

# WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

M. J. Leonard

PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT! UNTRAMMELED LIVES!

BEAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

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"If an offense come out of truth, better is it that the offense come than that the Truth be concealed."—Jerome.

#### THE NEW ENGLAND LABOR REFORM LEAGUE.

##### FOURTH ANNUAL CONVENTION.

The New England Labor Reform League is, perhaps, the most radical and thoroughgoing body of reformers in the direction of industrial equity that there is in the world. So far as they know, they intend to advocate principles only. Whatever is equitable and just they do not hesitate to avow and uphold. Its members, however, are not thoroughly agreed among themselves about some of the very first principles of constructive organization; about abstract principles of right they are a unit, but as to method they differ.

This League recently held its fourth annual Convention in Boston. Codman Hall had been engaged for its Sunday and Tremont Temple for its Monday sessions—the agreement being made for the latter in writing. When the management learned that Victoria C. Woodhull was to be a prominent speaker, and deliver her speech which she was prevented from delivering in Music Hall, the management refused to perform their contract, and closed the doors of the hall against the League.

Of this proposed action the League had notice on Friday previous to the assembling of the Convention, and they made all possible exertions to secure a change of determination, but to no purpose. They could have the Temple solely upon the condition that they should revise their list of speakers—to exclude that "Woodhull." But the League informed the management that this was to be made a test case and they would not retract, and so the Temple remained closed.

The Mayor had also notified the League that if they attempted to take admission fees at the door without obtaining a license, which he refused in advance, they would be prosecuted. But the threat was unheeded. On Sunday evening admission was collected, and the Mayor was wise enough to take no notice of it, although he had a force of fifteen policemen, in citizens' dress, in the hall, who were under the charge of one of the shrewdest lawyers of the city.

The League were prepared for the meddlesome officials upon every point, and so well that they had not the hardihood to attempt to break up the Convention which they had declared their intention to do. In the first instance they had selected Col. Wm. B. Greene as presiding officer, who, being a wealthy and well-known citizen, was a barrier to any illegal action upon the part of the authorities. They found they had other than supposed poor and friendless women to contend with and their courage oozed out. Brave men! brave officials! Those Boston officials! That Boston Mayor! He was as bold as a lion when Victoria Woodhull proposed to speak in Music Hall and as brave a sheep when she spoke in Codman's Hall under the presiding protection of Col. Greene. Mayor Pierce! are you not proud of your laurels? They stand recorded in history to adorn your future reputation; and they will do it, rest assured of that. But Victoria Woodhull, in spite of you, spoke in Boston; and you dared not interfere. Free speech was vindicated by the actions of this League. All honor to them! They, too, shall stand recorded in history, and when the coming age shall compare their laurels with those of Mayor Pierce, his descendants will hang their heads in shame at the cowardly despotism that, if it had dared, would twice have prevented a woman from speaking in Boston.

We glean the following accounts of the several sessions from the Boston press, principally from the *Banner of Light*, *Herald* and *Post*, which gave the least biased reports of all the papers:

##### THE NEW ENGLAND LABOR REFORM LEAGUE.

The Convention, under the auspices of this organization, was opened Sunday morning, February 23, in Codman Hall, Boston, under somewhat peculiar circumstances. The committee had attempted to obtain Tremont Temple for the Convention, but were unsuccessful, inasmuch as it was expected that Mrs. Woodhull would be one of the speakers. This failure only seemed to increase the interest, however, and those who wished to hear her were in full attendance at the Convention to catch what few words she might be per-

mitted to speak. Her explanatory remarks in the morning excited some curiosity, and in the evening every seat and all standing room was occupied, and there was no satisfaction until Mrs. Woodhull was announced. There was no disturbance attending her remarks, however, and though some sensation was created, yet all passed off quietly and in order, and the members of the Police Department, who were present in citizens' clothes, did not feel called upon to make any objection to what transpired. The discussion of the resolutions was quite extended, and the views expressed were very numerous.

##### FIRST DAY—MORNING SESSION.

The morning session was opened at half-past ten, and was called to order by the President, Mr. William B. Green, who read the series of resolutions which were presented by Mr. Benjamin R. Tucker, who stated that they had been approved by the Executive Committee of the League:

WHEREAS, It has been alleged, both in Boston and elsewhere, by municipal authorities and as a governing rule, that, by the bare fact of an admission fee being demanded and taken at the door, a public meeting becomes a private assembly for amusement, like a theatre or circus, and as such requires to be specially licensed by municipal authority; and

WHEREAS, It has been intimated to the New England Labor Reform League, through some of its members, that if admission fees are demanded and taken at the door at the meetings of the League in its present session, all of those meetings being avowedly unlicensed by the city authorities, a duty may perhaps, under certain foreseen circumstances, be devolved on the city authority to disperse the meetings; and

WHEREAS, The assumption of unconstitutional authority on the part of municipal functionaries here and elsewhere may be just as well contested now as at some future time; and

WHEREAS, All disputes about the extent of constitutional rights ought to be conducted with the greatest possible amiability, courtesy and distinctness of statement, and with the least possible amount of passion, confusion or violence; therefore,

Resolved, That the meetings now being held by the New England Labor Reform League are, described in the nineteenth article of the Massachusetts Declaration of Rights, and are held under the guarantee of that article.

Resolved, That no statute law and no ordinance of the City of Boston actually exists authorizing the City of Boston either to assimilate the meetings of the New England Labor Reform League to theatrical entertainments or circuses or other amusements, or to require the league to take out a license for holding its meetings or to restrain the League from charging admission fees at the door.

Resolved, That if any such laws or ordinances really exist on paper, which, as a matter of fact, is here denied, such laws and ordinances are in violation of the Constitution of Massachusetts, and are, as such, null and void.

Resolved, That the league at one or more of the meetings of the present session, or at all of them, as the executive committee may decide, will demand and receive admission fees at the door.

Resolved, That his Honor the Mayor of Boston is hereby respectfully called upon to protect the meetings of the League from outside violence and from the intrusion of disorderly persons.

Resolved, That if any meeting of the League, in its present session, is dispersed by the city authorities or prevented from assembling under color that the meeting is not licensed, or that admission fees are demanded and taken at the door, or that the city has a right to dictate what persons as such shall or shall not have a right to speak on the League's platform, then the officers of the League are requested to contest, in a peaceful, orderly and legal manner, the authority of the city officials to disperse such meeting on such pretenses; and they are also requested to make use of the proper and legal process for obtaining, if possible, a decision of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth, on the whole question, or to take such other measures for redress as may seem to them necessary and advisable; also to devise means to pay the expense of contesting the matter, the League having no power to vote money for legal or other purposes and no money to vote.

Resolved, That, if legal action is taken, a copy of these resolutions be sent to the "Legislative Body" of the Commonwealth, "by way of address," to serve, if need be, as a "remonstrance" and as a reminder to the General Court of "wrongs done" to the people by unconstitutional usurpations of power on the part of municipal authorities and of "the grievances suffered" by the people through a withholding from them of the liberties guaranteed to them in the Massachusetts Declaration of Rights.

The mover of the resolutions supported them in a lengthy address:

##### MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

When the young Oxenstiern was ready to set out on his travels, the old gentleman, his father, the Chancellor of Sweden, laid his hand on the young man's head, and said to him: "Go forth, my son, and see with how little wisdom this world is governed." The authentic American tradition has it, that "the world is governed too much," also, that "the best government is the one that governs least." Without doubt, the less we have of such government as is grounded in folly, the better. It is the unquestioned American maxim that great confidence should be reposed in the rational integrity and discretion of the people. The best government whenever or wherever it can be safely instituted, is always self-government. It is the aim of our free institutions, working by the instrumentality of common schools, churches, lectures, political meetings, and the like, to make every man to be his own governor.

Under the influence of avarice, pride, envy, ambition, and the other passions which have their roots in the centre of the infernal bonfire, "power is always stealing from the many to the few." But, on the other hand, under the counter-influence of that light which enlightens every man who comes

into the world, and which the darkness always culminates, because the darkness never comprehends it, power is gradually and progressively stripped from kings, nobles and magistrates (that is, from the few), and silently transferred to the many; and so self-government is gradually and progressively instituted among men. The warfare between the powers of light and the powers of darkness, between the principles of liberty which come forth out of heaven, and the principles of despotism which originate in the pit of hell, is as old as the world. But the ultimate triumph of light over darkness was foreordained from the beginning. It is written: "There was war in heaven; Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought with his angels, and prevailed not. And the great dragon, that old serpent, the devil and satan, which deceiveth the whole world, was cast out."

It is to be observed that the love of sway, and of authority, and of supremacy, and of might, are precisely the passions whose action is forbidden, always and everywhere, by just laws, if just laws exist. The dangerous classes of society are not the poor and the afflicted; but are composed of the special men and women who, actuated by avarice, envy and the love of sway and dominion strive to cause power to pass from the many to the few, strive to wipe out acquired guarantees of liberty, strive to establish the domination of man over man, and the subordination of man to man. What moral superiority can our own especial governing classes put forward as a justification of their arrogant claims for the superiority of constituted government over the constitution which creates it? Are the Credit Mobilier men who are the cream of the cream of the Massachusetts governing classes, and who are now making the name of Massachusetts to be a stench in the nostrils of all nations, fit to govern the honest laundresses, seamstresses, mechanics, and other unimpeached persons, who are trying to hold this meeting? Has any one of us made the equivocal exhibit of himself that Congressman Dawes made on the stump? Who, among those here present is in the pitiful predicament of having shown as Henry Wilson has shown, before a Congressional committee, that a one-inch gauge suffices to probe to the very bottom of his shallow moral nature? Charges have been made against some of us, but they have not yet been tried. We have not yet been proved to be liars. There is no reason shown and proved, why any of us should be deprived of our natural and constitutional rights. We are nothing and nobody; but we have never yet sunk, in the matter of meanness, to anything like the low level occupied by the bright particular stars of the Massachusetts governing classes—the special stars which have received, over and over again, the seal and sanction at the polls of an overwhelming favorable vote.

Such persons as have attained to the dignity of self-government are false to their duty if they fail to defend the rights which the many have achieved, and which is embodied in the individual American citizen; rights guaranteed to every subject of Massachusetts by the Massachusetts Bill of Rights. Thomas Jefferson says: "What country can preserve its liberties, if its rulers are not warned from time to time that the peoples preserve their spirit of resistance? What signify a few lives lost in a century or two? The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants; it is its natural manure." We don't propose, however, to get up on any of these high ropes. It is not likely that any of us will get killed on account of the matter now in hand, and we don't propose to kill anybody. It is not at all likely that the tree of liberty will be watered this time with human blood. On the contrary, we are apprehensive that, after the meeting adjourns, several of the gentlemen present, arrayed against each other here, will meet fraternally, to celebrate the occasion with liquids more illegal than even shed blood. Why don't the city government, before it puts us down, put down the grog shops? Why don't it attend to the cases of the Parker House, the Tremont House, the Revere House, and of Young's Hotel? Why don't it stop the issue of some of the powerful Boston daily papers, on account of the obscenity and criminal immortality of their medical advertisements? We have nothing to say here of the United States Government; for we are dealing now with the Boston city government only. The United States seem to think it the just thing to wink at obscenity in powerful journals that have been patently obscene for years, both in their advertisements and in their illustrations, such of them as have illustrations, and are as obscene to-day as they ever were; and at the same time the great American Eagle seeming to think it a pretty manoeuvre to swoop down on a defenceless woman's journal, because of alleged obscenity that is not at all patent, and that many persons altogether fail to perceive. We most respectfully take leave to differ from the United States in opinion. We affirm that the

"Tall graybird with a bending beak,  
With a clear, bright eye, and a piercing shriek,"

has become of late a very foul bird, and one of exceedingly unpretty manners and behavior. We will, nevertheless, try to think as well as we can of the Federal Grand Jury. Mr. President, Gentlemen and Ladies, we have the power of money against us here in Boston. That is all. But we would not be understood to speak in depreciation of the power of money; on the contrary.

It is written expressly in the solemn "Declaration of the Rights of the Inhabitants of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," in the nineteenth article, that

"The people have a right, in an orderly and peaceable manner, to assemble to consult on the common good, give instructions to their representatives, and to request of the legislative body, by way of addresses, petitions and remonstrances, redress of wrongs done them, and of the grievances they suffer."

This article guarantees the right of the people to assemble and consult upon the common good, whether in private meetings, with closed doors, in sessions "grand, gloomy and peculiar," or in public meetings with open doors. It is under the shadow of the Massachusetts "big Indian," with the erect five-rayed star over his right shoulder, and with the



great arm of the Commonwealth pictured over the Indian, that we assemble to-day. What is the motto of the Massachusetts coat of arms? It is this: "Under the sword we seek the quiet of placid liberty." This is just what we are doing to-day. Under what sword? Under the sword which the Massachusetts magistrate beareth not in vain. If lewd fellows of the baser sort come in here to disturb our meeting it is the duty of the Massachusetts magistrate to put them out. If blackguards of the governing classes come here with the same nefarious purpose in their hearts, let the big sword of the Commonwealth come down to smite them.

Three persons assembled to consult on the common good, a president, a secretary and one person to serve as audience, suffice it to make a constitutional meeting under the guarantee of the Bill of Rights; and these three persons may be women and children; for women and children, although not legal voters, are, after all, people. Are there not more than three of us here?

A meeting of the people for consultation on the common good is a meeting guaranteed by the Bill of Rights; and all statute laws and city ordinances that are in conflict with the Bill of Rights are, for that very reason, null and void.

Are we not consulting on the common good? This is no assembly for hearing scientific, moral or other lectures, but an assembly for consultation on the common good; this is no theatre, no circus, no mere place of amusement, but an assembly called under the solemn guarantee of the nineteenth article of the Bill of Rights. This nineteenth article also requires that we should hold our meeting in an orderly and peaceable manner. Are we not orderly and peaceable? If any disorder occurs here it will be the fault of the Massachusetts magistrate, not ours; and the Massachusetts magistrate cannot, by his own remissness, neglect of duty or misconstruction of law work a forfeiture of our constitutional right. The article also requires that we should have the instruction of our representatives in view, and that our consultations should turn on matters that may or may not eventuate in addresses, petitions or remonstrances, to the Legislature. Have we no foregone intention of bothering the Legislature? Wait and see!

I now come to the main point. I know that I am prosy, and that the audience is impatient; but hear me through. Bankmen, railroadmen and the like hold meetings under the nineteenth article of the Bill of Rights, and, with closed doors, allowing none but specially designated persons to be present; moreover, they draw up at such meetings petitions and remonstrances addressed to the Legislature. They act within the limits of their just rights in so doing. Everybody knows where the money comes from that pays their hall-hire. I have something to say on this matter of hall-hire. How are the poor if they are forbidden to lay assessments upon themselves when they hold meetings to raise money to pay their hall-hire? And what difference does it make in principle, whether the assessment is levied at the door, or upon each member after he is seated? To say that a meeting called to consult on the common good is, because persons enter it on payment of an admission fee, therefore, necessarily, a theatre, or a circus, or some other like place of amusement, is, first, to do violence to the English language, and to obvious fact, and, secondly, to do a great constitutional wrong. To say, for instance, to working-women, who are proverbially poor, that, if they call a meeting, charging an admission fee at the door, their meeting is no meeting for consultation on the common good, called with a view to exert an influence on the Legislature for the redress of grievances, but is, on the contrary, a theatre, or circus, or other place of amusement. Without constitutional sanction, and liable as such to the capricious action of the municipal authorities, is to say to the working-women, in effect, that they acquire no right under the nineteenth article of the Bill of Rights, until after they shall have given such guarantees to the governing classes, that some respectable person or persons shall come forward able and willing to pay the expenses of the meeting. Is this the exact thing that is intended? I ask, Mr. President, Gentlemen and Ladies, if poor women and poor men, half-skilled mechanics and day-laborers, have no right to hold a meeting for the redress of grievances until after persons with money in their pockets have seen fit to give their assent? I ask again, where, in the nineteenth article of the Bill of Rights, or any other article of the Bill of Rights, this proviso about admission-fees is to be found? I am confident that the justice of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth will never give their sanction to this new-fangled interpretation of the grand old Massachusetts Declaration of Rights. The Massachusetts right to hold meetings for the redress of grievances is as much a right of the poor as it is a right of the rich. And the poor who have no way—other than that of laying assessments, or, which is the same thing, taking an admission fee—to pay their hall-hire, need the protection of the Constitution just as much as the rich need it, and have as many grievances to lay before the Legislature as the rich have.

A very long communication was read by the chairman from Boston Section No. 1, Working People's International Association, expressing the views of that body upon the various questions of reform now agitated. The chairman said he would introduce Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull. He would not have it understood that he was in sympathy with her views or doctrines, for of those he was ignorant, but he was in sympathy with "Mrs. Woodhull as a martyr" of municipal usurpation.

Mrs. Woodhull ascended the rostrum, and expressed regret that the invitation extended to herself by the committee of the League had debarred them from holding their sessions in Tremont Temple, as originally intended. She did feel it a duty to be present at the convention, not because she had anything in particular to say, but as a matter of principle. She said she had spoken before in our finest halls, to very appreciative audiences, and Heaven above had not thought she was obscene. Immaculate Boston heard and approved, and the very finest notices she had had were by Boston papers. But the current of feeling had changed, because, with the "point of a cambric needle only," she had "pricked the great

social ulcer" [applause], and immediately immaculate Boston lifted up her hands in holy horror. She said that at the time she had no thought of Boston in her mind, and had no idea that the "galled jade" was going to wince so terribly. The speaker thought she (Boston) must have been fearfully hurt, as she had made more noise than all the rest of the country put together. She held that in attempting to suppress free speech, because people thought it would expose corruption in and outside the churches, they were accessories to the crime. She held that, from the fact that the Mayor of Boston and her officials felt called upon to suppress the speech she would deliver, they dare not allow the delivery lest their own conditions should be therein depicted. She had some things to utter before she left the city, and counted it the proudest day of her life that she could stand before people who dared to say their souls were their own.

The President read a paper from the Boston Section No. 1 (French) of the International Association, explaining the difference between the idea of the Workingmen's reform in contrast with the International reform, the former being in favor of men only, whereas the Internationals included all toilers. The Treasury of the Government should be very poor, and the people very rich, and then there would not be so many adventurers upon the finances of the Government. Justice, and not equal rights in injustice, is the right principle to govern a people upon.

Mr. John Orvis was there because he was a Christian, and sought the society of the most religious people. One thing was distinctive in Christianity, and that was, that it sought the poor, the needy and the outcast. He did not think there was another meeting in Boston where the outcasts were cared for. The meeting was religious in this manner, because religion covers every action of a man's life. It must be a practical affair, touching practical humanity. Pure religion meant to visit the sick and the fatherless, and keep one's self unspotted from the world. He would venture to say there was not a religious society that had touched the institutionalized justice, and he left it to themselves to say how unspotted they are. They were simply fighting old dogmas. The relation of employer to employee was nothing but slavery—the great fish swallowing up the little ones. With free access to the soil, free access to tools, and free opportunities, they would never work at wages. He wanted labor reform and political action which should sweep away the laws which had given one part of the community any more than another, and maintains them in that position. A nobler and more practical life, whether from the spirit-land or elsewhere, would be acceptable to the people of the world.

John Wetherbee was called upon, and said that on former occasions he had entirely dissented from Mr. Orvis's ideas, but this time he fully concurred with him. He agreed to that gentleman's exposition of the Scripture, and said that either Orvis had been converted to true religion or else he (Wetherbee) had backslid. [Laughter.] He defended the State street brokers, who had been somewhat reflected upon, and said that on the score of vital, practical religion the Board of Brokers would average about the same as the audience before him, or as any of the Boston churches. When the seats at the Brokers' Board were sold some time since, the amount of premiums realized was \$1,500, which was thereupon instantly voted to a soldier who had lost both arms in the war. He never heard that a church had done anything like that with the premium derived from the sale of pews. He knew that Mr. Heywood and Mr. Orvis agreed that profits were plunder, that interest on money was theft, and that brokers and stock speculators were the thieves and plunderers. Yet they never failed to ask him for a five-dollar bill to carry on their conventions, and he never failed to give it. They knew that he obtained it by his operations on State street. Accordingly they say it was stolen money, and if so, why is not the receiver as bad as the thief?

Major Guatila, who fought on the side of the Commune in the late war in France, was introduced and spoke in French. He thanked the audience for the honor conferred on him and for the attention paid to the exposition of the French Internationals, which he said was correct. He wanted to thank them for the sympathy that had been expressed for his country not only on his own part, but on the part of other of his friends with him.

Mr. Dowdell said he had much interest in the cause of one who had been advertised to be heard there. He did not agree with the ideas expressed by Mr. Orvis. For his own part he had come to Boston without a dollar in his pocket, and in twenty years he had become independent.

Mr. Orvis—You didn't get it by industry, you got it by speculating and profit.

Mr. Dowdell—I got it by industry—by practical labor. If I was going to engage in any reform I would reform the morals and appetites of men. [Applause.] When you will reform men's appetites and morals you have done away with the great foundation of all that lies at the base of human misery and suffering.

Mr. Orvis—Are you a moral man?

Mr. Dowdell—I try to be one as far as possible, and I will give Spiritualism the credit of it.

Mr. Orvis—If you are a moral man and live in a moral community, how do you account for the existence of the enormous vices in society?

Mr. Dowdell—I will answer you in the words of Mr. Alger last Sunday: It is the friction of human law.

Mr. Orvis—No man ever did or can become independent from labor; it must be by a process of profit and speculation. However good a man may be, he is in function a robber of others if he engages in such.

The morning session was closed with some remarks from Mrs. Heywood and Mr. Rhodes.

Afternoon Session.—The afternoon session was more fully attended than that of the morning, and the discussion was carried on at considerable length.

Mr. John C. Cluer sympathized with Mrs. Woodhull in her recent treatment by municipal authorities, and related in a laughable manner some bits of his own experience. He did not know what Mrs. Woodhull wanted to say, but he wanted her to have the privilege of saying it, whatever it might be.

Mr. E. H. Heywood offered the following resolutions;

*Resolved*, That, since nothing can rightfully be held as property which is not the product of human labor, the ownership of lands, mines, water-flow and other natural resources is morally inadmissible; and we seek the extinction of all claims to wealth which assume to hold, or sell, more than the cost of improvements.

*Resolved*, That, while the free use of land, as of the air, is the natural and inalienable privilege of every human being, the attempt to hold or sell it for gain, is sufficient cause for its confiscation, and the indictment of the traffickers as common thieves.

*Resolved*, That the ever-increasing demoralization of cities is mainly due to the subjection of labor and of women to the avarice and lust of reputedly "good" men, and while it is not the business of this League to enter upon questions of Love and Marriage, we welcome to our platform Victoria C. Woodhull, or any other citizen who aims to abolish the pernicious system by which men now have the industrial and social services of women, without paying the pecuniary and moral costs thereof.

*Resolved*, That, renewing our demand for the immediate abolition of distinctions of sex in the ballot, we urge Massachusetts to follow the example of California in forbidding school committees to discriminate against women in the salaries of teachers; and entreat all people to make an end of the ineffably mean and dishonest practice of paying girls and women less than boys and men for the same work.

*Resolved*, That no worse evidence of human depravity exists than the general effort of people to secure an income without work; that the frauds of Tammany Democrats and Credit Mobilier Republican Christians are nothing in comparison with the vicious schemes by which, under the sanction of Church, State, the Courts, literature, science and perverse public opinion, men and women everywhere strive to get control of property without returning equivalent personal service.

*Resolved*, That the effort of Gov. Washburn and his confederate capitalists, in the Massachusetts Legislature, to abolish the Labor Bureau, should rouse working people to a knowledge of the fact that Federal, State and Municipal Governments are in the hands of men as fully determined to profit by others' earnings as the old slave oligarchy were to subsist on the unrequited toil of negroes; that the friends of labor, of woman, and of peace should unite their forces in a political movement to teach these enemies of social justice the salutary lessons of honesty and good manners which they so much need to learn.

*Resolved*, That the effort of Mayor Pierce to revise our list of speakers, to determine what subjects we shall discuss, and class reform meetings under the head of "amusements," forbidding them to take an admission fee toward expenses without a license, which he refuses in advance to give, is an indirect but complete denial of the sacred right of free inquiry, which no pro-slavery predecessor stooped low enough to undertake; that we shall continue to exercise the natural and constitutional right of the people "orderly and peaceably to assemble and consult for the common good," taking an admission fee if necessary, and invite all good citizens to join us in resisting this new, impertinent and scandalous outrage upon popular liberty.

Miss A. H. C. Phelps discussed the resolutions, and thought that renting the property should all belong to the women; and if men wanted the use of land, they should hire it of them. That would be the time for the millennium on earth.

Mr. Orvis had a few words to add to his former statement.

John E. Fitzgerald, who was accidentally present, was called upon to express his views on the resolutions presented. Although he had been on stumping expeditions with his friend, Mr. Heywood, he was not able to go so high as these resolutions went. He was in favor of labor reform and woman suffrage, but he could not support the first resolutions, because they were impracticable. He noticed that some of those who "never would own anything" were the first at the banks to get their dividends, and wanted all that was earned. He did not believe there were six men there who believed what they said when they put out such resolutions.

Mr. N. E. Chase spoke against woman suffrage.

Dr. Bigelow and Dr. Dillingham were unqualifiedly in favor of woman suffrage.

Mrs. Angela Heywood made a startling address on the subject of social evils, and the proprietors and customers of the business.

With a few remarks from other gentlemen, the session was closed.

*Evening Session.*—The evening session was opened by remarks by Mr. John Wetherbee, on the difference between brains and physical labor. If one man saved \$700 in a lifetime by saving wood, and another saved \$1,000,000 by his brains, he did not think the second man had stolen \$999,300. There was no such thing as rubbing brains out of the world. The question was how to combine brains with general matters, so that the great fish should not eat up the small ones; but they were all fishes, and the world was full of scaly people.

Hon. E. M. Chamberlain said the wages system was a system of slavery that must be abolished. The pay of labor was its production, and any dividend or interest was robbery from those whose hands produced it. The Labor Reform League was a class institution for the interests of the laboring classes, and when the object is accomplished they will go into history. Their present point to gain was to get more time, and the plan was sure to be accomplished.

Dr. H. B. Storer had been called there with an interest of championing free speech. He was glad that there was one place in the city where people could draw a full breath. Free speech was the first step in any reform, and he was glad that there were some who were in favor of it.

Dr. C. K. Wheeler thought the question was whether people held land which they did not own, while every other matter was sunk out of sight. He was decidedly opposed to the remarks of Mr. Wetherbee. Conviction of the soul was the grand idea of all martyrs, and was a primal element in



his conduct, which had so thoroughly agitated public opinion. Human nature was the same in the poor as in the rich, and if they had the wealth of the rich they would use it in the same way. He had no pity for laboring men individually, for they were powerless unless they were united. There were acres of land not far from the city which were not occupied nor owned by any one, and might as well be used by poor men as not. If not legally, then illegally, for human law was nothing to the moral rights of men.

Mr. L. H. Morse thought if they were all disarmed of their prejudices they would be astonished to see how nearly alike they all were. But it was a matter of growth. He thought that whatever was fit for heaven was fit for earth; he thought free speech was the foundation of all reform, and with their efforts in the right direction they could not fail of success.

Mr. Elliot did not want to wait for the millennium, but was in favor of hurrying it along. There were ninety-five thousand people in the United States unemployed, and he proposed that they make employment for themselves. If it could not be accomplished in any other way, he would go through Mr. A. T. Stewart's establishment and organize a quick reform.

The chairman called the gentleman to order on this point, on the ground that such sentiments could not be tolerated by the laws of the State, and as presiding officer he was an official of the State. The matter excited a little discussion, but the chairman held to his decision, and the matter was avoided by the introduction of Mrs. Woodhull to the audience. Immediately the audience began to applaud, while Mrs. Woodhull advanced rapidly to the stage with a copy of the suppressed speech in her hand and began her remarks. There was silence with the first words that fell from her lips, and there was a decided sensation of surprise and expectation as she proceeded:

Mrs. Woodhull said that she did not think she could speak at that time without bias, since what she had passed through during the last three or four months had so engrossed her mind that if she had anything to say it must be upon that subject. Whatever she might say, she alone was responsible for it. Mrs. Woodhull then proceeded: "I am a mother; my first-born idiotic—a little boy nineteen years old without the dawn of reason; my little girl bright. I hear people talk of this reform and the other, and it is all right; but it seems to me that if the attention of people in New York or Boston could be called to this question of proper generation, of making proper men and women, there would be no hall in Boston, or in New York, or all the halls put together, that would hold the great mass of people that is going out wailing, wailing for this great reform, the reform that goes down deep into the mother's womb, the reform of that which presses men and women into the world half made up. It seems to me that the question which is before this convention for discussion cannot be remedied by calling each other thieves and robbers. The very people who arrested me in New York were my best friends. I have no fault to find with them, for they were ignorant of these things, and the marshals that conducted me from one prison to another came out of that ordeal better men. They were educated by the process." Mrs. Woodhull then said that she held in her hand a copy of the paper that caused her arrest, from which she proposed to read some extracts.

After quoting from the first part of the speech, she said: "I hold that the social question, the question of proper generation that is before the country to-day, is the question that arouses the people from one end of the world to the other. Every word of this address was telegraphed to London as soon as it appeared; there is no question that touches the people so keenly and so quickly as this." The part of the speech referring to Mr. Beecher was read and explained, on the ground that the clergymen whom the speaker regarded as hypocrites should be the first to advance in the reform, on the propriety of which they were well informed. With twenty-five years proper direction of the young, all the asylums and public institutions for foundlings and for criminals could be turned into scientific institutions, and the cells filled, not with murderers and idiots, but with men and women of noble purposes and high culture. Mrs. Woodhull went on: The entire system of education has been wrong, and people are terribly alarmed because some one has pulled up the veil and given people a peep inside. It was, as a Presbyterian minister had said to her, not because she had shocked one person only, but because she had shocked the whole world, that she had been placed under such general censure.

During the remarks of Mrs. Woodhull there were occasional expressions of approval, but at the close there was a sort of universal delight and relief that she had not been interrupted. The principle of free speech had at last triumphed to a certain degree. The chairman explained his position, and there were a few remarks upon the resolutions before the assembly, but the interest was at an end, and in a few moments the session was adjourned.

#### SECOND DAY.

The proceedings of the second day of the Convention of the New England Labor Reform League were carried on on Monday, Feb. 24, in Hall No. 4, John A. Andrew building, Mr. John Orvis presiding. The first measure presented was a petition to the Legislature remonstrating against the sale or consolidation of the Hoosac Tunnel, and urging the State ownership of the whole line. Mr. E. H. Heywood, the Secretary, read the following letters:

CHARLESTOWN, Mass., Feb. 22, 1873.

E. H. HEYWOOD:

Dear Sir—I see I am announced to speak at the coming Convention. I do not feel strong enough to work on the platform with Mrs. Woodhull at present. I am not prepared to meet the cost it would bring. I may be stronger some time.

I look at Mrs. Woodhull as a brave, strong woman, and likely more chaste in her life and truth-loving than most who denounce her. I am a subscriber for her paper, and often defend her character when assailed; but I do not think she is right in attempting to force others to stand beside her and support her in her views of love and marriage. Every indi-

vidual must and should decide what his or her position should be. The sovereignty of the individual should be accorded in what one does not wish to do as much as in what one desires to accomplish. Nothing short of this is sovereignty in which you with myself profess to believe.

I much prefer to keep the Labor Reform free from that which Mrs. Woodhull is mostly identified with, as it is feeble and insufficiently supported, and cannot carry the weight of the marriage and divorce question without being greatly retarded. I am not discussing the question whether Mrs. Woodhull is right or wrong in her views of freedom, but rather is it wise or judicious to load the labor movement with her ideas!

I close, hoping much good may result from the Convention, and your efforts generally in behalf of reform.

Fraternally yours,

OLIVE N. ROBINSON.

CLINTON, MASS., Saturday, Feb. 22, 1873.

My Dear Mr. Heywood—I had hoped, until the last moment, to be able to meet you in convention, but owing to a press of business it is simply impossible.

Allow me to warmly congratulate you on being able to procure Tremont Temple, and that Mrs. Woodhull has consented to make one of your speakers.

My sympathies are entirely with you in your efforts to rouse the people to a sense of their dangers—to see and feel the indignities and injustice continually heaped upon the toilers by the Government, the Church, and, above all, the stupendous moneyed monopolies in this country. Unless the encroachments of these audacious and corrupt "powers that be" are met with a determined front, the days of our boasted Republic are, in my opinion, numbered.

I wish that you may read these words to the Convention, and believe me heart and soul with the noble minds and brave hearts convened in Tremont Temple.

Very sincerely,

A. BRIGGS DAVIS.

EAST ABINGTON, Mass., Feb. 7, 1873.

MR. E. H. HEYWOOD:

Dear Sir—Although our differences are so great that I was surprised that you asked me to speak on your platform, yet I was inclined to speak as you requested, until, upon consulting with friends in Boston, I was informed that you had invited Victoria C. Woodhull to speak for you. It will therefore be impossible for me to accept.

Very respectfully,

JESSE H. JONES.

BOSTON, January 29, 1873.

Dear Mr. Heywood—Thanking you for your kind letter and invitation, assuring you of my deep sympathy with the objects of the New England Labor Reform League and promising to do in my own place all I can for the cause, I have to say that so much work is already taking my time and strength that I am obliged to forego the engagement you propose. But, without positively promising, I shall try to attend your convention and if an opportunity offers, when I have a fit word to offer, I will speak it.

Wishing you all success, I am, very truly, your friend,

WM. L. ALGER.

Feb. 4.

My Dear Mr. Heywood—Thanks for your invitation. I must decline it for one reason—want of time. My hands are full. If you will tell me how to make my days thirty hours long, I'll come over to your help.

With my best regards to Mrs. Heywood,

Very truly yours,

J. M. MANNING.

CELL 56,

THE TOMBS,

Feb. 21, '73.

To Chairman GREENE HEYWOOD

and The Labor Reformers,

in Council assembled,

Tremont Temple, Boston:

The time has come to measure the powers  
Twixt man who produces and man who devours.  
Will ye drop into pauper graves,  
Demand your rights or die as slaves?

Shall those who earn what they eat  
Pay those who steal what they get?  
No, cowards! Stand on your feet;  
Wipe out the national debt!

Graduate direct taxation;  
Wealth should pay by fair gradation;  
Less time for work, more for thought—  
Ignorance is always bought!

Tax the churches! tax the belly!  
My religion is that of Shelley;  
Oblige the people to read and write;  
Demand their rights at once or fight.

Woman should exercise her dower;  
The people should hold the veto power—  
This Congressional Mobliler Tweed  
Shows corruption has gone to seed.

Foreclose, wipe out the bonded debt,  
Rich man's mortgage on poor man's sweat;  
Equalize the rich and poor,  
And make your next election sure!

The people want no war;  
They have no time to go to war;  
When right is crushed out by might  
The one thing left for man is fight!

Working-men, pay no taxes!  
Start the battle! grind your axes!  
The only thing to save the nation  
Is immediate repudiation!

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

(Nine weeks in the Tombs for quoting the Bible.)

P. S.—

Thanks, good friend; I wish you well,  
But, shut up in this Bastille cell,  
Can only send a word from Hell,  
*Hallelujah! Jubilate!*

Who is this wrathful God of Hate?  
What is this mystery of Fate  
That leaves me here so desolate?  
*Miserere! Domine!*

In name of God and Liberty,  
Destroy all love and sympathy  
And crush out infidelity.  
*Civis Americamus Sum!*

It almost surpasseth belief  
To see the would-be nation's chief  
Bastiled like a common thief.  
*Sic Semper Tyrannus!*

Christians no longer disagree;  
The men who would the people free  
Must live and die in tyranny.  
*Gloria in Excelsis!*

G. F. T.

A list of resolutions was adopted, recognizing the unity of humanity, and that the welfare or injury of one was the welfare or injury of all; that society should be a common providence for the equal protection, assistance and encouragement of all; that existing poverty, disease and crime are but another name for organized fraud, duplicity and war, resting on crystallized abuses of prior savage and barbaric ages; that society shall take its strong feet off the necks of women, and that they shall be clothed with citizenship, political and social rights; that the conflict between labor and capital is not normal, but artificial; that speculation is a fraud, and that co-operation is the remedy for these evils.

Following the resolutions, a discussion took place, Mr. John C. Cluer having a few words in favor of the "little bit of a lady," Mrs. Woodhull, and Mr. Orvis discussing the point of the relation of capital and labor. Mr. Loring Moody followed to the same point. Mr. James Miller expressed his want of faith in legislative action, over which Satan presided, but he had more confidence in the Bible, which he thought contained the proper remedy. A discussion as to the authenticity of the Bible was ruled out of order, and the morning session was completed with remarks by Mr. L. K. Joslin, of Providence, who had something to say on finance and the success of the free-love discussion; and his last remarks were followed by others of a similar nature from Mrs. Heywood, who was confident of the success of Mrs. Woodhull.

Afternoon Session.—The afternoon session was opened with the further discussion of the railroad question by Mr. Orvis, and the poverty-and-vice resolution by Mr. Cluer. Mr. John Bowdler, of West Roxbury, was not satisfied with the land resolutions offered the previous day, and also took exception to the principle of woman's suffrage, which he thought would take the ballot out of the hands of men. Mrs. A. H. C. Phelps again enunciated her doctrine, allowing the women to own all the land, on a religious ground. She was opposed to Mrs. Woodhull's manner of reforming society, as objectionable on the ground of too great "State ownership" of the young of the Commonwealth.

The officers elected for the present year were then announced as follows: President, John Orvis, of Boston; Vice-Presidents, William B. Green, L. K. Joslin, of Rhode Island; A. B. Brown, of New Hampshire; J. G. Blanchard and two others; Recording Secretary, William M. Wright; Corresponding Secretary, E. H. Heywood; Treasurer, Benj. R. Tucker; Executive Committee, William B. Green, Benj. R. Tucker, Wm. B. Wright, E. H. Heywood and Mrs. Lula Mulliken. Mr. Heywood and Mr. Jesse H. Jones had a sharp tilt on the question of free money and its value. A resolution was offered and adopted that, whereas, there were certain clergymen in the City of Boston at that time met to devise means for shutting up the Public Library on the Sabbath, therefore the thanks of the Convention were tendered to the City Government for their successful efforts to open it to the public. Moses Hull responded to a call for Mrs. Woodhull, who was upon the stage, but declined to speak. Mr. Godfrey, of Milford, said the great difficulty with the success of the laboring classes was beer, whisky, brandy, rum, etc. If those could be eliminated their cause would be a prosperous one. Radical remarks followed from Ed. S. Wheeler. A gentleman in the audience, claiming to be a minister's son, thought as a class they were a useless body of non-producers, equally so as the Congressional company at Washington. Mr. Jones valiantly defended the clergy, of whom he was one, as a class of honest men—the best in the community. The session was then brought to a close.

Evening Session.—The evening session was devoted entirely to the delivery of the "Suppressed Speech" by Mrs. Woodhull. The hall was crowded to its fullest capacity with ladies and gentlemen some time before the hour for the commencement, and there was some little uneasiness until the chairman called the assembly to order. As a preliminary measure he introduced the following resolution:

"Whereas, the ever-increasing demoralization of cities is mainly due to the subjection of labor and of women to the avarice and lust of reputedly 'good' men, we, the undersigned, in behalf of the New England Labor Reform League, respectfully request the Senate and House of Representatives of Massachusetts, in General Court assembled, to inquire whether further legislation, either by enactment or repeal, is needed to destroy the pernicious system whereby men now have the industrial and social services of woman without paying the pecuniary and moral costs thereof."

When the resolution had been read, Mrs. Woodhull was introduced, and amid loud and continued applause spoke substantially as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen—I thank you for your warm reception. I always knew that when an appeal was made to the people it was made in the right place. It is only a few who



try to control the many, to whom it is vain to appeal, but whenever a question of truth goes out to be answered by them, they never fail to respond. In this connection I wish to read you a poem written by your great Boston poet, James Russell Lowell, at the time when Lloyd Garrison was being dragged through the streets of Boston with a halter about his neck for his anti-slavery principles. Mrs. Woodhull, in an earnest and pleasing manner, then recited the poem referred to, emphasizing as she read it the line, "They have rights who dare maintain them," etc., and receiving the applause of her audience. "If that poem was applicable to the human race then, it is equally applicable to the human race now," she said.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies among her worshippers."

Fresh from the cell of an American bastille a woman appears in this hall to-night. [Applause, and a voice—"Welcome."] Coming from the jurisdiction of the United States Courts, where she has good reason to believe justice is not intended, this woman comes before the court of the people, the court higher than all others, knowing that justice reigns where intrigue cannot enter nor money corrupt. It is not necessary to show the futility of taking a case to court or expecting justice from it, unless that case is well fortified by greenbacks, gold or bonds. In the present case the defendants have been made to feel the power of money; and if so much can be done before a trial, what may not be expected after it. The ground upon which persecution sprang up was the ground of moral cowardice and modern hypocrisy, in which almost all human action now finds its source. Two years ago the 14th day of last April the defendants began the publication of their journal, and for a considerable time all went well and the terms applied to the proprietors were very flattering. But these things were too sweet to last long, for the milk of human kindness had not yet found an unflinching flow in the heart of man, and at once the minds of the public were turned against them by the press with the idea that they had become humbugs, frauds, blackmailers and the corruptors of the United States mails and of those of revered and spotless reputation.

No single accusation was made, but it was all based upon this system of insinuation and innuendo, which can easily be used to the disadvantage of any one. This charge is as false as it is infamous, and the newspapers who have made it, I hope, some day, will have humanity enough to take it back. [Applause.] It is because I have been so stigmatized that I have been refused Tremont Temple, and, as a prominent criminal lawyer has told me, I am found guilty before trial, and have no doubt I shall be sent up the river with a striped jacket for a few months. All that the defendants do claim is freedom. Their own ownership is inalienable, no matter what others may think or do of their own accord. But the reform recommended by the defendants that the social system should be so amended that no women would be even requested, much less compelled, to barter their sex either for a permanent home or a temporary support—this idea, it was all at once discovered, would work a complete revolution in the social system to which men are now wedded, and immediately it must be stopped. It only provided that men and women should be on an equality, and if a certain evil was to be a disgrace to unmarried women, it should be so to unmarried men as well.

Mrs. W. then criticized the manner in which their arrest had been made and the grounds upon which it had been maintained. Without objecting to any proper legal proceedings, she felt that the prosecution against her had no foundation in fact, but that it was simply the work of moral cowardice and modern hypocrisy. It was the authority of the Government protecting "revered" citizens against a principle which could not be proved wrong. It was working a baneful result even in Boston. Even the Spiritualists, as well as the conservative judges, had been awfully respectful of late. On an application to speak on Music Hall platform Sunday afternoon, the reply had been, "It will kill our Society." In her own thoughts she had said, let them die, then, in the same spirit that she had told a certain lady in New York, when asked why she would meddle with private affairs, she replied, "While you have not the moral courage to tell the truth, I will most assuredly lift the veil."

In closing, she said: "I thank you a thousand times for listening so attentively to my speech, and I feel that I ought to be heard by the people, for I stand before you to-day a criminal under almost half a million bail, liable to be sent to the penitentiary during the next six weeks; and I know that if the people can know the facts, I will not be obliged to stay there a great while. You are a part of public opinion, and an expression of public opinion is a great power to influence any public or private action. [Applause.]

The audience preserved a perfect quiet during the evening, and Mrs. Woodhull spoke with comparative ease and freedom. At the close the chairman congratulated the assembly on the fact that the terrible speech had been delivered, and Boston still lived, and would, perhaps, bear another similar shock on the coming evening.

It had been found necessary for Mrs. Woodhull to repeat her speech of the evening, because many who had purchased tickets for the lecture had been unable to get in the hall. Accordingly the League now adjourned, to meet again at 7½ P. M., in John A. Andrew Hall.

#### LAST SESSION OF THE CONVENTION.

At the appointed time on Tuesday evening, Mrs. Woodhull appeared before the audience packed in John A. Andrew Hall, and instead of repeating the speech of the evening before, delivered one which she called "The Naked Truth"—for the suppression of which, in New York, on January 9, it is generally believed that her last arrest by the United States authorities for sending obscene literature—that literature being the November 2d issue of her paper containing the "Beecher-Tilton Scandal"—was arranged. The speech itself reviews at length, but from a different standpoint, the various proceedings to "suppress" the WEEKLY, and at-

tempts to show, and as many think does show, that the course pursued by Mr. Beecher and his friends justly places them in the list of advanced social reformers, whether they openly acknowledge it or not. The speech was received with great favor, although it promulgated the extreme free-love views of the speaker.

At its close, Mrs. Woodhull hastened from the rostrum and to the Boston and Worcester Depot, so as to return to New York by the 9 P. M. train. "Boston has had four speeches from Mrs. Woodhull, and she still lives."

The following from an influential Boston weekly shows that the tide of popular opinion is setting against the short-sighted policy of the Music Hallers and the Tremont Templers:

#### "A SUPPRESSION OF FREE SPEECH AGAIN."

"Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull having been prevented from speaking in Music Hall, was also not allowed to speak last Monday evening in Tremont Temple. Small business, and an evidence that she has some truth to tell which certain parties are afraid to hear, are a still further evidence that the Paine Hall is needed, where free speech can be permitted without let or hindrance."

[From the Troy Daily Press.]

#### THE BEECHER-TILTON SCANDAL.

A FULL ACCOUNT, ANALYSIS AND CRITICISM—BEECHER GUILTY ON THE EVIDENCE—WHO CAN ANSWER THE ARRAIGNMENT?

For more than three months a dummy press has played pantomime with the "Beecher-Tilton Scandal!" That mummery should cease. Silence has become a crime. The American people have no conception of the vast issues at stake in this matter; but a nation cannot be much longer deceived, and these issues cannot be much longer hidden. In perfect temperance of speech, it is not too much to say that "The Beecher-Tilton Case," in connection with the "Challis Story" and the arrest of Woodhull and Claflin, involves the question of personal liberty, the rights of the press, the purity of the Bible, the decency of the Protestant church, the integrity of the Young Men's Christian Association, and with all these things, of course, the general morality of the nation. In the teeth, therefore, of universal cowardice, I hold there is no higher public duty than to examine and criticize this case without fear or favor.

In an article entitled "Woodhull and Her Offences," I recently said that I should be strongly tempted to reproduce the substance of the "Beecher-Tilton Scandal Case" if the friends of Mr. Tilton had not promised the public that he would soon give the "true version of the story." I also said there were no "legal obstacles to this repetition that I should heed for an instant"—meaning and explaining that the charge made against Mrs. Woodhull for "publishing obscene literature" was from beginning to end a fraud; and that, as both Mr. Beecher and Mr. Tilton had declined to proceed against her for libel, their position was an invitation to publicity, as far as any fear of the law might be concerned. But Mr. Tilton has now had time enough to publish ten different editions of this "true version," if there were really anything to say against the version of Mrs. Woodhull. The sad but plain truth is, that no one who is conversant with the evidence is any longer bound to suspend judgment in regard to the guilt of Henry Ward Beecher. By every dictate of reason and common sense, Mrs. Woodhull's statement must be accepted as substantially true. I, for one, so accept it; and if this judgment is wrong, I shall justly charge it to Henry Ward Beecher, Theodore Tilton, Paulina Wright Davis, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Mr. Frank Moulton of Plymouth Church. A hundred days have passed since Mrs. Woodhull printed her terrible scandal; and at any moment during this time ten words of denial from the persons just mentioned would have shut her mouth forever. These persons need not make any explanation. They might have taken the bare title of Mrs. Woodhull's article—"The Beecher-Tilton Scandal Case"—and, saying "this is false," signed their names, and everybody would have been entirely satisfied. Then Mrs. Woodhull and her doctrine of "free-love" would have been sent to the devil together, where it is so generally felt that both belong. If she should now be able to force the most disturbing and delicate social questions upon millions of reluctant ears, the six persons who might have crushed her out of sight will be held responsible for the discussion. Yet from just one view they are not to be blamed. The most of them, if not all, are doubtless above the utterance of a downright falsehood. So, from first to last, not one authentic word of direct contradiction stands against Woodhull.

The newspapers, indeed, have reported that Mrs. Stanton, "on reading Mrs. Woodhull's story, denounced it (mark the word), as far as it related to herself." But even this denunciation, not denial, called out a letter to the Hartford Times, declaring that Mrs. Stanton had charged Mr. Beecher, to parties residing in Philadelphia, and known to the correspondent, "with very much the same offence of which Mrs. Woodhull speaks." And since that time Mrs. Stanton has publicly declined (at Rochester) either to deny or denounce a word that Mrs. Woodhull has said. Some newspapers have also claimed that Mrs. Davis has denied connection with Mrs. Woodhull's account, and any close intimacy with Mrs. Woodhull herself. But the intimacy is proved by so many affectionate and encouraging letters, "put on file," that any such denial is, on its face, either a falsehood or a forgery.

"The Beecher-Tilton Scandal Case" is this: Mrs. Woodhull declares there has been a long-continued liaison between Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton; that it first came to Mr. Tilton's knowledge through the revelations of one of his children; that he accused Mrs. Tilton of it, and received her acknowledgment of guilt; that he was driven nearly to insanity at the moment, and treated Mrs. Tilton so severely that she miscarried a child, which was considered the offspring of Mr. Beecher. Mr. Tilton kept his grief secret, however, as Mrs.

Woodhull asserts, until Mr. Beecher went again to his house during his absence, and extorted a letter from Mrs. Tilton to the effect that he had never been guilty of the wrong she had acknowledged to her husband. Then Mr. Tilton, doubly outraged, confided his grief to a bosom friend, Mr. Frank Moulton, who went to Mr. Beecher's house and forced him, at the mouth of a pistol, to give up the letter.

This story in whole or in part, Mrs. Woodhull says, was first revealed to her by Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis, who received it from Mrs. Tilton; and then by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who received it from Mr. Tilton. The knowledge of it came to Mrs. Woodhull in the early part of 1870, and she refers to an allusion which she made to it in WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY at that time. "Subsequently," continues Mrs. Woodhull, "I published a letter in both World and Times, in which was the following sentence:

"I know a clergyman of eminence in Brooklyn who lives in concubinage with the wife of another clergyman of equal eminence."

Mrs. Woodhull affirms that the day when this letter appeared in the World, Mr. Tilton came to her office, No. 44 Broad street, and showing Mrs. Woodhull the letter, asked her whom she meant. "Mr. Tilton," she replied, "I mean you and Mr. Beecher."

According to Mrs. Woodhull's statement, Mr. Tilton then acknowledged that the account was true, and worse than she had heard it. But he said that he was broken-hearted, that his wife was broken-hearted, and that she especially was then in no condition to be dragged before the public. Mr. Tilton took her to see Mrs. Tilton, and both imparted to her the whole story. The same thing was detailed to her by Mr. Tilton's friend, Mr. Frank Moulton, and finally by Henry Ward Beecher himself.

Here, then, were six different persons, all living and well known—each of whom, Mrs. Woodhull says, directly imparted or acknowledged to her "The Beecher-Tilton scandal case." Of these six persons, three at least—Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Stanton and Mr. Moulton—were bound by every tie of private friendship and every call of public justice to refute and confuse Mrs. Woodhull instantly, if such refutation and confusion were possible. It is a great mistake again to assume that Mr. Tilton had less at stake than Mr. Beecher; and Mr. Tilton's pen is known to be as ready and skillful as any in the United States. Would he have held it still an instant, in sight of ruin to his household, if the ruin could have been averted by a dozen words? And when he did at last speak would he have acknowledged that "a true story" underlies Mrs. Woodhull's account, if he had not been obliged to make this negative confusion? The very question is preposterous. Mr. Beecher has acted his part well. Standing on the brink of a precipice, and slipping toward the edge, he has never had but one hope—to summon all the resources of body and mind to keep every inch of ground not already lost. He has performed feats as daring as any of Byron's, yet not very wonderful for great ability in supreme danger. His only chance of escape, if guilty, was to fall back on his "character," and to preach and pray as never before. Any experienced lawyer, or shrewd man of the world, would have immediately advised just this course.

Taking Mrs. Woodhull's statement, then, on one hand, and on the other hand the overwhelming, unanswerable and inexcusable fact that of six people who might deny this statement, not one can be persuaded or driven to do so, the human mind must be turned upside down by its prejudices in order to reject the substance of Mrs. Woodhull's assertions. Considering her personal veracity as worthless—calling her harlot, blackmailer, free-lover, or maniac, what man was ever hanged on stronger substantial evidence than that against Mr. Beecher?

As for Woodhull herself, again, she is so naturally hated on account of her free-love theories, that a pack of hasty zealots have needlessly made her a martyr. No such vital mistake has been made in America since the burning of witches and the mobbing of abolitionists as the fraudulent and crazy arrest of Woodhull and Claflin for "publishing obscene literature." The very words that have been most relied upon to sustain an indictment against the two women under this charge have a precise parallel—almost a counterpart—in the 22d chapter of Deuteronomy, in the Old Testament. Thus Mr. A. J. Comstock, backed by the Young Men's Christian Association, has caused an arrest on the ground that the almost literal copy of a phrase from "God's Holy Word" constitutes an "obscene print!" What combination of atheists, infidels and pagans could have possibly done so much to bring the Bible into disrepute? The ribald advantage that George Francis Train has already taken of the circumstance will fill Christendom with horror and disgust when his case comes to trial. This rabid creature has not only called into his Train Ligue all the most lamentable passages of the Old Testament, but he pleads guilty to the charge of their being obscene, so that his conviction under the law of a Christian land may bring both Christianity and the law into contempt. It was unnecessary for any sane mind to wait for Gen. Butler's legal opinion of Woodhull's offences. Comstock's cry of "obscene literature" was just a pitiable fraud, which has let out more than all the plagues of Egypt. Probably this Mr. Comstock is not consciously a bad man. It is said he has been the means of suppressing several tons of foul pictures and vile books. Such work is certainly commendable; though to do it a person must resort to the use of assumed names and to all the tricks of a spy and detective. Still, the end justifies the means. The difficulty with Mr. Comstock is that he has become a narrow zealot, empty of all discrimination, breadth of conscience, or judgment in affairs. So, when the able and remorseless Woodhull published her paper of November 2d, 1872, Comstock turned into a ball of putty that she has moulded to every negative use that her fingers could possibly itch for. Talleyrand's hateful proverb is for once clearly justified in Comstock: His "blunder is worse than a crime."

When Woodhull and Claflin published their two monstrous



scandals, one in relation to Mr. Beecher and the other to Mr. L. C. Challis, there was no doubt of a *legal* way to punish them. What has become familiarly known as the "Challis story" is an account, whether true or false, of an aggravated and brutal seduction. The account was given with the avowed purpose of exposing a cruel sin, and it could impress no healthy mind with anything but horror of the deed and hatred of the doer. The purpose of an "obscene print" is to pamper lust; the whole tenor of the Challis story is to make lust shocking. No sermon on the subject could ever be preached with half so much effect. The very plainness of detail adds to the terror. As for the "Amours of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher," as certain slipshod writers have misnamed "The Beecher-Tilton Scandal Case," we have already seen whether they were "amours" to inspire pruriency or to freeze the soul. And "the Beecher-Tilton scandal" was told with the expressed intent of unavailing hypocrisy and forcing society to be either true to its pretensions of marriage, or else openly true to its frequent practices of "free-love." Yet the "Challis story" and "the Beecher-Tilton Scandal Case" were the two articles which Mr. A. J. Comstock was *fool*ed into treating as "obscene literature." Then, in the remarkably moral company of Mr. Challis himself, Mr. Comstock procured the arrest of Woodhull and Claflin.

In such a state of affairs, no wonder that somebody subsidized the Associated Press and lied by telegraph, from one end of the country to the other, about "immodest cartoons" and testimony too filthy to publish. Lies were more greatly needed against Woodhull and Claflin than they have since been needed even in favor of David Dudley Field. Does the Associated Press *always* furnish such staples on due application?

That Mr. L. C. Challis should take Comstock under his wing to "suppress obscene literature," was perfectly natural. Mr. Challis is known and described as "a man of the world," and what that means nowadays the world understands. Mr. Challis, however, has one merit. He really resorted, in part, to *law*, and brought an action against Woodhull and Claflin for *libel*—the offence, and the only one, they had committed. Whether he did this to ruffle the feathers of virtue for a show, hoping at the same time that the "libel" would be covered up in Comstock's charge of "obscene literature," events will show.

In the case of Mr. Beecher, it is said that he did right in taking no notice of a set of "free-lovers" and "black-mailers." It is true that a distinguished public man is peculiarly liable to scandalous gossip, and that he should sometimes stand wholly above paying it a moment's attention. "Character does certainly 'count for something,'" as Mr. Beecher's trusting friends have insisted. But here the very height of Mr. Beecher's character and the strength of his intellect—"turn state's evidence" against him, for when Mr. A. J. Comstock instigated the arrest of Mrs. Woodhull on a *false issue*, the mantle of this ridiculous zealot was thrown over both Beecher and Tilton as a screen to hide them from public judgment. Judgment was "suppressed." If there were any two men in the United States who knew that the Woodhull scandals were not "obscene," whatever else they might be, these two men were Henry Ward Beecher and Theodore Tilton—both trained by the Anti-Slavery conflict to be especially sensitive to any misapplication of law which might endanger personal liberty or the rights of the press. Neither Mr. Beecher nor Mr. Tilton, then, could afford to stand for a day in the shadow of Challis and Comstock. Law had been violated under a false pretence, for the avowed purpose of "protecting revered citizens." If any of these "revered citizens" had a right to ignore Mrs. Woodhull as a "chambermaid," throwing out a pail of slops on him, the most revered citizen had *no right* to see himself protected, against even the "chambermaid," by a gross violation of liberty and law. I spurn the thought that intelligent innocence would have stood silent in such a position. Mr. Beecher was not called upon to defend himself *in court*; but when Mrs. Woodhull issued her scandal—twelve ghastly columns of it—one incident confirming another from beginning to end—it was incumbent upon Mr. Beecher, though not more than upon Mr. Tilton, to see that some instant denial should be made by *their friends, whose names had been held responsible for Mrs. Woodhull's tale*. Neglect to do this was at once a personal and public wrong. It was defeat and shame.

But in this defeat and shame, Mr. Beecher does not stand alone. If "The Beecher-Tilton Scandal" were merely a "skeleton in the closet" of one or two families, the public might easily let it stay there. But it relates to the most distinguished Protestant minister in America, sustained to-day, without question, by one of the largest Protestant churches in the world. Is there nothing to be explained to such a church? Is there nothing for it to investigate? If not, then both church and minister may certainly expect to be *investigated*.

Mrs. Woodhull claims that when she was for the first time surprised by an intimation that Mr. Beecher was a practical "free-lover" of the broadest type, she was in the committee-room of the Capitol at Washington, with Mr. Beecher's sister Mrs. Hooker, and other woman-suffrage advocates, some of whom, it had been hinted, would snub Mrs. Woodhull. Hearing the hint expressed, a gentleman stepped up and said it would ill-become a Beecher to assume airs of that kind, as Henry Ward Beecher preached every Sunday to twenty of his own mistresses. And this remark, says Mrs. Woodhull, seemed strangely enough to soothe, rather than inflame all indications of discourtesy toward herself. Such "remarks" are always exaggerated, even when "founded on facts;" but with any foundation whatever, the one in question might partly explain the trustful hush and calm in Plymouth Church, as well as the soothing effect upon the ladies at Washington. Noting "The Beecher-Tilton Scandal," Mr. Mark M. Pomeroy, in his New York *Democrat*, said this:

For several years past we have from time to time stated that Plymouth Church was a synagogue of thieves—that the bell-wether Beecher and the bell-wether deacons had feelings like bad men, and desires like those of King David.

I am frank to say that I have always considered "Brick" Pomeroy the worst authority on the globe; yet the present attitude of Plymouth Church creates an unusual confidence in his veracity.

The worst arraignment of Plymouth Church, however, is to be found in the gushing philosophy of Woodhull herself, who bubbles over in praise and thanksgiving to Mr. Beecher's flock for their beautiful adherence to their shepherd. The song of the Woodhull (and it is actually sung in earnest, not as sarcasm) runs thus:

The scene which these people have enacted during these weeks and months, has been one of the most lofty and magnanimous which any people on earth ever manifested toward a great leader of opinion. The language and deportment of Plymouth Church and congregation toward the pastor of Plymouth Church, was and is not one of disbelief in the statements made—the probability, the almost certainty, of which many of them in private admit; but it has been the sublime faith of true devotees to their great leader, that to whatever point his convictions may have led him—whatever the course of life he may have conscientiously adopted, that they, too, believed in him to the extent of justifying and standing by him through all the vicissitudes of fate which may result from his own fidelity to his own convictions. They have said to him, almost unanimously: "Whether these allegations be true or not, we do not feel bound even to inquire; whether they be true or not, we believe in you, Henry Ward Beecher; we accept you as our teacher in any new and higher truth."

This "new and higher truth," of course, is "free love," and the Woodhull is satisfied.

But if Plymouth Church is thus exalted into the Woodhull millennium, in what esteem and fellowship is it to be held by *other churches*? Will Protestant Christianity insist upon scrutinizing Mr. Beecher's church, or must the whole system be eaten away in a dry rot? And is this consummation the hope of the Roman Catholics who have stepped forth so actively to bail Woodhull and Claflin?

I, for one, while sick with disgust at those trembling cowards, who would cover up a sin in their very dread of its enormity, am not ready to accept the creed of the self-acknowledged "pagan preacher," George Francis Train, whose one article of faith is that he should instantly pull down the Christian religion. Nor do I believe that the Young Men's Christian Associations of the country are so empty of fiery and charitable works, that they should at once drop into dust, through the public conviction that they are a menace to American liberty, sponsors to the violation of law, the abettors of moral and legal false pretences.

Nor yet, again, am I ready to accept the whole doctrine of "free love," even if Plymouth Church has practically swallowed that quick emetic. I am not so much afraid of even this doctrine as to see the necessity of *lying* about it; and 'tis easy enough, of course, for any thoughtful person to perceive that by "social freedom" its exponents do not mean a universal bagnio, but an individual right to regulate their love, like their worship, without the interference of law. Under some future system of complete industrial co-operation—with not only common park and school, but common farm, factory and nursery—the *supposition* of "free love" is possible, without supposing utter chaos and annihilation. The Oneida Community, for instance, does now exist on a small scale, and the few "stirpicultural" children of the "complex family" are provided for by the system. General society might possibly have *material coherence* on the same principle; and with society itself for a founding asylum, "social freedom" might not involve the hypocrisy by which lust cheats marriage, the confusion and abandonment of illegitimate offspring, with the remarkable statistics of abortion and divorce. All this is *conceivable*, though it seems to me a bad dream of noxious and degrading familiarity—a stretch of democracy to turn a natural stomach. To me the Roman Catholic Church, granting no divorce, holds up the *ideal* of a relation so momentous and intimate as connubiality. On the other hand, a Chicago Court represents the practical need, in a world yet peopled with grown-up children, of undoing a goose-yoke which they rush into without knowledge or consideration. Perhaps the Woodhull would claim that her system of "social freedom" meets both horns of the dilemma, when really understood.

But, in my view, the world has not yet reached "*la Commune*;" and the free-love itch, in an actual state of marriage, involves every crime from hypocrisy to murder. It is not only immoral, in the ordinary sense, but it is little and mean. It empties mankind of all self-restraint, friendship, trust—every heroic virtue. It would be the chivalry of angle-worms and the heaven of pismires. No; if Henry Ward Beecher is guilty of debauching a friend's wife, or of being debauched by her, he has vastly more common sense than Woodhull, in feeling that the American people will not follow him in the acceptance of weak, unpardonable, sheer *adultery*, as a "new reform" and a "higher religion." As he has *practiced* free love, Mrs. Woodhull would have him distil his experience into a sermon and preach it in Plymouth Church. But God's justice is yet a *sword*. I would have Beecher repent in sackcloth and ashes—and then I would reinstate seven hundred other ministers who have fallen out of their pulpits in four years—or else I would pull this one out of his pulpit, and send him over to Green street, New York, to engage in a business thoroughly in keeping with his honesty.

If Beecher cannot be engaged as an open free love apostle, Mrs. Woodhull would next prefer Theodore Tilton, though she admits that she never could persuade him to accept the length and breadth of her theories. Of Tilton I have no heart to speak severely. His friends report that his youth is gray with sorrow. We evidently forgave his wife—as I have no doubt he should have done—and then, forgiving Beecher, too, took the odium of introducing Mrs. Woodhull to the public at Steinway Hall, while the coward of Plymouth Church, saved then from exposure by Tilton's heroism, skulked behind the noble fellow's breaking heart, and kept his own "popularity" by letting the loftier soul sink into public disgrace. It was worthy of the man's tell-tale eye, his lips and his use of them.

I would say, however, that, until very lately, I have had the highest respect for Mr. Beecher. Sitting on Garrison's knee when a baby, taught to believe in freedom and justice as a *religion*, I have felt as if America could never be too

grateful to Mr. Beecher for his powerful aid to liberty. Then again, he has done more to broaden and humanize the "orthodox church" than any other man who was even content to fight inside its own lines. Except Theodore Parker, Mr. Beecher has been the great American preacher of the last generation. As far, then, as personal reverence and sympathy might go, I would gladly sacrifice a hecatomb of Woodhull's to save one Beecher. But even George Francis Train has the modesty to admit there is one thing that exceeds his ability: he "can't scull Bunker Hill Monument up Niagara Falls." It would be an equal feat to hold Henry Ward Beecher as a true and pure man, against the torrent of direct evidence and suspicious circumstance bearing against him. Comstock's cloak of false pretences has hidden him for the moment from general scrutiny; but keen eyes and thoughtful minds in all parts of the country have quietly pronounced him guilty. Editors, who dare not yet give the facts to their subscribers, privately admit that these facts are convincing to themselves; and I have not found one instance of a lawyer, familiar with the case throughout, who pretends to see a loop-hole of escape for Mr. Beecher.

Yet to sustain a hollow *pretension* of his innocence, and a thin, trembling crust of Plymouth Church "respectability," two women have been thrown into jail on a charge so contemptibly false that no court can be persuaded or kicked into trying them for it; the press of the nation has been confused and bullied into helping the fraud along; while Challis and Comstock—the Young Men's Christian Association and the Rake's Club—have joined hands to strangle liberty and law, honesty and truth. If this ring of libertines, dupes, zealots and knaves should play Sampson with the pillars of their temple—if they should yet be buried in the tumbling ruins of their conspiracy—"the blood be upon their own heads." They will deserve it.

EDWARD H. G. CLARK.

[From the Sun, March 1.]

#### THE BLACK HOLE OF NEW YORK.

The cells in the Tombs were not so wet yesterday as on Wednesday. The soft snow had soaked through the walls, but the water had been dried up by the fires and mild weather.

Spurred by the *Sun's* exposures, the Commissioners of Charities and Correction were early in the prison yesterday, and they also sent an inspector to make an investigation. The Grand Jury also visited the stone sycophagus, but it was not till after 12 o'clock, at which hour they were discharged. The Grand Jury's visit, therefore, was unofficial, and will result in no effort to mitigate the sufferings or decrease the mortality of the inmates.

In describing the horrors of the city prison, the *Sun* reporter has been influenced by motives of humanity only, and has neither made nor meant any reflection upon the commissioners or keepers who have charge of the Tombs. Warden Johnson strains every nerve to make the prison as clean and comfortable as the surroundings will admit, and he is ably assisted by his subordinates, from whom he exacts strict attention to their duties.

No accusation of neglect can be justly made against the Commissioners, for neither they nor their agents can make the Centre-street pest-house a prison fit for the confinement of human beings. These gentlemen have an erroneous impression that a condemnation of the Tombs is a condemnation of themselves, and acting under this delusion they were happy yesterday to point out the wretched cells designated in the *Sun*, and say, "They are not so bad as represented." But they neglected to add that Thursday was stormy, while yesterday was dry and warm. The jurymen did not view one-third of the cells before they became disgusted. Then, fearing longer to risk their lives in the vast sepulchre they quit it, expressing the opinion that it is unfit for use.

Henry Wilson was arrested on the 21st for having stolen goods in his possession. Wilson dislikes the Tombs. One week's confinement there convinced him it was not a healthy retreat. Having a desire to live a few months longer he yesterday escaped from his keeper while being taken to court. When his cell-mates heard of it they exclaimed: "One life saved, anyhow!"

Mr. Allen, chief clerk in the District Attorney's office, says there are but twenty-one prisoners in the Tombs who are awaiting trial in the General Sessions, and that five of this number were committed yesterday. There are 387 prisoners confined in the dungeons. Will the authorities give the public information about the remaining 366? The *Sun* will tell them of two cases in point, as follows: A few days ago Counselor W. F. Kintzing went into the District Attorney's office and said that one Bernstein had been a prisoner since last September. He asked to have the case looked into. An officer who was sent for Bernstein returned with the intelligence that no such man was in the Tombs. A second search discovered the prisoner in a cell on the top tier. He had been there so long that he had been forgotten even by the keepers. When taken before the court he was discharged, as there was not a shadow of testimony upon which to hold him.

Yesterday's *Sun* mentioned the case of Francisco Martin. He was committed in August last for shooting his wife. Mrs. Martin recovered and went out two months ago. An examination of the calendar in the District Attorney's office was made yesterday, but the name of Francisco Martin was not found. Indeed, the papers have never been sent to the District Attorney, and but for the *Sun's* notice the prisoner might have rotted in his cell while waiting for trial.

The Tombs victims are anxious to know how many of their number have been similarly treated.

Look out next week for an exceedingly interesting account of how the State authorities in attempting to start a Menagerie in this city, obtained an exceedingly large elephant, of which they are now anxious to, but cannot, get rid—Comstock Impresario.



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48 Broad Street, New York City.



NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1873.

## INSTRUCTIONS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In writing to us the following rules should be observed :

1st. Every letter should be plainly dated—town, county and State.

2d. When the letter is to contain a remittance, which, if a check or money order, should be made payable to Woodhull & Claflin, the necessary explanations should be introduced at the head of the letter ; a failure to observe this rule subjects the person in charge of that department to much needless reading to find out what it is all about.

3d. After definitely stating all business matters, and especially if it be a renewal or a new subscriber, then should follow any friendly words, which we are always happy to receive from all.

4th. We request those who send either articles or personal letters intended for publication to write graphically and tersely. The necessity for this will be apparent when we say that we have already in "our drawer" enough personal communications, full of words of hope, cheer and comfort to fill a dozen papers. Many of them we shall be obliged to pass over.

5th. All letters should close with the signature of the writer in full ; and it should be plainly written. Many letters that we receive are so badly signed that we are obliged to guess at what the writer's name may be.

## CLUB! CLUB!! CLUB!!!

FOR THE SPECIAL ATTENTION OF EVERY READER OF THE WEEKLY.

Again we desire to express our thanks for the zeal of our friends, as shown in the number and size of the Clubs that are pouring in upon us. This, of all other things, is most indicative of the growth of public sentiment in favor of the principles advocated in the WEEKLY.

To all friends everywhere we say, continue the good work. Roll up the lists of Clubs. Work with us to spread the glorious doctrines of the new dispensation, and soon, even in our own day, shall we realize the fruits of our labors.

After a Club has been sent in, other names may be added to it at the same rates as the original Club.

A NOTE OF WARNING.—Friends of the cause we advocate must not relax their efforts yet. We depend wholly upon these efforts for the means with which to continue the regular publication of the WEEKLY. We labor here at the centre; they must labor on the circumference; and this is equally as necessary as is our labor at the centre. Therefore every reader who has an interest in the cause of justice and freedom should feel that its success depends personally upon his or her effort and every one who cannot send "a club" should send at least one new subscriber every week. We cannot succeed unless you work.

## THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

This is a soldierly, clear and able address, containing none of the clap-trap of what is called statesmanship. It sketches briefly but pointedly the position of the Executive on the questions of San Domingo, the civil rights of Negroes and the uncivil wrongs of the Indians. In it the Father and Mother of the Universe is alluded to as "Providence" and "Great Maker" in a manner not offensive to any of the religious ideas of the same people of the Union.

## THE VICTORIA LEAGUE.

By Anna M. Middlebrook and Charles S. Middlebrook, of Bridgeport, Conn., its president ; by Emily B. Ruggles and Augustus D. Ruggles, of Brooklyn, L. I., its treasurer, and by Laura Cuppy Smith and William Smith, of California, its secretary, the Victoria League makes the following declaration and appeal :

On account of the cruelty and barbarism manifested by the despots of the age against certain reformers, from one of whom this League derived its name, its members have resolved to proclaim an open organization for active co-operative work in providing a fund for facilitating the advancement of Social, Political and Religious reformation, and any other movement that tends to the welfare of the race.

The immediate objects to be gained are :

1. To provide the necessary material—types, presses, etc.—required to secure the regular publication of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, the only organ of these reforms ; and in case the persecution to which they (these reformers) have been subjected continues to manifest itself either in arrests and imprisonments or in trials and convictions, and thereby succeeds in preventing them from personally conducting the WEEKLY, then to provide for its personal conduct by others under their general direction.

2. To secure a central headquarters for the League, where its official work can be done, and where official information may be had upon application, in person or by letter.

3. To primarily maintain a home and provide the necessities of life, if they fail by other means, for those who have been persecuted and imprisoned for truth's sake, and who have unreservedly devoted themselves pecuniarily, mentally, and physically to furthering these reforms ; and, secondarily and ultimately, to develop this home into a Central Social Bureau, which may extend its hospitalities to leaders of the various reforms from all parts of the world who may desire to interchange their thoughts and ideas upon the basic principle of all reform—a primary necessity to any general movement.

4. And thus to give an opportunity to those who, not being ready openly to unite with us in organization, but having wealth and a desire to use it to advance social reconstruction, to extend their aid to, and thus virtually to co-operate with the League in its purposes.

5. And as a further method, to unite the hearts, heads and hands of reformers everywhere in the work of organizing auxiliary Leagues wherever a "band" is to be found ; and to this end correspondence is invited from all persons who are willing to unite with us and to work for the general purposes of the League. To do all we can to forward the cause of woman's advancement, and lift her from the slough of misery and degradation into which false customs and man-made laws have dragged her, by insisting upon her right to speak or publish her thoughts equally with man, for the sake of both and the better race that must result therefrom.

Lovers of Liberty! Now is the time for action! Despotism is showing its teeth. Let it be remembered that we have strength only in unity ; and let it also be remembered that in every city, upon almost every fashionable corner, immense piles of granite or marble have been erected, whose external grandeur is only exceeded by their internal magnificence, in which men congregate for intellectual and social communication and enjoyment ; while as yet not one, even the most humble, is known to exist where men and women can meet upon a common intellectual, moral and social plane. Let this impeachment of woman's intellectual, moral, and social capacities and needs, and this denial of her equality, be remedied, and at once, by the establishment in this city of a headquarters for Social Reform.

All letters containing contributions or asking for further information may be sent to the secretary or treasurer, at 95 Monroe street, Brooklyn, and acknowledgments will be made and information furnished by them.

## THE ATTITUDE OF SPIRITUALISTS.

## IS IT BACKWARD, STAND-STILL, OR FORWARD?

I wish it distinctly to be understood that I never have attempted—do not now nor never shall attempt—to curry favor with any person or any aggregate of persons, and least of all with Spiritualists. Whatever I have done, or whatever I may hereafter do as a Spiritualist, will be wholly from conviction of duty or by spirit direction. I was a Spiritualist, though a child, and a medium years before the Rochester Knockings, and though not until recently prominently associated with Spiritualists, I am aware of no reason why any have the right to "sit" upon my Spiritualism and to rule or read me out of it.

It seems that I committed the unpardonable sin in going to the Troy Convention, and in being elected President of the Association ; and if that does not constitute that sin, then by being again so elected at Boston. All those good persons now manifesting so deep interest in the action of those two Conventions, who were not sufficiently interested to attend them, are oppressed with the idea that "the Ring" business prevailed there, and that my election was one of its results. Now, I think I have a good right to be well informed upon that question, and that I can speak authoritatively. Up to a half hour before my election at Troy the thought that I either could or would be made president of the association never entered my mind, and when I was proposed and elected I was as much surprised as any of my

present opponents could have been. So much for their continuous assertions that that Convention was manipulated either by or for me ; and I challenge those who so far forget truth and honesty as to continue to harp upon it, to produce a particle of proof ; but if they fail to do so they stand convicted.

About the last Convention in Boston, it seems to me that people must be beside themselves to charge that "the meeting was run for my private purposes." If I was ever sick of anything I was sick of the constant bickerings, jealousies and backbitings I encountered among Spiritualists, and I was anxious to relieve them of my presence, and went to that Convention prepared to renounce all further official connection. But when I found a clique there, organized for the expressed purpose of "pitching me overboard," I did not feel at liberty to absolutely refuse to act as President after the Convention had refused to accept my declension. There are quite a number of responsible and honorable persons who know these things. Will they, who maintain the opposite produce a single witness of that character to relieve them from their present position?

But outside of all this I had signified my desire to join in any movement, and had promised whatever influence I had to that which looked to unity of action among Spiritualists. I would have preferred a mass convention to anything else ; although there were no reasons why everybody should not have joined in the Convention at Boston. Had every society of Spiritualists in the country been represented in that convention their voices would surely have been heard and respected ; and it does seem to me that it would have been altogether more honorable to have attended that convention and to have elected a President to suit them all than to now find so much fault at the action of those who were there.

But some of the opposition seem to have discovered a panacea for the ills with which, in their view, spiritualism is afflicted, through me ; at least they appear to hope that it may prove to be so ; still a fear also seems to pervade them, though I give them credit for not being conscious of it. Nevertheless it is impossible for any one who is not blinded by the Buggaboo paraded by them to read their effusions and not discover it. In a recent number of the *R. P. Journal*, the special organ of those who desire to purify spiritualism of what they see fit to call "Woodhullism," though I prefer to call it simply Individualism, and wish they would also prefer to do so, the following letter from the head of this movement appears :

## THE PROPOSED MASS MEETING OF THE SPIRITUALISTS OF AMERICA.

*Brother and Sister Spiritualists*—Having been impelled, as I firmly believe, by my *spirit friends*, and by a consciousness of conditions existing in our national cause detrimental to the interests of Spiritualism, I entered upon the laborious effort to assemble the Spiritualists in a mass-gathering to discuss our out-look, and if possible to plan for enterprises that shall be for future benefits. I intend to prosecute this effort until I am satisfied such a meeting can be successfully held, or else that it is not generally desired. I have received fifty-four signatures to the call. I find, however, that some of our speakers and most prominent friends are very shy of attaching their names to the Call, the reasons urged being as follows: "The meeting will not be fully represented by attendance from all parts of the country. Fanatics and the friends of Mrs. Woodhull will be there in force to overrule the meeting, and bring about different results than those desired." Such are, doubtless, well-founded fears. These fears should, however, be the cause of the success we wish for.

The meeting should be a harmonious gathering of Spiritualists, to plan and discuss their public enterprises. Neither Mrs. Woodhull, nor any other individual, should have demands upon or be allowed to use the meeting for private purposes. I feel assured that neither she, nor any one else will endeavor to create discord, or to prevent a calm and unimpassioned discussion during each session. My opinion is, and I find a prevailing agreement with it, that the course of Mrs. Woodhull in her public life, should not be discussed by the meeting, for the purpose of either condemning or applauding. Of course, freedom of speech cannot be suppressed. But a request can be made to abstain from any discussion that shall undermine or rupture the meeting. I am assured that Mrs. Woodhull and her friends will not force her particular claims (if she has any) upon the meeting, or discuss her peculiar doctrines, unless the same are attacked. With this out-look upon this point, those who entertain fears thereof, will have them dispelled. Now, to insure a truly Spiritualistic meeting, we want the names of our prominent men and women upon the call and their attendance at the meeting. With all our boasted self-sovereignty, we have not ceased to be led—to be influenced by others.

The majority of our speakers are waiting upon each other to sign the call or signify their adhesion to the movement. Our papers are waiting on the speakers. Our people are waiting on both these.

A full and representative array of names to the Call will give the movement force ; our friends will be inspired with confidence, and the attendance at the meeting will be large and completely representative. Will you not then, forward me your names to place them on the suggested Call? If not, will you please inform me whether you will or not attend the meeting should it be called? It is the present intention to call the meeting to assemble in Cincinnati, probably the last week of May.

Liberal accommodations will be made by the friends for boarding and lodging those who shall attend.

The hall will, without doubt, be furnished free to the meeting. Railroads entering said city have agreed to carry those attending at reduced rates.

The proposed meeting will, probably, not be in condition



to legislate very much for Spiritualism, but will prove of much use, provided it shall be indeed a mass meeting for the future of our truly great and suffering cause.

Hoping that each person interested in the movement will sign the Call and attend the meeting, I am truly and devotedly desirous that we shall, while depending upon the angel world, depend upon ourselves also, to make Spiritualism popular, powerful and useful, in reforming mankind from sin, ignorance and bigotry.

Ever for Progress,  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

G. W. KATES.

Now, had I been in Brother Kates' place, that letter would never have been written. It is a confession that, had I entertained its subject, I certainly should never have made; but as I am not in his place, I shall presume to call the attention of Spiritualists to its meaning, and shall then ask them if that is the sort of stuff they call Spiritualism.

But, in the first place, I will relieve the mind of Brother Kates of all cause for alarm. Woodhull will not be at the Convention. She had never thought of attending it; in fact, she had never read the Call, and she would not have noticed the above letter had not her attention been called to it by Bro. L. K. Coonley.

Therefore, Brother Kates, you may from this time forth possess yourself in safety, and proceed with your arrangements with no continuous nightmare of Woodhull damping the ardor of your expectations and hopes for humanity.

But, seriously, Spiritualists of America, will you permit yourselves to be committed to a line of policy such as is here marked out for you? I fear it will be even worse than Woodhullism. Are you willing to participate in a mass meeting into which you go, by saying or having it said of you, "different results than those desired" may be consummated?—a mass meeting which is expected to accomplish predetermined results! I should call such a meeting as that by some other name, and I would suggest to Brother Kates before next he appear in print, to stand outside of himself and observe the ridiculous figure he has made of himself. I do not question his good intentions, I do not even oppose this mass meeting; he can have as many as he pleases, but I have a right to criticize his methods and a desire that Spiritualists shall be consistent, and so desiring I would have them demand of Bro. Kates what the "desired results" are, already determined on, that the Convention is called to merely endorse? And it might also be well for him at the same time to inform the public, what "the existing conditions detrimental to Spiritualism are of which he is so anxious to be rid," and which he has "well grounded fears," the presence of "fanatics and friends of Mrs. Woodhull" may defeat, they being "there in force to overrule the meeting." If it is to be in fact as well as in name, a mass meeting, will not "fanatics and friends of Mrs. Woodhull," and even Mrs. Woodhull herself, have a right to be there and to participate in the Convention? Will Bro. Kates please answer, for at least my special information, since I am so far interested in the Convention as to wish to know that. And suppose they should be there and, being in a majority, should carry their methods, would that be overruling the Convention or only overruling G. W. Kates and his not fanatical friends? Please reply to that, Bro. Kates. I believe that Spiritualists generally, as well as myself, are interested in being well informed upon this point—since upon it depends whether it is really intended to have a "a mass meeting" or merely a Kates meeting. Should there be a mass meeting, and this meeting should adopt Bro. Kates' method, no one could reasonably find fault; but to be invited to take part in a mass meeting with a gag in the mouth is quite another thing. When Bro. Kates makes such sweeping charges and such unlimited insinuations about others, for consistency's sake, if for nothing else—and I like to see even Bro. Kates consistent—he ought not to openly invite upon himself the self-same thing he charges upon others. Therefore I am really sorry for Bro. Kates that he was so imprudent as to have even written, to say nothing about having printed, at least that portion of this letter.

But I fear Bro. Kates is open to still more serious criticism. In the first paragraph he is found saying: "Fanatics and friends of Mrs. Woodhull will," mark it he says *will* not may, "be there in force to overrule the meeting." Notwithstanding these "well-grounded fears" which he had when he wrote that sentence, it seems they had all departed from his agonized soul before he completed the second paragraph, since in it he is caught saying: "I feel assured" (mark it again, he says *assured*, not *uncertain*) "that neither she (Mrs. Woodhull) nor any one else will endeavor to create discord, or to prevent a calm and unimpassioned discussion during each session."

Now, what are we to understand by this? Are the fanatics going to overrule the meeting—in other words, take possession of it; or will they, though fanatics, permit a "calm and unimpassioned discussion?" My experience is, that fanatics are not usually calm and unimpassioned in their discussions. Those with whom Bro. Kates is acquainted may be differently constituted, and he may draw his conclusions from his knowledge of them; but I can assure him that if the fanatics whom I know are at his convention, he may expect, not "calm and unimpassioned discussion," but that of the most impassioned kind, such as must swell in the soul of every human being who is honest and earnest, and engages in a great and good cause.

But Bro. Kates really has an opinion, and here it is: "My opinion is that the course of Mrs. Woodhull should not be discussed, Of course, freedom of speech cannot be sup-

pressed. (Of course not). But a request can be made to abstain from any discussion that shall rupture the meeting." I dislike to characterize this as it deserves, but I think the interests of Spiritualism demand that its thin pretensions should be thoroughly exposed, and I for one, it is well known, do not spare individuals when the general good is at stake. I say pretensions, and I mean it, since they are clearly presented. He says that at a mass meeting, fanatics, *et al.*, will be present in such force as to override the meeting, which means that they will be in the majority; and almost immediately he follows this by saying that no subject should be discussed that might rupture the meeting; thus in so many words, nearly, saying that he and his party having called a mass meeting, will leave it, should a subject come up for discussion that they do not desire to be discussed, and which they cannot vote down. That would be a mass meeting with a vengeance, and free speech with a vengeance, too;—almost equal to that recently exemplified at the God-in-the-Constitution Convention in Cooper Institute, where, if a person spoke in opposition to the "callers," he was hissed down.

I imagine, Bro. Kates, if you have not already obtained the names of "prominent men and women" upon the call for your mass meeting, you will not be able to do so after they have read your last letter. For one I am certain if I had signed it I should not sleep after having read the letter until I had first withdrawn my assent to any such an arrangement as you disclose is contemplated by you and those associated with you at Cincinnati.

I also assure you you entirely mistake me, and I think, also, most of my friends, when you vouch for us that if there, we should not discuss "her particular doctrines." Whose doctrines should I discuss if I were there, unless my own? A pretty hypocrite should I be to attend an important convention and not present the great subject of social freedom, upon which all improvement in men and women, now more largely depends than upon any other! No, sir. Let me correct you; if I were to go to that mass meeting I should do all that in me lay to urge the consideration of this momentous question; and if any of those whom you designate as "my friends" are there, you may rest assured that they will not be unmindful of its importance, nor restrain themselves on account of either your fear or your assurances gratuitously proffered. I speak thus frankly that you may not be deceived, to make the confusion of your ideas and purpose and methods worse confounded than they evidently are now.

"The speakers are waiting on each other, the papers are waiting on the speakers, and the people are waiting on both these." Truly, Bro. Kates, you have undertaken a hard task, and I sympathize with the uncertainty and difficulties by which you are surrounded. You intend to call the meeting for the last of May. The hall without doubt will be furnished free. The meeting will probably not legislate very much for Spiritualism. These are inspiring terms to urge the "speakers" forward, and they may come at its bidding; but if they do, it will also be a mooted question as to whether Bro. Kates' last letter moved them to the rescue of "our truly great and suffering cause," and to make "our great and suffering cause" "popular, powerful and useful in reforming mankind from sin, ignorance and bigotry." If this is not the double concentrated extract of Phariseism I would thank some one better informed than I am to point out the genuine stuff. Bro. Kates remembers the old story of the mote and the beam. Seriously, are the Spiritualists of America willing to subscribe to any such doctrines as are laid down in this letter? There is a great, a grand, a universal religion of faith and practice; one that not only welcomes, but invites the broadest field of discussion, knows no sheep and goats, saints and sinners, but calls all brothers, and means it too; and that fears no truth, and no error. No "fanatics" or "friends of Mrs. Woodhull," can for an instant endanger the life or the spread of truth, neither can they establish error in place of truth, though in league with all the "legions of hell," and to accredit them with the demoniacal power that is to be inferred from this letter is to acknowledge the weakness of that to which they are supposed to be opposed.

I had not intended to say a word *pro* or *con.* about this proposed convention. I wanted them to have it all their own way; I did not mean even to appear to oppose it, and had Bro. Kates omitted drawing me into it by the insinuations of this letter he would have had his convention, with no word from me. And I am free to confess that having said what I have and what I am fully justified in saying I am almost ashamed to have spent my time in so small business. But I will endeavor to somewhat make amends for the expenditure, by calling attention to the fact that the American Association will hold its next Annual Convention in September next, and if it should turn out that Bro. Kates' proposed convention, about which their is confessed doubt, should not come off, I hope that he and all other Spiritualists will then attend that convention and set all wrong things right. I feel I am justified in saying that this convention will welcome everybody, and that too without inviting them to come with a muzzle on their mouths for fear that they may overrule it. I may also add, that at this convention an important plan of organization will come up for discussion, which will require the assembled wisdom of all the Spiritualists of the country to rightly and wisely determine. Before that time I shall see that this plan for organization is put into the hands of every lecturer in the country, and I hope that the subject by the time for the assembling of the convention, will have been thoroughly discussed, so that the convention may act with wisdom and understanding.

Bro. Kates says Spiritualism is suffering. Permit me to close by inquiring if the disease is not respectability?

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

#### MR. BEECHER, THE PRESS AND THE PEOPLE.

Although from week to week we have presented the voices of the press and people regarding the great social issue that is now being discussed by all classes of people in this country, we would not have it understood that we quote these, approving their severe strictures upon Mr. Beecher. That for which he stands indicted before the public we still hold to be unfaithfulness to the new truth which has entered his soul; and for a hypocritical adhesion to the old social order, when he has no love for or faith in it.

For this justification of Mr. Beecher and his social relations, we have received, perhaps, more severe criticisms from those who profess to believe in social freedom than for almost any other act of our life. Nevertheless, we still assert that it is none of our business where Mr. Beecher's love carries him, so long as it doesn't interfere in the same exercise of right in ourselves. If we announce social freedom as a principle, we must be consistent with it; we must accept the most sweeping deductions that can be drawn from it. We believe in religious freedom, and in thus believing we must accord the right to Mr. Beecher, and all other persons, to accept whatever religious opinions they please; and nobody now thinks of condemning us for this. But they may do so with just as much consistency as they do in social matters.

The idea of ownership in human hearts is a hard thing to give up. They, who have been such slaveholders, have come firmly to believe in such ownership. But every advanced mind abstractly admits that there can rightfully be no slavery in the affections; indeed, that it is a great wrong to endeavor to enforce it. Now, if when we say social freedom, we really mean what we say, let us be consistent in making the application to everything of which we assume to treat; since in failing to do this, we become our own condemnation.

But when pressed from the position that we ought to condemn Mr. Beecher by the test of social freedom, critics fly to the other objection of duty. Now, here again, how shall anybody presume to instruct Mr. Beecher regarding the duty he owes to anybody? Having granted him religious freedom, which carries with it the freedom of conscience, and political freedom, and lastly, social freedom, what ground have we left upon which to assume to regulate his conscience which determines what are his duties?

Thus it is clearly shown that we have no right to argue with the view of passing judgment upon him, either with Mr. Beecher's religious, political or social life; and, therefore, whatever his conscience has permitted him to do, we are obliged to accept it as his duty performed; and although it may be very far from what we might conceive it our duty to do, we must still justify him, because we have no right to condemn him. And it may be well to recollect that if Mr. Beecher have what to us are grave faults, that we may also have what to him are grave faults, and though they may be of an entirely different character, they may, nevertheless, be of equal magnitude before the bar of immutable justice; and as we have never received a commission from this bar to judge Mr. Beecher, we shall be obliged to leave that for those who are thus commissioned.

But there is another class of critics diametrically in opposition to the class above referred to, whom we have a right to call to the acceptance of the real meaning of these criticisms. On all hands the ban of excommunication is hurled against us. We are denied admission here, public halls are shut against us there, and so-called reformers almost everywhere deem it dangerous to permit the mention of our names upon their rostrums or the sale of our papers in their halls. It was not long ago that none of these things were done. We were formerly welcomed on many hands where now the doors are closed. What have we done to merit this? We published the paper of Nov. 2 about Mr. Beecher. This is our crime. It is for this that we suffer this ostracism.

Now what is the lesson of all this? Is it one that they who perpetrate these are willing to assume? Let us see. Taking the facts presented and for the presentation of which we are condemned, are they true or are they false? We maintain them to be true. They have not been proven otherwise, and these people who frown upon us have no right to assume them to be otherwise. Now this action of theirs, this severe condemnation of us, this attempt to completely ostracise and shut us out from reaching the people, and all this, too, without the slightest denial of the facts upon which they pretend to predicate such action, is, as can readily be shown, their own condemnation.

It is well understood that this class of people pretend to be very moral, very pious and very pure people, sexually, and that they condemn everything in the shape of social freedom. That this is the merest pretense, however, is demonstrated by their action toward us. They with their mouths condemn what they call vice, but by their acts they approve it; for do they not, by their acts, condemn us for the exposures of what they denominate vice; and while they welcome the exposed, close their doors against the expositors? Is there anything wanting to complete the measure of their own condemnation? They are the upholders and the ap-



provers of and the excusers for the very things they affect to condemn as social freedom.

Therefore, what is the legitimate deduction to be drawn for this class of people? Clearly but one thing. As Plymouth Church, in accepting and sustaining Mr. Beecher in the position of social freedom that he has chosen for himself logically ranged themselves under the Banner of Social Freedom, so has this larger class, by their support and approval of Mr. Beecher's position, also ranged themselves under the Banner of Social Freedom. It matters little that they condemn us since they approve our doctrines. Indeed, their influence may, for the time, be made more beneficial to the general cause by this course than it would be were they to avowedly acknowledge themselves converts to our social theories; and for the sake of the cause we can well afford for a time to bear these slights, frowns, scowls and mutterings coming from them, because we have forced them to openly take a position that, though secretly occupying, they did not yet desire to be publicly known as occupying. Their advocacy by works is a much more effectual propagation of our principles than any mere advocacy that our humble capacities enable us to make, and we have great cause to rejoice for the grand impetus they have given to that which is dearer to our heart than all other earthly things.

#### THE SEXUAL QUESTION.

It will be remembered that in a recent article we laid down the proposition that the question of sexual relation was the most vital of all questions, and that one in which and rightly everybody is more interested than in any other single question, or in all other questions combined. To this, to us, self-evident proposition, we are surprised to find many exceptions are taken, even by those who have long been known as Social Reformers, and who, if anybody can, ought to be able to accept not only the broadest but the plainest truths, especially if they relate to so vital a thing as the source of life itself.

We are in receipt of several letters, we confess from very unexpected sources, taking exceptions to the introduction of this issue just at the present time. With some it is merely a question of expediency, while with others it is a question of propriety.

As we have always said, we are in search of the truth, let it be what it may and lead where it may. We do not believe that any truth ought to be ignored as a matter of expediency, or neglected as a matter of propriety. But if there were a question in the conduct of this campaign against modern hypocrisy, moral cowardice, sham morality and mock modesty, there could be no time like the present in which to advance it, and we must respectfully differ with those who think otherwise.

But let us examine the consistency of the opposition to a free discussion of this question. Is there any impropriety in the free use of the word sexuality? It may seem to some who have been differently educated from what we have, that it is an immodest subject and ought not to be publicly treated. We believe of all pernicious ideas that exist, that this one of ignoring the candid, free and exhaustive treatment of important subjects is the most pernicious of all. It is this false prudery with which the functions of sex have been shrouded from observation and restrained from education, that is the prime cause of all existing sexual demoralization. We hold it to be an uncontrovertible fact, that it is impossible for immorality to exist in connection with a subject that is every day, and at all times, and in all places, and by all people, made a perfectly free one. The moment a subject becomes free, it necessarily either becomes purified or begins to purify itself.

It is because the subject of sex is shut out from schools, tabooed on the public rostrums, hid behind the pulpit, shut up in the minds and thoughts of physicians, and hushed up at home, and because of the ignorance consequent upon the almost utter suppression of information, that we are now suffering so much sexual disgrace. While it is the most vital of all subjects it is that one of which least is known.

Now this is all wrong; and instead of individuals being held responsible for the several unfortunate conditions in which they are found, the school system, public teachers, ministers, physicians and fathers and mothers—in a word, a false system of society should be made responsible for them. Every girl seduced through ignorance, every young mother offered up at the altar either of the abortionist, or if she have courage to shun him (or her) on that of public opinion; every unwilling prostitute, who for bread is compelled to sell her body where her heart goes not, and by so doing damns her soul; every unhappy wife enduring the long years of unmated married life where that which ought, and which under natural and proper conditions, does bring the highest enjoyments of life—each and all of these may rightfully impeach society for their conditions of misery and degradation. And let any one who would condemn us for plain talk consider well these things before again reproving us. We have looked them squarely in the face for long years, and prayed devoutly to see a solution for them, and we feel we have a right to speak somewhat unauthoritatively, and say that the ills rising from that we would remove—ignorance of sexuality—is the mildew that blights the happiness of humanity; and we beg our friends to believe we feel every word we write on this subject.

But to approach the root of what we think is the fallaciousness of our critics, some of whom object to the propo-

sition that sexual love is the basis of marriage, and attempt to maintain that sex is not and ought not to be the basis of marriage; and that intellect and morals should enter into and form the consideration.

This we hold to be a self-evident contradiction upon its face; that is, if we judge from the standpoint of modern marriage (this is the standpoint from which we are criticised), though they would necessarily form an important portion of the true marriage in freedom.

This becomes evident if it be asked: What is it that the legal marriage grants the right to perform, which is the single fact of personal intercourse previously denied? Men and women frequently find intellectual and moral affinities—find them both in their own and opposite sexes; but this is not marriage. The single fact, then, upon which all—the whole—of marriage is based, is the fact of sexual intercourse—the fact that is so strenuously hidden from the light of common day. To us it appears simply foolish to deny that sexuality is the basis of marriage, or to affirm that it should have an intellectual base. Men and women may be intellectually lovers, who by no possible means could endure each other sexually. No such union as that, however, could constitute a basis for marriage. But persons may be sexually lovers, and married happy, who have no special intellectual affinity; but such unions are likely to be of short duration, since if sexual health be lost, all bonds of union depart.

But when sexual mating is complemented by intellectual unity and moral assimilation, separation or natural divorce is improbable; and it is when all these exist that permanent marriages are formed.

In every other than in a sexual sense, all people are free lovers. They accept and even seek intellectual strength and nourishment from any and from all sources from which it can be obtained; and for those that give that which is most readily appropriated, or that which best meets the demand, they have the most love. If it were possible that there could be a person from whom a certain other person could satisfy all intellectual cravings, and who could impart intellectual food to no other person, that would be a permanent intellectual union. Upon the same conditions sexually, permanent union may be predicated, but upon no other.

Nor would it be consistent to say that there is nothing born of intellectual unions. All thoughts—all ideas are thus derived, and they, as much as the results of sexual unions, demand care and culture. It is because the sexual department has been entirely separated from all others, and viewed so differently that it has become to be so differently regarded. We see no reason why the same system of reasoning should not be applied to this that is applied to other departments. Indeed, we know there is but one law—one natural law—for all, and this is based upon the self-same principle of unity and of action.

The deduction to be drawn from this law of reasoning is this: That the sexual nature of men and women should be elevated to the same high plane of thought and regard upon which the intellect—the moral and the social—stands, and, like them, should be free from all the shackles and bonds with which it is now bound and held in ignorance and darkness. Let this be done; let freedom exist as it does elsewhere, and the same purity will also soon exist, and the world be started on a new, higher and better development. We would, therefore, urge all friends of true progress to specially endeavor to keep the sexual question open for discussion, with the view, not only to its proper, but for its general understanding.

#### HUMORS OF THE LATE COVENTION.

CALLED FOR THE PURPOSE OF PURLOINING THE RELIGIOUS LIBERTY OF THE PEOPLE.

It was to be hoped that this baby of the Y. M. C. A. would have been true to its sex, and left women alone. But Dr. Tyng, in his address, stated that, as far as he knew, there were only two papers openly arrayed against the movement—*The Index* and another, edited by two notorious women. There is no objection to the title "notorious women," but there was no reason why the learned Doctor should emphasize his words by looking as though "he smelt heretics."

It is not true that Ah Sin forwarded a communication to the president of the Convention deploring the destruction of roosters by cock-fighting Christians, and desiring that Joss should receive honorable mention in the new Constitution. *The Sun* states that Professor Jonathan Edwards said that the earth would soon become a hell if the Constitution was not soon amended so as to recognize God as the source of all powers. Of course he meant "his God."

One woman was permitted to speak at the Convention, Miss Swisshelm, of Penn. She was thankful that women were shut out of the Constitution in the company of the Deity. Are they? Surely Miss Swisshelm labors under a mistake in both instances.

Mr. Holmes prophesied that New York would yet see the day when its streets would flow with blood. That is not unlikely, our religious liberty is worth fighting for!

Mr. Milligan said that the Constitution, as drafted in the Mayflower, in 1670, was in favor of Protestant Christianity. He thought no one opposed thereto had a right in this country. Shades of Jefferson and Lafayette, of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and of Thomas Paine, it was well for us that Mr. Milligan did not live during the time of the war of the revolution.

Dr. Wardwell said that the late rebellion would not have been possible if God was in the Constitution, etc. It is submitted that church-sanctioned slavery was in the Constitution if "his God" was not, and most people account on the former ground for the rebellion. Anyway the country was not saved by the bold ground taken by the churches in the matter of human slavery, for alas! in that affair, the soldiers converted the parsons.

To conclude, according to the *Sun's* version of the meeting the only opponent that was permitted on the platform of the celestials was Dr. Treat, of Vineland, who was soon stopped by cries of "Put him out!" "Sit down!" and "Shut up!" which came from all quarters of the room. We do not pity the Doctor, who ought to have known better than to attempt to reason with learned divines. We object, however to the cries as not being orthodox. "Fire up!" "On with the griddle!" and "Stake him!" would have been more to the purpose, if not more original; but if the convention should succeed we shall learn better as we go backward.

#### THE PLATFORM OF THE EQUAL RIGHTS PARTY—SECOND PLANK.

Already are the people beginning to realize that a party built upon principles can never die, can never be beaten, and though it may not be installed in the offices, it is nevertheless a power that is felt in every direction. It is quite true that the defection of a large portion of those who, in fact, belong to the party, robbed it, for the time, of much of its natural strength; but even this has had its beneficial influence in more distinctly defining the real issues upon which reform, or rather reconstruction, depends. It is also true that there are but few people who apprehend the scope and meaning of the movement for the reconstruction of the Government as set forth in this Platform. There are principles enunciated therein, which, when constructed into a system, will strike at the very root of, not merely our political, but our social and industrial ills. We therefore again invite the most careful and searching analysis, with the view of correction and revision if need be.

The second plank in this platform is as follows:

"That the world has advanced so much in the last century that the theories which the present Constitution of the United States and of the several States vitalize, are in many instances far behind our present civilization."

Now seriously, we ask every thinking mind if this is not strictly true, even from the standpoint of those who do not accept our attitude regarding the necessary outcome of the facts. Many imagine, because they have never stopped to think about it, that our systems of law, organism and execution are consistent with the theory laid down in the Declaration of Independence. There could be no greater error than this supposition. There is not even the shadow of truth in it; unless, perhaps, it can be said that the first section of the Fourteenth Amendment may be an exception; and whatever of salvation there was in that, they attempted to defeat by the next section, fearing to let a grain of freedom and equality stand free from the tares of despotism.

The declaration that the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is inalienable in the individual, was the first expression of the great change in the uses of government which is but now beginning to be understood. We say beginning to be understood, for there is no law upon the statute books of any country whose purpose is, first, to establish and protect human rights; but they, one and all, are for the purpose of establishing and protecting property rights, to the ignoring of those of the higher sort.

If the right to life were by law held to be, as the Declaration maintains it, inalienable, there could be no law providing for the death penalty. In the abstract sense, the taking of life, whether by the individual or by the State, is equally murder; and there is no logic that can controvert this fact. If it were necessary that a murderer should be hanged to save the lives of members of the community, there might be a reasonable argument in favor of capital punishment; but nobody pretends that such a proceeding is necessary. Therefore, when the community commits murder, the crime is multiplied from the individual into the whole number who constitute the community, each one of whom is equally guilty with the person whom they murder; and there is no way, ultimately, of escaping the law of divine compensation and justice, which is administered without regard to any arbitrary distinctions.

The rule is applicable in the same way when persons are deprived of their liberty for any purpose except for the protection of the community. The present imprisonment of criminals is to carry out the idea of punishment. Now, nothing that a society can administer to its members for the acts committed by them has any legitimate basis as punishment. Nothing that is thus administered can be just, since justice exists only in the immutable laws of the universe, while human laws ought to be so founded upon principles as not to militate in any manner whatever against their prerogatives.

But if in our system the inalienable right to life and liberty is infringed, how much more so is that to the pursuit of happiness. This right is hedged upon every side by forms of law and standards of public opinion. Instead of being formulated to protect this inalienable right, our laws could not have been better constructed for prohibition, had that been their real purpose.

The right to the pursuit of happiness means that every individual has the right to seek either his or her happiness



as he or she may determine; and as a corollary the implication follows that in whatever manner the individual may choose to seek that happiness, all other individuals should respect it, and the community as a whole protect it.

But, says the objector, if everybody shall be permitted to follow his or her own inclinations in the pursuit of happiness, and there should be no law to prevent it, what assurance is there that such pursuits may not interfere with the rights of others? Now this is the great stumbling-block everywhere raised to oppose the spread of the new interpretation of individual freedom, but at the same time the most fallacious one to be conceived of. Nobody denies the right of a community to erect and maintain a government; but it may and ought to be demanded that government be restricted to its legitimate uses—the protection of individual rights. If this idea be properly understood, the objection named will vanish before it as mist before the noonday sun.

Up to, and including this time, governments have not been maintained to protect the inalienable rights of individuals; but to enforce the edicts of one class of the community upon its other classes; and no better illustration of this statement could be had than the manner in which one half of all the people are denied a right freely exercised by the other half, this other half being the denying power. This is a self-evident exemplification of the various theories which our governments, national and State, vitalize; and which are declared by the platform of the Equal Rights Party, to be far behind our present civilization.

It is the mission of this party to reconstruct the Government so that the theories to which it shall give vitality shall be those set forth in the Declaration of Independence; and they are in strict accordance with the theory which involves all other theories—the theory that there are such things as human rights, all-sided freedom, equality, justice and equity; not only in one department of life, but in all departments; in the political, the social, the industrial and the educational departments; which constitute and complete the legitimate limit and sphere of government; since it has no jurisdiction over things that are matters of individual thought and conscience.

At least seven-tenths of all the people, whether conscious of it or not, belong naturally to the Equal Rights Party. Not a person who is not constitutionally opposed to freedom and equity, can deny a single proposition of principle laid down as its platform. It is true, however, that heretofore the people generally have had no realization of the theories upon which our government is founded. But it may safely be assumed that they require only to be presented to be apprehended, appreciated and accepted; and in this fact rests the certain ultimate success of the Equal Rights Party.

ERRATUM.—We have received the following note from Anna M. Middlebrook: "In my speech, where I speak of Lottie Fowler's business as a *medium*, it is printed *mechanic*. Will you correct in your next issue."

#### LEGALIZED MONOPOLY

Is an extremely dangerous individual, as he possesses no soul. He is almost omnipresent. We see him in Congress, in State Legislatures, running city corporations, railroad corporations, banking institutions, insurance companies, *et id genus omne*. Is it not quite time that this giant be strangled by the people, who are the victims of his nefarious arts? Credit Mobilier is on trial before the people; but Legalized Monopoly is still at large, picking the pockets of the over-credulous community with perfect impunity. In Massachusetts he has his eye on the Hoosac Tunnel at the present moment. This great bore has cost the people of the State millions of dollars, and now Legalized Monopoly is striving to secure the prospected fruits of the "blasted" tunnel, and he will surely succeed if the people do not come to the rescue at once. And so with other institutions, ostensibly chartered for the public good, but really to put money in the purse of selfish Mr. Legalized Monopoly. We need not go into details to prove the truthfulness of our assertions. He that runs may read the facts disclosed almost daily in the public prints. And now that the free press is out-spoken is telling the people to come to the rescue; and now that free-thinkers are sounding the tocsin from the rostrum, Mr. Legalized Monopoly steps in and says, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther. I have the power, and I will suppress free speech, and the press also, if it dare to run counter to my creed or my policy."

Americans! your free institutions are in danger. Arouse from your lethargy and inaugurate measures to stay Legalized Monopoly and his satellites, Fraud and Corruption.

#### LAWLESSNESS AND REVOLUTION.

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

We have received a recent number of this paper, edited by Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull and Miss Tennie C. Claflin, and have read it with a considerable degree of interest. We find in it nothing that could be considered by the most fastidious as being very obscene; and especially do we find nothing to warrant the arrest of two defenseless women and the thrusting of them into prison as common felons, as was the case with editresses of this journal. We consider many other papers in other cities as well as in New York, a hundred times more foul and obscene than WOODHULL'S WEEKLY; yet neither of these papers has ever been interfered with. We are in for the liberty of the press, and for free speech, and hope that the WOODHULL-CLAFLIN WEEKLY may live long to unmask the hideous moral deformities of Henry Ward Beecher and others of his ilk.

#### AN INCANTATION.

[Submitted for use to all conspirators who desire to overthrow our Religious Freedom.]

ADAPTED FROM MACBETH.

SCENE—A Dark Cave. In the middle a caldron. [Enter Conspirators.]

1st Con.—Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed;  
2d Con.—Thrice, and once the hedge-pig whined.  
3d Con.—"Harper" cries, 'tis time, 'tis time!

1st Con.—Round about the caldron go,  
In the poisoned papers throw.  
Bigotry, with eyes of stone,  
Which curdle all they look upon;  
Pharisaic pride and cant,  
Mad Theology and rant;  
Ignorance, of folly born;  
Holy rancor, zealous scorn,  
With piety—the touch-me-not,  
Boil we first in the charmed pot.

All.—Double, double, toil and trouble,  
Fire burn and caldron bubble.

2d Con.—Freedom of the press and speech,  
Slit his throat who dares to teach;  
Forge the gyves and build the rack,  
Make the doubter's sinew's crack;  
Here's the caldron, old and soiled;  
Whence Bearslay was forked out, half boiled;  
Here's the boot and thumblekins,  
England made for Scotland's sins;  
Here's our blue laws, hot and hot,  
Boil them in the charmed pot.

All.—Double, double, toil and trouble,  
Fire burn and caldron bubble.

3d Con.—Caldron, open wide your jaw,  
Here's the murder-rope of law;  
Finger of birth-strangled babe,  
Killed to shield a trusting maid  
From society's harsh rule,  
Which pets the knave and strikes the fool.  
Here's the skull of one of those  
Scientists—religion's foes:  
Say, what shall be done with it?

All.—Hurl it down into the pit!

3d Con.—These are Spiritualists' toes,  
Bigotry's most bitter foes,  
Who claim they've stopped the sulphur trade,  
Which used to make the world afraid.  
They say, with logic bold and stout,  
They've scared our very devil out;  
And as to brimstone, 'tis their catch,  
There's none in hell to make a match.

All.—Powder them all, and throw them in,  
There let the wretches sink or swim.

3d Con.—Here's a Catholic's right eye.  
All.—In our caldron let it fry:  
Make his children, as they pass,  
In our schools hear Bible mass;  
In that true King James's text,  
Which many of their souls has vexed.

3d Con.—Here's the pig-tail of Ah Sin,  
All.—Make him grin, make him grin!

3d Con.—Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
All.—Put him through, put him through!

3d Con.—Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lip,  
All.—Make the foreign devils skip.

3d Con.—Atheists, Quakers, Mormons, too,  
In our caldron let them stew.

All.—Double, double, toil and trouble,  
Fire burn and caldron bubble.

[Enter Zamiel from Poland.]

Zam.—How now, ye bloody black and midnight knaves!  
What is't ye do?

All.—A deed without a name.

Zam.—I charge ye, then, though ye undo the past,  
And steal the noblest gem that ever decked  
A nation's diadem; that ye give heed  
To what I counsel.

All.—Speak, demand!

Zam.—How can ye make your gruel thick  
Unless ye throw in—live an quick—  
The deeds that make the nation sick?  
Mark what I have!

All.—Shew me, shew me!

Zam.—See—rescued from the Revenue,  
Here's dust—which in Sam's eyes they threw;  
This is Phelps & Dodge's tin.

All.—Pitch it in, pitch it in!

Zam.—Fingers off—let none come near;  
Here's shares of Credit Mobilier;  
With the twisting and the shrinking  
Cheating, knavery and blinking  
Of the Saints in Congress kicking,  
With them to their fingers sticking.

All.—In with them into the press,  
They will make a savory mess.  
Now around the caldron go,  
In the poisoned papers throw,  
For a charm of powerful trouble  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.  
They dance, and (let us hope) vanish.

\* Note.—This is the Shakesperian text. It is not known that the Messrs Harpers countenance the movement, but, if they feel aggrieved, they must bring their action against the ghost of the immortal William.

"Practice is making the French soldiery more scientific in their methods of killing. At the recent execution of Communists at Satory the Adjutant commanding the firing squad gave the order to fire *viva voce*, and not as usual, by a sign with his sword. The prisoners were shot dead instantly, whereas in former executions, when the soldiers were watching the Adjutant's sword their aim became unsteady and they fired wildly. The result was that sergeant's had to finish the condemned with pistol bullets. While these political executions continue, it is as well that death should be inflicted with as little pain as possible."

After more than two years practice at this horrible form of judicial murder, such improvement might be expected. Alas! that French soldiers should shoot better at their friends than their enemies.

[From the Chicago Times, Feb. 28.]

#### SIN!

IN LOW PLACES, IN GILDED PALACES, AND ON BROOKLYN HEIGHTS—BEECHER—THE MODERN ARBACES AND HIS PUPIL—DIOGENES AMONG THE SAINTS—A SCANDAL THAT HAS NOT BEEN, AND WILL NOT BE, DENIED—TILTON AND HIS TREATMENT OF IT—WOODHULL'S DEATH-GRIP.

Under the above heads the following article appeared in the Chicago Times, of February 28. We had heard that such an article was to appear. We knew the writer was cognizant of all the facts connected with the case. We knew that he and Mr. Tilton had been long-time friends, and that early after the exposure, as it pleases many to call it, he was earnest in his zeal to aid Mr. Tilton out of his difficulty. We also knew that he was Mr. Tilton's "complaining friend," who published the reply to that complaining friend by the request of Mr. Tilton, which he afterward disclaimed having made. We knew that he was one who had read the famous letter prepared by Mr. Tilton, not for private keeping but for publication, this purpose having been changed only after it was read to Mr. Beecher. Why changed, it doth not yet appear; but time, the great discloser of all things, will assuredly answer. We knew these things, because others than the writer of this article were also acquainted with them all. We should not have mentioned these facts, or referred to this knowledge at this time, had we not been surprised by the information received, into announcing in our last issue that this letter would be a bomb-shell, which it is not, for Plymouth Church; but Mr. Tilton's conduct is riddled with grape and cannister. But why could he not have told us who is "the miscreant of Plymouth Church" to whom such pointed reference is made? Can it be possible that a friend to Mr. Beecher, which he evidently is, can have made such a thrust at Mr. Bowen, another friend to Mr. Beecher? Of course, we remember some ugly things about Mr. Bowen, and surely there cannot be many "miscreants" in Plymouth Church. We, however, do not believe in these blind references; we believe in not only calling things by their right names, which he, perhaps, does, but also in leaving no doubt as to who is the illustration.

We freely confess to astonishment, that with the quantity and quality of the material at hand, this writer should have made so feeble an effort; but like most writers upon this question, his desires evidently were bent in the direction of how not to say anything while wishing to hint at everything. But, verily he asketh some questions which may be answered with difficulty, and the present say-nothing policy be pursued. But in spite of all the hide-and-go-seek of the friends of Mr. Beecher and Mr. Tilton, the truth will some day stand out in bold relief that will be patent to all who now doubt, and woe be to him whom it shall then appear has attempted to dodge in the issue for the sake of self.

However, it will be quite evident to the careful reader that this writer, who is no other than a born and bred journalist, reared on the Tribune, in which service he has been nearly all his life—Col. James B. Mix—has his subject well in hand, and that he knows all the salient points. He evidently believes, which is the fact, that the key to the main position of defense is in the hands of Frank Moulton, and that the artist, Frank Carpenter, commands another almost as important; while he himself, in company with an eminent divine, recently of this city, but now of Pennsylvania, is conscious of possessing a complete diagram of all their means as well of offense as defense.

We are also further aware that this is but another attempt on the part of the defense, many others of different bearing having failed, to draw our fire before the turning point shall have been reached; but it will fail, as all others before it have failed. There have been several assaults of quite a different character from this one, but to them we reply: We shall neither be surprised, annoyed or driven into a showing of our hands until the right time comes; but when that time shall come, the "Manrico's," "Brooklyn's," "Vidies"—the curs who bark at our heels, hiding behind a *nom-de-plume*, and selling themselves to do the dirty business of those not daring, in their own proper person to appear upon the scene, and who, when their paid slaves shall fall back upon them, will disown their own commands—these we say, all these, when the proper time shall come, will have good reason to think the last trump has sounded, calling them to judgment; for we shall then tell the whole truth though the heavens do fall, and though, with the rest, we go down in the general ruin; for well we know that out of such ruins there will spring a new order of things that can neither be mildewed by a sham morality, nor worm-eaten by a canting hypocrisy.

But for all this we are perfectly conscious that the course that from the first has been pursued by all of Mr. Beecher's real friends is in perfect keeping with the masterly system of tactics adopted by Mr. Beecher himself, to put off the grand denouement until public opinion shall have had time to accept his position as an advocate of Social Reform, which he was compelled to assume by our strategy; and until Mr. Beecher himself shall show, by some overt act, that he has changed his tactics, we shall possess ourselves in patience, leaving him free to pursue them in his own way. In the meantime a mountain of evidence accumulates.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 25, 1873.—I purpose to tell the story of a night; of a night I spent, not long ago, in New York and its sister city, Brooklyn. I will tell strange things in this recital,



and my revelations will be startling. The sketch will be a picture-gallery hung with my thoughts; a panorama of low and high life, a kaleidoscope of virtue and crime.

It was Saturday evening. Just as the street lights were blazing one by one into existence, I stood in the squalor of Water street. From low sailors' dance-houses came riotous melody; from gin-mills came curses and vile imprecations. On everything sin, shame and misery had lain their foul hands. Here the pawn-shop blossomed forth luxuriantly beside the tavern. And as I gazed around, I said, sadly; "I will go further to where the air is purer."

Then on, through the New Bowery, into the strange world of Chatham street and the Bowery. Lights streaming up from dives below the sidewalk tell us of concert-saloons in which crazy pianos and drunken laughter make night hideous. Still on, to where the street is one flood of light, and the crowd jostles you upon the side-walk, we are now in the midst of the great German gardens, where nightly immense throngs congregate to listen to good music well rendered. We meet men, and women too, of all classes, and realize that we are truly in a cosmopolitan city. But still, the glare and glitter, the crashing music and the uproarious audience, are oppressive; we stifle for pure air; and we say, as I said on that occasion, "Let us get on."

This is Houston street. That house into which you see flashily dressed men and decidedly pronounced women entering, is Harry Hill's Variety Theatre. The block of buildings above it, toward Broadway, is known as Murderer's Row. It is only through the bar-room, lined with pictures of the ring, and up a flight of stairs, and you enter the theatre. The jests are coarse and the dances suggestive upon the stage. The audience is rough and profane. A cloud of tobacco smoke hangs over everything; a taint of gin is in the air. And yet you are safe here. Merchants and bankers can come here—and there are many who do—without fear of robbery. There is vice all around us, but it is muzzled. At Hill's, sin is held in a leash. But a little while is enough to linger. We stay just long enough to feel sad as we look at the young girls whose pale cheeks are the tombs of buried roses; at the fast young men, dealing extensively in wild oats; at the rough; the bully; and the miscellaneous throng; and then it is out into the night again.

At the corner of Broadway you are blinded with the blaze that makes one golden sea of the street. Both up and down stretch the famous concert-saloons. Surely the gates of Paradise, at which the Peri tremblingly waited, were not more beautiful than the entrances of these halls. Tinted globes and glaring calcium lights rain down a mellow, glittering mist upon those who are going in. Fountains plash musically at the doors, and from the interior steals out the strains of the seductive orchestra. But he who reads closely can see traced in letters of fire upon each lintel those words which are written above the gates of Hell: "*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi Ch'entrate.*" Passing inside, we see beautiful women scantily dressed, who, like Hebe of old, are performing the duty of barmaids. The visitors are men, almost exclusively, and are well attired. The popping of champagne corks punctuates the melody of the band. The conversation is polite, but hugs closely the French abandon. The double entendre is the rage, and the eyes look what the tongue hesitates to pronounce. Here Folly is masquerading, but through the meshes of her silken mask we can detect the glitter of the wicked eyes. And right here we will moralize, perhaps, as I did, and if we do it will be, as it was, in this fashion: "So far we have seen nothing but the sea of vice breaking over the reefs of crime. Is there not anywhere a place where the sweet flower of virtue blooms? Is there not in this community one man who is as spotless as the snow that sleeps upon the rural hillside?" And with hope and faith in our kind as companions we take up our pilgrimage of the night.

Along Houston street to Greene, and then a pause. The air is blatant with the strumming of pianos. The curtains of the parlor windows are drawn down and we can only see dimly the forms of those within. But the front doors are wide open and invitation lurks in the hallway. Here, then, is no disguise. This is sin's carnival; this is the gala thoroughfare of immorality. This is the far-stretching-out into the sea of humanity, on which wrecked women are washed by the waves of life. It is no place for us, and we pass onward; onward in our search of the one pure man.

No one can pass the open space in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel without pausing a moment to admire the scene of city life spread before him. The great marble building, gilded by the moonlight, seems like a spectral structure in Fairy Land. The park stretches away with its twinkling lights, paled into insignificance by the great naphtha lamps before the hotel entrance. Cabs dash hither and thither; the pave is crowded, and there is heard on all sides the bustle and roar of the great city, softened by the heavy curtains of the night.

It is now getting late—past midnight—and as we pass on upward, the streets become more deserted. The architecture is becoming more stately, and churches are frequent, whose slender spires, piercing the cold blue of the sky, call up pleasant thoughts which crowd the sombre fancies of our brain. We can hear the swelling organ, can see the audience, and then, with a sweet music, comes the pastor's voice, saying: "Though your sins be as scarlet, yet shall they be as the driven snow," and the tears unbidden come, as we think of the misery we have seen, while the heart suffuses with rapture at the blessed picture which fades away, and leaves us desolate and alone again, in the street.

Along almost any of those cross-streets, to which we come now, are rows of magnificent houses, many of which, although but a stone's throw from Fifth Avenue, are in fact nothing but gilded temples of vice. In Green street we saw the crawling, loathsome grub of immorality; here is the butterfly with its gay colors and golden wings. The approach to each one of these mansions is stately, the interior superb. Softly through the rooms move the scarlet women, dressed like duchesses; like duchesses now, but how certain their path leads downward to where the form, once beautiful, lies grovelling on the dance-house floor, or dead upon the morgue

slab. At intervals, a cab dashes around the corner, and we see just for a moment in the glare of the street lamps the flash of a diamond pin on the breast of the debauchee within. But although the air is heavy with perfume, and everything is gilded, it is still vice. We loiter not, for we are in quest of Virtue.

A ramble like this is apt to weary one. It is drawing near the dawn, and we are just about to retrace our steps, when the click of ivory chips and the rat-tat-tat of the roulette ball attract our attention. This, too, is a palatial house, and is known as the winter lair of that tiger which in summer disports itself on the beach at Long Branch. Here the eye-riots in luxurious appointments, and grows satiated with the beauty of furniture and decoration. There is a hush resting upon the scene, and everything is conducted with the greatest propriety. The "tiger" lies crouching upon the green table, while the players gathered around throw him the green-backs on which he feeds. He is a wicked and vicious animal in reality, but here appears so sleek and beautiful, and the touch of his paw is so silken and gentle, that the unwary forget the baleful fire of his eye and the cruel claws beneath the velvet. There is also a magnificent dinner served up at this establishment every night, as an act of courtesy on the part of the "tiger." The most delicate morsels that ever melted in the mouth of an epicure come to the table in silver as massive and beautiful as any in the land. A rare den is this of the "tiger," and a rare beast is here. Occasionally, a haggard face leaves the table, and, then perhaps, as it has occurred, a pistol shot flashes into oblivion the ruined gamster. To lose the last dollar, while wife and babe are starving at home; and then to take a "header" into that "dark sea which rolls round all the world," is no uncommon thing for the tiger's friends to do. For, after all, even this beautiful place is, like all the rest, the abode of vice. Behind each picture lurks a skeleton, while Ruin, Shame and Death—grim trio—stand at the croupier's elbow.

This is Gotham at night. We have wandered through its streets and found everywhere sin and misery. And now, sickened at heart and saddened by what we have seen, we turn toward Brooklyn—the city of churches—which boasts of its respectability and moral atmosphere. Surely, said we on that eventful night, on Brooklyn Heights, at least, there dwell those as yet unbesmirched; those at whom no one can point the finger of scorn.

Crossing the ferry, we climb the Heights on our way to our home. And as we reach the Montague arch, which crowns the Heights, we pause a moment spell-bound by the beauty of the night. All is as quiet as the grave. Above us the sky, "fretted with celestial fire," a deep blue sea, through which the moon, a silver boat, floats majestically. Below us the dark river, running its race to the mysterious ocean beyond. There is no sound save now and then the dismal crunching of the ice-cakes as the force of the current grinds them against each other. Across the river, at our feet, stretches the great metropolis, locked in slumber. Beneath its roofs are thousands of human beings, all unconscious of the life-struggle which comes again with the morrow. And see! the dawn is near at hand. Already the dusky cheek of the east blushes at the first kiss of the coming sun, and all the heavens are filled with the tremulous light of day-break. Strange, unbidden thoughts troop upon the mind in this solemn hour, and as we stand there and gaze over Brooklyn, we say: And are there none in this city whose pillow is circled with thorns? Are there no skeletons in the closets of this godly people? As we ask the question we feel that even here on Brooklyn Heights, where thieves never break in and steal, there are those who have not slept to-night, who have not slept for many nights; those of whom it might be spoken, "And guilt, the grim chamberlain, lighted them to bed."

It is now three months since the world was startled, as with an electric shock, by the publication of the greatest social scandal of this country, which seriously affects, if true, the character of Henry Ward Beecher, the pastor of Plymouth Chapel. It came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, and dumfounded the whole land. But following it came a strange and mysterious silence. Three months have gone by and as yet no word of denial has been spoken. The scandal has since been reiterated, and still the finger is on the lip. The *Eagle* screams from its eyrie on Brooklyn Heights, and calls upon Beecher to explain. Its columns are filled with communications relative to the matter. And yet, not a word! The press, always eager to grasp a sensation, is blind to the greatest sensation since journalism began. No one in society professes to know anything. The rich congregation of Plymouth Church wrap their mantles around them and lapse into a lofty scorn of what they profess to call mud-slinging. But still, the mud was skillfully thrown. Has it soiled the clerical robes in the slightest? This is a question which the near future will solve; and yet, beneath the apparent ignorance which society affects can be heard a murmur growing louder every day. It is only a whisper; it may become a storm.

It was during the holidays that Theodore Tilton wrote his celebrated letter to his "complaining friend." We are that complaining friend. Knowing what we did, we thought we could point him the path leading up out of the gloom which had settled on him. From childhood we had been his friend, and we went to him when he sorely needed friendship. From his letter, which has been extensively circulated, it appeared that there was something to say; that it required, if he did speak, "not only a denial of things mis-stated, but a truthful explanation of other things that remain unstated and in mystery; in other words, the false story, if met at all, should be confronted and confounded by the true one. But when the truth is a sword, God's mercy sometimes commands it sheathed. If you think I do not burn to defend my wife and little ones, you know not the fiery spirit with which I am." But yet he dreaded to speak, lest "it shoot forth like a thunderbolt through other hearts."

We never expected again to put pen to paper in this matter. But since, coward-like, you, Theodore Tilton, stand trembling with your written statement in your hand, we deem it an act of friendship to give you that spur which

shall start you on the stern path of duty. What is this mysterious influence which chains your "fiery spirit?" What is this thunderbolt, and by whom was it forged, that you dread so much? We cannot doubt the sincerity of your letter, but feel that the world will weigh it for what it is worth. The friends to whom you voluntarily read your statement have remained true to you in your hour of trial, and it is the who suffer by this shameful hesitancy in that unbosoming of yourself, which you have led them to expect.

Awake to the danger of longer silence, and aroused by stern sense of duty, one clergyman (the Rev. Dr. Powers) at last "spoken out in meeting" about the terrible scandal. One would suppose that the Christian church was founded with the birth of the reverend gentleman who is principally concerned, so mealy-mouthed are the blind idolaters who worship at the shrine of Plymouth when discussing the subject. Were Mr. Beecher a great lawyer or actor instead of the high priest of the Christian church, well might he fall back on his well-earned laurels and defy his accusers. Were he as lecherous as a Turk, his big-heartedness, his charity to his fellow-men, and his great eloquence would speak for him in tones of thunder. Mightiest among the mighty, his admirers would continue, as they do to-day, to vie with one another in their devotion to his interests. But if honesty, integrity and virtue are the foundation of society and government, what should be that of religion? While Henry Ward Beecher is not the foundation-stone, he is unquestionably one of the pillars of the Christian temple, and if he is weak where he should be most strong, should he not be pulled down and tumbled over? To have heard him in the public street discourse over the dead body of Brooklyn's first mayor reminded one of Rome and the dead body of Cæsar. Stern men were moved to tears, and no Roman ever looked more grand than Henry Ward Beecher did on that Sunday afternoon while, it might be said, personating Mark Antony. While the people continue to think Mr. Beecher unlike Cæsar's wife, is it surprising that "the debauchee, untrembling, mouths the heavens," or that the ungodly chuckle at the seeming indifference of the worshippers of Mammon who continue to cling to their idol? Like the winter's frost in spring, the truth will out! Has there been any seeking of the truth in Plymouth church? No! Mr. Beecher is either the most unfortunate victim of circumstances or the most consummate actor that ever walked a stage. That for years he has suffered mental torture is most true; but it only reached its climax during the past winter. For years the sword of Damocles has been suspended above his platform, and yet he has never flinched. One miscreant among his congregation has, figuratively speaking, been shaking at him the finger of guilt for years. Had Mr. Beecher come down from his platform and have throttled him, and then have thrown himself on the mercy of his flock, he would have saved himself many a sleepless night. People ask why has Mr. Beecher not said, "This is all a lie." It is only a little band of dear friends who know of the efforts that have been made during the past winter to shield Mr. Beecher from the parasites that have surrounded him, and who now feel that every honorable effort having availed nothing, he must meet the blow.

During this trying ordeal, Mr. Beecher has intrenched himself securely behind the excellency of his character. He is now swinging around the circle, and it remains for his friends to determine whether his reputation shall be longer gnawed at by the chattering apes who infest society. Until the clergy of Brooklyn can muster the moral courage to probe this social ulcer, Mr. Beecher with his bull-dog tenacity, will cling to his platform like the dying queen to her sceptre. He will say as Roderick did:

"Come one, come all;  
This rock shall fly  
From its firm base  
As soon as I."

Would it not become some warm-blooded descendent of the Puritans, who possesses a soul above the strait-laced, psalm-singing Pharisees that jostle him every Sunday, to accompany the *Times* Diogenes while in search of the one pure man? Well might he say to him:

"Peace! sit you down,  
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall.  
If it be made of penetrable stuff;  
If damned custom has not braz'd it so,  
That it is proof and bulwark against sense."

Diogenes would say to Mr. Beecher, Why was it that you desired that your protege should read you his written statement, which he did but a few nights since at the house of a mutual friend? Why was it necessary for you to correspond with "The Woodhull?" If she is the vile wretch they say she is; and if the letters you have from her contain anything but the woman's inmost thoughts; anything that can be construed into a threat; anything that will bear the construction of attempts at blackmail, why not give them to the world, so that those who love you for your great talents and the good you have accomplished in the world, may breathe freer? Why was it that she and you were together on the Heights, November 19th, 1871, except that it was that she then expected you to make your "new departure," and become the high priest of that peculiar sect of which she is the acknowledged champion? What mysterious influence was it that she then possessed over you, that you allowed her to dare to propose that you should introduce her at Steinway Hall? Was it her pure, unadulterated cheek, or did she know "who was who?" Certain it was that she was not dismayed, and she nerved your pupil to do that from which you shrank.

Did not one of the noblest of men—not one of the presbytery of Plymouth church, but a brilliantly gifted child of Bohemia—open wide for you another field of usefulness, and prophecy the brilliant future that lay before you, if you would but embrace it? Did you not sleep over it? You remember the night. It was as cold as charity. The piercing northwest wind swept over the Heights. You both wrapped your togas about you and felt not the biting air, while he painted the pictured to you. But, alas! the next day dispelled the bright dream which could have been a reality, and



Mammon again claimed you, and riveted its chains another year. The auctioneer was again on hand, and one by one the most conspicuous spots were secured, where it was, "You pay your money, you take your choice." Why was it that your sister, Harriet, Sunday after Sunday, sat your feet?

Was it that another sister, more impulsive, had threatened to mount your platform and plead your cause?

Come to the front and centre, Henry Ward Beecher. You are but human. Your friends know you have the courage to take the bull by the horns. You have a constituency outside of Plymouth church, to which they are but the drop in the bucket. In your proper element, you can unmask the cold-blooded varlets that flaunt their piety on 'Change and in the mart.

Between the rostrum and the sanctum, you can make the fur fly. The field is open and clear, and you can be master of the situation.

There, my Puritan friend, with that cheerful face and mien, is Frank Moulton, whose name was ruthlessly drawn into this scandal. With my lantern, I can detect a tired, weary expression, which tells of more than one sleepless night. He is the Pythias who threw himself into the breach, and braved what few men would have dared, to save two men who he believes to be loyal, faithful and worthy. No one can impugn his motive, he moves along the 'Rialto' and challenges the admiration of all who honor that sterling quality, moral courage. But he cannot longer struggle against fate.

Could we speak to the Plymouth Presbytery, we would say, Beware of the baleful example you are setting your young people; that reputation is a sufficient guarantee of purity of character. Lying in a felon's cell, in the Tombs, is one of your choir, who had become impecunious. His offense was slight, only the temporary removal of a lace shawl from the store of one of your richest members. Kind friends have pleaded for mercy. His name was kept out of the papers in the hope that he might be reclaimed. It was only a trifle, about a score of dollars, and yet for a fortnight he has had to share a cold cell with two hardened criminals awaiting their trial. No one can blame his employer, who had been unusually partial to him. But yet it does seem that his punishment has been severe. Should a dear daughter make a mis-step, believing herself secure in the reputation of her family, the sorrow-stricken sire may then realize the fact that hypocrisy in religion saps the foundation of faith. Come with me, past St. Ann's, where the pastor draws the line between sacred and profane music, and is not in harmony with the organist; past Trinity, with its one cushionless seat in the gallery marked free; and I will point you out the one clergyman in Brooklyn who, when the good Collyer came from the burnt city and unburdened his heart, said to his rich but sparse congregation: "In Boston they gave so much, we must give more." It was but a few days since he scarified the Mobilier members in plain, round terms. Can he not apply the knife nearer home?

It matters not whence came this three months' wonder. Society was organized on a substantial basis, and no man or woman can overthrow it. Let us have the truth, though the heavens fall. Shall it be? Or must a desperate woman be allowed an excuse, through the cowardice of those who have communed with her, to give to the world that which may scar other hearts, and tear open afresh, wounds that are almost healed?

#### "BY THEIR FRUITS (WORKS) SHALL YE KNOW THEM."

My Dear Friends—I have taken your paper about one year; am well posted in regard to your object and endeavors; have had a strong sympathy for you from the first; and I believe you have been prepared and commissioned from high heaven to lead off in this much needed reform, which now occupies your whole soul. I have your pictures and can from them read your high moral standard. I have read the many letters from all parts of the United States by friends who are full of sympathy and encouragement for you.

This is all very well, and helps to strengthen you in the conflict; yet all that have read your paper must be aware that you do not show your full strength for want of "means" with which to do it. Many have labored hard to increase your subscription list. This is also very well for it helps to disseminate your ideas to the people, and make friends to your cause; but this leaves you a very small balance over the actual cost of the paper.

You have thousands of friends scattered all over the United States. They all see you standing in the front, where none but you could so stand, and fighting the enemy and breaking the way for future generations to follow, and bid you "god-speed." But it looks to me like sending out from an army an advance-guard to stand a raking fire from the enemy, with "not half a supply of cartridges," while in the rear, where there is "no danger," they have a full supply, and to spare.

Now, it "costs" something to live in New York, and run a paper, and sympathy alone will not buy paper, or pay the printer's bill.

Now, I have no doubt but that you have hundreds, at least, of friends who have plenty of money and would not really miss from fifty to five hundred dollars from their exchequer, if they should forward it to you, to do battle with their common enemy, and help establish their own cherished reform.

It has often been said that a man cannot carry his riches to the spirit world. This I deny. Having visited that world in all its spheres very often for the past twenty years, I will say that for every dollar you give to the poor and needy while here, you will find the same put to your credit there with compound interest. So fear not to give to the poor, and thus "lend to the Lord."

They all well know your honesty now, and know that your whole souls are wrapped up in this cause, and know that you will never retreat before the enemy one inch so long as you can get a crust to live on and pay the printer. If you should

fall, there is no one who could or would fill your place, and even a century might elapse before another could be prepared to do the work you are doing. And seeing your situation and "determination," although I am very poor compared with many others, I have laid by the small sum of twenty-five dollars which I have inclosed to you to aid our cause, and hope soon to be able to repeat the same. And may the God of love inspire many who are more able than myself to do likewise, until you have an abundance and are able to carry out on earth your highest inspirations for the incoming Kingdom of Love, Peace and Wisdom as 'tis done in heaven.

Respectfully yours,  
GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.

DR. E. WOODRUFF.

[Until now we have published none of the letters from friends, which like this from Bro. Woodruff, contained contributions, outside of subscriptions, to aid us in sustaining the WEEKLY. When we suspended publication we had a large list of subscribers, to whom of course we now furnish the paper. This we should not have been able to do, had we received nothing except for subscriptions; large in number as they have been; but the contributions of large-souled men and women, who, like our brother now in question, knowing how hard a thing it is to publish a paper and be continually hounded by the officious officials, have by their thoughtfulness enabled us to stand thus far, and we hope there are enough men like them still left to make us firm in our position. In the name of the cause for which we labor, we return thanks not only to Brother Woodruff, but to all others who have done likewise. They have made the cause their own, and consider us, as what we are; its instruments to aid its progress; we have no promises to make; our deeds in the past must speak for us. If they do not command the confidence of those who believe in social regeneration and a better state of things generally, and move thus to make common cause with us, nothing we might say can do so.]

[From the Sun, Feb. 28.]

#### LO! FROM THE TOMBS.

#### MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE.

To a lady visitor an intelligent prisoner said: "In cold weather we can rely upon our bed clothing only to keep warm; in wet weather we cannot contend with the death-dealing dampness of our prison walls. If we open our doors to get a circulation of air we inhale the noxious vapors from without; if we keep them closed we are stifled by the equally bad air within. Look at Rosenzweig. I say nothing of his crime. He is a prisoner awaiting trial, and he is detained here at the pleasure of the authorities. He would be better cared for in any prison in the State. Is it right that he should be poisoned with this foul atmosphere? His lungs and whole system are affected, and unless soon removed he will die. Why don't they try him, let him be acquitted, imprisoned or hanged, not murdered here? Kendricks is following him fast; King will die of consumption within six months; Train's constitution is giving away, and Newman (Dutch Heinrichs) can't live much longer. Every man who has been confined here two months is failing. Must we die like brutes? Every day there is a dead body carried out. Few know, and less care, who or what he was, or who his friends are."—The Sun.

#### EPIGRAM.

##### CALLING THE ROLL OF THE DEAD.

Make room for the corpse! clear the way!  
Two more Harolds are dead to-day.  
Why don't you come yourself and see?  
'Tis murder in the first degree.  
Cruelty to animals! poor cattle,  
There's no Bergh to hear a man's death rattle.  
No pagan jail, not even the Turk,  
Would be guilty of this Christian work.  
For news you send all o'er the world,  
While down to hell these men are hurled.  
Why don't you, before the cannon booms,  
Come down and investigate the Tombs?  
The great city of churches sheds no tear  
O'er this diseased and stifled atmosphere.  
Can you not exchange our Sunday prayer  
For a little warmth and a little air?  
Give us this day our daily bread—  
Why not call the roll of the dead?  
We smuggle no tin; tell us O. M. lie.  
Is that why you leave us here to die?  
Death of a State! Drape the banner!  
One star has gone! 'Tis Louisiana!  
The Ball! the Army! Inauguration Day!  
The gorgeous pageant! Watch and pray.  
Cheer on cheer! loud Hosannas sing,  
Congress is dead! Long live the King!  
So fill up your glasses steady,  
This world is a world of lies  
Here's a health to the dead already!  
And hurrah for the next that dies.

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN, one of the pall bearers.

Cell 56, the Tombs, February 27—tenth week.

The following has been handed in, to appear in the morning papers simultaneously with the striking off of this issue of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN:

#### EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE.

People of New York—Truth must at last come out, and you are brave enough to be ready for it, whatever it is. Justice, blindfold and with scales delicately poised, accepts two of your citizens who stand confronted—one, the first clergyman of America; the other, a woman of no repute—as yet utterly equal. Justice to Mrs. Woodhull is the truth about her and what that truth must bring; justice to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is the truth about him, and what must come of that. Mr. Beecher is great and strong, with the whole world on his side; he needs no advantage, and must nobly

scorn to take it. Mrs. Woodhull, with the whole world against her, has that claim for fair play, and Justice all the more insures that she shall have it. Justice leans to the woman, not for *his* wronging but for *her* even chance. She has shaken a continent, not by a lie that but needs to be refuted. She has been thrust into jail, denied a trial, held under cruel bonds, not on a charge which could in less time have been proved. New York has made her the Martyr-Woman of the Nineteenth Century—to go down to future generations as the immortal Persecuted! But that is past. New York will now do her justice, do *him* justice, both justice—will forever be true to both in that great charity all need and all pray for!

JOSEPH TREAT, M. D.

New York, March 5, 1873.

To which I here add:

Mr. Beecher is a good man in very many respects—one of our pre-eminently best men. But that very goodness is what has made it possible for him to be, as all those years he has been, the greatest Jesuit of any public man in America. He has preached a goodness beyond that of any other minister living or dead—preached beauty, art, nature, humanity, physiology, phrenology, infidelity; but preached all this as Christianity, aye, as the very Christianity of the Bible! He has preached riches, when he knows the New Testament damns riches. He has preached everything at one time, and then contradicted it at another; infidelity, and contradicted it; universalism, and contradicted it; free love, and contradicted it. He preaches the "meek and lowly Jesus," while both his eye and mouth proclaim that there is not a humble hair on his head, as they both equally reveal all this unscrupulousness and insincerity of his public ministrations. It is his face that is written all over with his goodness—kind and beautiful traits forever beaming from him; yet it is that same face that is written all over with his badness, opposite traits. I am his friend, I love him; but in justice to him and to myself, which is more, and to this great world of brothers, which is a thousand times more yet, I name those traits duplicity, dishonesty, hypocrisy, brazenness. One single glance at his likeness, as far off as a man can see it, tells the whole. And Rev. Dr. Cuyler, in the *Independent*, has written of his "fat legs," and he is indeed a "splendid animal" as well as man, and I cast no stone at him. But he is not so good as I when he selfishly, cruelly leaves Mrs. Tilton to be crushed under such a load; he is not so good as I when he meanly, basely thrusts Victoria C. Woodhull, Tinnie Clafin and Colonel Blood into jail, and compels them to walk through these fires of hell; he is not so good as I when he sneaks off and plays coward, when he forces all Plymouth Church on its marrow-bones to shield him and then accepts the fawning of such lickspittles; and all this guilty silence is a handwriting in the heavens, absolute proof to the whole world, so that every one knows, or may know, that the charges against him are true; and in this fact that they are true Henry Ward Beecher, in killing Christianity, reproduces old Samson, and does ten times more good than in all the other acts of his life! No, Brother Beecher, Victoria C. Woodhull does not condemn you, neither do I condemn you. Be honest, speak out, proclaim yourself as and what you are, and the great world of loving brothers will gather round you and make you the apostle of a higher and more glorious gospel than you ever preached yet! Say to everybody, "I've only done as I had to, you've done as you had to, and what are you going to do about it?" But that is the very thing, Mr. Beecher, and all the rest; we can do differently in future from what we have done if now we only feel the need of it.

But where are Mrs. Stanton and all those other women? Fallen—fallen below the brave Victoria's courage!

JOSEPH TREAT, M. D.

#### THE CHRISTIAN CONVENTION.

[The following Papers, from one duly appointed and accredited from Vineland, N. J., to protest against the action of the Christian Convention, were, in accordance with express provision made by the Convention, handed in to the Executive Committee, by that Committee regularly reported to be read before the Convention, and actually read, up to the point indicated below, when, with a storm of hisses and indignation, the Protestor was refused further hearing by formal vote of the body, and announcement of the chair.]

#### PROTEST.

We, the citizens of Vineland, N. J., in Convention assembled, many of us holding to the inspiration of the Scriptures, and all of us in this action representing only the views of some of Vineland's most orthodox clergymen, [in being perfectly hostile to the proposed amendment] earnestly protest against your attempt to put God, Christ, and the Bible, into the Constitution, as opposed to the spirit of our institutions, a violation of equal natural rights, and an infraction of Christianity's own law, "Do as you would be done by."

#### PROTEST.

I protest against your conspiracy to put God, Christ, and the Bible into the Constitution, because,

1. Science annihilates the inspiration of the Bible, all the great Scientists to a man repudiate that inspiration, and all America says yes in crowning TYNDALL with honors never paid to any man coming to our shores!

2. Christians dare not defend the inspiration of the Bible; I challenge this Convention to defend it; and literal hundreds of thousands throughout the country, challenge all Clergymen to a public discussion of the claims of that book.

3. Your proposition is, in so many words, to outlaw and



disfranchise, every one of the millions in America who will not swear by the Bible!

4. And it is to destroy the Republic, and substitute for it a Monarchy, a Theocracy—a God being the only foundation of authority, ruling in the person of his viceregents.

Therefore I impeach and condemn your scheme, in my own name, in the name of a great meeting of citizens of Vineland N. J., who appointed me to do this for them, and in the name of the universal American People, who will never allow you to succeed, but will forever overwhelm you in your attempt!

For this will carry all into politics, and compel that very discussion which the Bible now shuns, making it worse for that book than before.

As an earnest of all which, I challenge any and every Clergyman in this City, or in the United States, to discuss the inspiration of the Bible with me, at such time and place as he may select.

JOSEPH TREAT, M. D.

#### REVIEW AND CHALLENGE.

Brethren of this Christian Convention: The fact is patent, and you can not deny it, that if you make God, Christ and the Bible a part of the Constitution, then no man can possibly vote for (that is, under) the Constitution, who does not believe in God, Christ and the Bible, and recognize them as authority. But there are hundreds of thousands not to say millions in this country, who do not and can not believe in God, Christ and the Bible, or in some one of the three, and therefore you will absolutely disfranchise all these. But they have the same equal natural right not to believe (if they can not), that you have to believe; they have the same right to judge for themselves, the same most sacred right of conscience; and therefore you will be inflicting injustice and outrage upon them, you will be persecuting them, you will not be doing as you would be done by—you, the Christians, will not be so good as the heretics, the sinners, and all the world will say so. So entirely false is your Resolution, that this measure will not "oppress individual conscience"—that it "can not be perverted to any such end;" it will oppress, it can not do anything else.

Your honored and most worthy President expressed surprise, that any one could have the temerity to charge a design to fetter conscience—as well he might, for this instead of to "fetter" conscience, is to annihilate it. And his assertion that "the blood of the martyrs has preserved freedom of conscience," in that very word is a contradiction—the blood of the martyrs has been the violation of freedom of conscience.

Rev. Dr. McAlister said that "the Constitution should be a transcript of the Bible," and that the proposed "acknowledgement will carry along with it the law of the Bible;" then what possible freedom of judgment and conscience to these vast multitudes who, in honesty as great as your own, are compelled to reject the Bible? Rev. Dr. Craven assumed a personal God, and the Bible a Revelation from him; then what freedom to those, his perfect equals, who can not accept either, or if the former, certainly not the latter? He has a right to assume his conclusions, but they have no right to assume theirs, but on the contrary, they must be persecuted for them!

Rev. Dr. McIlvaine says, "we do not aim at union of Church and State," but he and you do aim at what must bring the same persecution that union of Church and State has always done. And he says, "the nation is the creature of God;" and that means, "subject, and ride down, those who think it is not the creature of God."

Rev. Dr. Tyng says you "have one idea, and want no more"—and he could not have expressed the persecution more plainly. He says, "everything is all one side"—as if the heretics had not just as good a right to claim the same thing! He says he is "on the side of God," and if any of us are on the side of Atheism, he has no answer to make, he has no revelation to us whatever; and with his head blossoming for the grave, and the whole country venerating and loving him as an exemplar of goodness and Christian charity, he characterizes us as *skunks*. That is his regard for humanity. The reason of course is, what he himself alleges, that "light enters his mind through a narrow crevice."

Rev. Dr. Miner so far forgets his own Universalism, as to justify this persecution by saying, that "it is entirely another thing to recognize Christianity, than one or other of the Sects," when the very same persecution must equally follow from the former as from the latter. He says the Sects in this thing, "are all agreed," and therefore the recognition can be made: yes, but that is the very thing, the Infidels are not agreed, and so the recognition cannot be made! He says, "all the grogshops in New York had better be continued, than the [compulsory] Sunday be abolished"—the spirit of persecution absolutely run to Universalist seed! He says "the Constitution must conform to Atheism, or Christianity;" no, but it must consist with both. He says, "Atheism infringes Christianity, as much as Christianity infringes Atheism;" no, again, Atheism allows Christianity, but that is the very trouble, Christianity is not willing to allow Atheism. The noble Boston Investigator, which for over forty years has stood first in this battle, flaunts for its very motto, "Universal Mental Liberty;" and that is the single whole of Mr. Abbott's "Demands of Liberalism," that both Christianity and whatever opposes it, shall stand on the same vantage ground—neither be "recognized"—each support itself. And Mr. Abbott was certainly wrong in saying, a year ago, that if a Christian, he must advocate the proposed amendment: for a Christian ought to be as tolerant and gentlemanly as an Atheist, and if Christianity will not allow him to be, so much the worse for Christianity!

Pres. Hays, to keep company with Dr. Tyng, characterizes us as *dogs*, and says, "Jehovah would have us do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly;" but Infidels think the Bible Jehovah would have men do a great deal else, and Brigham Young thinks he would have men practice Polygamy, as Jacob and David and Solomon did. Pres. Hays says, "Jehovah and his Revelation are the standard of public morality, the Bible is the standard of right and wrong;" when there are whole chapters so obscene they can not be read, and for only republishing from that book, poor George Francis

Train is thrown into the Tombs to rot with felons and murderers. [Here came the gag, and the reading was stopped.] And this is the persecution, Train is prosecuted and imprisoned for holding up the "standard of right and wrong," till for very shame at the Christian infamy, the women of Vineland have to send him word before the world that they are coming to pull down his Bastille! And the Young Men's Christian Association, aided by Plymouth Church, have persecuted Woodhull and Claflin in order to save the reputation of a guilty Clergyman, fill the press of the whole country cries shame! shame! on the cowardliness and meanness; and those two women have been besmirched in this Convention, by those who could say that "free-love and libertinism are not right," when the Bible is full of both, and the Clergymen lead the way in practicing both.

No, no, brothers of this Convention, we meet you halfway; we accept and defend you and your rights: now accept and defend us and our rights; we do not wish to persecute you, be as good as we, and do not persecute us. Actualize your own Bible, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" Show the world a nation living in amity, the equal rights of one class, balanced by the equal rights of every other class. But if you refuse, and carry this amendment, heed the forewarning that you will be resisted, and that you will inaugurate blood to the horse-bridles, and upon you be the responsibility! Like the ghost of Banquo, the spectres of your murdered victims "will not down," and like the poisoned shirt of Nessus, the guilt of the blood will cling to you forever!

Now choose two or three of your champions to meet an equal number of ours, and discuss this whole matter before the public, and we will defray half of the expense, as that is your stipulation. But at least, you are kind and brotherly to give the opportunity for this representation, and we heartily thank you; and we only ask the same kindness at your hands in this matter of the amendment, and we will hope you will yet grant it, by giving up that amendment.

JOSEPH TREAT, M. D.

P. S. [Still included in what had been handed in, and reported to be read.]—This forenoon, Rev. Dr. Edwards, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, in effect said: "If a man has such an irreligious conscience, that he cannot accept [the situation under the proposed Amendment], let that conscience be stricken down; and if he cannot take a Christian oath, let him go to a Christian prison." This caps the climax! "Out of thine own mouth," Dr. Edwards, and Christian Convention!!

[From our Special Correspondent.]

#### MRS. WOODHULL IN BOSTON.

The recent visit of Mrs. Woodhull to Boston proved to be one of more than usual interest. She came by invitation of the New England Labor Reform League, of which Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Heywood are the foster-parents.

It is but simple justice to say in this connection, that this worthy couple are the chief agents and most active supporters of an organization which justly claims the credit of having the freest and broadest platform of any before the country. It is certain that at no other annual or semi-annual gathering which meets in this State, do so many radical and revolutionary sentiments with reference to financial, industrial, political, social and religious matters find such freedom of utterance and cordial toleration as in this Labor Reform League; and for this reason, if for no other, do we find it in our hearts to bid it God speed.

It is a fact worth recording, that every year adds to its interest and extends its influence. May success commendate with its claims ever prove its great reward.

Mrs. Woodhull's coming gave an impetus to the League this year, and invested its sessions with a degree of popular attention which probably no other person would have been likely to have given it. Her presence lifted the meetings into a notoriety they could not well have otherwise obtained, and caused the authorities of Tremont Temple, under the tutelage of that pink of clerical conceitedness and black-guardism, Rev. J. D. Fulton, to cancel their written contract of the lease of the Temple to the responsible managers of the League. The intolerance of these religionists is worthy of the middle ages, and comes with the worst possible grace from a sect that formerly in this very State were regarded and persecuted as being but little better than common nuisances. This is but another sad instance where the once feeble and persecuted, by a reversion of power, becomes in turn the bitterest of persecutors and intolerants. The same accursed spirit appears inherent in well nigh every Christian sect, and which seemingly but awaits favorable opportunity to openly manifest itself.

Mrs. W. spoke twice on Sunday, and lectured on Monday and Tuesday evenings. Her words were listened to on each occasion with eager attention by crowded audiences. Present on both evenings, we became observant and critically watched the two assemblies, and are convinced that the great majority of those in attendance were there for altogether a higher motive than mere curiosity to see and hear one who, by force of circumstances, occupies such a share of public attention. Doubtless this additional attempt to suppress her "suppressed speech," quickened the steps of some who had decided to attend any way—besides giving a zest and sparkle to the meeting generally; but the presence of those who composed the great body of her audiences was mainly due to the growing and vital interest felt in the subject matter of her discourse.

The *Banner of Light*, to its credit be it spoken, is the only paper that has given anything like a fair and candid synoptical report of the doings of this League. The *Banner* has

done considerably more than this. It has given nearly a whole page—full four columns—of its limited space, to a report of the two days' proceedings.

Many of your readers may not be aware that the *Banner of Light* is distinctively a spiritualistic paper, having clearly defined views, within certain limits, respecting the greatest revolutionary movement of the age; and which, during the sixteen years of its existence, it has, all things considered, adhered to with wondrous consistency and unquestioned loyalty. Though the proprietors thereof are by nature constitutionally conservative, the *Banner* has, nevertheless, been outspoken on all the great humanitarian questions of this reformatory age, and with such vigor and persistency as often to restrict its circulation. For its yeoman service in behalf of oppressed and ostracised humanity, we are constrained to bid it all hail! and onward, to still greater usefulness in the yet to come.

ST. ALBANS.

#### A PROTEST.

SOUTH NEWBURY, Ohio.

WHEREAS, By the recent high-handed outrage of both Federal and State authorities in arresting the editors and proprietors of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY on false and preposterous charges, holding them in jail for weeks without a trial, or even examination and finally demanding an extortionate and unheard-of amount of bail, not only the liberty of the Press, but the right of Free Speech is assailed in their persons, therefore,

Resolved, That as citizens of a professedly free government, we feel called upon in the name of outraged liberty, to protest against this new and subtle encroachment upon the rights of the people, and to demand for all persons accused of crimes or misdemeanors a speedy trial by a jury of their peers, which is the inalienable birthright of every American citizen:

Amplias Green,  
Minerva Green,  
Sophia L. O. Allen,  
Darius M. Allen,  
Erastus Hodges,  
James H. Hodges,  
Mary E. C. Hodges,  
Josie E. Allshouse,  
Lavina Hodges,  
Saml. McNutt,  
Henry Utley,  
Delia M. Ludlow,  
Caroline Nash,  
Content Nash,  
Julia Nash,  
Emma Ridge,  
John Ridge,  
Pamela Prichard,

C. N. Ridenour,  
B. F. Ludlow,  
Mrs. P. M. Burnett,  
Lyman J. Smith,  
Burt L. Smith,  
W. N. White,  
Louisa White,  
Julia P. Green,  
R. Wesley Brown,  
Sarah A. Knox,  
Ransom Knox,  
Mary O. Howard,  
Peter Downey,  
Rosella A. Green,  
William Green,  
Joel Walker,  
A. D. Green,  
J. K. Richard.

"OUR HOME," DANVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1873.

Woodhull & Claflin—Many thanks, my dear ladies, for the pictures you sent me; and although I herewith enclose the money (\$2.00) for them, still, I wish to say—thank you! for the kindness which prompted you to send them to me, an entire stranger to you.

The pictures have been seen and criticised by a good many. Some do not like them and others do. Several ladies took exception to Miss Claflin's position, but I do not wonder that she has turned her back upon the cold, cold world. To me there is a world of meaning in that position; and when I look into the faces of those pictures the lips seem to move, and whole volumes of eloquence pour forth.

The world is moving! for didn't I read all in one day (yesterday) that Victoria Woodhull had pronounced that suppressed speech before a Boston audience; that the editor of the *Cleveland Leader* had published a long letter from Victoria Woodhull (with quite an humble apology in his editorial columns for his previous abuse of her); and, also, that Henry Ward Beecher is arraigned before the bar of public opinion for daring to say that the religion of God's revelation is manhood. It is not often that we reform or are treated to such a feast as that in the daily press, all on the same day.

With great respect, I am, very truly, yours,

RICHARD H. CAMP.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN MASSACHUSETTS.—BOSTON, March 4.—In the Massachusetts House to-day, from the Committee on Female Suffrage a resolution signed by seven members was reported to amend the Constitution so as to secure the right of suffrage and right to hold office to women. Three others of the committee presented a minority report. Both reports were ordered to be printed.

ADVERTISEMENT.—Madam Channing, Medical and Business Clairvoyant, 544 Third avenue, first bell, Diagnoses, prescribes for and cures disease without questioning the patient; and consults upon business and social affairs, from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. every day. Best reference and genuine certificates of cures.

[From the *Banner of Light*.]

YE HUMANN PIGGE.

Ye humann pigge's an ugly fowle,  
And wondrous good at eating,  
And you can often hear him howle  
Right oute in open meeting.  
But though you try a thousand yeare,  
I trow you stilk will fayle  
To make a decent man of him,  
For he's bound to rant and rayle,



## C. L. James' Column.

DEVOTED TO

Free Love &amp; Free Religion.

The Truth Teller.

EAU CLAIRE, Wis., January 20, 1873.

To the Patrons of the Truth Teller:

I understand, through Woodhull & Claflin, that they are able and intend shortly to recommence the publication of their paper. This being the case, I have determined to withdraw the *Truth Teller*, and to hire instead a column of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY. The suspension of my paper during so many weeks was unavoidable. Its publication compelled me to dispose of my business and property at Alma. All subscriptions paid toward its support will be refunded on demand. I recommend my former patrons, one and all, to subscribe for WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY. The editors are women, representing the cause of woman as no man can; they have more power and ability than any of our allies in America, and they have endured persecutions with which mine cannot be compared. I resign cheerfully to them the standard which, to the best of my ability, I bore while they were in the hands of the enemy.

C. L. JAMES.

**FLAS.** Those really interested in practical social reform should not fail to become conversant with the nature of this institution. Full information may be obtained by addressing

C. L. JAMES,  
Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

## A MORAL VINDICATOR.

If Mr. Jones, Lycurgus B.,  
Had one peculiar quality,  
'Twas his severe advocacy  
Of conjugal fidelity.

His views of heaven were very free,  
His views of life were painfully  
Ridiculous, but fervently  
He dwelt on marriage sanctity.

He frequently went on a spree,  
But, in his wildest revelry,  
On this, his special subject, he  
Betrayed no ambiguity.

And though at times Lycurgus B.  
Did lay his hands not lovingly  
Upon his wife, the sanctity  
Of wedlock was his guarantee.

But Mrs. Jones declined to see  
Affairs in the same light as he,  
And quietly got a decree  
Divorcing her from Jones, L. B.

What then did Jones, Lycurgus B.,  
With his known idiosyncrasy?  
He smiled—a bitter smile to see—  
And drew the weapon of Bowie.

He did what Sickles did to Key,  
What Cole on Hancock wrought did he;  
In fact on persons twenty-three  
He proved the marriage sanctity.

The counsellor who took the fee,  
The judge who granted the decree,  
The witness and the referee,  
Died in that wholesale butchery.

And then when Jones, Lycurgus B.,  
Had wiped the weapon of Bowie,  
Twelve jurymen did instantly  
Acquit and set Lycurgus free.

## C. L. JAMES' WORKS.

## The Law of Marriage.

The original vindicator of freedom for the individual affections apart from any theory of the relations of the sexes, or the moral duty of the persons interested. Postpaid for 25 cents. Address C. L. JAMES, Eau Claire, Wis.

## Poems of C. L. James.

The Court of Hymen Religious Meditations, &c.  
Postpaid for 50 cents. Address as above.

## THE NEW DISCOVERY

In Chemical and Medical Science.

Dr. E. F. GARVIN'S  
SOLUTION & COMPOUND ELIXIROF  
**TAR**

FIRST AND ONLY SOLUTION ever made in the mixture of **ALL THE TWELVE** valuable active principles of the well known curative agent.

## PINE TREE TAR.

UNEQUALED in Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, and consumption.

## CURES WITHOUT FAIL.

A recent cold in three to six hours; and also, by its VITALISING, PURIFYING and STIMULATING effects upon the general system, is remarkably efficacious in all

**DISEASES OF THE BLOOD.** including Scrofula and Eruptions of the skin, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, Heart Disease, and General Debility.

## ONE TRIAL CONVINCES!

Also, A  
Volatile Solution of Tar

For INHALATION, without application of HEAT. A remarkably VALUABLE discovery, as the whole apparatus can be carried in the vest pocket, ready at any time for the most effectual and positively curative use in

## All Diseases of the NOSE, THROAT

and LUNGS.

## THE COMPOUND

## Tar and Mandrake Pill.

For use in connection with the ELIXIR TAR, is a combination of the TWO most valuable ALTERATIVE Medicines known in the Profession, and renders this Pill without exception the very best ever offered.

The SOLUTION and COMPOUND ELIXIR of

**TAR**

is without doubt the Best remedy known in cases of

**CHOLERA AND YELLOW FEVER.**

It is a Specific for such diseases, and should be kept in the household of every family, especially during those months in which

**CHOLERA AND YELLOW FEVER**

are liable to prevail. A small quantity taken daily will prevent contracting these terrible diseases.

Solution and Compound Elixir, \$1.00 per Bottle

Volatile Solution for Inhalation, \$5.00 per Box

Tar and Mandrake Pills, 50cts per box.

Send for Circular of **POSITIVE CURES**

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Office Hours.—8½ to 12 o'clock a. m., and from 2½ to 6 o'clock p. m., daily, Sundays excepted.



## Beautiful Women.

ALL women know that it is *beauty*, rather than *genius*, which all generations of men have worshipped in the sex. Can it be wondered at, then, that so much of woman's time and attention should be directed to the means of developing and preserving that beauty? Women know too, that when men speak of the intellect of women, they speak critically, tamely, coolly; but when they come to speak of the charms of a beautiful woman, both their language and their eyes kindle with an enthusiasm which shows them to be profoundly, if not, indeed, ridiculously in earnest. It is part of the natural sagacity of women to perceive all this, and therefore employ every allowable art to become the goddess of that adoration. Preach to the contrary as we may against the arts employed by women for enhancing their beauty, there still stands the eternal fact, that the world does not prefer the society of an ugly woman of genius to that of a beauty of less intellectual attainments.

The world has yet allowed no higher mission to woman than to be beautiful, and it would seem that the ladies of the present age are carrying this idea of the world to greater extremes than ever, for all women now to whom nature has denied the talismanic power of beauty, supply the deficiency by the use of a most delightful toilet article known as the "Bloom of Youth," which has lately been introduced into this country by GEORGE W. LAIRD. A delicate beautifier which smooths out all indentations, furrows, scars, removing tan, freckles and discolorations, and imparts beauty, clearness, and softness to the skin, giving the cheeks the appearance of youth and beauty. With the assistance of this new American trick of a lady's toilet, female beauty is destined to play a larger part in the admiration of men, and the ambition of women, than all the arts employed since her creation.

Ladies, beware of Dangerous and Worthless Imitations of George W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth."

THE GENUINE REPAIRS THE COMPLEXION CLEAR, BRILLIANT, AND BEAUTIFUL; THE SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH. This delightful Toilet Preparation is used throughout the world. Thousands of testimonials have been sent to the proprietor, endorsing and recommending the use of this purely harmless Toilet preparation. A dangerous Counterfeit of this article was in circulation; had it not been stopped, it was calculated to damage the well-known reputation of the Genuine Preparation.

BE PARTICULAR to ask for the Genuine. It has the name G. W. LAIRD stamped in glass on the back of each bottle.

Ladies who are careful to obtain the genuine "Bloom of Youth," will certainly be pleased with the effect produced by it.

One of the most eminent Physicians of New-York City,

Dr. LOUIS A. SAYRE,

After carefully examining the analysis of the genuine Laird's "BLOOM OF YOUTH," pronounced the preparation harmless, and free from any ingredient injurious to health.

(New-York Herald, April 16, 1870.)

Thomson's Crown Crinolines

Are Charming for Lightness.

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Are Superior for Elasticity.

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Are unequalled for Durability.

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## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

Probably never before in the whole history of medicine, has anything won so widely and so deeply upon the confidence of mankind, as this excellent remedy for pulmonary complaints. Through a long series of years, and among most of the races of men it has risen higher and higher in their estimation, as it has become better known. Its uniform character and power to cure the various affections of the lungs and throat, have made it known as a reliable protector against them. While adapted to milder forms of disease and to young children, it is at the same time the most effectual remedy that can be given for incipient consumption, and the dangerous affections of the throat and lungs. As a provision against sudden attacks of *Croup*, it should be kept on hand in every family, and indeed as all are sometimes subject to colds and coughs, all should be provided with this antidote for them.

Although settled *Consumption* is thought incurable, still great numbers of cases where the disease seemed settled, have been completely cured, and the patient restored to sound health by the *Cherry Pectoral*. So complete is its mastery over the disorders of the Lungs and Throat, that the most obstinate of them yield to it. When nothing else could reach them, under the *Cherry Pectoral* they subside and disappear.

*Singers and Public Speakers* find great protection from it.

*Asthma* is always relieved and often wholly cured by it.

*Bronchitis* is generally cured by taking the *Cherry Pectoral* in small and frequent doses.

So generally are its virtues known that we need not publish the certificates of them here, or do more than assure the public that its qualities are fully maintained.

## Ayer's Ague Cure,

For Fever and Ague, Intermittent Fever, Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical or Bilious Fever, &c., and indeed all the affections which arise from malarious, marsh, or miasmatic poisons.

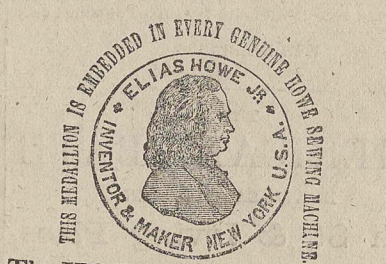
As its name implies, it does *Cure*, and does not fail. Containing neither Arsenic, Quinine, Bismuth, Zinc, nor any other mineral or poisonous substance whatever, it in no wise injures any patient. The number and importance of its cures in the ague districts, are literally beyond account, and we believe without a parallel in the history of Ague medicine. Our pride is gratified by the acknowledgments we receive of the radical cures effected in obstinate cases, and where other remedies had wholly failed. Unacclimated persons, either resident in, or travelling through miasmatic localities, will be protected by taking the *AGUE CURE* daily.

For *Liver Complaints*, arising from torpidity of the Liver, it is an excellent remedy, stimulating the Liver into healthy activity.

For *Bilious Disorders and Liver Complaints*, it is an excellent remedy, producing many truly remarkable cures, where other medicines had failed.

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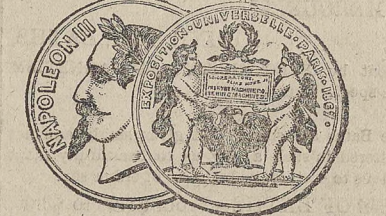
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Buyers of Sewing Machines are earnestly Cautioned to observe the Medallion Head of Elias Howe, Jr., (Trademark) embedded in each Machine. Certain parties have taken advantage of a similarity of name, and other equally dishonest devices to foist imitations on the Public as Howe Machines.

## SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

N. B. We have Fuller & Barnum's New Tuck Cresset, and self-sewer or self-guide and baster combined, for all Sewing Machines.

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Sole agents for Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and West Virginia, to whom all applications for Agencies must be addressed at either of the following places: No. 23 South Eighth street, Philadelphia. (Principal Office); No. 4 Saint Clair street, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; or 976 Broad street, Newark, New Jersey.



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The *Communist*, its monthly paper, will be sent free to all desiring further information. Address ALCAN DER LONELY, as above.

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**HARABA ZEIN,**

or FLESH BEAUTIFIER, the only pure and harmless preparation ever made for the complexion. No lady should ever be without it. Can be obtained only at

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NEW YORK, May, 1872.

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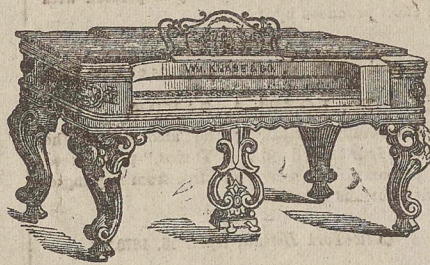
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