

mass. When day dawned it was found that the successive waves had beached the ship but a short distance from land, and the captain announced his belief that, by means of the "boatswain's chair," all could be safely landed. This drew forth a hearty "Thank God!" and men, women and children wept together for joy, at the prospect of deliverance. Two seamen were let down the side of the ship with strong rope, with which they managed to get ashore through the breakers. This rope they made fast to the shore, and on it was then attached what is called the boatswain's chair, which consists of a plank just large enough to sit on, with a rope attached to each side, meeting over the head on a block, which slides along the large hawser. The lady passengers were landed first, next the males, then the crew, next the first mate and last of all the Captain. A tent was made on shore with pieces of sail, woodwork and oars, and under this the passengers, drenched to the skin, crept and fell asleep, the fatigue and excitement they had undergone making them oblivious of hunger, and of the cuts and bruises which nearly every one had received. Provisions were obtained from the wreck, but, everything else, except the clothing the people had on was lost. The wreck took place at Hillsboro Inlet, forty-three miles south of Jupiter.

THE Constitution, a title-deed to Woman's Franchise.

The Sin of Sins.
The first of these pamphlets, both by Theodore C. Tilton, consists of a letter to Senator Charles Sumner, and is a request to that gentleman, on behalf of "a number of good women, neighbors and friends of" Theodore's, to procure the passage of an Act of Congress to enforce the Federal Constitution in the State of New York, so that all citizens therein residing, who possess the qualifications prescribed by law, may exercise unmolested the elective franchise, they (the good women) believing "that the Constitution, by its Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, secures to women, as to other citizens, the right of suffrage."

Here is the kernel of Theodore's logic—

"The successive beads of the rosary are these:—inasmuch as, by the Federal Constitution, 'all persons' (including women) are citizens; and inasmuch as citizens have 'privileges and immunities,' among which is suffrage; and inasmuch as these privileges and immunities, including suffrage, cannot be denied or abridged by the states, but must remain 'absolutely unabridged and unimpaired;' therefore the National Constitution ordains, first, that women, like other citizens, have the right of suffrage; and second, that they have it so securely that the states cannot impair or abridge it."

Theodore is anxious that Senator Sumner should win the "laurels as a Knight-templar for woman's enfranchisement," by introducing to the Senate "a swift and strong act" to that effect the coming session. Theodore declares the "clear-shining doctrine that fundamental rights cannot be taken away by implication," and he adduces extracts from the Senator's speeches, bearing so strongly upon the rights and privileges of citizens that we shall be excused, at least, for reproducing them here. Says Theodore—"You yourself, sir, have taught (and I cannot forget the lesson,) that public statutes are to be interpreted evermore in the interest of liberty, and not of bondage."

It would be an excellent thing if certain officials and others hereabout could not forget that lesson, but their memories are very indifferent upon anything which relates to the rights and privileges of citizens or those who wish to become citizens.

These are the utterances of Senator Sumner referred to—

The true rule under the National Constitution, especially since its additional Amendments, is, that anything for human rights is constitutional. No learning in the books, no skill acquired in courts, no sharpness of forensic dialects, no cunning in splitting hairs, can impair the vigor of the constitutional principle which I announce. Whatever you enact for human rights is constitutional; and this is the Supreme Law of the land, anything in the constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding.

To these may be added a declaration of the Supreme Court, in the Dred Scott case—

There is not to be found, in the theories of writers on government, or in any actual experiment heretofore tried, an exposition of the term citizen which has not been understood as conferring the actual possession and enjoyment, or the perfect right of acquisition and enjoyment, of an entire equality of privileges, civil and political.

How do some official acts, done in this region, look beside that authoritative declaration? Any sanction there for disfranchising "Mormons," or in anywise curtailing their rights and privileges as American citizens, because of their religion?

As to woman suffrage, that is an established fact in Utah, and therefore little argument is needed from us upon the subject.

"The sin of sins" is a tractate upon "the uncharitable treatment which society gives to what are called 'fallen women,'" being a paraphrase of and comments upon the conversations of Jesus with and concerning the woman of Samaria, the woman who was a sinner, and the woman taken in adultery. Says Theodore of the "fallen" class—

How virtuously we keep them down! How impossible we make it for them to rise again! How inexorably we sentence them to a dungeon of shadows, and shut against them every golden gate to future career!

Here is a skilful lunge between the armor joints—

"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."

Without what sin? Not all sins in general, but one sin in particular. The hypocrites, every one of them, had sinned it. And, furthermore, most men since then have been the like sinners, and are to this day.

Thus concludes the tract, and it is hard, but none too hard, upon the men—

"They say unto him, Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act."

If so, then not only the woman was taken, but also the man. But what became of the man? The woman was dragged to the temple to be stoned. The man probably went away among his companions to laugh. Indeed, there is no evidence that he was not her chief accuser, and the ringleader in her punishment.

Now let me point the moral which adorns this tale. If the woman's crime merits martyrdom, what does the man's? If she was a sinner, what was he? And yet how does the world judge between the two culprits? Ah, now as then, and in every such case, the Scribes and Pharisees meet together to forgive the man, and then go away and leave it to Christ alone to forgive the woman!

VICTORIA CLAFLIN WOODHULL is a remarkable young woman, of extraordinary ability, a hopeful candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and Theodore Tilton has swiftly sketched her romantic career, for which, and the manner of his doing it, he has been heavily handled by the press at large.

Victoria C. W. was the seventh child of Roxana and Buckman Claflin, and she emerged into this world of toil and trouble, in respectable poverty, in Homer, Ohio, Sept. 23, 1838, the year of Queen Victoria's coronation, hence the given name of Miss Claflin.

V. C. W. saw remarkably hard times in childhood. In fact she had no childhood, not a sunbeam, nothing but a continuous bitterness, an unbroken heart-break, worked like a slave, whipped like a convict, with a father tranquil in his bitterness, impartial in his cruelty, keeping a tub full of braided withes, sometimes whipping his children all night.

V. C. W. has "no remembrance of a father's kiss." Her mother was fickle, sometimes fiercely tormenting, sometimes angelically tender, an eccentric old lady, "compounded in equal parts of heaven and hell," sometimes praying in tears, sometimes cursing in foam. The mother was a religious monomaniac, a spiritualist, had visions and dreams, and "sought 'sanctification.'" The father was equally spiritual, but less excitable, and when poverty overtook him he became partially crazed, while the mother was never sane. Finally, intense melancholic, misanthropic gloom, thick as a sea-fog, seized jointly upon the two, who are the very strangest people Theodore ever saw.

Born of such parents, how could V.

C. W. avoid being a remarkable child? The whole brood of children, "except Victoria and Tennie," are of the same feather as the parents. What a delightful family! Cats and kits, soft fir and sharp claws, purring and fighting, loving and hating, blessing and cursing and smiting, "a sisterhood of furies, tempered with love's melancholy," with a determination that Victoria and Tennie should be the Cinderellas of the family, the rest doing no work, returning no thanks, but cursing the hand that feeds them.

V. C. W. had three years' broken schooling, was the aptest learner, the pet of scholars and teacher, was called "the Little Queen," bore herself royally, was born to command, was fresh, beautiful, spiritual, modest, energetic, restive, a child of genius, toil, and grief, with an old head on young shoulders, at home a household drudge, elsewhere everybody's favorite, loved, petted, marveled at as a semi-supernatural being, a capital candidate for a Presidentess.

But here comes the grandest of V. C. W.'s attainments—she has heavenly visitants, she entertains angels, and not unawares, they are her gracious guests and constant companions, abiding with her all night and day, dictating her life with daily revelations. She is not disobedient, she goes and comes at their behest, her enterprises are of their invention, her writings and speeches are the products of their absolute control of her brain and tongue, she does nothing without consulting her oracles. They have never deceived her, and she will not neglect them. Nearly every day she enters trance-land, and in pleasant weather she sits on the roof of her house, communing hour by hour with the spirits. Every characteristic utterance she gives to the world is dictated while under spirit influence, and most often in a totally unconscious state, her husband acting as her amanuensis, passages sometimes rising to Macaulayan eloquence, although she is naturally herself so adverse to the pen that she rarely dips it into ink, only to sign her business autograph, nor would she write at all, except the spirits prompted her, and she dare not disobey them.

The spirits have helped V. C. W. every way from her childhood—she glanced at a page and knew it by heart, was lifted up when sent on long and weary errands, had her basket carried for her, helped to dig in the garden, carried off through the air into the spirit world, and in lots of ways openly assisted. Old Demosthenes is her chief spiritual visitant and monitor—he has foretold her many things, among others that she will be the ruler of her people. So of course she must become Presidentess, and Grant and all other candidates may well tremble before her. "She believes him to be her familiar spirit—the author of her public policy, and the inspirer of her published words."

V. C. W. was a bride in her 14th year, her groom double that age. It was a bad spec, however. Dr. Canning Woodhull, the "happy man," while visiting her professionally, became captivated with her, and sought and secured her, but the third night of the honeymoon he abandoned her for a house of ill-fame. She discovered that he was habitually drunken and unchaste, and a prodigal, sending away a mistress *enroute* on the day of his marriage. V. C. W. set herself to reclaim him, and asked the spirits to help her. Fifteen months of such marriage brought her first born—a half idiot, "begotten in drunkenness and born in squalor," a daily agony to the woman who bore him.

V. C. W. and her husband and child went to California, beggars in a land of plenty, where she wrought to support him, first with the needle and then on the stage, where she received \$52 a week. But she did not like the stage, and the spirits called her back home, and she started back next morning to Tennie. At Indianapolis, Terra Haute, and other places she, as a healing medium, performed many wonderful cures, and made the business pay, winning a golden harvest and golden opinions, revealing secret things and foretelling events to come. In one day she received as fees for cures, \$5000, and up to 1869, when the spirits directed her to discontinue practice, \$700,000. So that V. C. W. is rich, and, as Theodore says, "the age of wonders has not yet ceased."

However, "though outwardly prosperous, she was inwardly wretched." So she prayed for a daughter, to be fair in body and sound in wind and limb, we mean in mind. Her desire was granted and a daughter was born, but was nearly sacrificed at birth, owing to the condition of the father, he being

drunk and the only nurse and accoucher present on the occasion. So she went to Chicago and got a divorce. To this day the child lives in "sad half-death," having once died as she believes, and been restored to life by the spirits.

The old folks were still torments to her, and sadly wanted to rule the roost at Victoria's.

Tennie was also a healing medium, and somewhat of a charlatan, and made much money by it, supporting the old folks and a dozen others. Victoria "fetched her out of that," and secured the everlasting hatred of the parasites thereby.

Col. James H. Blood, of the 6th Missouri Regiment, late city auditor of St. Louis, went to see Victoria, and the spirits told her he was her man. He believed it, and "thus to their mutual amazement, but to their subsequent appiness, they were betrothed on the spot 'by the powers of the air!'" They were tied legally, but their union was too spiritual to be thus desecrated, so they, with mutual consent, annulled the legal tie, and thenceforth hung together of their own sweet wills alone. In the words of Theodore, "the marriage stands on its own merits," and is "a sweet and accordant union of congenial souls." Of course, as this "marriage" was "made in heaven," under the immediate direction of the spirits, it must be the correct thing.

Col. Blood is a "smart" fellow, and more than that, a firm believer in "a stupendous destiny" for Victoria. He is an enthusiastic spiritualist, an extreme radical, an internationalist, a communist, as well as the latest "husband" of Victoria. In the middle of the night, two or three times in the week, he and Victoria hold parliament with the spirits, and that's how the twain have learned nearly all the valuable knowledge they possess. Victoria does the trancing and James does the reporting, and says he, "She and I regard all the other portion of our lives as almost valueless compared with these midnight hours."

Victoria does not take James' name, preferring that by which she became known to fame.

Dr. Woodhull having expressed a wish to see her, James and Victoria charitably fetched him to their home and kindly cared for him. Now he sojourns when he pleases under their hospitable roof. Theodore thinks "a more unsullied woman does not walk the earth," and he knows her well.

In fulfilment of prophecy she keeps a bank and publishes a journal, and has won the good graces of Commodore Vanderbilt. Her journal is "a willow basket full of audacious manuscripts, apparently picked up at random and thrown together pell-mell, stunning the reader with a medley of politics, finance, free love, and the pantarchy." Her personal appearance defies portrayal. She is medium in length, breadth, and thickness, lithe and elastic, free and graceful, side face perfect acquiline, classic as a Roman's, like Shakespere's when dead, front face broad, prominent cheek bones, unshapely nasal lines, countenance never twice alike. "She can ride a horse like an Indian and climb a tree like an athlete; she can swim, row a boat, play billiards, dance, and walk all day like an Englishwoman." She is a down right democrat, of stupendous ambition and resistless fanaticism, nevertheless "at any moment she would rather die than live," yet she carries with her "a measureless content." Theodore says she is, "one of the sincerest, most reverent, and divinely gifted of human souls."

As, according to "the spirits," she is to become the Presidentess of these United States, it is well to know what manner of woman she is, and Theodore has kindly taken the trouble to tell the world.

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