THE NEW YORK HERALD.

WHOLE NO. 7766. SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 6, 1857. PRICE TWO CENTS.

THE WAR IN INDIA.

Intelligence from Delhi—The Nature of the Victory—General Wilson's Reward—Relief of Lucknow—Dangerous Position of General Havelock—The War Transferred to Oude—Appearance of the Scene of the Cawnpore Massacre—Graphic Account of the Ruins—A Price set on Nena Sahib—Proclamations of the Governor General—Important Meeting of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce—An American Steamtug Proscribed—The British Government too mean to Pay its Towage—Flour Scarce in Calcutta—Movements of Sir Colin Campbell—Loss of an American Ship—A Mate to the Koh-i-noor Diamond Discovered, &c., &c., &c.

OUR CALCUTTA CORRESPONDENCE.

CALCUTTA, Oct. 8, 1857.

The cheering news from Delhi and Lucknow which this mail carries to England indicate that the tide of the rebellion is turning. Lucknow has been relieved, and Delhi has been entered by the British troops. We have yet no official despatches from General Wilson, to whom is due the honor of the victory at Delhi, but we know from private sources that the fighting before that city was very severe, and that the loss of life in the assaulting ranks was very great.

It has been remarked that since General Wilson assumed the command before Delhi, the siege has taken a new character. Under Generals Anson, Barnard and Reid, who successively preceded him, very little progress was made; and the ruling idea with the besiegers was that Delhi could not be taken without the aid of large reinforcements from England. Under this idea, the months of June, July and August were spent in a series of defensive skirmishes, and in resisting sorties of the enemy from the city. The effect of this negative system of operations was to make Delhi just what General Barnard, when dying, declared it to be—a new Sebastopol. It became gradually a fortified centre of the rebellion, whither flocked, daily, armed mutineers and malcontents from every part of Upper India. The long protracted siege was destroying the prestige of the British arms. It gave opportunity to the enemy to strengthen his position of defence, while, at the same time, it was imperiling the position of the British camp, to which access had been entirely cut off except from the side of the Punjab. When Gen. Wilson assumed the command, he resolved to cut short the siege, and storm the city with such forces as he had. The odds against him were fearful. Delhi was a walled city, well fortified by English skill. The houses were built chiefly of brick, heavy enough to offer a good resistance to shot. Thirty thousand mutinous soldiers were within the city, besides some forty thousand armed town's people and badmashes—all fighting men.

The assault was commenced on the 14th of September, and on the evening of the 20th the whole city, palace and suburbs were in the possession of the British. The enemy fled in all directions, and on the morning of the 21st a detachment of cavalry left the city in pursuit of the fugitives. This force overtook and captured the old King, Mahommed Bahadoor Padishah, and his wife, whose lives were spared. On the next day the King's two sons, Meerza Mozhul and Mirza Khisra Sultan, and his grandson, Mirza Aboo Buser, were captured and shot. It is known that these royal rascals were leaders of the rebellion.

Thus the seige of four months is gallantly ended. Delhi, it is reported, is now "a desolate waste."

The question now is asked by every one in Calcutta—"How will General Wilson be rewarded?" It is the universal opinion that he deserves the "most honorable recognition" by the home government. He has anticipated the laurels which, it was supposed, would be won by Sir Colin Campbell, and which perhaps that sturdy soldier would have won had he gone straight to Delhi when he arrived at Bombay, instead of coasting round to Calcutta, to hob-nob with the Governor General and those inveterate old women who sit in his council. You will notice that the name of Sir Colin Campbell has hardly appeared in the newspapers since he arrived in India. He has done nothing since he arrived, and now that Delhi is taken his opportunity has passed He has been eclipsed by General Wilson, a quiet but bold and experienced soldier, who has spent hi life in India, and is, strange to say, an officer of the East India Company's service. Strange to say—because it is getting to be a proverb in India that when several of the Queen's generals have been successively employed in one enterprise, a Company's general has at last to be called in to bear off the palm!

Lucknow was relieved on the 25th September by General Havelock, and just in time to save its beleaguered garrison from destruction. Havelock crossed the Ganges from Cawnpore on the 19th of September, with a force of 2,700 men, and pressed on to Lucknow. The resistance he met with from the rebels, on his march, was of the most desperate character. On the 22d he heard the guns of the garrison at Lucknow, not yet in sight, to which he responded with a royal salute from his 24-pounders. On the morning of the 25th he saw the city. Skirting it, against severe resistance, he forced his way to the Residency, which he reached in the evening, just in time to repulse the enemy, who had already run two mines far under the principal fortifications. On the 26th the batteries of the besiegers were assaulted and taken, the British losing 450 men, among them General Neill, of the Madras Fusileers, one of the most courageous officers in India, whose death at this juncture is a public calamity. On the 29th the right quarter of the town was occupied and seven guns captured.

Since the 29th no information from Lucknow has reached Calcutta; and on this account, great anxiety is felt here respecting General Havelock. There is a large rebel force between Lucknow and Cawnpore, commanded by the warlike chiefs of Oude. It is feared that this force has taken possession of the road to Cawnpore, thus preventing the return of General Havelock and his gallant army. If this proves to be the fact, the successful exploit of Havelock in relieving the besieged Residency, is not likely to terminate the struggle in Oude. That country has been for centuries the "breeding ground" of the sepoys of India. It has supplied soldiers to the Company's armies and to the armies of the native princes; and it would be easy any day for the rebels to gather a force of fifty thousand fighting men around Lucknow—men whose hatred of the English is of the most determined character. If General Havelock's return is cut off by these men, we fear it is cut off forever.

An officer in Havelock's army has written a letter from Cawnpore, September 18, giving a graphic account of the melancholy spectacle which the place presented when Nena Sahib murdered the English garrison. I extract the following passages from his letter:—

We passed on after this to Futtehpore, and here I looked over the field where General Havelock fought his first battle. The remains of an elephant killed by our artillery were still lying there, with the skeletons of some horses and other scattered remaants of the fight. The town itself seemed in a great measure deserted. We left Futtehpore on the night of the 11th, passing two eighteen pound guns, which were lying spiked beside the road; and on the 14th, stealing a march on our troops, I reached Cawnpore. The road as you enter the town leads past the two buildings, with their outhouses, where Wheeler with his brave band held his own so long against the hordes which surrounded him. These buildings formed what was called the European Cavalry Hospital. Right well and heroically must it have been defended. The walls are pitted with cannon shot like the cells of a honeycomb. The doors, which seem to have been the principal points against which the Nena's fire was directed, are breached and knocked into huge shapeless openings. Of the verandahs which surrounded both the buildings, only a few splintered rafters remain, and at some of the angles the walls are knocked entirely away and huge chasms gape blackly at you.

Many of the enemy's cannon shot have gone through and through the buildings; portions of the interior walls and roof have fallen, and here and there are bloody gouts on wall and floor. Never did I yet see a place so terribly battered. Could these shaken ruins but speak, what tales of woe unutterable, of misery indescribable would they tell. Here might have sat some trembling mother, with her pale and dying children huddled around her, listening to the roar of the cannon, the whistling of the shot, the bursting of shell, the crash of falling walls, the chorus of manifold and terrific sounds which must have pervaded this place each day of the siege. Many a fair girl died there, many a loving mother, many a friend too, whom, when living, I knew and honored highly. Many of them prayed for death as a release from the horror of living, and they died. You may yet see some of their shallow graves within the entrenchments. But dying they bequeathed us a duty—to revenge them—for in more than one place on the walls these words are scratched—"Remember us" and "Revenge us." Passing from this scene of human misery and ruin, I went onward through the town. On every side ruins of bungalows rise sadly in the view, roofless and bare. Gardens and shrubberies are torn up and trampled down; and so utter is the wreck and change that I verily believe that could their former occupants rise again they would scarce know them. There too is the bungalow in which I resided, ruined utterly. Some of the walls, sapped by the rain, have fallen in and filled the floros with the debris. Those which stand, totter to their fall. The cistern, in which I had quite a shoal of gold and silver fish, is filled with rubbish and battered wofully. The dovecote has been given to the flames; and they tried evidently to burn the very trees in the compound: one stands black and leafless, a monument of their hate and violence. In the garden I found very little damage done, and I was just wondering at this, when up came the Mallee, whose previous acquaintance I had not the honor of having. On questioning this worthy I discovered that the Nena Sahib had bestowed my garden on him for some special service. I very soon settled accounts with him, and will guarantee that he will cultivate no more gardens for Nena Sahib in future. In the evening I visited the house where the poor women were slaughtered. It is not the Assembly rooms, as was popularly supposed, but a small native building next to Noor Mahomed's Hotel, where it is said the Nena had his headquarters.

It consists of two ranges, surrounded by a wall and having a courtyard in the centre. Each range contains three rooms and a verandah.

Although a considerable time has elapsed since this horrible butchery was perpetrated, there is enough left to bring back to the mind's eye, and with terrible freshness, the bloody atrocities committed within that little space. There are mementoes enough left within those dreary walls, to conjure up visions of the horrors wrought there two months ago. The ragged matting exists still, stained with great blotches and patches of blood. Sword cuts and bullet holes in the wall tell how the demons did their work. Here is the mark of a bloody hand; there the wall is dashed and sprinkled with blood as though some poor creature's brains had been beaten out. A little further on there is a small stream of gory spots, as though they had spirted from a sword thrust; while in the court yard, here and there, a darker spot on the soil shows where the life stream of some poor wretch had been poured out.

The greatest amount of slaughter seems to have taken place in the cooking room. The mats were literally soaked with blood, and in one corner there are numerous sword cuts, as though some of our country women had cowered down and there been hacked to death. About the court yard there are still strewed bonnets, children and women's shoes, blood-stained remnants of clothing, books, straw hats, papers, &c., &c.—a sad spectacle indeed. After the women were all murdered they were stripped and thrown down the well in the adjoining compound; many of the children were thrown down it alive.

While the butchery was going on the screams and shrieks of the victims were said to be heart-rending; but as every "gentle Hindoo" and "timid Mussulman" was anxious to flesh his blade in the bosoms of our women, there were plenty of butchers to do the work, so it did not last long.

Close alongside the house is the gallows, and already some 200 miscreants have paid there the penalty of their crimes—a fate far too merciful for them.

Nothing has been heard of Nena Sahib for some time past. It is supposed that he is at the head of the rebels in Oude. On the 2d inst. the Governor-General issued a proclamation in several languages, offering a reward of 50,000 rupees ($25,000), for the apprehension of "Sreemunt Dhoondoo Punt, Nena Sahib, of Bittoor." It is to be hoped this reward will soon put that fiend into the revenging hands of the government.

An important meeting of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce was held on the 5th inst., at which it was voted to support the petition against the East India Company, made by the British and other foreign residents of Calcutta to Parliament, which was sent to England in charge of Mr. Henry Mead, editor of the *Friend of India*, in August last. I sent you a copy of this petition at that time. The meeting of the Chamber of Commerce was very exciting. I enclose a full report of it, to which I beg to refer you. It is a chapter in Anglo-Indian history worth noting.

There is a steamtug running on our river called the Underwriter, which is owned by a company of American merchants doing business in Calcutta. When her Majesty's ship, Bellisle, with troops on board, arrived below a few days since, the Underwriter ran alongside, and offered to tow the ship up to the city—a distance of some seventy-five miles—for 2,500 rupees, about $1,250. The commander of the Bellisle refused to pay that sum for being towed up to the city, and the Underwriter refused to tow up the ship for any less sum. So, not being able to agree on terms, the vessels parted, and the ship was towed up by some other craft. But now, mark this, and please publish it in the HERALD, in large capitals, as it has already been published here. The Superintendent of Marine has issued orders that, because the steamtug Underwriter refused to tow H.M. ship Bellisle up the river for a less sum than 2,500 rupees, any vessel that shall engage the Underwriter to tow her will not be provided with a pilot. This order prevents the tug from doing any more business. What do you think of it? It is British meanness all over. Her Majesty is too poor to pay for a tow boat. Egad!

It is expected that there will be a great scarcity of flour here when the troops from England arrive to increase the demand. The Commissariat is about to despatch a steamer to the Cape of Good Hope for a cargo of flour, and he will probably engage all the cargoes of American flour that are expected to arrive here during the next few months. This will be pleasant intelligence for American shippers. Not only flour, but boots and shoes, and all kinds of naval and military stores will soon be in great demand here.

Sir Colin Campbell is eating his tiffin at the Government House, and seems to be in no such hurry to fight as he was to get away from England. When the reinforcements arrive he will visit the Upper Provinces, accompanied by Lord Canning, and will take up a position at Allahabad.

The American ship J. P. Morse, Captain Weeks, just arrived from Liverpool, got ashore in the vicinity of the James and Mary during Sunday last. By the last account received the vessel had sixteen feet of water in her hold. The master of the vessel and his family have come up to town, which is a sign that the vessel has been abandoned.

Since the above was written (our correspondent proceeds):—

We have learned that the vessel has gone down. One of the ship's boats arrived off town astern of the ship War Spirit in tow of the tug Francis Gordon at 4 P. M. yesterday, having on board a part of the crew, a few sails, and such of the cabin furniture as the people on board were able to save.

A native correspondent makes a suggestion to me which is worthy of attention. He says:—

It may not be known to the Indian authorities and the English public that two large stones were originally dug up from the diamond mines of Golconda and were named Koh-i-Noor and Koh-i-Toor respectively, both being supposed to be of equal value. The history of the former is well known—how, after passing through a variety of adventures, it has found its destined goal in the person of Queen Victoria. The other gem, Koh-i-Toor, is believed to be still in the possession of the royal family of Delhi, and kept concealed in some obscure corner in the subterranean Tykhana of the place. Of its existence there is not the slightest doubt in the mind of the intelligent natives, but the secret of its present whereabout is known only to a select few, who by proper management may be made to divulge it. It would, therefore, be worth the value of those interested in the matter to leave no stone unturned to discover one, the value of which is worth a kingdom.

The Trouble at Piermont.

The reported trouble among the laborers at Piermont turns out to be greatly exaggerated. There was no rioting worth mentioning. The facts seem to be that the new President of the Company, in initiating his economizing policy, proposed to cut down the laborers on the road from $1 to 90 cents per day. This of course produced much discontent among the men, and they declared they would not work at the company's price. Superintendent Riddle hired some thirty new men up the river, who agreed to work at the reduced rate, and on Thursday last they were landed on the dock at Piermont. The regular laborers, who were still at work, hearing of the arrival, proceeded to the dock, where an altercation between the men occurred. Some of the new men being frighted ran away, and took refuge in one of the machine of the company. Upon this the employes of the company became alarmed and sent to the police of this city for aid, which was promptly rendered. With the police went up on Friday night some 200 men (workmen) to take the place of the old ones in case the latter did not accept the company's terms. As soon as it was known that a police force had been sent to keep the peace, the laborers came to their senses, and expressed their willingness to come to terms. All was quiet yesterday. The superintendent has determined to keep the new men on until Tuesday next, to see that the laborers keep their agreement. The police will not return, probably, until Monday night.

Police Intelligence.

AN ALLEGED PUBLISHER OF OBSCENE LITERATURE IN CUSTODY.—Joseph Clark, of No. 197 William street, was taken into custody yesterday by policeman Phillips, of the Second precinct, on charge of selling obscene literature. The accused, it is charged, is the publisher of a sheet called "Venus Miscellany," and has within the past two or three days sold some three or four thousand copies of the vile publication to newsboys and others. The prisoner was brought before Justice Connolly at the Lower Police Court, where he was held to bail in the sum of $500 to answer.

TARGET EXCURSIONS.—The Harrison Guard, Capt. Conly, paraded fifty-three muskets on their annual excursion, and contended for forty prizes at Mott Haven. This is a well drilled company.

The Eagle Guard, composed of the member of Engine Company No. 13, paraded seventy muskets, and shot for sixty prizes at the River House. They were commanded by Captain Donavan.

The Aurora Guard, Captain McCabe, composed of the members of Engine Company No. 45, mustered ninety-one muskets, on their annual excursion, last Monday. A number of politicians went with the company, and a good number of valuable prizes were distributed among the best shots.

THE OHIO FREE LOVERS.

Progress of Free Love and Passional Attraction in Ohio—Arrest of Nine of the Disciples on a Charge of Adultery—The Town of Berlin Heights the Abode of the Free Lovers—A Convention of the Progressionists, and its Indignation at the Backward Condition of the Social System—Mrs. Sophronia Powers' Efforts in Favor of Progress—The Free Lovers Somewhat Worldly Minded and Speculative—A Woman Married to Everything that Wears Breeches—Free Love Resolutions—Woman not to be Interfered with in the Regulation of her Love and Maternal Nature—The Place Broken Up, &c.

OUR SANDUSKY CORRESPONDENCE.

SANDUSKY, Ohio, Nov. 25, 1857.

This city and vicinity have been in a paroxysm of modern progression, resulting from the sudden collapse of a free love institution, which has been in existence in Erie county for over a year, as has since become known, though but few were aware that this natural culmination of black republicanism, abolitionism, disunionism, Bloomerism and spiritualism, which have their stronghold in the West in Northern Ohio, existed among us as a philosophy until the grand explosion which took place on the 16th instant, when four women and five men, identified with the movement at Berlin Heights were taken into custody on a charge of adultery, and were taken before the authorities of this city for a preliminary examination. All of the accused parties hold to this modern ismatic monstrosity, originally unfolded in this country by the Brisbane-Greeley school of philosophers, and latterly expounded by Stephen Pearl Andrews and Mrs. Gove Nichols and their disciples. The free love league which existed in New York two years since, I believe, was the last pin knocked down by popular indignation, and New York, so far as I have been informed by the press, has since been without a free love club of the philosophical order. But the idea, it seems, was soon after transplanted to this State, where it has been nursed by two schools of ismaculturalists—the spiritualists on the one hand, and the socialists on the other—the one being on the supernatural dodge and basing their material acts upon the revelations of ghosts, and the other acknowledging that they are affected with this moral measles in the natural way. The free lovers whose leaders here were some days in limbo, are now probably convinced that there is a limit to individual freedom, and that there is a difference between liberty and license.

The organ of the free love movement in the West is a monthly magazine, published for some years at Greenville, Darke county, in this State, but which was removed to Berlin Heights two months since. Berlin Heights is an unostentatious little village of thirty houses, situated about three miles from Berlin station, on the Cleveland and Toledo Railroad. Until the present time it has been celebrated for nothing in particular, though from its newly formed association it is now favored with an ephemeral fame. Here Francis Barry and his wife, Cordelia Barry, and Joseph Treat resided. One day they were carried off in a fit of modern philosophy, and under some influence—the idea of speculating in town lots, or whatever it was—they became inspired with the idea that Berlin Heights was to become the grand central squatting ground of hirsute philosophy, whence was to radiate the benign light of the new dispensation which was to convince the world of the beauties of loose morals and easy virtue.

"We, the people of England," said the three tailors of Tooley street; and Francis and Cordelia Barry and Joseph Treat in the name of science called a meeting of all free people to assemble at Berlin Heights, in October, 1856, to consider the lamentable condition of the universe in general and the United States in particular. The melancholy evidences of the world's depravity were instanced at some length in the Convention. The fact that men and women had but a single wife or husband respectively was a fact that made the big hearts of these philosophers melt with sympathetic emotions. That children, as a general thing, knew their own fathers was a fact which called forth the most emphatic protests at such shocking depravity; and the morbid sentimentality which clung to the associations around the family hearthstone, called for their united efforts to purify our social system of such a stumbling block in the path of modern progress. In view of these facts the Convention concluded that the world was a fool, and that Berlin Heights should be turned into an asylum for idiots, in order that the world might be doctored for its imbecility and be regenerated under the inspiring touch of loose love.

The Convention gave an impetus to this movement, though its progress was slow. During the winter two young philosophers, named Moore, swelled the list of free lovers to five persons, but the division between the sexes—four to one—showed an unpleasant preponderance of masculinity. In April, however, Mrs. Sophronia Powers, a spiritual-free lover, arrived at Berlin Heights, and leased the village hotel, which at once became under her auspices the headquarters of philosophy and the travelling public. Mrs. Powers is a woman of no little strength of character. Being unpopular in the place where she had previously resided, because of her ultra views, and hearing that the indignation of the people was to be manifested against her by violence, she purchased a revolver or two, which she carried with her constantly in the day and slept with at night—probably because she found it to be a bed-fellow suited to her belligerent nature. The accessions, however, during the summer were not large, though the visiters were numerous—probably because the chances were limited there in which philosophy would pay.

In September a call was published in the *Social Revolutionist*, the organ of the movement, for another convention, to be held at Berlin Heights. The document is a little remarkable for its dual aspect, the one side being *pseudo* philosophical, and the other worthy of a fancy stock dealer in Wall street. They acknowledge the difficulties which are liable to interrupt them, and yet they have faith in their success. Though they state it to be the business of socialists to show, not what can be done with capital, but to show that harmony in social relations is practicable, and the fact that they intend to illustrate the idea at Berlin Heights; yet in the next paragraph they speak of their not being able to command a large amount of capital, though it promised to come to them as freely and as fast as there was need, so much so that pecuniary success seemed to be no longer a question. It speaks of the great inducements to those who have means to invest in social enterprise. The toleration of public sentiment in the vicinity is alluded to, and they recite the fact that this toleration will be very readily appreciated by the free lovers. They urge gently that whilst they are doing all in their power to bring around the day when there will be remunerative work, for the present there is a greater need for those who have cash rather than hands, and they give the delightful assurance that those who come must rely upon their own resources. They state, however, that those who have only the ability to work might find a place in some attractive group, but that they must come at their own risk, that attraction is their only law, and that they will not even work with those, however good, who are not attractive. They announce that a socialist of eminent ability and energy is about to establish a water cure in connection with the movement and as a part of it, to be conducted on strictly hydropathic and socialistic (soci-opathy, a new dodge in medicine) principles; and finally, that the hotel at Berlin Heights is in possession of a group of socialists. Appended to the call are some thirty-six names of men and women, some of whom are among those arrested.

But whilst this movement was going on at Berlin Heights, spiritualism, by the inevitable force of moral gravitation, was fast falling into the embrace of free love. At Ravenna, in this State, a convention of spiritualists was held, whither Mrs. Carrie Lewis, the wife of a merchant in Cleveland, went—she being a free lover, based upon exclusive information received in her communion with the ghosts. Mrs. Lewis astonished the Convention by announcing that she was married to everything that wore breeches, and though several masculine ghost worshippers, who were present, with their wives, (as in duty bound under the circumstances) disavowed the relationship, and though the Convention succeeded in passing a resolution repudiating free love, yet Mrs. Lewis was strongly backed in her bold position, which had the effect to give a deal of Dutch courage to the chicken-hearted would-be free lovers, and the result is that the number of acknowledged proselytes among the ghost worshippers has materially increased. The sentiments uttered by Mrs. Lewis came to the ears of the editor of the Cleveland *Herald*, who took exception to her doctrine in terms not particularly complimentary. But Mrs. Lewis, not to be put down thus, seized a goose quill and made at the editor in the following style:—

MR. EDITOR—As I have been assailed in your paper for declaring what I honestly believe to be the great principles of Divine life, I feel you will not deny me the right of speaking through the same channel.

What right Ravenna or Cleveland people have to call meetings and pass resolutions condemnatory of sentiments I feel called upon to utter in a meeting, given out publicly for free expression of thought and discussion of principles, is unknown to me. I do not belong to the spiritualists or any inquisitorial body. God has written His laws upon the vestibule of my inmost soul, and outside of that I acknowledge no law. I deny the right of clans or individuals to sit in judgment upon my thoughts or acts.

I said at Ravenna that I had a right to the ownership of my soul and body; that it was my right to live a pure life—that no one should make laws to dethrone that purity; if they did I should trample them beneath my feet as unworthy of me. I said that I was a goddess, and that my life should be so blameless, so noble, so inspiring, that the world should acknowledge me the representative of a perfect womanhood.

I said that woman had a natural right to say who should be the father of her children.

Henry C. Wright said he believed in the one eternal union of one man with one woman. I replied, if by one man you mean all men who have lived, or will live, then I accept your philosophy, for I am married to all men—to the divine God principle—and it is for me to say what expressions or manifestations of love I shall give to all. With their lusts, their tobacco, their brandy, their slaveries, their extortions, I have no marriage or union; and yet the grave exponents of spiritual truths stood still with wonder, and said, "She is not my wife!"

Mrs. Coan said spiritualism had to father women's rights, free love, &c. I then said, "Spiritualism does include free love—it includes everything in the arcana of nature, whether in the natural or the spiritual world. Free love," I said, "is the great question of the day. The world was asking and demanding an explanation of free love, and the question must be met and answered intelligently—that it included principles as broad, as vast, as deep as God: that freedom of the affections would spiritualize the world and free it from the dominion of lust; that men and women would live holier lives and people the earth with spotless children."

These, Mr. Editor, were the sentiments I advanced at Ravenna, and for which I have been tried and condemned. I wish I could say that those who have been the loudest in crying out against me, are people of pure and noble lives; but, alas! too many of them are women whose moral code is written in the law books and fashion plates, and men whose lives are base and whose hearts are corrupt. These men and women we see from their stand point, and it is no marvel they condemn me; for how can vice comprehend virtue?

The editor of the *Universe* says my language was the same as used in brothels. I am not able to judge of the character of the language of those unfortunate people dwelling in the haunts of misery, but if they talk of a holy life, as I have talked—if they repudiate licentiousness in and out of the marriage state, as I have done, then those who have so wantonly sought to pollute my fair name would do well to go to those places and learn what is purity. I know the lives of some of those who condemn me; I know that while they talk of one love they have a plurality of wives or secret loves out of marriage. These men and women need the refining fire of free love to purify their hearts and loves. The angelworld has called out the world's evangels to aid in the great work of purification. They will labor on for the upbuilding of divine brotherhood and holy sisterhood. Revolutions, gags and thumbscrews will not silence the heavin sent.

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I covet naught but truth, and through it a divine life. Allow me here to express my thanks to the noble men and women of Ravenna and other places for their letters of approval and sympathy. Their testimonials of love strengthen my heart by the assurance that great truths, divine germs, are taking root in the human soul.

CARRIE LEWIS.

Had Noah Webster stood on his head during his lexicographical life, and had viewed etymology and usage upside down, and reversed his definitions accordingly, Mrs. Carrie Lewis might at this day have been in a leading position in the world, instead of at the head of a coterie of lunatics.

But to return to the Convention, which was held in pursuance to the call, at Berlin Heights, in the latter part of September. Speeches were made by various progressive orators, Francis Barry, Dr. Buckley, Joseph Treat, E. S. Tyler, J. W. Towner and Dr. Newberry, in which the new philosophy was foreshadowed. The substance of all that was said is contained in the following resolutions, which were adopted:—

Resolved, That the first great right of humanity is the right to love; and that there can be no possible justification of any attempts to interfere with the freedom of its exercise.

Resolved, That free love is neither "variety in love" nor exclusive love—neither constant love nor transient love; but simply freedom—the freedom of each heart to be true to its own nature, to obey its own attractions.

Resolved, That if nature has made the human heart inconstant or promiscuous in its tendencies, it is nature's fault, and not ours; and that they who find fault with freedom for the reason that men and women are naturally inclined to vice and impurity, have their quarrel with nature, and not with us.

Resolved, That so far from believing that freedom in love tends to promiscuity, we regard such an intimation as an unmitigated insult to human nature; and that such tendencies, wherever they exist, are the result, not of love gratification, but of repression and starvation.

Resolved, That all opposition to free love is founded in the orthodox idea of human depravity—the idea that men, when free to obey the promptings of their own natures, are inclined to immorality and crime; and that so soon as people are really convinced that human nature is not depraved, but that man's aspirations are towards all that is good and beautiful and noble, so soon will they hail freedom in all relations as the great purifier and saviour.

Resolved, That the doctrine of a future life of love and happiness and progress, and that angels are our associates and guardians, is as beautiful and attractive as the doctrine of annihilation is horrible and repulsive; and that, therefore, spiritualism is to be welcomed and cherished as man's only salvation from soul-withering hopelessness and blackest despair.

Resolved, That we can do justice neither to the heads nor the hearts of our spirit friends, except by presuming that their efforts are directed to the redeeming of man from all error and all wrong, and to the promulgation and success of all beautiful and saving truths.

Resolved, That the central doctrine of spiritualism is free love, in not being denied that the angels themselves are free lovers, and it being unreasonable to suppose that they are laboring for any other purpose than to bring heaven to earth, and make us like unto themselves.

Resolved, That we do not believe in, and that we do not want for ourselves, any other free love than such as is cherished and taught and practised by the angels.

Resolved, That all laws and customs and prejudices that fail to recognise woman's perfect equality with man, as an intellectual, moral and social being, are relics of ancient superstition and barbarism.

Resolved, That the first great right of woman, and without which all talk of other rights is but mockery and nonsense, is the right to herself, involving the right to an infinite security and exemption from interference in the regulation of her love and maternal nature and manifestations, according to her own highest, purest and most sacred instincts.

Previous to the Convention a man named E. S. Tyler and a Mrs. Mary Lewis, whose conversion Tyler had effected when visiting the house of her husband at Skeneateles, New York, and had brought her with him to Berlin, took possession of the hotel previously occupied by Mrs. Powers, as already mentioned, and were negotiating for its purchase. The resolutions, in the meantime, had been extensively read by the people of Berlin, and for the first time they seem to have appreciated the revolutionary character of the doctrines contained in them, calculated as they are to subvert all the institutions which are looked upon as sacred by the civilized world; and the prospect of Berlin Heights becoming the centre of the movement excited not a little alarm. An indignation meeting was held, at which it was resolved to purchase the hotel property rather than have it go into the hands of Tyler, and then, if need be, to burn it. The owner of the property, however, considered himself obligated to make out the deeds, as the bargain had been made, and the papers were signed soon after. In this exigency some of the leading citizens took sides with the free lovers, not because of any sympathy with their views, but because they believed that a resort to extreme measures would only advance the cause of the free lovers in the end. But in the October number of their organ was published an article so offensive in its character by its disgusting obscenity, that those citizens were silenced in their favorable words, and the free lovers were at once at the mercy of the rabble, and it is said that they are insulted whenever they make their appearance. The transfer of action in the matter from the mob to the forum prevented any demonstration against the persons or property of the free lovers at Berlin Heights.

The names of the accused parties are E. S. Tyler, Thomas Horner, Stephen Woodhull, A. M. Smith, Thomas Wright, Mrs. Sophronia Powers, Miss Mary Dame, Miss Mary Fisher, and Mrs. Mary Lewis. Much testimony has been elicited upon the principles of the free lovers, and not less upon the question of the alleged adulteries. The parties all manifested a deal of bravery; they bore the staring of the curious without a blush, and they talked of freedom of the affections—their right to determine what relation they will maintain to any other person, and how long it shall exist, with all the conscientious boldness and confidence with which Luther asserted the right of individual judgment in matters of faith—with which Hampden and Cromwell denied the divine right of kings, or with which Jefferson asserted the inalienable right of man to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; and they stoutly hold that their position is analogous. The general opinion in their case, so far as indicated, is that they are a coterie of moral monomaniacs, whose appropriate place is a lunatic asylum, where they can be gently restrained and properly treated until they recover from their morbid condition.

The proceedings in the matter occupied several days, and were protracted in some instances to late hours in the evening. Some were admitted to bail, others were committed to jail in default of bail, and the remainder were kept in the custody of the marshal, at Raymond's Hotel. Mrs. Lewis, after some hesitation, agreed to return with her husband to Skaneateles, and the whole proceedings were closed by the parties accused offering to leave the country. Thus ends the history of the Berlin Heights free lovers.

ARRESTED FOR OBTAINING GOODS UNDER FALSE REPRESENTATIONS.—Among the cases that will be presented to the Grand Jury is that of Julius C. Marsh, who was brought before Judge Russell on a charge of obtaining $850 worth of segars by means of a false token and false representations. The complainant was James Schott, an importer of segars, doing business at No. 5 William street, who made an affidavit to the effect that Marsh went to his store on the 24th of November last and said he wanted to purchase segars of him; that in payment thereof, or rather as collateral security for the segars, he presented certificates of stock, purporting to be of the Cumberland Coal and Iron Company, and which he represented to be genuine. He also told the complainant that they had been selling in the Board of Brokers in this city at between $11 and $12 a share. Upon these representations Mr. Schott sold the segars to him. Mr. Edward F. Loomis, secretary of the company, which was chartered in 1852, testified that the certificates were not genuine and that they had not been for sale by the Board of Brokers. The false certificates are signed by W. J. Patison as President and George Gray as Secretary, while Mr. A. McHaffey is the President and Mr. Edward F. Loomis the Secretyry of the company. Marsh was fully committed in default of $5,000 bail, and the papers are to be presented to the Grand Jury to-morrow.

Jersey City News

THE CINCINNATI BURGLAR—THE WATCHES IDENTIFIED.—Chief of Police Haines, of Jersey City, yesterday morning received a telegraphic message from Cincinnati, embodying a minute description of the property found in the possession of "Charles E. Warren," who was arrested at the Philadelphia Hotel on Friday morning. The watches and jewelry prove to be the property of Messrs. S. K. Streve & Co., of No. 250 Main street, Cincinnati, whose establishment was robbed on Sunday night last. The marks telegraphed to the Chief correspond precisely with those upon the watches found in Warren's possession. The prisoner was yesterday taken before Recorder Bedford, who committed him to the Hudson county jail, to await the arrival of Mr. Streve, who is now on his way from Cincinnati. The whole number of watches stolen from the Messrs. Streve was seventy eight silver, sixty gold, together with chains and other articles, valued in all at about $7,000. Warren had twenty eight gold and twenty-six silver watches, and it is supposed that he had a confederate, with whom the booty was divided.

Horrible Tragedy in Broadway.

SUICIDE OF A MERCHANT BY CUTTING HIS THROAT WITH A RAZOR—CORONER'S INQUEST.

William H. Wetmore, a well known merchant doing business at No. 80 Dey street, committed suicide yesterday morning, at his residence, No. 724 Broadway, by cutting his throat with a razor. The deceased, it appeared, boarded with Mrs. Cornelia Clarkson, at the above number. For the last three or four days he was confined to his room by an attack of erysipalas. On Friday night a number of friends called to see him, when they found him sitting up and apparently in a cheerful mood. On their departure Mrs. Clarkson thought proper to remain up with the invalid until about five o'clock yesterday morning, when she retired. At 7½ o'clock A. M. one of the domestics tried to get into the deceased's room, for for the purpose of lighting a fire in the grate, but was unable to do so, as the door was locked on the inside. Mrs. Clarkson knocked at the door repeatedly, but was unable to obtain any answer from within. Finally, one of the chambermaids put her eye to the keyhole, and looking into the the bedroom a horrible spectacle met her view. The body of deceased, covered from head to foot with gore, with the throat cut from ear to ear, and a blood stained razor lying beside the corpse, completed the ghastly picture. The alarm was promptly raised, when a message was despatched to No. 8 St. Mark's place, the residence of deceased's brother, informing the latter of the sad occurrence. The bedroom door was subsequently burst open, when the fears of all present were fully realized—the deceased was found to be entirely inanimate. He was lying on his back, within a few feet of the bed, dressed in nothing but his shirt and drawers, which were completely saturated with blood. A large pool of blood was found upon the lower end of the bed, and the appearances were such as to justify the theory of deceased's having committed suicide while in a sitting posture. The room was strictly searched, but no letters assigning a cause for the commission of the rash act could be discovered.

Coroner Connery was notified of the occurrence about nine o'clock, when he repaired to the scene of the tragedy, and at once commenced to investigate the case. From the position of the corpse upon the floor, the Coroner was at first inclined to think that some foul play had been used in the premises, but as the inquest progressed, and the testimony of the inmates of the house, together with that of the medical gentlemen who made the post mortem examination of the body, was adduced, all doubts as to the case being one of suicide were removed.

The following is a report of the evidence as elicited on the inquest:—

David Wetmore being duly sworn, deposes and says—I live at No. 8 St. Marks place; deceased is my brother; he is not married; he keeps a grocery establishment at 80 Dey street; I have been in the habit of attending it almost daily; he has boarded with Mrs. Clarkson between three and five years; my brother was a healthy man; he never complained of any domestic trouble or annoyance; he never told me he had any difficulty with any one in Mrs. Clarkson's house; my brother had no monetary difficulties that I know of; I saw him last night, between 8½ and 9 o'clock; he was then in his bedroom, and I left him about 9 o'clock; I came to see him because I heard that he had erysipelas; he had a brother a partner in the business, and an uncle who was a special partner in the house; neither of them are in the city; I saw deceased about eight o'clock this morning; the girl opened the door, and said, "Oh, Mr. Wetmore, your brother is on the floor;" she did not say he was dead; I turned to get into his room through the window, but could not do so; I then burst open the the door and saw the body of deceased lying on the floor; I saw the gash in the neck, and found that he was dead; I heard Mrs. Clarkson say to Dr. Dubois that she was in the room with deceased after I left last night—that my brother was not well, and that he requested her to stay with him, which she did until 5 o'clock this morning; I know the razor on the floor to be my brother's razor; the gas was lighted in the room.

John J. Morris deposed as follows:—I live at No. 30 West Eleventh street; I am in no way connected with Mr. Wetmore's family; I knew him for three or four years; I have had business transactions with him; I owe his firm some money; I spent last evening with deceased from 8 until 10 o'clock; there was a young lady in the room; Mr. David Wetmore's wife was there also; Mrs. Clarkson was not there; deceased was apparently well; there were no harsh words uttered while I was in the room; I left at about 10 o'clock; I left nobody in the room when I came away; I don't know either directly or indirectly who may have done any injury to deceased; at 8½ o'clock this morning I was requested to call upon Dr. Dubois, when I heard of the sad occurrence; a servant came in and made a fire in the grate while I was there.

Mrs. Cornelia Clarkson being duly sworn, deposes and says—I have lived in this house since about the 1st of May last; deceased has boarded with me over four years; he was always in good health; I know of no one in the house who had any ill feeling against him; I never knew deceased to have mental aberration of mind; I never heard him say that he would put an end to his existence; I saw him last about five o'clock this morning; Mr. Wetmore had some company with him last night, who staid with him until about ten o'clock; at about 10½ o'clock I went to his room; he was then in bed; he had a book in his hand; I asked him if he was reading; the gas light at the head of the bed was burning; he said "I have been reading a little," and then closed the book; I asked him if the doctor had left any order, and if I could do anything for him before I went up stairs; he told me to sit down; that the doctor had left no order except to put some burned flour