-wolves are cleft all by the name of dogs, and so of men."

"God hath endued mankind with powers and abilities which we call natural light and reason and common sense."—Bentley.

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. * * * In Him was life, and the life was the light of men. * * * That was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."—John.

Reason (Latin) ratio.—A reckoning—an accounting—consideration—reflection—argument—logic.

Ratio-cinate.—To reason—to argue.

Logic.—Simply and merely the art of reasoning.

Reason is the together action of the senses; but for the ability of reason—the ability to reckon, to take account, to sum up—the senses, instead of being aids to each other, might distract, confuse.

* Woman is man, female man, as the earth is the mother of all, so woman is the mother of man. Man is of her and not she of him. She, therefore, has the precedence, the rib fable to the contrary notwithstanding.

To understand.—To have the use of intellectual faculties—to be an intelligent or conscious being—to conceive with adequate ideas—to comprehend—to know the light.

Understanding.—Intellectual faculties—faculties of the mind.

"I have given thee a wise and understanding heart."—Chronicles.

"By understanding I mean that faculty whereby we are enabled to apprehend the objects of knowledge—general as well as particular—absent things as well as present—and to judge of their truth or falsehood, good or evil."—Wilkins.

"It is a greater pre-eminence to have life than to be without it; to have life and sense than to have life only; to have life and sense and understanding than to have only life and sense."—Wilkins.

Man has his five senses and the reason of them, as has the beast. But man can understand the reason of his senses, and of that understanding deduce a principle of action to be governed by; he can receive understandingly a principle of action of his fellows. These capabilities distinguish him above the beast; they enable him to avail himself of the experience of his fellows; he can start in life where his fellows before him left off, with the knowledge of their experience as a chart.

Note.—"The knowledge of their experience," the record of their disasters.

"Startled by the stillness broken,
By reply so aptly spoken,
Doubtless, cried I, what he utters is his only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master,
Whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster
Till his song the burthen bore,
Till the dirge of his hopes
The melancholy burden bore of never, never more."—Poe.

Principle (Latin) principium.—Fundamental truth—original postulate—first position from which others are deduced—ground of action—motive.

"There would be but small improvements in the world were there not some common principles of action working equally with all men."—Addison.

"Touching the law of reason, there are in it some things which stand as principles universally agreed on, and out of those principles, which are in themselves evident, the greatest moral duties we owe toward God or man may, without any great difficulty, be concluded."—Hooker.

"Such kind of notions as are general to mankind, and not confined to any particular sect or nation or time, are usually styled common notions, natural principles, and *lex naturalis* (laws born in us) by the Roman orator."—Wilkins.

Seminal (Latin) seminus.—Seed, radical.

Radical (Latin) radix.—Root, primitive, original.

The knowledge of an individual is his individual experience. Man is born a savage. If he be educated by savages, he continues a savage. Limit a community to the knowledge of the experience of its individual members, and they will be mere savages. Civilization is the experience of the past—principles of action. The beast knows nothing of principles of action. He has no past. He starts in life, continues, and ends as if he and his fellows were the first and only of beasts.

In the genus man the individuals vary in size from the giant to the dwarf, and in feature and bodily proportion from the godlike to the monkey. Man approves certain shapes and proportions of feature, body, limb, &c. The ancient Greek represented a combination of these approved shapes and proportions in the statue of his God. The statue was physical perfection, but it represented no individual, it had no imperfection, it was not human.

"God hath endued mankind with powers and abilities, which we call natural light and reason and common sense."—Bentley.

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. * * * In Him was life, and the life was the light of men. * * * That was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."—John.

Mankind are endued with this light, these powers and abilities; but the individual possesses them but in a degree, and this degree varies from a Shakespeare to an idiot; and again, this degree is subject to the deterioration of bodily infirmity and the bias of individual desire.

"Desire is the uneasiness a man feels in himself upon the absence of anything whose present enjoyment carries the idea of delight with it."—Locke.

The word desire expresses the motive for all action, whether the desire be the satisfaction of a want of the body or a passion, love or hate, or ambition or avarice.

"Avarice is insatiable, and so he went still pushing on for more."—L'Estrange.

"Covetousness deposeth a man's spirit and sinks him into the earth."—Tillotson.

"They were extremely ambitious and insatiably covetous, and therefore no impression from argument or miracles could reach them."—South.

There grows in my most ill-composed affection—such a staunchless avarice that were I king I should cut off the nobles for their lands."—Shaks.

The stern engine is the creature of the force generated in it by fire and water.

The animal is the creature of the force generated in it by life, air, food—i. e., DESIRE—WILL.

The power that governs a thing is the thing itself—the will of the engineer governs the engine—the engineer is the engine.

The animal man is a dual-man and beast-man as he is governed by understanding—beast as he is not. Understanding enables a man to discriminate between right and wrong, truth and error; right, that which is beneficial to him; wrong, that which is injurious; truth, that which is real; error, that which is sham. These discriminations—the experiences of mankind—have been by them reduced to principles of action. Man is an animal with the capability of being governed by prin-

ciple; he can be governed by principle in the service of right and truth, or can pervert principle to the service of wrong and error: as he is so governed by principle he is man, as he so perverts principle he is the mere beast.

Man is understanding, right, truth; the beast is desire. Understanding, right, truth, is but knowledge. A voice, *Vox et preterea nihil*—a voice and nothing more; but desire is the natural governor of the animal, FOR ALL THE FORCE OF THE ANIMAL NATURALLY SERVES DESIRE.

An animal is a government of which desire is king, and in the animal man understanding is judge. In the government of a king the judge is the substitute of the king, and gives judgment in the name of the king, and the judgment of the judge is the law, if the king do not interfere. But if the king do interfere, then the will of the king is the law, and the judgment of the judge *vox et preterea nihil*—a voice and nothing more.

So understanding, right, truth can govern a man if desire do not interfere; but if desire do interfere, then understanding, right, truth must give way, for they are but the judge, and desire rampant is king.

An animal is a government, of which the body, the members, are the subjects and the will the law. An animal is a despotism, BECAUSE HIS MEMBERS ARE ABSOLUTELY AT HIS SERVICE FOR THE GRATIFICATION OF HIS INDIVIDUAL WILL. An animal gratifies himself with his members as he will, and often to their destruction, as witness drunkards, gluttons, libertines, suicides, duellists, pugilists, etc.

The people are not an individual animal, and so THEY HAVE NO INDIVIDUAL WILL, AND SO THEY CANNOT BE A DESPOTISM.

The government of the individual is the government of the beast—the devotion of all means within his power to the gratification of his individual will. The despot spares not his own body, his own members in this gratification, neither does he spare man or beast whom he can subject to that will. To subject man to man is to deprive man of his personality, and to degrade him to the level of the beast—a mere creature for the gratification of the individual man.

So much for the subject; and as to the governor, it is to tempt him to disregard his understanding, his manhood, and as a mere beast to gratify himself; it is to tempt him to excess, and of such temptation have come all those beasts that, in the guise of man, have governed the earth. Under individual government civilization is a curse; for of science and art that which contributes to the sensual indulgence of the animal, the animal holds on to and promotes, and that which tends to the development of the understanding of manhood, the animal checks and stifles. So the beast is cultivated to his utmost development, and so manhood remains, as at time immemorial, a mere capability. So the individual (the beast, the chance tiger, hog or goat) governs the people; and so the people (manhood, UNDERSTANDING, THE WORLD), are held in subjection to the individual (the chance tiger, hog or goat). Of these beasts as governors, the hog prevails; in fact, governors generally are mere hogs—not the hog with tusks, wild, demonstrative, ferocious, sanguineous—but the hog domestic, undemonstrative, that quietly feeds and devotes his energies to continue the feeding; provident for offspring and kindred at public cost; fearful of public opinion; observant of the requirements of Church and State; church-going, law-abiding; shortly, a Pharisee. "The Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat," that is, they are the governors.—CHRIST. Yes, this hog and hogs dependent feed, and government is the contrivance that insures the feeding—government the machinery that compels the fodder from the people; the laborers, the poor, the helpless, the children, the women, the aged, naked and starving in hovels, cellars and attics—none escape; each must contribute his mite, for government must be supported—the HOGS MUST BE FED.

Only individual government and civilization together could have produced those monsters of humanity—the Leos, Caligulas, Nerôs, etc. Individual government brutalizes, degrades man, governor and subject. Individual government is individual destruction.

In mankind, the people, the individual is lost, and individual infirmity and individual desire has no force.

The powers and abilities of mankind expressed to us as principles of action have no individuality; they are free of the taint of humanity; they live to us in the indorsement of man of all ages and tongues; their vitality proves them the world. *Vox populi vox Dei*—The voice of the people is the voice of God.

In mankind is the sum of human knowledge—the sum of the knowledge of individual experience.

The knowledge of the individual is but his gleanings of this sum—such fraction as his comparative powers and abilities can compass.

The enforcement of the voice of the people—the voice of God—the word—PRINCIPLE—should be at once the office and limit of government. Government could then be said to be of the people, for their will would be the law. They then could be said to be free, for they would govern themselves.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To the Readers of the Weekly—Many of you are aware that I have been confined to my bed and chair for sixteen years, and have no means to pay for advertising. I am kindly permitted to say to you, I mail "Mrs. Woodhull and Social Freedom" for 15c., and include my book, "Free Love," and tract, "Conjugal Love: The True and the False," for \$1. If you are interested in such subjects you ought to read all of them. Keep this notice and my address till you write for them. Write your full address plain.

STOCKHOLM, New York.

AUSTIN KENT.

To JOSIAH WARREN:

Shame on you for refusing to respond to Mrs. O. F. Shepard! It was Abimelech, I believe, who requested his servant to run him through with a sword, because he did not wish to have it said that a woman killed him!

JOSEPH TRACY

CLEOPATRA.

The following poem, which has before appeared in the *Press*, has been so much sought for, that we are constrained to give it place here. It was written by W. W. Story, the American Sculptor, who is just now making some stir in the world by his refusal to permit his "Jerusalem" to be exhibited at the "British Art Exposition."

The poem, which originally appeared in "Blackwood's," presents in a startling and fascinating way the doctrine of Metempsychosis:

Here, Chairman, take my bracelets,
They bear with a purple stain
My arms; turn over my pillows—
They are hot where I have lain.
Open the lattice wider,
A gauze on my bosom throw,
And let me inhale the odors
That over the garden blow.

I dreamed I was with my Anthony,
And in his arms I lay;
Ah me! the vision has vanished—
Its music has died away—
The flame and the perfume have perished,
As this spiced aromatic pastille
That wound the blue smoke of its odor
Is now but an ashy hill—

Scatter upon me rose leaves,
They cool me after my sleep,
And with sandal odors fan me
Till into my veins they creep;
Reach down the lute and play me
A melancholy tune,
To rhyme with the dream that has vanished
And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,
Loiters the slow, smooth Nile
Thro' slender papyrus that cover
The sleeping crocodile.
The lotus lolls on the water,
And opens its heart of gold,
And over its broad leaf pavement
Never a ripple is rolled.
The twilight breeze is too lazy
Those feathery palms to wave,
And yon little cloud is as motionless
As a stone above a grave.

Ah me! this lifeless nature
Oppresses my heart and brain!
Oh, for a storm and thunder,
For lightning and wild, fierce rain!
Fling down the lute—I hate it!
Take rather his buckler and sword,
And crash them and clash them together
Till this sleeping world is stirred!

Hark! to my Indian beauty—
My cockatoo, creamy white,
With roses under his feathers—
That flashes across the light.
Look! listen! as backward and forward
To his hoop of gold he clings,
How he trembles, with crest uplifted,
And shrieks as he madly swings!
Oh, cockatoo, shriek for Anthony!
Cry "Come, my love, come home!"
Shriek "Anthony! Anthony! Anthony!"
Till he hears you, even in Rome!

There—leave me, and take from my chamber
That wretched little gazelle,
With its bright black eyes, so meaningless,
And its silly, tinkling bell!
Take him—my nerves he vexes—
The thing without blood or brain—
Or, by the body of Isis,
I'll snap his thin neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze on the landscape
Mistily stretching away,
Where the afternoon's opaline tremors
O'er the mountains quivering play;
Till the fierce splendor of sunset
Pours from the west its fire,
And melted, as in a crucible,
Their earthly forms expire.
And the bald bear-skull of the desert
With glowing mountains is crowned,
That, burning like molten jewels,
Circle its temples round.

I will lie and dream of the past time,
Æons of thought away,
And through the jungle of memory
Loosen my fancy to play;
When, a smooth and velvety tiger,
Ribbed with yellow and black,
Supple and cushion-footed
I wandered, where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled
The silence of mighty woods,
And, fierce in a tyrannous freedom,
I knew but the law of my moods.
The elephant, trumpeting, started
When he heard my footsteps near,
And the spotted giraffe fled wildly
In a yellow cloud of fear.
I sucked in the noontide splendor
Quivering along the glade,
Or, yawning, panting and dreaming,
Basked in the tamarisk shade,
Till I heard my wild mate roaring.
As the shadow and light came on,
To brood in the trees' thick branches
And the shadow of sleep was gone;
Then I roused and roared in answer,
And unsheathed from my cushioned feet
My curving claws, and stretched me,
And wandered my mate to me.
We toyed in the amber moonlight,
Upon the warm flat sand,
And struck at each other our massive jaws—
How powerful he was, and grand!

His yellow eyes flashed fiercely
As he crouched and gazed at me,
And his quivering tail, like a serpent,
Twitched, curving nervously.
Then like a storm he seized me,
With a wild, triumphant cry,
And we met as two clouds in heaven
When the thunders before them fly.
We grappled and struggled together,
For his love, like his rage, was rude;
And his teeth in the swelling folds of my neck
At times, in our play, drew blood.

Often another suitor—
For I was flexible and fair—
Fought for me in the moonlight,
While I lay crouching there,
Till his blood was drained by the desert;
And, ruffled with triumph and power,
He licked me and lay beside me
To breathe him a vast half hour,
Then down to the fountain we loitered,
Where the antelopes came to drink;
Like a bolt we sprang upon them,
Ere they had time to shrink.
We drank their blood and crushed them,
And tore them limb from limb,
And the hungriest lion doubted
Ere he disputed with him.

That was a life to live for!
Not this weak, human life,
With its frivolous, bloodless passions,
Its poor and petty strife!
Come to my arms, my hero,
The shadows of twilight grow,
And the tiger's ancient fierceness
In my veins begins to flow.
Come not cringing to sue me!
Take me with triumph and power!
As a warrior that storms a fortress!
I will not cringe or cower.
Come as you came in the desert
Ere we were women and men,
When the tiger passions were in us,
And love as you loved me then!

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

Credit Mobilier—Official Corruption—Hon. James Brooks—Hon. Oakes Ames—Hon. James Brooks' Determination.

The Credit Mobilier Investigation, although not very fruitful in direct and immediate results, has led to an awakening of the minds of the masses of the people to the unwelcome fact that there is a most wide-spread and alarming state of corruption existing among those holding official positions in our government; and that there has been a rapidly growing tendency to prostitute official position to the securing of private pecuniary advantage, regardless of the public welfare.

The people generally have not been deceived or satisfied by the attempt on the part of Congress to retain the respect of the masses by endeavoring to make scapegoats of two of its members—the Hon. James Brooks and the Hon. Oakes Ames.

The reluctant and tardy yielding of Congress to the demand of the country to abolish the franking privilege, with the enormous abuses that had grown therefrom, followed as it was by the "back-pay steal," as it is commonly called, has not had a tendency to increase the confidence of the people in the faithfulness of their public servants.

There may be some who consider that the taking away of the Hon. James Brooks and the Hon. Oakes Ames, by death, was a special act of Providence, and evidence that they were sinners above all others.

Let those who thus reason in regard to what they call "special acts of Providence," apply the same logic to the removal by death of the Hon. Salmon P. Chase, and they would hesitate and be startled before adopting what in other cases they may deem a legitimate conclusion.

No! The people, whatever they may think of the propriety or impropriety of the conduct of the Hon. James Brooks and the Hon. Oakes Ames, will be slow to believe that they were "sinners above all others," or that they were less honorable than many of their accusers.

The late Hon. James Brooks had been honored as a member of Congress for about a quarter of a century, and he could have been but little less than a saint if he wholly escaped from the contaminating influences with which he was surrounded.

There are especial reasons why the death of the late Hon. James Brooks, may be considered as a national calamity. His twenty-five years' experience had given him a deep and thorough insight into the general and special working and machinery of Congressional legislation; and as the ball had been opened for the purpose of showing up the existing state of official and legislative corruption, he had determined to render the country a service by exposing the hypocrisy of some of our public servants that have generally been supposed to be incorruptible, and patterns of stern, unyielding morality.

In a letter dated March 10, 1873, which is now before me, written by the Hon. James Brooks, in speaking of one of our public servants, such as is before referred to, he says: "I mean to take the skin off of that old rat if I live." This was no idle or unmeaning threat, and there were doubtless those who had reason to fear exposure at his hands.

I have sometimes thought that the late Hon. James Brooks, may not have been afflicted with that apparently cancerous condition of the stomach, so long as some of the physicians may have supposed.

There are individuals who when they knew that the late Hon. James Brooks had breathed his last, felt that what might be a public loss was their private gain. Is there no surviving friend that will do the work that he would have done had he lived?

TIPTON, Ind, June 1, 1873.

MESSRS. WOODHULL & CLAFLIN:

Ladies—As Secretary of the mass meeting of the Spiritualists of America, held in Cincinnati, on May 23, 24, 25 and 26, 1873, it would perhaps be my duty to forward you a full report of the proceedings of that convention, but inasmuch as I have forwarded to the *Journal* a full report, and as the duties have been rather onerous, I beg of you and all journals favoring Spiritualism to please copy, and ask permission to write you in the capacity of a member of that convention, and a correspondent not as a Secretary, as you were proscribed, and for the sake of harmony invited to stay away. I presume you will be more interested to know the spirit that animated and controlled the deliberations of that convention, and the principles that were enunciated, than in the dry detail of the daily routine of business, I shall therefore spare your time and space, and tell you what was really done—the nut that was found and actually cracked by that convention. All was nice and harmonious until the Committee on Resolutions reported their first set of resolutions; up to that hour the name of Woodhull had scarcely been breathed in that convention, and we felt powerless before the overwhelming majority that loomed up against us. But the preamble and first resolution called out the combative spirit of our worthy President. He took the stand against the spirit of the resolution, and said he saw Woodhull in it. The opposition to the resolution was strong, and it was so covered up with amendments, that on motion we voted to postpone the preamble and first resolution until the action upon the fourth. The second resolution followed the fate of the first, and was laid on the table. This battle was fought on Saturday until 5 P. M., when the convention adjourned, and a little handful of us met together covered with defeat, but resolving to never give up the fight until we were completely routed, or gained our point. During the afternoon some newsboys came round to the hall with copies of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY for sale and were forbidden access to the hall by those in authority; but somehow the papers got in and were freely circulated. At 8 P. M. the fight was renewed and the third resolution, with some trifling amendment, was passed; this was the first victory for liberty of speech, and we felt that the storm was passing and the day would yet be ours. On Monday, at 10 A. M., on motion to take the preamble and first resolution from the table, the hottest battle yet was fought—it was the death struggle, however, and the resolution and preamble were taken from the table and passed by a large majority. On motion, the second resolution was taken from the table, and, after an animated discussion, was amended to send fifteen instead of ten delegates, and passed by an overwhelming majority. The fourth resolution was discussed just before taking the first resolution and preamble from the table. All the combative nature of the worthy President was called out by this resolution, and he could see nothing but an endorsement and defense of Woodhull in the resolution. He went into an explanation and definition of Free Love, as he understood it. Assuming that Woodhull was just what he said, she was a terrible woman. His remarks brought out a full and free discussion of Free Love, Woodhullism and all. Sister Addie Ballou rose equal to the occasion and met the taunts and personal thrusts of our very worthy President in a masterly and powerful manner. Your present correspondent contributed his mite toward a defense of principles so much abused and so little understood. Men who opposed the resolution and said they blushed when Woodhull's name was mentioned in the Convention, acknowledged that they did not know her and had never read her paper. Public rumor was their authority and public opinion their God. Such was the spirit animating those who opposed the very liberty to us they were exercising themselves. In vain we told them that we were battling for principles and not for individuals; to them it was all unbridled lust, and Vic. Woodhull the personification of all evil. We fought earnestly for principle, for social reform. The question was before the people; the waters were agitated, and we could no more check its progress in that convention than we could control the actions and opinions of Woodhull. The resolution was amended, and passed the convention by an almost unanimous vote. We then beheld the spectacle of a convention called for the purpose of counteracting the influence of the American Association of Spiritualists and denouncing the right of Spiritualists to agitate social reform, wheeling into line, and marching onward in harmony with the very element they sought to control. Those who were proscribed remained proscribed, so far as individuals were concerned; but the principles they sought to proscribe took control of and shaped the destinies of that convention and the Spiritualists of America; for now, instead of standing divided and warring among ourselves, we are marching on in the highway of progress a united and harmonious band, numbering our millions, and as sure of victory as the laws of nature are sure in their operation. I could not name all those who so nobly fought the good fight in that convention, but Sister Addie L. Ballou and Mrs. Pence, of Terre Haute, Ind., Agnes Cook, of Richmond, Ind., and other ladies whose names we could not learn, together with brother Samuel Maxwell, of Richmond, Ind., Brother Brackett, of Illinois, Brother Chauncy Barnes, of Philadelphia, and your correspondent contributed their abilities toward a consummation so devoutly to be wished for. The harmonious closing of the labors of the convention was crowned by a complimentary entertainment and ball on Monday evening, May 26, which lasted until early dawn, when those who had labored together, and had honestly differed in opinion, bid each other adieu, with feelings of deepest respect, and all went to their fields of labor with renewed zeal and determination to work for the advancement of angel truths.

Yours,

N. W. PARKER.

RESOLUTIONS AS OFFERED.

Mrs. Ballou read the following report of her committee: WHEREAS, It is the earnest desire of this Convention to promote harmony among the Spiritualists of America and

at the same time accord to every one the entire right of private judgment on all matters of faith; therefore be it

1. *Resolved*, That it is not our right or duty to denounce individuals or associations because of difference of opinion.
2. *Resolved*, That this Convention shall appoint ten delegates to represent us at the next annual meeting of the American Association of Spiritualists.
3. *Resolved*, That absolute freedom of speech both from the platform and through the press, is the only basis upon which we hope for a permanent advancement of all reforms.
4. *Resolved*, That the action of the Young Men's Christian Association in their late transactions, in their attempt to repress free speech, is a direct thrust at the principles upon which our philosophy is based.
5. *Resolved*, That the time has come to urge upon our local societies the necessities for engaging speakers for longer periods than now is the custom.

RESOLUTIONS AS ADOPTED.

WHEREAS, It is the earnest desire of this Convention to promote harmony among the Spiritualists of America, and at the same time accord to every one the entire right of private judgment on all matters of faith; therefore be it

1. *Resolved*, That it is not our right or duty to persecute individuals or associations because of a difference of opinion; and hold that Spiritualism or Spiritualists as a whole are in no way responsible for the opinions of such individuals or associations.
2. *Resolved*, That this Convention appoint fifteen delegates to represent us at the next annual meeting of the American Association of Spiritualists.
3. *Resolved*, That absolute freedom of speech both from the platform and through the press, is the only basis upon which we hope for a permanent advancement of all reforms. Such freedom, however, not violating the rights of others, which in justice they are entitled to enjoy.
4. *Resolved*, That any and every violation of the liberty of speech as defined by the foregoing resolution in any part of our country, whether offered by the "Young Men's Christian Association" or any other association or individual, shall receive, as it justly merits, our unqualified disapprobation.
5. *Resolved*, That the time has come to urge upon our local societies the necessity for engaging speakers for longer periods than now is the custom.
6. *Resolved*, That this Convention recognize the Golden Rule as the best embodiment of all the codes of morals which the world has yet known, and should be practiced by all Spiritualists; and that this rule recognizes charity for all honest difference in opinion among men.

DELEGATES.

On motion, the Convention selected the following delegates to the Chicago Convention:

E. S. Holbrook, Illinois; Samuel Maxwell, Indiana; G. W. Kates, Ohio; Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, Indiana; E. H. Stewart, Michigan; N. W. Parker, Indiana; Mrs. Agnes Cook, Indiana; Laura Owens, Indiana; C. C. Brackett, Illinois; H. Hamilton, Maine; Mrs. L. T. Whiting, Missouri; Dr. Sanford, Iowa; Miss Lizzie Keyser, Kentucky; A. A. Whitney, Michigan.

Mr. Kates, from the Committee on Resolutions, reported the following, which were adopted:

7. *Resolved*, That the co-operative method of distributing papers, pamphlets, books, etc., in the interest of Spiritualism and free thought should be established.
 8. *Resolved*, That we most heartily oppose, and shall use our united efforts to defeat, the present and any and all efforts that may be inaugurated to insert a recognition of God in the Constitution of the United States. [Received with applause.]
- WHEREAS, We believe that capital punishment is an evil—a relic of barbarism—is dangerous to society—is only legal murder, and fraught with a thousand other objections; therefore,
9. *Resolved*, That we most heartily oppose its continuance as a law of the land.
 10. *Resolved*, That this Convention invite all societies and organizations of Spiritualists throughout the country, and urge upon them the necessity of sending delegates to the next annual meeting of the American Association of Spiritualists.

ANOTHER WOMAN TELLING TOO MUCH TRUTH

MADISON, June 5, 1873.

I want to write a letter to the WEEKLY, but I have been so absorbed in your trials I have not found time. They have applied the gag to me here—have closed all the halls against me—but I have not felt like yielding the point yet, and have advertised a lecture to be given from the steps of Mr. Wilcox's residence, under the Elms, in front of the house—subject "Whither are we drifting?" A gentleman, who was friendly, told me yesterday that I was to be treated to a shower of bad eggs if I attempted to speak, but the spirits say that I shall not be molested. Send the WEEKLY, as I cannot do without it.

Yours as ever,

E. ANNIE HINMAN.

[We have often warned Spiritualists of the danger of not insisting upon the freedom of speech, in all persons, no matter what subject they speak upon; but too widely have our warnings been disregarded. If Annie Hinman can be threatened with personal indignity to-day in Connecticut, some other less radical speaker may be threatened to-morrow in Massachusetts, and so on until no one will be brave enough to open his or her lips, who is not willing to take his or her life in hand and boldly face the world.]

REFORMATORY LECTURERS.

In view of the determination recently manifested by certain would-be authorities in Spiritualism, and from a sincere desire to promote their expressed purposes, to set up a distinction that will produce a free and amuzzled rostrum; we shall henceforth publish in this list the names

and addresses of such speakers, now before the public and hereafter to appear, as will accept no engagement to speak from any committee of arrangement, with any proviso whatever, as to what subject they shall treat, or regarding the manner in which it shall be treated. A reformatory movement, such as Spiritualism really is, cannot afford so soon to adopt the customs of the Church and fall into its dotage. On the contrary, it demands an unflinching advocacy of all subjects upon which the Spirit world inspires their mediums under the absolute freedom of the advocate. To all those speakers who wish to be understood as being something above the muzzled ox which treads out the corn, this column is now open:

C. Fannie Allyn, Stoneham, Mass.
J. I. Arnold, Clyde, O.
Rev. J. O. Barrett, Battle Creek, Mich.
Mrs. M. F. M. Brown, National City, Cal.
Annie Denton Cridge, Wellesley, Mass.
Warren Chase, St. Louis, Mo.
A. Briggs Davis, Clinton, Mass.
Mrs. L. E. Drake, Plainwell, Mich.
Miss Nellie L. Davis, North Billerica, Mass.
Lizzie Doten, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.
R. G. Eccles, Andover, Ohio.
Mrs. Elvira Hull, Vineland, N. J.
Moses Hull, Vineland, N. J.
D. W. Hull, Hobart, Ind.
Charles Holt, Warren, Pa.
E. Annie Hinman, West Winsted, Ct.
Anthony Higgins, Jersey City, N. J.
W. F. Jamieson, 139 Monroe street, Chicago, Ill.
Miss Jennie Leys, 4 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.
Cephas B. Lynn, Sturgis, Mich.
Mrs. F. A. Logan, Buffalo, N. Y.
Anna M. Middlebrook, Bridgeport, Ct.
J. H. Randall, Clyde, O.
A. C. Robinson, Lynn, Mass.
Mrs. J. H. Severance, Milwaukee, Wis.
Laura Cuppy Smith, No. 1 Atlantic street, Lynn, Mass.
M. L. Sherman, Adrian, Mich.
John Brown Smith, 812 N. 10th st, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. H. F. Stearns, Corry, Pa.
Dr. H. B. Storer, 107 Hanover street, Boston, Mass.
C. W. Stewart, Janesville, Wis.
J. H. W. Toohy, Providence, R. I.
F. L. H. Willis, Willimantic, Ct.
Lois Waisbrooker, Battle Creek, Mich.
Prof. E. Whipple, Clyde, Ohio.
John B. Wolff, 510 Pearl street, N. Y.
Wm. Rose, M. D., 102 Murison street, Cleveland, O.
Dr. Geo. Newcomes, Jackson, Mich.
Mrs. L. H. Perkins, Kansas City, Mo.
James Foran, M. D., Waverly, N. Y.
Mrs. C. M. Stowe, San Jose, Cal.

AGENTS FOR THE WEEKLY.

GENERAL AGENTS.

Thomas J. Lloyd, Adams House, Boston, Mass.
Powers Paper Co., Springfield, Mass.
E. S. Near & Co., 498 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.
John D. Henck, 918 Spring Garden st., Philadelphia, Pa.
J. E. Hoyt, 217 West Madison street, Chicago, for the Northwest.
Mrs. Cuscadin, 310 Market st., Louisville, Ky.
J. R. Hawley, 164 Vine st., Cincinnati, Ohio; and
Herman Snow, San Francisco, Cal.

The WEEKLY may also be obtained from the following persons and at the following places—Local agencies:

At all the prominent Newsdealers in New York.
In Bangor, Me., G. W. Flowers.
In East Rockford, Ill., Hamilton, Sockett & Co.
In Boston, at No. 107 Hanover street.
In Charlestown, Mass., at 165 Bunker Hill st.
In Worcester, Mass., at the Post Office.
In Troy, N. Y., James Newling, 680 River street.
In Utica, at Lowell's News Depot.
In Rochester, N. Y., 58 Buffalo st.
In Philadelphia, at Continental Hotel.
In Pittsburgh, from Pittsburgh News Co.
In Cleveland, Ohio, at 16 Woodland ave.
In Detroit, of P. P. Field, Fisher's Block.
In Kokomo, Ind., from Joseph Maudlin.
In Battle Creek, Mich., from E. R. Smith.
In Wilmington, Del., at 313 Market st.
In Providence, R. I., at the Tillinghast and Mason News Co.
In Terre Haute, from A. H. Dooley.
In St. Louis, Mo., at 614 N. Fifth st.
In Kansas City, Mo., at Kansas City News Co.

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Wanted—first-class reliable mediums of every phase. Address J. E. Hoyt, 217 West Madison street, Chicago.

VINELAND, June 4, 1873.

Dear Victoria—Please say that I will heal the sick at the Ocean House, Tom's River, N. J., for one week, commencing July 1. At Freehold, N. J., for one week, commencing July 13. At Red Bank, N. J., Globe Hotel, for one week, commencing July 20. At Elizabeth, N. J., Shendan House, the remainder of the month. Present address, Vineland, N. J. Kindest regards to yourself, Tennie and the Colonel.
Respectfully,
R. P. FELLOWS.



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9 Park Place, New York
102 Federal St., Boston.

Ind, June 1, 1873.

meeting of the Spiritualists, May 23, 24, 25 and 26, forward you a full report, but inasmuch as full report, and as the leg of you and all journeymen copy, and ask per-son of a member of that as a Secretary, as you harmony invited to stay interested to know the the deliberations of that were enunciated, line of business, I shall and tell you what was and actually cracked harmonious until the their first set of resolu- Woodhull had scarcely we felt powerless be-looked up against us. called on the comba-

He took the stand and said he saw Wood-ation was strong, and ts, that on motion we first resolution until and resolution followed on the table. This 5 P. M., when the of us met together never give up the fight ined our point. Dur-ame round to the FLIN'S WEEKLY for hall by those in au- and were freely cir-ved and the third res-, was passed; this was and we felt that the et be ours. On Mon-e preamble and first ttle yet was fought—the resolution and and passed by a large-ution was taken from-ssion, was amended es, and passed by an- resolution was dis-olution and preamble-ature of the worthy-ion, and he could see-e of Woodhull in the- and definition of-ug that Woodhull was-oman. His remarks- of Free Love, Wood-ose equal to the occa-thrusts of our very-erful manner. Your-ate toward a defense-ble understood. Men- they blushed when- the Convention, ac- and had never read- authority and public-animating those who- are exercising them- were battling for- to them it was all-ersonification of all-le, for social reform- waters were agitated, is in that convention- pinions of Woodhull. d the convention by- eheld the spectacle of- counteracting the in- of Spiritualists and- agitate social reform, ard in harmony with- ol. Those who were- as individuals were- ght to proscribe took- that convention and- instead of standing- re are marching on in- d harmonious band, victory as the laws of- could not name all- at in that convention- ence, of Terre Haute, and other ladies whose- with brother Samuel Brackett, of Illinois, phia, and your cor- toward a consumma- harmonious closing- crowned by a compli- fnday evening, May- hen those who had- tered in opinion, bid- pest respect, and all- owed zeal and deter- of angel truths.

N. W. PARKER.

RED.
of her committee:
f this Convention to
lists of America and

at the same time accord to every one the entire right of private judgment on all matters of faith; therefore be it

1. *Resolved*, That it is not our right or duty to denounce individuals or associations because of difference of opinion.

2. *Resolved*, That this Convention shall appoint ten dele-

gates to represent us at the next annual meeting of the American Association of Spiritualists.

3. *Resolved*, That absolute freedom of speech both from the platform and through the press, is the only basis upon which we hope for a permanent advancement of all reforms.

4. *Resolved*, That the action of the Young Men's Christian Association in their late transactions, in their attempt to repress free speech, is a direct thrust at the principles upon which our philosophy is based.

5. *Resolved*, That the time has come to urge upon our local societies the necessities for engaging speakers for longer periods than now is the custom.

RESOLUTIONS AS ADOPTED.

WHEREAS, It is the earnest desire of this Convention to promote harmony among the Spiritualists of America, and at the same accord to every one the entire right of private judgment on all matters of faith; therefore be it

1. *Resolved*, That it is not our right or duty to persecute individuals or associations because of a difference of opinion; and hold that Spiritualism or Spiritualists as a whole are in no way responsible for the opinions of such individuals or associations.

2. *Resolved*, That this Convention appoint fifteen delegates to represent us at the next annual meeting of the American Association of Spiritualists.

3. *Resolved*, That absolute freedom of speech both from the platform and through the press, is the only basis upon which we hope for a permanent advancement of all reforms. Such freedom, however, not violating the rights of others, which in justice they are entitled to enjoy.

4. *Resolved*, That any and every violation of the liberty of speech as defined by the foregoing resolution in any part of our country, whether offered by the "Young Men's Christian Association" or any other association or individual, shall receive, as it justly merits, our unqualified disapprobation.

5. *Resolved*, That the time has come to urge upon our local societies the necessity for engaging speakers for longer periods than now is the custom.

6. *Resolved*, That this Convention recognize the Golden Rule as the best embodiment of all the codes of morals which the world has yet known, and should be practiced by all Spiritualists; and that this rule recognizes charity for all honest difference in opinion among men.

DELEGATES.

On motion, the Convention selected the following dele-gates to the Chicago Convention:

E. S. Holbrook, Illinois; Samuel Maxwell, Indiana; G. W. Kates, Ohio; Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, Indiana; E. H. Stewart, Michigan; N. W. Parker, Indiana; Mrs. Agnes Cook, Indi-ana; Laura Owens, Indiana; C. C. Brackett, Illinois; H. Hamilton, Maine; Mrs. L. T. Whiting, Missouri; Dr. San-ford, Iowa; Miss Lizzie Keyser, Kentucky; A. A. Whitney, Michigan.

Mr. Kates, from the Committee on Resolutions, reported the following, which were adopted:

7. *Resolved*, That the co-operative method of distributing papers, pamphlets, books, etc., in the interest of Spiritual-ism and free thought should be established.

8. *Resolved*, That we most heartily oppose, and shall use our united efforts to defeat, the present and any and all efforts that may be inaugurated to insert a recognition of God in the Constitution of the United States. [Received with applause.]

WHEREAS, We believe that capital punishment is an evil—a relic of barbarism—is dangerous to society—is only legal murder, and fraught with a thousand other objections; therefore,

9. *Resolved*, That we most heartily oppose its continuance as a law of the land.

10. *Resolved*, That this Convention invite all societies and organizations of Spiritualists throughout the country, and urge upon them the necessity of sending delegates to the next annual meeting of the American Association of Spirit-ualists.

ANOTHER WOMAN TELLING TOO MUCH TRUTH

MADISON, June 5, 1873.

I want to write a letter to the WEEKLY, but I have been so absorbed in your trials I have not found time. They have applied the gag to me here—have closed all the halls against me—but I have not felt like yielding the point yet, and have advertised a lecture to be given from the steps of Mr. Wil-cox's residence, under the Elms, in front of the house—sub-ject "Whither are we drifting?" A gentleman, who was friendly, told me yesterday that I was to be treated to a shower of bad eggs if I attempted to speak, but the spirits say that I shall not be molested. Send the WEEKLY, as I cannot do without it.

Yours as ever,

E. ANNIE HINMAN.

[We have often warned Spiritualists of the danger of not insisting upon the freedom of speech, in all persons, no mat-ter what subject they speak upon; but too widely have our warnings been disregarded. If Annie Hinman can be threatened with personal indignity to-day in Connecticut, some other less radical speaker may be threatened to-mor-row in Massachusetts, and so on until no one will be brave enough to open his or her lips, who is not willing to take his or her life in hand and boldly face the world.]

REFORMATORY LECTURERS.

In view of the determination recently manifested by certain would-be authorities in Spiritualism, and from a sincere desire to promote their expressed purposes, to set up a distinction that will produce a free and a muzzled rostrum; we shall henceforth publish in this list the names

and addresses of such speakers, now before the public and hereafter to appear, as will accept no engagement to speak from any committee of arrangement, with any proviso whatever, as to what subject they shall treat, or regarding the manner in which it shall be treated. A reforma-tory movement, such as Spiritualism really is, cannot afford so soon to adopt the customs of the Church and fall into its dotage. On the con-trary, it demands an unflinching advocacy of all subjects upon which the Spirit world inspires their mediums under the absolute freedom of the advocate. To all those speakers who wish to be understood as being something above the muzzled ox which treads out the corn, this column is now open:

C. Fannie Allyn, Stoneham, Mass.
J. I. Arnold, Clyde, O.
Rev. J. O. Barrett, Battle Creek, Mich.
Mrs. M. F. M. Brown, National City, Cal.
Annie Denton Cridge, Wellesley, Mass.
Warren Chase, St. Louis, Mo.
A. Briggs Davis, Clinton, Mass.
Mrs. L. E. Drake, Plainwell, Mich.
Miss Nellie L. Davis, North Billerica, Mass.
Lizzie Doten, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.
R. G. Eccles, Andover, Ohio.
Mrs. Elvira Hull, Vineland, N. J.
Moses Hull, Vineland, N. J.
D. W. Hull, Hobart, Ind.
Charles Holt, Warren, Pa.
E. Annie Hinman, West Winsted, Ct.
Anthony Higgins, Jersey City, N. J.
W. F. Jamieson, 139 Monroe street, Chicago, Ill.
Miss Jennie Leys, 4 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.
Cephas B. Lynn, Sturgis, Mich.
Mrs. F. A. Logan, Buffalo, N. Y.
Anna M. Middlebrook, Bridgeport, Ct.
J. H. Randall, Clyde, O.
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Mrs. J. H. Severance, Milwaukee, Wis.
Laura Cuppy Smith, No. 1 Atlantic street, Lynn, Mass.
M. L. Sherman, Adrian, Mich.
John Brown Smith, 812 N. 10th st, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. H. F. Stearns, Corry, Pa.
Dr. H. B. Storer, 107 Hanover street, Boston, Mass.
C. W. Stewart, Janesville, Wis.
J. H. W. Toohey, Providence, R. I.
F. L. H. Willis, Willimantic, Ct.
Lois Walsbrooker, Battle Creek, Mich.
Prof. E. Whipple, Clyde, Ohio.
John B. Wolff, 510 Pearl street, N. Y.
Wm. Rose, M. D., 102 Murlon street, Cleveland, O.
Dr. Geo. Newcomes, Jackson, Mich.
Mrs. L. H. Perkins, Kansas City, Mo.
James Foran, M. D., Waverly, N. Y.
Mrs. C. M. Stowe, San Jose, Cal.

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Mrs. Cuscadin, 310 Market st., Louisville, Ky.
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Herman Snow, San Francisco, Cal.

The WEEKLY may also be obtained from the following per-sons and at the following places—Local agencies:

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In Bangor, Me., G. W. Flowers.
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In Troy, N. Y., James Newling, 680 River street.
In Utica, at Lowell's News Depot.
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In Philadelphia, at Continental Hotel.
In Pittsburgh, from Pittsburgh News Co.
In Cleveland, Ohio, at 16 Woodland ave.
In Detroit, of P. P. Field, Fisher's Block.
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Respectfully,

R. P. FELLOWS.

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FLOWERS AND RUSTIC WORK.

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Of all the ornaments now devised for beautifying gentlemen's grounds, there are none that can surpass rustic work, either in grandeur, beauty, utility or durability. It may be introduced almost anywhere if the surroundings are in the least rural; in many cases it can be placed where nothing else could be, oftentimes converting an eyesore into a place of great beauty, and yet ornamental and useful. As it is, there are few that have either the taste or good judgment for the judicious arrangement of the materials out of which the best rustic is made. To make or design rustic objects, the maker or designer must exercise good judgment as to the best place for his object—whether it is a house, bridge, vase, basket or any of the many objects that may be formed of rustic work—for if the object is in a bad position, be the object ever so good, it loses half the effect, or even becomes an eyesore. There must be something rural in the locality, something in tone with the object. Perfect taste is required for the form of any object, although in anything rustic the form will be much modified; yet there must be an original design to give meaning and grace to the object. In all cases, unless working with straight material, nature must be followed as nearly as possible, avoiding right angles or anything that looks formal; every piece should look as if joined by nature. This not only gives beauty but stability to the work. To all this must be combined the skill of the builder, to give strength, finish and neatness to the whole work. Many people think that as a matter of course carpenters can build rustic, but there are few if any that can give that natural rusticity so necessary to it. It is a trade by itself, and requires men with a natural taste and inventive genius. Some men work at it for years and cannot do it creditably.

There is nothing that may not be made in rustic work, from a dwelling-house to a cage, a bridge to a card basket. Many of the vases are filled with plants and look very handsome, with ivy half hiding the woodwork, and fine flowering plants capping the whole and making it a thing complete in itself. There are also many fine baskets filled. Certainly nothing could be more ornamental or better in a window than one of these. But these things, to be appreciated, must be seen; for large constructions we would advise any one to visit the grounds of Mr. Hoey, at Long Branch, or Peter B. King, Esq., on the Palisades overlooking the Hudson, or General Ward's estate.

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