

WOODHULL & CLARKE'S WEEKLY.

PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT! UNTRAMMELED LIVES!

BREAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF
WARREN CHASE.

CHAPTER I.

It is not for the purpose of "making a whistle out of a pig's tail," nor of making a great man out of small material, that this sketch is prepared and published, but rather to step boldly to the front, and shame those weak-kneed biographers who, in trying to cover up the *legally* illegitimate origin of some of our ablest and noblest public men (three of whom at least acted conspicuous parts in our late trying struggles for national existence), have scratched backward (like a dog throwing dirt) with the stereotyped phrase, "born of poor but respectable parents," usually located in some obscure and unhistorical place, patched with falsehood to satisfy an egotistical, bigoted and unjustifiable prejudice against the legitimate results of nature, which are often legally and religiously illegitimate. Since the newly sanctified (by the Pope) King of Spain is said to have been illegally begotten, like Jesus and his mother, and hundreds of other more or less distinguished men and women, and since

"Honor and fame from no condition rise;
Act well your part: there all the honor lies."

has become a truism, is it not about time that biographers tell the truth of the ancestry of their subjects, and shame the truckling press and its vulgar scribblers?

Although the autobiography of Mr. Chase was published in 1853, and has gone through five editions, and is still in print, with a constant sale by Colby & Rich, publishers, in Boston, under the attractive title of "Life Line of the Lone One, and Autobiography of the World's Child," yet few of our readers are aware that it is the real history of the author, and literally true. When they have read this sketch they will find the book still more attractive and desirable.

On the rocky northern slope of Catamount Mountain, in New Hampshire, lies the little town of Pittsfield. Through it runs the Suncook River, and on its banks a little huddle of buildings and factories, making an active little village, recently connected by a branch railroad with Boston, the great metropolis of New England. Among the early settlers of this town were one Eliphalet Durgin and one Nathaniel Chase. Both married and reared large families, which have hardly left a historical record, unless this should prove such. In the selection of a location, Nathaniel was rather fortunate, and got land, poor indeed, but sufficiently productive, with abundant labor and strict economy, to rear his large family, the earlier part of which had no advantages of schools, of which the younger portion had a slight and meager advantage. The eldest of these children was named Simon, born of poverty, hard work and privations, with a remarkable constitution, ardent, impulsive and full of life and energy, with no education, and only hard work as a moral restraint. Of course he occasionally tasted the luxury of New England rum when it came in use, and expended his energies in mastering his fellow-boys and men, by wrestling and fighting, although it is said of him that he only whipped the ugly, brutish rascals who abused their weaker fellows, and always took the side of the weak and abused. Simon married, and also had quite a family, of which the writer knew very little, except that the wife's name was for many years on the pension rolls as the widow of a soldier mortally wounded at the battle of Plattsburg in 1814, at which place he died. He was drafted for the service from the militia of the town, and being too poor to get a substitute, or perhaps other reasons connected with this narrative, may have been the cause of his personal answer to the draft. This is all that it is necessary to say of him, except that through his line of descent out of the legal bonds of wedlock (not in them) was renewed the peculiar characteristics of the original *Aquila* stock of the New England Chases—*Aquila* being one of the celebrated three brothers who are said to inherit the immense fortune still lying in the bank of England, where it is likely to lie for centuries to come, as even the *Aquila* stock is "too numerous to mention." Few New England families had more valuable or more peculiar characteristics than the Chases—largely anti-Puritanic, if not anti-Christian, and they may still be found largely concentrated in this western off-shoot of the stock.

Eliphalet was less fortunate in selecting a location, and the land he got was of that character of which it is said the more

a man has of it the poorer he is if he has to pay taxes on it. His family was smaller and less useful in farming, logging and fencing. He, however, managed with the help of the sugar maples to grub out a subsistence by raising potatoes, oats, and poor, small, yellow corn, picking out hay from among the rocks for cows and oxen, and making the girls help where they could. Their neighborhood was too poor to have a school for many years after it was settled, and even the church was too far distant, and their clothes too poor to often hear preaching. The first born of this house was named Susan, and on her of course fell a full share of physical hardships. Born in poverty and privations, and with no education, yet crowded with passions, impulsive, ardent, affectionate; yearning for love, and to give it, and with no cultivation, which would have furnished her a partial outlet, how could she be blamed for expressing it through the sexual passion, which was all the channel nature or society had furnished her. Marriage did not come to her relief, but a child did, and her parents did not turn her out to die, but kept her in her home with them. This child was a daughter, and bore the family name of the mother; never married, and left no child, so society made only one long black mark against her—that of being illegally and unchristianly born. She lived and served out her days without education, working out as a servant till old age threw her on the relatives.

Strange as it may seem, Susan's nature was not crushed as badly as many married women's are by the first birth, nor was she broken down by the persecutions of those who called themselves pure, because a priest had licensed them to do what she had done without such license, and who, by virtue of the license (like the liquor-seller), called their acts righteous and hers horrible crimes, and thus placing the virtue or criminality in the license or its absence, and not in the act, as was the case at first in Adam and Eve, who were, after the first act, which was a crime, permitted and commanded to increase and multiply by the same act, which was such a horrible crime when executed without God's permission. Susan had a second daughter (not having the fear of God before her eyes), who also bore the family name of the mother, and being handsomer than the first, she, in due time, got married to a poor but good-hearted man, who raised with her a family of good children, and, by marriage, lifted them with themselves into respectability. It was with these children that the old aunt found a home in her years of age and feebleness. This family line ran into the beaten paths of society, and outgrew the stigma of its origin on the mother's side, for she was a good woman and mother, as her mother would have been under similar circumstances. But perhaps we shall tire the patience and stagger Christian credulity before we run this thread out, for, some years later (horror of horrors!), still another daughter was born of Susan, and still bore the mother's family name, and yet she was not turned out of doors by the indulgent parents, who still helped all their poverty would allow in the support of this extended line of female offspring. The writer knows nothing of the paternal origin of these girls, but believes it to have been all from one person, who did something to help support them. This last daughter obtained a good education for the times; was respected and pitied, and taught schools for many years; was an excellent teacher, and, at a ripe age, married a preacher, but had no children; so this line, like the first, ran out with the subject; but she raised herself to respectability in the eyes of the public.

It was some years after the birth of this daughter, and under what portentous circumstances is now unknown, that Simon and Susan met; but the result is well known, for it brought forth on the 5th day of January, 1813, the subject of this memoir. Not at the paternal house but in a "warmly timbered hamlet" by the forest side, far from neighbors, where the loving mother, almost alone, crouched beside the old fireplace scantily supplied by her own pickings, with the aid of two of her girls, from the forest. Not in the "pleasant days of summer," with running brooks lined with buttercups and daisies, but amid the drifting snows and freezing winds of a New England winter high up in New Hampshire. Scantily fed on poor food and more scantily clad in the coarsest of garments were all parties to the scene of this morning that gave birth and breath to the poor boy that has for more than a quarter of a century disturbed the moral, social and religious elements of this country and brought down on his head and heart the coldest blasts of scorn, contempt, falsehood, scandal and lies, that a corrupt

pulpit and servile press could invent or put in language. The heart-stricken mother kept her boy—did not kill him, but loved him with her whole heart, and under other circumstances would have been proud of him—but now he had no father, not even God, for she was God-forsaken, as the Christians said, and she struggled against fearful odds for life, with death often reaching his bony fingers after both through the ragged door of hunger or more open and ready aperture of cold. At length winter fled, and the mother and child still lived and moved nearer the paternal home, where she still kept house and struggled with want and despair, striving by the labor of her hands with its scanty pay to keep starvation from stealing herself and child. The compensation for this terrible struggle did not come till many years after her entry into spirit life, but it was ample when it did come, as she has often testified through media.

She bore the burdens and struggled on feebly, conquering starvation till her boy-child was four years old and she had hired a Quaker family to keep him that she might the better work and earn support, when one night she retired well as usual, and next morning her dead body was taken from the bed. Death by apoplexy or some sudden instrument that made no ripple in life nor disturbed the placid countenance, had called the soul away from her body but not from her boy, for she was still for many years a guardian angel with little power to aid or relieve him from the sufferings that follow. As we before intimated, he bore the paternal name and character of the ancestral line for at least seven generations.

[To be continued.]

(From the *Evening Bulletin*, Providence, R. I., Feb. 11, 1875.)

AN EVENING WITH MRS. HARDY.

HORATIO—"O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!"
HAMLET—"And therefore, as a stranger, give it welcome."

The *Scientific American*, in a recent article on the marvelous stories of spirit-materialization recorded by men of intelligence and veracity, says: "If the alleged facts are true, no words can adequately express our sense of their importance—no more urgent work be offered to men of science than their verification. They demand a reconstruction of our chemistry and physics, and even of our mathematics, professing to create matter and force out of nothing, and to annihilate them when created."

Having last summer heard from Mr. Wm. Lloyd Garrison a very interesting account of "spirit hands," visible and tangible, seen by him in presence of Mrs. Hardy, of Boston, we gladly accepted an invitation to meet that lady at a private seance held recently at the house of an ex-member of Congress, in the vicinity of our city. The invited guests, with the members of the household, composed a party of twelve—six gentlemen and six ladies.

Two small tables, selected from the customary furniture of the apartment, placed side by side with an inter-space of ten or twelve inches between them, were covered by two large shawls, leaving only a loop-hole over the inter-space.

The invited guests having themselves assisted in the arrangements under the supervision of Mrs. Hardy, seated themselves in a circle around the tables. They had not long to wait. In less than fifteen minutes a wave-like motion agitated the table covering on which our clasped hands were resting (the room meanwhile being light enough to distinguish the minutest object), and presently a hand, large, delicate and flexible, appeared through the opening, perfectly formed even to the nails and articulations of the fingers, *palpable to the touch and distinctly visible to all present*. This was soon withdrawn, and after a brief interval other hands were successively presented, varying in size, contour and temperature. One of the most noteworthy features of their presentation was that they occasionally grew visibly smaller and larger beneath our gaze. One little rosy hand of infantine size and contour placed itself lovingly in the palm of a lady's hand, and patted it as if in delighted response when she whispered the name of an infant whom she had loved with more than a mother's love. These hands were for the most part small and feminine. One of them was encircled at the wrist as with a frill of delicate lace. Another astonished us by presenting itself in a glove, or glove-like integument, of gray astrachan cloth, precisely resembling in color and texture one of our hostess's shawls then covering the table.

One shapely and nervous hand having signalled to a gentleman in the circle, and been answered by the question;

Mrs. Garrison

"Is it you, W—?" responded apparently with joyful alacrity, remaining in sight of all present during the singing of a popular air and beating time to the music; whenever some of the voices fell a little behind the correct time, its movements were as expressive as those of a chorister seeking to bring the voices of a choir into harmony.

A gentleman who had received for the first time this intimation of a lost friend's presence, informed us, after the termination of the seance, that his young friend, W., who died a few years ago, was passionately fond of music, and played on many instruments with exquisite taste and feeling.

Men and women of culture, sagacity and large experience were present on that occasion, yet not an individual of the circle was so credulous as to ascribe these marvelous appearances to trickery or fraud.

A SONG OF SOLACE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Thou sweet hand of God that woundest my heart,
Thou makest me smile while thou makest me smart;
It seems as if God were at ball-play,—and I,
The harder he strikes me, the higher I fly.

I own it: he bruises, he pierces me sore;
The hammer and chisel affect me no more.
Shall I tell you the reason? It is that I see
The sculptor will carve out an angel for me.

I shrink from no suffering, how painful soe'er,
When once I can feel that my God's hand is there;
For soft upon the anvil the iron shall glow,
When the smith with his hammer deals blow upon blow.

God presses me hard, but he gives patience too,
And I say to myself, "Tis no more than my due."
And no tone from the organ can swell on the breeze
Till the organist's fingers press down on the keys.

So come then, and welcome, the blow and the pain:
Without them no mortal, heaven can attain;
For what can the sheaves on the barn floor avail
Till the thrasher shall beat out the chaff with his flail?

'Tis only a moment God chastens with pain:
Joy follows on sorrow like sunshine on rain;
Then bear thou what God on thy spirit shall lay;
Be dumb, but when tempted to murmur, then pray.

YANKTON, Dakota, March 6, 1875.

Dear Weekly—I arrived last night at this place from a long, tiresome trip direct from Cleveland, Ohio, on the first train that has got through the snow-banks in several days. Instead of writing my letter for the WEEKLY, as I intended to do to-day, having leisure, I have yielded to a temptation to amuse myself, though I trust not without some profit to your readers. I found a book in the parlor of this hotel from which I have selected some of its wisdom, and strung the pearls of thought together for your columns. The work is called, "A True Friend," and consists of a hotch-potch of matter, inconsistently piled together to fit all shades and tones of faith and opinion on love, marriage, divorce, duty, deportment, propriety, men, women and children. Yet it is glittering all through its pages with rare gems of thought, gleaming from the midst of a flood of "swash." Some of the best concerning women I have selected.

I noticed yesterday that the *Sioux City Daily Journal*, I believe it was, had copied an article from WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY—Victoria's letter to her friends, bidding them be patient, and bide her time to speak. 'Tis refreshing to find a hardy little pioneer paper out here in the "land of the Dakotah's" taking an extract from the WEEKLY.

One feels in a healthier social atmosphere here as well as a purer physical air. The sturdy pioneers of this section who have braved the dangers of frontier life—buffalo, "bulls and bears," wild cats and savages—are not afraid of Victoria Woodhull. They are fearless and come close to her, and, as a consequence, all her Eastern engendered monstrosity disappears, and though not perhaps quite ready to accept her prophetic views, they give her respectful hearing.

There are many of Victoria's friends anxious to have her "speak" at this stage of the Beecher business, but they should trust to her unswerving purpose, which, in the midst of all the vile hatchments of Plymouth Church, all the wriggings of a "respectable" crowd of crawling hypocrites to shake her from their dirty skirts, shines clear and still more clear as the evidence comes in from day to day that there was a good solid foundation for her story of Nov. 2, 1872.

The faith of the people in Victoria Woodhull can but increase as this disgusting serpent of social corruption crawls its slow length along, for they cannot fail to see in Tilton's course toward her a parallel to the scheming, the lies and double-dealing gone through to keep the miserable scandal hidden from sight.

Reasoning from effect to cause, no candid mind, no judicial brain can fail to see that Theodore Tilton has lied to the world and to his conscience under his oath, with his Judas kiss still burning on the Bible. I do not need a word from Victoria's mouth to set her right. I study the evidence, and the Buzfuz chops and tomato-sauce style of the "learned counsel" on both sides, and will bet on Victoria against the field. There was the ring of truth to her publication, and there is nothing but the jangling of bungling falsehood to the entire proceedings in Plymouth Church and that "solemn court of justice" of the "Christian" city of Brooklyn.

Sargeant Buzfuz got a verdict for the plaintiff by the sheer force of "heartless chops and tomato-sauce," "warming-pans," "slow coaches," a skillful management of the fact that the defendant once asked the plaintiff's little boy how he would like another father, and a grand peroration to an intelligent and enlightened, a high-minded and discriminating jury of her civilized countrymen! Verdict of damages for the plaintiff, in the midst of tears and sobs of Elizabeth Cluppiss, yells of Master Bardell and the plaintiff in a dead faint, with the bewildered defendant staring in dumb wonder over his spectacles at the triumphant "learned" counsel for Mrs. Bardell.

Dickens has not lived in vain, since he furnished Gen. Tracy so admirable an example of legal clap-trap and empty bombast. Let him call Victoria Woodhull "the most notorious prostitute of modern times," and then correct his injudicious assertion for fear of consequences; let him distort Mrs. Moulton's Christian ministrations, and the pure kiss of sympathy she fixed on Beecher's forehead; and, in the interest of his client, picture Tilton a-blazing all over with forked lightning, and spitting burning brimstone from his mouth—such special pleading cannot break the crust of popular opinion as to this case, and is only calculated to unsettle an "intelligent and enlightened" jury just like that which settled honest Mr. Pickwick's hash. A verdict in full accord with Tracy's "heartless chops and tomato sauce" need not disappoint the public. On the sides of both plaintiff and defendant, the whole thing has been a sickening farce, and the only thing proved is the position of Victoria Woodhull in the affair; and that she has proved by the clear light of her inspirations, spurred by zeal for her cause, with ample combustible and explosive material for bomb-shells, with which to completely riddle the social camp.

As she says, the end is not yet, and the end no man counteth, for this dire business is a fountain sprung in the mountain of truth, whose end from whose beginning only the prophetic soul can divine.

HELEN NASH.

BIRD-FANCIERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY:

Of late you introduced into one of your leaders a famous London bird-fancier of the name of Poll Sweedlepipes, from Dickens' Martin Chuzzlewit. I do not believe the race is confined to that city, for if Theodore Tilton's charge be proved to the satisfaction of our American public, we must have long had a clerical "Poll Sweedlepipes" of our own in Brooklyn. But it is not my intent to trouble you respecting any bird in his aviary, if there be any there, but to call attention to a stray "eagle" of your own, that was hatched on the 15th of August last in office of the WEEKLY. By referring to your paper of that date you will find, under the head of "Beecheriana," the following lines, accredited to Shakespeare:

"An eagle, towering in his pride of place,
Was, by the mousing owls, hawked at and killed."

But, Mr. Editor, you were mistaken; for it appears "that eagle" was reserved to be afterward immortalized in the opening address of General Tracy, who is reported to have said on that occasion—

"An eagle, towering in his pride of place,
Hawked at and killed by mousing owls!"

Now, sir, permit me to inform you that I have examined several editions of Shakespeare's plays and find the bird of the bard of Avon was not an eagle but a falcon. See *Macbeth*, Act 2d, Scene 4th, and you will find this to be the correct version:

"A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at, and killed."

Should your readers desire to know more of the ancient sport of falconry, they will find a fine description of the same in the "Betrothed," by Walter Scott. I can also tell them that the Duke of St. Albans is the Hereditary Grand Falconer of the Queen of Great Britain, and I believe receives £10,000 per annum for his onerous services in that capacity. I can also inform them that "pride of place" was a term used in falconry signifying "the highest pitch of flight;" but I cannot instruct them how "that eagle" got into the learned General Tracy's opening speech, unless it was captured from your "Woodhull Edition of Shakespeare."

AUDACIA DANG-YER-EYES.

P. S. Please do not credit my invention with the *nom de plume* I have taken; it is one of the delicate offerings of modern literature, presented to the world by the translator of the dead poet Byron, the well-known authoress, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

At a recent meeting of the Scientific Council No. 1 of Newark, N. J., the following preamble and resolutions were adopted, viz.:

Whereas, The Government of the United States was intended and is supposed to be founded upon principles of justice and equality, the elected rulers and law-makers receiving and holding office by consent of the governed; therefore, when in the course of human events, justice and equality are ignored, the right of the people neglected and the wealth of labor appropriated through fraud and corruption by the few, it becomes the sacred duty of a great people to make such amendments and alterations in the organization and laws of the body politic as shall insure to the toiling millions the just benefit of their labor: Therefore

Resolved, That power conferred upon elected law-makers is dangerous to the prosperity of a great nation. Opening wide the tempting door for fraud, deception and corruption; whereby the few may obtain self-aggrandisement at the expense of the many.

Resolved, That elected law-makers should be servants instead of masters referring all laws by them recommended back to the people for ratification.

Resolved, That all the laws should be founded upon justice and humanity; be few, and of such simplicity that the masses may comprehend them.

Resolved, That labor is the only source of wealth. Money being but the representative of the same, hence usury (meaning all moneys paid for the use of money) is but a scheme used by capitalists to appropriate to themselves the accumulations of labor.

Resolved, That monopoly is antagonistic to justice and equality. That all great industries should be managed by, and for the benefit of all the people.

Resolve, That while we deeply sympathize with all efforts to ameliorate the present necessities of the unemployed. We would have the conditions of society so amended, as to make the same forever after unnecessary.

BUSINESS EDITORIALS.

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

PROF. LISTER, the astrologist, can be consulted at his rooms No. 329, Sixth avenue. Address by letter, P. O. Box 4829.

CHAS. H. FOSTER, the renowned Test Medium, can be found at No. 12 West Twenty-fourth street, New York City,

AMMI BROWN, D. D. S.—Specialty, operative dentistry and the care of Children's teeth. 145 West 44th st.

Dr. Slade, the eminent Test Medium, may be found at his office, No. 25 East Twenty-first street near Broadway

MRS. NELLIE L. DAVIS may be addressed at 235 Washington St., Salem, Mass.

WARREN CHASE permanent address is Colfax, Iowa. He will spend the summer mostly in New England, and next winter in California, "if the Lord is willing."

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

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

TARTAR.—Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice, removes the tartar from the necks of the teeth. Tartar will surely destroy the teeth. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," especially in the teeth. This Dentifrice is tried and its simplicity gives efficiency to it.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made to celebrate the 27th anniversary of Modern Spiritualism at Terra Haute, Ind., in Pence's Hall, to commence on Monday evening, March 29, by a discussion of the pros and cons of Spiritualism conducted by the Rev. A. Wright, a minister of the M. E. Church from Vienna, Jackson County, Illinois, and Charles W. Stewart, of McHenry, Illinois, Spiritualist. The debate will continue Monday and Tuesday evenings; Wednesday evening, the 31st, will be devoted to festivities. The discussion will be continued on Thursday and Friday evenings. A good time is expected. All are invited to the feast. Address James Hook, Secretary of First Society of Spiritualists.

M. A. FLETCHER, Washington, D. C., is respectfully notified that we have received two remittances for the WEEKLY ordered, and a subsequent letter complaining of the non-receipt of same; and also that the papers have been sent regularly since receipt of first order. No street or box number was given us with the address, and the WEEKLY has been sent to M. A. Fletcher, Washington, D. C., simply. The P. M. of that city notifies us that the papers are in his office uncalled for. Will any of our readers in Washington who know this M. A. Fletcher please call his (or her) attention to this notice. If we are furnished with full address—street and number of house—there will be no further cause of complaint.

BOARD AND TREATMENT FOR INVALIDS.—No. 53 Academy street, Newark, N. J.—Dr. L. K. Coonley, clairvoyant, with long experience in all kinds of diseases, warrants satisfaction. Uses medicines, plain and homo-electricity, and magnetism. Solicits correspondence. Sends medicines by express. Has good accommodation for boarding patients on liberal terms.

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

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

The Principles of Government, by Victoria C. Woodhull	\$3 00
Constitutional Equality, by Tennie C. Claflin	2 00
The Principles of Social Freedom	25
Reformation or Revolution, Which?	25
The Elixir of Life; or, Why do we Die?	25
The Scare-Crows of Sexual Slavery	25
Tried as by Fire; or the True and the False Socially	25
Ethics of Sexual Equality	25
Photographs of V. C. Woodhull, Tennie C. Claflin and Col. Blood, 50c. each, or three for	1 00
Three of any of the Speeches 50c., or seven for	1 00
One copy each, of Books, Speeches and Photographs for	6 00

A liberal discount to those who buy to sell again.

PROSTITUTION.

There is nothing more needed in discussing sexual questions than a correct definition of the words used in the same. Many people confound the meaning of the terms prostitution and promiscuity; yet they are widely different. We believe that there are promiscuous women as well as promiscuous men, neither of whom are prostitutes. We do not assert that promiscuity is the highest sexual condition, but that it is a condition natural to many human beings, we believe. Promiscuity implies changeable love; copulation, without love, is prostitution. More than this, we do not hesitate to declare that the majority of men are natural prostitutes, and that prostitution is not natural to women. It is for the latter reason we battle for the sovereignty of woman in the domain of the affections, for we maintain that when she is in a position to give the law, she will rule out what is called the social evil in a naturally legitimate manner.

The present social and sexual irregularities of the world flow from the usurpation by man of arbitrary power (civil or ecclesiastical) in the sphere of the affections. Being generally promiscuous and often naturally a prostitute, he has established, covertly and openly, both promiscuity and prostitution. At the present age and under our present civilization he could not, however, accomplish his end without the assistance of woman. In savage life he maintained his authority over her by arbitrary force; now he rules her in another way. His present motto is, "divide and conquer." By adroitly appealing to her superior sexual purity he sows divisions in the camp of the women, and through those divisions continues to maintain his ancient savage individual rule over them all. We hope, however, that his little game is coming to a speedy end in this country, for it is certain that the majority of women are beginning to perceive that female prostitution is simply a result of male prostitution; and to demand, if not equality in rights, at least an equality in punishments. The condition of some women at present and the cruel and inhuman wrongs they suffer under the ruling of man's law, are well established in the following article from the *New York Herald*, of Friday, March 12, 1875:

Some of the most marked wrongs committed by the police upon a part of the community, are the so-called raids upon disorderly houses. If these raids were intended to subvert any moral purpose, or to prevent vice and crime, they might be excused, even if they could not be justified. Unhappily, they have no such aim, but are only intended to rivet the chains of the police upon the criminal classes, so as to make the inmates of infamous houses the more ready to become the victims of official blackmailers. It is only necessary to look at the methods by which these raids are conducted to see their purpose. They are invariably made in the night time. The poor girls, often as many as twenty in number, are huddled together in a damp, loathsome cell, and kept till the courts open in the morning. Then they are discharged generally with a reprimand from the judge. It is a scene to make the pulses of true manhood beat with indignation. The police justice knows very well why the poor girls were brought into court—knows that they have been made to suffer the tortures of a night in the station house that some venal policemen may be able to levy and collect a tax upon crime, yet he countenances the wrong by rebuking the unfortunate women before sending them away. These outrages are more frequent than most people suspect. They seldom get into the newspapers, for they are the mere commonplace of the police courts. A raid on a disorderly house is only a theme for a ribald jest, as the victims are put through the tortures which are intended to extort from them the wages of shame. No protest is ever heard against these wrongs. Christian men and women have no word for unfortunate wretches who sell their bodies for bread, and the police treat them worse than the animals who have no kinship to humanity. Still, nothing better is to be expected so long as the police and the police courts are above the law, and our asylums and hospitals the nurseries of inhumanity.

Whilst we condemn prostitution utterly, both male and female, we do not hesitate to assert that the female prostitute is the true negro of the woman's movement. Around her roars the battle now, and her condition, which to her is unnatural, must be ameliorated before any hope can be entertained of the world's social and sexual improvement. Women should never forget that she is only the result of male prostitution, and that in man lies the cause of the evil complained of. For it there is no remedy save in the deposition of the usurper man, and the establishment of the sovereignty of woman in the sphere of the affections.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

There is no doubt that the statement at the head of this article is a philosophic fact. The same or similar circumstances attend the evolution of all things at different ages of the world; and characters that are preserved by history find their illustrations in each succeeding era. Perhaps our readers will be able to make the application, which is evident in this regard, of the story of David, Bathsheba and Uriah, related in the "Good Book," in chapter xi. of 2d Samuel, to what is occurring in a sister city not a thousand miles from this:

2. And it came to pass, in an eventide, that David arose from off his bed, and walked upon the roof of the king's house; and from the roof he saw a woman washing herself; and the woman was very beautiful to look upon.
3. And David sent and inquired after the woman. And one said: Is it not Bathsheba, the daughter of Eliam, the wife of Uriah the Hittite?
4. And David sent messengers and took her; and she came in unto him, and he lay with her; for she was purified of her uncleanness; and she returned unto her house.
5. And the woman conceived, and sent and told David and said, I am with child.
6. And David sent to Joab, saying, Send me Uriah the Hittite. And Joab sent Uriah to David.
7. And when Uriah was come unto him, David demanded of him how Joab did, and how the people did, and how the war prospered.
8. And David said unto Uriah, go down to thy house and

- wash thy feet. And Uriah departed out of the king's house.
9. But Uriah slept at the door of the king's house, with all the servants of his lord, and went not down to his own house.
10. And when they had told David, saying, Uriah went not down to his own house, David said unto Uriah, Camest not thou from thy journey? Why then didst thou not go down unto thine house?
11. And Uriah said unto David, Shall I then go into mine house to eat and to drink and to lie with my wife? As thou livest and as thy soul liveth, I will not do this thing.
12. And David said, Tarry here to-day also, and to-morrow I will let thee depart.
13. And when David called him, he did eat and drink before him, and he made him drunk: and at even he went out to lie on his bed with the servants of his lord, but went not down to his house.
14. And it came to pass in the morning that David wrote a letter to Joab, and sent it by the hand of Uriah.
15. And he wrote in the letter, saying, Set ye Uriah in the fore-front of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten and die.
16. And when the wife of Uriah heard that Uriah was dead, she mourned for her husband.
17. And when the mourning was past, David sent and fetched her to his house, and she became his wife, and bare him a son.

CHAPTER XII.

7. And Nathan said to David, Thou art the man. Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, I anointed thee king over Israel, and I delivered thee out of the hand of Saul.
8. And I gave thee thy master's house, and thy master's wives into thy bosom, and gave thee the house of Israel and of Judah, and if that had been too little I would moreover have given thee such and such things.
9. Wherefore hast thou despised the commandment of the Lord? Thou hast slain Uriah the Hittite with the sword, and hast taken his wife to be thy wife.
10. Thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will raise up evil against thee out of thine own house, and I will take thy wives and give them unto thy neighbor, and he shall lie with thy wives in the sight of this sun.
11. And David said unto Nathan, I have sinned against the Lord. And Nathan said unto David, The Lord also hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die.
12. Howbeit, because of this deed, the child that is born unto thee shall surely die.
13. And the Lord struck the child that Uriah's wife bore unto David, and it was very sick.
- [And died.]
14. And David comforted Bathsheba his wife; and went in unto her and lay with her; and she bare a son and he called his name Solomon. And the Lord loved him.

To be sure, the circumstances under which "the man after God's own heart" obtained the wife of Uriah are somewhat changed in their repetition in modern times, but the analogy is still so clear, and the facts so nearly related, that it may properly be set down as a repetition of the Biblical fact. And considered as such, for what has not the modern David, the modern man "after God's own heart," to be thankful, since, although the Lord did strike the child so that it died, did not Nathan say unto David, "The Lord hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die." And did not Bathsheba afterward become mother of a child who grew to be the "wisest man" who ever lived?

OPENING THE BALL.

In the *New York Herald* of Nov. 28, 1869, about the time the General Catholic Council at Rome commenced its session, the writer of this asserted that if that Council indorsed the doctrine of the "Infallibility of the Pope," it would have to base itself on the good-will of the peoples and stand in opposition to their present governments. From that day to this gradual advances to this position have been found necessary by the Vatican. The last, which is thus exhibited by the *Liverpool Post*, of Feb. 25, we now lay before our readers. We have already noted that many working-men's societies in Germany, instituted and sustained by the German priesthood, have been closed by order of the government of that country. This item throws more light upon that subject:

The Pope has of late vigorously denounced "the Revolution" as the great enemy of the church; and it is, therefore, somewhat odd to find the recent encyclical letter to the German Catholic bishops officially denounced at Berlin, on the ground that "it appeals to and encourages revolutionary passions." The action taken by the Pope himself, it is added, "confirms the saying of Mgr. Meglia that the Catholic Church must look for support to the Revolution;" and the significant sentence follows that recent Vatican deliverances throw fresh light on the path which the government of Prussia "must further enter upon in its conflict with revolutionary pretensions."

But our readers must not suppose that the great Catholic Church is infallible any more than the Pope, as witness the following cable dispatch, which is taken from the *New York Evening Express* of March 8:

LONDON, March 8.—A special dispatch from Berlin states that the Pope has permitted the Austrian bishops to comply with the law requiring them to notify the authorities of the names of the priests appointed to livings.

This is considered in Berlin as evidence that the Pope is actuated by political motives, as the resistance which he encourages of the Prussian bishops to a similar law is the principal cause of the present troubles with the Roman Church.

The vigilant Prussian, Bismarck, will have something to say on this manoeuvre. He well understands the tactics of the foe. In the meantime, the European world has everything to hope from this antagonism between Church and State. The consequences of this great quarrel may be easily foretold. Already the peoples of England and Prussia (if not Germany) are aroused. The battle is imminent; if the Papacy has the greater poll, its enemies are organized. As Macbeth says:

Night thickens,
And the crow makes wing to the rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
And night's black agents to their prey do rouse.

And of all the "black agents" that have oppressed the European world for the last decade of centuries, none have been more fatal in their effects than the priest and the

soldier. Pio Nono is a good representative of the one, and Kaiser Wilhelm of the other.

CATCHING THE SPIRIT OF IT.

From the following extract taken from the *Springfield Mass.) Republican*, we are obliged to conclude that its regard for the holy institution is sinking in the direction of zero:

The character these allegations picture needs no comment; it is an extreme instance, but one that has many fellows. As for the puzzle, it is not merely that money can veil evil and buy so easily beauty, youth and innocence; it is more: it is that so excessive a value can be set upon a formality that has no moral meaning; and that, for the mere utterance of "I will" and "I do" before a minister or magistrate, a mother will give her daughter, a woman will give herself, to alternate with a mistress in satisfying the lust of a man.

The subject of the article, from which the above is taken, was a suit for damages for breach of promise—the plaintiff being a beautiful girl of sixteen, and the defendant an old reprobate of sixty. It was shown that the defendant informed the girl that he was, at the time of the promise, living with a woman to whom he was not married, and that he wanted to marry the girl by simply acknowledging before witnesses that they were man and wife. This however didn't suit the girl's mother, who was, notwithstanding the known antecedents of the man, anxious to marry—sell—her beautiful daughter from the legal auction block of marriage to the embraces of this lustful brute. Really, virtue in its essence in woman has been forced to a low standard by the legal value that has been set upon it, which stands for all the virtue there is left in woman. If she have it in her heart, it is as nothing against the law.

SHORT WORK WITH THE SHAMS.

Of all the particles of Protestantism the largest is the Episcopal Church. It is not very monstrous. It obtains in England, which is its home. But even there it has not been able to maintain itself, although there it has held for the past three centuries the purse and the sword. Every one knows that in its very birth-place the non-conformists, as they are called, far outnumber its adherents. Notwithstanding all its toadyism to the state such is the fact. Although it has bent its head to the storm in the "Civil Marriage Bill," and been instructed on a doctrinal point by a lay court, the House of Lords, in the case of *Gorham versus the Bishop of Exeter*, and has accepted with a wry face both rulings, such is its melancholy position. Nor is its case here much improved. Two gentlemen of widely diverging doctrinal views, Dr. De Koven, of Illinois, and Dr. Jagger, of Southern Ohio, have been lately elected as bishops. The first is said to be a High Churchman, and, consequently, believes that when his God said in Mark xiv., verse 22, "This is my body," and in verse 24, "This is my blood," the great Nazarene was not lying; the second is a leader on the Low Church side, doubting the power of the priesthood in the matter of regeneration in baptism. It is surmised that the latter of these gentlemen will be elected, while the former may be rejected by the dioceses, and the bench of bishops. This reminds us of the narrow escape of the Gospel of St. Luke, which passed, it is said, by a majority of only one vote. But, of course, Christians have all been expected to believe it in its entirety since. A great statesman is reported as having said to his son, "See, my boy, with how little trouble the world is governed." Surely we may add, that, in the matter of religious or credal faiths, "See, my children, with how little consistency the world is bamboozled."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. B., *Richmond, Va.*—All letters addressed to the *WEEKLY* requiring answers must have the full name as well as the address of the writers of the same. When B. B. complies with our terms, we will attend to the communication to which this notice refers.

Swarry, Tenafly, N. J.—Our correspondent instructs us that "Swarry" is a Pickwickian expression, a perversion of the French word "soirée, an evening party." According to Sam Weller "a cold swarry" means a feast on "cold billed mutton." The writer also inquires whether, after the grand demand made by the *WEEKLY* for the "personal sovereignty of woman," the call issued by Miss Anthony for a woman-suffrage meeting in New York, may not be looked upon in the light of a "cold swarry" invitation.

Anti-Pope, Peoria, Ill., inquires whether the red hat, which we are told is to be presented to Archbishop McCloskey, is a hat or a crown? According to our instruction, the Cardinalate is the key-stone of the arch of the Papacy, uniting in itself temporal and spiritual powers. The title of a cardinal is a temporal title, viz., "His Eminence;" and he must also, we believe, be a temporal prince, having a mundane location for his principedom. There are those who doubt as to whether the acceptance of such a rank is consistent with the simplicity of American citizenship. As to whether other potentates have the right to confer titles upon our citizens for use in the United States, we respectfully refer the writer to Mr. Eugene Lawrence in *Harpers' Weekly*, who seems, in this instance, to have slept upon his post.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 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,
6. 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.]

THE VALCOUR COMMUNITY.

We have several communications making inquiries about, and containing statements of, the causes that have led to the disruption, as we understand it is, of the community. We have statements from both sides—from the people of the community severely criticising Mr. Shipman, and also from Mr. Shipman's friends as severely criticising the conduct of the community. Both of these we decline to publish, as they are probably all more or less exaggerated, and partake of the personal animus of their writers. This effort, like many others, was an evidence of a growing discontent with the present orders of society, and as such we hailed it with pleasure. We are sorry that it has proved a failure, and we sympathize deeply with those who have been disappointed in its success, and with those who have broken up homes to join it. We are not of those, however, who consider that an individual failure is a detriment to any general cause, but rather of those who believe that every trial and failure is an example by which future efforts may be benefited. When everything shall be made clear that has led to the unfortunate result at Dawn, we shall not hesitate to publish it; but until then we do not wish to put ourselves in the position of doing either side to the controversy any injustice. We may, however, suggest that it appears to us to have been rather an unfortunate step for Mr. Shipman to have caused the imprisonment of John Willcox; unfortunate for Mr. Shipman, we mean, for if it were improper it will redound to the benefit of Mr. W., and to the confusion of Mr. S.

A QUEER SYSTEM OF MORALS.

One of the queerest, not to say the most lamentable, developments made by the introduction of the social question before the public for consideration and discussion, is the fact that the so-called conservators of morals are endeavoring to make it appear that one who deals in these questions must perform be "no better than she should be;" that she, who desires to call attention to the evils of our social system, has "an innate love for filthy things," "a natural inclination to wallow in carrion," and that the only women who lead pure and virtuous lives are they who utterly ignore all the vices and crimes that have their root in the amative passions of the race. To attempt to treat of these things is held to be *prima facie* evidence, that they who so treat, live altogether in the passion department of their natures; that they are people of one idea, whose thoughts can take no higher flight than sensuality.

The utter absurdity and falsity of this claim must be evident to every honest mind, if it will but consider the facts of history, not to include the dictates of reason and common sense. In looking over the history of all the reformers the world has ever had, it is found that the same logic that is applied to those who are now calling attention to social evils has been applied to all the movers in all of them. A reform movement means a movement by which something that exists in society is to be made better, or to be abolished; and the people who engage in it are they who, living outside of the evil, but yet understanding it fully, desire to advance those who are involved in it to a higher plane of development. No better illustration of this can be formed than is offered by "The Great Master," whom the people who criticise social reformers to-day profess so loudly. He came to the lowly of the earth, to the outcast, the forsaken, the disconsolate; and his associates, friends and disciples, were from these classes. According to the logic of these latter-day moralists, Jesus' constant practice and his yearning desire for these classes arose from the fact that he had but one idea; that he had an innate love for the conditions that he sought to improve; that he loved to wallow in the filth in which he found those whom he "came to save."

But what is the truth about Jesus and all other reformers who have sought to elevate the low, to assuage the distress of the humble and to lessen the sorrows of the oppressed? It is directly the reverse of that put forth by sticklers for purity of to-day. The heart that looks into and appreciates and deplores the vices and miseries of its day, and devotes its life and strength to their relief, is the one that has grown above the common plane of life, and whose sympathies are called forth by a love for its kind which is as broad as humanity and as deep as universal brotherhood; indeed, it is the heart that recognizes that there is a universal brotherhood that is alone capable of a sympathy that can reach so low down into the under strata of human life and feel that no matter where or how an immortal soul exists, that soul is brother or sister to the highest in the universe. No heart bound about by a personal selfishness, or even by ties which limit its vision and love to those of its own household or to its immediate circle of friends, can love universally, can feel for the misfortunes of the lowly and for the degradation of the despised; and these would-be followers of the gentle Nazarene only announce their own hypocrisy when they tauntingly pursue those who find a brother in the lowliest of the race, or a sister in the most despised among women.

"Touch pitch and the most defiled" is the motto of this class of professing bigots. Even these words are their own condemnation. He or she who can be defiled by any contact whatever, thereby reveals the natural weakness of their own purity and virtue. She is the pure woman, the virtuous woman, who can go into the lowest sinks of vice or crime and come forth unscathed; who can go into the vilest haunts of degradation and shed a ray of sunshine there without fear of becoming defiled—indeed, who can say to the world, "I am the sister and friend, the daily associate of those whom you despise, and I shall never cease my efforts in their behalf until they are raised above where your canting hypocrisy can longer blast their lives."

In applying this line of reasoning to the advocates of the social question, it will be found that they are those who, having realized the evils that they deplore, know that there are better conditions to be attained for all humanity than those in which it now exists. Instead of desiring worse debauchery than now obtains—of asking for general degradation where now it is maintained to be exceptional only—they demand an opportunity for a higher order of purity, a better morality, a more holy virtue—a purity, a morality, a virtue of the soul which needs no legal restraints or supports to make it stand alone. They are asking for a position for woman that will allow her to have and exercise her natural purity, her innate morality, her real virtue, making them no longer dependent upon the mere observance of a legal form which often outrages the interior sense of these divine attributes of the soul. They assert without fear of contradiction—without the fear that any honest woman—any humanitarian man will say them false—that for a woman possessing these traits inherently, it is an outrage upon them all to compel her by legal restraints to be a party to commerce with the man—the legal husband—whom she no longer loves. Here they rest their case, and here they defy their critics; here they challenge the denial of every virtuous woman who has any sense of honor or of purity in her soul; aye more: they challenge the confirmation of those whom society has

cast out, those who are the vicarious atonement for much of the misery that legal wives would otherwise have to endure. They challenge the confirmation of the most despised of all classes of women who, let them be ever so degraded, still have that spark of womanhood left in their souls that abhors the mission to which society has consigned them; abhors the contact sold for a price, revolts at the yielding of the body upon the demand of anything save love. There is an inextinguishable spark of purity in every woman's soul that is forever in arms against all commerce save that which flows from love for the partner to the act.

Nor do they stop with this declaration; but they follow it on to its logical conclusion, from which there is as little chance for escape as there is from the first assertion. If every woman's soul protests against the commerce gained by others means than love, as vile, as prostitution of the powers of love, so also every woman's soul accepts as pure and good, as virtuous and divine, the act to which her soul invites participation. Take issue with this natural judge, ye canting priests and sycophantic listeners if ye will! Ye are as powerless to reverse the verdict given as ye are impotent to change the route marked out by God, in which the sun doth hold his daily course. It is the law immutable, engraven into every woman's heart; given to her to guide and guard, to save her matchless form from the polluter's touch. No human law can ever fill the place for which this higher law was formed; no woman can be truly pure and virtuous in the sight of heaven who substitutes the outer for the inner law, or for the sake of gain in any form—for gold, for houses, lands, or other wealth—for fame, for honor, for position's sake; for comfort, home, support; for aught save love alone her body gives. This greater word than any other that the language yields, this talismanic guard that watches the approach to every woman's inner life; this the more than golden key that in the loving hand unlocks the path to the divinest consummation known to earth or heaven—such consummation as Jehovah wrought when He, with procreating grasp, His abstract life with pulseless matter blended, and forth from chaos sprang a living world—call ye this love—this impulse vile! Say ye that those who move by its divine, command are base and low—are votaries at the shrine of Lust, and seek forbidden joys where none but those empowered by law should tread! How dare ye thus traduce the law which in the soul of woman has been traced by her Creator, and by your own enactments trample in the dust this gift of God; this gift, the guide, the guard to woman's chiefest treasure, by which alone its holy instincts can from degradation be preserved. When man can say that he can set himself in place of God, and better rule the things that He hath made, can best control the instincts which from out His heart He breathed into the life of man, then he may safely set aside this law, but not before.

THE BROOKLYN BUSINESS.

It is now three weeks since Mr. Tracy made his "opening," and the papers and the public are beginning to clamor to know when the defense is to begin. The opinion that was derived from the "opening" has, by reason of the testimony for the defense, rapidly gained, that Mr. Tilton and not Mr. Beecher is now on trial. It is true that two witnesses who have testified have contradicted Mr. Tilton on some immaterial points, but where is the evidence to contradict Mr. Tilton, Mr. Moulton and Mrs. Moulton upon the one and only point at issue.

What matters it if Mr. Tilton had forgotten the name of the gentleman, Judge Cowley, of Lowell, whom he met and conversed with at "Mrs. Woodhull's;" what if he were detained late one night with a woman because their watches ran down and a younger sister was kept waiting until her patience oozed away; what if Mr. Tilton had forgotten that it was Mr. Wilkeson and not himself, who saved Mr. Beecher's son from threatened disgrace by getting him a commission in the regular army when he was likely to lose one in the volunteer service; what if Mr. Tilton was over-attentive before company to a special favorite or any other woman; and what if the bushy-headed Christian minister who "lays around loose," did observe all this; what if Miss Lovejoy was in Mr. Tilton's room at Winsted, Ct., early in the morning *en deshabille*; what if Mr. Tilton did confess to having been in bed in his own house with the "favorite" to whom he was too attentive before company, according to the minister; what if Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony and Mr. Andrews and other "objectionable characters," were visitors at Mr. Tilton's to Mrs. T.'s disgust; what if Mr. Tilton neglected to purchase the coals, and went home from the lectures with other women than Mrs. T.; what if he did not refuse to give Thomas Cook the evidence of Mr. Beecher's adultery when prompted to do so by Mrs. Woodhull; what if he were at Mrs. Woodhull's house a thousand instead of a dozen times; what if he did write the "true story" of all this muck; what if Mr. Tilton did say that Mr. Beecher had made improper proposals or advances to Mrs. Tilton; what if Mr. Tilton did refuse to sign "the tripartite," and settle with Mr. Beecher until Mr. Bowen had first settled with him; what if the documents were not destroyed as promised;—what if all these things were so, and a thousand more of similar importance, what have they all to do with the question as to whether Mr. Beecher had sexual intercourse with Mrs. Tilton?

An outsider observing the conduct of the defense must conclude that they tacitly admit the truth of the charges, and

are going through all this twaddle with a view to a mitigation of damages; that is, if all these things that they desire to prove against Mr. Tilton are true, they go to show that if Mr. Beecher did break up his family and did entice his wife to leave him, it was not very damaging to Mr. Tilton after all. The tone of the press almost universally, is proof that this view of the case is rapidly gaining ground. Some papers that have been very bitter on Mr. Tilton, now join in the cry to know when the defense is going to begin; which is as much as to say that there has been none made as yet.

Mr. Tilton, Mr. Moulton and Mrs. Moulton committed a grievous error when they opened their testimony to contradictions regarding their relations with us. Had they kept strictly within the limits of truth, the defense would not have called Judge Cowley, of Lowell, nor Thomas Cook, nor indeed a half-dozen other witnesses yet to testify—all to the same effect, about the relations with us. There was nothing in those relations of which they had any need to be ashamed. The shame, if anywhere, ought to be on the other side, for which the testimony already given indicates ample cause. If we were to be affected by slight affairs, we should certainly be ashamed of having been mixed up with such people; but we will bear the shame as well as we can, in the hope that the experience had, will result in ridding the world somewhat, at least, of hypocrisy in high places and of opportunities for conspiracies against the reputations of great men by such people as Tracy has represented and promised to prove Mr. Tilton, Mr. Moulton and Mr. Bowen to be.

If the defense have got any evidence to show that there never was any so-called criminal intimacy between their client and Mrs. Tilton, why don't they advance it and have done with the trial? Here are nearly three months consumed, and more people believe Mr. Beecher guilty now than there did when the trial began. The longer the defense continues offering such testimony as they have offered so far, so long will the number of believers in Mr. Beecher's innocence decrease. If the defense succeed in proving everybody connected with the prosecution, of "immoral" character, as they seem inclined to try to do, we cannot see how that is to help Mr. Beecher's case. Indeed, may it not ruin his case, by opening the door for the prosecution to rebut by inquiring into other scandals with which it is broadly hinted that Mr. Beecher's name is connected?

All this sort of proceeding may be very proper for principals to a case; but when this kind of investigation is directed against the witnesses, it is an entirely different thing. For our part, we think it an outrage to go into the trial of every witness who is put upon the stand. All testimony should be confined to the facts at issue; and it would soon be so confined if all witnesses would do as the following from the New York Sun of the 16th inst. says that Mr. Moulton intended to do under certain contingencies:

HOW FRANK MOULTON THREATENED TO SHOOT IN COURT.

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Times.

Here let me add what the intimidation had been which Mrs. Moulton had to risk by appearing. Aware of what she knew, and that she would not be scared off by anything true, such as her slight association with Mrs. Woodhull, the defendant, through his and Jim Fisk's old counsel, prepared to indict Mrs. Moulton and her husband jointly, on the imputation that her first child was born inside of the full period of gestation. From this they designed to draw the inference that the husband had been admitted to the great business house of Woodruff & Robinson by compromising their niece. This infamous plot was found out and carried from the Beecher camp to Mr. Beach's partner, who returned with it to Brooklyn. Frank Moulton made short work of it. He announced that whoever should ask his wife such a question would be shot dead in the court room. They knew his red-headed nature, and went no further than to begin the cross-examination by inquiring the age of the boy at the period when his mother took him to Mrs. Woodhull's.

And had Mr. Tracy proceeded with this infamous business, and had Mr. Moulton carried out his threat, as we are certain he would have done had the gross insult been offered to Mrs. Moulton, the world would have acquitted him; it would have gloried in the man who would protect his wife and punish the coward who should insult her upon the witness-stand, when the law and the Court should neglect or were powerless or incompetent to do so.

The present practice admits so much that is practically irrelevant that it is utterly impossible for any ordinary jury to separate the evidence that is pertinent from that which has no bearing upon the case. The effect of the practice in this case, so far as is yet evident, is to endeavor to force from the jury a verdict in favor of Mr. Beecher by proving that Mr. Tilton is a very bad man, and not because Mr. Beecher is innocent of the offense charged.

A SPECIMEN BIGOT—CHRISTIAN.

When the word bigot is used it is generally supposed to refer to a person who is of that character religiously; but it does not by any means follow that there are no bigots in other things, because the word has a more general use in the sense mentioned. There are bigots in science, bigots in medicine, bigots, indeed, in all the various affairs of life, and especially are there social bigots—bigots who think that their paramount virtues entitle them to judge all the rest of the world, or rather to condemn it unheard even. We have more pity for a bigot than for any other class of individuals. It is such a responsibility to occupy and maintain such a position, because one is in such danger all the time of doing some act utterly incompatible with its professions! We may despise a liar, hold a braggart in contempt; but we can only pity a bigot, who, beside the knave and the fool, sinks into insignificance.

As a social bigot we may search this land over and fail to find another like unto him in whose defense this article is indicted. He certainly needs to be defended, even, if, like Theodore Tilton, he refuse to be; and who can do this with a better grace than those whose names have been extensively bedaubed by his self-righteous and self-confessed denunciations? We see a great many good traits of character in Oliver Johnson, the man who edits a paper in the doctrines and theories of which he has no faith. For such unsectarian labors, for such a great, and withal such a good man as "the great defendant" has been shown to be—such a Christ-like man—he deserves the approbation of all the earth. Moreover, this bigot, strange to say, is a very progressive person. During his life he has come all the way up from orthodoxy to spiritualism, making as many as twenty halts on the way, besides some side issues. He has never been anything a great while at a time; that would have been incompatible with progress. But he is a "Spiritualist now, but not a damned fool"—of a Spiritualist, we suppose he would have said. That's kind toward Spiritualists. Oliver Johnson can be a Spiritualist without being a damned fool of a one. Indeed, he testified at the trial that he was not a damned fool. It's a good thing to have at hand the decided opinion of one person that an individual is not a "damned fool," even if that person be himself. We congratulate Oliver Johnson upon his recommendations. It isn't everybody who dare testify of his own knowledge that he is not himself a "damned fool," although he might be certain that he is a Spiritualist. But, above all other things, Oliver Johnson is the editor of the *Christian Union*, and it must be that a person who is capable of managing a paper successfully that has occupied and that still occupies the peculiar position of this paper at this time, not forgetting its relationship to the Life of Christ in its aerial flight, may pretty securely affirm that he is not a "damned fool."

This individual used to be Theodore Tilton's friend—yes, Theodore said his "best friend," and he continued so until after he became editor, partly through Theodore's influence, of this peculiarly situated paper. Theodore knew what the paper wanted, what it needed to carry it safely through the tempest that he knew was about to burst upon it, and he saw Oliver Johnson was just the man for the place. Theodore's judgment, this time, at least, was good. It showed that he appreciated the peculiar qualities of the man for just what they were worth; and if there were no other evidence that he wished Mr. Beecher well at that time, this of proposing Oliver Johnson for editor, it seems to us ought to be conclusive.

But alas for friendship! His duty to his employers, with whom he had made a bargain in writing, at Theodore's suggestion, to prevent being cheated out of his wages, caused him to cast away the love he had cherished so many years for the "talented boy." You shouldn't have done that, Oliver. You should have stood by him to the last moment, and have endeavored to have saved him from that "bad woman" with whom he "unfortunately" got entangled. You shouldn't have given up after two fruitless efforts, Oliver! That wasn't Christian; you should have *clung* to him, even if he had attempted to cast you off. You knew that woman to be a very bad woman. Of course you did, Oliver, and it was manly and Christian in you to go to him to whom you were "dearest friend," and put forth your efforts to save him from one of whom you knew so much that was so bad. Your acquaintance, personal and otherwise, with this woman was such that of course you felt perfectly right in depicting her as you were in the habit of doing, and as you attempted to do to Theodore. You knew, of your own personal knowledge, that she was just what you said she was, and of course you had read all of her writings and knew whereof you spake when you called them infamous. You and Judge Neilson agree perfectly. It would have been a "happy thought" had you two, who have come to such similar and definite conclusions in the same way, been together upon the bench to try the case at which unfortunately you were witness only. But things will fall so inappropriately sometimes even with you. They didn't fall that way when they made you editor of "the great defendant's" paper. Did they, Oliver?

But what was your evidence about your efforts to save Theodore?

"I talked very sharply to him, with something of a tone of rebuke (a fatherly tenderness for the young boy), for being acquainted with such a woman (heaven save her); and, above all, for writing such a biography of her as he had written. He said to me: 'Oliver, that is one of the best pieces of literary work that I ever did, and I am proud of it; and I shall not permit you in my presence to say anything against that woman; I regard her as one of the best and purest women that I ever knew—a great woman; a woman bound to be a leader in a great reform.'"

So much for the biography, but not enough for the Steinway Hall presiding. One more effort was kind of you, Oliver. Your first warning was not heeded. But your friendship wouldn't permit you to let him drift to destruction without another. Oh, no!

"I remonstrated very seriously with Mr. Tilton for presiding at the meeting of such a woman, whom I regarded as a very bad one, but he said to me that he belonged in reality with her; that she represented a cause in which he had the deepest interest; that to preside at her meeting was simply to have the courage of his opinions."

How Christian-like this conduct of yours, Oliver! Christ

ought not to have lived until now, so that he could have had you for one of his disciples. Here was a young man to whom you were "best friend," and he had written the biography and presided at a meeting of such a bad woman. He had known this bad woman very intimately; or, as he said in his biography, "for I knew her well," but you knew her a great deal better, for you had never seen or spoken to her. He was well, well acquainted with her views as expressed on the rostrum and as written by her pen; but you who "didn't want to know her," who "wouldn't read anything she wrote," knew her so much better, and your knowing convinced you that she was a very bad woman. Of course it was your duty to your friend to "speak sharply" and to "remonstrate seriously" with him about one whom you knew so much better than he could know. Of course it was; and then it was so just to the woman. It was so Christian for you to speak so well of one of whom you knew nothing. A great many Christians like you have done the same thing for her. But Johnson is an honorable man. These are all honorable men. Of course it was honorable to the woman to call her such a bad woman, since you all knew her so much better than did those who were her intimate associates and friends, who, strange to say, all differ so vastly from you in their estimation of her.

But this very bad woman ventures to express an opinion. It may not however be in order after having been the recipient of so many Christian favors from so many Christian men, and after having had her opinions pronounced upon by the Christian judiciary; but she will say it, even at the risk of being in contempt of these people and their courts: If these godly people had minded their own business a little better and had spent a little less time in retailing things about her of which they neither knew nor would take any method to know, anything, she possibly would not have been quite so bad a woman as she is in the public estimation. But she has been conjured up to be the worst of women in the minds of those who have invented opinions of her based upon nothing except their own bigoted notions of what a person must certainly be who has the audacity to differ from them regarding the holy (?) institution of marriage. It is the people, who like you, Oliver Johnson, have peddled the conjuring of their intolerant spirits broadcast over the country, to which this "bad woman" owes her "bad reputation." They and you have denounced her far and wide to your acquaintances, and they, on your authority, have spread it still further and still wider until there is scarcely a person in the world, who has not seen her, but has caught up the estimate that your bigoted spirit conjured up; and she is your "bad woman" to all, with their own interpretation of badness added to your original picture. It would be mercy on the part of God if there were a burning hell in which non-Christians might live eternally, rather than to condemn them to a heaven and compel them to the association of such Christians as those of whom Oliver Johnson is a type. It is bad enough to have to live with them here a few short years; but to think of an eternity and without hope of change, Oh, God, deliver us! But even in hell we should still pity and pray for their deliverance, and on earth prefer to remain even the "bad woman" rather than to be obliged to live and, like Oliver Johnson, spend our time in mixing mud-balls from the slime in our own hearts and flinging them at women who by honestly and earnestly endeavoring to better the condition of their sex, should call down our spleen upon them after the fashion that we have called down the spleen of such Christian bigots as Oliver Johnson.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

Miss Susan B. Anthony has again sent forth her summons to call the friends of woman suffrage to meet at Union League Hall, New York, on the 11th of May, 1875. Among the speakers are mentioned Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Matilda Joslyn Gage, Carrie S. Burnham and Phebe W. Cozzins. There is also one minister mentioned, the Rev. O. B. Frothington, who stands, we believe, somewhat north of the orthodox Christian churches. Remembering the very inferior position allotted to women in both the Old and New Testaments, we do not wonder at the absence of the regular clergy.

Of course the WEEKLY wishes success to the movement, though at the same time it perceives that it will be more difficult to obtain the crumb of bread called "political liberty," than it would be to secure the whole loaf of "personal sovereignty." In our opinion much grander issues connected with the rights of woman are now shaking the nation from centre to circumference. Indeed, we make bold to say that these are shadowed forth in the call:

The danger in sight to our country, to ourselves and to those we hold most dear, leads us to cry aloud and spare not. Therefore, as women basely insulted, as citizens whose equality of rights is ignored, as lovers of our country, to whom its welfare is most dear, as human beings possessing a birthright of freedom, let us in convention assemble in that great commercial centre, from whence our words will go broadcast over the land, and again demand our recognition as self-governing citizens, and again press upon our country's attention those great principles of justice upon whose foundations alone a true and permanent republic can be built.

Oh! when will woman rise to the occasion. Mere political equality will not mend the evils complained of. What good can come out of the votes of a community largely composed of personal slaves? No, woman must be free before her vote can advance her interests, those of the nation, and those of her helpmate—man. The present civil and ecclesiastical enslavement of woman hinders the development of the moral world; the social and sexual night that

is gathering around us must be attributed to it; and though the laws, the churches and society stand in the way, through them or over them we feel that the good cause advocated by the WEEKLY is progressing and will progress until it ultimately in assured and triumphant success.

WOMEN IN MARRIAGE.

Under the above heading, *Harpers' Bazar*, of March 6, gives us a temperate and able review of the condition of women under the "legal and ecclesiastical marriage systems," to which systems the WEEKLY takes exceptions, not denying that they may have been of service to mankind in the past ages, but asserting that they are now no longer necessary for the protection of women, and that in our present advanced state of civilization they are hindrances to the improvement of our race. We propose to review the whole article, and will italicise those passages to which we desire to call special attention:

"One of the most singular facts of the present day is that so many of the mutterings against the existing conditions of marriage should proceed from women. Not that, looking from some points of view, there is not much reason for the mutterings, nor that women are not those who chiefly feel the yoke of the system; but the situation of women would be so infinitely worse without it that it is impossible to justify their short-sightedness and wrong-headedness in crying out against the whole system, when it is their sole protection, instead of against the folly or the barbarity of certain features of it that might be modified or abrogated."

Our readers will please mark the admission with which the paragraph commences, and also the admission with which it terminates.

Speaking historically and accurately, the original condition of woman was that of a slave. If she is a slave still—for marriage, says John Stuart Mill, is the only actual bondage known to our laws; there remain no legal slaves except the mistress of every house—and if she will always be a slave until she is made as much an integer of society as man, and his equal before justice and equity, yet her chains have been gilded into such pretty jewelry that she is not always aware of them. In the beginning, when life was a state of much the same daily warfare and prey as it is now with the beasts of the jungle, her comparative beauty, her weakness and tenderness, caused her always to be either the thing in dispute or one of the rewards of the struggle. At first never safe, she subsequently may have been made prize of more regularly as a mark of prowess, but later as an acquisition of booty, with implements of strife, with cattle, and with treasure. Astonishing as it sounds, nevertheless a great progress was made when she became an object of sale, inasmuch as sale is nobler than rapine. But even then her condition was only less deplorable than her previous one had been. She was the property of an owner, liable to barter, to blows, with no rights in herself or in her children—with nothing in the world but the poor breath she drew, nor even that should she offend her lord! What nobility in her at last became apparent, and induced her master to legalize her as a fixed and single wife with certain small rights of her own, it would take time to consider. One might say, indeed, that it was some nobility in him, with increasing refinements grafted on his nature, the sons nobler for the sorrows of the mothers, that had made it possible for him to experience a lasting affection for one woman; but it is more likely that affection for his offspring, and civil considerations of heirship widely recognized, rather impelled him to this action. Certain it is that it was the slow work of ages, and that it came out of the loftier and less luxurious races, while that it is not yet an altogether perfect relation is due to the fact that it is a thing of growth under gift and sufferance rather than of absolute and complete creation.

We agree with John Stuart Mill that the legal and ecclesiastical marriage of the present day is by law rendered a "state of slavery for woman." Furthermore, that for the masses of women the chains are not "gilded into such pretty jewelry"—as may be readily seen by a visit to the lunatic asylums of the States, which are now, we are told, mainly filled with over-worked farmers' wives. We admit the historical accuracy of the condition of woman in the past as narrated.

Nobody claims that woman should be supernally happy in the present state of marriage. All that is claimed is that it is the best thing she has yet enjoyed; and it is hard to see how it can be very greatly improved to her advantage at this period, or until both man and woman have themselves improved. For our own part—though, if it be the case, it does not militate against her right to happiness that we know of—we leave it for others to assert that women, on the average, are altogether the intellectual equals of men. But we do assert that they are capable of developing into equals, and we hold that it is the fault of men that they are not already so. Still, that is perhaps in the line of necessity, for the physically stronger, being the first to get the upper hand, will naturally secure the greater advantages to themselves, and they have conceded too much for us to grumble that they have not given the whole. When women have had the intellectual training and education for generations that men have enjoyed, so that if education itself does not become instinct, the habits of education do—when they have had for such time the same freedom, the friction and the scope, such an idea will no longer be a matter of question; there will then be undoubted equality, but it will be the equality in which one star differs from another, each after its kind correspondingly near perfection. From the marriages of that era a race must doubtless succeed to which, in powers of mind, the present race will be scarcely more than pigmies; and in those marriages it is not to be supposed that the wife will have any further cause for unhappiness than the husband has. But that is something in the exceedingly remote future, and we can only hope slowly to lead up to it by fighting within the union, so to say, not by putting ourselves outside of the present convention and compact, but keeping one hand closely grasped over what we have attained, and stretching up the other hand for more.

We claim that the state of woman and man also will improve when they are both wise enough to depend on affection and not on law, which latter now operates to loose rather than to bind or secure union between the sexes. When woman is not a legal fixture her lover will remain a lover, which is not often now the case, and the woman will not merge the merry sweetheart into the weary wife quite so often as she does now. This, we claim, will improve both their conditions. Then, indeed, may we hope that "from the (free) marriages of that era a race must doubtless succeed to which, in powers of mind, the present race would be scarcely more than pigmies; and in those (free) marriages it is not to be supposed that the wife will have any further

cause for unhappiness than her husband has." Should such occur, however, both parties will have a ready remedy—viz., separation. But, we believe, under these better conditions, such would far more rarely occur than it does at present.

But if husbands do not feel the galling of the yoke as wives do; we may, notwithstanding, assume that they are sensible of its burdens and restraints; yet it is not from the husbands that complaint regarding marriage comes, but from those who owe it all the safety and honor that they possess. Let women bethink themselves. Suppose for a moment that legal marriage had ceased in society, what would be the ultimate result? Human nature would remain the same, whatever laws it was under. Passions and appetites would be the same, the great drama of love would still go on, the race would still continue, and children would be born. What would become of the children? In some cases, of course, paternal feeling would appear and maintain itself; but in others it is possible that the indifference to offspring common to the male animal in a state of nature, with a few exceptions, would supervene; in still others the father, being free to choose, and finding one inclination stronger than another, would tire of the sick or fading or uncongenial mother, and at sight of a rosy face or a pretty way be off to fresh fields and pastures new. All this would happen, whether it received any complication or not from the mother's variety of choice, if of fickle or capacious nature; and we should soon, then, have a generation of children depending chiefly upon their mothers for support, and women would find themselves with burdens far heavier than they ever dreamed of bearing now; for the mother's instinct is something that in all nature is not known to fall except where bitter poverty and bitter shame produce instant infanticide. But it is seldom that mothers can rear children and support them too. The natural consequence of their being obliged to do so would be either a depopulation of the earth, through infanticide, if the mother instinct did fail, or else the succession of a tribe of mothers bowed to the earth with hard labor and want and care, forgetting their own graces, and having no time to impart any thing of the sort to those who would be growing up paupers, predatory, unlearned, and in scarcely more than a second generation relapsing toward barbarism. We cannot see, in all reason and fairness, that if marriage were seriously interfered with there could be any other consummation of events than this. The necessary end for woman would be a return to the state of savage nature; and the thing would work like a two-edged blade, for what woman is, her children, more or less, must be also; and where she goes, in this view, sooner or later, but inevitably, man himself must follow.

We deny that men have invested women with "all the safety and honor they possess," by instituting legal or ecclesiastical marriage. Their titles to safety and honor are, like those of men, vested in themselves, and we simply demand of the law to acknowledge this fact, and annihilate all its ridiculous sexual classifications. Woman has no reason to honor the law which treats her, as in the case of Mrs. Tilton, as a bale of goods, whose value is now open to be assessed by a jury, before which she cannot appear to defend her rights, and from whose award she can expect no compensation. As to the question, "What is to become of the children?" we might answer: What becomes of the larger part of them now? But we do know what will become of them if we are a civilized or even a decently Christian people. It would be an insult to both to suppose that they can long continue to be uncared for, as they are now. The supposition is surely sufficient to make even a clergyman blush. As to the picture that follows of the man leaving his "sick, or fading, or uncongenial wife," we answer that husbands are more likely so to desert their mates than lovers, and such separations are often the natural effect of laws which have superseded and destroyed affection. With regard to the results which would follow the annihilation of legal or ecclesiastical marriage, ending with the return of woman "to the state of savage nature," we reply that we do not anticipate any such melancholy effects, nor are such warranted by the general course of the argument, which commenced with a vision of her in that state, and exhibited the steady advance she has made up to the present period, which, we believe, she will continue to make until she stands, legally, politically and socially, equal to her mate, man, under all conditions and in all the relations of life.

We cannot close the review of this portion of the subject without calling special attention to the position in the above, expressed in this language: "The natural consequence of their being obliged to do so (support their own children) would be a depopulation of the earth through infanticide, or else the succession of a tribe of mothers bowed to the earth with hard labor, want and care."

This we deny, and instead of it assert that it would be the means of compelling a reorganization of society to meet the demands that grow out of the fact that the bearing of children is the most important factor in society, which would inaugurate proper and commensurate measures to insure, not only the education of children, but their entire care and support. It is an easy way to put off a demand by dismissing it upon such irrelevant conclusions; but this one of putting off the emancipation of woman because it is assumed that they will cease to bear children, is too palpably inapplicable, not to say absurd. It is similar to the objection that was used against the abolition of slavery—"that the negroes wouldn't take care of themselves if they were set free." Now the same class of objectors say that it will not do to set the women free, because the children couldn't take care of themselves; but such begging of the subject will not much longer be accepted as argument to shut off discussion upon the most vital of all questions in which the welfare of society is involved. Meanwhile we congratulate Harper's *Bazar* for the courage that enabled it to say that there are evils in marriage which ought to be remedied.

None, then, can be more blind than those women who lift their voices in rebellion against marriage, when this is the only possible result of the rebellion; and few can be more blameworthy than those who listen to them without censure. If the institution, as it stands to-day, is anywhere found not to meet just and equitable demands, reasonable and gentle effort cannot fail to make it do so—for men are not tyrants,

but friends and lovers—and it can only be by quiet and pleasant persistency that it has attained its present status. Let women, then, beware how, joining in the clamor against it, they walk in such a suicidal path as we have pointed out. Let them beware of all the enticing and insidious ways that conduct them toward that path; and let them hold marriage, with what faults it has and what reforms it needs, as something too holy to be meddled with irreverently, and the only shield between them and a horror of great darkness.

If *Harpers' Bazar* believes in the "holiness" of the marriage institution, it differs in so deeming from the conclusion to which all Protestant nations have arrived at, viz.: that it is a simple civil contract, and no more. Our opinions on the "holiness of marriage" are given elsewhere, under the heading of Catholicism, where they properly belong. We conclude by reiterating our position on the subject:

1. We agree with the *Bazar* that, in savage life, woman was the prey of man individually.
2. That, at the present time, she is the prey of civil and ecclesiastical laws, which are based on and remand her back to the same old savage, individual male tyranny.
3. That in order now to keep her in a state of subjection, she is defrauded of her industrial, political, religious and legal rights also.
4. That, in consequence of depriving her by law of her personal sovereignty, we are flooded with sexual crimes, which are decimating the race.
5. That no stable improvement can be effected until the old savage idea of man's property in woman is annihilated; and hence the first step necessary to that end is the abolition of all systems, whether civil or religious, by which, at present, that barbarism is maintained.

In general review of the foregoing article, it may be said that the great error made by almost every writer in treating of the possible consequences of freedom for the affections is, that they look at it entirely from the present male standpoint, and argue as if women, in that condition, would still remain as they are now, subject to the will of man. They ignore the fact that women would then be individuals, holding the control of their own bodies, and yielding themselves sexually to men only when love should dictate. In our estimation, there can be no greater insult offered woman than to say that every sweet-faced girl will be a ready victim to any seeking man, when every woman is freed from the grasp of the law, and permitted to resume the control of her maternal functions, of which she is now deprived by marriage.

Again, this class of critics utterly ignores the co-ordinate demand that must necessarily accompany the demand for freedom. They proceed as if all that the advocates of freedom ask is that the law be repealed, and woman left to take care of herself and children, as best she may under our present system of industry. This is dishonest, and is evidence, to a certain degree, that those who so argue do not themselves believe what they write. We not only ask for freedom for women; that they be all free from being held by law to consort with men for whom they have no love or desire, but we further ask that they be supported in that freedom. We ask that society which depends upon woman to replenish its continually depleting stock, shall have sufficient regard for her to see that she is maintained. Will the person who wrote the article in the *Bazar* look his (for we perceive it to be the emanation of a masculine mind) wife, mother or sister in the face, and tell her if she were free, and in the enjoyment of all the comforts of life which any woman now enjoys, that she would be the prey of any man? To say so would be an insult to all womanhood. It would be to say to every woman: "You are by nature a prostitute, ready to receive the embrace of any man who offers himself to you." How can women be so blind to the real meaning of this class of critics? How is it that they can remain silent under such degrading imputations upon their innate purity and virtue?

But these critics, when they talk about sickly and pale-faced wives forget that there will be no such women when the control of their own bodies is given to women. It is the forced submission to undesired commerce that furnishes the pinched cheek [and sunken eye by which so many are now telling the story of their improper sexual relations. We say: Set woman free, and society may be sure she will not burden herself with children until that same society insures her that they shall be properly cared for.

JUDGE NEILSON ON THE WEEKLY.

The position held by the editor of the WEEKLY was somewhat curtly and coarsely referred to by Judge Neilson during the examination of Mr. Oliver Johnson in the Tilton-Beecher case. We give the extract as published by the *Brooklyn Eagle*:

Mr. Evarts—I say his religious views, in connection with the views of the *Christian Union*, are not a subject of inquiry. If a witness' religion is to be a subject of inquiry only as a matter of personal impeachment, bearing on the question of his oath, we shall have all sorts of sectarian prejudices to deal with.

Judge Neilson—Without desiring to be offensive to the witness, suppose he was an editor on WOODHULL'S & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, would you not ask the question?

Mr. Evarts—If his religious sentiments were in accord with the religious sentiments of that paper?

Judge Neilson—I admit it is an extreme illustration.

We submit, however, that the illustration would have been more appropriate had it proceeded from the bar rather than from the bench. Judges do not usually render a decision before the evidence has been submitted, or upon a case not before the court, as in the present instance.

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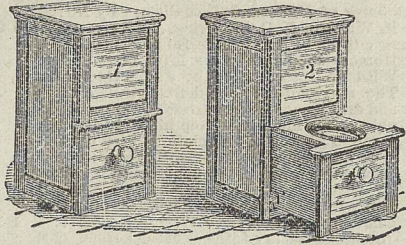
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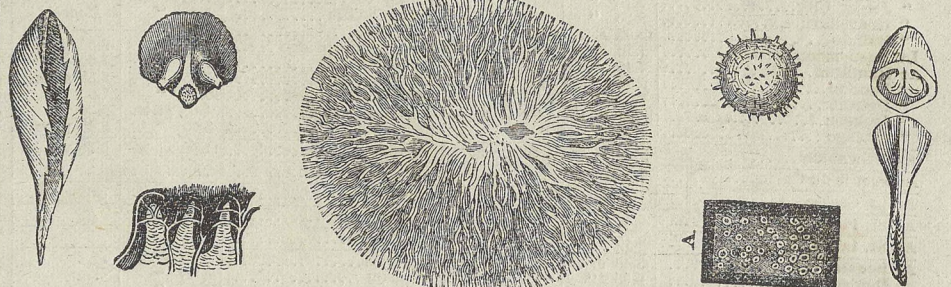
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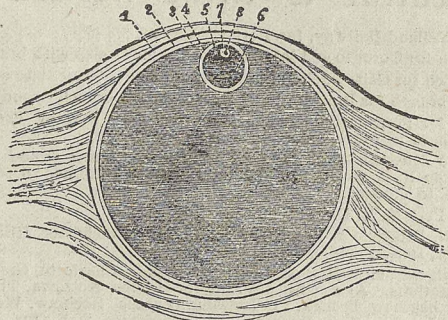
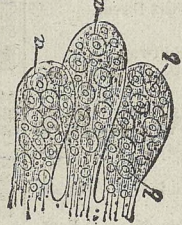
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