



Feb. 8, 1873.

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| The Books and Speeches of Victoria C. Woodhull and           |    |
| Tennie C. Claflin will hereafter be furnished, postage paid, |    |
| at the following liberal prices:                             |    |
| The Principles of Government, by Victoria C. Wood-           | 50 |
| hull . . . . .   | 50 |
| Constitutional Equality, by Tennie C. Claflin . . . . .      | 25 |
| The Principles of Social Freedom . . . . .                   | 25 |
| The Impending Revolution . . . . .                           | 25 |
| The Ethics of Sexual Equality . . . . .                      | 25 |

## RIVVERBERRATIONS FROM THE COUNTRY.

When the bombshell of November 2 was discharged into Plymouth Church, we did not anticipate that it would waken echoing thunders from the country. Indeed we rather anticipated from that quarter an almost universal, though silent, condemnation; though, in the event of a certain course on the part of the individuals involved, a violent condemnation. The endeavor to attain by induction, what it was afraid to attempt in a straight-forward movement, for vindication, has however accomplished the thorough rousing of the country press. That which the city press has ignored, has risen, prophetic like, to the vision of less conventional country contemporaries. They see in the charge of obscenity an invasion of the freedom of the press, while the city press has endeavored to fool itself into the belief that it is only an endeavor in the right direction to rid the city of a paper which deals in to them, unpalatable truths and facts. But the muttering of the clouds, that were confined to the city, began to roll back upon it from the country, in innumerable tones, presaging the approach of the real storm, with its drenching and purifying torments. As evidence of this we present this week a few selections, and we shall, from week to week, continue to show the self-important, self-righteous and, in their own esteem, the all-powerful city editors, the great, the fatal mistake they have made, in refusing to speak upon the real merits, the vital issue, of the persecutions directed against us, and simply because we are women. Had we been the editors of some one of the great dailies the last one of our contemporaries would have joined in raising a storm that would have long since swept over the city and washed out its disgrace:

[From the *Ohio Statesman*, Columbus, January 15, 1873.]

Again, not long since, two sisters who publish a paper in New York city, charged through the columns of that paper, that a certain wealthy banker had seduced young girls from the country, who were under his protection, and afterward boasted of what he had done; and also that a certain eminent divine had been guilty of adultery with different members of his church. These charges were made without the use of one vulgar word or obscene reference further than was necessarily forced by the subjects. At once they were arrested and thrown into jail, and the imbecile Oakley Hall, Mayor of New York, the United States and State officers, Sheriff, and the officers of the Young Men's Christian Association vied with each other in the strife to punish these two women, by seizing and destroying their papers, and by presenting all kinds of charges against them; and the judges upon the bench and the grand jury seconded all their efforts.

Now if this banker and eminent preacher had charged these two women with being common prostitutes, through the columns of a newspaper, using the same language, does any one suppose they could have been arrested, much less sent to jail? Would the Young Men's Christian Association, Oakley Hall, the Sheriff, and the United States officials have rushed to get warrants for them, and suppressed the paper as an obscene publication? No matter who those women were. What they did in the present case is all that can be legally considered. The New York *Herald* published the same that these women had, but no Young Men's Christian Association, no Mayor Hall, no Sheriff or United States officials moved to suppress it or arrest its proprietors. Must the law be invoked only against the weak? Can the rich and powerful charge crime against the weak with impunity while the latter are awfully impelled for a like act against their social superiors?

Good government can mean only that the rights of the weakest, poorest, lowest and most depraved—those who are the worst endowed, physically and morally—are just as sacred as those of the citizens who are the most richly blessed with all that goes to make them lovable and powerful.

[From the *Democrat and Chronicle*, Rochester, N. Y.]

Mrs. Woodhull is again in jail, and there is every prospect of her remaining there a good while. Whether she is to have a fair trial on any of the many charges preferred against her, remains to be seen; but it is evident that if she gave bail in a hundred cases there would be a hundred more to trouble her. She is to be deprived of her personal liberty to all hindrance, and the sooner she makes up her mind to support this species of unpleasantry, the better. There is a chance, however, that the tuffity of the warfare now waged upon her will react in her favor. It will soon begin to look like persecution, and if there is a spectacle that can make the Ameri-

can public judgment, it is that of a persecuted woman. The account of Mrs. Woodhull's adventures on Tuesday night is interesting. The lady was determined to deliver her lecture, and she did. She successfully dodged a score or more of policemen, and, reaching the platform, flung off an elaborate discourse, made a eloquent speech, and then read her lecture to the end, after which she was carried off to jail. There was something very dramatic in the affair.

(From the *Mahoning (Pa.) Indicator*)  
WOODYHULL & CLAFLIN, ETC.

That the circulation of obscene literature in the mails had been prohibited by an act of Congress, was perhaps, known to but few; the act having remained a dead letter upon the statute-book, until recently brought to light by an emergency in the city of New York. Two women, who had been persistently and repeatedly libeled and slandered—following the example of their neighbors of the press in New York and elsewhere—presumed to engage in the business of libel, too, as it is alleged.

But the persons libeled were not women, but men; and not only men, but respectable men; and the libeled were men of "no reputation," as alleged, and "believed by nobody." But yet there was a general alarm, the emergency was feared, and the press sounded the alarm in blacious denunciations of the women: "It was an infamous libel and believed by nobody."

The judiciary of the United States was invoked and came to the rescue; the courts of New York were brought into requisition, the women seized and lodged in Ludlow-street prison.

But still their apprehension of danger; the women had a press, and while this was free, respectability did not feel safe; consequently, a warrant was issued by the Mayor, and the press seized, when the alarm partially subsided, and the people felt safer. In the meantime the women are held to answer in the United States Court, for circulation of obscene literature in the mails—though the alleged obscene literature is written in elastic, good language, and, to pure minds, not obscene at all—and to answer in the courts of New York for libel, and in a civil suit for damages.

And why this alarm, and this unusual proceeding, the judiciary of the United States, and of the State of New York, and the combined power of the press brought to bear against the women for publishing an alleged libel when the press generally tycons with libel from day to day, and from week to week? The answer is plain. It is a combined and pitiful movement to persecute these women for opinion's sake—for publishing views on the social question not in accordance with popular sentiment.

Our constitution, both State and National, guarantees liberty of speech and freedom of the press; and must these guarantees be disregarded and evaded for the purpose of suppressing the publication of erroneous or unpopular views? The people of New York may be badly frightened; and the people quickly acquiesce, but the suppression of error is but a poor pretext for such a proceeding, for the liberty of speech and of the press consists in liberty to speak and publish error, and this alone; for no one will oppose the publication of that which he believes to be truth, and consequently no necessity for the right of publishing truth to be guaranteed; hence the guarantee is for error and error only, which often times is afterward found to be truth.

And in view of the fact that so many important truths—on the subject of liberty, freedom, right—have been suppressed as errors in the ages of past, and those who promulgated those truths persecuted, imprisoned or put to death, is it not time that persecution for opinion's sake should cease, and truth be free, whether popular or not? And although a free and independent press in the city of New York may seem to be dangerous, yet the suppression of heresy, error, unpopular sentiment, by force, can only be done by sacrificing the freedom of the press, and the liberty of speech, and taking a long step backward into the barbarism of the past. Can we afford to do it, or to have a precedent established, leading in that direction?

[From the *New and Reporter* (Muskegon, Mich.), Jan. 1, 1873.]

Mr. Editor: "A certain man had two sons; and he came to the first and said, 'son go work to day in my vineyard.' He answered and said, 'I will not'; but afterward he repented and went. And he came to the second and said likewise; and he answered and said, 'I go, sir' and went not."

"Whether of them twain did the will of his father? They say unto him the first. Jesus saith unto them, 'Verily I say unto you, that the publicans and the harlots go before you.'"

—Matthew 21st, Chapters 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st verses.

This parable of the Saviour beautifully illustrates the fact that those who make the most outside show of goodness and honesty, are the least to be depended upon. Christ had the plausibility of speech which prompted him to tell the Pharisees of old that publicans and harlots would enter the kingdom of heaven before them. Modern Pharisees, in their actions, if not their words, are every day making the same verdict, that the obedient son was the one who made the promise; though he did not move an inch toward the vineyard where labor was awaiting his hands. Is it barely possible that Woodhull and Claflin may yet arrive safely in Heaven's wide open gate, leaving a few at least very far in the rear, who are now lost in their condemnation of their peculiar doctrines. "By their fruits ye shall know them" was a very expressive declaration, by the same author of the parable of the two sons, and by its spirit, but a few would stand the test of a construction too literal.

(From the *Weekly (Vicksburg, Cal.) Delta*)

It seems to me that the United States authorities in New York city are getting overwise in regard to the matter of transmitting what is termed obscene literature through the mails. Newspapers in all parts of the land have teemed for years with vile quick advertisements of that foul and obscene nature which should have excluded them from every family; yet they have been uniformly admitted to the mails.

When Victoria Woodhull brought her charge against Beecher and the man Chaflin, she did it in good language. If the charge was false, it was simple slander; if true, there is no justice in keeping her incarcerated upon a charge of polluting the mails. It looks to us like an arbitrary stretch of power for the purpose of screening influential parties and dodging the real issue. The first arrest has been followed up by another—of George Francis Train. Train is a visionary enthusiast and bigot; but we submit, there is no just ground for his incarceration for the publication and transfer through the United States mails of mere select passages of Scripture. We quote the following from the *Bulletin*:

"Though George Francis Train failed to become President he has accomplished the next dearest wish of his heart—in getting into an American Bastile. Train has been issuing his little weekly, called *The Train Light*, which he started originally at Omaha. The last copy fell into the hands of Anthony Comstock, whose self-chosen mission is to stamp out obscene literature, and who has succeeded in convicting more offenders than any of his predecessors. Train was arrested at his residence, up town, last night, and went peacefully to Mercer-street Jail, where he spent the night. The number of his paper seized is the fifth published in this city. It consists mainly of Train's letters of condolence to Woodhull and Chaflin while in prison, and denunciations of the Bible."

"For some time past, Train has been busy upon a volume with which he threatens the public, bringing together all the coarse words and phrases of the Bible narratives admitted by the translators. He has deemed the present an opportunity to put his heated work in print. He claims to have no religious belief, and holds that there is nothing after death; that man is only an animal and must share the fate of the animals—a very natural idea for Train, which argues self-knowledge at least."

"This morning he was arraigned before Justice Boardman. He appeared in court fashionably attired, with hair wildly tumbling. A crowd of about twenty of his eccentric friends were present, including a hunk female, carrying a flag of the Internationals. Train plead 'Guilty' to publishing an obscene paper, providing, he said, his Biblical quotations are obscene. The Justice was about to enter his plea of 'guilty,' when Train saw his blunder and pleaded 'Not guilty.' He was then consigned to the Tomb, without bail, as he didn't want any bail. His assistant, a young man named Nichols, was also committed, in default of \$50. Train boasts that this makes the thirteenth time he has been in a Bastile."

From *The Record*, Dundee, N. Y., Jan. 10, 1873.  
WOODYHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

Victoria C. Woodhull and Tennie C. Claflin, after having been incarcerated in Ludlow-street Jail in N. Y. four weeks, are now at large again on bail, and have issued another number of their weekly of which we have received a copy. They were imprisoned for violating a U. S. law by sending obscene papers through the mail, and for publishing a libel. Since their liberation they have reprinted their obnoxious copy and now offer for sale in large quantities. We have read their so-called wicked sheet, and perhaps are still of apprehension, but we are at a loss to determine where, or in what the obscenity consists. They may be guilty of sending out a libel, but we cannot see the other crime. We look upon their treatment as unjust, impulsive and cowardly, and directly calculated to render them popular, and should they succeed in sustaining their statements, charged as libelous, it will strike a hard blow upon some popular men and still more popular theories, and do more to spread their theory now claimed so pernicious than their paper alone could have done in a decade of years.

The false charge of obscenity shows cowardice or guilt, or we have mis-studied human nature for half a century; and this charge will rest on the heads of those who used it as a shelter or accommodating hiding-place.

(From the *Commerce* (Mo.) Dispatch.)

WOODYHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY is again on our table. Their arrest and uncalled-for persecution in New York has given them more strength and called out more sympathy than anything else that could have been done. We think they make good their charge of the existence of a general moral cowardice. They have much more sympathy with the public than is manifested.

(From the *Syracuse (Ind.) Times*, January 9, 1873.)

OUR OF JAIL.

Mrs. Woodhull and Tennie C. Claflin are out of jail, and have recommenced the publication of WOODYHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY. The number for December 28 will well repay perusal. That these women have been shamefully persecuted admits of no doubt. Every unprejudiced mind must admire the heroism with which Mrs. Woodhull began to unmask the immorality practiced in New York, under the cloak of religion, so-called. Perhaps no class of people are so thoroughly given over to licentiousness as the sleek and well-fed clergy, especially those of our larger cities. Their opportunities are great, and their facilities for covering up their iniquities are equally great. Beecher and divines of his intelligence and ability, of course, have no faith in the humbuggery they preach, and they are "religious" merely because it leads to popularity, wealth, position, and the gratification of the sensual and other appetites of animal nature. The most shameful immorality in organized society are committed under the cloak of "religion!" and Mrs. Woodhull has done well to commence tearing away the veil just where she did. While her doctrine of free love as a leveling of the marital rights and a return to the condition of brutes, is to be abhorred, she has yet done society a service by introducing evidence, if more were wanting, to show that "religion" is not virtue and morality, but only a cloak to cover up vice and immorality. No sensible person who has read her story can doubt the verity of Mrs. Woodhull's "Beecher-Tilton Scandal," as it is called. It carries the evidence right along with it, and the falling back of Beecher upon his dignity, and his

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refusal to put him in guilty. Whom parties specified, the place who saw, all presence on the part of vindication of injuries. Mrs. Woodhull has got to go hastily to jail.

(From the *Record*)

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(From the *Record*)

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## WOODHULL &amp; CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

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not Beecher go. If there is no of polluting ch of power and dodging, owned up by January en just ground for through of Scripture.

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After having a few weeks, another num- They holding obscene. Since obnoxious copy. We have read full of appre- or in what sending out a call upon their & directly succeed below, it will and still more their theory one could have

deceit or guilt; or century; and o used it as a

on our table, New York has more sympathy. We think of a general sympathy with the

9, 1873.]

out of jail; and HULL & CLAFLIN will well repay fully persecuted and must admire the cloak of religio- so thoroughly well-fed energy opportunities are iniquities are intelligence and buggery they cause it leads to violation of the law. The most committed Woodhull has done where she did. of the marital duty is to be aducting ev- religion?" is not over up vice and her story can. Clifton Stearns right along with dignity, and like

refused to put in a denial, are the strongest evidences of guilt. When parties are charged with immorality, the crime is specified; "the place where," "the time when," and the witness who saw all, plainly set down in plain print, a dead silence on the part of the parties of the first part, is a poor vindication of injured innocence. We are glad to see that Mrs. Woodhull has commenced skimming just where she left off to go healthily to jail.

[From the *Republican*, Kokomo, Ind., Jan. 10, 1873.]

Truth crushed to earth will rise again.  
The eternal years of God are here;  
But err, wounded, writhes in pain;  
And dies amidst her worshippers.

Despite prison bars and the threatening frown of an injured (3) public sentiment, the Woodhull sisters have again begun the publication of the *WOMEN'S & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY*. They say jails have no terror for them, although six weeks in Laflin-street-jail, and now prosecuted under a criminal indictment with the prosecution backed up by the vast wealth of Plymouth Church, to save the reputation of their moral (?) leaders, they are still bold and fearless, and caught can longer keep the hypocritical cloak around the whitened skeletons of that sin-seeking city but the conviction and sentence to imprisonment for life of the women who will tell the truth though the heavens fall!"

The paper is about the size of the *Christian Union*, edited by H. Ward Beecher, and in general appearance very much resembles that paper, but when once you compare the reading of the two you will find a vast difference.

An attempt to read the *Union* will cause us to sleep more readily than a dose of opium, while the sleepiest man in the world would forget all about being sleepy before he read a half column of the editorial in the *WEEKLY*.

They strike out boldly against the present social system, and upon every point they are extremely radical.

Their paper is well worth the price charged for it, even though you don't endorse its sentiments (which we are free to admit we do not in all particular), yet once you want to know what is going on in the world, and this question of social reform is now becoming one of the questions of the age, and sooner or later it will have to be met, and if wrong, to be crushed; while it right, to triumph.

One of our city papers some time since took occasion to say it was not fit for family circulation, and the U. S. Government has been invoked for its suppression, hoping thereby to save the reputation of certain lofty divines therein attacked.

It may not be fit for circulation in families, but, when a child, we were furnished a school-book containing much more trifling and obscene passages than we ever saw in the columns of the *WEEKLY*, and that book is now to be found in almost every home in the land; and while a hypocritical cry is raised against the *WEEKLY*, not one word is said about the obscene and absolutely revolting and vulgar stories recorded in xvi, chapter of Genesis, xix, chapter of Genesis; and also in xxviii, and xxviii, of the same book, xxi, Deuteronomy, the first 23 verses of xi, 2 planned, besides in hundreds of other instances.

If to tell the truth it requires sayings that are parallel in vulgarity with those above cited, who should complain?

[From the *Public Opinion*, Lafayette, Ind.]

A WRONG IS A WRONG, NO MATTER WHO COMMITS IT.

During the free-love excitement in New York, created by the arrest and imprisonment of Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull and Miss Fannie C. Claffin for the alleged publication of obscene language in their *WEEKLY*, the New York World, in referring to the matter, mentioned Mrs. Woodhull's opinion and advocacy of sexual equality, which brought from her the following reply, which we are not afraid to publish in the columns of the *Opinion*:

"A brutal reference to our imprisonment is followed by a degrading fling at equal sexual morality, conveying the idea that by it we mean, all women shall degrade themselves to the level of the *habitués* of Greene and Houston streets. Honesty and candor ought to be manifest in the discussion of all questions by a journal of the pretensions of the world, but when the editor wrote the article in question he knew he was neither honest or candid, and that he wrote it from the stand-point of bigoted prejudice to enter an ignorant public opinion. He knows we mean by sexual equality that men and women who consort together should be held to the same standard of morality. A woman who lives in Greene street is equally as moral as a man who visits her there; and the man is equally as immoral as the woman. He knows that we mean that a man who frequents houses of ill-fame has no more right to the *entrée* of respectable society than the women have who inhabit such houses; that if women are ostracized because they have been so unfortunate as to resort to a life of prostitution for a livelihood that the men who furnish them their livelihood should also be ostracized. No! We would have no woman—not for that matter, no man—degraded below her present position; but we would have all women who are now degraded by so-called prostitution raised to the dignity and position of the men by whom they are prostituted. Does this proposition touch the world? If the editor squirms so feebly under its application? If the show it, wear it! and if it causes you to flinch, we shall know your feet are tender. That's all!"

We endorse every word contained in the above extract, so far as they discriminate between right and wrong, and have not the slightest aversion to publicly acknowledge the same. Like Mr. Woodhull, we believe and maintain that the inmates of a house of ill-repute are no worse or more degraded than their visitors, and that the visitors are no better or more respectable than the inmates; and we hope the day is not far distant when the lines of distinction will be more justly and honestly drawn, whether the revolution be inaugurated by Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull or some other less objectionable reformer.

[From the *Weekly Record* (Alto, Ill.), Jan. 15, 1873.]

Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, recently discharged from custody, was again arrested on Thursday evening, at the close of her lecture, and consigned to prison. The cause of the second arrest is not assigned. The first arrest was alleged to have been made in consequence of obscene language uttered through the columns of *WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY*. A minute examination of that sheet failed to elicit anything that, in obscenity, would compare with the filthy details of divorce trials, published day after day in city dailies, and never noticed by public officials. The paper however, did contain some grave charges against parties occupying high positions, who had hitherto sustained unblemished reputations. The charges were made with great minuteness, and gave the names of four persons who, it was alleged, were concurring with all the facts. The witnesses were all creditable. A simple denial of the charge, on their part, would have stamped it with indelible falsehood. It has not been made, the people are left to judge, not between Mrs. Woodhull and the parties whom she charges with heinous crimes, but between those parties and witnesses who could controvert those charges, if untrue, but have not.

After Mrs. Woodhull's release, the *WEEKLY* was revived. Though not amenable to the charge of obscenity, its former charges, and the question becomes pertinent—Was Mrs. Woodhull arrested for making and repeating those charges? If so, the parties who caused her arrest have made an egregious blunder. Her arrest and incarceration in prison will not confute the charges. On the contrary, it will cause thousands to read them, comment upon them, and believe them, who would never have heard them had they been distinctly confuted in the first place and the author of them left severally alone. As the case now stands, it looks as if Mrs. Woodhull had been imprisoned for daring to expose crimes committed by persons claiming to be models in religion and morality.

[From the *Republican*, Jan. 9, 1873.]

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

The United States Government, through its courts, has just engaged in a business so small, contemptible and dirty, as to nearly, if not quite, obliterate its proud record of the last ten years. Vic. Woodhull is a citizen of the United States, is editor of a woman's rights paper, is strong minded, and, so far as we ever heard, is a virtuous married woman. In her paper of Nov. 2 she had a tremendous article about Henry Ward Beecher, accusing him of improper influence with women, etc. Of course we presume Mr. B. is innocent and that the charge is a libel, but Mr. B. has not denied it, and refuses to deny it. This is his privilege, and as the case was one between Beecher and Woodhull it was clearly left to them to fight out.

And right here is where the courts have disgraced the Government. As Mr. Beecher would not do anything about it, they sent a stool-pigeon to buy some papers and get them mailed from the office. Then the P. O. clerk opened the package, and a warrant was sworn out against Woodhull for circulating obscene literature through the mails! This charge was preposterous, but the U. S. Commissioner held her and her sister in \$8,000 bail!—Knowing that she must be acquitted, the U. S. Grand Jury rushed in and indicted her so as to prolong her imprisonment. The U. S. District Attorney said that Mr. Beecher was a man whom the U. S. Government was bound to vindicate!

At the same time her paper was suppressed by main brute force, and the U. S. officers who took the girls to jail sat in their laps on the way!

Now, when it is remembered that these outrages were all perpetrated by United States officers in the name of the Government, and in behalf of Mr. Beecher who refused to do anything in his own behalf, we submit that the Government has been disgraced, deeply disgraced, and that it is the duty of the President and of Congress to inquire into these high-handed outrages and remove the stain from our proud record.

If Mrs. Woodhull had been a negro she would not have received such treatment, and if Mr. Beecher had been a poor white man, there would have been no hot braste on the part of these officials to "vindicate" him.

The Government has got into a dirty muss in suppressing a paper in New Orleans, which, with the unlawful suppression of the Woodhull paper, makes it necessary for somebody to bring the United States out of these disgraceful scabbles.

[From the *Weekly (Nebraska City) News*.]

THE TIMES WE LIVE IN.

One nation has just passed a Presidential campaign the most bitter, vicious and malignant in personalities, of any ever known in this country. May it never be repeated.

But in the midst of all this confusion comes a more startling sensation, like a thunderclap out of a noon-day sky. Five or six weeks ago Mrs. Woodhull and Miss Claffin, the Wall-street banker women of New York, publicly charged the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher with licentious practices. These charges were published with the most circumstantial particularity, and all New York was startled as if Gabriel's trumpet had sounded, and the Day of Doom was already flaming in the wind. Mrs. Woodhull named Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Tilton, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis (wife of ex-Senator Davis, of Rhode Island) and Frank Moulton of New York, as her authorities for the charges which were, in substance, that Mr. Beecher was the father of some of Mrs. Tilton's children.

The two women were arrested and put in jail, not for libel or slander, as would seem the proper course of law, but on a charge of sending obscene literature through the United States mail; and their paper, called *WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY*, was seized and destroyed, wherein any copies could be found, by United State marshals, even to searching the mails for it.

The universal sympathy of the people was with Mr. Beecher

as against the supposed female shanders. And we avoided mentioning the case, or even publishing the telegraphic reports in regard to it, from day to day, supposing it to be a "nine-days' wonder" that would blow over in smoke and disappear. But now the women editors are out of jail, and have not only resumed the publication of their paper, but reiterate the charges, and have also reprinted the suppressed edition which caused all the excitement before. And the strangest part of the whole affair is, that, although it has been the leading topic in legal, social, clerical and commercial circles for a month past, not one of the witnesses named by Mrs. Woodhull, nor Mr. Beecher himself, has published anything theophilic, or given my testimony in court to confirm and reassure the popular feeling that the charges are utterly preposterous, and must be false.

The newspapers are now discussing the case from this new situation of affairs, and demanding some positive, emphatic and distinct public assurances from all six parties implicated.—Mr. Beecher, Mr. and Mrs. Tilton, Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Davis and Mr. Moulton—that Woodhull and Claffin lied, or else public opinion will surely begin to run the other way. For, as the case now stands, it has ceased to be a mere private scandal, and become a matter of national interest, in which every clergymen and every professing Christian has a personal concern.

If Mr. Beecher is guilty, he is not entitled to any more sympathy or favor than the most obscure preacher in the land. If he is not guilty, and the charges are but the crazy chimeras of the Woodhullian brain (as we sincerely hope they are), he owes it to his friends and the public, if not to himself, that he stand no longer on his dignity, but give in some positive testimony to back out ready belief in his innocence. A plain, plump, unequivocal statement by the five or six persons whom Mrs. Woodhull names as her authorities, certifying that her whole story is false, slanderous, malicious and devilish, to the best of their knowledge and belief, would settle the whole question at once so far as public opinion is concerned. And then the law could easily take care of the rest. And we unite our voice with others in calling for such a clear-cut statement.

[From the *Pittsburg (Pa.) Herald*, Nov. 21, 1872.]

THE NEW LINE LAW.

We have looked up the law under which two women, residents of New York, are to be tried for an offense against the United States in blighting the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Every intelligent man will see that there is nothing in this law to justify this proceeding under it, and the arbitrary and oppressive way in which the pretended jurisdiction was exercised, the large bail demanded—\$8,000—for what is classed as a misdemeanor, enlist for women entitled to no sympathy in their characters the feeling that ought always to be enlisted for persons who are illegally oppressed. The law is as follows:

Sixteenth Section, Act third March, 1865: No obscene book, pamphlet, picture, print or other publication of a vulgar and indecent character shall be admitted into the mails of the United States. Any person or persons who shall deposit or cause to be deposited in any post-office, or branch post-office of the United States, for mailing or for delivery, an obscene book, pamphlet, picture, print or other publication, knowing the same to be of a vulgar and indecent character, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and being duly convicted thereof, shall, for every such offense, be fined not more than \$500, or imprisoned not more than one year, or both, according to the circumstances and aggravations of the offense.—II Brightly 45.

[From the *Pittsburg (Pa.) Herald*, Nov. 21, 1872.]

WOODHULL & CO.

To the student of human nature one of the funniest as well as the most instructive features in development is the manner in which money modifies moral and intellectual progress. Something new and startling is conjured up within the boiling brain of a devotee, he promulgates his doctrine to the world, his teachings are condemned, himself abused, and very often he is made to suffer martyrdom by the Church or State. Socrates was poisoned because he condemned the corruption of his age. The great Nazarite was crucified for preaching a new gospel; Gaito was chained for his daring discoveries in astronomy; Bunyan pined in a dungeon for heresy; and so might add scores who have suffered because they dared to think and speak in advance of their age. In all these battles money has played a conspicuous part from the proffered bribe to Socrates, the thirty pieces of silver that Judas got, down to the last dirty greenbacks that Woodhull and Claffin didn't get.

When reform indicates a great truth, opposition nor poison cannot stay its progress. Money, which is almost ever on the side of wrong, may, it is true, temporally impede even the advancement of truth itself, but the law rolls round when in the fullness of time the right stands forth in all its strength and glory. When error, with its plausible sophistry, attempts to palm a great wrong upon mankind, under the pretentious garb of reform, this same unerring instinct of popular right gravitates toward truth.

But in the popular haste to be furiously just, we think they have overlooked an important element in the great scandal. That fact is, that the Beechers and Tiltons, and Woodhulls have been sailing together in the same boat, confidantes, and co-laborers in their great, so-called, reform. As to who is a hero to his valet, neither is it supposed that a Beecher or a Tilton is a hero to the imperious Victoria. Now these great men have been the interpreters and defenders of many of the peculiarisms.

If Woodhull & Co. fall out among themselves, it is nothing to us; it is only "dog eat dog." When thieves quarrel, honest men will get justice. On the whole, we think that the press is too partial. They have righteously cried out against the women, but let their ring a warning about the ears of men that shall be heeded.



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8, 1873.

in the remotest and most self-appointed reward and his answer against such the U.S., though not a day met with in a thousand cases where he has lodged by the women of the country you know. As we have been attacked in what we have written. The law he made of any man and right but enforcement against have been threatened. It is coming to us like an infection. A bad influence and a bad influence a danger of having that it be vulgar. Right of this matter the libertines of "Liberty of the son of any single or highly and its publisher and States Governor who the land have in all the rights, testations of its indifference to the on by Republican states should speak again of a right greater outrage, papers, look with a memory investigation of the

January 17.)  
libertines of Womans of sending obscene papers in New England a censure. The consulted in this charged the Rev. Beecher with the wife charge name their and they justify the things they implemented in denunciation. Woodhull says in its worst form those who support free

and Claffin published for distribution, reading matter, as read, the "Dogs of Night," the "Police" other daily newspaper contained in the important sense Woodhull and Claffin during the number and character that in a line of publication capable of being among that class of persons it was exposed while the readers who are the pictures and vile marks without whose matter evidently strain at a gnat.

Much) or seem just now to press throughout number of comments, as charged by Messrs. standing and and licentiousness, prosecution before a long the public obscenity was had to the tested and incarcerated, when ball was action of the Woodhull and the proceeding which has been made, and

to be to silence her denial of the charge in the Woodhull interested; their war with Frederick—they shall

by. Their batteries are heavily shotted with insinuations, threats and immodious, but they shun the bayonet thrust. As the matter stands, Woodhull though in prison, has largely the advantage. She deems openly and free; her position is in the open field, while her foes cowardly shrink behind their defences and discharge their hot guns through the curtains.

We have a choice in the truthful result, and that choice would be for the benefit of society and the honor of the human race, that the charges against members of Plymouth Church be shown to be false; not because we do any particularity for any one of the individuals concerned. The moral standard has been outraged by human falsehood or by immoral action. We are aware that a perverse education, custom and license often lead men into error and the commission of wrong as defined by the moral standard, which is the highest principle of right and as we find in Mr. Beecher's familiar lessons or lectures a frequent allusion to Christian morality, we are at liberty to apprehend, that that standard recognizes the course of conduct charged by Woodhull, as consistent and proper, especially as we see such an alarming prevalence of licentiousness among the class similarly educated. However this may be, we leave it to the judgment of unbiassed parties. Morality is deplored, by the use of an adjectif in connection with it. Woodhull's great crime is a profession of "free love," the advocacy of a doctrine that is generally interpreted as an entire disruption of all legal restraints on the intercourse of the sexes, granting the fullest license to the free exercise of the base passions, which call forth the carried, indignant pleading of Mr. Brougham, against her demoralizing doctrine. Yet, strange as it may seem, this same Mrs. Woodhull, the free lover, stands before the world's tribunal as public prosecutor for immoral and licentious conduct, this same strenuous advocate and teacher of Christian morality.

In practical illustration, Mrs. Woodhull occupied in practice the position of Brougham by profession, while Beecher, in practice, descended to the plane of Woodhull by profession.

Our knowledge of the case is limited to that which we glean from the public prints, and what may be the final end of the matter we cannot pretend to divine; but, from present appearance, Woodhull is far in the lead on the inside track. One or the other of the parties are wrong, and justice demands a thorough investigation, that the innocent be justified and the guilty punished. If there be any better standard by which human action should be measured than the moral, it does seem that eighteen hundred years experiment should have developed it.

#### THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

The press of other and important matter has presented the publication of a very large amount of comments, gleaned from the public press, upon the action of the United States Courts, in charging us with obscenity. Whether these comments have been favorable, denunciatory, or otherwise to ourselves, almost without exception they have perceived and exposed the animus that prompted the prosecution. None of them go in at my desire to purify our journalistic literature; but in some manner they all catch at the true purpose—to shut our mouths—and by so doing to be able to stifle the exposures of revered citizens. We shall, although late, continue to present the spirit of the Press upon the subject in space will admit:

(From the Brooklyn Daily Eagle, Nov. 16.)

HOW A GROSS SCANDAL HAS BEEN HELD UP BY A CROSS HUMDRUM.

Nearly three weeks ago two women of bad reputation published in New York charges referring to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Mr. Tilton and other persons in New York and Brooklyn. Very shortly after the appearance of the article the women, Woodhull and Claffin, were arrested and thrown into jail by the Federal authorities by the covert procedure, there is reason to believe, of a foolish Plymouthite, on a charge of sending obscene matter through the mails of the United States. They demanded immediate trial, and it has been refused. They remain in custody untried and without promise of a speedy consideration of their case. This action was exactly calculated to do gross injustice to the distinguished persons with whose names they had taken liberties. It rendered the otherwise scurrilous inattention of the public to the matter impossible by compelling its observation of an extraordinary proceeding. It neither allowed the women to substantiate their assertions nor allowed those who affected to refute them. It import all the pomp and circumstance of Federal action into a heretofore localized scandal, making it national. The mode was as arbitrary as it was complicating. It compelled a measurement of the matter by the means taken to meet it. Those means were not usual or popular. This people jocosely resents the "discrimination of officials against any mailable matter" they are under bonds to transmit, knowing that the sanctity of correspondence of any kind between citizens by mail cannot safely be left in time of peace to the decision of any public officer. Examination of the words in which the abomination was clothed does not seem to me to intend the law, to show them to be obscene. A grossly ignorant and monstrous statement was volunteered by the Federal Attorney managing the case. He said that it was the business of the United States Government to protect the reputation of its citizens. What that man seems not to know would fill an immense volume. This is no more the business of the United States Government than it is to feed and clothe its citizens. The Federal Attorney exhibited an ignorance that was unexpected and a proportionately poor record before a long the public obscenity was had to the tested and incarcerated, when ball was action of the Woodhull and the proceeding which has been made, and

to be to silence her denial of the charge in the Woodhull interested; their war with Frederick—they shall

discharges with all its might. The action to them seemed from that time to be more than untenable. It seemed to be, and to be intended as, oppressive. Not that folks had sympathy or respect for the women; but they have both sympathy and respect for human rights. The violation of these rights in the case of bad people makes precedent for their violation in the case of good people. To-day it is a free lover. Tomorrow the victim may be an honorable man or woman. Law protects only when it is no respecter of person. Thus all the preceding amounts to the promotion of an outrage which is also a menacing usurpation.

What is the retroactive effect of this hanging and self-defeating course on the public mind with reference to the distinguished parties involved? The effect is not such as any real friend of them and of the cause of moral and religious liberty to think of, or can help thinking of. A scandal which might have fallen dead has been by Federal action preserved to public attention and curiosity. It is in all circles the subject of remark. The vilest and the purest comment on it, each in his way, but both thanks to Federal interpretation, without the power to find an notice denied it or proper notice of it divulged. The perverted proceeding dissonates the worst impressions. Silence would at first have been accepted as a negative of the whole charge. Pending persecution and lurking prosecution, the public now constructs silo rapidly. The low thrust the tongue in the cheek. The raised shrug their shoulders. The world converts its ridicule into credulity. The way out of this wrong lies through frankness, promptness, the State courts and out-spoken truth. The innocent and aggrieved parties should withdraw themselves from the false position in which Federal patronization has placed them. The diversion of the case from its proper channel has swollen it to artifical but immense proportions. It should be reduced to its proper volume of a vulgar, incredible continuity. That cannot be done by pressing against the women a non-sustainable offense, which relieves the gravamen of their charge to the pot-house, the parlor, the club, to all the world for a jury, and which denies that jury alike all else and all evidence, except such as has been furnished by the article itself. Meekness, forbearance, silence, inaction, have run their course in this case. The status and character of none of the parties are more involved now than the interest of moral and religion, that protest through every avenue whereby public sentiment reaches public journals against the great wrong done not only to those interests, but to one of their most distinguished representatives by reason of circumstances an explanation of which he and his friends should demand of those concerned.

(From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Dec. 7.)

But now it happens that these people have been placed in a position to give them real consequence. They have been arrested by the United States Government and thrust into jail on the charge of circulating obscene literature through the mails. What is obscene literature? It is the duty of the press to expose all villainy and corruption, as well as high as low places. There is no man or woman so exalted as that he or she, by sheer force of character, can muzzle the press. Obscene literature or art is that sort of vileness which is palpably obscene, either as grossly filthy language or low pictures. A newspaper charge of adultery, or fornication, or rape, even if made inartfully, is neither uncommon nor "obscene." It may not be in good taste always to publish criminal accusations in detail, yet, when they are deserved, to aругle such men or women, is a duty which the press owes to society; and to furnish illustrative sketches of such, is the prerogative of a necessary department of journalism; and the brighter the social position of the accused, the stronger rests the obligation to expose the guilt. What the Claffins and Woodhulls and Brocks have done to-day in Beecher's case, may be done by the best of our newspapers (perhaps reluctantly), on the highest ground of motive, in some other case, to-morrow.

Shall the United States power, therefore, be invoked, under the plea of obscene literature, to suppress the freedom of the press; to assume jurisdiction which does not belong to it; to usurp the administration of justice, which belongs to the States only, and so establish a most dangerous precedent, not only of Federal usurpation, but that of a powerful combination on the part of the Government with, as to speak, privileged persons, to crush out, in the comparison, a weak newspaper or citizen because it or he has subjected itself or herself, in the discharge of a duty, to the hostility, any, of any great man or of any corporation, whether ecclesiastical or otherwise? Of course, without any personal reflection on Mr. Beecher, we ask, Are we to understand that the Federal Government, in addition to the numerous instances of lately assumed power outside of the provisions of the Constitution, also intend to revoile the oppressing and muzzling provisions of the old British statute of "Scandalum Magnum," by which the "great men of the realm" enjoyed a special immunity from investigation into their personal conduct?

This is precisely the precedent which seems to be established in the Beecher case. Wishing to punish, and desiring to keep Mr. Beecher entirely out of the legal middle, his friends have gone too far. They have blown a broad the deepest rights of society. It was for Mr. Beecher either to have remained silent or to have contradicted the charge formally. Else, like any other citizen, he should have invoked the Law of Libel.

Another thing which we dislike in this case is, that it has assumed too much the form of an *Inquisition*. All the facts should have gone to the public. Woodhull & Co. have a right to public opinion, and public opinion depends on the press. It is in this way—i.e., by making an invidious exception of them—that this case has been so managed, as (through their case) to become subjects of real importance—indeed of first-rate importance.

As to the Law of Libel, that belongs to the States, and the United States Government must not be permitted to frame any pretext to usurp it—such a pretext as that of suppressing such mail matter as does not please it! The Law of Libel must not be left wholly to the construction of a court,

In the matter of libel, by the Constitution of the State of New York, the jury are expressly made the judges of both the law and the fact; and the truth may be given in evidence for the defense, with justifiable motives.

Public opinion—a jury, in other words—must have to do with the enforcement of such law. A jury cannot acquit or convict a party unless permitted to pass on the facts of a case. It will not do to say that the libelous matter proven, the jury have nothing to do but to return a special verdict of such fact, and leave the rest to the court. The libelous intent is the gist of such cases, and this construction must not be taken from a jury. But if our newspapers are made no shield of the Federal Government armed with the Obscene Literature club on the one hand, and the strict Lord Mansfield construction of the law of Libel on the other hand, that they dare not do their duty toward enlightening public opinion in all cases against the right of trial by jury, assaults on the press are the wedge of despotism.

And what may be said in derision of trials by jury, yet, in such cases as those of libel, or of circulating obscene literature, one fact is palpable, and that is, if an alleged libel or obscene publication does not strike twelve laymen as libelous or obscene, it is perfectly evident that the charge fails to the ground; for an *incomprehensible* libel, an incomprehensible act of obscenity, is an impossibility!

To hamper the press by such precedents is to strike down public opinion, which is the foundation of the system of trial by jury.

(From the Brooklyn Eagle, Nov. 5, 1872.)

#### THE SCANDAL AND THE BLUNDER.

The Eagle is receiving not a few letters all the time on the matter which has come to be called the Woodhull and Claffin case. They readily classify themselves, numbers treating of one phase of the case, numbers of another. Considerations of space and judicious selections generally lead to the selection of specimens communications of each of the kinds into which they are divisible. The most thoughtful of these epistles bear directly upon the Federal interference in the matter properly between individual citizens of this State. All of such epistles heretofore have been in condemnation of that Federal proceeding. Our correspondents have been unanimous in regarding the action as inadequate, indecent, confusing, abortive, illegal, oppressive and plainly purposed against the women not because of their publication per se, but because the publication took libertes with the names of prominent people. The cause we have championed is the right of all citizens to a speedy trial for what they have done, and not for what they have not done. These women mixed themselves up with powerful parties, and that is the reason why the "Government" deals with them. The proceeding against them, whether meant or not, operates as a *auter-fuge*. The offense they are charged with committing against the mails of the United States, but really the mails of the people of the United States, is contemptible in contrast with the great wrong they have done to citizens who are prevented by this Government interference alike from redress and vindication. Nor has the Government once closed the mails to matters quite so shocking, not even to the identical matter reported and sent broadcast by other publishers. It is the offenders; and not the offense, that is the rub; and not because they are offenders against the mails, but because they are offenders against prominent people. Whether innocent or conscious or not, of any danger to their own liberties has nothing to do with this case. Dangers are generally a surprise. They generally assert and crest themselves unawares. When they come in the form of usurpation, they nearly always pounce upon infamous people like these, and the case becomes a precedent. But the grounds of the action have nothing to do with the character of the publication. Our renewed protest against the proceeding is that it robs the liberties of all the press in the keeping of Federal functionaries. It also cuts off the accused from pleading that justification which they would have were their charges true instead of false. Suppose the charges were true? It would then have been a duty to bring them to the light. Yet the Government could just as well have arrested the publishers in that case. It is a bad law which makes it just as easy to arrest people who print the truth as people who print lies. The sooner these women are withdrawn from the *hypothec* of their present persecution invests them with, the better for the cause of liberty, sound morals, and the persons wronged.

(From the Brooklyn Eagle, Nov. 7.)

#### THE SCANDAL AND THE BLUNDER AGAIN.

Mr. Comstock wrote a letter to the *Eagle* to-day. He is the plaintiff against the Claffin women in the Federal proceeding against them. The notoriety of the women and the extraordinary character alike of their publication and of the proceeding against them, have withdrawn from Mr. Comstock as plaintiff that degree of notice which his connection with the case would have otherwise received. Mr. Comstock insists that he preferred a suit in a State court, and that he again sought to get District Attorney Gaynor to proceed, in his official capacity; in a suit for the suppression of the article on the ground of its obscenity. The District Attorney not taking up the case, it appears that an Assistant Federal District Attorney, who believes that it is the duty of the United States to protect the reputation of revered citizens, had no legal institution in doing what the County Prosecutor did not see a way clear to do. The statute on which the proceeding independently and disinterestedly initiated by Mr. Comstock is based, reads larger than the astute mind of the Assistant Federal District Attorney at first suggested. It allows of the fine and imprisonment of all who mail not merely obscene, but also any vulgar, indecent or immoral matter or matter marked with any such, or with scurrilous and "disloyal" devices. That penal consequences are set against mailing any matters which the Federal authorities may think, or affect to think, are of that character, notwithstanding they may not be of that character at all, is a not over strong statement of the effect of the statute. It shows that without having generally known it, the people of this country are living under a law more narrow and oppressive than any people with a



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## WOODHULL &amp; CLAFIN'S WEEKLY.

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on one pretext and another, and she left no means untried to convince herself that what the children beheld were but the reflections of their own figures in the pines, or the playful jokings of some mischievous child. But her efforts in both directions presently came to naught, for the appearances were so vivid and graphic that even her ingenuity failed to account for them.

The most frequent manifestation was the whitish shape of a child's hand and arm, which seemed to be pressed hard against a lower pane of the window in the partition. The fingers were slender in shape and waxen in color. At other times the whole arm to the shoulder would be exhibited, and with undoubtless distinctness. In all cases the arm was bare and its shape was attenuated. The most terrifying object seen up to the thirty day of November was the pale face of a boy, which frequently peered in at the window, and fixed its eyes immovably upon the scholars in their seats.

The appearances became more and more frequent, and there was a corresponding increase of the tumultuous noises and agitations. In the garret there seemed to be a number of men at work, hammering, walking about, and now and then dropping their materials and tools. Sounds of con-  
versation were also clear. There seemed to be three voices— one deep and harsh, another high-pitched, and the third querulous and complaining. On one occasion only was there an intelligent utterance, and this was coupled with a rather forcible expression—“Hang it, where's my master?”

The climax of this long series of visitations and troubles was reached on the date previously suggested—the 30th of November. All day long, from early morning till the middle of the afternoon session, the customary disturbances were in full force. By long experience the four of the boys had become somewhat deadened, and the furious uproar now afforded them rather more amusement than terror. While in the middle of the realization, a general alarm from the whole school was raised. The face of the boy was again staring in at the window. A lad named Lytton, who was at the head of the chase, looked into the entry and at once exclaimed: “There is a boy out there!”

Miss Perkins hastened into the passage, and behold what Lytton had discovered, standing at the further end. She approached it hastily until within six or seven feet, when she became impressed with its true character, or rather, with the fact that the figure was not substantial. She describes it as representing a boy of twelve or thirteen years of age, slender in body, and with a pale face. He was dressed in brown clothing, and had his arms partially folded, with his left hand somewhat projected as if to receive something. His face, though plucked, had a pleasant expression. His eyes were blue; his hair was of a yellowish white, such as is common among the fisherman's children in that part of the town, and it was cropped off at the back of the neck, and was disarranged upon the top of his head. About the neck was bandaged of considerable width.

When Miss Perkins discovered that she was encountering something unreal, she faltered, and, beholding partially overjoyed she seized the coat-hooks beside her shoulder for support. At this moment the figure of the boy started from its position in the corner beside the window and advanced toward the door opposite to him, which led to the garret stairs. It opened itself, and he passed through, followed by Miss Perkins, who attempted in vain to seize him. He advanced up the steep stairs, closely followed by the intrepid girl. Halfway up she stumbled over a brush, and when she again raised her eyes the figure was standing at the top, looking fixedly at her. In this interval it had changed somewhat—it was dressed, which had apparently been composed of jacket and pantaloons, had given place to a grayish black, which still retained the distinct outline of its form. Miss Perkins hastened on, and the figure retreated. When she got to the landing above, it was but a few feet in advance of her. She ran toward it, but as she did so it began to lose its shape and to disappear. She made so vigorous a grasp at it that her finger nicks cut the palms of her hands; but she seized nothing. The figure sank beneath her feet with a tremulous motion and, with its eyes still fixed upon the fainting teacher, it wholly disappeared.

Henceforward of this extraordinary incident is circumstantial and intelligible. The boy Lytton is a lad of the speculative and observant type, and his description of the appearance, as well as that of his mates, bear out in every particular the story told by the mistress.

On the succeeding Friday, this vision was again seen, at about the same hour in the afternoon. Miss Perkins followed it with even more resolution than before, but it disappeared from her sight, when midway up the stairs. The expression of its features, in both cases, though pleasant at first, became sad before they faded away.

Between these two dates, Miss Perkins encountered a new terror... Up to the same day in question, the voices which had been heard from time to time in the garret, had been with one exception, muffled and indistinct. This exception I have described. They now manifested themselves in a fresh manner.

One afternoon when the noises had been unusually loud, and the indistinctness especially active, there issued from the teacher's end of the schoolroom a loud and coarse tone, which seemed to echo at the further end, but with a laugh, instead of a diminished voice of its own character. This was frequently followed by a similar din in the garret above, where it was repeated several times. The scholars, astonished at the novel visitation, sat in frightened expectancy. Miss Perkins saw the necessity of allaying their fears, if possible, and she asked which of them would go into the attle, to see if some one were hidden there.

One of the loudest boys declared himself ready to go, provided the teacher would accompany him. The expedition was then arranged, and the two armed themselves with sticks and proceeded up the stairs. They nearly reached the centre of the garret floor, when from behind them the laugh arose with twice its former significance. It was low, cold and jubilant. The teacher, for the first time in his long experience with all these unnameable terrors, felt a

thorough sensation of fear. She pursued the sound, when it was repeated in another quarter, and now and then laid hasty about her with her stick. But as she struck the floor and the chimney, in her efforts to bring down her enemy, the laugh rose higher and higher, until the place was alive with the chilling sounds.

The teacher and the boy, convinced that nothing was to be discovered, and being filled with dread, left the spot; and as they descended the stairs, a perfect triumph of sounds pursued them until they re-entered the schoolroom.

All the accumulated wisdom of the school committee, the town officers, and hundreds of foreign visitors, have not abated the phenomena. In the smallest degree; and it seems that the history of this schoolroom must take an undisputed place with that of the celebrated Wesley Parsonage of English renown.

Naturally enough, the Spiritualists have been quick to appropriate these manifestations as proofs of their peculiar principles, and the “circles” have received an extraordinary impulse; but if the trouble serve to bait the scientists into a new examination of kindred circumstances and anomalies—why, then—“au then we'll give them ear.”

## RESOLUTIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

To Victoria C. Woodhull and Lydia, in Ludlow-street Jail, New York City.

At a meeting of friends, held November 5th, at 211 North Eleventh street, Philadelphia, it was resolved to send to you an address expressive of our feelings in this, your trial hour. Realizing that the progress of nations has been mainly through the martyrdom of individuals, we would say that no now thing has happened you.

A few years since the venerable Abner Kneeland was imprisoned in the City of Boston, Francis Wright was stoned and driven from city to city, and still more recently John Brown was executed, for moving in advance of public sentiment, and expressing truths the world was not prepared to receive. Whatever may be said of your course in the paper, it must be apparent to all that you are under the influence of an arrogant power which cares much more for victims, than for the protection of those whom they charge you with having injured.

We feel that the sacred cause of freedom of speech and of the press (which is far more dear than life on this plane) has been rudely assailed in your persons; but we are confident that you are accomplishing a much greater work to-day than ever before. The dungeon, and even the scaffold may become the grandest pulpit that the world has ever known. The position you occupy is an index of the condition of society which you have so earnestly labored to reform, and whatever may be the result, there can be no doubt that good will come out of this, and the onward march of civilization and the true freedom in social and political life will be promoted, however severe may be the cost for all, even the most progressive minds.

We believe you know where the real source of strength lies—in the consciousness of your own rectitude, and a firm reliance upon God and his ministering spirits, who are ever near you. The following hymn, composed by Miss Williams while suffering imprisonment in Paris, may be expressive of your feelings and add to your consolation:

While Thee I seek, protecting power,  
Be my val'ry shield; attell;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the power of thought bestowed,  
To Thee my thoughts would soar;  
Thy mercy o'er my life hath flowed,  
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see;  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferred by Thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or exulting in prayer.

When gladness wings thy favored hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;  
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet Thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gathering storm shall see;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,  
That heart shall rest on Thee.

With feelings of profound sympathy, for you in this hour of trial, we are truly your friends,

Anna M. Moxley, Sarah M. Buckley,  
Anna M. Bidwell, Henry T. Child, M. D.,  
D. S. Cudwhather, 63 Rue st.,  
Adelia Hull, Caroline H. Spear,  
Della Estella Hull, Jacob L. Papson,  
Christina Robbins, Hannah Jetlow,  
G. D. Henck, John M. Spear,  
J. Q. Henck, Charlotte M. Crowell,  
M. H. Henck, David J. Shansky,  
Horace M. Richards, Fox Holden.

Woodhull, and thrust her, with others, into Ludlow Jail, whose sole offence has been that, in her zeal and earnestness to probe to the very marrow the bawdry and rotteness of the present condition of society, she has been led to cite a few prominent samples of delinquencies.

*Resolved*, That we, lovers of truth and humanity, do extend our heartfelt sympathies to our beloved sister and her friends, thus outrageously dealt with in this our Republican Government of the nineteenth century.

*Resolved*, That, as we believe Sister W. to be actuated by pure, high-toned moral and enlightened religious sentiments, moreover by a love for consistency in those several elements, in editing her WEEKLY NEWS, to suppress which, such a shameful attempt has been made, unparalleled since the Garrisonian times—we will ignore such a boon of justice by our laws, until freedom of speech and freedom of the press—which they fully and confidently promise to every citizen—can be obtained by her.

*Resolved*, That the course taken by our judicature in withholding an examination, when assured by her counsel, that she was fully prepared for the same, bears fatal evidence of a “quaking among the dry bones,” caused by conscious guilt.

*Resolved*, That of the thousands of the Woodhull & CLAFIN WEEKLY which have been largely read heretofore with both pleasure and profit for their talented, rational and reformatory matter, no one copy has been sought after with greater avidity than the last issue; more, doubtless, for its daring to attack where our officials are oftener bribed to silence—“Wickedness in high places”—even the sanctuary, where, Father-like she has torn the veil aside which obscured its hidden mysteries, thus giving the unorganized portion of the community a telescopic view of what appeared to them the starry way to the “gate celestial,” as it shone strongly, however, of the scavenger’s pathway.

*Resolved*, That none but an angel’s pen could have equaled the chastity and refinement with which the disclosure was made or clearly portrayed. Although we daily find similar exposures in the common walks of life, made by our secular papers, and those without regard to individual tastes or feelings, yet until Sister W. moved upon the strongholds it had never occurred that they were rank with obscenity. Surely Victoria, thou for thy knowledge—wherever there is might—art now in Ludlow Jail; but this will speedily wing its way onward, bearing with it a light so powerful and penetrating that those who now judge thee with minds befogged, shall agonizingly wince and writh at their own inhuman stupidity. Furthermore . . .

*Resolved*, That our sister’s zeal in a rich and wholesome reform shall be born in mind, and that the genial seed sown by her, will, we hope, through warmest sunshine and silvery showers, spring from its gentle soil and eventually become a tree, so giant-like in its proportions and so lovely in its foliage that all will strive for a shade beneath its sheltering branches.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to our beloved sister and her friends in Ludlow Jail, by C. M. T. Com.

God of the morning, God of the eve,  
O grant us a hearing, our error replace;  
Nor let us go down, like the mighty of yore,  
With a foul habitation at our proud nation’s core.

S. W. Kenyon, Maria L. Chardron,  
Benj’ Cross, E. W. Kenyon,  
Allen A. Tallor, E. M. Bolles,  
F. Hacker, J. C. Bolles,  
Committee.

Woonsocket, Oct. 17, 1873.

Mrs. VICTORIA C. WOODHULL:

Dear Madam—As friends who believe in your truthfulness, and honor you for your courage in tearing the mask from the hypocrisy that seeks to shelter itself behind a powerful Church organization, we desire to send you our cordial greeting and sympathy in this your hour of need. We realize that the freedom of the press and freedom of speech are alike assailed and imprisoned in your person; that woman’s emancipation from the pressure of unequal social and political power will receive an impetus if you triumph over your persecutors; and will be retarded for perhaps many years by your defeat; but we are reminded that your very name, dear madam, forbids the thought of failure, and believing that you, who have ever accorded to friend and foe alike, a place in the columns of the paper, that bigotry has learned to fear and sought to suppress, are an instrument in the hands of a wisdom that can bring to naught the malice of the enemies of freedom; and assure you that you have our most earnest prayers for your speedy release from your present trials, and our best wishes for your future success in the noble work you have undertaken.

Fraternally yours in true sympathy,

Mrs. Martha P. Jacobs, Mr. J. W. Shirley,  
Mrs. Susie H. Blanchard, Mr. G. B. Adams,  
Mrs. C. E. Leland, Mr. Richard Bullard;  
Mrs. Mildred White, Lydia G. Phelps;  
Mrs. A. J. Baldwin, Mrs. H. L. Temple,  
Mrs. Annie Sherman, Mr. J. L. Adams,  
Mrs. Emilie R. Dorman, Mrs. Ruth E. Marbles,  
Mr. Edward H. Hammond, Mrs. A. A. Reed;  
Mrs. H. D. Waterman, Mr. A. A. Reed,  
Miss Mary E. Albert, Mrs. Samuel Field,  
Mr. A. M. Driscoll, Mrs. Dickinson,  
Mrs. Mary Sanders, Miss Genie Dorman,  
Mrs. Hollie S. H. Green, Mr. Alfred Harris,  
Mrs. J. P. Hammond, Mrs. Mary M. Harris,  
Mrs. R. A. Spaulding, Mr. William H. Hill,

At an informal gathering of Spiritualists the following resolutions were read and adopted by them:

WHEREAS, Several of our Government officials (doubtless induced by the ghostr of the rich man’s purse—the owners of which, having received a just expose of hypocritical and licentious conduct, enacted under our present marriage laws) have violently seized our friend and co-worker, Mrs.

Feb. 8, 1873.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

|                          |        |
|--------------------------|--------|
| One copy for one year,   | \$3.00 |
| One copy for six months, | 1.50   |
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Street, New York.  
All communications, business or editorial, must be addressed

*Woodhull & Clafin's Weekly,*

48 Broad Street, New York City.



NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1873.

## TO THE PRESS.

The course the Government has pursued to suppress the *WEEKLY*, and thereby to establish a precedent which, followed, may extend to any recalcitrant journal, having been most disastrous to us financially, we ask both friends and foes to extend it in the journalistic courtesy to us, in the following in the several papers under their control:

*Woodhull & Clafin's Weekly*, an Independent Journal open to the absolutely free discussion of all subjects in which human welfare is involved, and which is especially the organ of social reform, is published by Victoria C. Woodhull and Tennessee C. Claflin (Woodhull & Claflin), at No. 48 Broad street, New York, upon the following terms:

|                             |        |
|-----------------------------|--------|
| One copy one year,          | \$3.00 |
| Five copies one year,       | 12.00  |
| Ten copies one year,        | 22.00  |
| Twenty copies one year,     | 40.00  |
| Six month, half these rates |        |

The *WEEKLY* occupies a somewhat remarkable, certainly a most exceptional, position in regard to its contemporaries, the reformatory, religious and secular press. Outside of some half-a-dozen journals, there is little contained in the public press which is of use to the editors either as news or otherwise. But we know that the entire press, while for the present mainly silent upon the great question that is now agitating public thought, is deeply interested in the main feature of the *WEEKLY*. Formerly when we were in better pecuniary circumstances than we now are, we sent the *WEEKLY* regularly to about one-third of the press of the country, and we are more than repaid by the modifications of public opinion upon reformatory questions which have indirectly resulted therefrom.

There are about six thousand newspapers and journals of all sorts in the United States. We want to send the *WEEKLY* to each of them; but this would be at an expense to us, for printing and paper only, of over ten thousand dollars, which we cannot afford. But we will furnish it to all papers that want it at \$2 per annum—our lowest rates for large clubs. This course suggests itself to us because we have already received numerous applications from editors for the best terms upon which we will furnish the *WEEKLY* to them. This is a small matter for individual papers, while the press as a whole, would be a very mighty one for us to exchange with—one which its representatives cannot expect us to bear. If the *WEEKLY* were a political or religious or a literary journal merely, we should not presume to thus address the press, to which, in many instances, we are under great obligations; but it is exceptional, being the only advocate of social freedom in the world. And this, coupled with the fact, that momentous issues will be discussed in its columns during the entire year, is an excuse for this presentation.

## INSTRUCTIONS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

In writing to us persons should sign their names carefully, so that their need be no mistaking them; many come to us so carelessly written that one cannot decipher them.

Again, many persons neglect to include their State in the date; and if, as often is the case, the postmaster's stamp on the outside of the envelope is a mere dab, we are utterly in the dark about the location of the writer; unless, perchance, the town be an uncommon one, when we can guess in what State it may be.

The letter should also state whether the inclosed remittance is for a renewal or for a new subscription. Falling in this we are compelled to spend a large amount of time to determine it. In case any one receives two papers from this neglect, they should inform us at once, so that one may be discontinued.

## CLUB!! CLUB!! CLUB!!!

## EXPLANATIONS.

We return special thanks to our friends who have so readily gone earnestly to work to extend our subscription list. We are daily in receipt of numbers of letters containing remittances for clubs. This is the way to show love for, and zeal in, any cause advocated by a special journal.

To all our friends, everywhere, we say, go and do likewise! The friends in every town and city should see to it that a club of five for every thousand people be immediately formed. We have said that we have wrought alone as long as we can. We now want the joint efforts of all who believe in freedom in its full sense.

## A REQUEST TO OUR FRIENDS.

Since the newsmen in the country cannot obtain the *WEEKLY* through the accustomed channel—The American News Co.—many of them suppose the *WEEKLY* to be dead. Now we are aware there is a demand through this medium for a hundred thousand copies per week, which is suppressed by the refusal of the above mentioned company to furnish them. We ask our friends in all towns where there is a news depot, and especially the cities, to interest them so far as to call repeatedly upon the newsmen, and urge them to order a supply directly from us. We are sending them regularly through the mail in packages to suit all customers; and where the newsmen are subsidized against the *WEEKLY*, we ask our friends to order weekly supplies to upon the charge of obscenity. Why, if we should print that, it would show these women are being persecuted, and that would not do, since it would create sympathy for them. This tells the whole story. They will permit us to be hounded to death; the freedom of the press to be outraged by the suppression of the *WEEKLY*, and their prejudices against us will not allow them to see what a precedent they are permitting to be established, which may, at some future time, be used against them. Our friends and readers may rely upon a complete account of all the proceedings that have been (and may be) had, from which to judge of the condition into which this Government is about to be precipitated. We have warned you of the danger; rest assured it is high, even unto your doors. Watch and pray, lest in an unknown hour it come upon you unawares.

## TO THE READERS OF THE WEEKLY.

The sentiments of love and enthusiasm which we represented as coming to us from all directions still continue, and are largely accompanied by more material and, parson for saying so, at this time more necessary aid. Do not for an instant imagine that we would be the receivers of a single word less of approval, comfort and encouragement to continue to fight the good fight, than we hitherto have received, but that we would have those who express them remember that words merely will not enable us to publish the *WEEKLY*.

There are a large number of subscribers whose paid terms have expired. To these we would say, in the kindest, though most urgent words, that we have not discontinued the paper to them, believing as we did and do, since they have not informed us to the contrary, that they want it. Three dollars a year is a small sum for any family to expend for a radical paper, and from the smallest income would scarcely be felt; but when ten thousand persons on a single subscription list fall in arrears, the publishers must sustain their paper by other means than by looking to their subscribers.

We know that many of our readers, knowing how beneficially we have hitherto diffused the *WEEKLY* all over the world, think we can continue to do so, not stopping to consider our changed circumstances. We wish once for all to discuss this thought. We cannot furnish the *WEEKLY* to such as do not appreciate it sufficiently to pay for it; and we, therefore, request, as a special favor, that, immediately on the reception of this number, every one who is in arrears will either renew his subscription or request us to discontinue the paper, remitting amount due to date.

There need be no hesitancy on account of the probabilities of our not being permitted to publish the *WEEKLY*. The country has not yet so far gone on the road to despotism as to make the absolute suppression of any paper possible.

Political trickery and religious bigotry may continue to make use of too willing officials to annoy us, hoping by so doing to wear us out; but they will find themselves powerless to more than annoy. They have not the right upon their side; and to destroy, this is required. Hence we ask our tumors to put their trust, as we do, in the righteousness and rightfulness of our cause, and spring forward to its maintenance. It is never the enemies of a cause who kill it. It is always its hesitating and lukewarm friends. Let it not be said that the grand one for which we have the honor to labor died from such maladies. We say fearlessly and proudly, that if its friends do not fail in its hour of need, its enemies, though the most persistent, are nevertheless powerless.

We must be pardoned for also reminding each individual that he has no right to presume that everybody except himself will do his duty; and therefore that he may be excused. This is too often the argument, and too often a fatal one, since everybody is liable to make use of it, and all therefore fail; and with them, the cause in which they are really interested; after which they mourn its loss and too late their own delinquency. Each person should say: "Let those fail who may, I will do my duty."

Then let us not in future be under the necessity of devoting any part of our valuable space to urging the payment of subscriptions justly due. We do not ask any to take the paper who do not want it; but we do ask those who receive it to not expect us to furnish it to them at the cost of other subscribers, more mindful of us and of honorable dealing than themselves.

The course of events since our issue of December 23 has been such as to change somewhat the proposed character of our subsequent issues. We then intended to continue "The Progress of the Revolution" by detailing the examination in Jefferson Market Court, upon the charge of libel; but the suppression of our Boston speech and the necessity of putting our side of the case before the public, made it necessary to occupy the space by that speech, to the exclusion of the examination. We have now concluded to still further delay it, and to print it just before the time in which we expect the case to come up in the Court of Oyer and Terminer for trial. This was necessary, also, because of the second arrest upon the charge of violating the United States mails by obscene literature. We have also been obliged to lay over "The Spirit of the Press," a very important matter, since its voice comes to us from the country like a voice of thunder in condemnation of the unblushing persecution to which we have been subjected. Though the city press is thoroughly subsidized against justice, by the jacks of the street and the wolves of the church, the less formidable (though more honest) country press is speaking in such tones as must bring their city contemporaries to a realization of the folly they have committed, by keeping silence upon a most vital issue, from their fear of two weak women. Said the editor of a prominent and influential daily to a reporter who had made only a just report of our recent examination upon the charge of obscenity: "Why, if we should print that, it would show these women are being persecuted, and that would not do, since it would create sympathy for them." This tells the whole story. They will permit us to be hounded to death; the freedom of the press to be outraged by the suppression of the *WEEKLY*, and their prejudices against us will not allow them to see what a precedent they are permitting to be established, which may, at some future time, be used against them. Our friends and readers may rely upon a complete account of all the proceedings that have been (and may be) had, from which to judge of the condition into which this Government is about to be precipitated. We have warned you of the danger; rest assured it is high, even unto your doors. Watch and pray, lest in an unknown hour it come upon you unawares.

## TO THE CHIEFS OF THE POLICE OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.

There was once a time, in this country, when officials, equally with common citizens, were at least supposed to be amenable to, and in their official action, guided by law. This, however, so far as the police force of "these two cities" is concerned, seems to have gone by. From being the simple executors of the law and its heaviest, they have risen to the censorship of what literature shall be sold and bought by the public of its accommodating agent—the modern newsmen. It is the business of this agent to supply the literary want of the public, keeping for its consumption what the demand indicates. But just at this point the police interfere and say: "We do not care what your customers want, you shall not keep *Woodhull & Clafin's Weekly* for their accommodation." Almost every newsmen in New York and Brooklyn has been approached and intimidated into not keeping the *WEEKLY*; the more ignorant through fear of some unknown consequences, and the more intelligent through an unwillingness to be disturbed in their occupation. Now we publicly ask the chiefs of the police force, what instructions have been issued to the men under their command, authorizing them to suppress the sale of *Woodhull & Clafin's Weekly*; and their authority for issuing such instructions; if they have been issued, and if not, the explanation of the interference and intimidations that for three weeks have been pursued against the newsmen of the two cities in regard to this paper?

It may be thought that public sentiment will sustain this high-handed outrage upon our rights, because we are women, and advocates of a cause which to day is unpopular. But the good sense of the community is held in utter contempt when it is supposed that it will long countenance any such arbitrary attempt to control its reading. Officials, for their own sake, ought not to ignore the fact that fully one-half the people of this great city read our paper of November 2d with great avidity, in many instances paying five and ten dollars to obtain one. Can the police, without authority of law, safely presume to dictate to one-half the people what they may and may not read? It is a question for the heads of the police forces to seriously consider, whether they can afford to lend themselves to aid the Scavenger of the Young Men's Christian Association in his attempt to suppress our paper, and in so far to defy the public.

We here give notice, if this course continue, that we shall be forced to proceed by legal means, to vindicate our rights; and we beg to remind even officials, that the time has not yet come when the law may be trampled upon with impunity even by the representative of the new order of Jesuits; and even if the objects aimed at are women, who have excited the thoughtless prejudice of a Phrasical community.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of the city press to the "Reverberations" from the country. Paris may be France, but New York is not America.

Feb. 8, 1873.

## THE EFFORT AGAINST US.

Through the last week, our proceedings had in Boston, the delivery of my speech in the previous time. Returning to New Cooper Institute in which to deliver a review of the situation, in which both of these speeches were published. Knowing that the effort was, was not wholly to be expected, of Mr. Beecher's friends in the Union, I suspected they would prevent me from speaking at Cooper Institute, announced my subject, and that Mr. Beecher was engaged in Association Hall—the head of the Christian Association. Almost another came to me that Comstock had another job for my arrest, to cut off the lecture. I determined to tell it if it were within the range of communication with my friend Anna M. Mighorbrook, telling requesting them to be present sister if we should be arrested myself. So on the morning of my sister or I went to one of my instructions, if there were any was to be informed at once, of the Christian Young Men of the firm of Phelps Dodge, defrauding the Government him marched into the office, whom he seemed to be Blood, but appeared terribly sister and I were not there immediately received word of all the ingenuity I could come into play if I were to speak out.

It would be impossible to building and to appear upon the stage. Therefore I resolved to assure friends assisted, and I soon old and decrepit Quaker lady entered the hall, passing a barrier, marshals, who stood guard, people that there was to be certain were they of arrest safely, one of them even in the crowd. On the pretense my way down to the stage, Laura Cuppy Smith was unable to appear, I suddenly stage, and exclaimed: "Young before having entirely the marshals who were on interrupt my speech if they apparently saw that they had that I should not speak, be prudent to permit me me afterward.

Of course I expected the good grace as I could do.

But Mr. Comstock had all the evening papers them speak, and by the aid of the door, thus making my half what they should have afforded to have bearing upon the community for would otherwise have fallen.

Thus again has the wretched cause of freedom the results of their cunning though that they are very few.

Again I say: "Go on, I said that it is hard to kick until you are satisfied warning: You are filling hollowness under the necessity of action too late, bitterly bewail, forget that error is power but it is." Which do you

## THE IMPERIAL.

It is our duty, no matter where sleep on the very alarm of the threat repeated it over and over United States Government obscenity, for merely certain individuals have always the press. But the sanguined to this day with the prospect of our

In regard to the fact, reasonable doubt, suc-

Feb. 8, 1873.

## THE EFFORT AGAINST FREE SPEECH.

Through the last *WEEKLY* our friends were informed of the proceedings had in Boston, which resulted in deferring the delivery of my speech in the Music Hall to a more propitious time. Returning to New York, I at once secured Cooper Institute in which to deliver still another speech in review of the situation, in which my sister was to take part. Both of these speeches were published at length in the *last issue*. Knowing that the effort to suppress me in Boston was largely, if not wholly, to be attributed to the influence of Mr. Beecher's friends in the Young Men's Christian Association, I suspected they would renew their efforts to prevent me from speaking at Cooper Institute. No sooner had I announced my subject and the date for its consideration than Mr. Beecher was engaged to speak the same night in Association Hall—the headquarters of the Young Men's Christian Association. Almost simultaneously the information came to me that Comstock was engaged to put up another job for my arrest, to culminate upon the very day of the lecture. I determined to circumvent this notorious plot if it were within the range of possibilities. I immediately communicated with my friends, Laura Cuppy Smith and Anna M. Middlebrook, telling them of my suspicions and requesting them to be present to speak for me and my sister if we should be arrested. But I determined to speak myself. So on the morning of the day of the lecture neither my sister nor I went to our office in Broad street, but sent instructions, if there were any suspicious movements, that I was to be informed at once. A little past noon, the scavenger of the Christian Young Men, who boasts that Mr. Dodge, of the firm of Phelps, Dodge & Co., who are charged with defrauding the Government a million, more or less, "backs him," marched into the office with two United States marshals, whom he seemed to command, and arrested Colonel Blood, but appeared terribly nonplussed when he found my sister and I were not there to welcome his lordship. I immediately received word of the movement, and knew that all the legume I could command would have to be brought into play if I were to speak that night in the Cooper Institute.

It would be impossible for me to secrete myself in the building and to appear upon the rostrum at the proper time. Therefore I resolved to assume a disguise. Some willing friends assisted, and I soon presented the appearance of an old and decrepit Quaker lady. In this costume I confidently entered the hall, passing a half-dozen or more United States marshals who stood guarding the entrances and warning the people that there was to be no "lecture there that night"—so certain were they of arresting me. But I passed them all safely, one of them even saying to assist me on through the crowd. On the pretense of deafness, I gradually worked my way down to the stage and finally upon it, and just as Laura Cuppy Smith was announcing that she still believed I would appear, I suddenly advanced to the centre of the stage and exclaimed, "Yes, I am here," and began speaking before having entirely cast aside my Quaker garb, so that the marshals who were on the platform would have to interrupt my speech if they attempted to arrest me then. They evidently saw that they had been baffled, and their guarantee that I should not speak, broken, and concluded that it would be prudent to permit me to deliver my address and arrest me afterward.

Of course I expected this, and having said my say, with as good a grace as I could command, I surrendered to them.

But Mr. Comstock had some satisfaction in getting into all the evening papers that I was arrested and could not speak, and by the aid of the marshals turning people from the door, thus making my audience and receipts about one-half what they should have been. But I doubt if I could have afforded to have bartered the effect that was produced upon the community for additional pecuniary aid that would otherwise have followed.

Thus again has the wrath of the Jesuits been made to advance the cause of freedom. I am perfectly satisfied with the results of their cunning. I hope they are also satisfied that they are I very much doubt.

Again I say: "Go on, gentlemen. If you are not yet satisfied that it is hard to kick against the pricks," continue to kick until you are satisfied. But permit me to give you a warning. You are filling up for yourselves a measure of infamy, the consequences of which you will some day, under the necessity of accepting, find which you will then, too late, bitterly bewail. You cannot kill the truth, and you forget that error is powerless when truth is left free to combat it? Which do you represent?

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

## THE IMPENDING DESPOTISM.

It is our duty, no matter how quietly the editors of other papers sleep on the verge of the volcano's crater, to sound the alarm of the threatening danger. We have said, and repeated it over and over again, that the movement of the United States Government against us, upon the charge of obscenity, for merely exercising the right that journals in this country have always exercised—the right to criticize the actions of individuals—is a movement against freedom of the press. But the sensibilities of the community are so blunted to this fact, by their prejudice against us, that they either fail to see the danger, or they are willing to incur it, with the prospect of our being crushed by the movement.

In regard to the fact, however, there can no longer be any reasonable doubt, since the District Attorney, speaking to

the Government of the United States, boldly declared, in his closing speech, at our examination before Commissioner Davenport, that other journals, naming some of them, were to be proceeded against for doing precisely what we had done, thus plainly announcing and confirming just what we have said, that, to-day, it is only the *Wright* that is threatened; to-morrow it may be any other journal; and the next day, all other journals opposed to the new departure of the Government, in the interests of the new Jesuitical Order—The Young Men's Christian Association.

This organization has, to-day, more influence and control over the weal of the country than all other orders combined. It was organized for a specific purpose, and that purpose has been steadily kept in view and advanced upon by every possible way. Surely the press of this country cannot be so blind as not to perceive what they intend. They mean the establishment of a God—in the Constitution Government, with themselves as the authorized interpreters of the so-called Word of God—the Bible. At the Cincinnati Convention they saw the time had not yet come when they could openly show their hands, and, with all the cunning of adepts in political chicanery, they came together and talked, only, in open convention, but plotted extensively in committees and caucuses.

We are now prepared to go a step further, and declare that they intend to obtain such legislation as will permit them to control the journalism of the country, and thus to be able to suppress all organs of free thought that take antagonistic grounds to the infallibility of the Bible, the divinity of Christ and the personality of God. Call us insane, if you will; laugh at the prediction as you may, and treat it with contempt, as you do; we say they mean all this; and before five years pass, those whom we cannot arouse to a consciousness of the danger, will look back to this article and curse themselves that they did not heed the warning, and nip the movement in its incipiency by rousing the public indignation at the unheard-of outrage that has been perpetrated upon us, at the instance of this new inquisitorial order, which, if its beginnings are to be considered as evidence, promises to surpass the Spanish Inquisition in its damnable movements and deeds of horror to suppress free thought.

With increasing strength will come the jack and the torture, for all who dare to question their religion or their movements. Spiritualism especially must be eradicated from the country, since it destroys the very basis upon which their whole structure rests. Without the future Heaven and Hell their religion falls. They know this, and are preparing, as the slave-holders prepared, to either destroy or be destroyed. The District Attorney also made another very significant announcement, more significant, perhaps, in its application, and more evident in its meaning than that for which we have already referred. He said that the Government would prosecute anybody and everybody for obscenity who should dare to explain the character of the Holy Bible by quoting passages from it to show that it is against their recently established standard for proper literature. This position, if maintained, will preclude the making of specific quotations from the Bible, since, if published at all, it must be published as a whole. We wonder if, as a next step, it will not be held to be obscene to read the passages from the Bible which it shall not be printed apart from it? Are the people so blind as not to understand what all this means? It means simply that the Bible, the God and the religion of the so-called Christian Church, shall not be questioned, and that if any one dares to presume to do so, he or, more expressly, she, shall be suppressed. And this Government, which was built upon individual freedom, lends its massive machinery to aid such a purpose!

To show that we do not overstate this matter, we have only to again refer to the extraordinary position assumed by the District Attorney at our examination. He, at one fell stroke, leveled all previously laid down rules and standards of obscenity. The well-known law of obscenity is that a thing must be obscene upon its face; that is, it must be an obscene picture; or there must be words in and of themselves obscene. Against this well-established construction of law the representative of the United States Government offered the new construction, that anything, be it book, paper or what not, that, in the opinion of the Government, tended to demoralization, was obscene, and it was the duty of Government officials to suppress them. Now, of course the Christian Jesuits will hold that the *WEEKLY* is immoral, because it advocates social freedom, hence it must be suppressed.

But we shall see if this thing can be fastened upon the press of this country. If its members cannot see the danger to themselves, because it is only ourselves who suffer as yet, when it comes upon some one, of whom they do not stand so much in fear as to be blind to their rights, they will consent to the application of what is upon them, and hurl back the rising tide of religious despotism and forever catch the hydra-headed Protestant Jesuits in their attempt to establish themselves upon the necks of this people.

We promised to give in this issue the account of our examination before Commissioner Davenport upon the second charge of obscenity. But that official not having rendered his decision, we think it better to delay it until a future issue.

We take pleasure in calling attention to the story of the "Haunted" School House, at Newburyport, Mass., to be found in another column.

## MR. BEECHER'S INITIATION IN FREE LOVE.

Mrs. VICTORIA C. WOODHULL, though a stranger to you personally, and though I am a member of Mr. Beecher's congregation in Brooklyn and have great admiration for Mr. Beecher, I write to you in behalf of fair play. I am cognizant of the following circumstances which it is possible may have an important bearing upon Mr. Beecher's convictions and belief in respect to what you call the "social question," and may therefore have an incidental bearing upon the statements you have made about him, and for which, in some manner, you have been made to suffer. About seventeen or eighteen years ago I was one of a company of persons who were invited to Mr. Beecher's house, one memorable evening, to listen to Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews, who was to give an exposition of the doctrines of individuality and individual sovereignty.

We came together in Mr. Beecher's ample parlors at half past seven o'clock; the three parlors were filled between that hour and eight o'clock, by a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, mostly of Mr. Beecher's church and congregation, but in part also invited from other congregations and from out of town, probably about eighty persons in all. Among the auditors were several clergymen, one, a particular friend of Mr. Beecher, from a Western city, and others from the neighborhood.

At eight o'clock Mr. Beecher called the meeting to order and made a short introductory speech which was, as nearly as I can recall it, to the effect that Mr. Andrews had recently published a book, called, I believe, "The Science of Society," or some similar name; that he, Mr. Beecher, had read the book; that it exhibited great talent and analytical acumen, and that it claimed to furnish social relations of great importance, affecting the whole moral and religious conditions of the world. He added that he had been so much impressed by the book that he had sought out Mr. Andrews and had had a private controversy on the subject. He said that the ideas contained in the book were either of the most immense value to the world, as the discovery of new truth, or that they were the most devilish heresies, tending to the destruction of all morality in the world; that he had charged upon Mr. Andrews a subtle and insidious attempt to undermine the marriage institution and all Christian morality; but that the replies which he had received from Mr. Andrews, while they had not convinced him or removed his objections, had satisfied him that the writer was a profound thinker in a new field of thought; and that as the result of their interview or interviews (I do not clearly remember whether he spoke of one or many) he, Mr. Beecher, had himself proposed to Mr. Andrews that he should come as if cited to defend himself and his doctrines before an assemblage of his, Mr. Beecher's, friends, whom he would convoke at his house for that purpose, to consist of the wisest and most discreet of the members of his congregation, and others upon whose judgment he relied and that Mr. Andrews should restate in their presence his whole doctrine of Individuality or Social Freedom, with the understanding that he was then to be cross-questioned, criticised and replied to by Mr. Beecher himself, and by any other members of the assembly.

After this introduction, Mr. Beecher placed an arm-chair in the middle of the first parlor, conducted Mr. Andrews to it, and requested him to proceed, without restriction or limitation, to make a full exposition of the doctrine of Individual Freedom and of the Sovereignty of the Individual, notifying him again that he would afterward be submitted to the most rigorous cross-examination and criticism.

Mr. Andrews then commenced and talked consecutively for, I should think, two hours and a half. I can make no attempt to repeat that remarkable discourse. I only remember it as one of the most lucid, impressive and eloquent speeches I ever listened to; every sentence in it was clear as a bell, both in its vocal enunciation and in the thought that was conveyed in the words. I never knew an audience so spell-bound in my life. The discourse dealt in the fundamental principles of human rights and human relationships. It said nothing directly of love between the sexes, nor of the marriage institution; it dealt, as I should say, with universal individual relations, or with things as they ought to be between man and man, man and woman, and between men and women and their children in the world. It might almost be called an analysis of the social relations and the social conditions in what may be called a millennial world, and in respect to the moral principles upon which they would be based. It was altogether a wonderful discourse, and seemed to lift everybody present out of the mundane world into a higher and different atmosphere.

At about half-past ten Mr. Andrews announced that he had concluded, and was prepared to undergo questioning and criticism. The scene that followed is nearly indescribable. I never saw such eagerness in any company of people to call out more expression from a speaker. The lecture was fairly pelted and overwhelmed by a rush of questioning from every quarter. He quickly preserved, however, the position of a presiding officer, took up the various questions in their order, and replied to them in what seemed to be the most exhaustive and convincing manner.

Mr. Beecher finally took the lead in propounding the questions, and his object seemed to be to drive Mr. Andrews on to the most radical issues and consequences of the doctrines he had propounded. It was he who forced the discussion directly upon the love relations and the marriage question, to which Mr. Andrews had not once directly ad-

verted. Mr. Beecher seemed resolved to drive him to the wall by deducing consequences so radical from the doctrines he had stated, that he would shrink from avowing them; but every time a thrust of this kind was made, Mr. Andrews quietly and frankly accepted the consequences and developed them still further into an unthought-of degree of radicalism, pointing out the remedies for the supposed evils as resulting from the necessary workings of the principles themselves. The interest in the subject seemed constantly to deepen and increase until it became almost painful. Mr. Beecher said: "Do you see Mr. Andrews, that the consequence of this doctrine would be to dissolve the whole marriage institution?"

Mr. Andrews.—"I do."

Mr. Beecher.—"Do you mean that?"

Mr. Andrews.—"I do."

Mr. Beecher.—"And what then?"

Mr. Andrews.—"The replacing of marriage throughout Christendom and the world, by higher and better institutions, in which every woman shall be maintained in freedom and in the utterly free and unrestrained exercise of her function of maternity, without being delivered over to the tyrannical whim or arbitrary control of any one man, who may be a brute, or a drunkard, or a consumptive, or in a thousand other ways utterly unfit to assume the direction, and force upon woman the exercise of her responsible duty to the race."

This is the merest specimen of the nature of the discussion which took place on that remarkable evening in the heart of Mr. Beecher's church and congregation; the interest did not flag for an instant, and when we were finally called to our scons through some one who thought it time to adjourn, we were astounded to find that it was two o'clock in the morning. Not a man or a woman had left during these six hours of the most concentrated attention. I leave it for you and others to judge what may have been the effect of that evening's talk. For myself, I will merely observe that in many a sermon which I have listened to from Mr. Beecher, from that day to this, I have perceived a strong tinge of what seemed to me the same doctrine, somewhat diluted, which I listened to that night in its most concentrated form.

It is my impression that Mr. Andrews had not, at that time, announced to the world at large the distinct doctrine of free love so undisguisedly as he did not long afterward, but that Mr. Beecher detected the doctrine as the logical consequence of what he had published under the name of

"The Science of Society," and was determined on this occasion to drag out of him the full expression of his more hidden thought. I should think from my recollection that it was not more than three or six months after this that the celebrated discussion on Love, Marriage and Divorce, by Stephen Pearl Andrews, Henry James and Horace Greeley, was published first in the columns of the New York *Tribune*, and afterward, I believe, in book form. It was, I think, from the similar positions to those which Mr. Beecher had drawn from him as laid down by Mr. Andrews in that famous discussion, that "free love" as a distinctive doctrine took its origin, and it seems to me, looking on as an outside observer, that it has ever since been diffusing itself very broadly among the more intelligent and even among the more moral and religious portions of the community, and that it is every day struggling up nearer to the surface for recognition as being in some manner foundational of the social order of the future. At any rate, you may, perhaps, perceive from the facts which I have related, some reasons why the statements which you have made in respect to Mr. Beecher's belief and mode of life should not have been regarded as anything so terrible in Mr. Beecher's church and congregation as they would naturally have been elsewhere in the more conservative world; for Mr. Beecher and the choice members of his church and congregation were in, so speak, at the birth of the doctrine.

Simply and honestly I am myself persuaded from all my recollections, observations and reasoning on the subject, that a conviction was wrought and burst in on the mind of Mr. Beecher by the profound analysis and clear statement of Mr. Andrews on the evening referred to, even though they may never have had any subsequent intercourse on the subject, which has greatly influenced and even controlled the subsequent teachings and life of our beloved teacher and pastor; and for one I have not felt authorized to criticize him. He will stand or fall before his own conscience and his God.

If circumstances arise to make it requisite, I shall be prepared to authorize you to give my true name to the public in testimony of the truth of this recital; but I presume that will not be necessary, as there must be at least half a hundred members of the church or congregation still living who were present the evening alluded in Mr. Beecher's parlors, and no one, I feel confident, who was present, has ever forgotten it. In the meantime I subscribe myself merely

SEXEN.

#### THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Tweed, Ames, Wilson, Patterson, Dodge, Beecher. What an array of names! Tammany exploded; the Credit Mobilier exposed, implicating the Vice-President elect, and the saintly Granite Patterson, the President of the Young Men's Christian Association accused of fraud, and the Pastor of the most mighty Christian church in the country a hypocrite. What an array of circumstances! Well may the reflecting mind stand aghast, asking, "Watchman, what of the night?" when such an array of names stand connected

with such an array of circumstances; and well may it also ask if indeed republican institutions are a failure?

In reply to all this we answer that what we have called republican institutions are a failure, because they are not republican. Had our governmental structure been erected upon the republican principles laid down in the Declaration of Independence; had Freedom, Equality and Justice been the rules by which it was constructed, there could have been no possible chance for failure, since they are perfect principles upon which organization can be securely founded. Government, in its true sense, means simply organization, and were all people secure in their individual and inalienable rights; were equality of opportunity to exercise those rights zealously maintained, and were all these regulated upon strictest principles of justice, instead of their having been such an outgrowth of abominations as is presented to the world to-day by this country, we should have been a truly great and moral nation—an example instead of reproach to the rest of the world.

Now if we search for the proximate causes for all these disgraceful conditions, they will be found in the facts that the equality contemplated in the construction of our Government was merely for matters political, which meant, in fact, the transfer of power from the despotism of political rule to the despotism of the rule of wealth; and in the failure to recognize and ordain the social equality of the sexes. In these two despotisms are found the opportunity and the incentives for all the unrepentant and immoral conditions existing, such as are illustrated by the names and circumstances at the head of this article.

So long as there is opportunity and incentive for individuals to acquire power by the getting of money, and thus of placing themselves above others less favored, so long will there be repetitions of Tammany and the Credit Mobilier; and so long as the inequalities of sex exist, so long will there be social irregularities and corruptions—sexual debaucheries, starvations, seductions, abortions and prostitution.

The remedy for all these false conditions is to establish not only religious equality, but also social equality—which includes political and sexual equality. To rouse the people to a conception of this is our mission, and the mission of the WEEKLY; and if in performing it we must endure all forms of persecution possible in the present, we shall not shrink from our duty. The paths of many reforms have lain through blood. We have no faith that this one will escape its baptism; but we feel called upon to say that we believe the bloodiest revolution the world has ever witnessed is about to come to this generation, as much more ferocious and merciless than the slave war, as its causes are more insidious and vital and fundamental than were the causes of that war.

#### SHALL THERE BE AN INQUISITION ESTABLISHED?

It is futile and criminal for the people of this country to longer endeavor to hang the idea to their hearts that we are a free people. Those who did so before the recent war were also with those who precipitated the war, guilty of its results; so, also, will those who attempt to delude themselves that "all will be guilty of the results that will flow from the present attempt upon the liberty of the press, and upon free speech."

It is now fully established in every thoughtful mind capable of a decision regarding literature, that the WEEKLY of November 2, can by no even far-fetched rendition be considered as obscene. Even the District Attorney was driven from his position, that the Challis article was obscene, because he could point out no obscene word it. No one can honestly say that either of the words, token and virginity, are obscene, and seeing this, the District Attorney was compelled to fall back upon the general tenor of the whole paper. During the giving of the testimony of the prosecution, it was distinctly announced that it was the Challis article that was the obscene part, and it was to this that the entire defense was directed. Imagine, then, how completely the prosecution somerseted, to so radically change their theory after the defense was closed, permitting no opening of the case upon the new assumption of general tenor.

We thank our friends, when they read this, and learn that that issue, which contains the Religion of Humanity, is held by the United States Government to be obscene, will scarcely be able to suppress a smile of incredulity. The idea that that paper as a whole has a tendency to demoralize the community is so utterly absurd as to preclude the necessity of any argument to show it. Sum up the teachings of Christ, and we challenge the finding of anything in that whole paper that stands opposed to them, either in part or as a whole.

But the prosecution must needs do something to justify its action in bringing the suit, and, being unable to say that the words referred to were obscene, were obliged to fall back on the whole paper. We might in good faith question the honesty of this proceeding, since Mr. Howe pressed it from Mr. Purdy that he had not read the paper. He did not even know what the Challis article contained, and was evidently surprised when Mr. Howe read it for the edification and instruction of the prosecution. If Mr. Purdy had not read and knew nothing of the tenor of the article upon which he based his original charges, how ridiculous for him, when he learned its character, to fall back upon the remainder of the paper, to which even his attention had not been called. We are very sorry he did not at first assume the whole paper to be obscene, so that Mr. Howe could have read it entire,

from beginning to end; since we do not, that since Mr. Purdy was astonished at the real meaning, the teachings and effect of the Challis article, he would have been still more so at the meaning, the teachings and effect of the paper as a whole.

But there is another reason for this change of base, on the part of the prosecution, which we have no doubt, if the fact could be ascertained, was the real cause, instead of what we have already assigned as a probable cause. All through this prosecution there has been exhibited the most intense desire that that paper, November 2, should not be re-issued. It will be remembered that on our first arrest, it was boldly asserted by the District Attorney that the real object of the prosecution was to vindicate the reputation of a revered citizen. Mr. Purdy was wise enough to disclaim this by word of mouth, though, if we mistake not, this was, even with him, the real animus of the prosecution.

Now if so happened that during the day upon which he effected the change of base, he had had the opportunity of reading our issue of January 25, in which we stated that the November 2d number would be re-issued, revised so as to exclude the words up to that time held to be obscene. In other words, the Beecher article was to be re-issued entire. When this dawned upon the comprehension of the learned, though we must confess somewhat impervious, District Attorney he must have seen that to suppress the Challis article, merely, would not accomplish the object he had in view, since that could be expunged, leaving the Beecher article "scot-free" to go upon its mission of instruction.

We make this suggestion in all confidence as the real explanation of the (to us) very unexpected change of front made in our very faces, which, in a military sense, is always considered a very dangerous operation, and only justifiable under the most extreme exigencies. We must conclude that the District Attorney considered the exigencies of his case sufficiently pressing to warrant the change, of which, according to rules of law—not war—we were precluded from taking advantage. But since the rules of law do not extend to war, even in journalism, we feel at liberty to do what we were precluded from doing in Court—to show the causes that first instigated and that have since maintained the prosecution against us for obscenity.

Mr. Purdy, for the United States, made another admission more fatal in its showing of what is intended to be done, than anything to which we have as yet alluded. He said that the United States did not question our right to publish the paper that we had published, but that they did not intend that the mails should be used to circulate it. A pretty pass indeed is this, that the public mails, instituted for the use of the people, and maintained by them, shall not be used by them to transmit what they require! The District Attorney formally and in the name of the people announces to our readers that the government does not intend that we shall transmit, or they receive the WEEKLY through the mails, and by implication the same to every other journal that falls under the displeasure of the government officials (for the time executing the people's laws), by the advocacy of unpalatable truths or by the publishing of some revered citizen's unwritten biography.

It is scarcely necessary that we pursue this argument further. The merest tyro in reasoning cannot fail to see the drift and meaning of all this. It means that the government intends to prevent the free discussion of not only the social question but also of the religious question. It means to cast its protecting shield round the Bible to prevent inquiry into its too evident character, and to prevent the agitation of social rotteness, and the advocacy of a new, a better and a more enlightened social order.

We call upon the press and the people to rise to the comprehension of this subject. What will our liberties be worth with a humpered press and a tied tongue, forbidding discussion upon reformatory ideas? But it will be attempted, and we trust that the people will not be caught unawares. We warned the several reformatory movements, immediately after the God-in-the-Constitution Convention of the necessity of organization to protect themselves against this rising despotism, but were met with smiles of incredulity and taunts as alarmists. Every step taken since then, by this Order, more clearly demonstrates their purposes, and the time when the final coup will be attempted is nearer at hand than any who perceive it can even imagine. Again we say to all, be not deceived into the belief that the movement against us means only the suppression of the WEEKLY. It means all at which we have hinted.

#### RESUME OF OUR PRISON EXPERIENCE.

For the instruction of our readers, most of whom, we have no doubt, deeply sympathize with us in all that we are called upon to endure, and that they may come definitely to know the system of persecution by which we have been pursued, we will now give a brief resume of our arrests and incarcerations. On the 2d of November we were arrested upon a complaint made before United States Commissioner Osborn, for circulating obscene literature through the mails, the literature charged as obscene being the WEEKLY of that date. On the same day, Colonel Blood was arrested on a criminal suit for libel, upon the complaint of Mr. Challis. He was confined in Jefferson Market Prison while we were secured in Ludlow-street Jail.

Our examination was set down for the Monday following our arrest; but this was prevented by the Grand Jury having in the meantime found an indictment against us upon the

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charge, which prevented a hearing of the case in open court upon its merits, and resulted in our being remanded to jail, where we remained thirty days.

Colonel Blood had a preliminary examination on Friday and Saturday following his arrest, and was removed to the Tombs, being held for indictment upon the charge, though, according to the judgment of all who heard the examination, there was no evidence elicited to hold him. But to discharge him was not in the programme, since to let either one of the three free was to continue the issuing of the WEEKLY, which, instead of ourselves, was really the object proceeded against. We say it boldly now, because we have it from good authority, that if it had been at any time decided that the WEEKLY would never again be issued, from such time the persecution would have ceased.

Previous to our arrest, the enormous demand for the WEEKLY caused us to make very extended preparations for its issue and distribution, the expense attending which was all lost to us by the effect of the arrest upon the paper, which amounted, though it was not in a legal sense, to a virtual suppression. We entered prison exhausted of all pecuniary means, and at times suffered from need of the commonest necessities of life.

And here we cannot refrain from again speaking of the debt of gratitude under which we are to our counsel, who came voluntarily to our relief, without which we should in deed have been for the time rendered *hors de combat*.

After a three weeks' residence in Jefferson and the Tombs, we succeeded in obtaining bail in \$3,000 for Colonel Blood; but no sooner was he released from this, than he was again immediately arrested upon a civil suit for the same charge, and confined in Ludlow. We had gained one point; we were all together, and could confer as to our course.

Finding that we were not likely to obtain a trial in any reasonable time, and feeling that the time had come wherein another paper should go out to our readers to inform them of the truth of the case, which had not come to their knowledge by the ordinary methods of news, we concluded to obtain bail instead of remaining in jail until a trial was granted us. This we did on the 4th of December, in the sum of \$8,000 each. We were immediately arrested on the criminal charge for libel, and on giving bail for that in the sum of \$2,000 were arrested on the civil suit; but gave bail on this also, in the sum of \$3,000 each, and were formally at liberty.

We have previously explained how the news of our arrest cut off the increasing tide of pecuniary aid; therefore, though free, we were without the power to move at once to re-issue the WEEKLY. Besides we had little heart to labor for the WEEKLY so long as Colonel Blood languished in jail. The amount of bail required to set us free, for the moment, exhausted our capacity for giving it, and it was not until the 14th of December that we were able to procure his release. He had scarcely issued from Ludlow-jail before he was pointed upon by an officer, rearrested and carried to Eldridge-street Police Station, where he remained over night. This arrest was at the instance of his first bail, who had, by some means, been induced to surrender him. But the following morning when it became known how the prosecution was pushing us, bail offered and he was released.

Our issue of December 28 convinced those interested in killing us off, that we were not yet dead, in fact that we renewed the fight as if with the intention of carrying it on to the bitter end. Therefore it became a matter of necessity to renew their efforts to stifle us. The arrest on the 9th, specially intended to prevent the Cooper Institute speech, though it failed so far as the speech was involved, served, as they imagined, to annoy and put us to expense—both of which were true; but it is also true that the facts brought forth upon the examination, which they could not evade giving us this time, much more than compensated for all we lost. It came to be generally understood that these prosecutions were stimulated and conducted mainly, if not wholly, to embarrass us financially, and to convey the impression among our friends that we should be unable to sustain the WEEKLY; but the results of the investigation, coupled with the readiness with which we furnished the required bail, \$8,000 each, exasperated them to a degree that scarcely knew bounds, and in their rage at this, augmented as it was by the appearance of our issue of January 23, and its immense sale in the streets of the city, by newsboys (a thing unknown of any other weekly paper)—they had all three of us arrested a second time upon the criminal charge of libel. This arrest was managed to occur late in the afternoon, so that there should be no judge upon the bench to accept bail, for the express purpose of giving them the satisfaction of knowing they had at last got us locked in the Tombs—which they had long been earnestly endeavoring to effect.

The District Attorney was appealed to in behalf especially of Mrs. W., who, being affected by heart disease, feared that the shock of being locked in a narrow stone cell in the Tombs might cause her to die suddenly of that disease. But he said that was none of his business. So to the Tombs we went, and passed a sleepless night; but, thanks to some kind protecting power, we were insensible to the horror of the effect.

The following day we obtained bail in the sum of \$1,000 each and \$2,000 for Colonel Blood; but, in the process, while meeting with as much general courtesy as we could expect, we encountered a person in some authority in the Dis-

trict Attorney's office, called Allen, who vented his bitterness by saying if he had been judge he would have committed us without bail. We coolly replied it was fortunate for him that he was not in position to thus disgrace the bench and the administration of justice—just as though any servant of the people has any right to discriminate for or against any person who comes within range of his executive duty.

But we have survived these arrests and imprisonments and still live to flout the WEEKLY and to defy our persecutors. And to-day we are a hundred-fold stronger, both in friends and means, than we were the 23rd November, when the war upon us first began. If our enemies like the results we hope they will continue. We can assure them that we are not disatisfied with them.

But we have no idea that they will learn wisdom by experience, since we expect, and are prepared, for another arrest to take place at any favorable opportunity, late in the afternoon. Our readers must not be shocked, therefore, if they hear that we are again in the Tombs or in Ludlow. But we ask them to remember that it is their support alone that we now want to insure the regular issue of the WEEKLY, whether in jail or out; since we are now prepared for any and all emergencies.

#### PERSONAL.

In pouring over the masses of letters which are now brought by every mail, and which come from great, generous, sympathetic souls all over the country, dwelling with love and enthusiastic approval for the earnest though humble effort being made, as we think, for the welfare of the great human family; I cannot keep back a feeling of sadness that creeps into my heart, because I feel all the sentiment expressed is not justly due to myself. I took up the reading of them and see the large, blue, sorrowful eyes of her, who has so faithfully stood by my side during these three eventful years, yielding up all the younger years of her otherwise joyous life in devotion to the great cause to which we are both consecrated; and am sad that she, equally with me, is not enshrined in the freedom-loving hearts of the country. I know it has been mine to take the more prominent and forward positions that have brought me more especially to public notice, but when I think how much she has been to me, I know I could not have accomplished even the little that I have, had it not been for her precious assistance, for her unwavering support, for her indomitable courage, for her unyielding perseverance and for her boundless love for her sex, which commands every energy of her soul, causes her to sacrifice every comfort of life, to which others of her sex, almost exclusively aspire, and which bids her do the "will of the spirit," no matter how flattering the opposite attraction may be. Younger than I am by a number of years, having less acquaintance with the sorrows and hardships of life, she has been the rounds of arrests and imprisonments with me, without a blemish upon her cheek, or a tear-drop in her eye, and always defiant and self-sustained.

In the indignation that the persecutions which have their foundation in ignorance, bigotry and sectarian intolerance have aroused in our behalf; in the gratitudo that is felt because there are souls which dare to defy them, and for all human kind, fight the battle of freedom; in the tender affection that comes in the hearts of the few from observing a self-sacrificing devotion to a cause which, apparently, brings nothing but contumely and public disgrace, this gentle, gentle spirit should stand pre-eminent, as more worthy than any other, because of its measureless preparatory experience.

My friends, I would not have you withdraw one iota of your love from me; but in enjoying it neither would I detract a single heart-throb from its rightful allegiance to her, who more than I, deserves it—from my darling, loving, noble-hearted sister Jennie, who, if I should be called upon to lay down my life, which I carry with the grasp of but a brittle thread, would take up the additional burden, and with it struggle on.

After calling this attention to my sister, I ought not to close without referring to another, without whom we had both of us languished by the way-side—one who, content to accept the unappraisal of ignorance and self-assumption on the part of the great repressive public, has even been satisfied to loiter on, unknown to honor and fame even in our own sphere, and often bearing the obloquy of events with a patience and spirit, more of another, than of this world. Years ago he said to me, as I wondered at his dislike of society: "Learn it as I have learned it, and you will wonder, not that I cannot endure it, but that I do not utterly loath it. There is no honesty in it, it is all a seeming, a mere external show, that some day will burst and fall in ruin; then, there will be work to do, and shall be there; but until then permit me to contemplate, rather than insist that I mingle with it." More firmly than any other person whom I have ever met is this soul established upon the eternal principle of life. All his actions are governed by this rule: Is this in and of itself right and just, and if it be, let it be done, and the results will take care of thousands. More firmly besides, perhaps, than almost any other person so little deserving it, he never avenges a wrong, but says I cannot afford to interfere with the divine compensation of immutable law that renders to all things simple justice. When I say that for three years, with no other aid than that rendered by him, we have conducted this movement up to its present position, some idea can be formed of the services he has performed.

But I am incompetent—words can never express what I would say either of my sister or of him whom I am honored in calling husband (though neither of us ever use the word in its legal sense) in explanation of what they have been to me. Ours is a trinity that is indeed a necessity to the work in which we are engaged, to which we are all equally devoted; and when those who look upon it sometimes wonder at its magnitude they should not forget that "we three are one" in spirit and purpose, and that in being this lies all the strength we have.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

#### OUR ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENTS.

A day or two since, we inadvertently and abstractedly turned over the contents of a large drawer, having the capacity of a good-sized cart. Our attention was attracted from a conversation in which we were engaged, by some rather startling words that caught our eye. We say startling, and they were so, upon their face; but when we awoke to the realization that we were fumbling in the drawer into which we have cast unread all the labors of our anonymous correspondents for the last three months, the terror that might otherwise have remained with us, suddenly died out in our hearts, and we quietly replaced the letters and papers over them.

And since we have introduced the subject to our readers, and perhaps excited their curiosity (for we have a very curious class of readers; that is, they are averse to know about this business), we may as well present some of the phases that are found in these letters, upon only a casual observation.

In the first place there are any number of letters from members of Plymouth Church, in which we are threatened by all manner of condign punishments if we do not desist from "taking the name of Mr. Beecher in vain." They also inform us that the agent of the Young Men's Christian Association has become the especial favorite of the clergymen of these two cities, and that a purse of \$500 has already been made up for him, as a token of their appreciation of his services as the repressor of the obscene and obnoxious (we wonder if it be not really in their own hearts, more the latter than the former) WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY. This we are also informed, will be supplemented by another and a larger evidence of continued appreciation if he succeed in "shutting your mouths." Again, they tell us that if something do not rid the city of our presence, that there is a body of persons formed for the express purpose of accomplishing our destruction—hinting at even the taking of life. "A quarter of a million dollars are pledged to their service," and if this be not enough, as much more is ready to be devoted to the same "divine purpose."

Turning to the other side of the prosecution, we find equally as terrible fates in store for us. They are prepared, (so also is the other side, which we did not mention above,) to buy judges, juries, prosecuting attorneys, and whomever else it may be necessary to buy to secure our conviction. So confident are they that we shall be sent to Sing-Sing, or some other "place deserved," that they consider us as already convicted. Indeed they inform us that we were as good as convicted before we were first arrested.

It will be remembered that during the examination of Colonel Blood upon the charge of libel, Mr. Challis said he would spend a hundred thousand dollars to secure our conviction. It will also be remembered that a person high in Plymouth Church was reported by the Tribune to have said, "I will run them to the ground if it takes every hour of my life and every dollar of my fortune." Now it is legitimate to inquire, upon whom do these people expect to use their money if it be not upon judges, juries, or prosecuting attorneys? We merely call attention to these facts to show that there may be a reality behind their anonymous letters, which does not usually attach this class of things.

But we beg leave to inform the writers of them, through the WEEKLY, since that is the only way we have of reaching them that we are not in the least intimidated. Whether ever so rascally and so cowardly as to retreat to that method of procedure, is not to be feared by us. We are not of those who reject the adage that "Truth is mighty and will prevail." But we believe in it and live by it, and in so doing we pass this heap of trash to which we have referred and leave it to be examined more carefully by others who have more time and taste for the job, than we have at present.

#### BEECHER, TILTON, BOWEN.

Our article in the last issue, under the same caption as this, caused a great deal of inquiry as to what could have been the contents of the letter, upon the possession of which a commission, composed of prominent members of Plymouth Church and Mr. Beecher's personal friends, sat. We expected, from information received from Mr. Tilton, that he would, before this, have told the story of the letter, which we assure our readers is a fearfully interesting one. We still hope Mr. Tilton will do so, since we know he can relate it with circumstances and details, and add illustrations which no one besides himself has at command. It has, however, been suggested by the knowing ones, that there are offers of a return to, and a life editorship in, the *Independent*, or, in lieu of this, the Brooklyn *Union*, complete with types, machinery and all, to secure silence about the letter and its involvements. But the interested should know that, like the other story, it has been told too often, and to too many dif-



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cloud that first great history? It cannot be read in "drawing room" by "gentlemen" and "ladies." The freest use of language, the plainest terms, frank mutton of forbidden subjects; the story of Omri; of Hagar and Sarah; of Lot and his daughters; of Isaac, Rebekah and Abimelech; of Jacob and Leah; of Reuben and Bilhah; of Potnahah a wife; and Joseph; tabooed allusion and statement; every place, no vials, no euphemism, no delicacy, no meud in the mouth anywhere. Out with Moses! The cloven splendor on that awful brow shall not save him. Mr. Harlan takes up the Iliad and the Odyssey. The loves of Jupiter and Juno; the dalliance of Achilles and Patroclus with their women; the perfectly frank undraped reality of Greek life and manners naively shown without regard to the feelings of Christian civilization! Out with Homer! Here is Lucretius: Mr. Harlan opens the *De Rerum Natura*, and reads the vast, benign, majestic lines, set with the shadow of the unimitable sublime upon them; sublime with the tragic problems of the infinite; august with their noble love and compassion for mankind! Enough. His language, his illustrations, fine presents, pretty decency! Out with Lucretius! Out with the chief poet of the Tiber side! Here is Eschylus; a dark magnificence of cloud, all rough with burning gold, which thunders and drips blood! The Greek Shakespeare. The gorgeous had terrible Eschylus! What is this in the Prometheus about Jove and Io? What sort of detail is that which, at the distance of ten years, I remember amazement Mr. Buckley as he translated the Arrianian? What kind of talk is this in the Chiephoros, in the Suppliants, and in the fragments of the comic drama of The Argonauts? Out with Eschylus! Here is the sublime book of Ezekiel! All the Hebrew grandeur at its fullest is there. But look at this blunt of coarse words, hurled direct as the prophet-mouth can hurl them—this familiar reference to functions and organs voted out of language—this bread for human lips baked with ordure—these details of the scortatory loves of Aholiah and Aholibah! Enough. Dismiss this dreadful majesty of Hebrew poetry. He has no "taste!" He is "indecent." Out with Ezekiel! Here is Dante. Open the tremendous pages of the Inferno. What is this about the she-wolf Can Grande will kill? What picture is that of Thais? Dante, too, has "indecent passages!" Out with Dante! Here is the book of Job: the vast Arabian landscape, the picturesque pastoral details of Arabian life, the last tragic immensity of Oriental sorrow, the whole overwhelming sky of Oriental piety, are here. But here also the incalculable "indecency." Instead of the virtuous fiction of the fancy-led, Job actually has the indecency to state how man is born—even mentions the belly; talks about the gendering of bulls and the miscarriage of cows; uses rank idioms; and in the thirty-first chapter especially, indulges in strain of thought and expression which it is amazing dogs not bring down upon him, even at this late date, the avanishes of our lofty and pure Reviews. Here is certainly an "immoral poet." Out with Job! Here is Plutarch, prince of biographers, and Herodotus, flower of historians. What have we now? Traits of character not to be mentioned, incidents of conduct, accounts of manners, minute details of customs, which our modern historical dandies would never venture upon recording. Out with Plutarch and Herodotus! Here is Tacitus. What statement of crime that ought not to be hinted! Does the man glot over such things? What dreadful kisses are those of Agrippina to Nero—the mother to the son! Out with Tacitus and since there are books, that ought to be publicly burned, by all means let the stern grandeur of that rhetoric be lost in flame. Here is Shakespeare: "indecent passages" everywhere—every drama, every poem thickly inlaid with them; all that men do displayed; sexual acts treated lightly, jested about, mentioned obscurely; the language never bolted; slang, gross puns, lewd words, in profusion. Out with Shakespeare! Here is the Canticle of Canticles; beautiful, voluptuous poem of love. Literally, whatever be its mystic significance; glowing with the cedar odorous with the spices, meadows with the voices of the East; sacred and exquisite and pure with the burning chastity of passion which comprises and exceeds the snowy chastity of virgins. This to me, but what to the Secratory? Can he endure that the female form should stand thus in its poem, disrobed, unveiled, bathed in exotic splendor? Look at these voluptuous details, this expression of desire, this amorous tone and glow of this consecration and perfume lavished upon the sensual. No! Out with Solomon! Here is Isaiah. The grand thunder-roll of that righteousness, like the eternal roar of God above the guilty world, utters coarse words. Amidst the bolted lightnings of that sublime denunciation, coarse thoughts, indecent figures, indecent allusion, flash upon the sight, like gross imagery in a midnight landscape. Out with Isaiah! Here is Montaigne. Open those great, those virtuous pages of the unflinching reporter of Man; the soul all truth and daylight, all candor, probity, sincerity, reality, eyesight. A few glances will suffice. Cunt and vixen and sniffe have groaned over these pages before. Out with Montaigne! Here is Hatzl, the Amaceon of Persia; but more, a banquet of who in a garden of roses, the nightingale singing, the laughing revellers high with festal joy; but the heavenly flame burns on every brow; a tone not of the sphere is in all the music, all the laughter, all the song; light of the Infinite trembles over every cliafer and rests on every flower; and all the garden is divine. Still, when Hatzl cries out, "Bring me wine, and bring the fabled valley beauty, the Princess of the brothel!" etc., or issues similar orders, Mr. Harlan, whose virtue does not understand or endure such metaphors, must den'sterly with this Kosmian of Persia. Out with Hatzl! Here is Virgil, ornate and splendid poet of old Rome; a master with a greater pipe Alighieri; a bard above whose ashes Boccaccio kneels trader, and arises a soldier of mankind; but he must leave those fableless chapters, the undying green of a noble family. Out with Virgil! Here is Swedenborg. Open this poem prove, the Conjugal Love—to me a temple, though in ruin, the sacred fane, clothed in mist, filled with moonlight, a great though broken mind. What spittle of critic epithets stings all here?—"Lowd,"—"sensual,"—"lecherous," "coarse," "licentious," &c. Of course these judgments

There is no appeal from the tobacco-jaws of an expecting and disdainful virtue! Out with Swedenborg; out with Goethe; the horrified squeaking of prudes is not yet over pages of Wilhelm Meister; that high and chaste poet, the Elective Affinities, still pumps up oaths from old men; Walpurgis has hardly ceased its uproar over Faust, with Goeth! Here is Byron; grand poet, a great writer—a soul like the ocean; generous lover of America; true trumpet of liberty; a sword for the human cause in Europe; a torch for the human mind in Cain! A life that repaid its every fault by taking a side, which was the human side; tempest of scorn in his first poem, tempest of scorn and laughter in his last poem; only against the things that wrong man; vast bid of the infinite that death alone prevented him; on its vaster flower; immense, spiritual, electrical, dazzling Byron—but Beppo—O! But Don Juan—O! Not to mention the Countess Guiccioli—ah me! Prepare quickly the yellow envelope, and out with Byron! Here is Cervantes; poor Don Quixote, paragon of romances, highest result of pain, best and sufficient reason for her life among the nations; a laughing novel which is a weeping poem. But talk such as this of Saucy Panza and Timonius Cecin under the cork-trees, and these coarse stories, and bawdy words, and this free and gross comedy—is it to be endured? Out with Cervantes! Here is another, a sun of literature, moving in a fast orbit with dazzling plenitudes of power and beauty; the only other European poet and novelist worthy to rank with the first; permanent among the fleet; a demigod among the immortals among the pygmies; a soul of antique strength and sadness, worthy to stand as the representative of the high thought and hopes of the nineteenth century—Victor Hugo! Now open Les Misérables. See the great passages which the American translator tears away. Open this other book of his, William Shakespeare, a book with only one grave fault; the omission of the word "A Poem," from the title-page; a book which is the courageous arch, the comprehending sky of criticism, but which no American publisher will dare to issue; or, if he does, will expurgate! Out with Hugo, of course! Here is Juvenal, terrible and splendid fountain of all satire; inspiration of all just censure; exemplar of all public rage at baseness; satirist and moralist sublimed into the poet; the scowl of the unclouded noon above the low streets of folly, and of sin. But what he whittles, he also shows. The sun-stroke of his poetry reveals what it kills. Juvenal tells all. His fidelity of exposure is frightful. Mr. Harlan would make short work of him. Out with Juvenal! Open the divine Apocalypses. What words are these among the thunderings and lightnings and voices? It is a poem to be read aloud in parlors (for such appears to be the test of propriety and purity)? At least, John might have been a little more choiced in language. Some of these texts are "indecent." Yes indeed! John must go. Here is Spenser. Encyclopedias post of the visioned chivalry. It is all there. Amandus Esplandia, Triante the White, Palmira of England; all those Paladin romances were but the leaves: this is the flower. A lost dream of valor, chastity, courtesy, glory—a dream that marks an age of human history—glimmers here, far in these depths, and makes this unexplored obscurity divine. But is the Faery Queen such a book as you would wish to put into the hands of a lady? What in question? Has it not been expurgated? Out with Spenser! Here is another, a true soldier of the human emancipation; one who smites and upboreas of laughter; the master of Titania's farce; a whirlwind and earthquake of devision—Rabelais. A nice one for Mr. Harlan! One glimpse at the chapter which explains why the miles lengthen as you leave Paris, or at the details of the birth and nurture of Gargantua, will suffice. Out with Rabelais—out with the great jestor of France, as Lord Bacon calls him! And here is Lord Bacon himself, in one of whose pages you may read, done from the Latin by Spedding into a magnificent golden thunder of English, the absolute defense of the free spirit of the great authors, coupled with stern rebuke to the spirit that would pick and choose, as dastard and effeminate. Out with Lord Bacon! Not him only, not these only, not only the writers are under the ban. Here is Phidias, gorgeous sculptor in gold and ivory, giant dreamer of the infinite in marble; but he will not use the fig-leaf! Here is Rembrandt, who paints the Holland landscape, the Jew, the beggar, the burgher, in lights and glories of Eternity; and his pictures have been called "indecent." Here is Mozart, his music rich with the sumptuous color of all sunsets; and it has been called "sensual." Here is Michael Angelo, who makes art tremble with a new and strange sublimity, and gives Europe novel and sublime forms that tower above the centuries, and exceed the Greeks; and his works have been called "bestial." Out with them all! Now, except Virgil for vassalage to literary models, and for grave and sad falsehood to liberty, except Goethe for his lack of the final ecstasy of self-surrender which completes a poet, and for coldness to the great mother—one's country; except Spenser for his remoteness, and Byron for his immaturity, and there is not one of those I have named that does not belong to the first order of human intellect. But no need to make discriminations here; they are all great; they have striven; Moses, Homer, Laceritus, Aeschylus, Ezekiel, Daniel, Job, Plutarch, Herodotus, Tacitus, Shakespeare, Solomon, Isaiah, Montaigne, Iafitz, Virgil, Swedenborg, Goethe, Byron, Cervantes, Hugo, Juvenal, John, Spenser, Rabelais, Bacon, Phidias, Rembrandt, Mozart, Angelo—these are among the demi-gods of human thought; the souls that have loved and suffered for the race; the light-bringers, the teachers, the lawgivers, the consolers, the liberators, the inspired inspirers of mankind; the noble and glorious beings who, in the service of humanity, have borne every cross, and carried every crown. There is not one of them that is not sacred in the eyes of thoughtful men. But not one of them does the gotten taste and morals of the nineteenth century share. Not one of them is qualified to render work for Leiden under the Secretary! Do I err? Do I exaggerate? I write without access to the books I mention; it is fitting that this piece of insolent barbarism should have been committed in almost the only important American city which is without a public library!—with the exception of three or four volumes which I happen to have by me, I am

obliged to rely for my statements on the memory of youth readings, eight or (twelve) years ago; but name me one book of the first order in which such passages as I refer to do not occur? Tell me who can—what feet of the first grade escape this broad, "immortal," or this trifling, "indecent"? If the great books are not, in the point under consideration in the said moral category, as Leaves of Grass, then why, either in translation or in the originals, either by a bold softening which dissolves the author's meaning, or by absolute excision, are they nearly all expurgated? Answer me that.

they nearly all expurgated. Among them were—  
by one process or the other, Brizeux, Cary, Wright, Cayley, Carlyle, everybody, expurgate Daunte, Langhorne and others expurgate Plutarch; Potts and others expurgate Eschylus; Stifford, Anthony, and others expurgate Juvenal; Creech, Watson, and others expurgate Lucilius; Bowdler and others expurgate Shakespeare; Nott (I believe it is) expurgates Hizib; Wraxall and Wilburt expurgate Hugo, Kirkland; Hart, and others expurgate Spenser; somebody expurgates Virgil; somebody expurgates Byron; the Oxford scholars dilute Thotius; Lord Derby expurgates Homer, besides making him as ridiculous as the plucked cock of Diogenes in translation; several hands expurgate Goethe; and Archibishop Tillotson in design expurgates Moses, Ezekiel, Solomon, Isaiah, St. John and all the others—a job which Dr. Noah Webster executes, but, thank God, cannot popularize.

What book is spared? Nothing but a chain of circumstance, which seems divinely ordained, saves us the mutilated Bible. Nearly every other great book bleeds. When one is not expurgated, the balance is restored by its being cordially abused. Thanks to the splendid conscience and courage of Mr. Wight, we can read Montaigne in English, without the omission of a single word! Thanks, also, to Motteux and others, Cervantes has gone untouched, and we have not, as yet, a family Rabelais. Neither have we, as yet, a family Mankind nor a family Universe; but this is an oversight which will, doubtless, be repaired in time. God will also, doubtless, be expurgated whenever it is possible. Why not? One step to this end is taken in the expurgation of genius, which is His second manifestation, as Nature is His first! Go on, gentlemen! You will yet have things as you would have them, or desire them!

"moral" as you desire!

I am aware that so far as his opinion, not his act, is concerned, Mr. Harlan, however unintelligently, represents to some extent the shallow conclusions of his age; and I know it will be said, that if the great books contain these passages, they ought to be expurgated. If it is not my design to endeavor to put a quat into people who only hold a gill, nor would I waste time in endeavoring to convert a large class of persons whom I once heard Walt Whitman describe, with his usual Titanic richness and strength of phrase, as "the immutable granite pudding-heads of the world." But there is a better class than these; and I am filled with measureless amazement, that persons of high intelligence, living to the age of maturity, do not perceive, at least, the immense and priceless scientific and human uses of such passages, and the consequent necessity, transcending and quashing all minor considerations of having them where they are. But look at the so sad sentences—a complete and felicitous statement of the whole modern doctrine—in the pages of a man I love and revere: "The literature of three centuries ago is not decent to be read; we expurgate it. Within a hundred years, woman has become a reader, and for that reason, as much or more than anything else, literature has sprung to a higher level. No need now to expurgate all you read." It goes on to argue that literature in the next century will be richer than in the classic epochs, because woman will contribute to it as an author—her contribution, I infer, to be of the kind that will not need expurgating. These, I repeat, are sad sentences. If they are true, howthen is right to expurgate Shakespeare, and Noah Webster the Bible? But no, they are not true! I welcome woman into art; but when she comes there grandly, she will not come either as expurgator or eradiator of emasculate or partial forms. Woman, grand in art, is Rosa Bonheur, painting with fearless pencil the sturdy, sublime Jovian bull, equipped for masculine use; painting the powerful, ramping stallion in his amorous pride; not weakly or meanly flinching from the full celebration of what God has made. Woman, grand in art, will come creating in forms, however novel, the absolute, the permanent, the real, the evil and the good, as Asphylos; as Cervantes, as Shakespeare before her; with sex, with truth, with universality, without omissions or concealments. And woman, as the ideal reader of literature, is not the indelicate prude, flushing and squeaking over some frank page; it is that high and beautiful soul, Marie de Gournay, devoutly absorbing the work of her master, Montaigne; finding it all great; greatly comprehending, greatly accepting it all; fronting its license and grossness, without any of the livid shuddering of Puritans; and looking on the book in the same universal and kindly spirit as its author looked upon the world.

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Woman finding otherwise than thus—shrink from Apuleius, from Rabelais, from Aristophanes, from Shakespeare, from even Wycherly, or Petronius; or Arctic, or Shriray—is less than man, is not ideal, not strong, not nobly good, but petty, and effeminate and mean. And not for her, nor by her, nor by man, do I assest to the exaguration of the great books. Literature cannot spring to a higher level than theirs! Alas! it has sprung to a lower. The level of the great books is in the "Infinite," the Absolute. To contain all, by containing the premise, the truth, the idea and feeling of all; to tally the universe by profession, variety, reality, mystery, enclosure, power, terror, beauty, service; i.e. to be to the utmost conceivable of greatness—what higher level than such can literature spring to? Up on the highest summit, stand such works, never to be surpassed, never to be supplanted. Their indecency is not that of the vulgar; their vulgarity is not that of the low. Their evil, if it be evil, is not there for nothing.

Every poet of the highest quality is, in the masterly coinage of the author of *Leaves of Grass*, a *keshos*. His work, like himself, is a second world; full of contradictions, strangely harmonized, and moral indeed, but only as the world is

more—Shakespeare is all good, Rabelais is all good; Menaggio is all good; not because all the thoughts, the words, the manifestations are so, but because at the early and pernicious, indirect, subtle, secondarily absurd, often terrible and repulsive means, seeks to uplift and help to degrade. It is the spirit, in which authorship is pursued, as Augustus Schlegel has said, that makes it either an injury or a virtue; and the spirit of the great authors, no matter what their actor, is one with that which pervades the creation. In mighty love, with implements of pain and pleasure, of good and evil, Nature develops man's genius also; in mighty love, with implements of pain and pleasure, of good and evil develops man; no matter what the means, that is the end: "Tell me not, then, of the indecent passages of the great poets! The world, which is the poem of God, is full of indecent passages!" "Shall there be evil in a city and the Lord hath not done it?" shouts Amos. "I form the light, and create darkness; I make peace, and create evil; I, the Lord, do all these things," thunders Isaiah. "This," says Coleridge, "is the deep abyss of the mystery of God." Yes, and it is the profound of the mystery of genius also! Evil is part of the economy of the world.

Genteel reviewers endeavor to find excuses for the freedoms of geniuses. "It is to prove that they were above conventionalities." "It is referable to the age." "The age permitted a degree of coarseness," etc. Shakespeare's indecenties are the result of his age! O Ossian! O Pelion, mount piled on mount, of error and folly! What has genius, spirit of the absolute and the eternal, to do with definitions of position, or conventionalities, or the age? Genius puts indecenties into its works, because God puts them into His world. Whatever the special reason in each case, this is the general reason in all cases: They are here, because they are there. That is the eternal why.

No! Alphonso de Castillo thought, that if he had been consulted at the creation, he could have given a few hints to the Almighty. Not I. I play Alphonso neither to genius nor to God.

He then concludes as follows:

"Instead of my comparatively cold and sober treatment, this transaction deserves rather the pitiless exposure and the merciless, stern anger, and red-hot steel scourge of Juvenal. But I leave untold its darkest details, and, waiving every other consideration, I rest solely and squarely on the general indignity and injury this action offers to individual liberty. I claim that to expel an author and subject him to public contumely, solely because he has published what no one can declare immoral without declaring all the grand books immoral, is to inflict a penalty to thought, and to obstruct the freedom of letters. I declare this not the nudgeous captain of a series of acts and a style of opinions whose tendency and effect throughout Christendom is to dwarf and degrade literature, and to make great books impossible; except under pains of martyrdom. As such, I arraign it before every liberal and thoughtful mind. I denounce it as a sinister precedent; as a ban upon the free action of genius; as a logical insult to all commanding literature, and as in every way a most series and horrid wrong. Differences of opinion there may and must be upon the topics, but upon the point itself there can be none. As I drag them up here into the sight of the world, I call upon every scholar, every man of letters, every editor, every good fellow everywhere who wields the pen, to make common cause with me in rousing upon the full tempest of reprobation it deserves. I remember upon the spot of vengeance over the desecrated grave of Moore; I think of Scott rolling back the tide of obloquy from Byron; I see Addison gilding the blackening fame of Swift; I mark Southampton befriending Shakespeare; I recall Du Bellay ensnaring Rabelais; I behold Hutten fortressing Luther; here is Boccaccio lifting the darkness from Dante, and scattering flame on his foes in Florence; this is Bembo protecting Pomponius; this is Grossot, enfolding Roger Bacon from the monkish fury; there covered with light, is Aristophanes defending Aschylus; and if there lives might of that old chivalry of letters, which in all ages has sprung to the succor and defense of genius, I summon it to act the part of honor and duty upon a wrong which, done to a single member of the great confraternity of literature, is done to all, and which flings insult and menace upon every immortal page that dares transcend the wicked heart or the constricted brain. I send this letter to Victor Hugo, for its passport through Europe; I send it to John Stuart Mill, to Newman, and Matthew Arnold; to England; I send it to Emerson and Wendell Phillips; to Charles Sumner; to every Senator and Representative in Congress; to all our journalists; to the whole American people; to every one who guards the freedom of letters and the liberty of thought throughout the civilized world. God grant that not in vain upon this outrage do I invoke the judgment of the mighty spirit of literature, and the fires of every honest heart!" WILLIAM DOUGLAS O'CONNOR,

Of Massachusetts.

#### THE DRAMA AT COOPER INSTITUTE.

"The Naked Truth" is a strange title for a lecture, It is enough to shock the exquisite moral sensibilities of the fashionable Madame Mandarins of society. Only think of it, the innovation of fact, without fiction, God Almighty's teeth without a ligament. To conceive myself to be what I am not, mortgaged on the brain, I might grow just a little hysterical and speechless, good gracious! have hypocrisy, cant and moral cowardice been shorn of their kids, braids and broadcloth. Spirit of Cotton Mather, has it come to this, that the political tickle-circling and the nasal twang of Puritanism, with the sleek, sly, artful dodging of social corruption must be exposed, and our substratum civilization of fraud, evasiveness, ignorance and humbuggery, unmasked and exhibited in all its hideous deformity and unholiness by that little insignificant wimman with the terribly significant soul in her face?

As a publican, having forgotten the meaning of republicanism, I appealed to the oracle of propriety, should I go to the

lecture. "To hear would be to blight for humanity; ah! there's the rub." To know ourselves as we are is fearful to contemplate. The inconvenient removal of the subject matter from private action to public knowledge, is where the shoe pinches.

Truth, as a moral artist, astride the steed Pegasus, is obscene enough to alarm the Lord's anointed and summon us all, shepherds and sheep, to the rescue of Conscienceology! Fortunately I had forgotten my catechism! Liberated reason overcame all religious scruples, and, with the energy of a man about to do a desperate act, I made a Toad-like splash at the buttons of my overcoat, snatched my Kossuth over eyes and ears, took my smelling-bottle along lest Mrs. Grundy might see me, and I faint, and wended my way to social heresy and the Cooper Institute.

It is the 9th of January, 1873, and the posters on the dead walls of the city say "Woodhull and the Naked Truth." Beecher and education are out-to-night. From the palace and the prison they come to speak of God's knowledge and truth to man. The air is cold and biting; the chill of a London-street jail, shivers its way to the very marrow. Lies in overcoats and rubbers eagerly press up the Bowery; at the junction of Fourth avenue and the Bowery, creed and gain divide themselves. The sheep and goats pass on in opposite directions; some go to the preacher, some to the teacher. Ushers with bouquets, doubling and smiling, in wait for the preacher, usher with locust clubs awaiting the teacher. Peter Cooper's monument is reached; humanity bless him. The Hall is lighted up and the doors wide open for Woodhull and Claffin and free speech. A weak old man, but brave, saves New York from everlasting infamy and disgrace. Boston, blush and repeat, and tell them the next time that they lie who say that the rebels of '60 are the last tyrants of '73. That you do not read revolutions backward and blame the inalienable rights of man mean the inalienable rights of women.

An impatient and eager crowd of people surge up to the Institute door; some pass in, others turn back. I wonder at this retrograde move, and mentally exclaim, are the "lily-livered loons," afraid of a woman, or is there a moral earthquake at the threshold even of Naked Truth! No, the people are braver and truer than their leaders; 'tis not in fear they turn away. Some clerical jockey has put on the bridle and bit to make the "galled jade wince." The strategem of religious persecution is at work; stalwart U. S. marshals guard the door; Uncle Sam is at the beck and bid of the insipid blonde with the flaxen hair; Comstock, whose holy zeal is stimulated by a more popular God than the Christian Jehovah, has another arrest for Woodhull & Claffin; the seal of authority is on the wrist. Now for the stripes and cross. The stars have fled the bunting of the nation, and sparkle on the breasts of a hundred policemen. Milk-faced Christian moral force exchanges the lion's skin for the fox's, and from the doorways of the Institution grins out upon free conscience, free press and free speech, with an old-time feudal sacerdotal leer. The Golden Rule is a policeman's club to-night, and Yankee despotism whispers with bated breath: the end justifies the means. Strange metamorphosis! forgiveness, no revenge, charity, as persecution; all the skin-milk of a Christian's love turned to the gall of a bigot's hate. Oh! weathercock of religion, how elastic and adaptable to thine own interests thou art, at the expense and happiness of confiding, trusting, simple-minded men and women!

The marshals watch with lynx eyes for the coming of the woman of the hour. The saucy, audacious, act of exposing the amours of Mrs. Woodhull's persecutors must not, shall not take place, and so the national police bid the people turn back, saying "Their will be no lecture to-night, Mrs. Woodhull is to be again arrested and hung into prison."

Hundreds turns away. Yet hundreds go in, and in a dismally appointed wood sit staring at the vacant platform, patiently waiting for something, they know not what. Police to the right of them, police to the left of them. A fearful display of the dignity and strength of the Mosiac law. The ingenuous whisper, "What does it all mean; are they afraid of the people or afraid of the truth?" and we gaze around the hall, scrutinizing the faces of the audience. Heretics and red-republikeans in plenty, but all docile and peaceful. We see no danger of a riot, though they do look as if they were playing the devil at thinking. Christianity in complexity is present, more florid in countenance than usual. It is a blush of shame, very like. It needs very little skill in reading the human face divine to see that the audience are with and not against the lecturer, and that this display of the people's servants in uniform is ridiculously out of place, a blind to hide the real issue now pending before the people. The great want present is not the reading of the Riot Act or the suspension of the habeas corpus. No, not the Young Men's Christian Association, nor Beecher, nor Claffin, nor "Uncle Samuel," with his eagle turned into a buzzard, nor the two at Commistone Davenport's, nor Ludlow-street jail; but Woodhull! Woodhull! And the arched ceiling of the Cooper Institute rings with the significant command of three thousand voices in chorus: Victoria C. Woodhull and the Naked Truth."

But to that great cry of want which goes up in noisy demonstration from the impatient citizens, no responsive comes back, and thoughtful men and women who read the bitter lessons of history aghast, grow still, more indignant at this pitifully abridgment of human rights, and maledict exhortations, such as Shame! Outrage! Persecution! Inquisition! go the rounds of the audience.

The amours of this cowardly persecution for the publishing of alleged obscene literature seemed to be thoroughly understood by all, and in the indignant physiognomy of level-headed workingmen in front, "It was too thin." According to the Comstockian interpretation of obscenity, epithets repulsive to taste and refinement were flung at the heads of the shining lights of society. The admiration of reverend citizens, and their unlawful protection from public exposure at the sacrifice of liberty, justice and truth, were on the vibes and threatened to leave anti-revolution bigotry high and dry.

The impudent and lame excuse of public morals was played out, though Victoria was absent. Revolution had come, and it required all the many efforts of the pious and severe-looking platoons in blue to keep within bounds the rapidly increasing indigitation.

The clock fronting the now noisy throng shows past eight o'clock. Three thousand belated citizens, the approved and condemned of Patti, mates and females, the enfranchised and disenfranchised, are madly calling and stamping for Mrs. Woodhull. A United States marshal guards each door ready to arrest her if she dare attempt the trial. No one, not even her most intimate friends, know where she is. Christian young men, very young men, are masters of the situation. "I charge ye love one another." Comstock is clutching at the ruse. "Twas cunningly if not ably done. The paid informer, with all the United States at his back—jacking the people—kills two birds with one stone: shields Reverend Quip with the wings of the law, and indirectly robs the truthful exposers of naughty clergymen of from five hundred to a thousand dollars.

O, artful dodger, to thus fall back on faith's old love and discipline the dangerous heretic with a prison and a crust.

Brave conspiracy hatched in a vestry room by the tools of a Yankee hierarchy, whose lives are not as spotless and virtuous white as their lily-white neckties.

But see! a brocaine way in the garb of peace. A queer-looking oldfog, tottering with age, and dressed in Quaker gray and close-veiled, coal-scuttle bonnet of antique pattern, passes up the middle aisle to a front seat. The audience good-naturedly smile at this eccentric looking female Rip Van Winkle. A few fashionables laugh outright at the absurdity of dressing so far behind the age, as if fossils were only to be found beneath coal-scuttle bonnets and cocked hats. The thought flashes through my mind—what if Naked Truth were muffled beneath Quaker gray, and that the spirit of Ann Lee masked the fiery and daring soul of Victoria C. Woodhull. But no; the nerve, the address, the heroism to outwit and laugh at the machinations of Comstock & Co. (with marshals waiting for her at every door, fifty policemen within and as many without), from a persecuted and long-suffering woman almost hounded to death, were impossible.

Twenty minutes past eight, and the shouting and stamping grows fast and furious. All is confusion, indignation and scorn, all but the valled figure of the old Quaker lady in the front seat; that is calm, motionless and at peace.

A female form glides on the stage and essays to speak. We recognize a brave, true-hearted champion of truth, Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith. The noise dies out, and a perfect stillness takes its place; the proverbial pin might be heard to drop. She has just commenced to speak to apologize for the absence of Mrs. Woodhull. The motionless Quaker of the muffled face moves. She rises from her seat, and in the irresoluteness of old age, moves to the stairway of the platform, and slowly and deliberately ascending it walks half-way across the stage. A number smile at the sordid-comic figure as it disappears behind one of the broad, square pillars supporting the roof of the hall.

In that impressive and eloquent manner so peculiar to Mrs. Smith, she dilates upon this last outrage upon the rights and liberties of the people. To quote her own words: "The enemies of free speech have another order of arrest for Mrs. Woodhull. She can't appear to-night, lest she be again dragged into an American Bastille. She has intercepted her enemies, however, so far as this; though they may shut out Mrs. Woodhull, they shall not prevent the delivery of the lecture, for she has deputized me to read to you 'The Naked Truth; or, the Situation Reviewed.' The task, under the circumstances, is as painful to me as it is disappointing to you; but the emotions of the law guard the doors of the Institute, and neither Mrs. Woodhull or Mrs. Claffin can, no matter how much they may desire it, appear upon this platform to-night."

With the celerity of a flash of lightning, the old Quaker lady dashed from behind the pillar. Old age, coal-scuttle bonnet and gray dress, disappeared like magic. Had a thunderbolt fallen upon the audience they could not have been more surprised and astounded. There stood Victoria C. Woodhull, an overwhelming inspirational fire scintillating from her eyes and beaming from her face. The Quaker costume lay coiled at her feet, and, with her breast heaving in long suppressed nervous emotion, her arms raised aloft in nervous excitement, her hair in wild and graceful confusion, and the head thrown defiantly back like the head of the Apollo Belvedere, she looked the personification of Liberty in Ayas. Her voice rose in clear and piercing tones, like a song of love, blended with the war-cry of battle, and the pent-up forces of her soul rushed forth in an impetuous and irresistible torrent of burning, glowing words, thought and voice being full to repulsion with the musical and magnetic energy of the Marsellaise. Her look and voice came unexpected and sudden as the lightning's scathe; "was as 'fix' to feather set," igniting with an animated and undefined surprise, each and every heart present. It was Otis in the fire of revolution; Garrison breaking the shackles of the slave; Phillips in the alarm of labor; a Parker in the throes of religious freedom. Victoria had the floor, and falsehood and ignorance faltered to death in the grasp of eternal truth.

For one hour and a half a tempest of startling truths in all their native loveliness and purity, fresh and dewy from the garden of Heaven, deluged the consciences of all present in the baptism of a higher faith than was ever dreamed of in the philosophy of Christian ethics.

A great wrong done to this heroic soul stood at last revealed, and the cowardly, masterly inactivity of the public assumed the hideous proportions of moral cowardice and traitorous guilt. Public complete in this outragous act of persecuting a brave and noble woman was felt to the core, and thrilled the audience with fearful forebodings and alarm at the imminent danger of threatening the life and perpetuity of free government. The right of free speech and a free press,

was seen to tremble in the bone, and fools laughed and jeered, for the liberties of the world. A mon sense, delivered in that instant, learned the dreadfully revealed—that most men, in their hearts, think themselves in possession of all, and others differ from them.

The lectures made Percival, Percival, and revealed the startle country, of a single crooked ass, thought and speech of the world, through a false interpretation and absurd authority, at one time, and for the specific object of ear those very offenses in the critically condemn in other monitory from induction. And died the night, and its ghostly martyr's stake, and its burning life-blood of the champion as of old. New England grieved the victims of sanctified infamy. The Constitution of liberty and the pursuit of religious intolerance, poll slavery. All this was seen, of individual liberty, the immortal C. Woodhull loomed up before the heart and soul as the prototype, like Minerva from the people armed with truth to defend.

Strong men looked up to her, and received her as the prophetess of truth, the Hail sybil, infused with man of men and women to high Nekk Truth.

The lecture concluded. The light had gone out, the fevered blood of the audience man in blue was a policeman remembered his order of an swiftness of manner, performed Woodhull.

To late, Comstock! The reached the public ear through the brave. She is the super-

has ennobled you and charmed silence and inaction.

The people have gone to the night of the 9th of January, and the bravest and truest vary from the rostrum to a

THE MARRIAGE PUZZLE. woman find each other? C. divorces a month. A divorcee appears to be a devil. Blame and so flies her bill of divorce like the light of the world. Despair he might as well. Such cases, to be sure, are made the mistake of supposing to be immediately followed by married my first love I should have called it at once to me a mouth like a tiger. I did help it, but when I asked how her daughter was getting a wife in Michigan, and when in England, an old friend ders in his life. He was twenty he married had "the brass" and a farm long, but she lived on to be he married a young woman "the brass" were gone, a dragon to provide for. It was well as haste, lead to justice.

JORDANVILLE, I.

Mrs. VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

Dear Ladies—The case is are many who desire to read and by so doing may be twenty-five copies for gratification. Hear from you I shall send your invaluable paper, many who are strangers to you for the good you have done your advocate is to people will receive it, although it in silence for a time, and it will not be long before I have not seen a person who is of uphold your cause in high places, and building up and practicing medicine there is in high as well as create it if you try. It is shown up. Go on, and do

I am very truly yours,

was soon to trouble in the balance, and that, while cowards and fools laughed and jeered, this woman was battling alone for the liberties of the world. From the deep draughts of common sense, delivered in that infinite manner, the entranced listeners learned the dreadful, subtle secret of tyranny and persecution, and, in the words of Franklin, "that *Kanaka* stood revealed"—that most men, as well as most ends in religion, think themselves in possession of all truth, and that when others differ from them it is so far error.

The lectures made *Persecution versus Prosecution* show cause, and revealed the startling spectacle, in a so-called free country, of a single creed assuming moral supremacy over the thought and speech of the American people, and sneaking through a false interpretation of the law into a ridiculous and absurd authority, at once treasonable and unconstitutional, and for the specific object of hushing up from the public ear those very offenses in their teachers which they hypocritically condemn in others. Such a spectacle aroused memory from inaction. Again the fires of Smithfield blazed the night, and its ghostly shadow fell across the Cooper Institute. Once more the Christmas Eve log became the martyr's stake, and its burning crimson tongues licked out the life-blood of the champions and martyrs of truth again, as of old. Now England gibbets crept and groaned with the victims of sanctified ignorance. The revolution was a failure. The Constitution a mockery and a snare; and life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness were swallowed up in religious intolerance, political persecution and mental slavery. All this was seen, and more; and the arch-genius of individual liberty, the imprisoned, robed, belied Victoria C. Woodhull leaped up before them in majestic proportions of heart and soul as the protecting spirit of American liberty, that like Minerva from the brain of Jove sprang from the people armed with truth to do battle for human rights.

Strong men looked up to the little woman with the fair-of-look, and received her as a new revelation of womanhood, the prophetess of truth, the Messiah of politics, a weird, spiritual sybil, infused with marvelous power to sway the souls of men and women to higher aims than fearing to face the naked Truth.

The lecture concluded, Mrs. Woodhull passed from sight. The light had gone out, the magnet was seen no more and the fevered blood of the audience regained its wonted heat. The man in blue was a policeman again; the marshal awoke and remembered his order of arrest, and with unusual and rare severity of manner, performed his duty by arresting Mrs. Woodhull.

To late, Comstock! The much-dreaded Naked Truth had reached the public ear through the silver-tongued Woodhull, the brave. She is the superior strategist. The terrible sybil has enclined you and charmed your cohorts and battalions to silence and inaction.

The people have gone home to think, perchance to act; the night of the 9th of January, 1873, passes into history, and the bravest and truest of her sex moves further up Calvary from the rostrum to a prison.

ANTHONY HIGGINS, JR.

Jersey City.

**THE MARRIAGE PUZZLE.**—How shall the right man and woman find each other? One judge tells me he grants sixty divorces a month. A divorce may be as sacred as a wedding. A man appears to a woman like a god—and turns out to be a devil. Blame her not she must like her letters, and she files her bill of divorce. The woman appears to a man like the light of the world and becomes to him a life-long despair; he might as well have married a boa-constrictor! Such cases, to be sure, are rare exceptions. Young people make the mistake of supposing that love at first sight should be immediately followed by the parson. Why, if I had married my first love I should have been dreadfully taken in! I was called on at once to marry a blue-eyed girl to a man with a mouth like a tiger. I did not like the job, but could not help it, but when I asked the mother, months after ward, how her daughter was getting along, I learned that he already had a wife in Michigan, and her daughter's heart was broken. When in England, an old peasant told me he would like to have gone to America, but he had made two dreadful blunders in his life. He was handsome when a youth, and when he was twenty he married an old woman of sixty because she had "the brass" and a farm. He thought she wouldn't live long, but she lived on to be ninety! Then when he was sixty he married a young woman of twenty, and now the farm and "the brass" were gone, and he had a family of young children to provide for. It was a bad job, and so selfishness, as well as haste, lead to misery in matrimony.—*Lycophany Recitation*.

JORDANVILLE, KNOX CO., IND., January 18, 1873.

Mrs. VICTORIA C. WOODHULL AND TENNIE C. CLAFLIN:

Dear Ladies.—The case is becoming exciting here, and there are many who desire to read the commencement of the case, and by so doing may become regular subscribers. I want twenty-five copies for gratuitous distribution. As soon as I hear from you I shall send you the yearly subscription for your invaluable paper. You both have the sympathy of many who are strangers to you, and who will never forget you for the good you have already done. Be assured the doctrine you advocate is true, and your cause is just, and the people will receive it, although many are compelled to receive it in silence, for a time. You have set people to thinking, and it will not be long before they will think out loud. I have not seen a person whom I have conversed with who does not uphold your course in exposing hypocrisy and crime in high places, and building up the unfortunate. I have lived in and practiced medicine in New York city, and know what there is in high as well as low life. I know you cannot exonerate it if you try. It is filled with such leeches as you have shown up. Go on, and do not spare them.

I am very truly yours,

A. B. CLOUGH.

#### AN ILLUSTRATION OF JOURNALISTIC JUSTICE.

Helen Nash, of Loveland, Ohio, addressed a communication to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, upon the great question that is agitating the public mind, taking a view opposite to that which was continually appearing in that journal. The article was returned, with the following reply, which speaks for itself:

CINCINNATI, January 13, 1873.

Miss Nash: Further reflection confirms my first impression, that there is no good done in publishing this. You may be sure the truth of the scandal will come out. It is working to the surface with irresistible power. But the women, Woodhull and Claflin, I believe to have created it from the worst instead of the best of motives. If I were not thoroughly of that opinion, I might feel otherwise about publishing this communication. There is no risk in publishing it. I believe the printing world to be useless. I believe in some conventionalities, and trust you will learn to recognize the virtue of expediency.

M. HALSTEAD.

Reply to Mr. Halstead:

LOVELAND, January 15, 1873.

Mr. HALSTEAD:

Dear Sir.—Yours of the 13th is just at hand, returning the manuscript. I care little about the "truth of the scandal" coming to the surface. There is justice and injustice in the whole affair. Men look at it from one standpoint, founded in their own self-shades; women from another standpoint, founded in the sense of their own slavery to hypocritical custom and the persecutions of both sexes.

I believe Mrs. Woodhull to have been actuated by the purest motives of interest in her own sex and fidelity to her fixed principles. You, as the editor of a prominent journal, ought not to fail in presenting to your readers all the phases of this now established controversy, taken from all standpoints. Any motive of "expediency" in this question is cowardly and unworthy of you. Expediency should never, under any circumstances, check humanity and justice, or enter into the conduct of a professed independent journal. "Let justice be done though the heavens fall."

I am now compelled to go upon a thankless mission in Cincinnati, namely, that of seeking an editor willing to present this matter to his readers in a light that does not bear entirely against the woman. I shall also write to Mrs. Woodhull a report of my interview with you, sending a copy of the article, also your reasons for not publishing it, which since the printing of it involved no risk, the least you could have done was to have given to your readers at least one opinion of the other side.

Respectfully,

HELEN NASH.

#### THE NEW LABOR PARTY.

[From the Sun, January 6, 1873.]

#### WOMAN TO BE ELEVATED TO THE RANK OF THE NEGRO—THE POLITICISTS TO BE OUSTED.

The delegates from the various trade unions who met yesterday adopted the following:

If heresies, owing to the passions aroused by our civil war, corrupt and bad men, by monopolizing the trade of politics, have established a system of robbery, fraud, and oppression, of which the working classes are the victims; and

Whereas, All legislation is bad and in the interest of classes who oppress, rob and murder the poor with impunity; and

Whereas, As corruption has spread, from all legislators and officials, even to our courts, asylums, reform and benevolent institutions, until there is no protection to the persons or property of the poor; and

Whereas, The present system of wrong cannot endure, but must end by reform or revolution; be it

Resolved, That we, as representative workmen, do call upon all persons, without regard to country or class, creed, party, or sex, to unite with us to form a party of equal privileges, equal rights, equal laws and equal punishments, under the name of the Labor Reform party, and with the following platform:

#### FIRST PRINCIPLE.

Free speech, free press, free schools and free church.

2. Reference to the people of all laws for their approval or rejection.

3. Election of all officers for short terms and fixed salaries.

4. Yearly reports of the workings and expenses of all public offices and institutions.

5. Punishment of all corrupt officials and all swindlers of the people.

6. The abolition of old feudal laws and the enactment of all simple and just laws suitable to the country and the age.

7. Compulsory education and military training in the public schools.

8. Progressive taxation according to wealth.

9. The substitution of the city, State and nation for all monopolies and chartered robbers of the people.

10. The granting of work, not alms, to the poor.

11. The elevation of woman and the foreigner to the level of the colored man.

12. The elevation of the worker and the reduction of the hours of labor.

13. Sympathy and aid to the oppressed of all nations.

#### IS HE AMENABLE TO THE LAW?

It is quite true, and we blush for shame for our city when we confess it, that without a single iota of legal right, and without even so much as responsible authority, our papers have been grossly and wantonly seized, wherever found, and illegally confiscated. The agent of the new Jesuitical Order, armed with nothing but the authority of that body to suppress obscene literature, stalks about the city, and in utter contempt for individual right and lawful possession, seizes our paper and defiles the law. We shall yet see whether his commission gives him *carte blanche* authority to do this and to escape the penalty of the law for larceny. It is time that the wings of this Christian bird, which at present permit him to soar to such pure and ethereal heights as to be unconscious of material right and law, be clipped, and thus arrest him in his upward flight. The question is no longer, can Comstock confiscate and escape the penalty of the law because he

belongs to the order of Christian Young Men; but shall they whom he would victimize, allow him to continue his nefarious outrages upon common right? He might, with just as much consistency, come into our office and steal a hundred dollars in money, as to steal papers of the same value; and before he gets through with the little job he has undertaken, he may have reason to expound the difference between the two cases, which, we have no doubt, will be equally as lucid and convincing to himself, and equally as stupid to everybody else as were his reasons for adjudging language used in the *Weekly*, and quoted from the Bible, as obscene, while he considered it not as obscene in its original position in the Bible. Biffins must fain confess that we believe him to be enough bigot and fool combined to be honest in this conviction, and it is for this reason that some one ought to teach him the practical lesson, that he, no more than any other man, can enter the office of a newspaper and carry off its contents simply because he, in his ignorance of common literature, chooses to assume them to be obscene.

#### PROPOSITIONS IN SEXUAL SCIENCE.

##### NASAL PROPOSITIONS.

First.—The human race is dual—male and female.

Second.—The continuation of the human race depends on the blending of its quality in sexual commerce.

Third.—The commerce is natural when governed by the law of its existence—its regulation by arbitrary law being a prostitution of its natural use and purpose.

##### DEFINATORY PROPOSITIONS.

First.—LOVE is sexual attraction, and may be passionate and temporary—passional, intellectual and moral, and consequently perfect and permanent, or modifications of these, both as to incentive and continuation.

Second.—FREE LOVE is the natural name for the relations of the sexes, which primarily result from—and are maintained by—mutual and reciprocal attention.

Third.—PROSTITUTION is the natural name for the relations of the sexes, which primarily result from—and are maintained by—reasons other than mutual and reciprocal attraction.

Fourth.—MODERN MARRIAGE is a conglomerate modification of Free Love and Prostitution—ranging from the first in its purity to the last in its extreme sense, where sexual disgust replaces delight, and endurance, reciprocity.

##### RESULTANT PROPOSITIONS.

First.—The highest order of humanity results from sexual relations, in which love is the only element present.

Second.—The lowest order of humanity results from sexual relations where there is disgust instead of delight, and endurance instead of reciprocity.

Third.—The intermediate orders of humanity result from various modifications of the two extremes.

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10

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