

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

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Vol. VI.—No. 23.—Whole No. 153

NEW YORK, NOV. 8, 1873.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



VIEW OF NIAGARA FALLS,

AS SEEN FROM THE AMERICAN SIDE.

(For Description of Scenery, Railroad Connections, &c., see page 16.)

FLOWERS AND RUSTIC WORK.

Flowers are one of the few things in life that bring us unmixed pleasure. They are the most innocent tribute of courtesy or affection as acceptable in the day of feasting as in the house of mourning. Florists are true in a sense public benefactors. Hodgson, at No. 408 Fifth Avenue, from among the palace takes us away to the sights and odors of the country with his rustic work, his gnarled boughs, and curiously crooked seats, his fragrant flowers and beautifully assorted bouquets.

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 tune 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 this 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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10:45 A. M., Northern and Western Express.

3:40 P. M., Special Express for Albany, Troy and Saratoga, commencing Saturday, 21st inst.

4:00 P. M., Montreal Express, with sleeping cars from New York to St. Albans.

7:00 P. M., Express, Daily, with sleeping cars for Watertown and Canandaigua.

8:30 P. M., Pacific Express, Daily, with sleeping cars from Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls; also for Chicago, via both L. S. and M. C. Railroads.

11:00 P. M., Express, with sleeping cars for Troy and Albany.

2:00 P. M., Hudson train.

7:00 A. M., and 5:30 P. M., Poughkeepsie trains.

9:10 A. M., 4:15, 6:30 and 7:45 P. M., Peekskill trains.

5:00 P. M., Sing Sing train.

Tarrytown trains from 30th Street Depot, stopping at all Stations, leave at 6:45, 8:25 and 10:20 A. M., 1:00, 3:00, 4:00, 4:40, 5:15, 6:30, 8:00 and 11:30 P. M.

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(Written for Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.)

PRESENTIMENTS.

BY R. W. HUME.

In the year of grace 1848, and on the 12th of August, at 7³⁰ P. M., if the Dr. Herschel of the planet Venus had been pleased to have directed his telescope to bear on the mouth of the river St. Lawrence, he might have beheld the good ship Sylvania taking her pilot on board; and, if the field-glass had been sufficiently large he might also have perceived a youth aiding him to scramble on the deck. That youth, gently reader, a landscape painter by profession, is the writer of the article now under your inspection. He naturally feels that there is much room for description in this latter subject, but there is somebody at his elbow who wishes to know if he thinks such nonsense could be inserted in WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, to which he respectfully replies, that it will not injure the public morality, should the editor of that periodical permit him to dilute the "strong waters" of fiction, with a little of the sober liquid which is to be found only in the well of truth.

Should the foregoing statements be doubted, all cavillers are referred for proof of their veracity to Lloyds' List, where they will find the above-mentioned vessel, registered and insured for her voyage to and from Quebec, and classed A 1. The pilot previously spoken of could have passed for a man about forty-five years of age, were it not for the color of his hair, which being gray, made him appear older. The youth is now forty-three, and therefore he must then have been twenty-two summers. Not to detain the reader with a description of the passage up the river, which occupied several days, suffice it that the individuals above mentioned became acquainted, and that the elder promised the younger man that he would show the latter his cottage as they passed along on their route. He fulfilled his word in this wise: When the ship was about one hundred miles eastward of Quebec, he ordered the Union Jack to be hoisted, whose appearance was soon answered by a steamer which was run up at a point on the shore, then pointing toward it. "There, young friend," said he, "is my home." To this I replied: "That the signal would be seen easier if it were a flag." "We have one," was the answer, "but they don't use it now, and when we take our walk on deck after supper this evening I will tell you the reason why."

That night the young man did not fail to remind his friend of his promise, and the latter redeemed his pledge as follows:

THE PILOT'S STORY.

It is generally believed that those who follow the sea are more than commonly superstitious; if they are so, reasons could be given which would partially excuse them for being so foolish. But when men often yield to such fancies, it is not to be wondered at that women follow their lead. It is hard for a wife to live more than half her days in constant fear, and yet such is generally the lot of her who marries a sailor. When the storm is roaring around you, to remain at home conjuring up every evil thing that can possibly happen to those you love, is a more trying position to hold than that of one who merely faces it. When danger meets a man, if he be a true man, he half forgets it in the work he has to perform to avoid or overcome it. To surmise disasters, and feel yourself powerless to combat against and control them is the severest trial that can possibly be experienced by man or woman. I deemed lightly of such sorrows once, but that time is gone by. If you don't mind listening to a rather tedious yarn, I'll give you my reasons for this change of opinion.

It was in the early part of the year 1844 the occurrences took place I am about to relate. In the spring of that year a company came to our village and purchased some land with water privileges for the purpose of building thereon a paper-mill. After it was completed a steam-engine was brought from Montreal and set up in it to be used for rolling and drying the paper. This was an important affair to us in Eddington, and the people naturally flocked from all quarters to see it in operation. I was something of an engineer myself, and a dabbler in chemistry also, and on both accounts I was welcome to the mill. I found no difficulty in obtaining for my eldest son George, a fine youth of seventeen, a position in it as sub-engineer. I am sure I did this for the best, although, poor boy, he was always averse to it, and wished, as he often told me, to earn his living on the water.

I did not know then what I know now, that there are dangers and difficulties in any line of life a man may choose, and that it is the best policy to let a youth select his own occupation, and work his way through them. I only thought of those evils which pilots, and more especially pilots' wives, have to suffer; for, when people are happily married, the re-

flection of sorrow on the one is often more vivid than the reality experienced by the other. I do not deny but that it might have been so in my case. I therefore determined to dissuade George from following in my footsteps. This may appear unreasonable, but you must remember that, for twenty years, I had never left home without a feeling of communicated fear respecting my safe return. I knew it was unwarranted, absurd if you please, but there was no possible way of overcoming it, and perceiving the uselessness of words, I had long ceased to argue against it. I even thought of changing my calling, but I have a large family, and no opening offered that I did not deem too precarious for me to accept. One thing I could do, viz., prevent any additional cruelty. The wife had experienced afflictions enough without adding to them those of a mother also. I therefore reasoned with George, for, though we were father and son, we were two friends; which latter is not so generally the case in English as it is in French families. I told him with what grief I had seen, from the first time I had left his mother, the gradually-increasing sorrow wearing out her existence; that I had both said and done everything I could think of to assuage her fears for my safety in vain; that the feeling which had possession of her was one which I thought had only increased with time, and that affection for her ought to deter him from choosing a seafaring life. I then painted to him the certainty of his advancement at the mill, and the great comfort he would find in being constantly surrounded and cheered with home influences. I spoke of the future also, saying that, should he have a family, he would be able to do his duty by it better and more thoroughly than my wandering profession permitted me to do for mine. Lastly, I entreated him, for his mother's sake, not to leave her again (for he had already made four or five trips with us), as she felt that in my absence it was absolutely necessary for him to remain at home to look after his brothers and sisters, as he had done previously.

He yielded to my request, as I knew he would; but he never seemed like himself after he put off his sea-toggery, which he would not wear at the mill. Shortly after the aforesaid conversation, my duty called me to go forth again to meet the fall trading vessels. As usual, predictions, in which I do not believe, began to thicken. The summer had been very fine, so we might be certain of a very severe line storm. One of the cats was missing, which was a sure sign of ill luck. A small pier glass, which I had lately purchased, had fallen; George said Carrie had been using it so much she had drawn the nail out by which it hung; however that may be, it was not injured by the accident, for it merely slid perpendicularly down the wall and rested against the edge of a table which stood under it, nevertheless it was commented on as a certain sign of future tribulation. I parried this attack by saying that I considered it lucky for a glass to fall in our house without breaking, and that I did not care how many such economical warnings occurred in my family. But the constant dropping of water will wear away stones; and I am not ashamed to confess that I myself was somewhat startled to find that, on the morning of the day appointed for my departure, an old-fashioned, eight-day clock, which had been many years in my family, had stopped during the night. However, I was the only one who knew of it, for I took care to set it going again before my wife and the children came down.

Although I do not believe in prognostications, for I have seen too many fail, yet I think there is some truth in presentiments. How many brave men do we read of who have gone on the field of battle with an innate knowledge that they were going to their deaths? Such intuitive and inexplicable communications are by no means uncommon with those who are accustomed to deal with dangers. I therefore think coming events are sometimes felt beforehand. I well remember the fear and apprehension of evil which possessed me when I then parted from my family. It appeared to me as if I was going to Quebec to meet the pilot boat against my will; as if I was leaving my affairs unarranged, and that some accident was sure to happen; I could not help looking around me for something I had to set right before I started; I tried to but could not conquer a feeling of dread which threatened me with some heavy impending evil. It is possible I may have been unwell at the time, but I was not cognizant of the fact. I mention this because bodily ailments often produce mental disorders. I had to return home again after taking leave, to give some important directions to my son, which I had previously forgotten. My wife remarked that I had never done so since the winter of 1838, when our boat was wrecked on the Island of Anticosti, and three of my companions were lost. She said she was grieved that I had made a false start, it was so very unlucky.

But these melancholy thoughts were gradually though not entirely dissipated before my arrival at Quebec. When there I found our boat would not be ready to start until the following day; so, to cheer my spirits, I determined to make some few purchases for my family, and leave them at the hotel, so that they would be ready for me on my return. I had then six children; the eldest was George, then Carrie, Charles, Susie, Ellen and Dory. I bought "Cook's Voyages," handsomely bound and illustrated, for George, though I would rather have purchased for him a work on engineering, but I knew that he would like the other best, and I did not wish to appear to force him to his duty. Little Dory had reminded me that I had promised to buy him a book of animals, and I did so. For the rest, except Carrie, I purchased toys; she, being a grown girl of sixteen, I thought would be better pleased with a new dress.

This cheerful work had a good effect upon me, and made me feel like myself again. I am very fond of the company of children, and like to witness their amusements. That old Greek king was right who wouldn't stop romping with his boys, but kept the ambassador waiting till the game was finished. When anything crosses a man, if he wishes soon to forget it, let him seek the society of the youthful and innocent. Women are good judges of our character, but children are better. I once refused to go into partnership with a man because my children shunned him. They were right,

for afterward he proved to be a knave, and it was well for me that I heeded their counsel. I do not know why I dwell on these foolishnesses, which certainly have nothing to do with this narrative. But you will pardon my wanderings. This is the first time I have ever related this portion of my life. It must now be over four years since these events happened. I can well fix the time. It was in the winter of 1838 I had the brain fever. But this is puerile; there is no need to beat; so here goes straight for the port.

The next day we were all ready to start on our trip down the river. We had thirteen pilots on board (my poor wife would have been horrified) and five of us lived below the city. All of us sported flags. We had a kind of insurance company organized for the benefit of the widows of those pilots who fell in the discharge of their duties. Each of us paid a sovereign a quarter to this fund. Although we always ran up our colors when we returned in charge of vessels we did not generally do so when we went out. This time, however, we (five) agreed to show our bunting as we passed our respective homes, and that those who received no response should pay the quarter's insurance of the others. This was not the first time we had run such hazard, for it was a common occurrence with us to do so; we made no secret of it, but told our wives, in order to make them look out sharp at all times for our signals. I think I was the only one out of fifteen who lived below the city, who had never been a loser. My success was a standing joke with my comrades and they nicknamed my poor wife the "Eddington cat" in consequence. But to resume. Jean Palisse's cottage was the first we passed, and his call was readily answered. His house lies exactly on the line of the river, but mine, which came next, is a little over three miles inland, and, as you know, is visible from the upper shore of the river, and can be made out easily from the southern channel when the weather is clear. We of course kept the north side and hugged the shore, for the tide was against us though the wind was fair, and when we came opposite to my place I ran up the bunting and looked for the response as a matter of course. I use this expression to indicate the certainty with which I expected a reply. In fact I felt so sure of receiving an answer that I had not bestowed a thought upon it. But I was disappointed. Palisse, who is a good-humored fellow, said to me, "Why Georgy is the cat asleep this time?" but seeing my look of petrified astonishment, he refrained from following up his question. I hauled down the Jack, and after a minute or two rehoisted it to attract attention. It was all in vain. I repeated the operation. Still no success. I then spoke of going ashore, but my comrades dissuaded me, and I gave it up. We passed on, and though by time soon at our journey's end, it was the longest voyage I ever made.

The old feelings returned upon me with tenfold force, and I could not cease from canvassing what might have happened to the folks at home. The smallest trifles were magnified into horrors, and nothing could distract my attention from the painful investigation of them. Out of a hundred wild fancies which tortured me, I select one whose infinite variations were a constant source of misery. I had a little laboratory in my cottage, the key of which I had for the first time forgotten. I was not even certain that I had left it locked. I had latterly been experimenting in it with detonating powder, and there were bottles of nitric and sulphuric acid and other poisons ranged upon its shelves. My vivid imagination applied them all, and I could not restrain it from picturing to me the many wretched accidents which might possibly happen to my children in consequence of my neglect. Being compelled by shame to keep my thoughts to myself only made matters worse. I scouted the idea that the falling of the glass, the stopping of the clock or the unlucky number in the boat, had any effect whatever in irritating my nervous system, but I felt that they had, notwithstanding.

Fortunately we soon met a vessel requiring a pilot and I was appointed to take charge of her. She was the Hanover, from Liverpool, bound to Quebec. We had a good passage up the river with a fine wind from the N. N. E., which gradually increased in strength. By the time we arrived opposite my place it was blowing very fresh, almost amounting to a gale, but it was clear, notwithstanding. I kept the vessel in the northern channel which was nearest my home, and hoisted our colors as usual. For a short time there was again no response, at last, however, a flag was displayed at half-mast. I expected it—I was certain of it—still it daunted me to looked upon it. Danger and misery are more terrible afar off than near, and they are more potent for evil in the distance than close at hand. The sight unmanned me. I could not leave the vessel, and it was far too rough to hope to see any small fishing craft about of which I could make inquiries. I hardly knew what I said or did. The Captain, a stout old seaman, saw my anxiety and endeavored to calm my agitation. As he was speaking to me, he took up the glass again, "Look, pilot," said he, "it's all right, man! she's chock up!" I seized the telescope, for we were now fast leaving Eddington, and plainly distinguished that such was the fact. It was all right! I felt a load taken off me at once; had it not been for that alteration I never should have reached Quebec alive.

We made our port the next day, and there I first heard the dreadful tidings that I had lost both my eldest son and my wife. Poor George had died from the effects of an explosion at the paper mill, which occurred only three days after I had for the left city. He was literally scalded to death. When he was brought home the shock proved too much for my dear wife, who, as I said before, was in a feeble state of health. The same grave holds both my wife and son. In my hallucination my thoughts dwelt almost entirely on my younger children, and I do not believe the paper mill once entered into my calculations. The tragedy must have taken place on the day our pilot-boat passed on its way out, and that was the only time in twenty years that I ever missed receiving an answer to my signal.

When I got back to Eddington, I found grandmother in charge of my cottage, but she was very old and all the burden rested upon poor Carrie. My daughter told me all the dread-

ful accompaniments of the sorrowful story, and afterward did her best to comfort me in my affliction. I sometimes think I had been too partially fond of my lost boy, for I had not thought much of Carrie till she proved her worth. It was she who hauled up the flag, and this, I believe firmly, saved my life. Grandmother told Charlie to half mast it to show their distress, but, when Carrie saw what was done she altered it, remembering what her mother had often told her in my absence, "that the dread of unknown evils was worse than present miseries," and, furthermore, she said, that I would hear of the ill news too soon if I learned it when I crossed the door-stone.

I have no distinct recollection of what occurred afterward. I have been told that for a time I was not expected to live. I certainly was not able to go again on a cruise until the next year. When I left home for that purpose I did not join our boat at Quebec but at St. Pierre, where we sometimes put in for water and provisions. I did not think about the signal until I was returning home, having charge of the Toronto, Capt. Collinson. When I came near my home I fairly dreaded to see the old flag again. At last I ordered the Union Jack to be hauled up. It was soon answered by the streamer you saw this afternoon. Carrie had made it after I had left Eddington, and she has used it ever since. I cannot tell you how grateful I felt to her for showing her love for me so tenderly. Now, my young friend, I have redeemed my promise to you, and, as my watch is up, after I have left some directions with the mate, if you have no objection, I'll turn in.

It is now nearly eighteen years since the above narration was first delivered which is now submitted to the public. Readers with vivid imaginative faculties need not be told how the next season a certain young artist was to be found at Eddington, sketching all the hills, water-courses and pleasant bits of gray rock, half-covered with lichens and spangled with variegated mosses; nor informed, how more than the half of his drawings were enlivened by a certain graceful figure, depicted in almost every position that the eye could behold, or the heart conceive. Nor need it be proclaimed how, when an officious interloper at the hotels, exhibited one of these cartoons to a certain pilot; the latter exclaimed—"Why, bless me, that looks like our Carrie!"

One more picture from the scrap-book of time present. It represents a tasteful villa near Montreal; in the parlor of the same, an old gentleman is reading the newspaper and appears to be deeply interested in the shipping intelligence. A handsome lad rushes into the room exclaiming: "Grandfather, I've come home for the vacation, and I've brought a first rate report from Dr. Wingate." To which the old man replies: "Well done Georgy my boy, study hard and do your duty, and I promise to give you Cook's voyages, in three volumes, handsomely bound and illustrated, for a present next Christmas."

THE Shakers of Mount Lebanon Community, who previously have buried their dead in a private manner, for the first time departed from the ancient custom on Sunday last, the 26th ult., in the burial of Elder Richard Bushnell, who was eighty-two years of age, and one of the first settlers of that community. Elder Frederick W. Evans officiated on the occasion.

PROSPECTUS.

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

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The American News Co., New York City;
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All communications should be addressed

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY,

Box 3,722, New York City.

SPIRITUALISTIC.

A LECTURE

Delivered by E. Anne Hinman before the Convention of the Conn. Association of Spiritualists, held in Winsted, Sept. 27th and 28th, on the proposed religious amendment to the United States Constitution, and published by request of the audience.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—I am before you this evening in the interests of a cause that lies very near my heart, but I feel as though I owed you an apology for appearing with a manuscript, as you are already aware that I am an extemporaneous speaker, and seldom attempt to speak from notes, and find it extremely difficult to confine myself to them; but this lecture was written at a time when, and for a place where I had been greatly burlesqued by reporters, and I would have something to which to refer. I shall speak strongly for I have written strongly; I have written strongly for I feel strongly; and whatever I may say you may be assured is my honest conviction, hence I shall offer no apology. There has been much feeling on the part of many Spiritualists on the subject, and some think that Spiritualist speakers should not meddle with it, as it hurts the cause. Said a gentleman to me, "Miss Hinman, you Spiritualist lecturers are stepping outside the domain of Spiritualism, and by so doing you are bringing reproach upon the cause. Immortality, communication between the embodied and the disembodied, eternal progression, etc., are fundamental principles; why not content yourselves with talking on these and not be taking up unpopular subjects? They bring dissension among us, and prejudice the opposition against us. Spiritualism has always been considered a tirade upon other religions, and now for our lecturers to take up this subject of the amendment to the constitution thus early, and denounce the clergy as the originators, will be another cause for complaint and censure." I will here admit that Spiritualism thus far has been more agitating and destructive than organic and constructive; but it is not the fault of Spiritualists or their speakers. This is the old story over again, which we have always been compelled to hear from sectarians against temperance, and political sermons from the pulpit. Preach Christ and him crucified, you say, to your ministers, and leave side issues alone or we will not employ or listen to you, and for the paltry sum of a few hundred dollars, or the love of position, or the fear of censure, the clergy have been kept silent except to speak in denunciation on all reformatory questions. I contend that it becomes the duty of clergymen if they are what they profess to be, if their work is for reformation, to take up and consider every question that comes up on the changing waves of public opinion, and to battle against, and as far as possible uproot and eradicate, all forms of evil from society. Until they do this, they are not reformers. Until you both allow and demand they do this, you are not the purifiers but the adulterers of society. I am often told if I go here or there, or do this or that, I shall hurt the cause, to which I reply: My mission is with those who, or that cause which lacking strength needs mine, and it were cowardly in me to forsake a good and just cause because it was weak, and espouse a bad one because it was strong. Does the temperance lecturer think it hurts his cause to show you the man he has picked from the gutter and brought back to soberness and rectitude? 'Tis not the honest man but the thief who knows he has your money in his pocket that fears to be searched; so it is not those who are after truth at any expense, but those that have a theory to maintain that fear agitation. If Spiritualism comes agitating those subjects upon which the elevation and reformation of mankind depend, and in which all have a common interest because they concern the future happiness and well-being of the race, shall we shrink from considering these because forsooth some one will be offended, or it will hurt our cause even though we do wrangle with long established systems? God pity the cause that cannot stand such hurts as that. The Spiritualism that must cater to prejudice at the sacrifice of principle is not worthy the name, as it lacks the essential and all there is that makes it pre-eminent. To me Spiritualism is broad enough to take in all the questions of life here and hereafter, and I cannot understand that kind of Spiritualism that ignores woman's suffrage, labor reform, religious freedom and kindred topics; and I cannot be identified with any cause that does not mean work for suffering humanity. Spiritualism means this to me; means work through any or all of these channels, as it embraces all reformation, hence all that concerns the future well-being of humanity comes within the sphere of Spiritualism, and it becomes as much the duty of Spiritualist lecturers to take up and consider these questions as any one. Were it not that Spiritualism takes in and embraces all these, its influence would be limited, it would soon become sectarian and lose the elements of progress. For my part I have no choice in the work I am to do. I am commanded and I dare not disobey; my confidence in the spirit world is such that when they prophesy an event I know it is certain, and the work they hand me to do will be done to the best of my ability, and though all others censure, if I have their approval I am content, and the approval of the whole world were nothing when they disapprove; and no matter what you may think of me now, the time will come when you will see some one had to do the work, and when you occupy positions from which you can judge more correctly, you will bless me for that fearlessness which makes me strong, even though the duty be an unpleasant one. It is not for me to say in what shape reformation is to come. Spiritualism is a mighty sledge-hammer, and is fast breaking in pieces idols both in the ranks and outside of them, and when it came it took up the struggle which Protestantism abandoned, and stood firmly on the right of individual opinion as against authority. Protestantism commenced this work, but as it grew strong in influence and numbers, it lost sight of the ideas of individual sovereignty and freedom of opinion to battle for the dogmas of authority and despotism. Spiritualism took up the struggle where Protestantism left it, and a glori-

ous day indeed was it for humanity when the angels through mortal media commenced in earnest the battle for freedom against old ideas that were fabricated in ignorance, and have not the slightest foundation either in science or human reason. And when it came it said that every one of these erroneous ideas which people held, and which, because of their antiquity, have been considered as authority, were destined to have a new hearing with the accumulated wisdom of the ages brought to bear upon them, and must be revised and improved to meet the wants of not only the present, but the coming time, and it began to beat against the walls of conservatism, and one after another of the cornerstones were forced to give way, until the structure is shown to be unsound; and then comes the question, Why? The answer: because of the deceitfulness and hypocrisy of those who have been set up as the especial guardians of religious light and knowledge. Men have cried humbug, hallucination, imposition, but Spiritualism—perfectly impervious—kept on its way until it entered the domain of Individuality, and began there to unmask hypocrisy until our great idols have been shattered, and our greatest lights gone out in darkness, and the people have become unsettled in religious belief and doctrine; and consequently the Church has lost its hold upon the world; and the clergy, seeing their power slowly but surely slipping away, bring to bear the weapons which ignorance and intolerance always employ to quench the spirit of inquiry and to crush out new ideas. But that this is an age of investigation, of analysis, of change, none can deny; and we have no need to look deeper than the surface of things to become aware of the fact, that human events are all tending in one direction, and that toward universal freedom, individuality of opinion and impartial human rights; and the clergy know this, and knowing it, they have concocted a scheme to arrest it, and have been trying for the last ten years to secretly undermine this free government—the home of the oppressed and persecuted of every nation under the sun. Ever since Thomas Paine wrote these great words—"free and independent States of America," they have been an inspiration to every American. They were the stimulus that led Washington and his brave men on to victory; and illy as we have comprehended their meaning, they have been a source of pride to us as a nation, however much we may have slandered and vilified their author. I feel, as Paine said in the days of the Revolution, that the times are coming which will try men's souls; aye, and the souls of women, too. The bigot and the knave will, in this crisis, turn traitor to that grand old document, the United States Constitution, under which have grown up our free and independent States of America; but those who stand firm by this Constitution through this trying crisis, will have done their country a service for which they will have the love and reverence of coming generations. I dislike to say it, but the emergency of the times demand that we speak with boldness. These things have long enough been handled with gloves. If, as Mr. Jamieson says, the clergy have become a source of danger to this American Republic, it is time the people knew it. That they do, we say boldly; and it is no use for us to say their power is gone, or we are too enlightened, or that they have waited too long to inaugurate such a movement. The one who says or thinks this, is either not informed on the subject or he is in sympathy with it. Said a gentleman—and one who holds office in our State Association, and whom I had written on the subject of calling our Annual Convention and resolving it into a State Liberal League on the plan of organization presented by Mr. Abbott, of the Index, and then organizing Leagues in the different towns and cities which should become auxiliaries to the State League, which would attract all Liberalists together and give us union of effort in resisting this clerical scheme which is aimed at the rights and liberties of the people—"I think," said this gentleman, "that anything of the kind is as yet wholly unnecessary. I have talked with several upon the subject, and they are all of my opinion, that it will amount to but little more than a good scare to those who are over-credulous; indeed, I find but few who have ever heard of the proposed amendment at all." And this, wrote we, is the very reason we wish to agitate the subject. We wish to attract the attention of the people to it, because the movement is a subterranean one, and it is a part of their plan to thrust the plot upon the people when they are least expecting it, and then, by misrepresentation and deceit, draw the unthinking into acting a part which they would not do if they had time for reflection and enlightenment. You may think this harsh language; but just look at the way these clergymen are perverting the temperance movement. In the days of the old Washingtonians, the Church was hostile to the temperance reformation, as it has always been to every reform movement, and after much opposition it did just what it had always done—espoused the cause it could not crush, and then claimed the credit of agitating the subject, and the reform as its own. And it will make an effort to make the next political issue a temperance one, and then it will use the temperance party as a means to lift the Church into political power. The clergy have taken hold of the matter, and are organizing a new political party on the prohibition platform, and they ask what ticket but this a Christian man can vote; and, more than this, they declare that there is no other party with which a Christian has a right to vote; and if they succeed in getting the Church population to vote with a temperance party organized on the prohibition platform, they will use it as a means to any unhallowed purpose they choose; and I truly feel that the time will come when I, who am a rabid total abstinence woman and a more rabid prohibitionist, and withal a practical temperance one, shall be driven from the platform as a temperance lecturer, for my experience shows me that they do not want temperance for temperance sake, but only as a means to keep the Church in influence and power, and numbers of temperance men whom I know, free thinkers, will be entrapped into voting the temperance ticket, without understanding that the success of that party means the support of this amendment to the Constitution. Of two evils liberalists should choose the least. If we must have dram-shops, or a religious

amendment to the Constitution, let us have dram-shops a while longer, until such time as we can control them without anger of losing our liberty. Unless churchmen can use the emperance power to enforce their measures, they will not be so anxious the party shall succeed; for hear what the Rev. J. S. Smart says: The temperance party is the only one that is thoroughly committed to temperance and the Sabbath; and furthermore he adds, that when it gets into power, that such men will be put in and kept in office as believe in the Sabbath and are in favor of its compulsory observance. Now, I do not wish to be here understood as wrangling with those who believe in the observance of the Sabbath, for I myself am a Sabbath observer; but I do not believe in that kind of observance which closes up the public libraries and prohibits street-cars and ferry-boats from running on Sunday, shuts up the Post Office and stops the transportation of mails on that day, and prevents people from visiting parks and gardens and other places of interest who have labored hard all the week and cannot spare any other day from their incessant toil in which to do it unless their families suffer in consequence. And prohibiting these things is what they mean when they talk about compulsory observance of the Sabbath; and then they tell us that none but the Jews and Seven-day Baptists will be effected by it; but 'tis false. When these things are prohibited, then they will try to compel you to attend church, and dictate to you as regards what you shall read upon that day. But suppose none but those who keep Saturday for Sunday are to be affected by it, where, I ask, is our boasted freedom in this country if these people be not accorded the right to worship or observe the day which is to them the Sabbath? Nothing tends so much to the downfall of Christianity as a want of consistency and the fear of candid investigation among its adherents. When you cannot answer the arguments of a person, you assail their character. Sophistry has failed to disprove the reasoning of those called radicals, and bigotry that does not think assails the character of every one who is bold enough to venture into untrodden paths. By the right which our laws give me, I protest against that despotism that makes prosecution persecution, as in the case of Victoria C. Woodhull; against schools that are designed for education being conducted to promote sectarianism; against that regulation that demands the convicts in our jails to attend a certain service or observe a day as Sabbath contrary to their religious convictions; and I protest, with all my might, against that religious despotism which would unite Church and State by evangelizing the United States Constitution. This movement has been inaugurated for the sole purpose of crushing out Spiritualism or liberalism, which has been on a rapid increase for the last quarter of a century. Spiritualism is the natural result of the inculcation of the idea of immortality, for no sooner do we fully believe that our beloved dead are immortalized than we desire communication with them; and if the people demand Spiritualism, it is useless for the churches to oppose them. That they do demand it is evident. True, the name is odious, and is spoken only with derision; but let it come to you in a disguised form, and how eagerly you accept it! What was it that produced the widespread popularity and immense sale of Mrs. Phelps' book, "Gates Ajar?" Was it anything but the Spiritualism it contained? Listen to the dedication of that work—that tells the story: "To my father, who is just within the gates, the public are indebted for whatever this contains." And do you say Mrs. Phelps is not a Spiritualist? I answer that makes no difference; her book is full of Spiritualism, and she tells you she has written it under the direct inspiration of her father, who is just within the gates. Not a poem takes hold of the hearts of the people but owes its power to Spiritualism. Not a play in any theatre becomes attractive except through the Spiritualism it contains; and the spirit that shuts out discussion upon subjects the people wish to hear elucidated, is the spirit that burned John Rogers at the stake, that pressed Giles Corey to death and hanged the Quakers in Salem, that mobbed the abolitionists, that arrested Victoria C. Woodhull, that endeavored to gag Annie Hinman, and lastly, that is trying to unite church and State by getting an acknowledgment of the orthodox religion engrafted into the United States Constitution; and this is where we are drifting. And if an amendment to that instrument be made which sanctions the Bible as authority, and Jesus Christ as chief ruler among the nations, then a dictator is inevitable, who must be considered infallible to make known what his supreme wish is. Who shall be that infallible mediator between this invisible and incomprehensible ruler and his earthly subjects? He must be a representative of the Church, of course, and the result of that will be to prevent all persons except Christian rulers from holding office, civil or military, under this government, as none but believers will be able to take the oath of allegiance required from all United States officials. They may tell you that they mean nothing of this kind; but can you not see it is in this direction that this amendment is tending, that after the first step is taken it will be easy for us to drift into the conditions here referred to, as the by-laws of the Y. M. C. A. (I learn from reliable authority) obligate them to vote only for such men for office as are members of evangelical churches. Once establish this precedent and you are carried back to the days of bloody Nero, and your heads will be sold for a shilling, and some of you know it, too. Then do not stand and fold your arms in indifference, and say that it is impossible to inaugurate such a movement. Your indifference and security is the very thing that will make it possible. I tell you a tremendous effort is being made to accomplish this, and to that end a national association has been formed, and they are holding conventions and have been for several years; and Governor Jewell, of Conn., was at one time one of the vice-presidents of this association, but, when he saw that the liberals in their meetings were passing resolutions denouncing him, and declaring that he had forfeited his right to the support of liberal-minded men of all parties, he withdrew his name and said it was used without his knowledge or consent, but it nearly lost him his election in the State for all that. Some of you may think that I take this

to get up an argument against the Church, and that I do not attach to this subject the importance I profess; but I tell you I am in earnest. I know that an effort is being made, which if not abandoned will plunge us into one of the most frightful wars of modern times, which once inaugurated, we shall be powerless to control, and riot and bloodshed will be rampant o'er all the land. This association held its ninth session in New York last winter. They publish a paper which is issued weekly, and during the last year they have raised to carry on the work six thousand dollars with a prospect of increasing it to ten thousand, so reports the treasurer. I attended one session of this convention in New York last February, and there heard a reverend gentleman declare that our United States Constitution was a profane document, and that it was an insult to God, and he complained that it degraded Christianity to the level of other religions, and why? simply because it guarantees to every one the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience or understanding. If Christianity is pre-eminent over other religions, then let its votaries prove it so by living the principles of him they profess to typify, and trust the triumph of their cause, as I trust mine, to the eternal law of right and the power of truth over the human soul, and not by brute force and strategy compel others to acknowledge them superior, contrary to their honest convictions. Once engraft the Christian religion into the national constitution, and you see plainly that no one will be able to take the oath of office except he be an evangelical Christian. This might seem to do if they could only convince us that they were the best and also the most competent to rule; but since it is a well understood fact that not only laymen have their shortcomings, but also the clergymen, and since statistics prove that there are as many criminals among ministers as any class according to their percentage, and inasmuch as many of them have been found guilty of the most atrocious seductions, others of child-whipping, inhumanly wife-starving, and murder in other ways, also rape, robbery, debauchery and dissipation, we cannot trust them to rule over us. When I pick up such papers as the *Christian Statesman* and the *Church Union*, and read in their editorials that our constitution is a "Godless one," that it is "thoroughly heathenish and infidel," and hear the "fathers of this republic" denounced for neglecting to impose upon its subjects some compulsory religious obligations; and when I from time to time am made to feel, as I have been recently, that if religion ruled we should all be slaves, and not have the right to express a thought or idea that was not in harmony with this prevailing and almost effete system of religious faith, I think it time to sound the alarm. They would have us think it was "Christianity against infidelity." 'Tis no such thing; they deceive you. It is Christianity against liberty; and if Christianity threatens to destroy liberty, we must take care of it and render it powerless to do so. With what jealous care did the framers of our constitution guard against the interference of religionists with the affairs of the nation. With what thoughtful solicitude did they lay the foundation of this American government. They were aware of the despotic power of religion, wherever it assumed control of human affairs. They knew that Christians were no more worthy to be trusted with civil power than religionists of other sects not denominated Christians. Hence, notwithstanding the constitution of the United States especially declares that "no religious test should ever be required as a qualification to office," its framers were fearful that this might not be sufficient, and to be sure and avoid all chance of danger of a religious character, Congress at its first session passed an amendment in which it was declared that "Congress should make no laws respecting the establishment of religion and the free exercise thereof;" and still, in the face of all this, we find these reverend gentlemen petitioning Congress to amend and sectarianize the Constitution, thereby destroying that part of it which guarantees religious freedom to all. Those that have no intuitive power of foreshadowing coming events may say nonsense, fanaticism, and the like of that; but that does not alter facts. Hear what Prof. Jonathan Edwards said in the Convention last winter: "Atheists and infidels are ignorant, and know nothing about their rights, except what they have learned of us. They have no rights which we respect, except the right to live like any other poor lunatics; and if men cannot take an oath under a Christian government, let them go to a Christian prison, for Christianity must prevail at any cost." This language is significant, and does not manifest much of the spirit of the "meek and lowly Nazarene," and shows just how much liberty liberals would have if this amendment was carried. I for one have no wish to infringe upon the rights of others; and when I say that, I believe I reiterate the sentiments of all liberals; and while the Church have their organizations, their institutions and their bibles, and more than equal privileges under the law and in the customs of the people, we would ask them to be content with these, without seeking to destroy the rights of those who are not of their belief, but who are equally eminent as citizens of moral worth and integrity of character. Cannot these reverend D. D.'s be satisfied to remain as they are, the especial favorites of law and usage, without instigating the Christian population to attempt the usurpation of State, and thereby fan into flame the dangerous fires of religious bigotry, which, when once kindled, cannot fail to destroy the whole fabric of creedal Christianity by opening the eyes of the people to the fact that creeds and freedom are incompatible. Is it not enough that they ride on all the railroads on ministers' tickets, for which they are charged only half fare, and that Church property is exempt from taxation everywhere. We have about sixty thousand churches in the United States, valued at nearly three hundred millions of dollars. Trinity church, in New York city, is alone possessed of wealth enough to furnish a home to every poor family in that great State, a claim to between fifty and sixty millions of dollars worth of real estate having recently been tested in the Courts of that city. In 1871 the Legislature of Connecticut exempted from taxation church property and parsonages to the amount of a specified number of thou-

sands, in direct violation of the State constitution, which declares "that no men or class of men shall be entitled to privileges in the State," and that "no religious sect shall be entitled to preference by special act." Now a poor man who, by industry and hard labor, just makes out to purchase a small house and a few acres of land, must pay heavy taxes to make up for the deficiency in the State and national treasury, made by granting these special favors, the recipients of which are now engaged in concocting a scheme which, if successful, cannot fail to precipitate us into one of the bloodiest wars the world has ever known. If you doubt this, you should have my experience. When I was in Keene, N. H., two winters ago, giving a course of lectures, a petition to shut up the dram shops was handed to the Rev. Mr. Leech for his signature, to which he replied that he would rather have them multiplied by two than have another Unitarian church there or another course of lectures on Spiritualism. This was a good illustration of the remark made by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, D. D., in the Convention above referred to, "that there was nothing out of hell that he would not tolerate sooner than atheism." Now, atheism is not so prevalent that it becomes necessary to declare against it to the extent that the Constitution must be amended to control it, but on the contrary, it has been on the decrease for the last quarter of a century. What then does this language mean? It means this, that liberalism is to them atheism; in short, everything that is not of them is infidelity, and what they are determined to do is to combine their forces to crush out liberalism. In the words of Patrick Henry, "Let us not deceive ourselves longer;" this language is meant for liberals as well as atheists, and means that in their sectarian blindness they would sooner tolerate dram-shops, gambling-hells, houses of prostitution, crime and vice in any form, rather than a church founded on morality instead of total depravity, and which presented Christ as an example instead of a Saviour.

There is only one way in which, in my humble opinion, and it is only a woman's opinion I offer, this matter can be settled without bloodshed, and that is for all liberals to make such a determined resistance as will dissuade them from their purpose, by giving them to understand that we will never be made to set our signatures to the ideas of "original sin," "endless torments in hell," total depravity, "the story of Jonah and the whale," and a thousand other absurdities as God's truth; but we shall have our right to use our powers of discernment so that we need believe only those things our best judgment and highest wisdom commend. And we say no longer, Christians by your leave. If you can be content with the more than equal privileges you now enjoy all well, but if you venture the "forlorn hope," you can read your doom in the Christian slaveholders' revolt against our free institutions, and you need not charge the results upon us, for upon your skirts be the blood of those slain in the conflict. For my part I have had enough of war. My father, in the "golden autumn" of his days, laid his life a willing sacrifice on the altar of his country, and my youngest brother languished two years in rebel prisons and came out ruined in health; and besides these, other tried and true friends, until now I stand alone and have nothing further to sacrifice, but my great sympathy with those who are not thus isolated leads me to exclaim: We have had enough of war, but we must have our liberty, peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must, and we give due notice here and now what we shall do if this religious amendment to the United States Constitution be railroaded through Congress. We have another Constitution already framed, and we shall proceed to call a Convention and adopt it, and shall write a new declaration of independence in which we shall declare our emancipation from creeds, and shall proceed to execute it with powder and bullets if need be. We shall trust nothing to chance, for believing that Providence helps those that help themselves, we are convinced with old Napoleon "that God is always on the side where is the strongest battalion." If young and athletic radicalism is permitted to grapple with old, gray, gaunt conservatism, the struggle will be short and decisive, and radicalism will be obliged through the law of stern necessity to give to this aged sire the death-blow. Radicalism does not want to do this, but must if there is no other alternative. I hold that the principles of religious liberty are infinitely more important than any creed or article of faith, or any system of belief, even though it be concerning the all-important facts of immortality and the existence of a God. Let us have religious liberty first, despite any tenets of belief among any class, be they Evangelical Christians, Liberals or Spiritualists. This is a progressive age and the next will be more so, and a religion that is not broad enough to take in all the interests of humanity, all that concerns the progress and happiness of individuals and nations, cannot be the religion of the twentieth century. Let us have liberty though Evangelicalism, Liberalism, Spiritualism and every other ism go down. Give me open halls and free speech, and if I teach doctrines that are unphilosophical, impractical and demoralizing, the people will know it just as well as the clergy, and I shall soon have only empty benches for auditors; but if, to the contrary, there be some attracted by the inherent beauties of my gospel of love and charity for all, and are made better thereby, then let us cease our wranglings and jealous bickerings, and possess ourselves of a disposition to co-operate with each other for the greatest good of all, for the waves of coming conflict which will convulse Christendom are already being felt, and by that intuition within me, I can but exclaim—Woe! woe! to the Church, for it is fast rushing round and round the fated circle of absorbing ruin. The deep heavings even now begin to swell beneath it, and men's hearts are failing within them from very fear; the thunders of warning rumble in the distance, and all things betide the rising of that final storm of retributive justice which will forever sweep away this vain refuge of lies. Then let us unite, no matter whether we be Universalists, Unitarians, Materialists, Infidels or Spiritualists, as in a common cause, for the blow is not aimed at one but all, and to wrangle among ourselves is to give quarter to the enemy who, if liberals, regardless of name, will be united, can be

overcome and forced into this gulf of absorbing ruin which they have prepared for themselves, and thereby save our ship of State from the vortex of religious fanaticism toward which it is now drifting. "Let us not forget that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance."

SOCIALISTIC.

SPEECH

Of Mrs. Lois Watsbrooker at the Chicago Convention, omitted in our report of the proceedings.

Surface minds rest in effects; cover, repudiate, or lay claim to, just as said effects chance to please or displease those who hold the reins of power. It matters not as to said course of action, whether the actor seeks power and place, or simply desires peace and rest, under the existing order of things. Having decided that "What can't be cured must be endured," they strive (if benevolent) to palliate where they can, and to cover, hide away from public gaze, where they cannot.

But there is another class of minds who seek for causes, and having found, set to work to remove those, which from their very nature must inevitably produce the bitter fruits, which, in spite of all attempts at palliation or secrecy, are everywhere so apparent. Several weeks since there appeared in the columns of *Our Age* a letter from the first lady who presided over this Association as its president, in which she asks the question, "Why a woman seemingly of Mrs. Wood's qualifications, education and experience, should engage in any business, and live a life that her own soul does not sanction?" and goes on to say that "such a woman has no need of making merchandise of her charms and graces for bread."

And the editorial comment upon said question was, "I will tell you WHY, as soon as I can get to it; and the WHY I shall give, I have never even heard hinted at by others. My position may be vulnerable, but I believe it to be impregnable." As the agitation increases, when the subject of freedom for woman is talked of; as misrepresentations multiply; as honest confession is met with repudiation, while sneaking hypocrisy comes to the front (or tries to) and talks long and loud of the purity of Spiritualism, demanding its freedom from side issues. I am led to ask "Why is it? Why all this disturbance? Why is it, when prostitution runs riot on our streets, that leading Spiritualists do not seem particularly distressed? When advertisements for the cure of diseases brought on by abuse of the sexual functions are posted upon almost every street corner, there is manifest no particular anxiety about the matter by those who so earnestly desire the respectability of Spiritualism. When women are forced to prostitute their bodies daily to the abuse of legal brutes called husbands—call themselves virtuous, and shrink from the very touch of the garments of the more womanly woman who is prostituted illegally, forced thereto by the damnable edict of respectability, because she loved in purity of soul and trusted illegally;—when Spiritualists know all this to be true, and they know also that broken health, diseased, discordant children, are the legitimate fruits of these legal prostitutions—evils fully as terrible as those that arise from illegal prostitution. And further, Spiritualists everywhere are ready to acknowledge that woman, as a sex, is less sensually inclined, loves more from the spiritual, than man. We, as a body, admit all this in theory; but why is it then that when a portion of us propose to carry it out in practice—to give woman control of her own person—demand that the wealth of the world shall be so used that she shall not be pressed, either directly or indirectly, into giving herself from the money plane, or in other words, for a support; why is it when we demand this, that the spasms of respectability are so terrible that the Spiritualistic body seems about to be rent in sunder. Theory is well enough, but practice would be terrible. It is well enough TO TALK of the more spiritual nature of woman, but to trust that nature in its own keeping would destroy the pure influence of Spiritualism, unless Spiritualism, or rather Spiritualists, repudiate at once and forever the damnable heresy. Now, why is this? I ask, why this terrible agitation, when we propose to work for a reconstruction of society, which will practically exemplify the truth or falsity of the theory which accords to woman a higher spirituality than to man? I ask the question, and I propose to answer, and in doing so shall answer Mrs. Brown's question as to why such women as Jennie Wood should follow a disreputable business—disreputable, but lucrative, through the support of respectable society. Were there no respectables to sustain disreputable houses, they would sink at once and forever from sight; and yet, Spiritualists are so anxious to be RESPECTABLE. But I have said that I would answer my own questioning. But to do so I must state my premises, and reason from thence to the conclusion; and further, my premises must be such as so commend themselves to the soul consciousness that no honest man or woman can object thereto. Swedenborg says that every one is as their ruling love is. No matter how imperfect the results as to carrying out the legitimate ends of that love—the love which rules decides the character. Is there any thinking man or woman who will deny that this is so? Are not all our decisions as to the real character of an individual based upon the motive which prompts, rather than upon the result of their acts? The man who gives a hundred dollars that he may win the applause of the world, and the man who gives five that he may bless another—is it the sum given, the amount of good resulting, or the ruling love which prompts the givers, that decides their characters? There is, there can be no difference of opinion here. Another point. All the forces, all the powers of the being will be used (wisely or unwisely, as the intelligence of the individual shall determine), but all will necessarily be used, so far as they are used at all, to forward the objects of their ruling love. There can be no difference of opinion here: the statement has only to be understood to command assent. Still another point. It has been demonstrated beyond the power of contradiction that without the union of the two forces, known as masculine and feminine, there is, there can be no form of life, of growth. And, still

further, the nature of all forms of life is decided first, by the degree of the development of the elements which enter into the compound; second, by the ruling force, or element of said compound.

The above positions are as impregnable as are the axioms of mathematics, and upon them, as upon a rock which cannot be moved, I propose to build the argument which shall meet the demands of our questioning. First, character is according to the ruling love. What is the ruling love of Society to-day? Need we ask? Need we stop to inquire, when we feel the pressure of its power on every side? When, without it we are slaves, and with it we are masters of the situation? Money is God, and all the people obey. Acquisitiveness rules, and all the powers of the being obey. Love, tenderness, charity, religion, all are the bond servants to this money-God, chained to his chariot wheels, crushed by his relentless tread, if they dare to put themselves in his way.

But all life, all activity, is generated by the union of the two forces, known as the masculine and feminine. All life, not simply physical, as embodied in plants and animals, but mental life, spiritual life, society life. An individual may have a large and well balanced front brain, and top brain, but without a corresponding back brain, there is no life, no power. Such persons resemble, in the individual powers, or organs of the brain, a splendid train of palace cars without an engine, with no fuel—powerless for use, but good to look at. The life of the ruling power in individuals and in society, must come from the back brain; and further, the organ of the front or top brain, to which the creative force of the back brain gives the most of its life, rules the others, and through them the entire being. Carrying out the proposition to its ultimate, the greatest number who are ruled by it, whose creative life forces go to invigorate the same front or top brain organ, constitute the majority, and rule society; and, having seized the throne, force all the others to aid them in maintaining it. But, we find that not only certain forces are necessary to the organization of individual life, and of society life, but that that, upon which said life is continued, must possess the same elements. The man whose ruling love is money, is not at home with those whose ruling love is benevolence, for the atmosphere generated by the latter, does not furnish the element needed to enable the money love to hold its supremacy; and, being the ruling love, it takes the man to an atmosphere generated by the money power, for there only can it breathe freely. But, remember, that the back brain gives its creative forces to that organ of the front or top brain which rules, gives character to the others; and further, that every individual carries about him or her, an atmosphere like unto themselves—generates said atmosphere from the active forces of their own being. But said atmosphere is not fitted to aid in perpetuating its own kind of life, unless it is made up of both masculine and feminine elements.

In other words, the man whose ruling love is money, cannot breathe freely—cannot have an atmosphere suited to the supremacy of said love, unless he mingles with women whose ruling love is also money; and he must not only mingle with them fraternally, but sexually—that is, either directly or indirectly. You will ask how one can associate sexually indirectly. Whenever we appropriate magnetic elements of one of the opposite sex, whose ruling love is like unto our own, we associate sexually indirectly; for their sexual life permeating their ruling love is given off in their magnetic sphere, and in appropriating that magnetism, we use that element of the sexual which is like unto ours in character, and opposite only in its sex, thus fitting it to blend with ours in making our ruling love fruitful in the realm of active life.

We have seen that the ruling love of society, as it exists to-day, is the money element—that this love, to hold its place, must have its proper element of sustenance—that said element, to give life activities, must be both masculine and feminine. Consequently, so long as the money power is in the ascendancy, woman must of necessity be mercenary in her love; and, if not naturally so, must be made and held so by the force of circumstances; and in no way could this have been done so effectually as it has by making her subject to man in the matter of sex, and dependent on him for support and protection. Woman's whole being is subject to man, in the present order of society, just so far as that which constitutes her woman, affects her life or happiness. She must wait till man asks her to be his wife. She must not herself make a movement looking in that direction, or she is considered unwomanly; so she must wait her natural life alone, or accept something short of that which is recognized by society as marriage; and, if the latter, then she is ostracised—shut up to the merchandise of herself for support. Man has control of the avenues of wealth, and will hold woman's wages to the lowest point possible; that is the wages of labor, while he uses the money that has been wrung from the virtuous woman's toil to pay for sexual gratification. He does this at the command of the ruling love, which is that of money, and true to the universal law which demands two forces in union, in order to active, successful life, he tempts woman to a mercenary use of her sexual nature, tempts her from one direction and drives her from one direction to another, forces necessities upon her through the control of the wealth of the world, and then tempts those necessities with money rewards. Love, devotion, maternal, filial or conjugal tenderness—love in some form—is the ruling power of woman's soul, when unperturbed. And this is particularly true of her sexual nature; she yields it where she loves, and only there when left free from outside pressure. This sex life of woman, controlled by, and giving life to first the special, and secondly the universal, maternal, would, in freedom, control all the remaining organs of the brain, or the powers of the soul through them in the service of humanity, acquisitiveness not excepted. With this, the ruling love of woman, to wit: the maternal in the ascendancy, as it would be if she had the entire disposal of her sexual nature, making man's subject to her in this direction, instead of hers to him, as it now is, for the sexual magnetism given off in vitalizing life's activities, would not, could not then be, from the money, but

from the love plane. With this, the ruling love of woman, the ascendancy, monopolies of wealth, to the injury of the masses would be impossible, for the vitalizing life for such condition would be wanting, and of course the condition itself could not exist. The mockeries of wealth, in contrast with the wretchedness of rags and hunger, would no more be known, for the woman hand, guided by the woman heart unperturbed by forced obedience to the money-God—now God no longer—that hand, guided by the true maternal heart of woman, would wipe the tears from off all faces.

We see why it is, then, that brothels can exist, and marital infidelity run rampant all over the land, and the churches be comparatively silent, and Spiritualists so carried by the tidal current—so held in the grasp of the dominant power, that they seem but little exercised upon the subject; but when it is proposed that woman shall be set entirely free from subjection to man, sexually, then the anxiety for the preservation of purity, manifested from all quarters, is wonderful to behold. For the preservation of purity! we must first have it before it can be preserved; and true purity we never can have so long as we are under the rule of the present order of things. We can see also why such women as Jennie Wood, intellectual, educated, largely maternal in her soul, we can see why such are held to a life their souls repudiate. They are held there by the power of the ruling love—the God of society.

We can see, also, the power that will be brought to bear against us. We are rebels in the fullest sense of that word. We are determined to overthrow the ruling power, to dethrone it and to place the Christ of love, existing in woman's soul, upon the throne. That Christ who has worn the crown of thorns and had the wormwood and the gall pressed to the lips, through the ages of the past—has been crucified between the two thieves of marriage and prostitution till the very heavens are black with agony, and the veil of the temple of hypocrisy is being rent in twain from the top to the bottom. Soon the passion of suffering will be finished and the resurrection morn be ushered in. Already the angels have descended to roll back the stone from the door of the sepulchre.

The *N. Y. Tribune*, of the 17th inst, says:

A Detroit wife has demanded a divorce from her husband upon the following grounds: 1. He is inebriated on an average twenty-seven days in every month; 2. He cut off her hair while she slumbered; 3. He is accustomed to wake her at daylight by throwing several pails of cold water over the bed; 4. He has attempted to force kerosene oil down her throat; 5. He has forced her to go without shoes and stockings; 6. He puts hot potatoes in her hands and then mashes them by squeezing her fingers. It is thought by a majority of the best lawyers in Detroit that this singularly treated dame is entitled to a separation; but it isn't a case upon which we should like to express an opinion until we hear what the husband has to say about it.

That is to say, we suppose, if the husband should disclose on his side of the story, that she is equally at fault with him, then there should be no divorce granted, and the beautiful life, made more so by his showing, should be continued. Philosophers these men are!

A SHORT SERMON.

BY DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD.

"Love worketh no ill to his neighbor: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law."—Rom. xiii., 10.

We also read in the Scriptures that "God is love," and that "Perfect love casts out fear; that 'God is all and in all.' Every manifestation of Nature demonstrates the above to be true; and more, that the social world is now propelled by the magnetic currents of love, whose accumulated might outstrips that of all former ages, because it has been fed along the shores of time by the countless tributaries of all the past eras. How changed has become the whole social structure within the space of a short period. And O, how changing still will be the aspect of the world; for the great change has not yet come when all nations shall be united into one great and harmonious family. Love is the most effectual purifier of man; it will reach down to the deep sources of human action, and cleanse the fountain from which the streams of life go forth. As an attribute of the Divine Being, it forms the true spirit of saving power. It is the living magnet by which the sexes are drawn together, warmed and strengthened in every good word and work of reform. Woman will no longer be forced, and man will no longer be driven; but the attractive influences of love will draw and lead them in the journey of life.

Love is indeed the most beautiful angel of the human soul. It whispers to the mourner words of life and progress; it lifts up the fallen, and saves the tempted; it breaks the chains of vicious habits and passions; it lends a helping hand to the down-trodden and oppressed. Love has no chains to bind, no walls to rear and no sects to form, because it is the all-expanding principle of the universe; it dwells in all the untarnished beauties of earth, and beams from the active spheres of heaven. It is the everlasting gospel of the spirit. No other doctrine receives the sanction of truth; no other awakens a lively response in the human heart. There is an expansiveness in this gospel of love which never can be fully reached, but which will lead the mind on further and further still, opening to the interior vision that world of life and progress where they "neither marry nor are given in marriage."

FITCHBURG, Mass., October 16, 1873.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Oct. 10, 1873.

We the undersigned, believing that love consummated under the direction of the intellect, constitutes true marriage, do now make public the marriage entered into between ourselves in July last, and here reiterate our pledge to abide thereby, so long as love and reason sanction the relation.

SUSIE TOUSEY,
A. B. FULLER.

THE SOCIAL QUESTION—No. 2.

BY JOHN BROWN SMITH.

It is now generally conceded that all of the processes of growth and unfoldment, in both the spiritual and material side of life, are the result of intelligent observance of natural law. If the discussion of the social question is to be of any practical value in the way of making it plain how we can improve the spiritual, moral, mental and physical condition of the race, we must come to an intelligent understanding of the laws of development. As physical law is the foundation of the growth of our bodies, it is self-evident that the highest improvement cannot be attained if we remain in ignorance of (or knowingly violate) physiological law. If it is desired to produce the noblest and most harmonious specimens of beauty in our children, we must so regulate our lives to the laws of growth as to present vigorous bodies at the conceptive period. In order to secure a healthy evolution and continuance of the species, it is of the first importance to have sound, vigorous and well-developed parents, because the highest results cannot be realized if this point is neglected. I will direct your attention to an analysis of this side of the question as follows:

1st. What are the elementary conditions best calculated to produce the highest development of the organism?

It is only necessary to make allusion to well-known facts and established principles regarding the prominent characteristics which identify races, families, or the individual mind, in order to impress us with the fact that these idiosyncrasies are but the inevitable result of pre-natal and subsequent influences, which constantly exert a controlling power in the gradual changes going forward in the organism. Longevity, talent, energy, as well as mental and moral peculiarities, are, to a great extent, dependent upon hereditary transmission of parental qualities, under favorable conditions; but races and families are subject to ever-changing conditions, which always exert a modifying effect upon all of the vital operations of Nature.

A critical analysis, combined with practical experience, has established, to scientific stock raisers, that in the improvement of domestic animals, a judicious system of hygiene, a proper dietetic regimen, combined with the observation of other important conditions, they can in a large degree have the improvement of animals under an intelligent control. The skillful horticulturist understands well the broad practical application of this principle when he makes a rigid analysis of the soil, that he may better understand what the deficient elements are which need to be supplied in order to produce a more abundant growth of the stem, or its fruit, as he may most desire. A careful observation of the best conditions for the propagation and improvement of grains, vegetables and flowers, has resulted in a surprising number of varieties, as well as a marked improvement in the quality, of these beautiful embellishments of earth. Compare the flower gardens of our grandmothers, with their scanty variety, coarse in texture, deficient in the velvety harmonies of delicate beauty, with the improved varieties found in the modern flower garden, and we involuntarily exclaim, What causes have produced such grand results? The careful culture, and the practical direction of the minds of scientific men to make new researches in the physiology and improvement of plants, has resulted in the production of an almost endless variety of flowers which possess a texture of delicate beauty, unknown in the last century; and still changes go on in this department of plant culture which admonish us in beautiful monuments of practical success, that man, directed by intelligence and skill, can modify and improve the flowers of the field, as well as hasten their attainment of an inherent artistic development. It is not necessary to do anything more than mention the fact, that a like degree of progress has been made in the improvement of domestic animals. The various qualities which call forth our admiration in the well-bred domestic animal, have been produced by a systematic observance of conditions and law; and this result has been accomplished through an intelligent application of the laws of precreative evolution.

Our physical structures are subject to the same laws as the other departments of animal life; and just in the ratio that human life is superior to the animal or the vegetable world, will the necessity of applying accumulated experience to the successful development of the latent capacities of humanity be apparent. A brief glance at the elementary stages of growth in animal and vegetable life will enforce the vital necessity of correct dietetic habits as an absolute essential to the attainment of the most exalted phase of existence, consistent with the continuous improvement of the race.

The first rude generous effort of nature was devoted to producing plants and animals of a prodigious size, but the continued evolution of millions of years has produced changes in the earth's surface which enable it to produce animals and vegetation superior in texture and quality, though less in size. This same law of progression has been silently at work from the production of the single cells of organized life to the production of the complex organism of man in his rudimentary state, living on the wild fruits of the forest, or as his necessities or acquired skill enabled him to destroy the weaker or less skillful animals for food. A continuous improvement in the quality of animal and vegetable life used as food, in conjunction with a more extended use of the mental and spiritual faculties, resulted in the man of the older traditional times. The early habits of the race were

extremely simple when compared with the customs of what we term advanced civilization to-day. Our remote ancestors grew to maturity in the bright invigorating light of the sun; they roamed the forests in quest of nuts or fruit; they followed the excitement of the chase as a means of supplying their actual necessities for food and clothing; they attended to their pastoral duties in watching their flocks of domestic animals, or perchance they engaged in rude methods of agriculture for raising a scanty supply of grains for food, or their industrial skill was confined to spinning and weaving by hand the wool of the sheep or goat into coarse fabrics for clothing; they lived in caves, rude huts or tents, and enjoyed the pure, undefiled atmosphere of nature without an abundant supply of the vile effluvia so prevalent in our cities. The simple habits of the American Indian, where they have not been abandoned for the habits of the white race; will furnish a very fair illustration of the actual condition of our remote ancestors, with the exception that some races were more inclined to pastoral habits, and less inclined to warlike propensities than the Indian. It is true that the food of the Indian has been largely the flesh of the animal kingdom, but it has been cooked in a very plain and simple manner. The flesh of the wild animals of the forest is indeed very different from the flesh furnished by our markets; the former is raised amid the pure atmosphere and natural magnetism of the forests, while the latter is raised amid forced and unnatural conditions, incident to civilization. It is a scientific fact that the Indians of America have a better developed physique than any white race upon earth; they are more lithe, graceful and better proportioned than the white man; they are more healthy, and have a more normal condition of the body and its magnetisms. The spirit world understand these facts, and almost always make use of the *despised Indian spirit* for the purpose of giving magnetism to mediums and healers; they inform us that they are more balanced in their physical organism, have a finer sense of intuition in regard to the natural, and are purer and more powerful in their magnetic powers. It is true they are not developed intellectually up to our ideas of civilization, but they have a more natural and correct conception of this life, as well as of the future spirit life, than three-fourths of the white race who boast of their advanced Christian civilization. We need to modify our habits of civilization, so as to give us the simplicity of nature by the introduction of more sunlight and better ventilation into our dwellings; the adoption of more sensible habits of dress and fashion; the adoption of scientific methods of training of both mind and body, and more country out-door life; and especially a thorough return to the most natural or simple methods of preparing the food we eat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS FREEDOM

BY WARREN CHASE.

From the earliest days of religious authority in the government of what are called Christian nations, every step toward religious freedom has been opposed, resisted and suppressed as far as the church could do it. She has ever warned and alarmed the people, and terrified them with the most terrible calamities that would follow a departure from the institutions of the church. When she could she put the speculating, mental and spiritual adventurers to death. When she could go no further than the rack or dungeon she used them, and when she could not use them she anathematized and socially ostracized the adventurers; and the same has been true of both the Catholic and Protestant branches, as each had power to do it. Only by slow degrees and step by step has religious liberty been evolved; from the Catholic to the Protestant, and from the first Protestant to the various branches into which the Lutheran and Calvinistic heresies have divided. Only in this country, where there is a partial but not a complete separation of Church and State, has religious liberty been secured, and here it is not yet complete. Even here religious prejudice will not let those who conscientiously believe it a sacred and religious duty to burn the bodies of their dead, do it even though requested by the deceased party in their dying words. There are many cases in which some religious bigots attempt to ostracize their more advanced neighbors and establish a social hierarchy on a Christian basis or credal platform, but the great body of our people are nearly up to the idea of granting and claiming religious freedom and acknowledging equal religious rights to all citizens, so far as they do not infringe on the personal rights of others.

The real and pretended fears of alarmists are nearly overcome with practical results of Protestant success and the constant improvement of the people under more and more liberal religious societies and individual conscience.

Now comes the social problem to be solved by the same process of opposition to sectarian bigotry and ignorant fear of social liberty. The alarmists are again up with fire and faggot, rack, stake and prison, and as they cannot use the law they attempt to use the ignorant mob and popular prejudice aroused in the minds of those who never reason on the subject and dare not trust the truth to suppress the error in open controversy. Honest people ask why do you get God, through a priest, to bind two persons together who may live in misery, tormenting each other all their lives and bringing unwelcome children into miserable conditions of life, and denying separation except by death. The old Church has no answer but her infallible God-authority that no man can put them asunder since God did marry them to each other. But many of the Church and State dignitaries desiring separations for themselves, mostly for mercenary purposes, overrode the divine law of the Mother Church and decreed, in spite of her authority, that the courts could unite as well as God, and that the said courts could, by exposing

all the vile, corrupt and wicked actions of one or both parties, separate them also, at such cost and exposure that the poor could not have the benefit of the law, and the rich only by submitting one party to abuse, scandal and social ostracism and that party usually the female. This first step of divorce was fought by the old Church but carried by interested parties with such restrictions that the poor could not, in the old countries, avail themselves of its advantages, but in this country, with the bitterest opposition, the divorce laws became more and more liberal, until they have become in some States, quite cheap and easy, and the tendency is still toward more liberal statutes notwithstanding the conservative alarm and timid resistance of the people.

Now comes the next great question, unmet, except by alarm at social freedom, and the terrible wrath of God, manifested in His churches at their loss of power, and the courts and bar at their loss of business. The question is: Since you have made marriage and divorce matter of civil contract, subject to especial State laws, and made a great, scandalous, expensive business of divorce, why not let it go into the general law of civil contracts, and let the parties make and dissolve their own contracts, subject to record, enforcement and dissolution by the parties who are alone interested and involved in them, and calling in the courts only when they cannot settle their own affairs? What is the necessity of a third party to legalize marriage, when the parties themselves can alone consummate it, and do it in all cases where it really is a marriage? And where the parties really agree to separate, and do divorce themselves, what is the necessity for dragging their shortcomings and evil doings before the courts and country, as examples for the young? Why not let them dissolve the contract and legal record, and part in peace? since no one can be interested in keeping unhappy couples together who want to part.

But this is social freedom and its demand and its legal limits as we understand it, and it cannot be met by argument and successfully resisted, hence the alarm and the terrible excitement and prejudice against Free Lovers. Nobody asks the law to protect freebooters; and as for free love, it is as free as it ever was or ever will be, and no law will make it more or less so. In one sense, love is never free; that is, it is never subject to the will, or free to its use; in another sense it is always free, or never subject to statute law nor human will. It is really a subtle, material element, and enters into the organic structure of all living things. And its laws we as yet know very little about, but when we do, it will be regulated as electricity and magnetism are. Let us calmly discuss this whole subject and decide what is best for all.

VICTORIA WOODHULL AND THE RADICAL CLUB.—At the close of the meeting of the Boston Spiritualists' Union, last night, it was announced by Mrs. Sarah B. Otis that at the last meeting of the Boston Radical Club it was voted, on motion of Rev. C. A. Bartol, that Victoria C. Woodhull should be invited to attend the club.—*Boston Herald, Oct. 27, 1873.*

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 unmuzzled 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 Allen, Stoneham, Mass.
J. I. Arnold, Clyde, O.
J. O. Barrett, Battle Creek, Mich.
Mrs. M. F. M. Brown, National City, Cal.
Addie L. Ballou, Terra Haute, Ind.
Warren Chase, St. Louis, Mo.
Mrs. Jennette J. Clark, Montpelier, Vt.
Prof. J. H. Cook, Columbus, Kan.
A. Briggs Davis, Clinton, Mass.
Miss Nellie L. Davis, North Billerica, Mass.
Lizzie Doten, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. L. E. Drake, Plainwell, Mich.
R. G. Eccles, Andover, Ohio.
James Foran, M. D., Waverly, N. Y.
I. P. Greenleaf, 27 Milford street, Boston, Mass.
Anthony Higgins, Jersey City, N. J.
E. Annie Hinman, West Winsted, Ct.
D. W. Hull, Hobart, Ind.
Charles Holt, Warren, Pa.
Mrs. Elvira Hull, Vineland, N. J.
Moses Hull, Vineland, N. J.
R. W. Hume, Hunter's Point, L. I.
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.
Dr. Geo. Newcomer, Jackson, Mich.
Mrs. L. H. Perkins, Kansas City, Mo.
J. H. Randall, Clyde, O.
A. C. Robinson, Lynn, Mass.
Wm. Rose, M. D., 102 Murison street, Cleveland.
Elvira Wheelock Ruggles, Havana, Ill.
Julia A. B. Seiver, Houston, Florida.
Mrs. J. H. Severance, Milwaukee, Wis.
C. W. Stewart, Box 1306, Janesville, Wis.
Laura Cuppy Smith, Daily Union Office, Detroit, Mich.
M. L. Sherman, Adrian, Mich.
John Brown Smith, 812 N. 10th st, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. H. T. Stearns, Corry, Pa.
Dr. I. D. Seely, 635 West Lake street, Chicago.
Mrs. R. Fell Seely, 635 West Lake street, Chicago.
Mrs. C. M. Stowe, San Jose, Cal.
Dr. H. B. Storer, 137 Harrison avenue, Boston, Mass.
C. W. Stewart, Janesville, Wis.
J. H. W. Toshey, Providence, R. I.
F. L. H. Wildis, Willimantic, Ct.
Lois Waisbrooker, Battle Creek, Mich.
Elijah Woodworth, Leslie, Mich.

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"The diseases of society can, no more than corporeal maladies, be prevented or cured without being spoken about in plain language."—JOHN STUART MILL.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 8 1873.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Hereafter all communications for the paper, whether business or otherwise, should be addressed to WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, box 3,791 New York City. Postal orders should also be made payable to Woodhull & Claflin.

RENEWALS AND NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

For every renewal or new subscription for one year, received by us before the 1st of December proximo, we will send, besides the paper for one year, the "Proceedings of the Convention at Chicago," a pamphlet of 250 pages, including Victoria C. Woodhull's last and most important of all her orations, entitled "The Elixir of Life; or, Why do we die?" The price of this is fifty cents a single copy, post-paid, \$4.50 per dozen, or \$30 per thousand; or the Convention proper, without the speech of Mrs. Woodhull, or the speech without the proceedings, half these rates. Remember, until December 1st only, in which to renew or subscribe and get these important records of the march of progress.

ORGANIZATION.

Wherever there are fifteen persons desirous of establishing the New Organization of the Universal Association of Spiritualists, they should at once get together and organize under the new Constitution, sending in their report to the Secretary of the Association, Wm. F. Jamieson, 172 and 174 Clark street, Chicago, Ills. A little earnest and well-directed effort during the coming year, on the part of Progressive Spiritualists, will secure an organized power that Spiritualists have never had. It is time that Spiritualism should be made something more than a mere negation of old religious systems. It should become a positive power in the world, and, dropping the cant of side issues, take up the basic principles of the only thing worthy the name of reform—the methods by which a better race of men and women may be possible. Wherever, we repeat, there are fifteen or more persons in whose souls this living inspiration has had birth, they should organize, and that without delay.

LECTURES IN THE EAST.

Victoria C. Woodhull is engaged to deliver lectures at the following places in the vicinity of Boston, viz.:
Mechanics' Hall, Salem, Tuesday, October 28.
City Hall, Lawrence, Wednesday, October 29.
Huntington Hall, Lowell, Thursday, October 30.
Gloucester, Friday, October 31.
City Hall, Newburyport, Saturday, November 1.
Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, Monday, November 2.

THE INTELLECTUAL TENDENCY OF THE AGE.

No one will question the superior tendencies of this generation toward the purely intellectual. At no era in the world's history was there so great and rapid advance resulting from intellectual capacity and application. In whatever department it may be sought unmistakable evidence is found, that intellect is carrying the world with wondrous speed onward toward a scientific solution of all the physical needs of humanity. In mechanics, every day turns out some new invention to meet a requirement for cheaper production or an improved method for something already acquired. In agriculture, improved grades of production are constantly being adopted. In literature, new and until now unheard-of ideas are all the while being advanced; while the speculative sciences, and philosophies seem every year approaching a rational analysis of being itself. Indeed, the whole momentum of the age is toward intellectual development.

It is, however, seriously to be questioned whether this rapid mental progress is wholly advantageous to the human race. Decided and long-continued strides made in any single direction by mankind always have been and probably always will be made at the expense of deterioration in some other direction. A tendency to conquest by war is ever to the detriment of the sentimental and spiritual faculties, and although not actually participated in by all the people, they are nevertheless in its atmosphere and partake to a great extent of its characteristics. For instance, children born during a national war are certain to have proclivities for war, which affect them more or less during their whole lives. So also it may be said are the children born in an age which is given to sexual debauchery, inclined to sexual degradation, while the tendency of children to dissoluteness and crime is too well evidenced to admit of doubt regarding its real cause.

It may, however, be objected to the proposition that this age is intellectual to the detriment of other human capacities; that there are, comparatively speaking, only a small minority of the whole people who really think deeply, or who are known as "thinkers;" while, the large majority merely accept their deductions, and generally, too, without even an intellectual comprehension of their depth or inner meaning. This is undoubtedly true; but it is also true that the few who do think give the tendency to the intellectual atmosphere, under the influence of which, capacity, even without application, is developed. In this way a hundred great intellects may elevate the intellectual status of a whole nation; and it is not true that the higher faculties possess less power for moving the masses than do the lower; but it is true that a few thinkers will move a people upward, when at the same time they may be under the influence of a much more numerous array of demoralizing tendencies. Therefore we are justified in the assertion that whatever may be the present influence to low conditions, it is largely overbalanced by that of mentality.

A predominant mental atmosphere, therefore, is at present at work in the civilized world, and is exerting a powerful influence upon the physical faculties of the race, which, as before said, is to be seriously questioned as to its ultimate benefit upon man. Man is something more than an intellectual animal. Besides being an animal, endowed with intellectual capacities, he is also possessed of a physical nature of equal, if not indeed of greater, primal importance than any other set of faculties, since if this nature is depleted to build up any other department, the foundation upon which all depend is weakened, and perhaps unfitted for its duty as a necessary support. An intellectual advancement, beyond a medium of application, must, in time, react detrimentally upon its physical basis, if not altogether to overthrow it. Great intellectual application exhausts the capacity for physical endurance, unless physical exertion to compensate is put forth at the same time. This, however, is seldom ever done. Over-exertion in one department is usually performed at the expense of reduced exertion in all others.

And especially is this true of the sexual capacity. This seems to be more intimately connected with the intellect than is the intellect with the spiritual, and to be the source upon which the intellect draws to meet its extra demands. That is to say, a person who overtaxes the intellect does so at the expense of the sexual, which, if not of more than medium capacity, will yield in strength, and ultimately, if the draft continue, exhaust itself; and when this occurs, the capacity for intellectual application will decrease, and the subject enter upon a decline. Now, the reasons for this may be two-fold: first, the sexual capacity may decrease from the transfer of its accumulated strength to other uses; or, second, and which is more in accord with the general relations of other functions, decays from non-exercise of its capacity. It is a generally-received theory that, if a person apply himself with undue severity to intellectual pursuits, he should, during the time, take an unusual amount of physical exercise to balance the draft made by the intellect; or, to render it differently: when, from any cause, there is an over-draft upon any special department of the nature, the other departments must have equal exercise, else they will waste their strength, and the repletive energies of the system become permanently diverted to that part which makes the most active demand.

A person for a time may be able to make greater mental exertion by not expending vitality in physical exercise; but if this continue for any considerable time it will result, as before remarked: first, in the permanent enervation of the physical; and, second, by undermining its physical basis, in

the failure of the mental capacity. The deduction to be drawn from all of this is, that there should at all times be a perfect balance maintained between the exercise of the various departments of the system. This, by keeping the equilibrium secure, will also secure health and uniform strength. Exercise, of whatever part of the system, is effected only by the expenditure of a given amount of physical energy. The power that disseminates thought no less than that which moves a muscle, is generated by the consumption of some part of the accumulated vitality of the system, while sexual action is nothing more than this. Therefore, if our reasoning be good, and we think it cannot be refuted, sexual activity is a necessary part of the general economy to secure health and to maintain the equilibrium of the system, without which, health cannot remain for any length of time. And again, that undue mental activity is even more dangerous in the ultimate than is that of any other capacity, because when the brain once becomes thoroughly active, it can never again be reduced to an inactive condition. Muscular activity can be taken on or put off at will; but the brain cannot always be made to stop its operations by the mere dictum of its possessor; and especially does this prove true when its activity has been continued to the serious undermining of physical strength. When the tendency of the vitality of the system is so firmly set in this direction, it is difficult to divert it into other channels. It usually continues to flow on until the fire burns up the physical and the subject dies or lingers out a miserable life, to which death is preferable.

These suggestions, whether wholly true or only partially so, deserve the serious consideration of every person given to deep and continuous thought, or to severe mental application of any kind. That a great problem is here advanced there can be no question; nor can its importance be doubted, and only by its thorough discussion can the real facts be arrived at. We are aware that the generally received theory in regard to sexual activity is that it can be maintained only at the expense of all other capacities; indeed, that every sexual act, instead of being like any other exercise, is depletive altogether.

That, under the present almost universal false relations now maintained, the sexual act is depletive we have no doubt; and we have as little, that the same benefit would accrue from it that accrues from the exercise of other capacities, if, like them, it were under the proper natural conditions.

Of this, however, there is no question: that where the possibilities of the system are exercised up to or nearly to their full capacities, that the same results will flow to each department—that which is an established fact—flow to a separate department when it is thus exercised; and to which must be added the further beneficial fact, that an equilibrium between them all is thereby maintained.

There is another startling fact connected with or rather flowing from the undue intellectual tendencies of the age. Not many years ago the large majority of children were born with the larger part of the brain behind the ears. It is entirely different now. Observe children where we may, the greater part of them have a largely developed front brain, usually accompanied by a small back brain. If this tendency continue for a generation longer, in the same ratio of the past, our children will be intellectual monstrosities. There is a deep truth contained in the saying "that a child is too precocious to live long." There can be no more fatal inheritance than immense intellectual capacity with only a small amative nature upon which to develop. A perfect head is one that is equally balanced; having equal animal, intellectual and spiritual faculties, while a deficiency in the animal is more to be deplored than any other; because without this endowment intellect and spirituality cannot make the harmonious individual. [The reasons for the present intellectual conditions will have to be considered in a future article. Suffice it here to say, that they have an intimate connection with the repressive sexual system that is maintained.]

A NUT FOR SCIENTISTS TO CRACK.

"It is asserted on the authority of one of the most eminent physicians of Brooklyn that one of his patients, Miss Mary Fancher, aged twenty-five, residing at the corner of Myrtle avenue and Downing street, has not eaten anything for ten years. She broke down her nervous system by over-study while at school, and in 1863 was thrown from a horse and dragged behind a street car, the combined effects of these accidents being to completely paralyze her. Every day she has horrible spasms, and the most skillful treatment has no apparent effect upon her. Her teeth are tightly set, and sight, hearing and the power of deglutition are entirely lost. At first food injections were given her, but when it was found that she could get on better without them they were stopped. Emetics have since been administered at intervals but they have disclosed no traces of nourishment. She has also been visited at the most unexpected hours, sometimes late at night, but always with the same result. She has actually worn out the springs of her bedstead, and she lies in a regular nest that she has made for herself. Her arms are drawn up and her legs are intertwined in a most remarkable manner. Her mind seems to be perfectly clear, and by fastening the necessary instruments to her fingers she can write and embroider beautifully. Sometimes she falls into a trance lasting from two hours to four days, and while in this condition possesses unmistakable clairvoyant power. She can tell the time by several watches variously set to deceive her, read unopened letters, repeat the gossip of the neighborhood, tell the color of articles held behind her head, and even prophesy events that are about to happen. Before her illness

she was engaged to be speedily married to a wealthy young gentleman, who still continues unremitting in his attentions to her, although her case is pronounced hopeless."

There is a class of very learned people who pretend that what they cannot find by their processes of analysis isn't worth bothering with. Now, suppose this class take this well-authenticated case, and endeavor by their crucial tests to explain this phenomena? It seems to us that they ignore the most important of all facts connected with the human organism, which is that before their experiments can begin, that which makes the body of the slightest consequence except as a wonderful machine, takes its departure. Why don't the scientists tell us why the eye sees not, the ear hears not and the tongue tastes not in the so-called dead body? Why don't they inform us how even these things become a part of consciousness in the living? If they will do this, they may then have some claim to having analyzed human existence. The fact, however, is, that science leaves off just at the important point—where organic life begins, and until the phenomena of life itself is solved there can be no such thing as a science of life. And in this connection we take special pleasure in calling attention to a wonderful article in the *Popular Science Monthly* for October, by Pappilon, entitled "The Composition of Matter." Its answer to materialistic science is beyond refutation.

THE MARKET VALUE OF LOVE.

"Theodore Faure has sued Maxime Mousvoisin, claiming \$20,000 damages for alienating the affections of Faure's wife. Faure and Mousvoisin were partners in the fur business and lived in adjoining houses in Sixty-seventh street. They are natives of France, but have lived in this country for many years. Faure is sixty years old and is the father of seven children. Mousvoisin was divorced from his wife five years ago. An infant child left in his charge was taken care of by Mrs. Faure. The alienation, which was begun years ago, was testified to by Mrs. Faure's youngest daughter. Mrs. Faure is now living with her daughter in the same house with her husband. The jury gave Mr. Faure \$10,000."

The principle here involved is the same upon which marriage is based—that the affections can be bought and sold, and held as property; indeed, that when once pronounced man and wife by the law, that each virtually owns the love of which the other is capable. Any school-girl can testify to the falsity of this proposition; she knows that she has her likes and dislikes, and that they are beyond her control. Love is something over which the will has no control as to its existence; it may prevent it from exhibiting itself but not from existing. Hence the marriage system is the foundation-stone of prostitution; it exists from the theory of the right of one person to acquire title to the body of another and to hold it against all other claimants, even as against real love. All marriages of love would exist without the law; hence we repeat that marriage is nothing more and nothing less than the grant of a license of one man to prostitute one woman at his pleasure and convenience, and with or without her consent, and there is no dodging the issue. It is clear and unmistakable; evade it ye public moralists if ye can. Look at it and see that marriage and prostitution are synonymous terms and mean the same thing.

SEXUAL IGNORANCE.

The following facts appeared in the daily papers of October 22d:

"For some time past the Brooklyn police have been suspicious of an old man named Elijah C. Hunt, at 499 Myrtle avenue. Their attention was attracted by the large number of young girls who were in the habit of visiting him, either singly or in pairs, and remaining in his private apartments an hour or more at a time. On Thursday last Mrs. Doyle called at the station-house and said that her daughter Mary, thirteen years old, had been missing from home since Tuesday. She gave a description of the girl, and the detective recognized in her one of Hunt's visitors. Yesterday the poor child made an affidavit before Justice Riley, upon which a warrant was granted for Hunt's arrest. When the officer introduced himself and explained his business the culprit paled and trembled, but recovering somewhat, he said: 'This is a put-up job to persecute me. I am a good man. I believe in the Bible and live up to its precepts.' In court he wore a suit of black broadcloth and a very dirty shirt. As the justice was about to remand him to give the police time to procure more witnesses, a respectably dressed lady entered with her daughter, a prepossessing young woman of seventeen, and asked that she be sent to some place of refuge, as she was beyond her control. The justice, noticing that a glance of recognition passed between Hunt and the girl, took her aside and forced her to confess that she was another of the hoary-headed scoundrel's victims. Mary Doyle tells a horrible story, most of which cannot be published. She was introduced to Hunt by a decoy known as Lizzie Montrose, alias 'the Straw Girl.' After her ruin was effected she was turned over to Lizzie, who conducted her to the New York den. Her narrative of her treatment at this place is unparalleled in the annals of atrocity. Hunt's other known victims exceed a score. All belong to families of the highest respectability. He employed two female decoys, the second being a girl known as Frank. Mary Doyle's affidavit charges that improper intimacy exists between the boys and girls in the school which she attended on Washington avenue, near Greene street."

And still the conservators of public morals say that the social question shall not be discussed; and certain professed reformers of the Spiritualistic type say that the pub-

lic rostrum is not the place to teach the young the very thing that will warn them of these horrid wretches who exist in every city of any considerable size. Almost every young girl is liable to be flattered in some of the many ways in which these devils in human form are such adepts, and unless they are fully informed of the meaning of their approaches, they are liable to be lured into the well-set snares. It is no longer a few girls who are led in this way to lives of horror. It ought to be remembered, by every mother at least, that there are no less than a quarter of a million of professional prostitutes (so-called) in this country, whose average life after becoming so is only four years. This requires sixty-two thousand new victims every year. Think of it, mothers! Think of it, fathers! Think of it, conservators of public morality! Your course in prohibiting public discussion and education of sexual science, consigns a million of young girls every fifteen years to lives, of which if they were fully informed, they would sooner enter a living tomb than to begin. And who are these victims? Wholly young girls of no more than fourteen or fifteen years of age. Oh! that we had the voice of an angel, to sound the alarm the wide world over, and rouse the people from their stupor about such matters—matters of more vital interest to the young than all things else combined. Think of these things, ye prudes, ye public teachers, ye owners of public halls, and then condemn us for insisting upon being heard upon these questions. The time will soon come when to confess to shame at the mention of anything connected with sexuality will be to virtually confess to having at some time committed some sexual act of which to be ashamed. And remember this, too, ye prudes.

"MY HORSE, MY OX, MY WIFE, MY ANYTHING."

The following telegram appeared in the daily papers of the 23d:

"CINCINNATI, Oct. 20.—Thomas Christopher, a one-legged blacksmith, living near Bedford, Lawrence county, Ind., entertained a neighbor, John Morrow, last night, Morrow having put up with him for the night. Suspecting an undue intimacy between Morrow and his wife for a time, he watched closely, and entering his wife's room about ten o'clock, he verified his suspicions. In a fit of frenzy, with a knife, he first stabbed his three children, then his wife and turning on John Morrow dealt him two cuts in the face. Morrow threw him down, took the knife from him and plunged it into his body ten or a dozen times, killing him instantly. Morrow was arrested. Mrs. Christopher was stabbed in the abdomen and her bowels protruded from the wound. It is thought that she and one child will die."

Of course this man Christopher having a legal title to this property—that is, considering he owned the body of Mrs. Christopher—felt, no doubt, that he had a right to do with it as he pleased; hence, he proceeded to carve it in the manner above mentioned. And also believing he owned the fruits of her body—her children—he carved them also. Now, do not understand us as apologizing for duplicity. We would have every man and woman, when they find their love either growing cold or going elsewhere, to frankly acknowledge it; that is, while society will enforce marriage, but we hope the time may soon come when every man and woman may make such disposition of their persons as they may elect, and nobody shall have any legal right any more than they now have a moral right to raise any question about it. Until this time come just such scenes as the above will continue to occur.

DRESS REFORM.

According to the Bible, the dispensation of the necessity for dress was the first penalty human beings suffered for the crime of disobedience. Whether this be true or not, there is no reason why people should be continually adding to the evils of such infliction by constantly devising new plans of their own by which to increase and develop the full force of such punishment. In order to prove this latter statement, it is only necessary to point to the costumes of the ancients as evidences of the world's degeneracy in this matter. It is considered a very bold act in a sculptor to dare to chisel a modern hero or philosopher in the garments now commonly worn; in most cases, the artist prefers to envelop the bust or figure on which he is engaged in the more chaste and easy attire of the ancients. Judgment, therefore, is given against us, we ourselves sitting as the court and rendering the decisions.

Indeed, it may be asserted, the dress of the ancients was not only more becoming, but that their fashions have proved infinitely more durable. Our grandfathers and grandmothers, in the costumes of their time, appear ridiculous to us, and so, undoubtedly, will our representations seem to our descendants. On the contrary, the chaste and classic draperies of the Grecian period retain their supremacy without alteration. They were beautiful in the last century, are now, and will be in the next. It is really lamentable that with such copies before us, we can possibly run into the ridiculous extravagances or tolerate the unnatural stiffness of our present style of apparel. Dr. Coombs compliments mankind as being the sole order in the visible creation capable of improving upon example; it must be admitted that during the last twenty centuries we have not merited this distinction in regard to the matter of improvement in the method of clothing our bodies.

Take, for instance, the covering of our heads! What can be less picturesque or more inconvenient than the stiff hat

so commonly worn by men, or more ridiculous than the trifle called by courtesy a bonnet, which half covers the heads of the women. What earthly reason can be given for resuscitating the twice-condemned fashions of Queen Elizabeth and Madame de Pompadour. But the male sex are, in regard to such matters, quite as subservient as the female sex. For years they submitted to encase their throats in uncomfortably stiff cravats, because George the Fourth did so in order to conceal a natural defect in his neck. It is impossible in this article to examine the style of clothing now in use among us; suffice it that it is open to criticism as being deficient in convenience, comfort and elegance. In proof of the latter, it may be stated that nothing is more shunned by the landscape painter than the introduction of fashionably-dressed figures in the foreground of his canvas. One intruding modern black coat would dispel the best conception of a Church or a Bierstadt, and many an artist has wished that he had had the luck to have lived in ancient times, when the usage by mankind of more easy, natural and flowing draperies would have permitted him to decorate and enliven his designs with correct representations of well-dressed humanity.

Fashion ought only to be tolerated when she submits to follow nature, and we have a right to be rebellious when she essays to rule and to deform it. When Hiram Powers exhibited his statue of the Greek Slave to a lady, she objected to the size of the feet. "Madam," replied the sculptor, "I follow nature not fashion." We pity the females of China in this particular, trusting that when they look upon us and behold the upper part of the human form, which is naturally convex, rendered concave by fashion, they will return our sympathy with interest. But vainly have the medical faculty protested against this monstrous distortion of nature; women seem determined to suffer, and evidently insist upon martyrdom.

There were hopes some time ago that the vehement remonstrances and forcible expositions which were made upon the subject would have had a good effect. It may be that they have not been entirely unfruitful. It is lamentable that woman should continue to endure this punishment simply for the sake of appearances, or through fear that an honorable and intelligent distinction in dress might, by a fashion-ridden world, be attributed to affectation. Why should we be contented to wait and hope for this very necessary improvement, which is identified with the health, strength and longevity of civilized humanity. The ways of the world are continually changing; there are variations in music, sculpture, painting, medicine, architecture and politics, and we have a right to institute modifications in dress. Our present fashions are not only injurious to health, but absolutely barbarous, as has been proved, ourselves being the judges. As to the unnatural depression of the body which too many girls yet patronize, that may justly be regarded as the very worst development of the deleterious effects of fashion.

TAKING THE CONSEQUENCES OF THEIR OWN DEEDS.

"A TRIBUNE EDITOR COMMITTED TO JAIL FOR REFUSING TO DISCLOSE THE NAME OF A WRITER."

"Notwithstanding the decision of the court demanding the answering of the questions of the Grand Jury as to the writer of the *Tribune* article on the Brooklyn Ring frauds, Mr. Shanks still refused to respond to inquiries which infringed on the rules of his office. Proceedings were therefore presented by the Grand Jury against him this morning. It was shown that Shanks, under protest, had (in response to questions) named Whitelaw Reid as the responsible editor of the *Tribune*, but he would not disclose the name of the person who wrote the article. Judge Gilbert demanded that Shanks show cause, under penalty of imprisonment in the County Jail, declaring that there was no law exempting an editor from answering the questions of the Grand Jury. Mr. Shanks asked for time to be heard by counsel, but the request was denied. He also said he was a witness in the Stokes case, but Judge Gilbert responded that he could be taken from jail to testify, if necessary. After an exciting discussion Judge Gilbert declared Shanks committed, and he was taken to Raymond-street Jail."

When the Y. M. C. A. caused our arrest upon a foundationless charge and the whole press was dumb, we warned them that it would not be a long time before their cowardice would return upon their own heads. And when the Legislature at Albany passed a new law of libel, purposely to prevent the WEEKLY from publishing "the five hundred biographies" we have in our possession, the press again was mute. They didn't see the danger to themselves. We warned them again that they would rue the day that their hypocritical weakness would not let them protest against the passage of this law, which virtually exempts public officials from public criticism. Ye have mixed the cup, or permitted it to be done before your very eyes; now that it is presented to your lips, don't refuse to drink of it. That which ye thought was being prepared for us to sup, has become your own to imbibe.

BILLS FOR SUBSCRIPTION.

The names of all persons to whom bills are sent will be stricken from the list after a reasonable time has elapsed in which to make a remittance. As a duty, we urge those who do not wish to continue the paper to so advise us at once. Hereafter bills will be sent at the expiration of the time for which payment has been made. Friends will please give attention to this notice.

OUR TRIP TO BOSTON.

THE "BANNER OF LIGHT" REDIVIVUS.—OLD FRIENDS, ETC.

"Unfurl that good old flag once more,
O'er all the spreading world afar;
'Twill stream as proudly as when first
It waved o'er Freedom's war."

"Let bigots gaze upon its folds,
And blanch to see it towering high;
Let tyrants tremble, for its lines
Were borrowed from the sky."

"It is the flag by angels loved—
The oriflamme of earthly need;
Cursed be the hand that mars its folds,
Or Freedom's peerless creed!"

Some years ago it was our pleasant fortune to form the acquaintance of Messrs. William White, Luther Colby and Isaac Rich, who for so long a time had given to the reading public the well-filled pages of the *Banner of Light*, together with many books bound and unbound for the spiritual edification of the inquirer into the truths of Spirit Communion. At their fine office at 158 Washington street—a place whose memory will always be coupled with sweet and peaceful recollections in the minds of many of the storm-tossed mariners who are steering the privateers of free thought in these rough and tempestuous days of conflict—we on several occasions met the trio, and exchanged with them many words of good cheer.

Months passed, then the great besom of destruction swooped down upon the city one bright-eyed November night and dashed from the face of material existence many of the proudest monuments of Boston's mercantile achievements; and among the red embers were buried in ruin the whole *Banner of Light* establishment, books, printing material, the circle room, replete with quiet magnetic life and adorned with attractive pictures, where Mrs. J. H. Conant had so often sat as a faithful instrument for communion between the two worlds—all that beautiful home of Spiritual freedom, and the busy, hard-toiling workers lifted eyes of well-nigh despair as they saw the result of years of self-sacrificing labor swallowed up in an instant in the maelstrom of conflagration. Only for an instant, however, did the panic hold with these bold apostles of the New Dispensation, and then with steady hands they proceeded to do what they might toward again uprearing their faithful standard of spirit communion.

THE SPIRIT WORKERS

were on the alert also, and began a mission in every town, city and hamlet, and through their efforts, exerted unseen in the depths of sympathetic hearts, means came in sufficiently—in the form of donations—to enable the proprietors to reissue their paper, first in the shape of supplement, then at full size. Shortly after the reappearance of the *Banner*, it was our lot one leaden, wintry day, to call at its little office at 14 Hanover street, where the stricken forces of this branch of the army of reform had rallied. Here we again met the firm, and saw in their earnest, determined manner the prophecy of what we then felt to be the case, that somehow or other the means would one day be forthcoming to bring the enterprise once more before the public in its pristine, vigorous and influential position.

THE NEW BUILDING.

And now, returning to our sanctum after a flying visit of some three days to Boston, we bring back as an apology, in part for our truancy, a certificate of the welcome fact that the sun of prosperity is indeed once more shining upon the *Banner of Light*. With characteristic modesty the publishers, Messrs. Colby & Rich (for William White has gone to realize in spirit the rich reward he merited for earnest deeds done, "a cause which lacked assistance," and which that true world, of which this material one is but the shadow, knows so well how to bestow) announce that, "Having leased and just moved into the spacious building, 9 Montgomery place, Boston, leading from Tremont street, we are prepared to meet the demands of the public," etc., etc., but we desire in fuller phrase to describe to the people the fine quarters, the use of which as a tenant the *Banner* has been so fortunate as to secure.

The building is of brick, painted a light drab color. It is situated at the extreme end of a quiet place—one of the old landmarks of the "Hub"—which was erected when life domestic reigned in the West end, and ere the ebb and flow of trade was heard along staid Tremont street, and lifts a frontage counting four stories and an attic, with iron French roof. Iron shutters defend its exposed points from fire.

THE BOOKSTORE

is located on the ground floor, and its spacious shelves, ranged along the walls, are filled to repletion with the works of those various rational thinkers and writers—some famous and others not so widely known—whose pens have done so much to lead on the present era of free thought in matters individual, social, and religious. Reform newspapers and pamphlets deploy a skirmish-line provocative of thought along its well-filled centre counter. In the rear is the counting room, where Isaac B. Rich, the business man of the firm, sits at his post, ready to consider the project of publishing new books or to attend to the varied minutiae which business may demand.

FREE PUBLIC CIRCLE ROOM.

This can be found upon the second story, and here, as for so many years in other localities where she has followed the fortunes of the *Banner*, our dear sister Fannie Conant labors

indefatigably, on the afternoons of Monday, Tuesday and Thursday each week, in giving those free seances—presided over by Lewis B. Wilson since the decease of Mr. White—which have acquired a world-wide reputation wherever enlightenment has so far clasped hands with civilization as to render the unshackled use of reason in religious matters possible. The new circle room is finely decorated with pictures in oil, crayon, photograph and pastille, the likenesses of Mrs. Conant, Mr. White and William Berry (one of the original founders of the *Banner*) being prominent among the adornments. All the fittings of the room are tasty and fully in accord with the purposes for which it is intended.

DR. H. B. STOREY.

This well-known physician has found lodgment in the third story front (that portion of the building being devoted to public offices), and assisted in his medical researches by the clearly-trained powers of Mrs. Folsom, clairvoyant, he is doing a good work in removing many of the ills to which flesh is heir to.

THE EDITORIAL ROOMS

occupy the fourth story and are models of careful and convenient arrangement for business. Here the same hand which for fifteen years has guided the intellectual department of the paper still firmly holds the helm. Success to our brother Luther Colby, editor, and may fortune in coming days bring him pecuniary harvests and troops of true friends to match the gray hair, won in the cause of human progress, which now rests like a silver coronet upon his head.

THE PRINTING OFFICE.

well arranged and conducted, stretches out aspiring hands from the attic, where the high walls of the French roof are pierced at frequent intervals with wide windows, which let in a flood of that light which hard-worked "types" so greatly prize in these short autumn days.

Such is the new home leased by the *Banner of Light* Company: may it long be occupied by them in the dissemination of light in the direction they have chosen, and let all friends of free discussion say, Amen!

CHAUNCEY BARNES, the Spiritualistic philosopher, paid us a visit on Saturday last, and exhibited to us some of his mediumistic powers. He said that he had attended the Evangelical Alliance meeting, and they proposed to have him arrested for blasphemy; the Woman's Congress and they would not permit him to develop his theory of salvation; lastly he went to the Woodhull lecture and asserts that the doctrines there taught came nearest to the ideas taught by the great Nazarene. He also declared that as a careful student and servant of God he had observed, that in all by-gone ages, there has been some agent to lead the children of men out of darkness into light. He submitted that in this era it might be a man and woman both. Whoever might be the agent or agents, it was necessary that, in order to be successful, they should recognize the Divine Providence, and the golden rule of the great Nazarene.

THE Pittsburg *Christian Advocate* of the 25th ult., contains the following statements from its New York Correspondent Vidi:

"The Alderney Dairy in this city is an excellent temperance restaurant which is doing great good, and its proprietor is a Methodist and reformer in good standing. Imagine my disgust to see Victoria Woodhull enter that place, not only without objection, but with the most obsequious greeting from the Christian host, which a publican could give to his most distinguished guest. Barnum used to be much censured for the women he used to admit to his 'moral drama' in the old museum; but his galleries never contained so infamous or pernicious a person as this who goes in and out unchallenged among the best of both sexes."

Alas! poor reporter, heaven help us for the "Vidi" of the *CHRISTIAN Advocate*, whose phariseism would debar a sister from eating bread and milk with her fellow mortals. Verily, we shall not poison him by our presence, and we promise not to bite him and thereby infect him with charity for all mankind, of which at present he seems to be so sadly in need.

"FORBEARANCE NOT A VIRTUE."

Dear Weekly—I am aware of the fact that you do not notice the defamatory articles put afloat for the purpose of injuring you and our cause. An editorial, however, made its appearance this morning in the *Daily Morning Dispatch*, of this city, in regard to which, with your permission, I would like to say a few words.

The article appears under the above caption, and with its usual brilliancy leads off by asserting that, "though earnestly opposed to intolerance in the matter of religion, or to any abrogation of the rights of citizens, we believe it would be a good thing if there was some effectual plan devised for the suppression of the Woodhull woman." Just so. Intolerance in either religious or social matters is abominable, detestable, and yet it would, in the estimation of this would-be virtuous editor, be a "good thing" to have "this Woodhull woman" suppressed. The consistency of this, the first sentence, is apparent. First detest the act, then commit it. Having been beaten at all points by "this Woodhull woman," now they would like to see her suppressed—like to have her tried, I suppose, have her gagged and then, with that characteristic bravery that sits so well upon these suppressionists, ask, "Now, what has Mrs. Woodhull to say about Free Love?"

Again: "She and her co-laborers are certainly inflicting

such serious annoyance upon the public as never before accrued from any socialistic movement." An unusual amount of perception has entered the brain of this man. He has evidently just comprehended that the "social reform movement" carries "right," "justice," "weight," "force" and influence with it; and that the social fabric upon which he, together with the so-called Christians, cling so tenaciously, is about to be carried away—that their shield will be no more. Yes, she has annoyed society. And how? Simply by showing its filth, its corruption and its damning infamy to the world. Suppress this social reform movement led by Mrs. Woodhull! You might as well, my dear sir, try to suppress the heaven's light or the waves of the broad Atlantic.

Again we quote: "The weekly paper, bearing her name, is the veriest reservoir of obscenity and blasphemy." The "abrogation of the rights of citizens" he detests, but would suppress the WEEKLY, because of what? Obscenity and blasphemy, forsooth. Anything that does not conform to the views of this over and ever virtuous guardian of the public weal, is obscene and blasphemous, I suppose. I defy the *Dispatch* to produce a line from the WEEKLY which is either the one or the other.

This would-be suppresser then goes on to say: "Why take note of it? Why not allow it to pass without observation?" "We are not of those," he continues, "who believe in the policy of ignoring evil, when by exposing it there is a possibility of abolition." This is one of the principles, which, if you know anything about her or her paper, you know Mrs. Woodhull takes for adopting the course she has in regard to social reform. But you, sir, belie your own assertion when you do not lend the influence of your paper (be it ever so insignificant) to elevate society and stay the onward course of social corruption, which you know exists to the fullest possible extent in our city. The social condition Mrs. Woodhull exposes wherever and whenever she finds it; she holds the mirror of society, that society may see itself as others see it. You sir, hide vice and corruption behind the door of your sanctum, and cry out: Don't look, nothing is there. You know that the best classes—the respectable, the church-going, sanctimonious classes—as well as the lowest, fill the assignation houses and common bagnios of this city nightly; and yet not a word about the social corruption of our city. And yet you "do not believe in ignoring evil when there is a possibility of abolition." Hypocrite. A thousand times more damnable are you in your accursed character of hypocrite, than the degraded street-walker is in "plying her vocation." Aye, she is an angel compared to the canting hypocrite.

He says: "It becomes the duty of the law to interfere and promptly prevent the expressions of this woman and her co-workers, both in print and on the platform." The law—the constitution of this country, in which our zealous editor "lives, moves and has his being"—as we read it, guarantees the life, liberty and pursuit of happiness, together with the several privileges of worshipping God according to the dictates of our own conscience; and because we do this, and because we worship our Creator differently from that in which the editor of the *Dispatch* does, we all ought to be suppressed, imprisoned—and yet he does abominate intolerance above all things.

He says, too: "No European country would permit a class of people holding the same views that we do to live in the country at all," and that "it is a national disgrace that this country permits it." Well, as to the first, we don't want to live in European countries. But the whole of the above is only the view of all so-called Christians. How very cheerfully they would revive the inquisition of old Spain if they had but spirit enough in their cowardly hearts to do it, God only knows. How gladly they would torture that brave and pure "Woodhull woman," and her true and devoted band of followers, we can readily conceive. But the same cowardly, dastardly, villainous spirit that prompts them to rob a young and innocent girl of her virginity and then cast her helpless upon the world, either to starve or live by the sale of her person, prevents them.

This villifier of Mrs. Woodhull concludes by saying that he "looks with gratification upon the progress of the churches and the noble efforts of ministers to spread and maintain morality." Heaven save the mark! Ministers spread and maintain morality!

My dear sir, for eighteen hundred years they have been doing this, and have succeeded so well that to-day very little of it can be found. After this great length of time, who is there who can look over this country and say that it is not worse morally, socially and politically than it ever was. These "speakers and maintainers of morality" can, with marked frequency, be found in the sinks of iniquity—the brothel; nor are they there for the purpose of cheering with bright hopes of a future or better life, or to dissuade them from the paths of wickedness, but to gratify their own damnable lust, and to carry death and disease to a perhaps virtuous wife at home. To-day society, the stench of which reaches high heaven, is a blotted, reeking mass of corruption. Is it this state of things, dear editor, that you "look upon with gratification" as the work of your "spreaders and maintainers of morality?"

What your ministers and your so-called Christianity have not done is to-day in the hands of those who will do it, and that is to purify society and shed the light of true Christianity through the land, and they who are doing and will accomplish this are the Spiritualists; and thank God they are being led on to victory over death and sin by this "Woodhull woman."

Pittsburg, Oct. 18, 1873.

C. G. B.

LECTURE ENGAGEMENTS.

Those who desire to secure the services of Mrs. Woodhull at any time during the coming lecture season, should make early application. She expects to make a trip during the fall reaching as far West, probably, as Salt Lake City.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MUSINGS OF A NEW JERSEY DELEGATE TO THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

The "hurly burly's" over. The delegates to the National Spiritual Convention have returned from national to local work. The great, nervous and mental strain of that memorable three-days' discussion of the social problem is ended, and, like exhausted Vic-torious wrestlers, we rest in peace upon the laurels we have won.

The rattle of that significant, intellectual artillery, reverberates no more through Grow's Opera House. The broad and the narrow-gauge Spiritualists have gone home to their constituents—some to rejoice in victory, others to growl over defeat. Yes, Victoria C. Woodhull is elected. The fire is out in Chicago; the conflagration is over, and only the slumbering embers—the charred remains of social sham and shoddy—give any indications of the force and grandeur of that inspirational fire.

The few hundred free souls skimmed from among the forty millions of American bond slaves; the angel choice of American brain and heart in the greatest reform movement of the world, who for three days gave an account of the stewardship of Spiritualism in the astounding evidence of the mental growth of its believers—they have returned, to meet in each city, town and hamlet, the ribald laugh of the editorial jesters and the impotent sneer of the sap-headed churchman. But the work has been done. The thunderbolt has struck the moral or immoral life of America, for better or for worse, and upon the wings of the press has gone forth as a prophecy of coming change among the rotten and tottering institutions of the land.

As I sit to-night by the open window of the foliage-embowered house of my kind host, of Winsted, in Connecticut, awaiting the meeting of the State delegates in convention to-morrow, I feel how soothing it is to be freed from the turmoil and din of the city. Here, in this vernal hollow of the circling hills, no uncouth, architectural angles of factory or prison arise to mar the scene; no cathedral spire, with its dagger-like design gashing the lovely cheek of heaven; no noise of mountebank, priest or political demagogue disturbs the quiet of the autumnal night. The brutal roar of self, in a bloody struggle for the loaves and fishes, is hushed in the distance; and, in a pleasant reverie, I question myself and Nature, and ask the Invisible Watchman of the universe to "Tell me of the night"—What is the moral of the Spiritualistic Congress of Chicago? and the reply comes back: "The resurrection of woman, the bursting of God's true daughters through the rotten and reeking cerements of the social grave;" and the strange similitude of a tulip bulb up-forcing through the excrements of a barnyard flits before me. Was it a freak of imagination or a fact in Nature's growth—which? for lo! the bulb grew, and the black and nauseous offal clung in places to its purple beauty. I might have damned the flower, and crushed out its tiny life with my presumptuous heel. But something said, "Wait!" And it seemed as if the soul of the beauty-in-embryo wedged open the leaves and flung the foul parasites to the earth, and the sunlight rushed in to the heart of the flower, and smiled, oh, so gloriously! upon the folly and presumption of human moralists.

From out that flower might come a thousand seeds. And as I thought, it expanded and widened out, and the simple chapter was absorbed in the volume. The bulb, the flower, vanished in the spirit Lotus now floating before my mental vision in an infinite sea of marvel and mystery.

What had Grow's Opera House to do with this, and yet it followed. Call it a joke of fancy if you please. But its crowded platform sprung spontaneous from the seed of the Lotus, and the men and the women thereon assumed more importance and meaning to the student of reform. It was as the flowering of the Century Plant, an era of hope and joy to see so many large-hearted and clear-headed men and women shoulder to shoulder in a brilliant display of true inspiration and moral nerve, moving the world.

With such a team God Almighty might get the whip hand of a thousand devils, provided there ever was such a monstrosity in nature; and while serving the world without the farce of Christianity, turn lumbering churches into industrial uses and lazy priests into industrious plowmen.

When free men and women's eyes gleam as index to the rifle's flash, and the smell of powder ascends in the dust of a thousand stamping feet, something is terribly "rotten in the state of Denmark," and all the ridicule of mammon worshippers cannot hide the fact that they will be either a curse or a blessing to the nation. The babbling fools whose weakness is to laugh without the strength to approve or condemn, are indeed mind-blind to the picket shots of revolution. The questionable policy of choking off such men and women with laughter is not yet apparent to the respectable wiseacres. It surpasses judgment. But so it is. The press puts a mask of comedy upon the terribly significant drama at Grow's Opera House. They remind me of the jibberings of a circus clown during the ceremonial rites of the dead. The secret is that women are in the field—"things to be petted and whipped"—are manifesting the possession of intellect and soul, and the very funny world roars with laughter at the strange freak of the Paul-be-damned. The woman of Genesis is out in a new character. Eve has escaped from Paradise, and, snapping the rib of Adam in two, presents us with a new creature and a new Genesis. The maline side of reform is excellent, most Jehovah; but the feminine—Oh! that's too rich! and the great he boss is tickled with laughter at the presumption and cool impudence of his she-slave in petticoats.

Wendell Phillips once said "That fifty honest men could revolutionize the world." But the spirit of the times would amend on Phillips and say that fifty honest men and women can whip both a Theocratic church and a subsidized press; and then, only then, save a world through a new lesson in revolution.

Man alone will never give us an air-line route out of hell. Thank heaven, the real Eve was born in the Spiritual para-

dise of twenty-five years ago. And oh, how a sense of justice filled my soul, and quickened it, even as a Frenchman's ear to the sound of the Marseillaise, as I saw my sisters upon the platform, hurling their broken chains back in the faces of the tyrants, bullies and pimps of society. Those faces peering up at the speakers, especially on the women, Christian Dundreary and Bill Sykes, vagabonds both, but one with the tailor's respectability. They were plentifully scattered among the audience. I watched them giggle and nudge each other, and wreath their stupid faces with flashes of lecherous nastiness, as the truth fell in thrilling words from the inspired tongues of the moral heroines of the age.

The sexual ghouls and stealthy-creeping midnight Targuins who fling their own offal at the true Spiritual ministers of God writhed and squirmed between a grin and a curse, and often started as though bit by a mosquito. As Mrs. Severance held them up for the Spiritualists' pity and contempt, with a vigorous intellectual grasp she caught by the nape of the neck the respectable tight-pantalooned puppies who crawl out the best portion of their nasty brain in writing up foul slanders on Spiritualists and Spiritual meetings, and doused them in their own ink-pots, skewered them on their own pens, and then flung them out into the laps of the secret life-destroying, dawdling dolls of fashionable boarding-schools, who wind up their mis-education by marrying "Darwin's connecting link." She slapped and spanked and basted the pseudo-holy chiefs Janasarius, eunuchs and white slaves of the marriage institution, till scarce a rag was left flying in the old social hulk.

While listening to Mrs. Severance, I could not but marvel at the wide difference between a Spiritualist and Christian woman. In the majority of cases the latter has no soul above Paulisms, preserves and ribbons. She makes no great demand upon heaven or hell. What the fetch is to the African, her liege lord and master is to her—a substitute for a man instead of a substitute for God; and the love desires of her nature, strained through a weak and oftentimes absolutely stupid brain, will often clothe an ass, through the mummery of marriage, with the purple of a demi-god. He is to her what the doll is to the child—part of the infancy and ignorance of love.

Spiritualism as an educator of women must inevitably snap asunder all such marital expedients. This is evident already. It broadens and deepens the intellect of woman, hence expands and intensifies her love nature, so that she makes higher demands upon the spiritual and intellectual in man, and in special cases where there is an inspired or native talent. It forces her into public life, to become a worker for the first time with man in all schemes of human reform, and sometimes leading, as in the "social question," even beyond him. Mrs. Severance, with other ladies to whom I shall refer, are distinguished proofs of the woman educating power of modern spiritualism.

This lady has the well-reined eloquence of a trained debator with the subtle reasoning powers of a practiced lawyer. Her talents in her present field of public benefaction might have remained lost to the world were it not for the remarkable spiritual quickening of woman's mind within comparatively a few years. However much men may be indebted to the spiritual phenomena and philosophy of to-day, the women owe it a double debt of thanks. It came to her as the angel to Peter's prison, cast down the bars and bid her go forth and perform the dual work of elevating a benighted humanity, while carefully seeking by the wayside for the highest knowledge and love for self.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou is another freed woman, and is anointed on the brow by the finger of the Spiritual God to perform a specific mission of love and mercy among the condemned and discarded soul lepers and lazars of society. When the life and times of the early social reformers shall be written (and it will) Addie L. Ballou will stand in bold outline as the Florence Nightingale of the movement.

Though somewhat a student of human nature and fond of unraveling the tangled threads of individual life, yet the lady's character is more marvelous than comprehensible. Nature in her has worked out a regal woman; and in such a gentle, amiable and unostentatious a manner that the brilliancy of the diamond is partially lost in the modesty of the setting. There are moments when she is in eclipse, and her naturally bright and joyous soul moves within the shadow of Calvary. Then the statue-like look of those sad gray eyes reminds one of a broken heart, resigned and tearless. To a fine nature that look comes to bequeath its own sweet melancholy, and will leave you, like her, full of an unutterable something—too absorbed to sigh, listlessly gazing into vacancy. Such a look might come from one who stands upon the sea beach gazing out into the offing for the coming of one "gone down to the sea in big ships," but never to return. It is the ever present sense of some great loss, crushing the vintage of her soul into Christ wine. A great nature flowing forth in love and charity to all, in revenge for the loss of the love of one. It is the look of a body and soul-abused wife turning her unrequited great love-nature into a distaff for the spinning of Spiritual garments for the world's failures in hospital, prison and home. Like the miller whitened with his calling, her spirit is clothed with the sadness of the past, and the seared and withered evidence of the spirit's passage through Tophet, points to another victim upon the altar of marriage.

At intermittent periods of storm and sunshine, the metaphysical tax-gatherer calls for his fee. Sometimes it is a mellowing of soul and face with the Titian tints of a rich and humorous fancy, or storming in upon the intellect in fitful storms of terrible mental anguish, hurls the laughing cherub from her lips. Yet she smiles with self-composure (the result of severe and stern discipline) upon the world, and moves quietly on in her unassuming Samaritan way, following a greater than a Star of Bethlehem—the spirit light within. One of the world's few obeyers of the higher laws, affable and pleasant alike to friend and foe, yet would sooner kiss a prostitute than Mrs. Grundy.

Chicago hypocrisy met its Bull Run long before the great gathering of Spiritualists at Grow's Opera House. Addie L.

Ballou, in public speeches and letters, fought the pulpit and press of Chicago single-handed and alone, and performed many noble acts of moral valor and heroic self-sacrifice that would put to the blush many of the so-called martyrs of freedom. The argus eyes of Spiritualism found a heroine, where Christianity had but found a weeping slave, and touching her sleeping soul with the fires of inspiration, bid her go forth and labor in the vineyard of the new Lord God.

The style of many of our speakers is that of a defiant hiss. 'Tis the swoop of the chicken-hawk upon the fowls of a barn-yard. But, with this lady the oratorical fire is more subdued, and like the latent heat in the vegetable world, manifests itself more in growth than conflagrations. With no disparagement to the grand women who surround her, she is like a prairie flower in the midst of a group of cacti, combining intellectual vigor with poetic grace and beauty. Her thoughts are sunbeams not barbs, and hold error imprisoned like a coy sweetheart's hand in the firm grasp of love.

No one has a better right to be heard on the social question than Addie Ballou, and right nobly she handled the subject. She scored "Mene Tekel Upharsen" upon Christian socialism, and recorded in the memories of her hearers such fearful witnesses of injustice and cruelty against her sex that our boasted civilization grew into the hideous proportion of "a league with the devil and a covenant with hell." It was such a wail of pity for the wretched and out-cast that the loose, wagging tongue of prejudice and bigotry was struck dumb, and the paralyzed lips of the hellots of priestcraft refused to hiss. Her speech was more practicable and equally as pathetic as the prayer of Christ in Gethsemane. 'Twas a spiritual Niobe weeping over the lost children of humanity, and affected all present like the silent soul-music of a broken harp.

She might have been held to mind's eye view
In the reproachful sentences of Addie Ballou.

It made me think of the possibilities of a spiritual womanhood; but just then Christianity broke in upon my reverie with a tenement-house full of quarreling hags and fashionable gold-mounted "scan-mags," and starving, hungry souls with rouge-reddened, distorted features, mocked at the thought. But happily Laura Cuppy Smith ascended my mental horizon. She came to my rescue with her soul in her face, and hurling it at the phantom, rescued me from the delirium of Vanity Fair.

Laura Cuppy Smith is another pall-bearer of creeds, sacraments and shams, and has shouted "Aux armes!" to her enslaved sisters from Maine to California. She is the Madame Roland of the times that "try women's souls." With a heart mellow and juicy with human love and benevolence she combines an educated mind as keen and brilliant as a French rapier. To hear her when the mood is on her and the fire of a death-defying Girondist is in her eye, is like looking at a statue of Ajax through a screen of Brussels lace. It is the beau ideal of moral courage gracefully toned down with the most critical nicety of word and gesture. She has the stolid force of the Spartan with the mercurial grace of the Parisian, and beats the revolutionary reveille with the martial abandon of a vivandiere of the "Old Guard." Her soul will sometimes burst its individual limitations for want of room. She reminds me of a thirsty soul begging at an almost barren spring, scorning the corner in the stock market of masculine nature, she vaults into immensity, and draws checks on infinite love.

As I listened with delight to the clear ringing tones of the little woman in blue, "a touch of kith which makes the world akin" gratefully limned out the shadow of Ludlow-street Jail, and Victoria C. Woodhull, forsaken and friendless, almost deserted and forgotten, stood within the martyr's cell, sad, silent and alone. No, not alone. Laura Cuppy Smith, in that trying hour, stood shoulder to shoulder with her, kissed her with a sister's love, and said, "Strike, ye coward Christians and pharisaical Spiritualists! Victoria is my sister; I at least am no deserter in her hour of affliction." More anon. ANTHONY HIGGINS, JR.

IMPENDING HORRORS

Frightful Predictions by the American Scientific Society—The Sun to be Extinguished—The Bubble Earth to Burst—Universal Drought and Starvation.

Few know the terrible import of the recent meeting of the American Scientific Association at Portland. In its development of new horrors in store for poor humanity it was prolific. Its members vied with each other in predictions of coming convulsions of nature, and sustained their arguments with truths brought to light from the deepest and darkest wells of science. That humanity is to be obliterated was the gist of five papers read by five of the most scientific, trusted and celebrated members of the association. A terrible and total extinction of animal life was foretold by all, the only question being which of the five horrors shall first develop itself and perform the work of universal destruction.

Professor Young, the most eminent living student of solar physics, read a paper on the sun. That body, he argued, is a gigantic bubble whose crust is gradually thickening and whose size is diminishing. There is a constant loss of heat which will end in its extinction as a producer of warmth and light. He quoted Faye, Secchi and others to prove that the material of the sun is gaseous, and that these gases are retained by some kind of a crust. Through this surface the tumultuous inner composition is constantly spurning and outbreathing with great violence. He thinks that this crust "may consist of a sheet of descending rain—not water, of course, but of the materials whose vapors are known to exist in the solar atmosphere, and whose condensation and combination are supposed to furnish the solar heat." As this peculiar rain meets the gaseous substance of the sun it coalesces into a continuous sheet, forming "a sort of bottomless ocean, resting upon the condensed vapors underneath and pierced by innumerable ascending jets and bubbles." This action of the sun's envelope will be a quenching of the great orb upon which we depend for light and heat. It

grows smaller and more compressed and surrounded by this crust until it will be so hidden and muffled as to be practically excluded from the economy of the universe. The result will be intense cold and darkness, a cessation of all animal life and an immediate return to original chaos.

General J. B. Barnard described the interior of the earth as a molten fluid. Previous notions had given the earth, however, a rigid exterior surface from 1,000 to 2,000 feet deep. He refuted this theory, and claimed for the globe upon which we live somewhat the construction of a rubber ball filled with melted lead. The surface is, he thinks, a pliable coating that has been gradually formed over the fiery mass inside. A globular form is maintained by a rapid rotary motion, the inner fluid sustaining the soft shell in its position, so that the undulations are imperceptible to us. Thus we are being whirled through space on a huge globe, the surface of which floats on an interior of liquid fire. Only the rotary speed of this bubble keeps it together, and any disarrangement or change in terrestrial phenomena would transform it all into a fluid that would resolve itself into vapor. General Barnard does not believe that the surface is of an essentially different composition from the liquid interior; it has only been condensed sufficiently to form a sort of capsule. The tenure of the world's existence, therefore, is exceedingly uncertain. Any greatly disturbing influence—the breaking out of a huge volcano, any change in the surface that would render it brittle, the impact of a heavy meteor or comet—may in a moment immolate it, leaving humanity to whirling death amid the horrors of inorganic space.

Mr. H. F. Walling began an essay on "The Dissipation of Energy" by saying: "Since the days of the ancients it has been known that all motion is gradually developed by friction, and must cease unless maintained by external power." The heat power of the sun, which he regarded as the motive power of the earth, is being exhausted by the prodigious lavishness of its expenditures. It is supposed, he said, that the satellites will fall into planets, planets into suns, and suns into a common centre, after which "darkness, silence and death will reign." He was not without a shadow of hope, however. He saw only two possible chances for a postponement, at least, of the dreadful catastrophe. First, a series of natural chemical evolutions attracting to the sun a vast amount of combustible material; and second, the infinite magnitude of the universe being sufficient to permit a never-ending concentration of masses. One dreadful effect of a loss of sun power, he said, is a displacement of atmospheric forces. Tidal influences or planetary collisions may hasten the final dreadful catastrophe, which will be a slowing of the machinery of the universe until growing stagnation culminates in a total extinction of life forces.

Professor Franklin B. Hough foretold a perpetual drought, the result of a clearing off of the forests. "The contrast," he said, "between an open and unburnt pasture and one interspersed with clumps of trees must have been noticed by every careful observer. The fact that furniture in houses too much shaded will mould is an instance of the humid influence of trees, and the results of woodland shade explain the fulness of springs and streams in the forest, which dry up and disappear when the trees are removed." The rapidity with which forests are disappearing has already been a matter of alarm, but when we consider the effect upon streams—practical illustrations of large ones being lessened and small ones extinguished—there is cause for fright. Land will become unwatered, and consequently sterile; crops will lessen in volume, until the arid and treeless plains refuse to respond to the incitement of the farmer. Universal famine will ensue, and the world, entirely depopulated by starvation, will sink into uninhabiteness, until some new change calls another form of life into existence.

Dr. Le Conte, the new President of the Association, read a paper on the enormous increase and destructiveness of injurious insects. The present actual annual damage done by insects to crops in the United States is over \$3,000,000, yet these figures give but an inkling of what the increase promises for the future. "Just now," says Dr. Le Conte, "a portion only of the insect tribes are sufficiently numerous by nature to inflict injury upon man and his possessions; but civilization destroys the balances of life which naturally keep down increase and permits in the case of insects—those previously insignificant in numbers—to become prominent factors in a work of destruction." The only methods which are suggested by this scientist to avert a calamitous plague were "to abandon the crops and starve out the noxious insects; or to establish a system of checks on their increase equivalent to those existing before civilization interfered." Either of these plans are, of course, impracticable. The impending dilemma seems to be an increase of insects so vast that the plagues of Egypt will be more than reproduced, and that all vegetation, and finally starving and helpless man himself, will be eaten.

All of which augurs an early dropping of the curtain upon the fleeting show of life. We quote:

"I would not live always; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes—full enough for its cheer."
Evening Telegram.

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS.

Mrs. Woodhull and Tennie Claflin—In an experience of five years as an itinerant teacher of public schools, I have prepared the following statistics: I have been a member of eighty different families for a period ranging from three days to three months each, and of this number I can count just three happy families, twenty comparatively happy and the remaining fifty-seven living under conditions to which I should prefer the orthodox hell. As a result of these conditions, look at this: Four hundred children have, at various times, been placed in my care. Twenty-five of these, the very highest estimate, possessed good, sound organizations; seventy-five were about mediocrity, and the remaining three hundred were a half made-up lot, which I doubt not, under

the conditions which they are permitted to grow up in, will furnish a heavy per cent. for some infamous calling.

I write to give you the benefits of my experience respecting the workings of the present social system, and add my mite toward continuing a reformatory agitation till the last vestige of slavery be wiped from the earth. As the system is under trial and needs witnesses, I cheerfully give my testimony; and if you deem it, or any part of it, of use to the world, you are hereby authorized to publish it over my signature. Private disclosures have been made to me by injured women at which my soul sickens and revolts, and I have been forced to the conclusion that marriage, as it now exists, is nothing short of legalized prostitution and a fraud upon womankind. I detest it; I utterly abhor it, and will fight it so long as I see and feel the necessity of having better children, and while life and strength last. I advocate the right of the individual to choose for herself that which to her is right, being free to live the highest life she can according to her development, and have sworn before the sacred altar of eternal freedom, and in the presence of the angels who guide me, that I will never be the legal slave of any man. I have looked with pity upon the tired, careworn, unhappy groups of faces, and prayed for the dawning of a better era for the ushering into existence of immortal souls. I have watched tender buds of promise wither and blight because life could not be sustained in such an uncongenial atmosphere as the one by which they were surrounded, and demanded an improvement. I have listened to plain experiences in the lives of wives and mothers, and have cursed the institution of legalized prostitution with bitterness of soul. I have read your paper and defended the eternal principles of freedom, and been dubbed Mrs. Woodhull for it; but I care nothing for the demands of society as it now exists. It has demanded that I should assist in creating a domestic hell, by becoming the legal possession of some man, for the last five years; but I have persistently refused and dared to assert the possession and exercise of such a commodity as brains and common sense enough to support myself, and lived a life that has placed my character above reproach. I see no sexual license except in marriage, and license in love seems to be absurd. Angels continue to bless you.

Yours for perfect freedom, ANNIE E. EDWARDS.
MOUND CITY, Linn Co., Kan., Oct. 15, 1873.

THE TRAVELERS.

BY JAMES S. LAIDLAW.

Once, as I stood on the lofty, lone
Mountain of imagination,
I saw a weary, traveling band,
Journeying along a desolate land.
Their garments seemed dusty, soiled and old;
Each carried a little bag of gold.
Toward the ever-receding skies
They gazed with longing, earnest eyes.
Beneath the burning heat of noon,
Chanting together in a mournful tune,
This sad and melancholy song,
Which seemed like a story of ancient wrong:
"From the distant gate of our natal morn
We have traveled, foot-sore and forlorn,
Seeking an earthly resting-place,
A land of peace, a heart-solace
From toil and care, where we may be
From tyrants and from despots free.
O'er mountains steep, through jungles lone,
We have wandered on and wandered on
Beneath the hot and scorching sky,
Coming to springs that were always dry.
How long! how long! Oh God! how long!
Came up their sad and mournful song
How long must we tread this weary road?
Is there no real-land of good?
No blissful neighborhood, where we
May dwell together in harmony?
No region of rest from travel and heat,
Where the pilgrims of love may rest their feet?
The way is rough, the journey long;
Our hearts are weak, and time is strong!
Thus went up their measured wail,
Wafted to me by the summer's gale,
Till their forms faded from my eye
In a dark ravine's obscurity."

D. W. HULL MOBBED.

On the evening of October 18, D. W. Hull delivered a lecture in Gahanna (near Columbus), Ohio, on the subject of the encroachments of the Y. M. C. A., and made some revelations demonstrating that that body was propelled by a secret ring, and that the intention was to deprive us of our liberties. At the close of the lecture, after an opportunity had been given for questions or replies, two or three members of that order were observed to leave the room. After the meeting had adjourned, and all had gone but two or three, Mr. Hull went out, and when but a little way from the hall, several eggs, as stale as the religion possessed by their propellers, were fired at him, only one, however, of which hit him.

The young gentlemen are trying to compromise the matter with a rigid Court just now. Those who stood in the background are also being ferreted out.

[From the *Morrison (Ill.) Independent.*]

BEECHER'S IDEAL.

Henry Ward Beecher astonished the Evangelical Alliance recently by uttering this pleasing little sentiment, "Now I had rather have been the prodigal son than his brother. He was too stingy to get drunk. He was too cautious, too cold to sin lasciviously. He was going to heaven as a mummy." Make the very most of Woodhullism you can and Beecherism is bound to be ahead. Beecher declares in so many words that he would sooner be the man that spent his substance with harlots and in riotous living than the man who served with his father and avoided all these excesses. And that is what is the trouble with most of the young men of the present. They feel just as Mr. Beecher does about it. They take Beecher's

precepts and example as their highest ideal of happiness, and act the prodigal son. Such teaching is damnable; but it is just the kind that is in demand in this lascivious and demoralized age of the American Republic. Had Mrs. Woodhull ever uttered one sentence so shocking to the moral sense, and to every instinct for spiritual development in the soul; had she declared that being left free to choose, she would, with a competence such as was bestowed on the prodigal son, sooner live the life of a prostitute than that of a decent, respectable woman, then we would say put her down, she is a corruptor of public morals. Mrs. W. has taught the doctrine of free agency and individual responsibility in the social relations. Moses Hall has by his own confession practiced promiscuity, which God knows is abhorrent enough to every true and spiritually-minded man and woman; but, as if to be a little ahead in everything, Mr. Beecher rather chooses to spend his substance with harlots and prostitutes than to be so cold and cautious as he imagines the prodigal's brother to have been. A man seldom practices much better than he preaches. Of the two brothers the younger is Mr. Beecher's ideal of a hero and a Christian. This ought not, perhaps, to be imputed to him as a sin, it is only the fault of Brother Beecher's organization, you know.

CARTHAGE, Mo., October 15, 1873.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL:

My Dear Sister and Friend—It has been a long time since I have addressed you or the WEEKLY. The reason has been that, financially, my business (fruit growing) has been a failure. Gladly have I received and read your paper, and watched the progress of events; and though many of my old friends and "respectable" Spiritualists have opposed me, I have at all times openly stood firm for the principles advocated therein. I see that you intend coming West on a lecturing tour. We remember how disappointed we were last spring when we expected you at this place, and you could not come. I have concluded to write and see if you could be induced to come and lecture at this place while you are West; we would be so glad to have you. Bless your dear heart! we try to appreciate your labor, sufferings and trials for humanity. We love you, and in our way pray for you daily. When I read your speeches and writings my soul goes out toward you, and I feel that I could sacrifice everything I have, for the cause. But my dear companion and our little ones need my attention; and I feel that I should prepare our home and fix things as comfortably as I can for them, so that when real trouble does come—as I feel it must—I may be ready to go and do whatever my hands find to do.

We want to see you; and, if you can come, we will feel greatly honored to be permitted to meet and accompany you to our home, and make you as comfortable as possible during your stay. I will secure a hall, and advertise you well. You have many friends among the people who will not own you, or dare let it be known until you are gone beyond their reach, where they can neither help nor harm you.

Mrs. St. John sends love.

Fraternally your brother, A. WARNER ST. JOHN.

[From *Our Age*—Lois Walsbrooker Editor.]

A SCENE IN THE CONVENTION RECENTLY HELD IN CHICAGO.—It was the third day in the afternoon. I had become very weary and started to leave until the evening, but paused in the anteroom, when Tennie C. Claflin turned to me and said: "Cotton, from Vineland, is going to accuse us of sustaining our paper by prostitution. I shall not deny it. Saying so does not make it so, and we are determined to wrench from the foe every name that they have used to crush women with. Besides, what impudence to question people about their sexual life." I presume this is what some call "boasting that they intend to make prostitution popular."

Are people knaves or fools that they cannot see the grand self-assertion couched in those words—the perfect death-knell to tyranny? She simply said, in effect: "You are not my keeper; you have no right to catechise me; accusation is one form of questioning, and if I reply either no or yes, I concede you a right which does not belong to you, and I will not do it." Well were it for the world if all were as strong in self-justice! What tyranny! Accuse one of crime, thus constituting yourself judge, and then if not denied, assume guilt. Mr. Cotton, nor no one else, has any right to do such a thing, and I glory in the brave womanhood that scorned to deny.

Mr. Cotton came upon the platform and I waited to hear him attack Victoria. He did so; and she replied upon the same principle that Tennie had advocated at the door—neither affirming nor denying, but simply giving him to understand that she lived up to the approval of her own conscience, and she was minding that which was none of his business. Good.

"THE GIRL OF THE FUTURE."

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton opened the course of free lectures in Unity Chapel, Harlem, last evening, with a lecture on "The Girl of the Future." Her ideal girl is to differ from the girl of to-day in that she will be "healthy, wealthy and wise." When nine-tenths of the wives are invalids, and the number of girls sent to lunatic asylums increases every year, it is time to look after the causes of this condition; for when the human current sets toward the hospital and the lunatic asylum, we may well say, What are we coming to?

In looking at the paintings and statuary of the Old World, she had wondered whence came our idea of the woman form. It is certainly like nothing in heaven above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth, for to the traditional mermaid was vouchsafed more breathing power than to the woman of to-day. When we remember that deep breathing is essential to deep thinking, we see the relationship between scholarship and clothes. The cadets at West Point once threw aside their suspenders and fastened their garments around the waist. In a few weeks a disease broke out which was unaccountable. When it was suggested that the

waistband had somewhat to do with it, the suspenders were resumed, and soon the disease disappeared.

Artists turn away from the daughters of Adams and Hancock to copy the Venuses and Madonnas which were taken from living models of a past age. Women affect to dislike small waists, always declaring, when attacked, that their clothing is loose; that they are small naturally; which means that God, by way of making variety in the human species, lapped the ribs of the American women. The tight waist prevents free action of the blood, heart and lungs, and paralyzes a belt of the nerves and muscles at least six inches in width. Mrs. Stanton believes the time will come when we shall be as much ashamed of headache, dyspepsia, scrofula and pneumonia, as we now are of committing perjury, theft, burglary or arson. So long as clergymen preach that sickness is a dispensation of Divine Providence, so long will not our girls feel that sickness is something nearly allied to guilt.

COMMENTS.

[At present, under the marriage system, women are condemned to be either dolls or serfs. If the former, the more dependent they are, the more flattering to the vanity of their owners. When woman owns herself, she will have to sustain herself, except at such periods—viz., child-bearing and child-nursing—when she is doing good service for (and consequently ought to be sustained by) the State.]

MASONRY OVER CHRISTIANITY.

The *Evening Ledger* says: "The appeal made by the Masonic fraternity has met with such a liberal response that they are now in condition to take care of their sick and suffering brethren without asking further contributions."

MEMPHIS, October 20th, 1873.

[From the N. Y. Sun, Saturday, Oct. 25th.]

THE BEECHER SCANDAL.

Early last summer, when the Beecher scandal was at its height, announcement was made that the authorities of Plymouth Church had taken the matter in hand with a view to a thorough investigation. This investigation it was proposed to secure under cover of charges preferred against Mr. Henry C. Bowen and Mr. Theodore Tilton, both members of Plymouth Church, who were jointly accused of publishing and circulating slanders against their pastor.

The formal charges were preferred by Deacon West, and were referred to the Examining Committee of the Church for investigation. This committee held several sessions to consider the subject, and finally accepted the charges, which action brought the matter regularly before them. But there the matter has rested since, and much curiosity has been manifested to know why the investigation was not proceeded with. It now transpires that one reason for the delay was an intimation from Mr. Beecher to the committee that it would be agreeable to him if they would let the matter rest until the end of his usual summer's vacation. It is also urged as an additional reason for delay that the influence of the accused parties has been excited to postpone action as long as possible. However this may be, the committee met on Thursday evening of last week, when the subject was brought up and the propriety of proceeding fully discussed. After a protracted debate it was resolved that the matter should be disposed of with as little further delay as possible; and it was also decided that but one case should be taken up at a time. It was then decided to take up the charges against Mr. Theodore Tilton first, and the clerk was instructed to issue the proper citation to that gentleman to appear before the committee and make his answer to the charges. This will bring the case against him directly to issue, when the investigation can proceed without the waste of more time.

The tribunal selected for the trial of these charges, the Examining Committee, is one of the standing committees of the Church, whose duty it is to act upon questions of Church discipline and the admission of members. It is composed of the deacons and deaconesses, with some of the more devout and prominent communicants of the Church, and numbers about twenty members. Its authority, unlike that of the session of a Presbyterian Church, is merely advisory. Plymouth Church being a congregational organization, every member in good and regular standing has a right to participate in the administration of its discipline. The committee's duty will end when it shall have heard all the evidence in the case, and submitted it, with its recommendation, to the assembled Church for final action. The proceedings before the committee are, however, strictly private.

COMMENTS.

[Good. By all means let the case go forward. We are ready, when called upon, to give in our testimony and to cite our authorities.—EDS. WEEKLY.]

AN APPEAL.

Friends of Freedom everywhere—You have borne faithful testimony to woman's right to political equality with man; you have forced for her a door into all grades of schools and all departments of industry; you have secured attention to the consideration of her just claim to equal compensation with man for equal service rendered in any field of labor. Your demands for her immediate and unconditional release from the tortures of the marriage bed are pressing with irresistible power into the sincerest thought of all the world. And now seems pre-eminently the moment in which to emphasize and energize all this holy work, by proclaiming her right to be at once and forever freed from a style of dress which both represents and perpetuates her dependence on man, and, through this dependence, makes her political, social and industrial bondage to him inevitable.

Its absorption of her time and thought preclude the possibility of intellectual culture; its skirts and belted waists spoil her work of motherhood and bequeath feebleness to the race; and in all industrial occupations they compel her to a disadvantage which is incalculable. Its wicked exag-

gerations and misrepresentations of her natural form, making constant and direct appeals to man's passionate nature, are the direct promoters and sustainers of prostitution, and make equality and purity of love relations between the sexes impossible.

I beg you to no longer say, "Let Dress Reform wait until woman is released from her other enslavements." No one of the reforms can be consummated until this one is accomplished. Every consideration of justice, of love of human welfare, of trust in human purity and faith in human destiny, impel us to take the advance step now. No government is to be propitiated, no legislature petitioned, no dreary work of besieging unwilling college doors. All the intelligent thought of the world has long ago approved it. Why then, sister reformers, will you longer falter in making your bodies practically as free as heart and thought already are? I entreat you let not the coming generation find woman's redemption unaccomplished, because you failed to be true in this matter of dress. Let no vain babbling disturb you, no false motives of policy blind you; go firmly, bravely forward, remembering that the true act is always the safe one, and you may yet live to see woman crowned with all the dignity and power which nature intended should be hers, but of which she has always been despoiled.

Our mothers were true to the light they had, and we bless them for it. While we recognize how far short of our real needs their work for us fell, if we, who in comparison with them are full of light, shall fail to be as true, we shall receive and most certainly deserve the curses of a suffering and enfeebled posterity.

O. F. SHEPARD.

Vineland, N. J., Aug. 29, 1873.

THE PARKER FRATERNITY CLOSE THEIR DOORS TO VIC. WOODHULL.—At a meeting of the Boston Spiritualists' Union, last evening, Mrs. Woodhull unexpectedly made her appearance, and after listening to the discussion on "What can be done to secure harmony and concert of action among Spiritualists," she took the rostrum and suggested that they ought to secure sufficient harmony to erect a hall where the freest expression of opinion on any subject could be had, and it appeared that an application by Mrs. Woodhull for the hall of the Parker Fraternity had been refused. Considerable surprise was expressed at such action of the Fraternity, in view of the fact that on a former occasion, when all other places were closed to her, the Fraternity offered their hall. One speaker suggested that the Fraternity had a new hall and had become proud.—*Boston Herald*, Oct. 27, 1873.

BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

FOSTER PAMPHLET.

This new book will be ready for distribution on the 15th inst. It will be more interesting than any history, and more exciting than any novel. Each article in it is from an eminent source, representing the cultured reformatory brains of the country. Every Spiritualist should read it; and if he have a doubting friend, a perusal of its pages can scarcely fail to dispel his skepticism. Price of this pamphlet, single copy, fifty cents. Address, Charles H. Foster, No. 19 West Twenty-second street, until November 28, where he may be consulted for tests until that date. Mr. Foster is well known throughout the civilized world as one of the oldest and most reliable and remarkable mediums.

THOMAS COOK.

This noted Spiritualistic speaker designs spending the next two months in the East and the winter in the South. For engagements, address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio, care of A. F. Page.

We take great pleasure in announcing that Mrs. Addie Ballou intends coming East on a lecture tour. For the last five years this highly-gifted lady has confined her labors mainly to South and West, where her name stands foremost in the ranks of Spiritualism and reform. As she has never been East, we prophesy for her a most cordial welcome; and would recommend all spiritual societies desiring an intellectual feast to engage her without delay. All spiritual and reform societies seeking engagements with her can apply to Mr. Anthony Higgins, 151 Jersey avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

A. BRIGGS DAVIS.

Of Fitchburg, Mass., has a new and startling lecture under preparation, and will be open to engagements to deliver the same on and after the 15th of November proximo. We cheerfully add that Mr. D. is an able and earnest advocate of the principles of the New Dispensation.

DR. R. P. FELLOWS.

This young and enterprising healer who has gained such wide popularity in the last few years, we are informed, is soon to visit all the principal cities and towns of New Jersey, stopping at the leading hotels of each place. After years of successful practice and close application in the art of healing, he has at last established himself as a public benefactor, curing many cases that were regarded hopeless, instantaneously. He gives no medicine whatever nor performs surgical operations. His remedies are sun, light, fresh air, diet, exercise, and the great cleanser and life-giving principle, magnetism. The following lines from Shakespeare give full expression of his wonderful healing power: "There are a crew of wretched souls that stay his cure, all swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye, their malady subdues the great essay of art and mere despair of surgery; but at his touch, such sanctity hath heaven given his hand, they presently amend." Address VINELAND, N. J.

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Send Austin Kent one dollar for his book and pamphlets on Free Love and Marriage. He has been sixteen years physically helpless, confined to his bed and chair, is poor and needs the money. You may be even more benefited by reading one of the boldest, deepest, strongest, clearest and most logical writers. You are hardly well posted on this subject till you have read Mr. Kent. You who are able add another dollar or more as charity. His address, AUSTIN KENT, Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., Box 44.

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DR. L. K. COONLEY.

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In a boat as it lay in the swollen stream, two orphans were playing. It was late in the day, before the storm ceased, and the clouds, lightened of their burdens, shifted away before the wind, leaving a clear bright sky along the horizon. Unnoticed, the boat became detached from its fastenings and floated out from shore. Quickly the current carried it beyond all earthly help. Through the foaming rapids and by precipitous rocks dashed the bark with its precious charge. As it neared the brink of the fearful cataract the children were stricken with terror, and thought that death was inevitable. Suddenly there came a wondrous change in the little girl. Fright gave way to composure and resignation as, with a determined and resistless impulse that thrilled through her whole being, she grasped the rope that lay by her side, when to her surprise the boat turned, as by some unseen power, toward a quiet eddy in the stream—a little haven among the rocks. The boy, of more tender age, and not controlled by that mysterious influence, in despair fell toward his heroic sister, his little form nearly paralyzed with fear. But means of salvation calmed the "heart's wild tumult" and lighted the angry waters as the angels of rescue—they who were their parents—came to the little voyagers on waves of undying affection; when through that love which fills alike the heart of parent and child, a power was transmitted that drew the boat aside from its impending doom and lodged it in the crevice of the rocks, and they were rescued.

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For Philadelphia via Camden, 7 a. m., 2 p. m.

THROUGH TRAINS.

9:00 a. m., Great Southern Morning Express, for Baltimore and Washington; for the West, via West Philadelphia, Baltimore, and for the South, via Baltimore, and via Washington, with Drawing Room Car attached.

9:30 a. m., Western Express for West Philadelphia, Pittsburg and the West, with Pullman's Palace Cars, through from New York to Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago, Columbus, Cincinnati and Louisville, and with Parlor Cars from New York to Pittsburg.

1:00 p. m., Express for Baltimore and Washington, and for the West, via Baltimore, with Drawing Room Car attached.

5:00 p. m., Daily Western Express, for Pittsburg and the West, with Pullman's Palace Car, through from New York to Pittsburg, Indianapolis, Louisville and St. Louis, to Columbus, Cincinnati and Chicago.

7:00 p. m., Daily Western Express, for Pittsburg and the West, with Pullman's Palace Cars, for Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Indianapolis.

8:30 p. m., Daily Western Express, for West Philadelphia, Pittsburg and the West, with Pullman's Palace Cars, through without change, to Pittsburg, Crestline, Fort Wayne and Chicago.

9:00 p. m., Daily Great Southern Evening Express for Baltimore and Washington, with Reclining Chair Cars, and with Pullman Palace Cars through from New York to Washington.

Tickets for sale at Ticket Offices, foot of Desbrosses and Courtlandt streets, and in Depot, Jersey City; and at New York Transfer Co.'s offices (Dodd's Express), No. 944 Broadway, New York, and No. 1 Court street, Brooklyn. Passengers, by leaving suitable notices at these offices, can have their baggage called for at residence or hotel, and carried through to destination.

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THROUGH TICKETS to all important towns, and general information may be obtained at the Companies' office, 349 Broadway (corner of Leonard street), New York.

Condensed Time Table.

WESTWARD FROM NEW YORK,

Via Erie & Mich. Central & Great Western R. R's.

STATIONS.	Express.	Express Mail.	STATIONS.	Express.
Lv 23d Street, N. Y.	8:30 A. M.	10:45 A. M.	Lv 23d Street, N. Y.	6:45 P. M.
" Chambers street	8:40 "	10:45 "	" Chambers street	7:00 "
" Jersey City	9:15 "	11:15 "	" Jersey City	7:30 "
" Susquehanna	3:40 P. M.	8:12 P. M.	" Susquehanna	2:43 A. M.
" Binghamton	4:40 "	9:20 "	" Binghamton	3:35 "
" Elmira	6:30 "	12:16 A. M.	" Elmira	5:35 "
" Hornellsville	8:30 "	1:50 "	" Hornellsville	7:40 "
" Buffalo	12:05 A. M.	8:10 "	" Buffalo	11:45 "
Ar Suspension Bridge	1:00 "	10:00 "	Ar Suspension Bridge	12:27 P. M.
Lv Suspension Bridge	1:10 A. M.	1:35 P. M.	Lv Suspension Bridge	1:35 "
Ar St. Catharines	1:35 "	2:00 "	Ar St. Catharines	2:00 "
" Hamilton	2:45 "	2:55 "	" Hamilton	2:55 "
" Harrisburg	3:55 A. M.	3:53 "	" Harrisburg	3:53 "
" London	7:55 "	8:12 "	" London	5:55 "
" Chatham	9:40 "	10:00 "	" Chatham	8:12 "
" Detroit	9:40 "	10:19 "	" Detroit	10:00 "
Lv Detroit	10:21 "	11:25 P. M.	Lv Detroit	10:10 "
Ar Wayne	10:45 "	11:43 "	Ar Wayne	11:25 "
" Ypsilanti	11:00 "	11:43 "	" Ypsilanti	11:25 "
" Ann Arbor	11:00 "	11:43 "	" Ann Arbor	11:43 "
" Jackson	12:15 P. M.	1:00 A. M.	" Jackson	1:00 A. M.
" Marshall	2:15 "	AIR LANE.	" Marshall	1:25 P. M.
" Battle Creek	2:55 "	AIR LANE.	" Battle Creek	2:35 "
" Niles	4:32 P. M.	4:40 A. M.	" Kalamazoo	4:40 A. M.
" New Buffalo	5:25 "	5:45 "	" New Buffalo	6:02 "
" Michigan City	5:45 "	5:45 "	" Michigan City	6:45 "
" Calumet	7:18 "	7:47 "	" Calumet	8:00 "
" Chicago	8:00 "	8:00 "	" Chicago	8:45 "
Ar Milwaukee	5:30 A. M.	11:50 A. M.	Ar Milwaukee	11:50 A. M.
Ar Prairie du Chien	8:55 P. M.	8:55 P. M.	Ar Prairie du Chien	8:55 P. M.
Ar La Crosse	11:50 P. M.	7:05 A. M.	Ar La Crosse	7:05 A. M.
Ar St. Paul	6:15 P. M.	7:00 A. M.	Ar St. Paul	7:00 A. M.
Ar St. Louis	8:15 A. M.	8:15 P. M.	Ar St. Louis	8:15 P. M.
Ar Sedalia	5:40 P. M.	6:50 A. M.	Ar Sedalia	6:50 A. M.
" Denison	8:00 "	8:00 "	" Denison	8:00 "
" Galveston	10:45 "	10:00 "	" Galveston	10:00 "
Ar Bismarck	11:00 P. M.	12:01 P. M.	Ar Bismarck	12:01 P. M.
" Columbus	5:00 A. M.	6:30 "	" Columbus	6:30 "
" Little Rock	7:30 P. M.	7:00 P. M.	" Little Rock	7:00 P. M.
Ar Burlington	8:50 A. M.	7:45 A. M.	Ar Burlington	7:45 A. M.
" Omaha	11:00 P. M.	12:50 P. M.	" Omaha	12:50 P. M.
" Cheyenne	11:00 P. M.	5:30 "	" Cheyenne	5:30 "
" Ogden	11:00 P. M.	8:30 "	" Ogden	8:30 "
" San Francisco	11:00 P. M.	4:45 P. M.	" San Francisco	4:45 P. M.
Ar Galesburg	6:40 A. M.	9:45 "	Ar Galesburg	9:45 "
" Quincy	11:15 "	8:10 A. M.	" Quincy	8:10 A. M.
" St. Joseph	10:00 "	9:25 "	" St. Joseph	9:25 "
" Kansas City	10:40 P. M.	11:17 "	" Kansas City	11:17 "
" Atchison	11:00 "	12:40 noon.	" Atchison	12:40 noon.
" Leavenworth	12:10 "		" Leavenworth	
" Denver	7:00 A. M.		" Denver	

Through Sleeping Car Arrangements

9:15 A. M.—Day Express from Jersey City (daily except Sunday), with Pullman's Drawing-Room Cars, and connecting at Suspension Bridge with Pullman's Palace Sleeping Cars, arriving at Chicago 8:00 p. m. the following day in time to take the morning trains from there.

7:30 P. M.—Night Express from Jersey City (daily), with Pullman's Palace Sleeping Cars, runs through to Chicago without change, arriving there at 8:00 a. m., giving passengers ample time for breakfast and take the morning trains to all points West, Northwest and Southwest.

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At Detroit, with Detroit & Milwaukee Railway for Port Huron, Branch Grand Trunk Railway. Also Detroit, Lansing & Lake Michigan R. R. to Howard and intermediate stations. Also Detroit & Bay City R. R. Branch Lake S. & M. S. R. R. to Toledo.
At Wayne, with Flint & Pere M. R. R. to Plymouth, Holy, etc.
At Ypsilanti, with Detroit, Hillsdale & Eel River R. R. for Manchester, Hillsdale, Banker's, Waterloo Columbia City, N. Manchester, Denver and Indianapolis.
At Jackson, with Grand River Valley Branch, for Eaton Rapids, Charlotte, Grand Rapids, Nunda, Pentwater, and all intermediate stations. Also, with Air Line for Homer, Nottawa, Three Rivers and Cassopolis. Also with Jack, Lansing & Saginaw Branch, for Lansing, Owosso, Saginaw, Wenona, Standish, Crawford and intermediate stations. Also with Fort Wayne, Jack & Saginaw R. R. for Jonesville, Waterloo, Fort Wayne, and Fort Wayne, Muncie & Cin. R. R. to Cincinnati.
At Battle Creek, with Peninsular R. R.
At Kalamazoo, with South Haven Branch, to G. Junction, South Haven, etc. Also with G. Rapids & Ind. R. R. for Clam Lake and intermediate stations. Also with Branch of L. S. & M. S. R. R.
At Lawton, with Paw Paw R. R. for Paw Paw.
At Niles, with South Bend Branch.
At New Buffalo, with Chicago & Mich. Lake S. R. R. for St. Joseph, Holland, Muskegon, Pentwater and all intermediate stations.
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In these days of "Rapid Transit," when time is more than money, and the traveler seeks the route that offers the quickest transportation, and when all routes converging to a common centre strive to make equal time; in these days we say it is a matter of no inconsiderable moment for him who has traveled but little to have some guide by which to determine his course. And this he has learned to look for outside of the various inducements held out by the managements of the several routes, each of which of course claims for its special route some advantage that, it is contended, makes it superior to all other routes.

Each route has, no doubt, some advantage that is wanting in all other routes, and thus it requires a summing up of the advantages of them all, and the striking of a balance, to determine the really best. And no one can do this so well as the person who uses all the routes. We have no particular predilections for any railroad. Our interests are in favor of the traveling public, and whatever we may say of this or that route, it will be from this motive rather than to benefit any railroad by inducing travel to its route. We have traveled largely during the last ten years, using almost every line of road in the country, and we can say of them all, in general terms, they are well managed. There are, however, some routes that give especial attention to the comfort of passengers as well as to regularity and quickness of dispatch to which each must approximate or else unavoidably suffer in loss of custom.

Probably there is no connection in the world so important as that between New York and Chicago. Between these two cities there is an immense passenger as well as enormous freight transportation, and it is natural that there should be a special competition actively maintained by all the routes connecting these two points. In regard to time, all must virtually be the same. Thirty-six hours to Chicago is the standard time, and all the routes attempt to maintain it rigidly.

But when other properties come up for consideration, such as general comfort, involving condition and repair of roadbeds and cars, eating-house arrangements, beauty of scenery and general points of interest in the country—then there is a great latitude opened up for comparative advantages, and these they are that will hereafter determine the favorite railroad routes.

There was a time when the route to Chicago via Cleveland was largely patronized; as soon, however, as arrangements were completed for running through cars to Chicago, via Suspension Bridge and Detroit, the route via Cleveland lost much of its former supremacy, offering as it does the advantage of a visit to Niagara Falls, the seventh wonder of the world.

The route via Suspension Bridge has acquired a prestige for through travel to and from Chicago which it must ever continue to enjoy.

But the control of the business of this latter route, so far as its New York City connection is concerned, has now passed into other hands than those which formerly profited from it.

Despite the vigor with which the management of adverse interests resisted the connection of the Erie Railway with the Great Western of Canada at Suspension Bridge, the connection was finally established, and the Erie to-day enjoys in a large degree the profitable business of this favorite route of travel.

Rival interests, we say, contested the laying of the last rails that established the connection between the Erie and Great Western Railways at Suspension Bridge, even, if we remember rightly, to tearing up the track several times after it was laid. The courts finally, however, maintained the undoubted right of the enterprising Erie to connect its line with that of the Great Western Railway, yet it was some time before it was placed on an equal footing with its competitor. At length it has obtained all the needed elements of active competition, the last one being the running of through cars between New York and Chicago. For a long time there was a difficulty on account of the difference in the gauge—the Erie being six feet. But this has been overcome in a manner as ingenious as it is original. By a combination of mechanics and hydraulics, the cars, with all the occupants, are gently raised from the broad trucks, and quickly replaced by narrow trucks, or vice versa, the whole time required being no more than three minutes. The cars used in this operation were specially built for these fast trains, and are not surpassed by any in the United States. Between Suspension Bridge and Chicago passengers by this route have choice of the celebrated Pullman Hotel Palace Cars, in which they may not only ride and sleep, but also dine at their leisure *a la carte*.

That this new connection had its effect to increase business Westward from the Bridge is shown in the fact that the Great Western has found it necessary to build a new air line parallel to the old route, though shorter by many miles, to accommodate the increased travel and freight. Another important item in favor of the Erie connection is that it shortens the distance between Suspension Bridge and New York, so much that passengers via the Erie going West have over an hour's time at the Falls, awaiting the arrival of the incoming train from Albany.

But, aside from all these advantages, which of themselves are sufficient to draw a preponderance of travel to the Erie route, there is that of which no other route in the country can boast—the advantage of unrivaled scenery. In this regard the Erie Railway will ever stand unapproachable and unrivaled. Nor is its scenery confined to one va-

riety, as is that of the Pennsylvania Central and the Baltimore & Ohio. All the diversified beauties that belong to the broad prairie, the undulating hills and the magnificent grandeur of the mountains are here combined. To see the scenery of this route is to see the country at large.

The Eastern Division of the road, from New York to Port Jervis, introduces the traveler to the varied beauty that is to follow. The Passaic River, with its crystal waters and its banks studded with the palatial residences of wealthy New Yorkers, presents a picturesque combination of natural beauty adorned by artificial means that is scarcely to be excelled anywhere; while the valley of the Ramapo is famous alike in history and poetry, as are also the hills of Orange county ever celebrated for its milk and butter.

Beyond Port Jervis the beauty of the Eastern Division is changed to the wild grandeur of the most magnificent mountain scenery. Along the Delaware River rapidly speeds the train, every moment delighting the eye of the traveler by the wildness of the mountain forest, or else swaying the soul with awe by the grandeur of the majestic river, lying hundreds of feet, almost perpendicularly below. The stranger frequently shrinks from the window, bewildered by the view, as he is hurried rapidly forward in seeming disregard of everything except the safety that the skill of engineering has vouchsafed in such apparently impossible situations.

No artist's pencil ever touched the beauties that present themselves in this part of the route. Looking to the mountain heights that skirt the opposite shore of the river, the observer is first astonished at their height, then at their ruggedness, and again at their boldness; interspersed here with a waterfall and there with a rollicking stream, together forming a variegated presentation of nature that can never be transferred to the canvas. This Division of the road ends at Susquehanna, and is known as the Delaware Division.

Westward from Susquehanna stretches the division of that name. The scenery of this division is of an entirely different character from that of the last division. Here are the subdued qualities of nature, the fertile valleys, the broad, quiet streams, and the busy husbandmen, to excite the admiration where, but an hour before, all the possibilities of conception of the majestic and the grand and the awful

no influence on peoples. It is too evident in this contrast which one has within an hour, and it leads the speculative mind to consider seriously the effect that a still further change in our government to admit all people to an equality in all material things, reserving for the ambitions of life the attainment of intellectual and moral wealth and power.

The crossing of the Detroit River being effected without changing cars, the train rolls out of Detroit over one of the best appointed railroads—the Michigan Central—in the world, into the fertile and radical State of Michigan. No Western State shows so great an advance in all that constitutes real progress as does this. Here the intellectual training of the New England States is evidenced by the characteristics of the people, exhibiting itself not only in the manners, customs, beliefs and radicalism of the people, but in the care and cultivation of the land, in the neatness of country cottages, the thrift and bustle of the young towns, and the activity everywhere manifest. Coming from the Canadian provinces, into the intellectual and progressive atmosphere of Michigan, the traveler feels his brain grow clear and bright, and knows he is among a people who make a business of thinking—and so he is. In whatever reform, in whatever direction, the people of this State will be in the advance guard, side by side with those of Massachusetts, from whom they take their leading characteristics.

And now, after thirty-six hours of uninterrupted change from one beauty to another, in which the physical necessities for food and sleep have been carefully regarded (the eating-houses all the way being equal to first-class hotels—and especially so on the Erie road, at Turner's, Susquehanna, Elmira and Hornellsville, and on the Michigan Central, at Jackson and Kalamazoo) the wonder of the West, Chicago rebuilt, is reached, and the traveler is lost in the busy hum of human industry and human achievement.

BOOK NOTICES.

Conspicuous among the agencies for the circulation of Free Thought literature, stands the new firm of Asa K. Butts & Co., 36 Dey street, New York.

We have recently received from them the following pamphlets, all of which are remarkable for their strength, courtesy, vigor and learning:

"The Influence of Christianity on Civilization." By B. F. Underwood. Popular fallacies concerning this question have had no more honest and fearless exposition than is given us in this handsome pamphlet. Mr. Underwood has treated this momentous theme with dignity, candor and grace, yet with that vigor which has made him so popular on the platform among the Liberals of the West. Nor does he lack in erudition. He is profuse in quotations from standard histories, largely Christian, and shows concisely but clearly from their own testimony what a drag upon civilization that stupendous fanaticism has been. In paper covers, single copies, 25 cts.

"Christianity and Materialism Contrasted," by the same author; 43 p., 12 mo.; 15 cts. We cannot of course agree with Mr. Underwood's Materialism, but he deals Christianity many of the most tremendous blows we have ever heard.

"Buddhist Nihilism," by Prof. Max Mueller, of Oxford University, England (price 10 cts.), is a most complete defense of the great Buddha from the charge of being a Materialist, and in fact shows most clearly and

beautifully that he was one of the earliest and grandest Spiritualists the world has ever known.

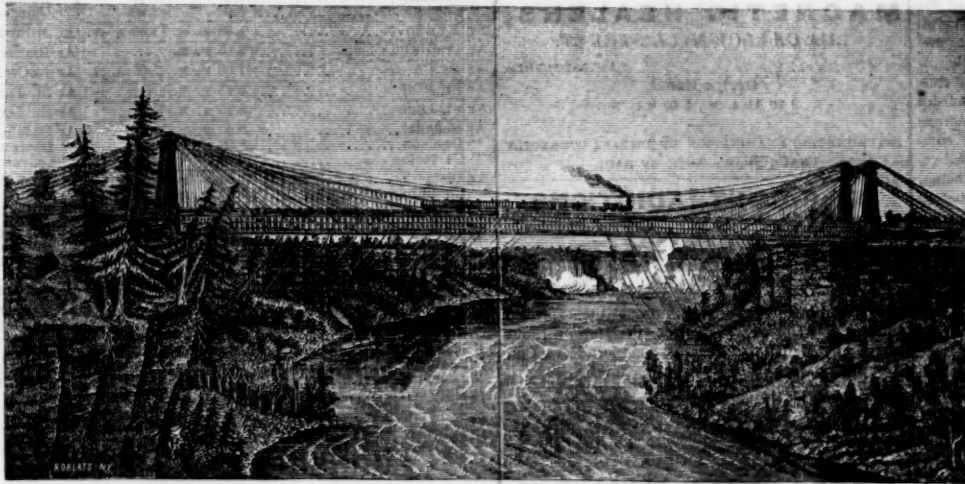
"Materialism: Its Ancient History, Recent Development and Practical Beneficence," by Dr. L. Buchner (price 25 cts.), is scientific and historical, but very interesting withal, and will create discussion.

The most terse and fervid argument against the assumed existence of a God is contained in 53 paragraphs, entitled: "The Essence of Religion." "God the Image of Man." "Man's Dependence upon Nature the last and only source of Religion." By L. Feuerbach. Translated from the German by Prof. A. Loos. 12mo. Paper, 60 cents. Cloth, \$1.00. The spirit of Feuerbach, though impetuous, was noble. "The spirit of the time," he said, "is show, not substance. Our politics, our ethics, our religion, our science, is a sham. The truth-teller is ill-mannered therefore immoral. Truthfulness is the immorality of our age!" "My business was, and above everything is, to illumine the dark regions of religion with the torch of reason, that man at last may no longer be a sport to the hostile powers that hitherto and now avail themselves of the mystery of religion to oppress mankind. The purpose of my writing is to make men anthropologists instead of theologians; man-lovers instead of God-lovers. My object is therefore anything but negative, destructive, it is positive; I deny in order to affirm. I deny the illusions of theology and religion that I may affirm the substantial being of man."

"The Religion of Inhumanity," by Frederic Harrison, is a keen and sarcastic criticism upon a sort of modern high Calvinism. This distinguished disciple of Comte pays in closing a noble tribute to his great and beloved master. Price, 30 cts.

A CARD.

Again, and for the last time, we wish to say to those who have sent articles for publication, that we are weekly receiving four times as many as we can publish, not for want of a desire to give everybody and everything a place, but from lack of space. We therefore presume to say to a certain class which assumes that we refuse or are afraid to publish its articles, that they are just a little bit impudent, or else a great deal pig-headed. We make it a special point to always make such selections from criticisms received as are the ablest, and which involve the nicest points of argument against our positions. We have only to refer to the back columns of the WEEKLY to prove this. This we shall contrive to do in spite of all the croakings. If some of those who croak the loudest would make as great effort to aid us in sustaining the WEEKLY, then complaints would come with a little better grace. Give us the requisite support and we will enlarge the WEEKLY to a size that will take you all in.



View of an Erie Railway Express Train Crossing the Great Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls.

were drawn forth. Now the traveler is in the beautiful valley, when, an hour ago, he was on the mountain's top. So great a change in so short a time is the wonder of every observer, and will ever remain the undisputed possession of these two divisions of the Erie road, which furnish ample food for the amusement of the traveler until he arrives at Hornellsville, where he enters upon the Buffalo division of the road.

On this division is the celebrated Portage bridge, eight hundred feet long and two hundred and fifty in height—the view from which, up and down the Genesee River, is not excelled in the country, except, perhaps, in some of the defiles of the Rocky Mountains. The Upper Genesee Falls are just below the bridge, the Middle Falls a quarter of a mile further down, and the Lower Falls a mile further on, all of which being embraced in one view, make up the most magnificent scene that can be conceived by the most fertile imagination, and is appropriately described as "The crowning glory of all the matchless beauty of scenery for which the Erie road is so justly celebrated all over the world," and which alone is attractive enough to mark this route between New York and Suspension Bridge the favorite over any and all others.

Arriving at Buffalo, the traveler passes to another extreme of change in the varieties of nature. The division from this place to the Bridge passes along the Niagara River as it rolls onward to cast itself over the awful precipice that is and ever will remain the most magnificent sight in the world. Niagara Falls can never be approached. Here the terrible is so combined with the beautiful, and the majestic power stands so contrasted with the impotency of resistance, that nowhere in the world is the spectator awed into reverence for the Maker of all things as when he stands under the inspiration of Niagara. As the rolling, foaming ocean, lashed into fury by the hurricane, is to the bubbling spring; as Vesuvius on fire is to the smoking kiln; as the Andes and the Alps are to the rolling prairies of the West, so Niagara Falls to all other natural wonders, are infinitely more grand, supremely majestic and beautiful.

Having left the Erie road and passed into the dominions of the Queen, another transition, scarcely less wonderful, greets the eye. Here the contrast between the peoples of the two countries is so evident that the least observant notes it immediately, and it carries a great lesson home to the soul of every person interested in human advancement. It is useless for persons to contend that governments have

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