That female suffrage would tend rapidly to effect social disorganization is made manifest by the present infamous crusade against the sacred marriage tie made by so many of its advocates. With "untrammeled lives," as the motto upon their unfurled banner, they propose by means of legislation—and that the legislation of women—to make of this safety-plank against shipwreck—of this great social bulwark against immorality—a mere nullity.

We, as wives, who have taken holy vows before Heaven's own altars, and as mothers, whom God has blessed with offspring to defend, we are called upon in the abused name of progress to cast aside the degrading fetters that have hitherto bound us and declare ourselves free. Free to what end? Free, that license may sit enthroned within our holy temples, and with polluted teachings infect our homes.

Nor is this the mere effusion of the imagination, or in any way an overdrawn picture. Let the proof and the record be found in their own journals, filled with such utterances that we blush to allude to them, and which we have read with bated breath as one walking over pestilential ground.

But we are here told that these irreligious, these impious doctrines are only held by a portion of those who demand female suffrage, while others who seek this right for women do not desire to encroach upon the marriage relation. It is true that in every movement, however disorganizing or dangerous, there are always some enlisted "who know not what they do," who, not foreseeing true results, aim perhaps to effect a far different object. But issues do not change because some are led unawares into this most subtle and dangerous snare. For it is indisputable that the fundamental changes, which will be effected in the duties imposed upon women by suffrage, cannot fail to work changes quite as fundamental in their relations to their husbands and to their children—impairing the one and interfering with the other.

The marriage tie will be weakened, and separation recurred to as an ordinary remedy. It is even probable that the duration of the bond will find its limitation in expediency, and the marriage contract be assumed for limited periods, or for other purposes. Surely, no church claiming to be the guardian of religion, and to give marriage in any way its sanction, can allow such a state of things. We know already how fatally frequent separations have become, and this may be traced in great part as an effect of mischievous legislation, designed to guard not the peace, but the property of women—an action also superfluous, because the law of trust was already sufficient. As a woman holding a considerable property interest in our own hands, we must say that we find ourselves perfectly and fully protected by the existing law, that we find no limit placed by law to the transaction of business which can in any way embarrass
a woman who holds in her hands moneyed interests; that with an
equal use of discretion and judgment, equal property gains may
accrue to women as to men; that where we hold railroad and other
stocks, our direct vote is always taken, or can be given by proxy to
suit our convenience.

The moneyed interests of women are protected just so far as they
have the business capacity and the intelligence requisite to protect
themselves, while their influence generally over men is immensely
greater in consequence of the neutral ground they hold in purely
political questions. At present, in place of wranglers or wrestlers,
we are umpires. How often have our best men told us that they
were never better advised than by their wives with regard to any
course of action to be adopted. The special advantage as a safe ad-
visor to man that woman holds at present arises entirely from the
neutral ground she occupies in the political world. Were she
herself to enter the arena her ardent impulses would lead her to the
most dangerous experiments. The fact is, women reason less and
feel more deeply than men. They should always be spared the
actual conflict, and be held as free from causes likely to excite their
impressionable natures as possible. Where sufficient calm for an
equipoise of judgment exists, their keenness of perception becomes
an invaluable aid to man. Reverse the conditions—take woman
out of her proper sphere—and in place of man’s precious and true
guide and best coadjutor she becomes his worst antagonist and
enemy. But here we must note a danger. There is reason to
believe from several evidences that the strength of this movement
is really to be found among the men, who use the female agitators to
effect political gains.

The great mass of women are opposed to female suffrage, as will
appear when their opinions are tested. If this question is to be
tested we must insist that the women shall first express by vote
their wish on the subject; and that this vote shall be taken by
some such means as the census returns are taken, so as to reach all
the conservative or true women, who otherwise could never be made
to give any vote at all.

And here arises another danger. The right to vote, once ex-
tended to women, would produce a most iniquitous legislation, add-
ing greatly to the corruption which already exists and cannot be
avoided. Some good women, perhaps a number who will have
opposed the change, finding themselves oppressed by legislation
thus forced upon them, will assume the new burden imposed—as
they have already assumed many others—as a conscientious duty.

We are sometimes told by politicians who wish to press this mat-
ter on us, “You women will not be forced to vote.” But our con-
science speaks otherwise. If, in spite of our remonstrances, we
have political obligations forced upon us, we shall feel it to be the
first duty to vote every man out of place who has abused his law-making power thus to oppress us, and also to counteract the votes of bad women—and here is the appalling danger. While conservative women may stay at home the infamous women of our cities, numbering thousands, will be brought to the polls as a unit, and every such vote bought by some scheming politician. What legislation will this vote ask for? Surely nothing less than a social disorganization. Women of this hitherto happy land, reflect. Are you prepared for such consequences.

CHANGE—NOT PROGRESS.

Theodore Tilton's Sketch of Elizabeth Cady Stanton "Sanctum Sanctorum."

Glancing over the brilliant articles with which Theodore Tilton has filled his Sanctum Sanctorum, we are especially arrested by his racy sketch of the life of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. As mothers, and growing out of this precious trust confided to woman, involving the necessity of a God-fearing adherence to the Divine law, and to most needful and salutary human laws and customs with regard to our sex, we protest. As we read the record here given, we are pained by the hollow ring of words, which convey no wholesome truths in their utterance, and we are forced to object at every page to the assumption that such changes as are here called for are for the real elevation and enfranchisement of woman.

The high-sounding words are valueless, for, like counterfeit coin, they have no stamp of reality to back them.

It is well for the women of the country, however, that the story is given. Mothers who are carefully educating their daughters are hereby enabled to trace distinctly the whole sequence of events. The effect in this life of Mrs. Stanton has had its full causes, and it is curious to trace them so clearly. Defective and most injudicious early training, leading so directly to the grave mistakes of a lifetime, and consequent evils inflicted upon the country just in proportion to the talent and energy brought to bear, were never made more conspicuous by the very actors themselves than in this recital.

Could those most inimical to such a cause portray more forcibly the series of mistakes in the early education of this would-be reformer. We feel a mother's pity for this "large-brained, inquisitive, and ambitious girl," who from very infancy was never taught the true mission for woman to fulfill, nor wherein consists the true dignity, the equal majesty of her sex.

On the contrary, a constant state of irritation appears to have been fostered. Even the students in her father's law office amused themselves by attracting the child's attention to some vestige of laws "retaining feudal ideas" with regard to women's rights, and
witnessing the annoyance it caused the precocious child; but above all was she injured through the overweening pride of the father in an only son, upon whose future his fabric of human hopes seem to have rested, which caused him to give repeated expression to this greater love for the son over the five daughters. This pride of race (for such is the father's love for the son) found its terrible climax when all was wrecked by the death of the son—the son who is destined to transmit the name which the daughter only bears some day to give to another race. This key to the disappointment and grief of the parent, which makes him so frequently exclaim, "Oh, my daughter, I wish you were a boy," was not fathomed in her reply, "Then I will be a boy."

Here we see the incipient, morbid, and unnatural taste; and there was no wise friend to advise the little enthusiast at such a moment, and say to her "You may better, far better, with woman's gentle ways, bring healing." Far otherwise; for, as if in response to the wish, and to encourage the pernicious sentiment, her father directs the studies, thoughts, and aspirations of his child outside of woman's needful life. The simple-minded old pastor, who "praised her determination, to prove that a girl is not less in the scale of being than a boy," strangely forgets the exemplars of the great women of the Bible, and fails to show her the folly of thus judging God's ways; and there was no one to say to the wrong-headed, but true-hearted child, "Trouble not; for, before God and man, each sex has its functions to perform, and each highest only when best fulfilled according to the designs of Providence." There was no one near to explain that, if the female mind preferred to wrestle with the Greek article and classical lord, the motive must be well guarded—the feminine motive of better preparing herself some day to instruct the future citizen. But in this case, where the sole motive given was the desire to imitate the masculine mind, we find that the effect has been to incite an ambition to press forward, and attempt to usurp the political life intended only for man.

The unending repetition of the paternal lament, that she was not a boy, and no one near to give her the proper ideas of the true glory of womanhood, did, indeed, from the very beginning, give her a sad twist. "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." Here the homely adage is made manifest for the instruction of all mothers, and fathers, too. And we are thankful to heed the warning in season, not being inclined to experiment with regard to our daughters.

And now we have depicted, in glowing terms, the mad desire to go to a boy's college, and much railing at the injustice of excluding girls. Alas! and is maidenly modesty to count for nothing in the education of our daughters? Nor can such innovations be advisable, until the coming of the long-wished for millennium, which will put the world in a state of grace, and essentially modify present
normal conditions? Certainly our young women may better pursue their studies in schools by themselves than to be allowed, in the very blush of early womanhood, a free, daily, and unrestrained commingling with young men. And this is to be one of the vaunted reforms, ordained for the good of society. No; this is the very spirit of evil, whose baleful shadow so often obscures the bright light of Christian civilization. There is a certain petition which prayerful mothers make daily, on bended knees, with their daughters nestled closely beside them; and the Teacher is none other than the blessed Jesus, and the teaching is in these words: "Lead us not into temptation." A victim to sad necessity, according to the fatal ideas of our heroine, she is forced to attend the good school of Mrs. Willard, where so many women have been well prepared to meet life's duties. But having been, while at this institution, too vividly impressed with a fear of God's judgments, through the powerful revival preaching of the Rev. Mr. Finney, and detesting all her surroundings, because they were feminine, she went home in a frenzied state of mind. Here, for a period of seven years, her time was spent in "riding like a fox-hunter by day," and "studying law books by night." Undoubtedly Mrs. Willard would have pursued a different course to discipline a young lady. As the final result of such training, we have the fruition, where she strides forth before her astonished country-women as "amiable incendiary," and the self-appointed champion of the rights she claims. Let those who care not to have the torch applied to their own "hearth and altars" be deceived. And out of the noon tide splendor of this new light what special right, heretofore ignored or slumbering unheeded, hitherto shrouded in musty ignorance, has been evolved? What is the mighty reform so much needed and proclaimed in this new gospel? We are answered, "The elective franchise must be extended to women;" and the eulogist of this agitation triumphantly claims this discovery "as a suggestion of her brain." "By their fruits ye shall know them." This, then, is the fruit, the harvest of the boy-like training and the lifelong aspirations to be like a man.

Let the true women of the country take heed. Those who have far higher and far different aspirations, beware the snare of woman's political rights sought to be forced upon them by such wild dreams. As a corollary to asking for the political life, we find the self-nomination for Representative in Congress; this being even in advance of the usual practice of men in such cases, who, with a real or an assumed modesty, generally leave it to a discriminating constituency to designate their services when needed. But with this model woman we have ticketed reform and an independent candidacy. In the next scene of the kaleidoscope, or on the obverse of the shield, we see George Francis Train, self-candidate for the Presidency, and in close association with the self-nominee to Congress. No lack of
self-assurance all around! Again, the panoramic view of the same performer, as editor of a weekly journal, bearing the somber name of The Revolution. Is revolution reform? Ask the victims of the endless Mexican pronunciamentos? The cause of woman's elevation cometh not out of such bewildering vagaries; nor do we seek in this article to tell our sisters what this sacred cause requires. Indeed, they themselves speak for us. So many earnest thinkers, loving wives, good mothers, helpful companions, and those not a few whose saintly ministering to human woes have learned the lesson, and out of their daily practice others may know. But these truths, like all that is of Heaven, not earth, must be learned in humility, not pride; for out of prayer cometh sanctification. The woman who turns aside from religion, who seeks to unloose the sacred marriage tie when God has spoken and said, “Let no man put asunder;” who would fain destroy the safe-guards which hedge around the physical weakness of her sex, and dissipate the innocent illusions which invest her with the highest poetical attributes—this woman, just so far as she succeeds, becomes the scourge of her sex, and yet so sublime is the farce sought to be played out that even with tearful eyes we must needs laugh. Behold! Oh, groveling sisterhood! Ye who sing cradle songs, and practice housewifery, and, content in your degradation, make all cheery around ye, accept your proffered leader! Accept a representative woman, one who presents you a more perplexing medley for imitation than any mermaid figure-head of man-of-war that old sailors may swear by! We have the portrait given for us: Silver hair, blue gown, red shawl, Greek grammar in hand, law book under arm, incendiary journal peeping out of pocket in spite of laws, labeled for Congress, self-indorsed and self-nominated, mounted on a white horse like the great reaper, o'erleaping all barriers like a fox-hunter! Who shall run this race, fair sisters? Who shall stay at home? Banners are flying. Go ahead—conservatism is slavery. Reform, and be free. What does it all typify? What can it all mean? Simply this, dear sisters; change is not progress, nor do we need such reforms, or such reformers.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE—ARE WE TO HAVE A PAGAN OR A CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION.

When we appeal to the Bible as opposed to such a state of things as female suffrage must bring about, and above all, when we weary our philosophical combatants with well-known Bible texts about the sacred tie of marriage, which they would abolish in the Bible sense, we are met with impatient disclaimers as to our stand-point. These sapient reformers will not tolerate anything so musty, conservative, and opposed to their theories and vagaries as the Bible. They plainly tell us that they are not to be brought down to a discus-
sion of these questions upon any other platform than that of human reason. Since the cup of hemlock was presented to the sage of old, no thing so bitter or nauseous as to offer them guidance from out such pure waters.

But in turn we protest; nor will we seek our inspiration from out the poisoned cup they offer, for in its gloomy depths lie the shadows of a pagan past we dare not evoke into action. And now, as if coeval with that unexorcised past, when soothsayers and fortune-tellers asked of demons the guilty secrets the future held entombed, arise women who, with clairvoyant ken and fortune-telling prophecies, would renew the fearful drama, in a measure wiped out by the blood of martyrs and the bright light of Christian civilization. Let those who would only meet these questions from the standpoint of reason, unaided by religion, ponder well upon the civilization of past ages. We are told that the Babylons of old were marvels of material luxury and grandeur. In Sybarite voluptuousness they excelled even the barbaric splendors of New York. The moment we depart from the social structure which Christianity has developed, and in which woman has an influence almost regal, we fall back to Pagan codes. And our retrogression will be all the more lamentable because, with all our efforts, we shall become very clumsy Pagans indeed.

For that which alone distinguishes our civilization above all others is, *that it is Christian*. Now, female suffrage, dragging women into that sphere of duties incident to man’s life, must speedily destroy the perfect balance, the nice adjustment, which produces the harmony of the Christian plan. Nor can we destroy any portion of this plan and preserve the rest intact. A common ruin and relapsing into Pagan codes will be the result. Already, as a corollary to these doctrines, we are told that children must be given up to the State to educate. The precise practice of the old Pagans. Christian mothers are you prepared for this?

ARE WE TO HAVE A MONGREL LITERATURE?

The religion, morals, and literature of a country reflect each other. Pagan literature was often as polished and cold as the marble of Phidias, and we place its rounded sentences in the hands of Christian youth to show them what were the utterances which governed the pagan world; but we dare not trust to these utterances alone to exalt, culture, and lift the Christian heart up to its highest flight. When we seek to depict the most exalted of women, we find all our imagery in the Christian type. Now, poets must invent a mongrel language to sing that nondescript—the strong-minded. Adieu to the bright imaginings—the delicious illusions which have hitherto invested woman in a garb of loveliness. Even over the great mountain-shapes has God thrown a veil of mystic splendor to en-
hance their grandeur; but woman he has enshrouded, as it were, with all the dignity of revelation, in order to protect her physical weakness. Reflecting this Christian inspiration, a whole literature has been formed upon God's type of woman.

Female suffrage will so effectually dethrone her that this glorious literature will only serve as a requiem to chant the brightness of the past. The new order of immorality—of Amazonian females—will blot from out the language the descriptive phrases of feminine loveliness once so endearing. Woman's changed, nomadic, commingled life, must lead to awful changes in words that indicate the witchery of the sex. It must take the place of she—for, firmly standing on a masculine platform, there will be no enslaved she to describe.

When we do man's work, are we not to become as Gods? So the tempter once promised in a certain pre-adamite garden.

When we conduct the golden chariot of the sun, are we to be longer insulted by peaceful leather side-saddles? When we may scour the limitless plains and catch the Comanches, are we expected to nurse babies at home?

Let the men take their turn, and be called it too. Have they not helped us to cast aside our shackles? Without a he or a she, the poor English language and her frightened brood of scribblers who knew not how to uphold the manliness of its men or the feminity of its women may now look to it.

The fact is, we shall all grow grey in this dissolving neutral tint. If we were women, we might protest; if we were men, we would protest; but, inasmuch as we mean to be both, we feel quite muddled.

Of course we shall expect the neuters who introduce the change to keep a clear head of some sort—hydra or otherwise—and provide alliterature. Besides, we must have, at least we have had, some other arts of peace. Music, sopranos, bassos—horrid! We must sing both; there must be a common register. Contraltos are mere sneaks, and evade the question.

Then we like painting; or we once did like to lose sight of the material and rise to the imaginative. But the old masters, as the old poets, had a dream of woman in rainbow hues, halo-crowned, and their heroes were real men—the heads of their households. Now this is shameful tyranny, and an exploded mistake of the past. Give us a common standard. Yet men and women dont weigh alike; so it cannot be of weights and measures.

What is to become of the exact sciences? They won't tolerate any confusion, for we are told—we speak with circumspection—that "Order is Heaven's first law." Blot out mathematics; away with astronomy! Why we cannot look through a telescope that we do not see a sun and a moon, and the moon shines with borrowed light. That is a lesson of degradation we were not prepared to behold in the
heaven, And the little things of creation are painfully abject. Every microscope defines sex, and we can only obtain repose in inorganic matter, and this is sister to chaos. We cannot creep in this way.

But we have so much to think of, and such tremendous changes to provide for, we forgot to finish with the fine arts, and left sculpture out in the cold. Here it is worse and worse. As yet, not a strong-minded stands on a pedestal. Let an iconoclastic fury destroy all vestige of tyrant man and enchained woman in marble.

And all the lesser elegancies of life, will they, too, be jumbled up in the reconstruction of the Union?—assemblies, receptions, dinner-parties, all that civilized man has called “society”? Frivolous questions, when are we in the very jaws of progress; and if this terrible whale of a Brobdingnag ever lets go, we shall all be so completely munched and thoroughly undigested that we shall end by mistaking our own identity.

**SUFFRAGE—ANTI-SUFFRAGE.**

If we open the Bible and apply its teachings to present issues, they meet us in every possible form, and bear directly upon all the questions of the day.

In the inspired volume we find two types, as examples for women now.

The first—mother Eve—she asks for suffrage, would lead the way, would control man, declines to serve the purposes of the great Creator, and act within the sphere He prescribes. Her indiscreet curiosity, her desire for change, her insubordination to the Divine law—meets its just punishment. To this day the tears, the sorrows, the sins of a woe-stricken world, point out her crime. A merciful God can alone redeem it, and He gives us another type—Mary—wives, mothers, maidens, contemplate for one moment the perfect exemplar. What are the teachings here? Heaven-born modesty, fidelity to every duty, the home-life and influence, an angelic charity which ever seeks to relieve oppressed humanity. This lesson was given for all times; shall we pluck the bitter fruit of disobedience to the organic law, or shall we, in conformity with our true and higher mission, only think to act well the part assigned to us by God and nature?

**FEMALE SUFFRAGE—NEW TACTICS.**

By some preternatural, self-illuminated, clairvoyant process, the champions of female suffrage proclaim a wonderful discovery! Already enfranchised, they have actually lived and breathed in the ambient air of freedom all this weary while, and amid their shrieks never suspected it! While they battled for a sixteenth amendment, and wildly swayed the bronze gates of the Republic’s Capitol, they
were worse than the geese who cackled to save Rome, for they gave a false alarm. The Republic was already saved, and they knew it not. Who, in the future, may have faith in woman's acute perception, which has never before failed her, to thread the finest needle?

But we may not be querulous under the awful weight of our new discovery. Rather let us proclaim with trumpet-tones, both clear and shrill, that this change of tactics is the most wonderful, contumacious, never-before-dreamed-of strategy ever elicited in any campaign!

Stupid old world! From the days of Julius Caesar, Hannibal, Napoleon, and Sherman, there has never been planned so bold, comprehensive, and overwhelming a defeat. Behold the picture—feeble women, who supinely stay at home! Great issues, great warriors, veterans with the courage of twenty winters infused, but in spite of the desperate fight, all routed and mutinous. And have these brave lives been worn in vain? Have these heroes fought and died that cowardly women may sit at home and rock the cradle that has swung from the creation? No—never! Replenish the commissariat with fifty thousand dollars! Let the thunderbolts of war blight all cowards? Let the genius of strategy triumph. Now for the fray! Sharp, short, and telling—worth the telling.

Sea and land fight both commingled. This is the way it was done: "Double-quick, face about; look to the right, look to the left. Be men—look to the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments. Drop that old flag. Haul down the sixteenth, boys. Ship ahoy! one more lurch, Give 'em a broadside. Don't stop to pick up the wounded. There, let her go. Heave ahead; splice that rope; look to your main-gallant; take in the stunsails; be easy; work to the starboard—no, pull to the larboard. Never mind the Dahlgrens; Parrots for us boys. Haul up that legal argument—the riddle is solved, the fight is over. Hard scrimmage this time. The old Constitution swings to her moorings, and the ship of state will now rest in green waters forever. Only your lawyer, who escaped the carnage, has the strength to assert that the Alabama claim is a mere circumstance to it, as it will take a million of law-suits to establish the victory.