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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF
WARREN CHASE.

CHAPTER II.

Thus at four years of age, orphaned and ostracised, outlawed in the land of his nativity, and cut off from that poorest kind of aid, Christian sympathy, because they said his mother had sinned, and, like Adam and Eve in their disobedience, left the curse on her innocent posterity, was our subject left to "paddle his own canoe." The paternal relative did not feel bound by any legal, moral or religious law to aid him, even if he should starve or freeze; and the maternal, who had the will, perhaps, had not means to do it. The aged couple were tottering toward the grave and near it, and the younger were extremely poor and struggling for life themselves. The Quaker family did not feel able to keep the boy without pay; and as there was no Catholic asylum in that section and the Protestant prejudice would deem it better to let him die and go to hell with his mother than to have him trained into that false religion and do mischief to others on earth, he was turned over to the town, whose three Selectmen were overseers of the poor, to whom the "scanty pittance of unsocial bread" was doled out by the lowest bidder at public and annual sale. But as the boy had a good paternal line of long-lived ancestors and a good physical form and constitution, he promised to be of value for hard work after a few years, and one of the shrewdest, hardest and most heartless speculators of the town, a farmer and dealer in live stock, offered to take him till twenty-one years of age, and the Selectmen thought they drove a good bargain when they made him agree to send the boy to school three months in each year, and at the close of the term (16 years) give him \$100 and two suits of clothes; and so the contract was signed and the boy turned into, or rather onto (for he was never into), this family; and then commenced at once the evidence of his slavery, and the evidence that he had no rights that respectably-born people were bound to regard. Savage abuse with tongue, hands, feet and whip he met at almost every turn and return of day; scanty food, and only such as was left after meals by the family; still more scanty clothing, and of schooling little or none, as he could be spared in winter, when, with toes and fingers often frozen, he crept over snow-drifts to a mile-distant school-house, where he barely learned the letters and a few short words, even up to the age of fourteen, when he escaped from slavery.

Born filled with the warm, affectionate and loving nature of his mother, his earliest and latest ideal of perfection was woman; never as an object of sexual gratification, but as an object of love and admiration that could and would return fourfold to the pure and harmless love of the opposite sex—an ideal and a principle that has never left him. He was thus early and rudely out of entirely from all female society, mother, sister or friend, and even from all sympathy that could reach him. True, the daughters of his mother pitied him and often heard how he was abused, but what could they do? They had neither means nor influence to rescue him nor even to visit him, and never did anything in the ten long years of this bondage in which occasionally, but rarely, a kind and sympathizing word would fall on his ear from some poor day-laborer that was employed by this David; (fit name for the man, although not a church-member, which he ought to have been to complete his character).

The affectional nature of the child was now wholly crushed; and why he did not die, is for others to decide who can guess as well as the writer. The cruel treatment might have been known to the Selectmen of the town, but there was the bond, and the law had done its duty in the binding the man to fulfill it. What more could they do? He had not promised not to whip or abuse the boy, and did not the owners of slaves beat them even though they expected them to work all their lives for nothing? But where were the churches with all their boasted Christian charity? Had they no souls? did not their Master and Idol come into the world outside the bonds of wedlock? Did they know Peter's and John's mothers were married? Had they read of the woman who came to Jesus and was not condemned? Oh, but that was in Bible-times and not in our times; besides, God was not bound by moral laws but would do as He pleased, and what He did was right, however wrong in us. Yet there were always plenty of Christians in Pitts-

field, but what had they to do with social outcasts? Their souls were not worth saving, and as God had killed the mother without giving her warning and time to repent (for she had never been a Christian) and sent her straight to hell, He might as well send her boy after her, as he was full of her sin, and it was not likely Christ died for such sinners:

But roads turn, winds shift, storms cease, bonds are broken and changes occur, so there is "an end to every pain." David, like his ancient namesake, "fell in love" with the wife of another man, although he had his legal share of the sex and a good supply of children; but he did not succeed as well as his namesake, although it was said he often had access to the willing woman, and it created many a row in the family in which the boy had no share but as a spectator. But the business of David was no longer prosperous, and he soon failed, lost farm and all his property, and moved out of town to a manufacturing village (Lampy river) and opened a boarding-house and took the boy along to chop wood, keep fires and do chores, but not to go to school. Opportunity for abuse was not as good here, and he escaped some of the blows and fared better for food at the boarders' table. Here he first witnessed some of the ruder and simpler forms of courtship and the social relations of the sexes for which his soul yearned, but none of the vulgar and licentious conduct of which he knew nothing, and toward which he had no tendency in his nature. It was for the maternal, sisterly and childish love of women and girls that his whole nature yearned. During all these years, till long after manhood, the gentle touch of a female hand with a look of sympathy would choke the voice from utterance, and bring tears to the eyes, and whatever changes may have taken place since in the struggle of life that may have hardened the heart, it "still has kept its gentle love," although it may sometimes have been clouded in the struggles of domestic life, with the temporary shadows of the conflict with grim want. Since it passed the middle line of a century, it rapidly unfolded its petals to the sunlight of the spirit-world, and the inspiration of that life has called out its purest fragrance, that the soul may be fitted for its home in that life, and where he hopes he shall escape the perils and sufferings he met in this.

For more particulars of his early life, its hardships and the escape, the reader is referred to the Life Line. It is not the object to narrate the story here, nor would it be proper to do so since the author has published it himself. It is more particularly the social, political and religious character of the person and the causes that we design for this sketch, for however much the pulpit and the press may have ignored and abused him for his origin or his bold defense of his mother and his right to be here, and his ready defense of unpopular subjects and persecuted parties, it will be some day acknowledged that the influence of his tongue and pen have been felt on the institutions and the age in which he has lived.

In the spring of 1827, when in his fifteenth year, under a strange and then mysterious influence that controlled and guided him, and without reflection or even the premeditation necessary for preparation, he left the family in the absence of David, whom he encountered and mysteriously hid from, without being known, and made his way to his native town. This journey, and its termination, was severe, but ended the physical sufferings and mental abuse of his childhood by the interference of the Selectmen who took his part in answer to his complaint, and released him from the broken bond and its obligations, as David was now unable to pay and likely to remain so, and had already forfeited all claim to further service. Thus rescued, the boy was now able to support himself and get some share of his time for the school-house, which to him, even at this age, seemed to lead to the goal of his ambition in life.

One of the Selectmen, who had released him, took the boy home (Nathaniel Bachelord), treating him with the kindness of a true man. His shrinking, timid and crouching form and manners began at once to revive, although he was too timid, ignorant and awkward to eat what his stomach craved, when seated for the first time in life at table with a family. The kind-hearted wife of Nathaniel took pity on him at once, and with the kindness of a woman brought up a Universalist, she applied at once for a place for him on the farm of her two bachelor brothers, who were Universalists, and usually kept a boy to do chores, work summers, and go to school winters, and she got the place; that excluded the boy already in the place, but he had a home and parents to go to. Removed to this pleasant home of the Jennesses, every kindness was shown

him by the brothers, and their housekeeper, who soon after married a neighbor on the next farm, which, after two years, became also the home of the boy till he became a man by age at twenty-one years of life. There were no children in either of these two families, so he had no such companionship except at school, but always from both families had the kindest treatment, and was cared for as well as most children by their parents in that neighborhood. The boy, who remained at the home of the Jennesses several weeks after our subject went there to live, attempted to teach him the destructive practice of onanism, which he practiced to such extent as to result in death soon after by an attack of cramp, and drowning while in a pond bathing; but our boy was too ignorant, artless, innocent and undeveloped at that time to take the pernicious habit that still destroys the life of thousands and the happiness of hundreds of thousands annually, and also makes so many lives wretched and miserable in women that marry such men, and destroys the sexual pleasure of both parties. Even drunkenness is not as bad, and hardly the use of tobacco, except that this filthy weed, in its use, leads directly to the terrible practice in thousands of young boys, and is the most prolific cause now among us of the spread of this vice.

Kind treatment and the school-house now began to produce a marked and rapid effect on this sprout of the two old families of early settlers in the town, and people who knew him and his origin began to look for the wild oats of a totally depraved, chubby and damned little rascal, who had no right to be born and no business among respectable people, especially among Christians.

[To be continued.]

LAW vs. LOVE.

"Marriage is a suicidal covenant; annuls itself in the very forming. Thou makest a vow twice or thrice, as if the argument were a clincher; thou makest a vow of eternal constancy under a rock which is even then crumbling away."

DIDEROT.

The right to slay in protection of property has long been a legal concession. A jury of husbands, wife-owners in *esse* or *posse*, have acquitted Muybridge, the jealous husband, who shot his wife's lover at Napa, California. The technical verdict was, "not guilty;" therein inferring, as a legal formula, that assassination is a justifiable assertion of exclusive ownership of a wife's person.

To pre-empt the result of this trial needed no other clairvoyance than that derived from a knowledge of the ignorance and prejudice of our present society. This and several similar late judicial decisions are the reiterated expression of the enlightened notions of a savage people in regard to the status of woman. It is thus judicially established that the sexual appetites of a married woman belong not to herself but to her legal possessor. It is proclaimed, among other forensic iniquities, that should a *feme-covert* satiate of the sexual embrace of her liege lord, and find her delicate tenderness abused in the salacious contact; though she disrelish and abhor his dalliance, may heave and gorge at his lechery; though the supreme goddess, Nature, absolutely compel her to some other choice, and opportunity throw it in her way, yet the yielding to her longings is at the risk of death to herself and to her paramour at the hands of her husband, society justifying him in any madness jealousy may prompt him to commit.

But barbarism does not justify barbarity; and therefore am I well pleased that the inquisitorial infliction of capital punishment was not brought into shocking requisition in the case of Muybridge. No matter what the guilt, I always sympathize with the outlaw who escapes the gallows, the brutal implement of a vengeful and blind justice. "Sin itself is not so evil as the remembrance and punishment of sin;" nor can there be greater expiation than such spiritual blindness as that of Muybridge; a physical cecity that precludes him from the sublime apprehension that Larkyns was entitled to all his gratitude for the loving consolation and exquisite pleasure he had afforded to Mrs. Muybridge.

These tragic comedies of married life while they make Herachitus weep, tickle the jestful Democritus. The absurdities of the Quixotic Tilton over his wife's infidelity; the lachrymose innocence of that unfortunate lady, and the sustained and artistic Tartuffishness of the petted Henry Ward; with all the tintinnabulous legalism daily rung about it, constitute a farce that must make the spheres shake with laughter.

Truly do we

—"Play the fools with the time,
And the spirits of the wise sit in the
Clouds and mock at us."

One of the most thoughtful and discriminative of free-love philosophers, Francis Barry, declares with characteristic acumen that if either sex enthrall themselves in matrimony, they should not be surprised at the cruel result. The compulsive conditions and unnatural laws of this boorish institution are definitely asserted, and cannot be evaded by those who enter it. It is hardly fair to expect to enjoy the blessings of freedom, unless by determining to be free men and women, we have made ourselves worthy of its consolations. In this iron age, in this dark cycle of time, the selfish passion of jealousy insidiously contaminates the love relations of the sexes. I have known professed free lovers, earnest in their worship of the ideal principle of love, to be shocked and martyred when their own sexual partners put in practice the liberty they recognize in theory. The most enlarged toleration and determined self-command is necessary to each one of us would we avoid trespassing upon that immunity in love, which is a prerogative as natural as the right to breathe. The lover who would, upon the pedestal of his own selfish love of possession, insulate the woman whom he pretends to idolize from such other electrical attractions as may be a necessity of her nature, might as well stifle her to death at once in a vacuum.

During my acquaintance with Harry Larkyns, he was in a state of heart vacuity and its consequent unrest. In August, 1873, he wrote to me as follows: "Oh, that I could find some one to love, and some one that loved me! I have been for nearly six months without a serious passion. Love and sentiment are as necessary to me as the sun to the flowers." Goethe's Bettina says: "They are presentiments of higher truths which make us ask for love." Life seemed to Larkyns too commonplace, too arid a gift, not worth possessing, unless his pulse and heart throbbed fast under the influence of some female bewitchment. His tenderness for women was not of the exalted Pythagorean type, but was special or particular, and self-involved; yet though thus bounded, it expressed itself in exuberant, graceful and romantic forms, like the impassioned fervor of Romeo. "Why should we quarrel with the high because it is not the highest?" since all love, including the most incapacious, is of a supernal nature. A grand lover is as rare as a Homer or a Shakespeare. Even the amoroso of contracted type is among the artistic specialties of creation.

Harry was as fervent in his religion of love as a poet, a knight or a Troubadour, as passionate as the Chevalier de Grioux, the hero of that love poem, Manon Lescaut. The men of to-day are lukewarm lovers, and their intensest manifestations of passion but a convulsive inanition. Harry lost himself in the object of his adoration. He would, as did Leander, have dared the waves of the Hellespont to meet his Hero; or paralleled the gallantry of the secretary of Charlemagne, who crept through the snow by night, at his life's risk, to the bower of his mistress. The wise Aristotle, fascinated by a nymph, went at her request upon his hands and knees, and permitted her to bestride his back, conveying her whither she would. No less complaisant than the Stagyrte would Harry have been to any caprice of his Cynthia. He was as venturesome and forgetful of self, in his amorous intrigues, as the mettlesome Philestæros, whose story is told in the "Golden Ass" of Apuleius. He followed one of his beautiful married inamoratas several thousand miles. To nightly climb through the window of her chamber was his only means of enjoying her society. There the lovers were obliged to gust with bated breath the exaltation of each other's presence, since a door of the lady's room opened into an adjoining apartment, where the husband lay in stertorous slumber.

Harry was a valiant soldier. The military honors won by his bravery in battle he valued for the meed of approving glances from fair eyes. He was more ambitious of the rewards of Venus than those of Mars.

A destiny as untoward as that of Philestæros or Harry Larkyns finally awaits the aggressive gallantry of intense love-temperaments; so that there was worldly wisdom in that act of a brave philosopher of antiquity, the spontaneity of whose amorousness harassed him at the sight of women. That he might love less and think more, he put out his eyes.

In this Hadean sphere, dear Harry, your soul could cherish at a time but one contracted love. Tell me, good friend! have you yet learned, in the transcendent regions of space, to whelm your partial self in the Infinite Existence; or apprehended the sublimity of that universal love of which the most exquisite of earthly sensations are but the faintest adumbrations?

FRANCES ROSE MACKINLEY.

APHRA BEHN RETREAT, March 7, 1875.

THOUGHTS OF LEADING MEN CONCERNING WOMEN.

[SELECTED BY HELEN NASH.]

THE relation between man and woman is the most beautiful expression of the great law of nature. Woman is simply the equal of man—nothing more, nothing less. We have no right to determine what is her sphere by any arbitrary predjudices. I cannot recognize any such fact as man's rights or woman's rights; I only recognize human rights. Woman's orbit is the orbit of her humanity, and hence she ought to be man's equal—equal before the world, before the law, as before God. And let no one be disturbed by visions of strong-minded women. The question is, what is truth, and not what are imaginable consequences. * * * * The true idea of civilization will never be unfolded till woman has been placed upon an equality with man.—E. H. Chapin.

I THINK that superior women are rare. I think that women feel when they are in the press, as men of genius are said to do among energetic workers—that they see through all these efforts with finer eyes than their noisy masters. I think that all men in the presence of the best women feel overlooked and judged, and sometimes sentenced.—Emerson.

If a woman could be beautiful without, when the mind has individualized within, when she can talk from her own experience not from her mamma's, and is qualified to hold an un-

reflected opinion, because she has had her own suffering, her own genuine loves and aversions; ay, and her chastening disappointments—those gray tints in the landscape, without which all is glare and vulgarity—what an enchantress we should have! Nothing could withstand her.—Anon.

A GOOD woman never grows old. * * * * When we look upon a good woman we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it will never fade.—Anon.

MEN are as much stimulated to mental effort by the sympathy of the gentler sex as by the desire of power and fame. Women are more disposed to appreciate worth and intellectual superiority than men, or, at least, they are as often captivated by the noble manifestations of genius as by the fascinations of manners and the charms of persons.—Disraeli.

AMONG men of sense and liberal politeness, a woman who has successfully cultivated her mind without diminishing the gentleness and propriety of her manners, is always sure to meet with a respect and attention bordering on enthusiasm.—Sydney Smith.

[In the above, the clause about "diminishing the gentleness and propriety of her manners" had better be stricken out, for no man nor woman has successfully cultivated the mind at such cost, though there is wide difference of opinion as to what constitutes propriety of manners in women.—Helen Nash.]

THE divine right of beauty is the only divine right a man can acknowledge, and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not authorized to resist.—Junius.

QUINCY being asked why there were more women than men, replied, "It is in conformity with the arrangement of nature; we always see more of heaven than of earth."

THAT woman who is able to systematize and carry on smoothly the work of an ordinary family illustrates higher sagacity than is called for by seven-tenths of the tasks done by men.—Thomas K. Beecher.

AN overworked woman is always a sad sight—sadder a great deal than an overworked man, because she is so much more fertile in her capacities of suffering than a man.—Anon.

ALL women past seventy are divided into three classes—first, "that dear old soul;" second, "that old woman;" third, "that old witch."—Anon.

GOD made woman to be better than man.—Henry Ward Beecher.

[And God made Henry Ward Beecher to illustrate the above truth.—Helen Nash.]

WHAT makes those men, who associate habitually with women, superior to others? What makes that woman, who is accustomed and at ease in the society of men, superior to her sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversation with the other sex.—Anon.

REPORT OF DRESS REFORM CONVENTION.

According to notice, a meeting was held under the auspices of the American Free Dress League in Horticultural Hall, Worcester, Mass., on the 25th and 26th of Feb.

At the meeting of the first day there were present from abroad Mrs. H. M. Dresser, Josephine Chase, Mary E. Tillotson, Seward Mitchell, J. J. Gurney; D. D. Flint and Mrs. Burk of the Boston Dress Reform Committee. Among the Worcester people were two reporters, and A. B. Davis, who was an efficient helper and speaker throughout.

The afternoon session was well attended considering the weather. It was called to order by M. E. Tillotson, who opened with a brief address inviting all who felt disposed to participate in the discussion. A. B. Davis gave a poem and an able speech. Seward Mitchell spoke hopefully for the cause, as he does for all progress, and expressed his pleasure in living with those who practicalized it. D. D. Flint gave in brief his hearty approval of the cause, and his home advocacy of the principles. An able article from D. M. Allen was read, and letters from Rev. S. C. Beach and Dr. Mary Walker, both good, the latter lengthy, to which was appended a resolution.

At the evening session the meeting was called to order by Mrs. Tillotson, and as Drs. Martha Williams and S. Alice Vibert had arrived, Dr. Vibert was elected secretary of the meeting, after which she gave an appropriate and efficient discourse. Speeches were made by Messrs. Davis, Mitchell and Mrs. Tillotson. Mr. Davis read a letter from the Shaker Commune, near Worcester, and presented resolutions to be considered, not adopted.

The morning of the second day dawned clear, and the audience presented fair numbers. Mrs. Tillotson continuing to preside, made occasional remarks. Mrs. Vibert made a good plea for healthful dress, arguing from a physiological basis, in which all were approvingly interested except the reporter, who was too morbid to endure the application of natural law, though delicately expressed. Brief speeches were made by others, and letters read from Olivia F. Shepard and J. M. Spear, which were warmly received. On adjourning, many strangers came from the audience to greet us with thanks and gladness.

The afternoon session was larger and enthusiastic. A cheering letter was read from D. M. Allen. A. B. Davis gave a fine original poem, and, as usual, his remarks were interesting. Seward Mitchell spoke well and at some length, manifesting his zeal in a reform promising so much for the restoration of health and promotion of happiness. Dr. Vibert and Mrs. Tillotson spoke in their usual confident and encouraging moods. After the session adjourned, a half hour was spent in lively and happy converse with new-found friends.

The evening (the concluding) session was well attended, and included many interested men and women. More than a usual number of boys were present, manifesting some merriment, but being kindly addressed by Mrs. Dresser and Mrs. Tillotson were hushed, and they made but little disturbance. Mrs. T. read a methodical discourse on the relations of the various reforms, and their need of dress reform to accomplish their object; she also gave a lengthy, original

poem. Mr. Davis, Mitchell, and Mrs. Spaulding made remarks. Mr. Gurney handed in a resolution, which the audience adopted most readily. Mrs. Tillotson announced that the convention was closed, and with kindly greetings and adieus, mingled with expressions of faith that the success of the meeting would be more and more visible as time advances, the hall was vacated.

Mr. Gurney's resolution:

Resolved, That women on muddy walks in pants and short skirts appear more modest than those in trails, or those holding skirts so high as to expose what women in pants purposely conceal.

Dr. Mary Walker's resolution:

Resolved, That the Congress of the United States be requested to define the length of woman's dress, the material she shall use in covering her limbs, or that it shall pass an act, making it a penal offense for any government official to deprive woman of any position because she refuses to dress according to his dictation.

Mrs. Tillotson's resolution:

WHEREAS, Theories and principles are of small moment without practicalization—hence,

Resolved, That it is the duty of lovers of Progress to abandon the follies of present usage, and do the good things that must be done before justice can prevail or liberty exist.

A. B. Davis' resolution:

WHEREAS, Present fashions in woman's dress are the sum of what is destructive in health, as a costume, obstructive of necessary freedom, outrageous in point of taste and ruinous financially—

Resolved, That as dress reformers we accept the pioneer work of agitation for the abolition of depraving costume, which is at once the badge of degrading servitude in the industrial, civil and social realms.

Resolved, That anti-fashion devotees are following in the wake of the brave men who fought for the negro's freedom under "the cold world's ban," thirty years ago, and whose names are immortalized.

Resolved, That the failure of most of these heroes to stand with us to-day and strike for woman's emancipation from a bondage more cruel and blighting in its effects on humanity than any slavery not self-imposed, must be attributed to the purblindness, timidity and conceit of human dotage.

Resolved, That the present conservative attitude of certain so-called dress reformers can only be accounted for on the theory of a proscription inseparable from selfishness and pride.

Resolved, That the animus and methods of these people have our hearty disapproval, and that we believe their hope of conciliating the enemies of reform, or of prejudicing the public against us will be in vain.

All the resolutions were too generally approved to elicit discussion.

MARY E. TILLOTSON,

VINELAND, N. J., March 3, 1875.

Cor. Sec.

ADDENDUM.

A convention of the American Free Dress League was held at Rochester Hall, Boston, Mass., March 2, 1875.

The Convention was called to order by Mrs. Tillotson, of Vineland, N. J. Mrs. Briggs, of New York, was chosen Secretary. Mrs. T. opened with opportune remarks, proposed memberships and a local committee. Twenty-two names were enrolled, from which the following committee were chosen: C. H. Robinson, 72 Church street, Boston; E. J. Bennet and James Crawford.

Brief speeches were made by Mrs. Tillotson, Mrs. Vibert, Mrs. Briggs, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Boyce, and Messrs. Davis, Heywood, Thayer and Flint.

All were earnest; a deep and general interest was manifested; reporters were present, and they expressed manly regard. The representative of the Boston Herald was honorable enough to give us a fair report. Considering the brief notice of the meeting, the attendance was large. It continued four hours, and adjourned to meet the next Sunday at Harmony Hall.

M. E. TILLOTSON,

Corresponding Secretary of League.

VINELAND, N. J., March 5, 1875.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE LAST CONVENTION OF THE NEW JERSEY STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Resolved, That the Jewish and Christian Scriptures contain many facts, narratives, prophecies and precepts, that corroborate and confirm our faith in modern Spiritualism, and while we deem it just and proper to point out the errors and defects of Hebrewism and Christianity, we regard it also as a privilege and duty to set forth their truths and beauties.

Resolved, That we approve of calling an International Congress proposed to be held in the city of Philadelphia, to begin its sessions on the fourth day of July, 1876, to continue from day to day, to consider the following and kindred subjects: The free functions of government; the position of woman in government, war and peace—how to abolish the former and how to permanently establish the latter; the treatment of the criminal and perishing classes; the American revolution of 1776, its causes, its promoters; defects of the present government of the United States—suggestions for a new and a better; suggestions for a union of all nations; thorough, equal and universal education; relations of capitalists to the working classes; the wisdom of holding a second Congress—when and where it should be held; religion, science, art, ancient and modern revelation and revelators.

Resolved, That we sympathize with Victoria C. Woodhull in her persecutions, trial, imprisonments and her late severe illness, and trust she may soon be restored to her usual health and strength, and be enabled to yet further pursue her agitative work, believing as we do that in the future she will be classed with the most eminent reformers and benefactors of mankind.

A BOSTON man has died and left two hundred dollars to a Universalist church. It would do an old-fashioned Methodist preacher good to tell a revival congregation just what has become of this man.

WHO MEN MARRY.

Who do they marry? A wife? No; they really marry business, pleasure, ambition, almost everything but a wife. By and by they fall passionately in love with some pretty face or voluptuous form, and straightway they possess themselves of the ideal. They own—they may think they marry—the minister may tell them that they are lawfully one. But he is mistaken, for the true married life must be lived, not merely spoken. There are so many mere spoken marriages.

In the block where I live there is only one man really married to his wife! They all have establishments—only one a home!

One man is married to a lot of dogs; they are fine looking fellows, as sleek as good living can make them. When he goes away in the morning they go to the car with him, a dog-gish good-by, and then dutifully go home to await their master's return. When he returns at night, they run to meet him and to kiss his hands, and roll at his feet, and he stoops and caresses them. I often wished I could follow them home, and see what fun and frolic they have in-doors. "Love me, love my dog." What does the woman think of this?

Another is married to his books. He is a stranger in his own house.

Another is married to his whisky jug; and when he comes at night to his lodgings, his nose is very red, and he is apt to hit his toes against his heels. What does the woman think here?

Another is married to anybody else but his wife. His attentions go the rounds among all the good-looking ladies, while one poor woman stays at home, and keeps the house and the children. The neighbors say she is dying of consumption, but I say it is heart disease.

Another has married the lodge. He has invested all his capital in taking degrees. And now, instead of the returns coming in, he is obliged to pay interest on his investment in monthly dues, which take all his spare cash. This is the alternative, payment or ignominious expulsion from the craft. His house is going to ruin, and the woman looks shabby.

But the man who has married a wife. I see her go to the door every morning when her husband goes away; I see him kiss his wife as he leaves, and then she goes in to sing and tidy their house. At night she meets him at the gate, and he always has some petful words for her. When they walk out she lovingly leans on his arm. He is the only happy man in the block.—Beth.

WORDS AND SAYINGS ORIGINAL AND SELECTED FOR THE WEEKLY.

"BY OLD SLABSIDES."

You need not tell all the truth unless to those who have a right to know it all. But let all you tell be truth.—Horace Mann.

THE WORLD'S MARTYRS.

They never fail who die
In a great cause; the block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
E lapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom.—[Byron.]

Any one who is much talked of must be much maligned; this is a hasty conclusion, but when you consider how much more men are given to depreciate than appreciate, you will acknowledge the truth of the saying.

Slander is a poison which extinguisheth charity, both in the slanderer and in the person who listens to it; so that a single calumny may prove fatal to an infinite number of souls.—St. Bernard.

How frequently is the honesty and integrity of a man disposed of by a smile or shrug! How many good and generous actions have been sunk into oblivion by a distrustful look, or stamped with the imputation of proceeding from bad motives by a mysterious and seasonable whisper.—Sterne.

If I was going to paint a picture of Faith, Affection and Honesty, I would paint my dog looking up in my face wagging his tail.—Josh Billings.

Vasquez, the noted bandit of California, has been convicted of twenty-seven distinct murders. We always said when a man goes into any kind of business, he ought to do his best to make a success of it.—Marquette Journal.

When you lie, lie sublimely.—Moulton on Beecher.

The N. Y. Sun reiterates the statement that Anna Dickenson is preparing for the stage; that may be—but when a woman commences to practice with clubs and dumb bells, it looks as if she intended to get married.

Love is a disease of the heart, the only cure is to get married.—Scorchetti.

The surest method against scandal is to live it down by well-doing.

Quills are things that are sometimes taken from the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another.

The wave on which many a poor fellow has been carried away is the wave of a lace-edged cambric handkerchief.

Men judge us by the success of our efforts. God looks at the efforts themselves.—Charlotte Elizabeth.

It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathomless import, that we are forming characters for eternity. Forming characters! Whose? Our own, or others? Both; and in that momentous fact lies the peril and responsibility of our existence. Elihu Burritt.

A VOICE FROM OHIO.

We are in receipt of a letter from an old friend, Rebecca Jenes, formerly of Orangeville, Ohio, but now of Waller, Ross county, same State. She is deeply interested in getting a class of people to locate at this place who are sufficiently developed, socially, to form a happy society, not in the community sense exactly, but upon general principles. She

describes the country as splendidly adapted to all kinds of fruit and grain raising, and states that improved farms can be had for \$30 per acre; unimproved land for from \$5 to \$10 per acre. Letters of inquiry sent to her at this address will be promptly answered. She has already purchased for several families.

A PENNSYLVANIA COMMUNITY.

A number of freedom-loving souls have purchased a large tract of land in Pike county, Pennsylvania, to which they invite the attention of such as are seeking a better condition of life than is to be found in isolated homes. The country about Bushkill is said to be the most delightful that it is possible to imagine—of itself sufficiently attractive to command the admiration of any soul born into freedom. Any communications that may be sent to the address of H. L. Marsh, Secretary, will be promptly and fully answered.

MARION TODD.

Resolved, That we, the First Society of Spiritualists, of the City of Port Huron, Mich., do hereby certify that Mrs. Marion Todd has for the past four months delivered a series very able, instructive and interesting lectures in this place, and, as she leaves Port Huron for other fields of labor, we bid her take courage, believing that good angels will ever inspire her with truth and strength to perform the arduous duties that lie before her.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented by the president of this society, to Mrs. Marion Todd, and also copies be transmitted to the Banner of Light, and to WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, requesting those journals to publish the same.

S. S. NOBLE, President.
First Society of Spiritualists,
Port Huron, Mich.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

A BRAVE LETTER.

My Dear Mrs. Woodhull—Please find inclosed \$6.00 for two subscriptions of the WEEKLY; one copy for myself next year and the other I wish to leave with you to be distributed as specimen numbers to any one whom you may select, the object being circulation of ideas and keeping up the conflict between the "old and the new" order of things. I should have sent long ago, but was waiting for an opportunity to send by hand, as the post-office is no longer reliable for safety in the conveyance of money.

I am still confined to my room with sickness, as I have been for three years, or I should have had the pleasure long ago of calling on you myself. I cannot express to you in words how much I have sympathized with you in your late severe and dangerous illness, nor how much I now regret your invalid condition which withholds you from the lecture field, where you are more needed at the present time than all our other lecturers put together. Still I hope you can reach as many through the press as through the rostrum. Oh! how much it are to be deplored that public sentiment and intelligence is so low that your brave, grand pioneer sheet should languish for proper appreciation and support. But it is today as it has been always, "those must first bear the cross who would wear the crown." For we all know that after the night comes the dawn, and so do we equally know that after the storm of present persecution is over our cause, so maligned and traduced just now, will ride triumphant into public favor. You have uncovered the "whited sepulchres" here in Brooklyn sure enough, and "unveiled hypocrisy in high places." It reminds me of the splendid painting of Mrs. Lillian Fairchild (I think) of "Truth unweaving Falsehood."

Ah, well! the explosion had to come some time, and both parties, men and women, must be treated alike, whether to condemnation or justification ultimately. After all, it is not Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton that are on trial, but the orthodox church and the old Catholic marriage institution. And if we succeed in dislodging these from their ancient thrones and old supremacy over the creed-bound slaves of superstition, the benefits and blessing will repay all the blood and pain and treasure the battle has cost to us all.

Yours most sincerely for the right. CORA A. SYME.
BROOKLYN, March 9, 1875.

GOOD ADVICE.

Until we have equal rights as guaranteed by the Federal Constitution, and social liberty as advocated by the WEEKLY, we can have but little national prosperity.

I only wish every mother in the land, especially every young woman, if not man, who can read or think, could have your ideas of social liberty plainly laid before her mind. Of course all would not act upon them immediately, but many would. The best way I know to do this is to sustain the WEEKLY. There are a good many radicals in California. Why could not they have a local association for the furtherance of the ideas and principles of human liberty? Hoping to hear from some of the friends on this subject through the WEEKLY, we are very truly, J. C. & M. J. WEYBRIGHT.
LOS GATOS, Cal., March, 1875.

THE LEAVEN WORKING.

To WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN:

Dear Ones—Inclosed please find one dollar (\$1), donated by an old maid seventy years old. She only regrets she cannot do more; I found her here when I came, a good "radical Spiritualist," but she had never dared read "Woodhull's paper," as she thought Mrs. Woodhull a very bad woman. I immediately put the paper in her hand, and told her to read it, and then she would know better how to judge. She has read every paper I have received since I came here, and she told me last evening (as she asked me if I would send the dollar for her) that she had become thoroughly converted to Mrs. Woodhull's doctrines. I think she would give more just to look into Mrs. Woodhull's face than to see all the crowned heads in the world.

And thus the ball moves on. If people would only read they would believe the truth, and the truth would make them free.

Ever your loving sister,
JANE A. SIMPSON.
New York, Jan. 1875.

PRINCIPLES SURVIVE AGE.

MONTEITH, Allegan Co., Mich., Feb. 2, 1875.

I love the WEEKLY as a free-born child of light, and cannot well do without it. I love its editress, although I never saw her but once in Chicago, where the great battle was fought and victory won, but hope to see and hear her again. I suppose the reason why I love her is because I am a free lover and can't help it. I love her for bravely standing firm to the cause of humanity. I love her for boldly facing a frowning world, and declaring the great and grand truths of her principles, which are to redeem our race from the hereditary blighting curse that is eating, cancer-like, the very vitals of our nation. It has cut the throats of two of my brothers, saying nothing of my mother who suffered her lifetime, and at last was brought to a premature grave. I stand before the world to-day a sufferer and a living witness of the cruel results of this legalized and unnatural blending of the sexes. I love her for taking a step so far in advance of all other reforms, one that no other man or woman has dared to take. I love her for fearlessly exposing hypocrisy in all its hideous forms, in or out the Church. I love her for trying if possible to free her sisters from the slavery and prostitution that the marriage bond has placed upon her. Also for introducing and establishing a basis by which better children may be born and alike better educated. We love her for advocating free speech, free press, personal sovereignty, equal taxation, equal rights to all high and low, for exposing the rottenness of our government and proposing a better one, for asking redress for the wrongs she has suffered—and I hope she will obtain all for which she has asked. Yours for truth,
S. A. DUNWELL, aged 71 years.

HOME TO A MOTHER'S HEART.

IOWA, March 8, 1875.

Victoria Woodhull—I have just read your speech, "Tried as by Fire." While on the 27th page tears blinded my eyes. Every part of my woman's sympathy was excited. I, too, know and feel what it is to have a boy whose reasoning faculties were impaired before his birth. It was not drunkenness that caused his awful condition; but it was marital trouble I will exert all the influence of which I am master to set those wives (in servitude) thinking and acting. It must come by degrees but is fast hastening, through the powerful, womanly, self-sacrificing effort of Victoria Woodhull. Knowing what I do from experience and observation, I condemn marriage laws as they now are. Woman is fettered and chained by them. Her rights of sexual liberty wrested from her, and sexual servitude exacted. God speed the day of deliverance.
H.

[From the N. Y. Sun.]

IF MR. BEECHER IS GUILTY OF ADULTERY OUGHT HE TO PERJURE HIMSELF?

The subjoined letter appears to be written, in perfect good faith, and we deal with its proposition accordingly:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:

"Sir—Some time ago you commented on the case of alleged gentlemanly false swearing on the part of the Prince of Wales, as justifiable because it was done to shield a guilty lady; and you then added that the case of the Rev. H. W. Beecher was not a parallel one, but that a Christian minister should speak the truth at all cost.

"I agree that the cases are not parallel, but as all diverging lines looked at from the other side are converging, so from my point of view, and I trust from that of all good Christians, in the case of the Rev. H. W. Beecher swearing to a little truth-hiding would be justified in a much higher degree than in the case of the Prince of Wales.

"Might he not by this means wrest from society a new lease of life-dispensing blessings? Would it not be better and nobler to do this, even at his soul's hazard, rather than step down and out to ignominy and uselessness? Would it not be better that such a doom, aye, better for the whole Christian world, that he should commit one bold wrong, and by that wrong purchase the power of doing immortal good?

"Yours, respectfully,
RICHARD HAUSEMAN.

"KNARESBORO', March 16."

We dissent most positively and utterly from Mr. Hauseman's view. It is wrong, dangerous, infernal. His advice is to set lies and hypocrisy in the place of truth and virtue, and to promote religion and morality by giving an adulterer and perjurer an unlimited opportunity to preach and teach.

Mr. Hauseman's idea is not merely bad, it is impracticable. If Mr. Beecher is innocent the truth will appear, and the whole world will see it. If he is guilty, that fact will also appear, and no false swearing will be able to hide it. If Mr. Beecher himself should undertake to escape by means of perjury, he will break down in the effort, and his false swearing will only serve to make his ruin more complete.

In this case the truth must prevail at last, and nothing else can stand.

[Richard favors a "little truth-hiding" by Henry, when called to "kiss the book." We bow to the simplicity of poor Richard, who seems honestly to believe Beecher needs prompting on a matter of calculation and self-protection. The Sun swallows the hook with the bait, and becomes rampagious, threatening Beecher with damnation here and hereafter, if he presumes to do a little lying on his own account. We think it is the least he can do, after taxing his friends to such an extent in the same direction.—EDS.]

This is the latest form of wedding invitation: "Come around and see me capture a mother-in-law, at a g'olock sharp."

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Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly,
Box 3791, New York City.

Office, 50 Broad Street.



NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1875.

A WORLD'S SOCIAL CONVENTION.

In accordance with a general desire, which is expressed in the replies to the suggestions contained in last week's issue, a world's social convention is announced to convene in New York City in May next, the date and place of gathering to be named hereafter.

The purposes of the convention will be:

1. To ascertain the natural relations of men and women socially.
2. To inquire if there may not be a better system for propagation than marriage.
3. To discuss the methods for securing to woman her right to control her own body, of which she is deprived by marriage.
4. To discover the law of sexual health, virtue and purity, and that which ought to govern intercourse; in a word,
5. To determine, if possible, how a better race of people than the present may be generated and born, with a view to hastening the time about which seers have prophesied and poets sung in all ages of the world.

Everybody who has anything to say about these important subjects is cordially invited to the convention, having his ideas, theories or facts carefully and tersely prepared, so that the best thought about them may be properly presented, digested and appropriated.

[All communications should be addressed to this office.]

REMOVAL.

The office of the WEEKLY has been removed to No. 50 Broad street, next door to its former office, where friends visiting the city will hereafter find us. All letters should still be addressed to Box 3,791.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Those of our subscribers who have received bills for renewal must not infer, because we spoke hopefully of the outlook two weeks ago, that they are thereby justified in any delay in sending in their subscriptions. A bill of three dollars is a small one to pay and ought not to be delayed, because when it is repeated by thousands and not paid, it becomes a serious matter with us. We trust that our friends will see the propriety of renewing at once after receiving bills, without being continually urged to do so. We prefer to use our limited space for other purpose.

ANGELO TORRIANI.

This talented young artist, who for several years has been studying for the stage under the most competent teachers of the country—for the past two years under Matilda Heron—has attained to a wonderful proficiency. His native talent, which is of the first order, has received the culture and polish which will enable him to take position in the front rank of actors. Some of his Shakespearean as well as other readings cannot be excelled. The private entertainments, which he is now giving in this city, are rare treats to those who are invited to attend them. We bespeak a magnificent reception for him when he shall appear publicly.

AN OPEN LETTER.

50 BROAD STREET, New York City,
Sunday, March 14, 1875.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT:

Dear Commodore—It was you, Commodore, who first extended your hand to aid two struggling women to battle with the world; it was you who encouraged them to break away from the fetters that held them captive to public opinion, and to go out into the world to claim a recognition as individuals upon the talent that they possessed; it was you who gave them wise counsel, and showed them the shoals and rocks upon which so many men are wrecked; it was you who stood by them when they ventured into the financial heart of the country, which had so long been monopolized by men; it was your check, with your name written by your own hand, that was the open sesame to its charmed precincts, which otherwise had been closed against them; it was your name, heralded all over the world with theirs, making them your financial protégés, that gave prominence and importance to their venture; and again, it was your assistance that enabled them to begin the publication of their paper, which, in several ways, has caused the world to think as it had never before been made to think, and which has inaugurated one revolution, at least, that will last until the shams and hypocrites shall be dethroned; until innate virtue take the place of the kind that's legal only. It was the goodness of your heart, directed by some kind spirit hand, or else your prescient knowledge of what was to come, that led you on to do all this for them, and through them, as we shall ever trust, for the great world for whom the gentle Nazarene was sacrificed. To you they owe their all, and all that they have done; and they will always bless your fatherly care and kindness, and wear you in their hearts in deepest gratitude and reverence.

Wherever the English language is spoken, and wherever railroads are built and operated, there the name of Commodore Vanderbilt is known and honored; and in our own country, among all the prominent names connected with our system of internal improvements, it stands pre-eminent—stands at the head of the list of railroad kings, the king of all the rest. In consideration of the part that railroads have played in the development and prosperity of the country, the position that you occupy is a proud one to hold, ranking as high as, if not above, that of President of the country; because the father and head of the railroad system is more intimately connected with the prosperity of the country, and the prosperity depends more upon this system than upon the political head. Besides, your position is a more honorable one to attain than his, since his may be a result of circumstances, which, perhaps, may not at all depend upon his personal talent; while yours could have been gained only by the capacity and administrative ability that were required to raise railroading from chaos into a vast system, upon which, more than upon any other, the welfare of the people is dependent; and with this you have also amassed a vast fortune, equaling, if not rivaling, all others in this regard.

In view, then, of position and fortune, your career has been all or more than you could ever have wished for or dreamed about, while the work that you have accomplished will live after you to bless the country, in a material sense, as scarcely any other man's will live to bless it in a similar way. But there are other senses in which men's names descend to the future with more power and a deeper hold upon the people than mere material greatness. Men of immense wealth have lived and died and been forgotten, except by the few to whom their wealth adhered. Men have lived and accomplished great purposes whose names survive in history only, not having been enthroned in the hearts of the people. As compared with Luther, Napoleon Bonaparte lives in history only. He dazzled the world by his brilliant military achievements and by his deeds of glory, and by them every page of Europe's modern history is highly colored; but still it was his own opinion that he would go down to the future with the *Code Napoleon* in his hand, and not with a list of the great battles he had won. But Luther's name is engraven upon everybody's heart, because he broke the bonds of religious superstition, and gave the world the right to worship God as it saw fit. Wherever the name of Washington is known, it is revered because it and political liberty are synonymous; indeed, it stands for individual sovereignty, politically; as those of Garrison and Douglas stand for the liberation of the slaves. So long as there are negroes in the world, so long will they uncover their heads when the name of their emancipator, Lincoln, is pronounced.

It is those who bless the future in things that involve personal happiness, rather than worldly prosperity, who are worshiped. It is those who dwell in the hearts of the people, although others may figure more prominently on the pages of history. It is those who do something to extend the boundaries of liberty and independence who are enthroned in the hearts of the masses, if their names are not frequently written by the historian. Their traditions do not require preservation by the pen. They pass down from age to age by mothers teaching their prattling children to honor and revere them, and to remember them in their daily prayers. It is the saviours of the world who do not need a written history; for their works live in the lives of posterity, and are transmitted as if by heredity to future generations.

Revolution after revolution has been accomplished in the

world, until from the absolute rule of one man over all the rest, every man, at least in this country, has come to rule himself. From this one-man power the sovereignty has been spreading until every man is a sovereign in his own right. Theoretically, this is true politically; and it must come to be true practically as civilization becomes more and more enlightened.

But in all these vast changes that have been wrought, to what part has woman been assigned? Alas! her name is absent. Every man is an individual, but not so is any woman. Nowhere in the wide, wide world is she recognized as a part of the body politic. She is still the subject over whom universal man reigns supreme; for whom he everywhere makes and administers the law, and thus determines her destiny. It may be said that woman does exert an influence, now, in many things. So also may it be replied that friends and courtiers of the monarch absolute, have at times advised him, and their advice has been heeded; but it was the monarchs rule at last, and so it is with man who rules supreme to-day. Let woman have whatever influence she may, and let that influence change man's plans as it sometimes does; it is he at last who holds and moves the destinies of the people.

So, as compared with all the revolutions that have come and gone, and left their impress on the world, giving to man his individual freedom, there still remains another one to be accomplished, in which as many more human souls are to be freed, and which will be as momentous in its effects upon the welfare of the world as have all the others that have preceded it. The external bonds have all been broken, and the people placed where it is possible for them to begin to think of self-improvement; where ways and means may be devised by which a better race of people may be born; where, instead of fighting for individual rights, they may be engaged investigating the laws of life, so that present imperfections may be replaced by better things in those to come; and thus the race be freed from misery, vice and crime that come from having badly made up men and women to be the propagators of the race.

It is here that woman's mission must begin. Man has hewn down the obstacles that were in the way of her constructive work, and now she must come forward to perform her mission. She is the architect of the race. She it is who builds the human form and moulds the human character. It is upon her that human good and ill depends. As woman is, so will her children be. Great men are the offspring of great women; but they are seldom the sires of great men unless their mothers are also grand.

So the future of a race always depends upon the mothers for its character more than upon the fathers. Hence it is that the era of womanhood must now be ushered in, so that in the construction of the future human race, woman may assume the position to which she is assigned by nature and by God, and exercise her natural skill, enlightened by all the aids that science can bestow, and trammelled by no restrictive power to cripple or abort her own designs.

In the past it has been the part of woman to be a help-mate to man. It has been his to clear the world of physical tyranny and usurpation, and to give to every man his individual freedom. Now he must in turn become a help to woman, so that she may bear a beautiful and perfected race of people. It is evident that this change in the relations of the sexes must come. Being the architect of the race, woman cannot perform her best work while in any sense the slave. A race of gods cannot descend from a race of women held in any bonds. Now, woman is in every sense enslaved to man as much as ever he was enslaved by man; the difference being in the administration of the power, not in the actual subjugation.

In our feeble and almost unaided way we have for several years been endeavoring to impress these truths upon the world. To this work we have devoted all our means, our talent and our strength. Many individuals have been convinced and universal discussion been provoked. But there needs to be some great Patron Saint to endow the work to give it vitality and material strength, so that it can stand and go alone and be enabled to move forward to a happy consummation. This is all that is required to accomplish the revolution to which we have referred, and which is already so far progressed.

Commodore, we appeal to you to become this great Patron Saint; to once more put forth your hand to aid the cause of womanhood; to you to perform the work for woman that shall for all eternity endear your name to every woman's heart, and cause it to be remembered in the prayers of all the people. Let not the work that has been done with your assistance now go backward for want of more. You have the position, wealth, the power, everything needful that woman's era now requires to place it where its mission may begin. Nothing else that you could do would so add to the lustre of your future fame; would so endear you to the world as this. Some man is going to do this deed for woman; some man is going to be this saviour to womanhood, since to place her where by right she should be placed would be to make her queen in her own proper sphere, and give her power to "bruise the serpent's head," as prophesied in Scripture that she must.

Commodore! can you perceive the great importance of what we suggest? Can you see what you can do for humanity? Can you see how you can add to the glory that already surrounds your name, an imperishable crown of honor, that time instead of blemishing will render brighter and brighter,

and each succeeding age will love and reverence more and more?

We know we do not overestimate the importance of the work, which by your aid we have already begun, and which we now ask your further aid to carry forward. It is the personal sovereignty of woman. It is to make her queen in the domain of the affections, where too long she has been subject only. Let us beseech you to consider well. You have known us now these seven years as honest, earnest women, as we feel sure, laboring for the welfare of our sex. And now we want your further aid, not for personal use, but to enable us to go forward with the work begun.

We want our hands supported; we want our Paper endowed beyond the fear of disaster; we want a publishing-house dedicated to literature, for which no publisher can be found—literature to teach woman how she may best perform her mission of maternity; we want the cause of her emancipation so assisted that it may become an active moving power. To do all this, would require a paltry sum only when compared with your many millions—a sum whose absence neither you nor your heirs would scarcely feel; but which for what we ask it, would be salvation indeed.

In your old age, standing as you do near the verge of the river over which you soon must cross, and across which, even now your eyes sometimes seek to penetrate, and some glimpses catch of the beyond, let us again beseech you to become the Patron Saint of this great cause in which the interests and destiny of the future are more deeply involved than in any that ever dawned upon the world before; and by so doing, build for yourself a monument of fame before which all future ages will bow with blessings on their lips and with gratitude and reverence in their hearts.

Affectionately yours,
VICTORIA C. WOODHULL,
TENNIE C. CLAFLIN.

THE BROOKLYN BUSINESS.

The greatest social convulsion of this or any other age—of this or any other country—continues to shake the world from Brooklyn Heights. As days roll into weeks and weeks into months, the sensation it produces becomes more and more horribly profound, and the old social dispensation, becoming weaker and weaker, rocks on its foundation with a threatening movement. The morbid social pool, which society has always endeavored to conceal from the public gaze, had everywhere become so filthy and rotten that a deadly miasm was constantly exhaled into the social atmosphere poisoning everybody who had contributed nothing to increase the volume of filth. Nobody pretended to know that there was anything the matter with anybody or with anything; yet everybody was fully aware of the fact that there was an undercurrent beneath society, surging and rolling, and threatening at any time to burst the barriers that confined it, and to pour itself over the people.

In November, '72, the WEEKLY punctured this social pool with the point of a cambric needle merely, but the rent was large enough to defy the most herculean efforts that were put forth to repair the damage by those whose garments were touched and soiled. Every one declared that there was no one hurt; that there was no sore spot; that the needle's thrust had not touched a vital spot. But in spite of all these asseverations, the wound proved to have been made so deep, and in such a diseased portion of the social structure, that instead of healing, it grew from almost nothing—inflammation first setting in, which was after a while followed by suppuration—until it burst of its own rottenness. The slight prick of '72 has become a running seaton in '75, and it bids fair to continue, in spite of all efforts to staunch its flow, until all the filth and disease by which the social body is affected shall have been cast off.

Social diseases are not different in their inception, progress and cure, from physical diseases. If the physical body becomes inoculated with a poison, it will remain in it until it culminates in some locality, and there develops a disease of some kind. The disease will have its natural course, and either cause the body to succumb to its power, if it be not strong enough to withstand the attack, or be ultimately overcome and removed, when the body will regain its former healthful condition. Social diseases operate in the same way. In the case in point, it must have been made clear to everybody that there was a social disease on Brooklyn Heights. Some may have concluded that it was inoculated at one point, and others at other points; but that the disease was there, working in the social body, nobody doubts. Nor does it matter much where or by whom the disease was first contracted. It was contracted and it has spread, and it has culminated and burst. Of this there is sufficient olfactory evidence to convince the world.

How far the disease may have spread; in how many families it may develop itself, or how many more may become infected; whether it will reach across the ocean into Europe not even the wisest can yet tell. Every day's progress shows that it has further and wider permeated the ramifications of society. The efforts of the old-school physicians have developed so much that the query now is, if there will be anything sound left after the eclectic practitioners shall have exhausted their system of treatment; or whether, under the conflict of the two, the body—the social system—will not die and have to be buried? Let this be as it may, one thing is certain: there can be no social health until the body has discharged all its corruptions, or until it dies and is buried, and the social atmosphere is again purified.

JUSTIFICATION.

It must be a matter of surprise, if it be considered at all, how a great many of the parties engaged in uncovering and removing this pool of social filth can possibly engage in such business. It will be remembered that when we pointed merely at the pool, that they all, as if with one accord, joined to denounce us for what we had done. Some persons declared that there was no such thing in godly Brooklyn, and have since been before the Board of Health swearing that what they had before denied was true. Other parties to the cleansing process declared that anybody who could even imagine that everything was not perfectly nice about "those parts" must be a "whore" or a chambermaid carrying out her own slops, and pouring them over the saints in Brooklyn; or at any rate, if not these, then insanity was the only alternative. It is really wonderful how these same people can show such a remarkable ability in proving so many other people to be "whores," and how eagerly they carry "slop pails," with the contents of which they saturate so many. Why, what we did once, was, when compared with what they are doing daily, as a single grain of sand to the sands of the ocean. But then we were devils, while those who follow us are saints, and belong, or have belonged, mostly to Plymouth Church. How shall we account for things that are unaccountable? We confess our inability, and turn the job over to Hon. M. T. Jugg, who is an expert at the trade, and who can draw the most consolation from the smallest thing of any body in the world. We pit him against the World.

And then the newspapers—the Weather-Cock, for instance, which stands looking up Broadway, by which the great public is daily made acquainted with the way that the wind blows in all quarters,—this had a most remarkable fit of virtue when the WEEKLY, in '72, spoke of the condition in Brooklyn. There was no language that was strong enough to express its detestation for us, because we dared to call public attention to this matter; and yet it now complacently publishes a thousand worse things without a single spasm. Verily, hypocrisy has received a fatal blow when everybody is obliged to come out in his or her true colors.

The "Dunghill Fowl," of doubtful gender, which thrives in its own yard "over the way," was also horrified at the terrible obscenity of the WEEKLY. Its editors were "fit subjects for Sing Sing" for daring to attempt to meddle with matters which it had repressed on account of "gray hairs and twenty-four years service." Of course those who would do what we did, after it had decided not to do it, were obscene, were professional prostitutes, but afterward theoretical prostitutes merely, when something akin to the other kind had been brought home to its gate, and it had been adjudged to contribute a fund for charitable purposes. Isn't it remarkable how everything eventually has to seek or be forced to its own level? Let the "Dunghill Fowl," which has aspired to the position of "Eagle," be an example to the "World" to all "Times," whether in the light of the "Sun" or in that of the reconstructed luminary which looks down from its lofty "Tribune" with evident contempt upon the insignificant lights and shadows that the former casts—these, all these have experienced a change of heart, if not of pocket, and they greedily seek for the most dainty tid-bits of scandal which do not or cannot find their way into the common sewer on Brooklyn Heights. From their own standpoint, the WEEKLY has become eminently respectable, and it sits quietly by and sees the work it had the honor to lay out, taken up and carried to completion so earnestly by those who pretended to despise it when they were invited to the task. We knew there was an immense job to be done. We congratulate our contemporaries upon the zeal and adaptation which they bring to its accomplishment. We would, however, suggest that they ought to be careful in the future about calling "pet names" until they are quite sure that they are bestowed in the proper place, and until they are also quite sure that they will not, like chickens, no matter where they roam, come home to roost at last.

Coming back to the *personnel* of the case, we have already pointed out the weakness of the prosecution. Our prediction in this regard has been verified. The only witnesses who have been called by the defense who have at all damaged the prosecution, unless Bessie Turner, who is now upon the stand, shall do so, were Judge Cowley, of Lowell, and Thomas Cook, who flatly contradicted Mr. Tilton and overthrew one part of his theory, so that it is manifestly untenable, and will have to be deserted and a new one made to take its place.

But the weakness of the defense is much more vital than this, because it depends wholly, not upon the establishment of Mr. Beecher's innocence by proof, but upon tearing down the testimony that, when the prosecution "rested," had made out their case. Unfortunately for the defense their witnesses are nearly all personal friends, who, in their zeal for Mr. Beecher, stretch rather than contract the truth, and who, when they fall under the scalpel of Mr. Fullerton, betray this fact. The two to whom we have referred as having damaged the prosecution were not personal friends of Mr. Beecher, and stood the test of the most rigid cross-examination.

But it seems to us that while the evidence was very damaging to Mr. Tilton, it was not without its effect in the same way upon Mr. Beecher, or at least upon the theory of the defense. The theory of Mr. Tilton that has been destroyed is not necessarily fatal to his case, because it was not a part of the vital matter; but if the theory of conspiracy, which

the defense has set up to account for the action of Mr. Tilton and Moulton be demolished, it is fatal to them, because there can be no substitution.

If we are any judges of legal questions, then the testimony offered by the defense ruins their own case, because it makes the theory of conspiracy impossible. For, have they not, in endeavoring to destroy Mr. Tilton's theory of his relations with us and with Bessie Turner, really established facts that are utterly incompatible with the existence of a conspiracy? It seems so to us. How could there be a conspiracy when the very things upon which its success depended, were "given away" by the pretended conspirators, as the defense are proving that they were. So, let Bessie Turner's evidence fall as it may upon Mr. Tilton, it must fall with equal force upon Mr. Beecher.

But in this way only, can the Scripture be fulfilled. The great social battle that is now really inaugurated, is the one that is to spread into every family, setting its members, as Jesus said it should, against each other; but finally, bringing all to remember that there is but one Father—God, and one brother—man. Therefore, God will speed the right, and however we may deprecate some of the means employed, at last we shall be compelled to acknowledge the victory gained.

NOW AND THEN.

REMINISCENCES OF THE SCANDAL.

Doubtless it has been an unsolved problem to our readers generally, as it has been to the public specially, how it was that we were deserted, left alone to stand the odium of giving publicity to the tremendous scandal now undergoing a judicial investigation in the Brooklyn City Court; nor is it probable that the developments already reached have served at all to solve this problem. At the time the scandal was published, we were thrown into jail as a result of the publication. No one was to be found foolish enough to imagine that we should have been arrested and our paper suppressed upon the so-called Challis article, if the Beecher article had not been published in the same paper. It is true that the pretense was set up that the former article was in some way the basis of the arrest, but the proceedings were too evidently against this pretense to give it any weight whatever. The friends of Mr. Beecher, acting, if not under his inspiration, at least in his behalf, procured our arrest upon the false and preposterous charge of obscenity, to be able, in this indirect way, to suppress the immense circulation to which that number of the paper promised to attain. Of this there can be no doubt. Indeed, Judge Wood, the confidential adviser of Henry C. Bowen, has since virtually confessed that the suit was instituted and could have been stopped at any time, by the influence that that gentleman had with the United States officials.

It will be remembered that in the original statement certain sources were mentioned as those from which we obtained the facts of the case. We said that we first heard of it in Washington, where a gentleman remarked, in the room where the suffrage women held their sessions, that "it illy became a Beecher to snub Mrs. Woodhull, since Henry Ward preached to twenty of his mistresses every Sunday;" that we next heard it from Paulina Wright Davis, who came straight from Mrs. Tilton's to us with the confession on her lips; that the whole story was next communicated to us by Elizabeth Cady Stanton; and finally that Mr. and Mrs. Tilton and Mr. and Mrs. Moulton and Mr. Beecher had fully confirmed the principal facts received from other sources, besides giving many additional details of which the others knew nothing.

THE POSITION OF REFORMERS NOW.

With this variety of authority, embracing so many eminent and prominent persons, we do not wonder that it seemed strange to everybody that not a single one pronounced a single word to relieve us from the weight of odium that fell upon us for publishing what they all had talked about so freely, not only to us but to numerous other people, as the developments show plainly enough that they had. Nor was their silence about this matter specially the only cause of wonder, but their ignoring of us generally was also ample cause for comment. Had it not been for the *prima facie* evidence of truthfulness which the publication itself contained, there is little doubt but what we should have been crushed when we were left to be crushed.

RESULTS ALREADY GAINED.

We are not now going to attempt to justify that publication, since that were useless labor. Circumstances over which we have had no control and in which we have scarcely taken any part, have paved and are paving the way to the most perfect justification possible to have. They will show ultimately that the agitation and discussion that have grown and will grow out of that publication, will develop a good in the world that nothing else could have done so well. Already Anna Dickinson has been given the courage to go on the rostrum and speak to the public upon prostitution—the social evil—as it is generally called; and Susan B. Anthony has also begun to discuss "social purity" in the same way, both of which were impossible subjects for public treatment, especially by women, three years ago. Nor are these public manifestations the only or the chief results; for they have spread into every family and every social gathering, constituting the common topic of conversation everywhere. People are no longer afraid or ashamed of plain talk about the vital facts of human existence. The act by which immortal

souls are created is no longer considered too obscene to be mentioned, even at the family table. The fact disclosed by Bessie Turner that, at the age of seventeen, she did not know what sexual intercourse meant, is sufficient to condemn the old order of things; old enough and liable to be married and know nothing about the principal thing for which marriage is contracted! And expect happy results from such ignorance? Isn't it about time that such sham morality and such mock modesty were superseded by an enlightened scientific knowledge of everything relating to sex? The Beecher scandal has come to be the Messiah of just this advancement of human good; to break the way for a complete investigation and understanding of the whole subject of sexual science.

OUR SIN.

Previous to the publication of the scandal there had been numerous letters received from various persons besides those whom we mentioned in connection with it, expressing their appreciation of the work we were performing, and many strong assurances of personal respect and esteem. We are unaware of having done anything since publishing the scandal which could have changed this estimation. Nevertheless, the idea that we are remarkably bad women has gained a pretty wide circulation, probably from the fact that the people who had known us, and had spoken or written publicly about us, either refrained from doing so after the scandal was published, or else that they permitted it to be understood that they had had cause to change their opinions regarding us. All this was very natural, but let it be borne in mind that none of them have cited any facts upon which to base such charges. Our advocacy of social freedom was not a cause, since their open friendship survived the delivery of the Steinway Hall speech, and our modes of life were not different, and are not different, from what they were when we were heartily indorsed.

It must, then, be concluded that the publication by us in a paper of what had been freely circulated privately—and not so privately, after all—was the cause of the change of treatment which we underwent at the hands of many of the reformers with whom we had previously been connected. It seems to us, however, that this was not a sufficient cause. And from the public standpoint, was it so much more wicked to publish a fact which was freely spoken about privately than it was to circulate it all through the country by conversation? We scarcely think that such a proposition is tenable. At least we did publish the scandal, and we think it was right to do so, and we can afford to wait for the world to say that it was right, after it has observed and been benefited by its results.

THE POSITION OF REFORMERS THEN.

In the meantime, we will content ourselves by presenting to our readers some reminiscences of the past, which many may not have seen at all and others may have forgotten. These will serve to show that before the publication of the scandal we were not held to be extremely bad by those who had a right to and did speak from personal knowledge. We submit these without further comment, with the hope that, as time progresses and the scare about the scandal passes away, we shall be found worthy, in part at least, of the very generous and grateful mention made:

LETTER FROM PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS.

Dear Victoria—I thought of you half of last night, dreamed of you and prayed for you. I believe you are raised up of God to do a wonderful work, and I believe that you will unmask the hypocrisy of a class that none others dare touch. God help you and save you. The more I think of that mass of Beecher corruption, the more I desire its opening.

Ever yours, lovingly,
PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., May, 1871.

EXTRACT FROM AN INTERVIEW IN THE N. Y. SUN OF AUGUST 18, 1871.

Reporter—And am I to understand you to say that the leading women's rights women of the country are with you in this movement?

Mrs. W.—Most decidedly so. The Woman's Suffrage Association of Washington, on motion of Mrs. Stearns, wife of Senator Stearns, of Minnesota, last winter, unanimously adopted the following resolution:

"Be it resolved, That we honor Victoria C. Woodhull for her fine intellectual ability, her courage and independence of character, her liberality and high moral worth; and since her every word and look and act impresses us with the conviction that she is profoundly earnest, we feel that for this earnestness and fearlessness we, as women, owe her a debt of gratitude which we can only repay by working with and for her with our whole hearts."

Mrs. W.—Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, President of the Association, who was not present when the resolution was adopted, subsequently wrote Mrs. Stearns as follows:

"Let me assure you that I would to-day subscribe to every word of the resolution, and should be ready to say more of the purity and goodness of the woman than I should have then. I think I know that she is striving to put down lust and to exalt love; that her motives are exalted and her life pure, and her whole nature spiritual in an uncommon degree. * * * I believe you will one day be more proud of that act (offering the resolution) than of any other public act of your life, and I believe the Lord guided you into it of His own wisdom and out of regard for your welfare as well as for the cause."

"I have this moment read your letter of acceptance, my darling queen, and it is all I could ask. * * * You are

fitted for political strife and for a pure leadership, I firmly believe. I give you my blessing and deepest sympathy and warmest prayers."

[The last paragraph was written and received on the occasion of Mrs. Woodhull's nomination for the Presidency by the Victoria League.]

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Feb. 4, 1871.

Bravo! My Dear Woodhull—Your letter is here, and the telegram of the "Majority and Minority Reports." Glorious "old Ben!" He is surely going to pronounce the word that will settle the woman question, just as he did "Contraband," that so settled the negro question.

Everybody here chimes in with the new conclusion that we are already free. But how absolutely dead, dead, dead, are the *Woman's Journal* and *Revolution*; one would think them in a Rip Van Winkle sleep. It is beyond my comprehension how anybody can be so dull, so behind the times.

Mrs. Livermore, in her speech here, said: "Some able lawyers have said (not Victoria C. Woodhull had petitioned, and Congress and the National Woman's Suffrage Committee had chimed in,) that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments enfranchised women." She could afford to wait; but all of them are as "dead as door nails" to the new and living gospel.

I have never in the whole twenty years felt so full of life and hope. Go ahead! bright, glorious, young and strong spirit, and believe in the best love, hope and faith of

S. B. ANTHONY.

PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS.

The following letter was called forth by the attempt of a prominent member of the Boston Wing of Suffragists and of Sorosis to charge Mrs. Davis' European trip to the account of her desire to escape from the odium of her connection with us. She is justly rebuked:

351 WEST THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, CITY.

"My Dear Victoria—I have just learned that the amiable Mrs. Grundy has been busy conjuring up reasons for my going abroad, stating that I am driven away by the present position of our movement. Will you permit me to say, through your columns, that I go abroad for my own personal reasons, and may be absent three months, or may stay one or two years. In the meanwhile, believe me, I shall not relax my efforts for the enfranchisement of woman, or for her social and spiritual emancipation from bondage far worse than her political slavery. I need not urge you to increased effort. I am sure of your unflinching zeal—of your noble, generous, disinterested spirit. I want to feel that my heart is throbbing beside yours in full sympathy, love and hope, for you and our great work. Let me not feel or fear that because the ocean rolls between us that I lose my place in the ranks of the real workers.

"Yours for truth,

PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS."

E. H. G. CLARK IN THE TROY, N. Y., WHIG, SEPT., 1871.

* * * I refused an introduction, thinking at first that in Mrs. Woodhull's case it would answer to simply stare at her. * * * Doubless no person in America has been so misjudged as this young woman. Everybody has written harshly about her; I have done so with the rest. * * * In conversation she never seems to think of herself, and scarcely of her listener. She is entirely lost, absorbed, heart and soul, in the ideas she advocates. Her face is not sensuously attractive, but its intellectual beauty is much more than remarkable. I know of no public character with such a transparent expression of impassioned thought. * * * American editors should heal the wounds they have caused by their ignorant slanders. If the press of this country has not settled into a hopeless oligarchy of gossip, a "coward's castle" filled with blackguards, it will make the atonement that common decency demands.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

In her speech before the Washington Convention, in January, 1872, she said:

"Some one says I am mad. Victoria Woodhull was mad last night; but she did not begin to be as mad as I am now. She has been abused, but not half so much as I have been. I want you to understand you can't scare me, if you do others. When I heard of a woman on Wall street I went to see her. Women have the same right there that men have. I have been asked by many: Why did you drag Victoria C. Woodhull to the front? Now, bless your souls, she was not dragged to the front. She came to Washington with a powerful argument. She presented her memorial to Congress, and it was a power. I should have been glad to call it the Dickinson Memorial, or the Beecher Memorial, or even the Anthony Memorial, since it was a mighty effort of which any woman might be proud. She had an interview with the Judiciary Committee; we could never secure that privilege. She was young, handsome and rich. Now if it take youth, beauty and money to capture Congress, Victoria is the woman we are after.

"Women have too much false modesty. I was asked by an editor of a New York paper if I knew of Mrs. Woodhull's antecedents. I said I didn't, and that I did not care any more for them than I do about those of the members of Congress. Her antecedents will compare favorably with any member of Congress.

"I have been asked, along the line of the Pacific Coast: What about Woodhull; you make her your leader? Now we don't make leaders; they make themselves. If any can accomplish a more brilliant effort than Victoria Woodhull, let him or her go ahead and they shall be our leaders."

THEODORE TILTON'S INTRODUCTION, STEINWAY HALL, NOVEMBER 20, 1871.

Ladies and Gentlemen;

Happening to have an unoccupied night, which is an unusual thing for me in the lecture season, I came to the meeting actuated by curiosity to know what my friend would have

to say in regard to the great question which has occupied her so many years of her life. I was met at the door by a member of the committee who informed me that several gentlemen had been applied to, particularly within the circuit of these two or three neighboring cities, to know whether they would occupy the platform and preside on this occasion. Every one had declined, one after another, for various reasons, the chief among them being, first, objections to the lady's character; and, second, objections to the lady's views. I was told that she was coming upon the stand unattended and alone. Now, as to her character. I know it, and believe in it, and vouch for it. As to her views, she will give them to you herself in a few moments, and you may judge for yourselves. It may be that she is a fanatic; it may be that I am a fool; but, before high heaven, I would rather be both fanatic and fool in one than to be such a coward as would deny to a woman the sacred right of free speech. I desire to say that five minutes ago, I did not expect to appear here. Allow me the privilege of saying that, with as much pride as ever prompted me to the performance of any act in fifteen or twenty years, I have the honor of introducing to you Victoria C. Woodhull, who will address you upon the subject of Social Freedom.

In December, 1871, in a letter published in the *Golden Age* Mrs. Stanton wrote thus:

"Some people carp at the national organization, because it indorses Mrs. Woodhull. When our representatives granted to Victoria C. Woodhull a hearing before the Judiciary Committee—an honor conferred on no other woman in the nation before—they recognized Mrs. Woodhull as the leader of the woman suffrage movement in this country. And those of us who were convinced by her unanswerable arguments that her positions were sound, had no choice but to follow."

"Mrs. Woodhull's speeches and writings, on all the great questions of national life, are beyond anything yet produced by man or woman on one platform. What if foul-mouthed scandal, with its many tongues, seeks to defile her? Shall we ignore a champion like this? Admit, for the sake of argument, that what all men say of her is true (though it is false) that she has been or is a courtesan in sentiment and practice. When a woman of this class shall suddenly devote herself to the study of the grave problem of life, brought there by profound thought or sad experience, and with new hope and faith struggles to redeem the errors of the past by a grand life in the future, shall we not welcome her to the better place she desires to hold? There is to me a sacredness in individual experience that it seems to me like profanation to search into and expose.

"Victoria C. Woodhull stands before us to-day a grand, brave woman, radical alike in political, religious and social principles. Her face and form indicate the complete triumph in her nature of the spiritual over the sensuous. The processes of her education are little to us; the grand result everything. Are our brilliant flowers less fragrant, our luscious fruit less palatable, because the *debris* of sewers and barn-yards have enriched them? The nature that can pass through all phases of social degradation, vice, crime, poverty and temptation in all its forms, and yet maintain a purity and dignity of character through all, gives unmistakable proof of its high origin, its divinity.

"The *Lilium Candidum*, that magnificent lily, so white and pure that it looks as if it ne'er could battle with the wind and storm, that queen of flowers flourishes in all soils, braves all winds and weathers, sunshine and rain, heat and cold, and with its feet in frozen clods still lifts its pure white face forever toward the stars.

"When I think of the merciless and continued persecution of that little woman by the entire press of this nation, I blush for humanity. In the name of woman, let me thank you (Mr. Tilton) for so generously defending her."

FROM MRS. DAVIS.

PROVIDENCE, August 26, 1871.

My Dear Victoria: * * * * * I believe people begin to see that suffrage will not give woman social equality any more than it gives it to the negro now; it is but a stepping-stone toward the greater. The black man votes, but ask him if he does not still feel the ban of public sentiment against his tinted skin, and he will answer yes; and sex will still be the word to stifle woman's aspirations for a larger life, even though she may vote for years.

Though as a scientist I regard the social question as of the greater importance, I am none the less ready to accept your nomination; and though I may be on the other side of the globe, I shall come home to vote for you in 1872; and every woman will be recreant to duty who fails in standing firmly in this crisis by your side, strengthening, encouraging and aiding in all and every possible way.

Yours ever truly,

PAULINA W. DAVIS.

FROM MR. TILTON'S BIOGRAPHY OF MRS. WOODHULL.

"He that uttereth a slander is a fool."

—SOLOMON: Prov. x. 18.

I shall swiftly sketch the life of Victoria Claflin Woodhull, a young woman whose career has been as singular as any heroine's in a romance; whose ability is of a rare and whose career of the rarest type; whose personal sufferings are of themselves a whole drama of pathos; whose name (through the malice of some and the ignorance of others) has caught a shadow in strange contrast with the whiteness of her life; whose position as a representative of her sex in the greatest reform of modern times, renders her an object of peculiar interest to her fellow-citizens; and whose character (inasmuch as I know her well) I can portray without color or tinge from any partiality save that I hold her in uncommon respect.

As showing that her early clairvoyant power still abides, I will mention a fresh instance. An eminent judge in Pennsylvania, in whose court-house I had once lectured, called lately to see me at the office of *The Golden Age*. On my inquiring after his family, he told me that a strange event had just happened in it. "Three months ago," said he, "while I was in New York, Mrs. Woodhull said to me, with a rush of

feeling, 'Judge, I foresee that you will lose two of your children within six weeks.' This announcement, he said, wounded him as a tragic sort of trifling with life and death. "But," I asked, "did anything follow the prophecy?" "Yes," he replied, "fulfillment; I lost two children within six weeks." The Judge, who is a Methodist, thinks that Victoria the clairvoyant is like "Anna the prophetess."

Let me say that I know of no person against whom there are more prejudices, nor any one who more quickly disarms them. This strange faculty is the most powerful of her powers. She shoots a word like a sudden sunbeam through the thickest mist of people's doubts and accusations, and clears the sky in a moment. Questioned by some committee or delegation who have come to her with idle tales against her busy life, I have seen her swiftly gather together all the stones which they have cast, put them like the miner's quartz into the furnace, melt them with fierce and fervent heat, bring out of them the purest gold, stamp thereon her image and superscription as she were sovereign of the realm, and then (as the marvel of it all) receive the sworn allegiance of the whole company on the spot. At one of her public meetings when the chair (as she hoped) would be occupied by Lucretia Mott, this venerable woman had been persuaded to decline this responsibility, but afterward stepped forward on the platform and lovingly kissed the young speaker in presence of the multitude. Her enemies (save those of her own household) are strangers. To see her is to respect her—to know her is to vindicate her. She has some impetuous and headlong faults, but were she without the same traits which produce these she would not possess the mad and magnificent energies which (if she lives) will make her a heroine of history.

In conclusion, amid all the rush of her active life, she believes with Wordsworth that

"The gods approve the depth and not
The tumult of the soul."

So, whether buffeted by criticism or defamed by slander, she carries herself in that religious peace which, through all turbulence, is "a measureless content." When apparently about to be struck down, she gathers unseen strength and goes forward conquering and to conquer. Known only as a rash iconoclast, and ranked even with the most uncouth of those noise-makers who are waking a sleepy world before its time, she beats her daily gong of business and reform with notes not musical but strong, yet mellows the outward rudeness of the rhythm by the inward and devout song of one of the sincerest, most reverent, and divinely-gifted of human souls.

NEW YORK, June 22, 1871.

My Dear Mr. Sanbourn—I take for granted that the remarks in the *Republican* concerning Mrs. Woodhull are yours. But you err in the estimate of the woman. She is a purist in morals—just the opposite of what you imagine her to be. I know her well—very well. Her character I believe (and I cheerfully testify) is spotless. Her social views are those of John Stuart Mill. Except for her mistaken use of the term "Free Love"—a term which she employs in a wholly different sense from that which it bears when you read it in the writings of Mr. Andrews—I believe her social theories would not differ at all from your own.

I take pains to write you this line because Mrs. Woodhull is a woman of singular moral excellence—a model of truthfulness, sincerity and uprightness. Her unfortunate reputation is due wholly to an infelicitous use of words. Persons who know her well hold her in uncommon respect. Never have I met, whether among women or men, a character of greater simplicity or goodness than hers. Excuse my boldness, and believe me, fraternally yours,
THEO. TILTON.

MODERN PIETY.

The good effects that must rise and are rising out of the Tilton-Beecher trial may be guessed at, but cannot yet be computed. If it is not annihilating the shams of the age it is exposing them. In the testimony of Oliver Johnson the character of the more popular creedal religionists is mercilessly excoriated. According to his own testimony, that gentleman commenced active life as editor of an anti-masonic paper. We find him landed during the past ten years as managing editor, first of the orthodox *Independent*, and afterward of the orthodox *Christian Union*. As there are many D. D.'s connected with the editorial departments of these papers, we propose to examine the doctrinal standing of their associate editor, Mr. Oliver Johnson, who admitted that he wrote religious articles for the latter paper.

Mr. Fullerton.—Q. What are your religious views?
Objected to.
Judge Neilson.—You can take that. A. I call myself a Christian.

Q. As distinguished from a Jew? Is that it? A. No, sir. I call myself a Christian according to the New Testament.

Q. Yes, sir; you advocate the doctrines of Universalism? A. I do perhaps in some respect.

Q. Don't you in all respect? A. I am not well enough acquainted with the Universalist denomination to know precisely about them. I believe that all human beings will be eventually saved.

This is not quite consistent with the creed written by H. W. Beecher, the chief editor of the *Christian Union*, which asserts the doctrine of everlasting punishment; but what of that—here is something more important:

Q. Well, are you a believer in the divinity of Christ? A. Yes, in my own sense of the divinity of Christ.

Q. What is that sense? A. I don't believe in the deity of Christ, sir. I believe in the divinity, but not in the deity.

Q. You don't believe in the deity? A. No, sir.

Q. In what respect do you consider Him as divine? A. In that He was specially commissioned of God to do a great work for the world, a divine messenger from God.

Q. In the sense, then, only that He performed a divine mission? A. That is all, yes.

Q. You regard Him as no more divine than you do the Apostles, do you? A. Oh, yes, sir.

Q. Well, they performed a divine commission, didn't they?

A. Well, I don't know that they did, sir, in the same sense. That's my opinion.

Q. How then about the early prophets, do you regard Christ any more inspired than them? A. I know so little about the prophets that I do not undertake to say.

Q. Then I will not ask you. Do you believe in the inspiration of the Old Testament? A. That depends, sir, upon what you mean by the word "inspiration." I want your definition of that first.

Q. Do you believe in the Old Testament according to your own definition of it? A. Yes, sir.

Q. What is your definition of the word inspiration? A. My definition of the word inspiration means, writing honestly their serious thoughts with the earnest conviction that what they are saying is true.

Q. But not infallible? A. Not infallible.

Q. And not under divine guidance so as to prevent error? A. No.

Q. In that respect only you regard it as inspired; is that so? A. I regard some parts of it as inspired in the highest sense, and the others I have doubts about whether they were so or not.

Q. In the highest sense of the inspiration according to your information of it? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Others parts you have doubts about? A. Yes, sir.

There go one of the gods of Plymouth Church, and such parts of the Bible as Mr. Oliver Johnson, managing editor and religious expounder of the *Christian Union*, chooses to cancel; but that is not all, here follows his opinion of spiritualism, classically expressed:

Q. Now, Mr. Johnson, have you been a Spiritualist? A. Well, sir, I could not answer that question, honestly, by either yes, or no.

Q. Then answer it in your own way? A. Well, I will answer in the way that a friend of mine answered it once. A friend of his once asked him if he was a Spiritualist. He said, "Yes, I am not a d—fool;" I am in that sense a Spiritualist. I believe there are such influences. [Laughter.]

This is honest at all events, and we excuse the profanity, treating it as Cromwell treated the profanity of Corporal Pearson, who, on being pressed for a second answer, re-asserted his statement with an oath; to which the General replied: "Thy 'zounds,' friend, savors little of grace, but much of sincerity." Admiring that virtue whenever we meet with it, which is not often, we can readily pardon the "godly zeal" which drove home the word "fool" with a "d—" in the above quotation. The real difficulty with us, however, is how to square the above statements with the orthodoxy of the *Christian Union*. The following quotation from the N. Y. *Sun* may illustrate our dilemma:

Two girls attending a seminary in Illinois set two chickens fighting in their room last Sunday. Bets on the result ran high, and at the conclusion of the contest the winning maiden was "better" by a gold watch, a pair of silk stockings, a French corset, two rolls of false hair, a patent bustle, and a beautiful book mark with "Christ our Guide," worked on it in colored silk.

The religious status of the *Christian Union* must be somewhat similar to that of the two girls mentioned in the above extract, which commences with cock-fighting and terminates with "Christ our Guide."

MISS ANTHONY ON THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

We welcome the advent on the rostrum of this able woman to discuss the social question. She knows how to do it as well as anybody, but if she cannot yet see her way to tell the whole truth, we must be thankful for the advance that she has made, and wait patiently until she willingly covers the whole ground. We glean the following from the Chicago *Tribune's* report of her lecture in the Grand Opera House in that city:

Miss Anthony lectured at the Opera House last night on social purity, and the place was so crowded that hundreds had to be turned away. Miss Anthony referred boldly to some of the evils inseparable from the marriage relation. She thought it was time that pure women refused to enter into marriage relations with impure men, and if they had done so, and found these men to be impure after they had married them, they should refuse to continue in that relation. There had been enough of the sickly sentimentalism of a woman promising herself to a man under such circumstances—a proposition, of course, that some of Miss Anthony's friends will regret and warmly oppose; but she supported it at considerable length. The *Tribune* concludes its report of the lecture with this paragraph:

"Miss Anthony's lecture was a powerful appeal for morality, and for women to be raised to the level of men. It was a plea for the good, the strong, the faithful, the educated women against the ignorant, vile and debased among men. Probably no woman present but felt its power, and not many men who did not applaud the sentiments this woman, true to her ideas of right, unhesitatingly utters and acts upon. Few men and women could have dealt with the subjects she undertook in the same strong, direct manner. To use her own words to a friend, if she must choose between starvation and telling the truth, and luxury with a smothering over of matters, she would starve and speak out."

Thus one after another of the noble women known to the ranks of reform steps forward to fight the battle against social impurity. We shall expect soon to find Mrs. Stanton doing the same thing. Well do we remember, after the Steinway Hall speech, how this grand woman bid us God-speed on the mission that we had undertaken. She warned us of the opposition, the abuse and misrepresentation that we should have to encounter, which she felt she was too far advanced in life to invoke upon herself by taking the field in behalf of the social enfranchisement of woman. Miss Anthony, we think, has got the question turned about somewhat. Political enfranchisement does not necessarily mean any better conditions, socially, for women—any purer social life; but social enfranchisement—making woman at all times and all circumstances the sole arbiter of her person—will insure social purity. But we wait patiently, trusting that they will all soon see this truth, and knowing that when Miss Anthony does see it she will not hesitate to utter it.

We believe that they do begin to see that the real question—the great and vital question—is the social problem. Miss Anthony confesses this when she makes "social purity" an argument for suffrage, which is saying virtually that suffrage

is a means merely, and not an end—the end being better social relations. Now if she would go a step further only, and say that social purity is needed so that purer conditions may be had in which to generate our children, then she would reach the real issue.

If we have nothing else for which to be thankful, the fact that we have been able to open the way by our sacrifices and sufferings for a band of brave women to attack the monstrous evils that exist in marriage, is ample cause. God bless, and the good angels speed them in their work, and make them equal to the tremendous emergency.

LABOR REFORM.

The sole end and aim of all the labor movements which have convulsed or are convulsing the civilized world originally were, and now are, to secure to the creators of [wealth their fair share of the produce of their toils. Surely, if any man has a right to the means of existence, that man is the agricultural laborer, yet we know that he generally retains less of the fruit of his labors than even the better paid mechanic manages to secure; in turn, the mechanic who builds our cities is often unable to obtain, by a life of toil, a shelter for his family that he can call his own. It is the same with other trades, the weaver's wife can rarely secure for herself a decent dress out of the cloth for which the world is indebted to the toil of her husband.

In spite of the platitudes of political economists, it is patent to the common-sense of mankind that the present distribution of wealth is manifestly unjust, and it is to remedy such injustice that labor organizations have latterly been so numerous formed. Social science philosophers who admire the present system are generally neither producers of food, shelter nor clothing. They live on the other side of the line, and have no objection to their neighbors working for them gratis. It is plain, however, and getting every day more plain, that working men and working women are of a different opinion. Holding such opinion, it is only natural that they should make, and are making, strenuous efforts to exhibit and remedy their wrongs.

It was at first believed by them that the task of obtaining justice would not be very difficult. Were their opponents unbiased we deem that it would not. But the workers are beginning to find that it is useless to appeal to rulers interested in keeping things as they are. It has become evident to them that "the Old Man of the Sea" has no desire to cease riding on the back of the "Sindbad" of labor. In this battle, however, the distributors do not complain. It is not the sellers but the producers who are aggrieved. The sad economy which awards millions to Stuarts, and robs the weavers who produce the finest articles they sell of the necessities of a decent existence is not distasteful to the former. Politicians and speculators also much prefer their present methods of obtaining liberal rewards for their services, to grubbing out scanty livelihoods by working at benches, tunneling mountains, or burrowing like rats underground passages for railways through cities.

Such being the case, it is no wonder that labor's first appeals for justice have already been answered by the above-mentioned interested parties with derision and disdain. They have, however, lately condescended to inform the wealth producers that "they should study the laws of political economy, in the knowledge of which they are now lamentably deficient: that a slight examination of the same would show that workers are dependent on capitalists, and had better not quarrel with their bread." This kind of balderdash prevailed for a short time with some workers, and has been quoted over and over again in both Granges and Unions.

But this advice has not been without its effect. It has induced many mechanics and agriculturists to look into the present system of political economy. They soon found that their present condition is a legitimate consequence of the carrying out of a system we have inherited from Great Britain, where it had been devised in order to keep wealth producers in a state of servitude. They soon found that, in order to obtain simple justice, and secure for themselves the full tale of the results of their labors, it would be necessary to remodel the same by basing it, not as it is at present on the interests of traffickers and financiers, but on the broader foundation of the welfare of the masses of producers.

It is to this end that most of the workers of this and other countries have latterly resolved to form themselves into a separate political party, in order that they themselves may oversee and secure their own interests. They begin to perceive that before agriculturists and mechanics can obtain their rights, mechanics and agriculturists must control the governments of countries. Here, armed with political power, they are certainly numerically sufficient to perform this duty, if they heartily unite and cheerfully join in the work to be performed. To hope that the forty lawyers in the U. S. Senate will ever deem the labor of a first-class agriculturist, miner or mechanic worthy of a reward equal to that of a trafficker, a financier or a politician is in vain. Nothing is more certain than this—that before the workers can ever obtain their rights, workers must rule the nation.

EMILY FAITHFULL states that among the novel forms of social and industrial life which vividly strike a stranger on his arrival in Paris is the perfect equality in business matters which seems to exist between the sexes. Women keep books, govern hotels, large shops, and even factories, and are often the business partners of their husbands, and most efficient ones too.

