

WOODHULL & CLARFLIN'S WEEKLY.

PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT! UNTRAMMELED LIVES!

BREAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

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THE TOBACCO NUISANCE.

NEWCASTLE, Pa., March 1, 1875.

Dear Weekly—I protest I have been absolutely and uncompromisingly disgusted a good many times in the course of my travels, but never in the whole course of my existence have I been more disgusted than I was yesterday; never did a crying, disgraceful evil present itself more glaringly to my notice; never was I more deeply impressed with a sense of the need of some sort of general eruption of decency to upheave and overturn a stagnant, seething mass of common corruption.

No man or woman of refined instincts and sensitive nerves, whose aspirations have elevated them above slavishness to sensualism, can travel in our country and not have those instincts outraged, those nerves tortured, and those aspirations humiliated by the grossness and insensibility to the fitness of things to which the use of tobacco has brought a large majority of men.

How often is a delicate woman's stomach turned upside down, as she is compelled to traverse the whole length of a "ladies' car" to find a seat free from the loathsomeness and sliminess of the salivations of some noble lord of creation, who sits, bolstered in his social immunities, to make a disgusting general nuisance of himself by squirting tobacco juice on all sides of the aisle.

Yesterday I got into a car on the Newcastle and Franklin branch of the A. & G. W. R. R. The car was originally quite nice, though intended to serve as both baggage and passenger car, being divided for that purpose. But human beings had turned the place into a condition that even a hog might be justified in turning up his snout to occupy; for it was more disgusting than a pig-sty.

The floor along the aisle and in every seat was a mass of sloppy, slimy, slippery, reeking, bad-smelling tobacco spits from the impure mouths of men who have become so oblivious of decency and cleanliness, so completely enslaved to a groveling habit of lust, that they can sit hour after hour and almost spit filth in a woman's face; ejecting from the charnel house of their saturated mouths a kind of excrement every bit as obnoxious to a sensitive stomach as the offal of a dung-heap.

I put it strong, for I have been so often outraged in the most sensitive part of being by the nuisance, not to say criminal indecency, that the "sanctity" of society winks at, that I think language inadequate to characterize it.

The stove in this car that I mention, which is but one of many, was located in the centre, surrounded by seats forming a hollow square, which seats were filled with "representative men of this free and enlightened Republic," who sat there cross-legged in all stages of don't-care-a-damn-ative-ness, streaming from their sweet (!) mouths the dirty mixture of a foul drug and saliva straight on to that smoking hot stove, and creating miniature ponds of stagnant filthiness, filling the air with a stifling poison and sickening odor, to which asafetida is spice of Arabia.

First one, and then another, and another of those noble rulers of women, incapable of ruling themselves, would send out a tribute to sensualism, which would hiss and sizzle on that stove, and rise as insense to the devil of misrule. I said to myself, "Are these men, made in the image of God, to whom an intuitively pure woman is commended to submit herself as unto the Lord?" God forbid! I studied the faces of those men, and, with scarce an exception, they were brutal, and when they opened their mouths to send forth the surplus nastiveness I could but commiserate the miserable lot of any woman whom the law has hitched to their licensed manhood (?) and compelled to endure the foulness of their tobacco-impregnated breath and presence.

I've had occasion to enter a close room where an inveterate chewer and smoker was sleeping, and the stench that assailed me drove me back, and made my stomach heave from nausea. How, in heaven's name, does a woman endure sleeping in the same bed with such a man! It seems to me that all the crowns of all the saints could not compensate for a single year of such contact. And to think of the thousands of women that have to submit to the embraces of such foul men, and no law to free a sensitive woman from her bondage to a man so wrapped up in his selfish lust as to make himself an object of loathing to his wife, and risk entailing upon his helpless children the curse of abnormal nervous organization that wills end them into all sorts of excesses to render foul and stagnant the sweet springs of existence, and cast

over the fair face of nature a clouded veil of tobacco smoke. As well foul the system, and render one's self offensive by the habitual use of onions, garlic, or Limberger cheese, and expect to be tolerated in decent company. No doubt the other side will say that unrestrained tirade is no argument. I know that as well as they. But where centuries of argument has failed to imbue men with a sense of the gross impropriety, not to say evil, of a habit, 'tis time women, who are the victims of the curse, attempt to manifest a tithe of the disgust they feel. I admit I can't find language to express mine. There will have to be a new string of cussin invented before I can convey my detestation of that weed of tophet, tobacco.

Why railroad officials will permit the nuisance to such an extent in waiting-rooms and on cars all over the country, is a mystery. I would like to make an appeal in behalf of my sex to conductors and depot agents, if there is a spark of the sense of decency left in them, if there is a vestige of respect for womanhood remaining in their souls, to see to it that any man found spitting about a waiting-room or railroad car is summarily ejected from the place he has desecrated.

A public hall in this country, where a mixed audience has been assembled, is a disgrace to civilization, and enough to make a dog sick. I once saw a prominent member of the Y. M. C. A. in a general waiting-room, reading the *Christian Union*, and actually squirting tobacco juice on the stove, and one volley fell directly at my feet. I deliberately expressed the wish, loud enough for the sanctified sinner to hear it, that he had to get on his knees and lick it up!

The pious free-luster of tobacco, and God only knows what else, looked at me over his holy eye-glasses with an air of superior virtuousness, and immediately spit another pint on the stove. After he got into the car he made a point to get a seat directly opposite to me, spread out that Christian sheet to its amplest and spit directly into the aisle! as much as to say, "Thou ungodly and itinerant vagabond! thou cursed specimen of a 'peripatetic Jezebel and strong-minded hag!'"—I am quoting the Rev. (!) Stewart Robinson, of Louisville, Ky., in his elegant reference to such women as Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Livermore, Anna Dickinson and Miss Anthony—"thou unredeemed spawn of total depravity and miserable outcast of grace! know thou that this saliva, cast up from the bowels of a member of the Y. M. C. A., is sanctified, for 'to him who is in Christ Jesus there is no sin,' and when I am being borne triumphant in Abraham's bosom, the smoke of thine agonies will be ascending as sweet savor to my nostrils, and thou wilt cry in vain for even a drop of my tobacco juice wherewith to cool thy burning tongue!"

I verily believe it would be as easy for women to maintain their right to a control of their bodies in marriage as to turn an uncompromising front to this rampant demon of tobacco indulgence. Yet I know of more than one marriage bed tobacco has planted with thorns—more than one couple estranged by the selfish, hateful indulgence of the weed. And I blame no refined woman because she gets a disgust of a tobacco-using husband. I could not endure the filthy contact of some men, whose open mouths are a charnel-house of uncleanness, and whose every hair of their heads a protruding pestilence of bad odors; and I don't wonder so many of my sex come to loathe the presence of their husbands and brood in silence over life's blighted hopes and rosy morning turned to a gray gloom through mating with a fool who thinks more of gross self-indulgence than of continuing attractive to its love.

One passion indulged to excess, permitted to run riot in the soul and enslave the nature, is just as lacking in virtue and chastity and purity as another. The inveterate user of tobacco, who cannot exist from day to day without the stimulant, is just as far gone, just as much deserves reprobation, as the man or woman who has become a slave to sexual debauchery—the two vices are of the same parent stock—and the tobacco victim has no business to point the finger of scorn to the victim of self-abuse and prostitution, for they are both in the same boat, given over to an indulgence of a ruling passion that debases the soul, one no more than the other though false and ephemeral public opinion pronounces damnation to the one and winks at the other. Yet it seems we might as well attempt to dip the ocean dry with a teaspoon as seek to dethrone the tyrant, tobacco. If women would but come to their senses and refuse to become mothers for men who use the vile stuff, then we might hope to achieve something. Oh, if the unborn could but assert their right to come

into life untainted with the sins of selfish, ignorant, enslaved parents! God speed the truth!
HELEN NASH.

PSYCHOMETRICAL DELINEATION OF WOODHULL AND CLARFLIN'S WEEKLY.

BY MARY M. D. SHERMAN.

Born into the world under peculiar circumstances, and for a grand purpose, the WEEKLY comes before my inner vision like a mighty iron-clad vessel plowing its way through the turbid waters of ignorance, conservatism and dark malignity. It combines within itself decision, enterprise, determination and an inspiration which has been felt as an anchor to the soul of many a weary and way-worn daughter of earth. It is concentrative in purpose for equality, purity, and the elevation of the human race. It fears not the frowns of the Grundies, but works on, hewing to the line which destiny has marked out for it. The iron-clad feared not to bombard the Plymouth citadel of Church and State; the terrible shock vibrated from centre to circumference of society, sending condemnation to souls trembling at their own bar of justice, fearing that at any moment shells might be hurled at their so-called respectability and sacred (?) marital relations.

The WEEKLY is an agitator, teaching that the constant transition of thought is the quintessence of progression. For woman it is an earnest worker seeking to elevate her, and assist in bringing out her individuality and powers of self-reliance. It would loosen the servile chains from humanity, which ignorance has so long bound them in, and show them that they have a right to all truth in heaven or earth, and that truth is the house of many mansions to which every child has an indisputed right, if they earn it, to occupy.

The WEEKLY, knowing the cause it has espoused to be true, dares maintain it against fearful odds, conforming to no prescribed rules, but striking boldly out for freedom, well knowing that it must be bought at a great price. It firmly declares that peace cannot rest on a rotten foundation, and with its iconoclastic blows it is tearing down the old and paving the way for the new. The WEEKLY caters not in food to the sleepy "stand-still," enclosed in living mausoleums of ignorance, but to thinking minds it beautifully teaches the laws governing life and being, and which justice to self is demanding as well as commanding. It unfurls its flag before all nations and peoples, knowing that the cause for which it is fighting is a glorious one not only for the present but for future generations; and that the sledge-hammer blows, though heavy, will work a mighty purpose and prove an at-one-ment to thousands in the earth and spirit spheres.

The WEEKLY is argumentative as well as convincing; it is not inflated with bombast, but proves its every position and challenges refutation. It is not cursed with mawkish sentimentality, but speaks bravely and to the point upon all subjects pertaining to the interests of suffering humanity. The WEEKLY ignores the scare-crows and shams indulged in by the timid and ignorant, but plants its foot firmly upon law and justice. Shall any one declare "thus far and no further shalt thou go?" Nay, for the iron-clad is backed by a host which no man can number. It must fulfill its mission; its tidal waves of thought beat against no shore, for the waters are boundless; rolling eternities shall catch the refrain and echo them onward, till souls shall stand owning their birth-right free from bondage, and intelligently educated concerning the divinity of wifehood and motherhood.

Finally, the WEEKLY shall go marching on, sending its bright, far-seeing thoughts decades in the van. It shall grapple with error and gladden famishing souls with its sunny, strengthening presence. It teaches that sacredness is in the souls of things and can only be realized by earnest interrogation; that devotion or worship is noble activity; that beliefs are valueless; that knowledge is the "pearl of great price," bought only through experience, which is true salvation; therefore each man and woman must become a savior unto themselves, and to become a savior is to know ourselves.

ADRIAN, Mich., March 1, 1875.

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

Next "Lord's Day" closes my winter engagement in this place, and then I go more west, to Chicago, for a month's engagement. Meantime, I can give Earlville two or three evening lectures. My topics are pertinent and practical; my treatment of them the best I can do. Some intelligent grangers, hearing one of them, asked me whether it might not be heard by some of those associations. Everything of min

Mrs. Sherman

may be heard by anybody I can reach. I write to be read; speak to be heard. I never spoke at a granger's meeting; never saw such a meeting. My field is the world; so is my country. My countrymen are all man and woman-kind. I am to be in Chicago four Sundays—the last two of February, first two of March—and can give Wednesday and Thursday evenings of each week to other places not far away. If you know of any in your town or vicinity who would like to hear me, please report to care *Western Rural*, Chicago.

What a winter! Fearful for the poor, is it not? and there must be many poor, east and west, without drought or grasshopper devastations to augment the calamity. And Congress proposing to increase taxation, and Grant determined to find use for the people's hard-earned, slow-earned money. What, with Grant and grasshoppers, Congress and tax-gatherers, Evangelical Alliances and Young Men's Christian Associations; God in the Constitution, man and woman out, especially woman; the "Holy Bible" in the schools, and the black, unholy negro children kicked out; the Civil Rights bill emasculated to meet that diabolical decision and demand,—with all this and plenty more, while the people sleep that drugged, fatal stupor that scarcely knows any waking, your vision is unlike mine, if you see aught but danger, disaster in the outlook, which may make our last state far worse than the first, worse than any through which we have ever passed. We shall see. We may begin to see ere long.—*Earlville Transcript*, Ill.

LINES WRITTEN BY A YOUNG GIRL ON HER SEDUCER.

God bless him! God bless him!
Where'er he may be,
Is the prayer of my heart,
Once so happy and free.

God bless him, and guard him,
And guide him aright,
To think of me mourning
So lonely to-night.

God bless him! God bless him!
Though strange it appear,
My heart beats as proudly
As when to him dear!

Forgive him! forgive him
For what he hath done;
God bless him! God bless him!
My child is his son!

MILFORD, MICH.

J. A. S.

GRANDMA'S LETTER.

MY DEAR GRANDSON:

You are now nearly three weeks old, and they tell me your name is Harry; that's a nice name, but why not represent your mamma's name and call yourself Harry Hall Bennett? You see, my dear, your grand-mamma is a terrible woman's-rights advocate, so it is not surprising that she should suggest all kinds of outlandish things, as the popular or fashionable world goes. Besides, darling baby, you must know something about your antecedents in your early life; so it is your grand-mamma's privilege to be alive and able to tell you all about herself, at least, before she gets to be a ghost. She is a dreadful creature, to begin with, and is well known even in intelligent circles of this big city as a reformer. Now baby, to be a reformer in right-good earnest, and dare to live the truth, act the truth and speak the truth, is only to be an outcast and a martyr, so baby, don't, for God's sake, ever be a reformer, unless you can't help it, and then you must, and all your loving friends will have to submit; but they are not as apt to love you as well.

This is a funny world you have come to, little Harry, but we can't do otherwise than welcome you to it, notwithstanding you are likely to grow up to be a cannibal like all the rest of us. We are a funny people too, baby, that live in this world, and although for aught we know you may be the incarnation of some bright creature from some other world or sphere, yet now you are here, it is very probable you will act just about as bad as the rest of the boys and girls, and go through lots of experiences all your own; but don't feel bad, baby, they will only make a man of you after all, and not a bit of devil will ever get you, only the little tiny piece you have got all mixed up with your own little body, flesh and blood.

Now, Harry, that we bid you welcome to this world of ours, it is your grandma's duty to tell you before you get any older, that this is the most important of all periods of the known history of the world to be born in. It is the meridian growth of the planet on which you have come to live, and, in consequence, there is great agitation everywhere. Other worlds are holding a congress to question the propriety of keeping us any longer in the family of the solar system, which point I will elaborate when you are a few weeks older and can more fully understand. The consequent agitation produced upon ourselves runs into all channels—the religious, political, the commercial as well as social. So, baby, darling, your advent here is at a time of most thrilling interest—to be born in the midst of the afternoon of the nineteenth century, and so very near the anniversary of our one hundred-year-old Republic. But, baby, don't take any pride to yourself from the word Republic; for you must be taught, even now in your infancy, the painful truth that the glorious Republic which the poor fools have been canting about is only a sham. There is nothing but corruption and serfdom in it; a poor, rotten thing that grandmamma hopes will be in oblivion long before you are big enough to be a soldier or a preacher.

Now, you must know more about this dreadful grandma of yours. She is a conspirator against this sham government, and holds secret meetings with other traitors for the purpose of tearing the whole cursed system into rags, and building a new one in its place that shall be a democracy, where equal rights and opportunities for all shall be the reality, and not the pretension merely. And now, baby, one more dreadful quality; and that is, your grandmamma is a prophet; and while she is talking to you about the country of which you are a legitimate, born native, she will reveal to you privately that it's all going to smash. The Babylon of America is fallen, is fallen!

Now, baby, dear, ere you put on that best embroidered white frock of yours, that your grandpa labored so hard and took such pride in obtaining for you, and go to be christened like a good, heathen child, grandmamma will inform you that the very best man God had on the planet in the way of a priest of ceremonies, has been proved, by a crowd of witnesses, to be no better than other men, after all. "They all do it."

There's a tribe of creatures, baby, belonging to the race on this planet that get a miserable living. Some of them live in garrets, and scribble all day with a little stick between their thumb and fingers with a sharp-pointed steel on the end of it. Sometimes they are called Bohemians. I infer from some little experience with them that this ugly term is applied on account of their tipping or drinking of wine while they take notes, or it may be because some of the men wear wide-brimmed hats, making them look like newly emigrated savages, believing themselves, however, that it is a mark of intellectuality.

Now, Harry, dear, although your worthy grandma scribbles in a garret, she does none of the other kind of sin—she does none of the bacchanalian. They say your papa keeps wine of most excellent quality; but grandma has not had any of it as yet.

Now, my darling, soon as you're able to go out to the photographers, grandma would like one of your pictures to see if you are handsome; for it would be a calamity, indeed, if you should be ugly, for all the family are good-looking. Your own mamma is very pretty, as you will learn when you get the gold-rimmed spectacles on; and your Aunt Lilly is quite noted for beauty. And although your grandmamma's name sounds old, it's just like so many other things in this world, where you have come to live—so far from the truth that it is superfluous. And there's no telling what opinion you will form until you see for yourself. There's an oil painting, baby, that a great Italian artist painted for grandma: that's quite exquisite; some say beautiful (and it's just like her). If the industries of the country had been flourishing (but they ain't), I should have bought a frame very likely, and sent you the picture for a New Year's present. Ah! you were not in this world then, were you? I forgot.

But grandmamma's grand, great crime, baby, is being poor; this world won't forgive me that, and so there's a grudge against the world. And now some of us are in for another conspiracy. The ghosts tell lots of secrets from the other side—where you came from I expect. Yes, in these wonderful times, baby, the ghosts talk, and they whisper in grandma's ears what we can do by agreeing to work together—the ghosts and we who live here—so, if it all be true, we will turn the whole thing over anyway. This is no joke, baby; but long before you are big enough to get hurt by the operation, lots of people will be standing on their heads. And it is true, dear, grandma is bad enough to help do it; but don't be scared, for it won't hurt babies to stand on their heads; and, besides, grandma will be around, and she can tell you how to get right side up again with care. Its snowing, little Harry, and every flake brings a chill to my heart, though it dances merrily, and looks as white and pure as if it was not as cold as death. Just as likely as not one told you before you came here to live, that this world lets lots of its people starve for food, and freeze for want of heat in the cold. Yes, dear, after two thousand years of Christian progress, in the midst of prayers and hymns, where hundreds of steeples gleam and glisten, pointing toward the mute heavens, and millions of money are invested in property for the service of Christ, children go barefoot and in rags, while death by slow starvation is only one of the little episodes peculiarly adapted to illustrate the system of government we call republican, and the religion we call Christian. It is all wrong, baby, some one ought to have told you these things, and then let you have taken your choice about coming, for, indeed, you do run a serious risk. It is reflecting upon these woeful conditions, baby, that makes me sad and feel a chill when the snow comes; each flake is a reminder of another grain of misery for many poor wretches; for it is true, dear, there are many persons who label themselves with, "a follower of Christ," and feel no responsibility to cherish or save their common fellow-creatures. Verily, I predict unto you, my first-born grandson, that these are they who shall stand on their heads, for such is the law of compensation. Now, doubtless, baby, you will guess by this time your grandma is a preacher as well as a witch. Yes, I plead guilty, my boy; I preached last Sunday to a house full of fools, most of them; but of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Now, baby, try and grow up good and kind to all humanity, and particularly to reformers, for they are out in the cold, unless for business purposes, like charity vendors, they get inside the ring. But whatever you neglect or learn to despise, never prove ungrateful to your dear mamma who has given you life. God bless you, baby.

GRANDMA.

PUBLIC SUPPORT OF CHILDREN.

It is said that a prophet is not much before his time, and the saying is being verified from the influence and position of persons who are now advocating the public support of friendless and poor children. Mrs. Woodhull, through her paper and upon the rostrum, has advocated with great force and eloquence the rights of children; now others are coming to the rescue. The Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster, who is talked of as the leader of the liberal party in the English Parliament, says to the Sheffield School Board: "The time has come in which it is only fair to them that Parliament should step forward and support their efforts by declaring by act of Parliament that it is the duty of every parent to see that his child is taught, and for the State to say, We can't allow the parent to exercise what is called parental neglect by leaving his child without food for the mind any more than without food for the body. It is too dangerous for us; it is too sad and distressing, too fearful in its results for the child." He expresses the hope that the present Parliament would speedily pass the act.

Jennie June, in *Demorest's Magazine*, writes these brave, good words for women and girls: "Women therefore owe

nothing to a republic. It ought to take care of the women and girls not otherwise provided for. It ought to furnish homes to the disabled, and guarantee position and employment to those capable of work who desire it and have the proper qualifications for it." Again, the woman appointed by the State of Rhode Island to visit such institutions as hold women in imprisonment makes to our Legislature the following brave declaration in regard to an industrial school: "The class for which such a provision is required—commonly called street children—are not orphans, but have parents, who both by precept and example educate them for a life of crime. The great evil to be met is not the want of school instruction, but the home training in everything that is bad. As long as the present tenderness exists among legislators for the rights of parents—the right oftentimes to bring up their children for reform schools and prisons—there can be but little use in founding an industrial school. Charitable asylums provide for orphan children. They have attempted to reach this other class, but have failed, for the reasons given. When the time comes that legislators are bold enough to assert the rights of children—the children of vicious parents—and to protect them with the ægis of the State, then, instead of the hordes of little ones in our streets growing up to lives of infamy, there may be bright, sunny faces and active hands in a worthy industrial school." So may it be, and so will it "be in the good time coming." L. K. JOSLIN.

THEY ARE ALL ALIKE.

A young man, son of a well-to-do merchant of Topeka, Kansas, had the misfortune to become deeply enamored of a lady, and, after a short courtship, proposed and was accepted. But what was his surprise one evening when about entering the parlor with all the unceremonious freedom of a lover, at discovering his innamorata upon a sofa, her arms around the neck of a youth, and her face in such close proximity to his as to convince our hero that matters were fearfully in earnest. In rage and mortification he rushed homeward, just in time to surprise his oldest sister squeezing to kill a young disciple of Blackstone.

Nearly frantic at such disclosures among people whom he believed to be honest, he made a bold dash for the barn, running directly upon his mother kissing the family physician, who had stolen upon her as she was looking after the poultry.

This was too much. With a groan the young man turned undiscovered away, resolved to pass the night with his grief beneath the shelter of another roof.

The morning encouraged him, however, and dew-drenched and sorrowful he returned home, when his mother, with true maternal solicitude, questioned him as to his sad looks, whereupon he related the inconstancy of his fair betrothed. He received in reply the gratifying intelligence that she was a good-for-nothing, miserable huzzy, and he must not speak to or notice her again.

"But, mother, that was not all," he faltered.

"Not all? What can there be more?" was the next question.

"Why, when I hastened home, what should I find but my sister—my godly sister—in the arms of a rascally young lawyer."

"Your sister!" shrieked the outraged mother. "My child! The ungrateful creature! Is it for this I have given her a home? I will do it no longer. Such conduct is infamous. She shall leave to day, and never enter my presence again."

"When, sick and discouraged by these exhibitions of sin, I left the house and determined to pass the night in the barn, I found there my mother kissing Doctor T—"

"You did?"

"I did."

"Well, never mind, my son, they will all do so."—*Exchange*.

ELDORA, Iowa, Feb. 25, 1875.

Dear Friend—Inclosed find P. O. order for another year's subscription. We cannot afford to do without the WEEKLY, and the friends who speak such glowing words of praise concerning it and all the parties connected therewith, should donate and assist freely to support it, if they have the means, for as a reformatory journal it has, I think, no equal in this world. Sometimes a single number is worth more than a year's subscription costs, yes, a single article; for instance, such as the one on the Family Idea in the number of December 12, 1874, is worth a year's subscription, and that number is, taken altogether, worth many times the yearly subscription price of the paper. Go on, friends, the harvest time will come by and by, and then all the losses and sacrifices you have made will be surely rewarded.

Yours, in sincere love and friendship,

POLLY RICKEL.

PROVIDENCE, March 2, 1875.

Victoria—I am awfully sorry you should scold in the *Tribune* about Tracy, Tilton, Judas Iscariot, and what the *Herald* calls the "central figure of that group in the picture at Milan." Everybody knows the true state of affairs over there in Brooklyn. As his satanic majesty undermines Old Plymouth, his opponent, Truth, builds in the heart of millions a boundless temple in memory of you who have so heroically, alone and unstained, fought this great fight against these shams, not the least of which is the *Herald's* "petite Jesus," H. W. B. Poor Tracy has to pull stroke oar up stream—sense and reason cannot clear the "great preacher;" bosh and lying is after all the only salvation.

Affectionately yours,

ANNIE JONES.

WHAT IS JUSTICE?—It is but another name for Goodness. Justice is right, and what is right is good *per se*. Those who talk of God as a God of justice as well as a God of mercy—as if mercy or goodness were different attributes—are simply confounding terms, and do not understand themselves nor what they say. Certainly an unjust being cannot be a good one; neither can a good being be unjust. This is as logical and sure as that two and two make four, and cannot be confuted; it is self-evident.

GRAFTON, Jan. 24, 1875.

T. LEONARD.

KINSELLA vs. DICKINSON.

Among all the papers (daily) that are published in "these two cities" one only has held to the rule, of blackguarding a woman who dares to go before the public, as Anna Dickinson did at Steinway Hall, to demand attention for a social evil, and that paper is the Brooklyn Eagle.

We feel at liberty to offer our congratulations to Miss Dickinson for having been able to call forth these remarks from this source. We have long since considered the abuse of the Eagle the highest compliment that could be paid us.

STIRRING THE DUNGHILL.

The most disgusting spectacle that humanity in its uttermost degradation affords in civilized life is a woman wholly devoid of shame. We hold that woman to be such who, throwing aside the instinctive modesty of her sex, seeks, by stirring the stink-pots of the lower strata of vice, to attract attention to her own personality, who strives to raise herself into public sight by standing on the roof of the Black Maria, or the steps of the brothel, and shouting about the rottenness within; and who claims that the existence of the rottenness is a justification of her act.

At Steinway Hall, Miss Anna E. Dickinson last evening discoursed to a miscellaneous audience of men, women and maidens on what for decency's sake is called the social evil, and what in plain English men call harlotry. By her side, in most fitting place, sat Mr. Theodore Tilton, who proclaims to the world that the most white-souled woman he ever knew is a harlot, and the mother of, at least, some of his children.

It is understandable enough that pity for fallen sisters may move a woman to do aught she can to lessen the chances of fall in the future. It is true that the vice should not go unchecked if society can check it. But a mere flaunting of it in the face of women and children, a public discussion of its nastiness, tend no more to its cure than would an analysis of the pustules of smallpox on such a platform, and is not unlikely to be attended with equal danger of contagion.

Our people are sick of the subject, sick unto death. What law can do is being done in accordance with the united wisdom of all. The philosopher in his closet is pondering now, as he was in the days of Diocletian, over means to lessen the evil. Good women are dropping relief and exhorting by example as silently and as freely as the heavens give the cherishing flakes of the white snow that is now falling.

If Miss Dickinson has anything new to say, which does not at all appear, anything new to propose, the printing press is where, in proper, well protected form, she may say it without exhaling a miasma, and making herself an evidence of how easy it is for woman to become reckless of all restraining modesty.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A RESULT.

The movement originated by the WEEKLY in its famous November number, has at last produced one result. The whole press is horrified at the cruel impalement of Mrs. Tilton in the Tilton-Beecher case.

ALBANY, March 4.—Mr. Petty of Suffolk, after a patient reading of all the statements and testimony thus far given in the Tilton-Beecher suit, says that he is satisfied that the whole truth cannot be known until Mrs. Tilton is allowed to testify. Inasmuch as the Legislature has already passed a law allowing the court to extend its term, he thinks it is but right that it should go further, and remove all the bars against husband and wife testifying where either party is under indictment, examination, or trial.

We accept this as an effort in the right direction, but shall not falter in our course until there are as many women as men in our halls of legislature to protect their own interests. Nay more, woman will ever be sacrificed, as she has been during the past ages, until she is represented in the jury-box, in the bar and on the bench in all trials in which she is an interested party.

"the legal ruling of woman as property"—we accept it with grateful hearts, trusting that there is sufficient decency, we will not say gallantry, among our legislators at Albany, to speedily crystallize it into the form of a law.

COMMON SENSE—ONLY!

The Earlville Transcript, whose editorial contributors are Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Edward M. Davis, Matilda Joslyn Gage, and Horace H. Day, contains an elaborate article on "The Significance of the Tilton-Beecher Trial," from which we excerpt the following, touching the two dominant institutions of the country—Christianity and Marriage:

These questions will be asked and profoundly considered by the Christian world, and by everybody who has not already settled them adversely to the "only name under heaven" by which it is claimed it is possible to be saved.

We entirely agree with Mr. Tracy, attorney for Beecher, that the validity of the Christian scheme is at stake in the Beecher trial. There is another equally important institution at stake in this trial, and that is the marriage institution, at least from the church standpoint. If such a man as Beecher cannot and does not keep his marriage vows, who can and who does? If the result of two generations of Christian sanctification, salvation and ministerial exaltation, does not prepare a man to live virtuously inside marriage, there must be something wrong in marriage or something wrong in the salvation.

SPIRITUALISTIC INTOLERANCE.

Dear Mrs. Woodhull—Doubtless you will remember receiving from the undersigned, in company with Mr. J. J. Morse, the English Spiritual lecturer, a visit in the early part of this year, upon which occasion we enjoyed a brief but interesting conversation with yourself. Imagining that the results of such interview would be interesting to the Spiritualists of England, I embodied an account of it in a letter addressed to the London Medium and Daybreak, edited by James Burns; but I regret to say that the liberality of the editor was not equal to its insertion, and consequently the paragraph alluding to yourself was ruthlessly cut out.

In a recent number of your paper I observe a letter from England, signed by several persons who are all readers of the Medium, and as there are doubtless many others who sympathize with the views you so ably advocate, it was a manifest injustice to them and to yourself, to say nothing of its being an attempt to stifle matters that do not happen to accord with the said editor's views.

Being desirous of giving a fair and impartial account, "nothing extenuate," etc., of all matters that come under our notice, both Mr. Morse and myself were considerably annoyed to find the paragraph in question expunged.

Of course, an editor has perfect right to exercise control over the columns of his paper, but it seems to me that the action complained of in Mr. Burns is but an exhibition on his part of what he would bitterly denounce if the views he advocates were treated in the same manner.

This effort to stifle freedom of opinion has been the curse of the world, and is as rife now as ever. It is what Spiritualists are complaining of in their opponents. The suppressio veri unfortunately exists within our ranks as well as outside them.

Believing that the unpopularity of a theory is not argument of its untenability, I remain, yours faithfully,

ROBERT COOPER.

[This is a fair sample of the extreme illiberality and intolerance that exists among a certain class of Spiritualists. They are equally as bigoted as the Christians were when Spiritualists began to break away from their creeds. The same injustice about which Spiritualists complain in others they are only too ready to measure to others. This James Burns, this exemplary editor of the Medium and Daybreak, could not afford to publish the result of an interview with Mrs. Woodhull had by one whom he knows to be an honest man, and who he knows would only state the truth. Why? Very clearly, because he has time and again printed in his paper the most perverted ideas of Mrs. Woodhull's views, written by her enemies. Of course, he could not afford to print Mrs. Woodhull's own statements about her views, because they would show that he had previously falsified them. We hope our friends will note this fact, and when they hear the liberality and honorable conduct of the Medium spoken about, they will inquire about its treatment of Mrs. Woodhull's views.]

Dear Colonel—Perhaps the readers of your paper, not knowing who a Brooklynite is, will fail to see any fun or any point in the letter which I inclose.

So much the better—there is truth in it, through and through.

Perhaps you won't print it. No harm, and of "no consequence," as Toots said whenever he had occasion to feel a pang of disappointment.

The devil take the snow-storm and all bad weather; give us only the beautiful—in lilies of the valley, orange-blossoms and "stated preaching." Yours truly,

JONES.

BROOKLYN AND TAXES.

Shall there be a tax levy to defray legal expenses in the scandal case? It is a luxury enjoyed by everybody, and so long as the interest does not flag we are sure to derive profit from it, as we always have done by the preaching of the "great defendant," who is even now giving us an example of how a Christian man can stand up under cruel circumstantial evidence. It is desirable that some man of the influence of Talmage should launch this tax idea into immediate and practical effect. Your Woodhull paper is selected to publish this, as you are, par excellence, the one journal that dare speak truth. "Fellow-citizens, you have danced a good while to Beecher music;" now step up and relieve old Plymouth of part of her load.

A BROOKLYNITE WHO IS NOT A VOTER.

CANCER.—Can cancer be cured? is a question that has long been agitated. Our best medical writers have said there is no cure for it, and most physicians being mere imitators, settle down satisfied with this ipse dixit of the authorities, and let the patient die because of their ignorance. It is folly to say a disease is incurable, simply because physicians have failed to discover a remedy. Science is progressive, and every scientific physician should aim to perfect his knowledge. An imitative practice is like cows going to water—they follow the beaten path instead of going the direct way across.

To come to the object of this article: the writer having been afflicted for 13 years with a cancer, and having applied to a multitude of physicians who pronounced him incurable, finally resorted to Dr. J. M. Comins, 143 East 26th street, New York, who applied his remedies, and in seven days the cancer dropped out without the aid of the knife or pain, leaving only a common sore which healed readily. The remedy is the Doctor's own discovery, which I am informed, is the only one that effects a radical cure without pain.

I give these facts to the public in answer to the many questions I have been called upon to answer, and to correct erroneous statements which have been made. My advice to those who are afflicted with cancer, is to resort to same remedies before letting it run too long, or experimenting with physicians unskilled in the disease.

DUNKIRK.

A. H. GALE.

BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

READ the advertisement on our 7th page of D. Doubleday's great curiosity, "The Pendulum Oracle."

PROF. LISTER, the astrologist, can be consulted at his rooms No. 329, Sixth avenue. Address by letter, P. O. Box 4820.

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THOSE who desire admirable dental work can be sure of obtaining it from Dr. C. S. Weeks, 107 East Twenty-sixth street, three doors east of Fourth ave. Dr. W. is a careful, skillful and honest dentist.—ED.

COMMON SENSE.—Gums often become spongy, or detached from the necks of the teeth. Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice; it will invigorate the gums, neutralize the acids which corrode the teeth. Every lady, desirous of white teeth and a sweet breath, should buy a bottle of this dentifrice at once.

DON PIATT, in the Capital, sums up "the case": "Some one might assert that the Plymouth Church has a right to be interested. But Plymouth Church has no stock in Henry's chastity whatever. He is employed because he draws—not by his good deeds and saintly ways, but on account of his brilliant utterances. Moulton called the church a club. It is a club, where the intellect is stimulated by a sort of pulpit drama. It is religion in the scarlet fever—a sensational gospel. Then who of the congregation cares whether Henry is unchaste so long as he is entertaining? Now, as Tilton is indifferent, Mrs. Tilton rather likes it; Mrs. Beecher can't be made to believe it, and the Plymouth Church don't care a cuss. What is the world so excited about? Let's drop it. Let's—it's 'nawsty.'"

DR. R. P. FELLOWS, magnetic physician, is successfully treating the sick in various parts of the country—as appears from his letters—as well as at his office, by his original system of practice, using no drugs or mineral medicines of either the old or the new schools. The doctor is constantly in receipt of letters from persons that have been cured by his magnetized powder. Theodocia Blair, of Woodstock, Ill., says: "I have taken the powder; am ever so much better; can eat well and sleep better than I have for years, and have been up on my crutches for the last two days, for the first time in six months." Mrs. M. Heasley, of Wheeling, W. Va., says: "The powder that you sent me is all taken and I can now hear the clock tick and strike distinctly, for the first time in three years." M. A. Charlton, of Allegheny City, Pa., says: "My bronchial and catarrhal difficulty is perfectly relieved, and my health continues to improve, so much so that I never felt better in all my life." \$1 per box. Address: Vineland, N. J. The doctor employs no agents.

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

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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, MARCH 20, 1875.

A WORLD'S SOCIAL CONVENTION.

It has been suggested by many friends during the past year that there ought to be a social convention called in this city in the anniversary week in May coming. We think it will be a most propitious time. The trial in Brooklyn will probably have then ended, and the country will be ready to consider fully all that is involved in the reconstruction of the social relations to meet the new demands of the age—to inquire into really what is necessary to insure the production of a better race of people. Will all who think with us in this matter please so to inform us, and if the desire seems to be sufficiently general to warrant the convention we will make the needed preliminary arrangements. Anniversary week begins Monday, May 10.

THE BROOKLYN BUSINESS.

Business in Brooklyn for the past week has not made very rapid progress. The defense have had several witnesses upon the stand, but we have failed to discover any evidence elicited to aid Mr. Beecher. On the contrary, it is evident that it has confirmed Mr. Tilton's evidence in many rather important immaterial points. Moreover, testimony has been incautiously admitted that will permit the prosecution to come in with proof of things that would have been impossible for them to offer, had not the defense opened the way. For instance, one of these witnesses testified to Stephen Pearl Andrews having been at Mr. Tilton's years ago, instructing the company assembled in the science of freedom. It is quite likely that neither Mr. Beecher's witness or his lawyers knew that he had also been at Mr. Beecher's before that occasion, instructing not less than eighty people in the same way, and that this visit of his to Mr. Tilton's resulted from Mr. T.'s having first seen and heard him at Mr. Beecher's. It is also pretty clearly established by the evidence offered by the defense that Mrs. Tilton was in reality inveigled away from Mr. Tilton. If she were so it will go a long way to show that if there has been any conspiracy that it was upon the part of Mr. Beecher or his friends against Mr. Tilton, to prepare the way for an ultimate exoneration of Mr. B. through Mrs. Tilton. It also seems to us that in the efforts made by the defence to show how Mrs. Tilton could be, and was, dominated over by one whom she loved, they are preparing a double-edged sword that will be used by the prosecution most mercifully, when applied to the fact which is not contradicted, that is indeed proven, that she loved Mr. Beecher more than she did Mr. Tilton. Quite an episode occurred on Thursday. A Mrs. Putnam testified that it was the custom of Mr. Tilton to kiss all his female friends who visited at the house, and of Mrs. Tilton to kiss all male friends. At this point Mr. Jeffreys, one of the jurors, fainted, whether from the condition of the atmosphere or the character of the testimony does not appear.

ANNA DICKINSON'S LECTURE.

After an absence of, we think, nearly two years, this able and earnest woman reappeared in this city last Friday evening, on the rostrum at Steinway Hall, to discuss "The Social Evil." She has evidently been swept onward from all her former subjects for lectures by the irrepressible tide of progress to one of the side issues to the main social question. She sees the great evil of society in prostitution, and in what she terms ungoverned passion in man, condoned as they are by society when it says to him, "It hurts nobody but himself, and himself but slightly." She called attention to the ostracism which this same society hurls against "a woman," who, seeing that this is a grave question, goes before the world to demand its consideration. By the almost omnipotent fiat of society it is declared to be a subject which unsexes the woman who dares to talk about it upon the public rostrum, and one to be ignored by all respectable public gatherings. Still, she said, the matters involved in this question are known by everybody, though everybody would like to have it understood that they are not known by anybody—indeed, that they do not exist. But, said she, "Since man will talk but will not tell the truth; since woman will listen and yet be silent, I stand here, as I shall stand elsewhere, and tell this savage civilization and this infidel Christianity, that the sin and the shame come from the acceptance for man and woman of two moral codes; under the one of which the man is acquitted, under the other of which the woman is condemned."

She drew a sad picture of the steps by which a woman is usually led from innocence on the downward road to perdition. Seduced under the specious promise of marriage, cast out by her parents, turned from the doors of Christian houses, and stoned from Christian churches, she is finally compelled to the street to sell herself for support; brought by an act which, on her part, is nearest to heaven of any a woman can perform—an act of the most complete self-abnegation, love and trust—from heaven to earth, and then thrust down to hell. She depicted in vivid colors the infamous claim that a class of women must be provided through the seductive wiles of the villain professing love and set apart to be ever afterward the vicarious outlet for an ungovernable passion that would otherwise vent itself to the destruction of thousands of other women, who, by this means, remain "good and pure." She pointed out the depravity that follows to man by habitual intercourse with this class of women, and the diseases transmitted to children from the morbid conditions engendered thereby, and altogether wrought up a most graphic picture of the deplorable results of bargain and sale between the sexes.

Of course, after having called attention to such grievous ills as these, it was necessary to offer some remedy, and she said it was in the proper instruction of young men about the ills, and in inducing in them a moral strength that shall conquer physical desire and compel it into obedience; but her conclusion that if even a few were saved in this way, a great work would be accomplished, was evidently a confession on her part that her remedy is not commensurate to the disease. Nor did she point out that if prostitution were cured there would still remain the infinitely greater cause of misery, vice and crime—unwilling motherhood in marriage. Nor did she deplore the ignorance in which girls are permitted to develop into womanhood, and show how thousands of unsuspecting ones are led blindfolded into pregnancy without a knowledge of how this yielding may result. It is a duty to point out to boys the necessity of controlling their passions, but she mentioned no safety for the girls provided these boys should fail to follow this teaching. She left it to be surmised that the two moral codes should be changed, without indicating which one she would have in force; she did not inform her audience whether she would have society ostracise the man as it now ostracises the woman; or whether she would have it treat her as it now treats man. She clearly pointed out the wrong but did not indicate what she conceived to be the way to right it. She showed how effectually a woman is damned by society if she become a mother not being a wife; but she did not explain whether such maternity ought to be a woman's curse; or, in case the child is a noble specimen of humanity, her blessing. She declared plainly that there is a false morality and a sham modesty, but she did not advance what she would have to take its place. She failed to say what, in her judgment, constitutes true morality or real purity. She left it to be inferred that the amative impulse is a base one—one that ought to be put under foot—one that had better be expunged from the constitution of the race. She did not even hint that she conceived it to be a divine impulse, from the expression of which immortal souls are created; to be necessarily the foundation-stone upon which the structure of character should be builded; to be a subject for careful and scientific training, development and care, rather than to be left to follow blindly its own uncultured impulses in boyhood and in manhood to be consigned to the regulations of law. She left it to be inferred, we say, that the sexual passions ought not to have positive existence until marriage; and if a man fails to marry until late in life because he finds no one whom he loves sufficiently to marry, that this impulse* must remain in abeyance. She probably fails to see

* Miss Dickinson's attention is respectfully called to the scientific and physiologic aspects of repression contained in Prof. Van De Warker's able and exhaustive article in the February number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, from which she will be able to glean facts by which to revise her theory for the cure of social evils.

that this view of the impulse and of marriage as its only vicarious, (when unnatural,) outlet, drives men into marriage under those conditions where love and mutual attraction are absent, and is an argument that any commerce in marriage is right, thus really abetting an infinitely greater evil than that is which she calls the social evil—that evil which comes from the commerce that is forced upon woman under cover of law, where, were she free even as the prostitute is free, she could save her body from this debauchery and pollution and her soul from this degradation and crime.

Are they the children of seduced girls or "prostitutes" who fill the various institutions of charity, hospitals for disease, dungeons for crime, and the "gilded palaces" of iniquity, as she declared they were? No! Anna Dickinson knows that they are not. She knows that all of these blotches on the otherwise fair face of civilization are filled almost altogether from that class of children who were born of unwilling motherhood—of those children of whom mothers were forced to become pregnant against their wills; and who were born into the world because they could not murder them while yet in the process of gestation. In comparison to the curses entailed upon society through the enforced lust for which marriage and not prostitution—so-called—is the vicarious outlet, those of which she speaks are as nothing. While she descants in a timely way upon the deleterious influence which man communicates to posterity by having sowed "his wild oats" in the garden of prostitution, she utterly ignores the infinitely more damning influence through woman upon posterity, of the enforced commerce carried on under the respectable, because legal, garb of marriage.

Far be it from us to disparage Anna Dickinson in her work. She is uttering a part of the truth about a question, upon the solution of which the salvation of the race depends. But she should remember that there is a wider and more important truth, to whose advocacy she extends the same treatment which she justly complains that society meets out to her. She holds that a "woman unsexes herself" who goes on the platform to lift her voice against that pollution of woman's body, and that degradation of her soul that is sanctioned by law—who goes before the world to plead for real, instead of legal, virtue; who feels strong enough in her soul to denounce publicly as prostitution all intercourse of the sexes that is not wholly the result of mutual love and desire, whether in marriage or out of it, and to say to her critics that the only purity and the only virtue of the sexes is that which is innate in the soul, finding expression in free love—as opposed to enforced lust. In conclusion, we beg to submit for consideration the following propositions:

1. That a child who is the result of commerce that is enforced upon a wife by a husband; or that is purchased or obtained from any woman by any man for any consideration, or on any conditions, other than a mutual love as a basis, giving rise to a mutual desire for the commerce, together with a willingness to accept the possible pregnancy on the part of the woman,—and who is born into the world unwillingly by the mother, is not a child of promise, and is liable to be diseased either physically, mentally or morally, or else diseased throughout; and that it is from children thus conceived and born that the unfortunate, the vicious, and the criminal classes are recruited.
2. That commerce is a natural act, and to be proper must be preceded by the indications that make it natural; and that these indications are mutual love and mutual desire, and that all other commerce, whether legal or otherwise, is prostitution.

BOWEN ON BEECHER.

Among all the incidents that have been developed by the Brooklyn scandal there is none more inexplicable than the position of Henry C. Bowen. An impenetrable mystery surrounds this man, which neither party to the trial now going on, dare unravel by putting him upon the stand. That both parties are afraid of him as they are of other persons whom we know, whose evidence they have good reason to fear, is evident; but it is also evident that, knowing all the persons who might be examined, there is not one who could such a tale unfold as Mr. Bowen. Were he to tell all he knows about both parties there would be skeletons exhumed, compared to which the one now on exhibition at the trial would be tame. Dr. Syntax, the special reporter of the trial for the *Chicago Tribune*, has got possession of a most horrible piece of evidence, said to have come originally at least, from Mr. Bowen. There isn't any doubt but that Mr. Bowen has made use of the expression attributed to him of being able to drive Mr. Beecher from Brooklyn, and if the story told in the *Tribune*, and repeated in the *New York Mercury* of Sunday last, were to be the whip, it wouldn't have to be laid on many times. This charge, if true, reduces Mr. Beecher to the level of the most degraded brute of a man of whom it is possible to imagine. What is strange is that the *Tribune* could find authority upon which it would dare to publish such a terrible charge. Even if made some years ago by Mr. Bowen, if he should now deny it, the authority, unless it be Mr. B. himself, would be good for nothing. So it would seem that Mr. Bowen stands ready, if called upon, to reiterate before a court of justice the charge against Mr. Beecher that he has so long carried almost wholly concealed within his own breast. At all events, Mr. Beecher

cannot permit this charge to go unnoticed. It is too terrible, too revolting, and bears too strongly the evidence of having been uttered by Mr. Bowen, as it purports to have been, to be allowed to stand uncontradicted. Neither pastor nor people can permit such charges to be made with impunity in the influential journals named. To do so is tantamount to pleading guilty to this public arraignment.

VIRTUE SHOCKED! MORALITY INDIGNANT!!

The public thought, led on by its assumed representative—the public press—has fallen into the habit of classing everything as low, vulgar and vile that savors of interference with the present social system. Free love and free lovers are denounced as utterly beyond the pale of decency; and the woman who dares to utter "sexual intercourse" upon the public rostrum is at once set down as a courtesan, and an effort is made to raise every hand against her.

We have a right, however, to demand somewhat different treatment from this. So long as accepted authorities render the words "free love" to mean just what we accept them to mean—just what we mean to assume when we do accept them—so long, also, have we the right to protest against the putting, by the public press, upon this phrase the interpretation given it by the vulgar mob. Free love means a love that is not forced, or bought, or gained by any trick. It means all that is love; for that which is called love that is not free, is not love but lust. Nothing can be clearer than this; and those who treat it in the opposite sense know that they are dishonest, and that they resort to this trick to impose upon the credulity of the people, and to perpetuate the present reign of a thing that is called love which is not free.

The self-assumed conservators of public morality and sticklers for legal marriage may call the intercourse, that is maintained between the sexes, under the garb and support and approval of law, proper and right. We do not care what they call it. They can never make the intercourse that is held to be respectable by law, which would not occur were the women partners to it free to refuse, anything else than an enforcement of love, and enforced manifestations of love are prostitution. So-called respectable society may squeal when this truth is brought home to its doors; but it cannot squirm out of its paternity. It is the logical, the only common-sense conclusion, and any other that is sought to be maintained is a pretense; is a play upon words and upon the gullibility of the public.

But we warn this class of critics and the sham respectability that blush at the mention of the sexual relations, that the duration of their reign is already marked. It cannot long be held to be impure and improper to discuss the problems of life upon the public rostrum, after the most popular scientific prints and prominent literary periodicals have taken up the subject. The advocacy of all great reforms always has, and always will, ultimately come upon the rostrum for consideration. Generally broached by individuals, they gradually spread into the prints of the country, and then before the people in every public way. So it will be with the social question. Hitherto we have stood almost alone before the world, demanding attention to the proper relations of the sexes, to the end that there may be an improvement in the generation of the race. Of course, this involves a discussion of, and investigation into, the sexual instincts and practices of men and women, and all the vulgarity that can possibly exist about this must be in the hearts and lives of those who so denominate it, under the pretense that it is in the subject instead of in themselves.

But we shall show this vulgar class that they cannot much longer indulge in calling us after what they have in their own hearts, since their denunciations will begin to fall where they will not be endured. We propose now to quote from some of the best authors in the world to show that the epithets that have hitherto been leveled at us, and supposed by their ignorant readers to apply only to us, have equal application in quarters where they least would care to interfere. When scientists and physiologists and physicians take up the cause in which we labor, we can well afford to treat with the disdain they merit the vile denunciations that are commonly bestowed upon us by the vulgar journalists of this city and country, because we declare before the people that their sexual relations are almost altogether wrong and impure, and that a bad race of people is the result.

To begin with, we will take up the *Popular Science Monthly*, edited by Professor J. L. Youmans—one of the most advanced minds of the country—and published by D. Appleton & Co.—one of the most honorable and respectable publishing houses in the world,—in which the thoughts and discoveries of all of the greatest scientists of all countries are to be found, and by quotations therefrom prove that it has put language before the public compared with which the baldest things that we have ever uttered or written are almost meaningless. In the April number for 1874, if we remember correctly—at any rate, in some number containing one of a series of articles entitled "The Study of Sociology," by Herbert Spencer—there is the following language: "It is a lamentable truth that the troubles which respectable, hard-working married women undergo are more trying to the health and detrimental to the looks than any of the irregularities of the harlot's career."

Had we have uttered this language upon the rostrum, the vulgar-minded editors and the lecherously-inclined parsons would at once have said that we advocate harlotry as a substitute for marriage. But it happens to be used in the *Popular Science Monthly*, by Herbert Spencer, and the vul-

garity of the editors was overcome so well that we never saw or heard of a single obscene comment upon what we know to be a truth. If the eminently respectable persons who call us prostitutes, because we claim that there should be no exhibitions of love save those that are freely made—made without compulsion—were honest, they would have heaped upon D. Appleton & Co. their vile scurrility as they have heaped it upon us for using language that was not one-half so condemnatory of the "divine" system of legal marriage as is this from Herbert Spencer. We challenge them to call Herbert Spencer a debauched libertine for writing, Professor Youmans an obscene caterer to the morbid desires of the people for admitting, and D. Appleton & Co. guilty of circulating obscene literature in the mails for publishing this language in the *Popular Science Monthly*! They simply dare not do it. Their courage and respectability extends only so far as woman is involved.

But if they say this is a single instance, used to illustrate some necessary point, we deny it, by the proof of further and still more general, as well as direct, discussion of the sexual passion. We quote from the February number of the present year, from an able article by Prof. Van de Warker, on "The Relations of Women to the Professions and Skilled Labor," as follows:

"The moral subjection of woman to the other sex is fundamentally a sexual peculiarity."

"These laws—heredity and sexual—touch the human family with as much force as the lower forms of animal life."

"In his sexual relations, man approximates too nearly the level of the lower animals."

"The position of woman is as clearly a sexual trait as in lower animals."

"Through generations her character has been formed by marriage, and made feeble by long habits of dependence, and her sexual life developed at the expense of the intellectual."

"To offer a reasonable explanation of this, I apply the law of sexual selection."

"Her mental difference is a sexual difference, just as her bodily differences are sexual."

"As there are organs which characterize sex, so also is there sexual cerebration. We know from experience that the unconscious dominance of sexual cerebration in no way interferes with high culture or the exercise of the best qualities of the human mind."

[Henry Ward Beecher is an apt illustration of this fact.]

"There is an impulse impelling every healthy woman to marry. It is a law of her sexual being, as we know by the positive evidence of medical men and others."

"The sexual instinct is a healthy impulse, claiming satisfaction as a natural right."

"It is upon the mind of woman that defeated sexuality acts, reflexly in a morbid manner."

[Defeated sexuality is where the consummation of the sexual act is not mutual. Yet this plain talk about improper sexual commerce has not been punished by the pure men of the Y. M. C. A., nor commented upon adversely by the moral editors of the daily papers.]

"The sexual passion is one of the strongest in nature, and as soon as it comes into activity it declares its influence on every pulse of organic life, revolutionizing the entire nature, conscious and unconscious; when, therefore, the means of its gratification entirely fail, and there is no vicarious outlet for its energy, the whole system feels the effects, and exhibits them in restlessness and irritability and in morbid self-feeding."

[This is the passion that Anna Dickinson would have suppressed. Anna had better study sexual physiology before talking ignorantly about this dominating power. What would the eminent writer of the article from which this language is quoted have said had he listened, as we did, to her lecture last Friday evening? But the author goes on thus to show the futility of Miss Dickinson's remedy for the social evil:]

"While it is true that the engrossing cares of professional life, or of skilled labor, will serve as a partial, vicarious outlet for its energy in contrast to an idle life, yet this will in no manner act as a substitute for the natural expression of this physiological want," etc.

But we turn from the *Popular Science Monthly*, so rich in material to justify our advocacy of the social question, from the popular record of the scientist, to the scientific record of the physician. In a recent work by Professor J. M. Scudder, Dean of the Faculty of the Eclectic Medical Institute of Cincinnati, O., we find multitudinous passages that depict the horrors of improper sexual commerce—the one thing against which we raise our voice and pen—in the most vivid colors:

"Many female diseases have their origin in unconsummated sexuality. The female organs are slow to respond, and the act is complete on the part of the male before the sexual nerves of the female have been sufficiently aroused to call forth reflex action. Thus the woman is left in a state of turgescence, without natural relief, which in time produces various lesions and difficulties not easy to overcome, and therefore the sexual act should never be performed for self, but for mutual satisfaction, an opposite course inevitably tends to disease."

"When intercourse is followed by a joyous feeling as well as fresh vigor; when the head feels more free and easy, the body more elastic and lighter; when a greater disposition to exercise, either mental or physical, arises, and the organs themselves evince an increased vigor and activity—we may, indeed must, conclude that an imperious want has been met and naturally and healthfully satisfied. There is no doubt that the proper exercise of the sexual function is conducive to health and longevity, and we may also conclude that its abuse leads to disease and shortens life."

"In other newly-married wives, the bloom slowly leaves her cheeks; she experiences aches and pains to which she was a stranger before marriage. Her functions are impaired, and she loses health and strength, and in a year or two is prematurely aged."

[And this is a common result of the divine (?) institution of

marriage, in which woman is compelled to love, honor and obey the legal master of her body, whether she will or no.]

"It may be said that sexual intercourse, even when frequent, if the act be complete in each, is not injurious to either party, and the ill-effects of excess, under these conditions, are slight when compared to those that follow from unconsummated commerce. This is well illustrated in the case of women, who enjoy excellent health when they have free intercourse with stout and virile men, but who suffer from disease when they are confined to one who lacks virility. There are numerous instances of this in married life, where women enjoy the best of health with one husband, and the poorest with another, or *vice versa*. There can be no question that many forms of indigestion, dyspepsia and general ill health, especially all kinds of nervous diseases, depend upon improper sexuality. The wife should never lose or surrender control of her person. It is hers to elect when intercourse shall occur. This is a law of animal life and in no species is it violated save in man."

And yet this subject of sex, upon which as we have shown by these extracts from scientific men, that not only physiological but intellectual and moral health depend, is said to be one that should not be publicly discussed—a thing in which every interest of society is involved, and still an unfit subject to receive public attention! We say away with such sham morality, such mock modesty and such dyspeptic-cursed virtue as this! We say that the man or woman who puts even so much as a straw in the way of him or her who is endeavoring to attract the attention of the people to the importance of proper sexual relations, and is depicting the evils that result from improper sexual commerce, is an enemy to humanity and helps to bind upon the people the chains which now hold them as a sin-bestridden and a disease-cursed race.

DEIL STICK THE MINISTER.

Have we a Bourbon among us? was a question that once slightly agitated our community. Have we a Pope among us? is somewhat more important, and we think must be answered in the affirmative. True, Talmage bears about the same relation to Pio Nono that the black-muzzled pug dog in Hogarth's portrait bears to the great artist in the same picture; but he makes the most of himself notwithstanding. He is able to disturb the neighborhood occasionally by his growling and barking, though there is not much "bite" about him. The following attack on Spiritualism appeared in the report of his sermon of Sunday, Feb. 28, as published by the *N. Y. Sun*:

I indict Spiritualism as a social and marital curse, as an unclean, adulterous, damnable religion, and the sooner it drops into hell, where it came from, the better. I wish I could gather all the raps that were ever heard from the blest or damned and bring them together into one thunderous rap on its head. I would try to crush it out forever. I hate the doctrine and believe that its long-haired disciples, whose heads are soft marshes yielding rank grass, are doomed to death!

The above is not quoted for the purpose of refuting it, for assertions without proof are follies; neither is it reprinted in the expectation that our readers will profit by its maledictions, which are as insolent as they are impotent; but to expose the sad condition to which theological madness sometimes reduces its votaries. The Spartan exposed a drunken slave to his children in order to warn them against intemperance, and this exhibition of spiritual delirium tremens may be useful to warn others against over doses of fanaticism. All we think it worth while to say in regard to it is, that if the minister spoken of by Walter Scott in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" was one of the Talmage breed, we think that the old Laird of Dumbiedikes made a happy ending when he "soughed awa' and departed this life," as old Jenny the house-keeper expressed it, trying to sing the tune, "Deil stick the minister!"

THE OUTLOOK.

Our readers must not imagine because we are prevented by physical weakness from continuing our labors on the rostrum that we are at all dispirited about the situation; or that we have any fear that the cause is going to be left to drift into an "eddy." On the contrary, we are free to assert, which we wish to in the most positive and comprehensive manner, that we were never more confident about the complete and early success of the mission to which we have been called. In our recent trips we saw evidences, not to be mistaken, that the most wonderful changes have been wrought in the last year in the public mind and thought. Where twelve months ago the social question was considered an improper subject to be talked about even in the family, to say nothing of it as a subject for general consideration at social gatherings, it is now the one and all-absorbing topic; while individuals who then attended our lectures and barely tolerated what we then said, are now deeply interested in the much broader and deeper matter of which our lectures now consist. But, above all these evidences of acknowledgment already given, there stands that offered by the press. The press is by far the best thermometer that we have of the rise or fall of certain questions in the public thought, and this now indicates that the public is inquiring about instead of resisting the discussion of this question. Last year they almost altogether omitted to express opinions about what we said, although they freely mentioned the manner in which it was said. It is quite different now. Those journals that are not quite strong enough as yet to commend the subject matter discussed, state that it is a matter that ought to command the earnest consideration of all the people; but many go a great deal further than this, and

speaking plainly and boldly to the real question. We cannot illustrate what we mean by these statements better than by quoting a case in point, which, while it speaks clearly for itself, also represents the condition of a large portion of the press. The Bay City (Mich) *Chronicle*, of Saturday morning, Feb. 20, contained the following, which we reproduce entire so that it may be seen how the case stands:

Mrs. Woodhull delivered her lecture on "The Destiny of the Nation," at the Opera House last evening. It has become so much the habit to associate the name of the speaker with all that is vile and impure, that the task of giving to her lecture anything like a free and candid criticism becomes at the outset one of antagonism to public sentiment. If views favorable to the speaker are advanced, and yet it is the recognized duty of a journalist to fairly and honestly represent what is said upon the public rostrum.

Mrs. Woodhull was arrayed in a most lady-like costume of black, without the display of jewelry or other ornament, and an observer unacquainted with her name or reputation would have assigned to her a character in keeping with her costume. Of easy, graceful manner and address, with a prepossessing tone of voice, she delivered a lecture which, in its main features, would defy the criticism of the most prejudiced. While wishing, for the sake of humanity and the recognized religious convictions of the age, that certain passages and expressions, which to the religious mind could not but be regarded as blasphemous or closely bordering upon blasphemy, had been omitted, we cannot but express the opinion that the subject matter of the lecture was such as ought to commend itself to the good judgment of all who heard her, and would meet with the approval of the better class of our community. Listening to her lecture of a year or more ago, we were impressed with the conviction that it contained one grain of good wheat to many bushels of chaff. Of the lecture last night we should reverse our judgment and say that the wheat predominated, and but for the chaff intermingled, would lead to the wish that it might be listened to by every mother in the land. Without going into details, we may say that the burden of her thought was that the impress of the parent is left upon the child, and that a proper knowledge of and regard for the laws of generation, would speedily develop a type of manhood which, in its elevated character, would far surpass any race hitherto known upon the earth, abolish crime and disease, and elevate society to a position in which prisons, insane retreats, and asylums for idiots, would be no more known. To accomplish these results, the speaker would have the individuality of woman recognized, by placing her upon a higher plane of society, yielding to her a greater freedom of thought, and a higher standard of education, especially in the matter of physiology, so that knowing herself she could so far protect her organism as to be rendered comparatively free from the curse of disease, and rendered physically as well as morally strong, for the reproduction of her species, in ever advancing degrees of physiological and moral health. Following the history of the world from ancient to modern times, the speaker deduced the conclusion from the rise and fall of empires, that in the natural order of things, the present age had attained its highest degrees of advancement and was on the brink of commencing that downward career, which in the past had proved to be the inevitable experience of all nations. But westward the star of empire in her wending way had combined upon this continent such a diversity of blood and character, that in its blending there was hope for a development of a higher type of manhood than had yet existed. Left to the uneducated chances of the past, there was but little hope that its development could produce other results than had been heretofore realized. Education of the sexes in those common-sense matters inseparable from the reproduction of the species, the elevation of woman to a plane of equality with man, socially and politically, could not fail to work the needed revolution. The intelligent reproduction of the species was in other words the great panacea for all the ills which flesh inherits. To this extent no doubt the sober common sense of the people of the land would sympathize with the lecturer. But Mrs. Woodhull's conclusion that in order to reach this position "Priests, deacons and Christianity as at present taught, must lay down their principles, and study evolution, the processes of nature and of reproduction, to the end that the coming man may be conceived in enlightenment and wisdom, that so the perfect man may be brought forth," will not so readily be received by those whose belief it is that by the teachings of Christianity and its defenders, the world has advanced to the degree of civilization it now enjoys.

We agree with Mrs. Woodhull that the present age and system has produced a vast number of idiots and lunatics, the number of which might be vastly decreased by a proper education of the people in the laws of nature; but that vice and immorality would decline by the overthrow of the principles upon which the Christian religion is founded, we deny.

The speaker advanced the idea that "Woman is the coming man. A mother's love and intellect and her devotion to principle alone can prevail, and will, within the next twenty-five years, overcome the tendency to crime." Which makes us wish we had been born a little later, so that we might enjoy the fullness of the blessing of the good time coming. To sum up: If from Mrs. Woodhull's lecture could be eliminated the blasphemy (as it struck us) contained in a few sentences, the balance of it would be well calculated to awaken a wise spirit of inquiry among the women of the land which could not fail to result in blessing to the race. Although a professed advocate of free love, the speaker said nothing upon that subject other than to assert its distinction from "free lust," and to maintain that properly understood it could not fail to elevate the tone of morality and the type of manhood. Mrs. Woodhull is one of that type of reformers who impress upon the mind the conviction that the cause they advocate would, in its result, accomplish much good, which, by the exercise of nobler principles could be attained with far less injury to the cause of morality and much greater benefit to society at large.

The causes for rejoicing that we have for such a radical change of treatment as is exemplified in this article, are all the more potent when it is remembered that the change indicated in the article has been in the writer, and not in the speaker. What to him a year ago was chaff is now wheat. When people move forward to occupy new positions, especially in reform, they do so almost unconsciously, often, if not generally, thinking that the reforms have come back to them; and such is the case in the present instance. We were not a little surprised to find so fair a criticism and such honest expression in a paper that had, only a year ago, spoken most bitterly about a lecture that, as compared to the one given recently, was tame. We consider it one of the best omens of the times. When the press can treat this subject honorably, the people will no longer fear to go out to hear it discussed; and especially will it give women the courage to do what, until now, they have scarcely dared to do—go out to hear Victoria Woodhull.

MORE EVIDENCE.

But gratifying as are these signs of changes, which we have seen on every hand—indeed, that have been extended to us wherever we have been this season—a circumstance that occurred at East Saginaw is still more pleasing. We

were to have lectured there the evening following that upon which we were at Bay City, but were prevented by illness. Nevertheless, in the next morning's *Courier* of that city there was a two-column report of what we should have said had we spoken there. This is an entirely new departure. We do not remember ever to have seen a similar case—a lecture reported that was not given. But there was a demand on the part of the people to know what we should have said, and the *Courier*, catching the spirit of the desire, gathered from various sources the best information it could get, and gave it to its readers. Here is its introduction, which will explain this better:

The managers of the Academy of Music received a dispatch yesterday afternoon, dated Laingsburg, from Col. Blood, stating that Mrs. Woodhull could not fill her engagement in this city, consequently she did not speak last evening. The reason of the non-fulfillment of the engagement was not explained, but incidentally we learn that all was not agreeable between the lady and those who had charge of her lecture course. In view of Mrs. Woodhull's position in the social world, the fact that her peculiar doctrines have been misrepresented and misconstrued, and the further fact that many were doubtless much disappointed in not hearing her, over 200 people being turned away from the hall last evening, notwithstanding notice was given in the evening paper that she would not be here, we have deemed it our duty to our readers to give them the benefit of what they would have heard had Mrs. W. favored us with her presence. With this object in view we give an outline of her lecture, which we obtained from various sources, and a brief description of this lady's appearance.

STILL ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION.

The evidences offered above are pre-eminently Western, but the East is not wanting in equally emphatic testimony. While we were recently in Washington to present before Congress our claims for damages against the United States, the following appeared in the *National Republican*, the organ of the administration at the capital of the nation:

Few women have acquired a wider reputation than Victoria C. Woodhull, and few have made an impression upon the times so deep as hers. To talent of a high order she unites an ambition that is remorseless; a conviction which is immutable that she is in the path of duty, a most persuasive power of speech, and a magnetism which melts opposition when in her presence. So much for the simple truth. To the greater portion of the community Mrs. Woodhull's "articles of faith" and laws of action are by no means popular. By many she is regarded as a woman whose moral influences are bad. It cannot be denied, however, that toleration in her case is more extended than it once was, and that suffering, sickness, loss of property, imprisonment and the constant exhibition of an unflinching courage have done much toward winning respect from classes not at all identified with social or political reform. It is also undeniably true that she has suffered immensely in popular estimation from false reports of her sayings and doings, and from isolated extracts from speeches and lectures, and this matter is now in a degree being rectified, but it will probably be a long, long time before her theories assume the form of social and legal laws, or before she can be welcomed to the bosom of society as an evangelist of her sex.

Saturday afternoon a representative of the *National Republican* found Mrs. Woodhull in her parlors at Willard's and had with her the following conversation. It embraces some of the clearest definitions of her peculiar theories which have been given to the public. During the visit Mrs. Woodhull and her sister, Tennie C. Clafin, were visited by Senators and Representatives in Congress, by the wives of members, by ministers of the gospel and their wives, and by distinguished strangers in town. She was a good deal elated by the presentation in the Senate and House of her petition for compensation for imprisonment by the United States, and by the hope extended from members that her case will be fairly considered. For each and all her visitors she had a pleasant word, but in no instance did she fail in the advocacy of some one of her numerous arguments for her side of the case. With the *National Republican* her conversation was this:

SOCIAL ETHICS.

The *Republican*—In your system of reform what is the paramount object?

Mrs. Woodhull—It is the proper generation of children. I would not have a woman, under any circumstances, compelled to bear an unwished-for child, and would have them made pecuniarily independent of men. I demand for women their complete emancipation from sexual servitude, and would have that relation regulated and controlled by love alone.

Do you regard the marriage relation as divine?

Yes; as the divinest of all relations. Not a legal marriage, simply as such, but that marriage which no man can put asunder. Such a marriage is based upon love, and love alone warrants the union of a man and woman.

Now, Mrs. Woodhull, do you believe there is wisdom in advocating promiscuous relations?

No, indeed! While striving for freedom for all classes, and while I hope for the elevation of the baser through conditions and surroundings of pure love, it is utterly foolish and absurd to charge me with advocating promiscuousness. All I can do is to admit the right of a person to determine a course of action in that matter. I advocate the freedom for religion, to be enjoyed equally by the Christian, the Infidel, the Pagan and the Jew; but I am neither the one nor the other of any of these, but a Spiritualist. Now, why is it not charged, because I advocate this freedom, that I advocate Paganism? Simply because I do not; and people are so well versed in religious affairs as not to make so ridiculous an assertion.

And what is your definition of the word prostitution?

It is this: confined to this subject, any relation or act that is based on any consideration other than that of love, whether in or out of wedlock. I cannot make this plainer by enlargement.

You said a moment ago that you are a Spiritualist. What is it to be one?

Spiritualism, from my standpoint, includes a profound and sustaining belief in immortality—in our personal identity in the life hereafter, and in the power of spirits to communicate with and control their friends here. To my mind, it is a beautiful religion, and sublime as it is beautiful; and in no sense does this religion countenance any practice tending to degrade the human soul.

And what is your opinion in regard to punishments in the hereafter?

I believe that every act has its legitimate effect, whether experienced immediately or at some future time, in this sphere or in the one to which we shall be removed.

As you regard women, what is their highest mission?

It is that of becoming mothers of healthy and well-developed offspring, physically sound and mentally perfect. In becoming mothers of such children, women execute the highest and holiest mission confided to them. Such mothers should be respected, even though their children are born out of lawful wedlock.

In passing you have spoken of the physical degeneracy of the American people. To what do you ascribe that?

In my judgment, human redemption can alone be attained through physical health. Now, the decadence in the health of the American people is the offspring of sexual debauchery.

In sexuality the race has life. It is its fountain, but when exhausted the stream of life ceases to flow. Excess is not always debauchery. The latter is not based on mutual desire. It is the unwilling sexuality that is so debasing, and whether in or out of marriage, women should never be compelled. That they are is the bane of manhood and womanhood, and there is no redemption for the race except through the restoration of woman to the sovereignty in the domain of sex, and I believe that if this is not done the human race must go down into utter darkness and be blotted out.

What do you mean by redemption?

I mean rejuvenation and perpetuated life. To attain this condition there must be a perfect sexual blending—a divine marriage. In such a marriage disease is impossible. These conditions have not yet been perfectly gained in this world. Every sexual act which is not the legitimate expression of sexual unity has a deleterious effect upon health.

Is this the reason, then, why you dwell so much upon this subject?

Yes; it is the key of success. And as I have said in public, individual personal freedom, culminating in perfect sexual liberty, is indeed a pearl of great price, whose value is beyond computation. It cannot be too dearly purchased, for in it is hidden the world's regeneration; and, whatever may be said of those who battle for it, the future is certain to do justice to their memories, and crown them with garlands of honor. Nor will their recompense be alone the applause of humanity in after times, but they will receive a more immediate reward for their exertions in the cause of virtue and of justice, in that glorious Summer Land to which we are all rapidly hastening—that happy place where peace and delight are the prizes awarded to all who have developed their own souls here, by performing their duties freely toward their fellow-mortals.

It is a queer question to ask, but did you ever break up a family?

Truth is stranger than fiction. Now, let me tell you a story of a lady acquaintance of mine. She had a good husband and an elegant home. He fell in love with a literary lady, and became so much infatuated that he resolved to close up his business in New York and fly with his new friend to Europe. The wife, by my influence, was made acquainted with these facts, and acting under advice she went direct to the hotel where her husband and friend were stopping, and, confronting them with the truth, begged them to go together to her house. She did not wish her home broken up and an exposure made. The husband saw what a noble wife he had, and soon after that his mistress was wholly discarded and he was happier than ever in his home. It is the old story of King Solomon, the child and the two contesting mothers. The same in principle and it always wins. True love conquers.

This is most respectful treatment; not only in a personal sense, but also for the cause which we advocate. It shows that the seed that has been sown is rapidly taking root, and in some instances is bearing fruit. We say, therefore, that the outlook is most encouraging; is very full of hope and promise, and notwithstanding the general apathy that seems to have settled upon some who have been ardent co-workers as well as supporters of the cause, we have never, since entering upon the struggle, been more perfectly at rest about the future. We realize that the ebbing tide has turned, and that from this time forward the waves will be incoming instead of outgoing; that our labors will hereafter be productive instead of depletive; and we not only take renewed hope ourselves from all the favorable signs that are beginning to appear, but we bid our friends to gird on their armor anew and press forward with redoubled vigor to win the full fruits of the coming glorious victory.

WHOLLY DEVOID OF SHAME.

The *Brooklyn Eagle* of March 6, whose editor is the notorious Kinsella, who has lately been mulcted in fifteen thousand dollars for his liaison with Mrs. Field, appears to be shocked at the idea of a woman discussing publicly the subject of prostitution. In it Anna E. Dickinson, for so doing, is virtually termed "a woman wholly devoid of shame," and spoken of in connection with stink-pots—Black Maria—and rotteness. In connection with Anna E. Dickinson, Theodore Tilton and Roger E. Pryor, who attended her lecture, receive also what may be termed "dishonorable mention." Of course while such favors were going around, the proprietor of the *WEEKLY* was not forgotten. The article says, speaking of Mr. Tilton:

"He is not satisfied with having sent abroad, for nauseating effect, the real or pretended secrets of his own house, where the theoretical prostitute of the age was welcomed," etc.

If the old adage be correct—viz., "Practice makes perfect," the editor of the *Eagle* may be an authority upon the subject of "theoretical prostitution." Not contented with foisting upon the public a false report of General Tracy's speech, that paper seems inclined to follow up its scurrility; but, in our opinion, he who talks of theoretical prostitution is a very ordinary fool. Prostitution, either male or female, consists, as Mr. Kinsella ought to be aware of, in actions, not in theories. But we are glad to have the evil report of the American *demi-monde*. Free love will annihilate prostitution in all its branches; with it liaisons cannot exist. The sting of social aberrations lies not in the simple fact of copulation, but in the evasions and lies that poor woman is compelled to resort to, in order to hide what, in many instances, is really no crime at all. Real prostitutes, both male and female, see the effect of the teachings of the *WEEKLY*, and consequently we suffer under the animadversions of the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

THE CONVENTION IN BOSTON.

Agreeable to call a free love convention assembled in the Paine Memorial Hall, Boston, on Saturday of last week, and continued, ending Sunday evening. From the Boston daily papers we gather that the convention was a remarkable success, and was the means of creating an immense amount of agitation. We congratulate the persons who inaugurated and conducted the movement upon having been the means of securing a very wide propaganda for the new social theories, upon which freedom for the affections is based, only regretting that we could not have been there to have taken part in the convention.

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The increasing number of letters in respect to the nature, purposes and prospects of the Pantarchy, suggests the propriety of organizing a bureau for the purpose of answering such and similar inquiries.

To serve this great want, THE BUREAU OF CORRESPONDENCE will undertake to answer ANY QUESTION (admitting of an answer) upon ANY SUBJECT.

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PROSPECTUS.

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

It advocates a new government in which the people will be their own legislators, and the officials the executors of their will.

It advocates, as parts of the new government—

- 1. A new political system in which all persons of adult age will participate. 2. A new land system in which every individual will be entitled to the free use of a proper proportion of the land. 3. A new industrial system, in which each individual will remain possessed of all his or her productions. 4. A new commercial system in which "cost," instead of "demand and supply," will determine the price of everything and abolish the system of profit-making. 5. A new financial system, in which the government will be the source, custodian and transmitter of money, and in which usury will have no place. 6. A new sexual system, in which mutual consent, entirely free from money or any inducement other than love, shall be the governing law, individuals being left to make their own regulations; and in which society, when the individual shall fail, shall be responsible for the proper rearing of children. 7. A new educational system, in which all children born shall have the same advantages of physical, industrial, mental and moral culture, and thus be equally prepared at maturity to enter upon active, responsible and useful lives.

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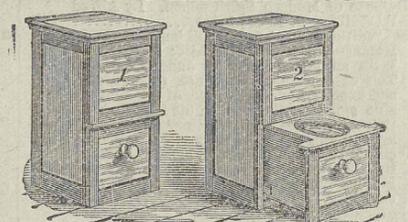
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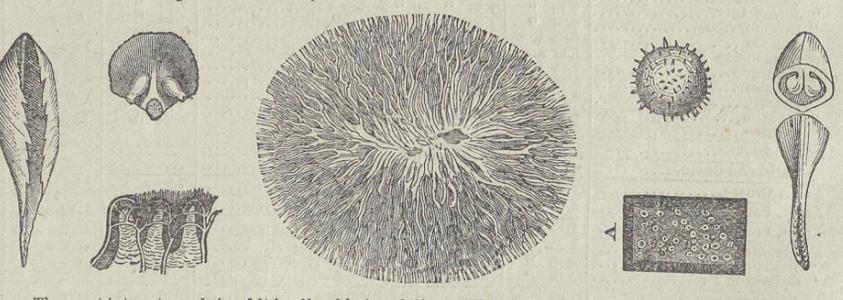
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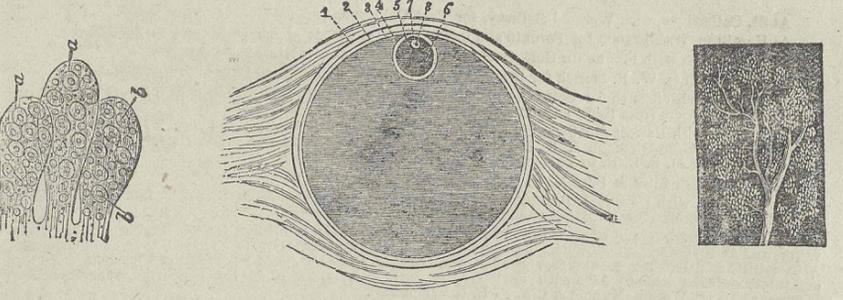


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