



A Journal devoted to the Advocacy of Great Social Questions and for the Higher Instruction and Improvement of Woman.

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"The author of a great reformation is always unpopular in his own age. He generally passes his life in disquiet and danger. It is therefore for the interest of the human race that the memory of such men should be had in reverence, and that they should be supported against the scorn and hatred of their contemporaries by the hope of leaving a great and imperishable name. To go on the forlorn hope of Truth is a service of peril—who will undertake it, if it be not also a service of honour? It is easy enough, after the ramparts are carried, to find men to plant the flag on the highest tower. The difficulty is to find men who are ready to go first into the breach."—LORD MACAULAY.

#### "TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH."

LOOKING with sorrowing eye upon decaying nations, upon the fairest and noblest of the race borne helplessly round in the maelstrom of human passion, I, ten years since, established a journal, the aspiration of which was the emancipation of woman, the leading of her out from her bondage of many-centuried wrongs, into the celestial love-light of true womanhood.

The development of circumstances demands that the silence which I have long imposed upon myself should be broken. Calumny I had hoped would, ere this, have sunk and perished in its own corruption. But it has been ordained otherwise, so that its destruction might be the more signal and profound. Gethsemane has still her dew of blood, and the souls of the slain cease not to cry out from beneath the altar of God, "How long? How long?" Achan is yet in the camp; but I shall rest nevermore until it has been cleansed from the unclean thing. The fulness of harvest-time is come, and the tares must be burned with unquenchable fire.

From its high and holy mount of vision the Spiritual has proclaimed the advent of celestial light. But, alas! there are many, even of the children of light, who hail not its coming with jubilation, and who receive higher notions of life as hard sayings. They regard with sorrow the golden-girdled chrysalis rent and forsaken, and look almost with anger upon the burnished creature of fair splendour that has risen from it, and rests with fluttering wings beside it, bidding them not seek the living among the dead. They see not Jesus, only the grave-clothes in His sepulchre. Christ cometh and His own know Him not. Truth should speak with pentecostal tongue one language to all hearts; yet they hear not the whispering of the living waters, and behold only afar, and almost as a strange city, the New Jerusalem, filled with the victor-song and the sound of the crystal sea. As the soft breathings of a silver lute is the still sweet voice of Him whose throne is the

morning star; it toucheth their ears and they are not opened. It gently falleth as a dewy and celestial balm, and they feel it not.

And why is this? Because certain of those who might have been teachers of men have infused a poisonous leaven into the bread of life, and profaned the holy temple; whilst ready-voiced Slander, the zealous servant of Satan, goeth to and fro, as a pest-stricken wretch amongst a multitude, devastating goodness, desolating truth, wounding grievously where it cannot kill, and, above all, seeking always to divorce love and purity. The serpent hath ever hissed against the nobler life. Of old, he marred man, the masterpiece of the Creator, in the Eden of his body; to-day he would altogether destroy him by luring him to despise the temple of the Holy Spirit. As all things in the spiritual world have their correspondence in the earth and in man, so the demoniacal serpent has a material human representative in Stephen Pearl Andrews—the originator of the most immeasurable infamy that ever formed a plague-stone in the temple of humanity. Pantarchic Free-Love, the inverted interpretation of the Divine commandment; perverting that which is pure and passionless as a snowy and ethereally fragrant lily reposing on the holy waters of life, and as a consecrated fragrance from the celestial pyre of love immortal, into that abomination of desolation of promiscuous impurity.

Stephen Pearl Andrews! I impeach thee before the judgment bar. Pure hearts, which might have communed with their Maker in the spiritual Sinai, hast thou, by infernal wiles, tempted to bow down before the idol of lust in the valley of the flesh. The living words, traced by God's finger in celestial characters upon the red tablet of the heart, thou hast sought to efface. With daring hand thou art filling up the measure of human wickedness. Arch-blasphemer! wouldst thou cast the fiery serpent of uncleanness into the holy ark of the Lord itself?

Many are willing to build tabernacles on the Mount of Transfiguration; how few to carry the torch of light into the dark valley whence resounds the cry for help? But none liveth to himself; none dieth to himself. All ye who love humanity, aid me in rescuing the sons and daughters of men from him who would trample all that is ethereal, beautiful, incorruptible and immortal, into a pestilential mire of sensual grossness. Strengthen my hands in breaking down this monstrous lie-dam upon the river of truth. Permit not the pearl of great price, taken out of the living waters, sought for and won with so much labour and suffering, to be defaced. Man! barter not thy birthright for a mess of poisonous pottage. Woman! thou precious vase of incomparable alabaster, in which burneth the lamp of God, suffer not thyself to be degraded into an unholy vessel.

Because I have unearthed the dust-eating serpent of lust coiled in the death-mould of fleshly sensuality, and laid bare its material hideousness, unrelentingly have I been assailed. Redeemer! arise in the majesty of Thy glory, dissipate the huge misty spectre that stands between man and the light of God.

VICTORIA C. WOODHALL.

#### MRS. VICTORIA WOODHALL'S VINDICATION.

From the COURT JOURNAL, January 1, 1881.

SIR,—To successfully defend oneself against the poisoned shafts of calumny is almost an impossibility under special circumstances. Gossiping, cozening slaves with itching tongues addicted to lying and slandering work mischief long before it is discovered, and when, in certain cases, it becomes next to futile to set about undoing the evil that has been wrought. Flying rumours gather as they roll, blighting and blasting the fair fame of individuals, when not even Virtue itself escapes such venomous breath. Of course the statements of slanderers are generally, to employ the terse language of a great English writer,

"As far from their report  
As they from honour."

The "moths that eat an honest name," the vipers that sting unblemished reputations in the dark, take care, as a rule, that they keep a strict *incognita*. Far worse than assassins who openly strike down their unsuspecting victims in broad light of day, they compass their evil designs in a wary manner, such procedure being just in harmony with their cringing, cowardly souls. Hamlet's remark to Ophelia is but too true to real life at the present day: "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

Sometimes it happens that the more untainted the character of a person, the blacker hue of slander is cast upon it. Not, Sir, but that, to quote the pregnant words of Fielding, "the slander of some people is as great a recommendation as the praise of others." With all noble, generous, high-toned minds this naturally is so. But, as the majority of persons are not trained up to this standard of moral excellence, an opposite effect is produced to the injury of the innocent and the unoffending. Doubtless the malign mission of the traducer would speedily be brought to an end were there no eager listeners, whose ready ears take in with ill-concealed delight, the venomous tell-tale gossip that happens to be on the wing. Hence it is that an old author makes the sagacious suggestion: "Those men who carry about, and who listen to accusations, should all be hanged; the carriers by their tongues and the listeners by their ears."

When, Sir, an "unprotected" woman, like myself, becomes the target at which the reckless slanderer aims his thrusts, it is still worse. In the

first place, she can scarcely escape becoming the victim of malevolent designs, inasmuch as she is deprived of the power of self-defence; while, secondly, for the feminine character to be "blown upon," however slightly, quite suffices to place a ban upon it. For some years past some evil-disposed persons on the other side of the Atlantic have been making free with my reputation, which is far dearer to me than life. As I had led a public life, and had, by my strenuous advocacy of Woman's Rights, acquired a wide-spread popularity, I did not care to busy myself much with the unpleasant and uncongenial avocation of rebutting vile and unfounded rumours. Whilst I felt deeply the grievous wrong done to my high principles and my untarnished name, nevertheless I did not suffer such malevolent manifestations to arouse my ire, on the principle promulgated by the dramatist,

"Who's angry at a slander makes it true."

As a public character who wrote a good deal on current political, social, and economical topics, and whose career as a successful platform speaker was unprecedented, I, naturally enough, expected that I should not escape scathless. I was scarcely prepared, however, for the outpouring of calumny which was to assail my reputation as a woman, a wife, and a mother. Now and again, with tongue and pen, I did essay to clear away the stigma most wrongfully attaching to my name. For a time I effectually silenced my traducers. But, like the calm which presages a storm, the lull of wagging tongues was but of comparatively brief duration. At a fitting time, and on an important occasion, the blatant voice of calumny is again heard; unscrupulous and corrupt minds give full vent to the stored-up venom within them; while cancerous tongues wag glibly with insinuations—direct accusations there are none—calculated to befoul an unsullied reputation and an honoured name—a name which I had flattered myself should have long survived my mortal destiny.

The Fates, however, have not so willed it. And now, sir, much to my mortification I am necessitated to quit my cherished privacy, and publicly meet my unseen foes through the only medium open to me—the generous British Press. While I take up the slender weapon of self-defence, I feel my comparative powerlessness. Hence the diffidence with which I address myself to the onerous task of vindicating my womanly honour from the foul reflections cast upon it by those who are utterly unacquainted with the principles that guide my conduct, with the nature of my inner life, or the sentiments that pervade and sustain my soul. Nor should I even attempt to struggle with the hydra-headed monster—Calumny—had I not implicit faith in the power of Truth, and in its ultimate triumph. Otherwise I fear that I should be in the unenviable position of one who—

"Tilts with a straw  
Against a giant cased in adamant."

My name has been most unrighteously associated with what is known by the name of "Free Love." No viler an aspersion was ever uttered. No greater outrage could be inflicted on a woman. No deeper wrong could be done to the innocent. And here, Sir, it behoves me to mention the manner in which my name first got mixed up in connection with a small section of the American community called "Free Lovists," for whom, ever since I became acquainted with their principles, I have entertained the profoundest abhorrence. For several years I was the ostensible editor of a New York journal, the main object of which was the elevation of woman, politically, morally, and religiously. I did my best to conduct the paper and to keep it true to the purposes with which it set out. It happened, however, that I could not always read and select the contributions sent me for insertion therein. My lecturing engagements in distant parts of the States, sometimes extending over one hundred nights, prevented such rigid supervision, or, indeed, any supervision at all. Still I had not the slightest apprehension that any matter should find its way into the columns of my journal calculated to lower its tone or taint its character. But so it was. Articles favouring Free-Love appeared without my know-

ledge or sanction, which startled the readers of my hitherto spotless print. But the evil done did not rest here. I became inculpated as though I was morally responsible for utterances and doctrines which I loathe and abhor from the depths of my inmost being. I now openly avow, with all the earnestness of righteous indignation, that during no part of my life did I favour Free Love even tacitly. With the feelings that should actuate every sanctified wife and mother of a family, I regarded it with loathing when once I got a slight idea of its character and the deep infamy to which it led. And such is my state of feeling at the present time. I only wish that this honest, unreserved declaration, which, through your courtesy I am enabled to make, would exonerate me from any degree of responsibility in the matter, silence serpent tongues, and clear my reputation from the slur which ignorant, unthoughtful, or vindictive persons have cast upon it, reckless of the result.

V. C. W.

It may be asked, Why did not Mrs. Woodhall take this mode of vindication at an earlier period, seeing that she had the power of clearing herself at once of all the calumny which had been heaped upon her? The answer is 1st. That she arrived in this country in an almost dying condition, and it is only quite recently that she has sufficiently recovered to undertake any exciting work.

2nd. A feeling of burning shame that she should ever have fallen into the hands of such a man as her husband proved himself to be, and the strongest disinclination to approach the odious subject.

3rd. The intention on her part was not to expose the man who had been her husband, provided he had ceased to follow her with his vile and dastardly fabrications.

[The annexed article we reproduce from *The Quiver*, a prominent London religious periodical. It is from the pen of a well-known clergyman, who has taken the moral measure of a certain class of social pests. We have rarely if ever perused so powerful and eloquent a denunciation of slanderers and their willing allies, the talebearers. We have long been the victim of most unrighteous slander, which no power of ours has been as yet fully adequate to suppress. We now call upon the whole Press of America to aid us in unearthing those vile traducers who wanton with our good name, which, though nothing to them, is to us our all, dearer than life itself. Whoever has aught to say against us let him come forward and say it, or else for ever hold his peace. If any one living can point to any corrupt or unwomanly action of our life, now is the time for him to point his finger at us, and disclose what he has to say. We now wish that our American friends would act upon Mr. Alexander's suggestion and "set traps" to catch our traducers. Then we could proceed criminally against the parties, as our object is to right our reputation and not to recover damages by taking civil process.—V. C. W.]

### THE TALEBEARER.

By the REV. THOMAS ALEXANDER, M.A.

"The words of a talebearer are as wounds."—PROV. xviii. 8.

THERE are other ways of "doing murder" than by the use of the cord, the knife or the poison: and, short of death, how much evil may be wrought on a man! The acutest pain is not always that which has its seat in the body; but very many are brought down with sorrow to their grave by the unseen yet barbed and poisoned arrows which stick fast in the soul. "The words of a talebearer are as wounds."

If an accurate estimate could be made of all the wreck and suffering of this world, it would be found, in our opinion, that war does not take the heaviest share to itself. War has its alleviations: it has its fierce joys and its pomp and circumstance—what men call "glory." War is not perpetual. The gates of the Temple of Janus have been shut: but from "the words of the talebearer" you have no cessation: to them there is no alleviation. In a fair stand-up fight you may vanquish your enemy and feel that you have finally made an end of him. With the talebearer you cannot grapple: he fights you at a distance, in the darkness; he stabs you as you sleep, or from behind. He follows you everywhere: eats with you from your own dish, and then lifts up his heel against you. Besides, he is usually so weak, wretched, and worthless a thing, that you cannot even grasp him

hard, for fear of causing the annihilation that is ever so near him: you can only suffer silently, and possess your soul in patience. "Have you heard the news?" he breathlessly begins. "A said to me that he heard B say to C, that you were heard saying"—saying something. Or you are speaking to the talebearer, or to some one in his presence, about a friend. He overhears part of your utterance, and immediately he is off to your friend with the intelligence of what you said, or did not say, of him "behind his back." He puts all his own ignorance and malice in his report—not one grain of your kindness, humour, and genuine love for your friend—and the deed is done. The poison is in the "wound" which "the words of the talebearer" have made, and you have one friend fewer, one enemy more, than you had in this world.

But that is only the source of the waters of wrath. *Crescit eundo*. The river grows, and gathers strength and bitterness, as it flows on from mouth to mouth, and man to man. "The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water;" and it is only "where there is no talebearer that the strife ceaseth."

The talebearer is, almost of necessity, a liar. His tale is usually a reported one, and he makes no effort to sift its truthfulness, and to separate the false from the true. He is careful to inform you that he is not the originator, but simply the repeater or reporter of the story, and that he tells it you "exactly as it was told to him." He has lost part of the facts, however, by the way; does not repeat others; gives emphasis to such places as are capable of being made to look very black, and there he leaves it, and you, with a comfortable sense of having discharged a painful duty; he has been "faithful," and having sown the tares, he goes to sleep till they grow: and they do grow, very rapidly.

At other times he is unusually earnest: he has seen and heard himself. This time there can be no doubt, for he is the witness. "You may take my word for it, he actually did say so and so; I give you his very words; I could swear to them, if need were." Very likely, and yet in such a case there may be, and often is, the biggest and the blackest lie of all. For there are so many things that a man, who is even willing to report honestly and truthfully, cannot report. There are the circumstances out of which the conversation grew: there is the whole scope and drift of that which preceded and followed: there is the tone of voice, look, manner, each shading of which varies the meaning of words: there is, above all, the feeling in the heart of the speaker, which hardly ever is at any one time all conveyed by any one statement, and the part left behind unexpressed might, and most probably would, have changed the aspect of all the rest; and if you add, as you always ought, the ignorance and malice of the talebearer, where and what is "the truth" which could be sworn to?

It adds unspeakably to the poignancy of the "wounds" caused by the "words" of the talebearer that usually he has so little else to carry than "tales." Of his own, beyond colouring matter, and a little of the inventive faculty, he has most commonly next to nothing. In other respects he is frequently a harmless sort of creature, like the fly that will settle on your face, and which is sufficient to keep you awake. He does not always mean to make strife, only he must talk, and in the utter absence of other presentable materials, he is driven to that frequent refuge of the destitute—talebearing. There is a world of meaning in these two lines of Thomas Hood's, that—

"Evil is wrought by the want of thought  
As well as by want of heart."

If there were fewer that listened to idle tales, there would be fewer talebearers in the world. But men not only listen to the tattle of the talebearer, they believe him, and in many cases act upon his utterances. It is astonishing what disregard men show for the simplest, most ordinary, and most obvious laws of evidence, when the talebearer is in question. If the veriest blackguard is haled from the street, brought into the presence of a magistrate, charged with the paltriest offence, and a sworn witness against him begins by saying—"Mr. A B told me—" "Stop, sir," says the magistrate; "what Mr. A B told you is not

evidence. Bring Mr. A B here, and let him tell that himself. Be good enough, sir, to confine yourself to what you yourself saw and know." And, observe, all this must be said and done before the person accused. Behind his back, absolutely nothing can go on. At each stage he must be permitted to examine and cross-examine the witness, add explanations, call other witnesses to bring out all the facts of the case, and then reply on the whole evidence, before even committal can be arrived at. But the talebearer puts himself in the witness-box: the accused party is absent and ignorant of the whole transaction: the talebearer is not sworn, often not examined nor cross-examined: no witnesses are heard for the defence, no explanations are asked, no corroborative evidence demanded: the other party constitutes himself judge and jury, rapidly sums up, gives judgment, passes sentence, and immediately orders execution. And sometimes this sentence so arrived at is "death"—death to all friendship between him and me: "I shall never speak to him again." Death; let the sentence be executed without delay. How often has this most monstrous and summary proceeding been gone through in the reader's own experience!

Every honest man should set himself to the putting down of these pests of society. They should be hunted out, and exterminated, as the vilest of vermin. Men should combine, and go in league against them, as they do against vipers, snakes, and the whole serpent tribe. Traps, gins, and snares, should be set for their feet, as for wild beasts and foxes. And the method of procedure is simple. Take it from another of those wise proverbs, given to us by God: "Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out." The fire will be effectually extinguished without the necessity of water, if only you stop the supply of the fuel. Cease to listen to the talebearer, and his fire will go out: his "wounds" and his "words" will be harmless. Cease to listen, or cease to give credence; hear as if you heard not; pass on to other matters; go clean over him and his tale, and forget it utterly. He who adds fuel to the fire by repeating the tale of the talebearer is only a shadow less guilty than he who originated it. "Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in Thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour." "He that backbiteth not with his tongue;" i.e., he who is no talebearer. But there is another side to it: "nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour." If there were fewer men to "take up" the evil reproach, there would be fewer to make it up, and fewer to carry it about when made. The talebearer usually concludes—for he is a coward—with, "Now, mind, do not for the world say that I told you; don't mention my name at all in the matter." He who acts on such "information" is as bad as the man who gives it, if not worse. "Will you go with me and repeat all that before his face, that I may hear his explanation, and know whether this be all true, and whether I have got all the truth?" If not, then a speedy end ought to be made to the whole business—the heel put on the burning coal to crush it in the dust.

[Our motive for publishing the annexed article is urgent, inasmuch as we have been bitterly reproached by our English friends for not having denounced our vilifiers, and proceeded against them criminally, previous to our coming to England. That we have done so, the following article is sufficient evidence. This article, we think it well to add, was reproduced in many leading daily journals of the United States. Having preferred the restoration of our good name, we were sufficiently satisfied, not caring for money damages, or wishing to display what might be construed as vindictive feeling by having recourse to legal process. We feel it our duty to assert, that when once the editors of the various papers found they were in the wrong, and that our explanations were satisfactory, they afforded such amends as lay in their power.—V. C. W.]

From the CINCINNATI ENQUIRER.

NEW YORK, July 27, 1876.—From all over the country, papers are pouring in containing a wickedly false and maliciously libellous article against me, which is credited to the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. I have not yet seen that paper, but have ordered my attorneys to procure half a dozen from your office, properly identified. I did not intend to

make any reply to this malignant attack until I should have them; but the injury I have already suffered urges me to wait no longer, and the hot blood of indignation coursing in my veins as each fresh repetition comes will not allow me to wait. What makes me more indignant, and the article all the more viciously malicious, is that it was brought to me before it was sent for publication, at which time I pronounced it utterly false, and informed the person who brought it that I should procure indictments against everybody who should have anything to do with its publication. Thus the *Enquirer* was warned of its character, and has no excuse. It has defied me by the publication. It deserves to be made responsible to the extent to which responsibility can be carried, both by indictment and civil suit for damages.

Under the aggravating circumstances I am not certain whether I ought to write at all; whether at the outset I ought not, as much for the relations that such an outrage bears to the community as to myself, to begin at the other end. The press has fallen into a too common practice of publishing libels one day only to retract them the next to escape their consequences, which has made it a reproach to the American people and a byword to the other nations. I was thunderstricken to learn that the *Enquirer*, which I had uniformly found a most honourably-conducted paper, could be inveigled by a New York correspondent into the publication of an article which, to say nothing about its dozen libels, has all the ear-marks of a writer for the vilest police-sheet in the country. The low and vulgar conception evident in every sentence ought to debar a paper that would publish it from admission into any family. And I was puzzled to know why the *Enquirer*, of all other papers in the country, should have now given this exhibit of malice against me when it had been so courteous previously. When I lectured in Robinson's Opera House last January, the *Enquirer* gave the best reports of my lectures, as well as the most flattering personal comments of any of the city papers.

Shame on the *Enquirer*, to thus ruthlessly pursue a woman, who through every form of opposition, and self-made, has commanded such comments in its columns. Shame! Place these remarks side by side with this article as an exponent of its animus, and how much of it would stand for truth! Look at it as I may, I can see nothing but malice in it. It is a string of sentences, each one of which, save two, is barbed with a lie. Never was there such a mass of venom in so small a space. It must have been prepared revengefully, probably by some one who had sought and failed to blackmail me to suppress some such article. Such wanton maligning; such persistent following of anybody by the press; of long-since exploded falsehoods first in one and then another of the outside papers by correspondents who live upon the price for suppressions of their damaging articles, failing to obtain which, they have them published, should receive severe chastisement.

"Living with one who was recognised as her husband!" Why shouldn't I have lived with my husband? and why shouldn't he be recognised as such, when we were married in Dayton, Ohio, regularly and properly by a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Mr. Thomas, in 1866, the certificate of which, it is well known, I produced in the courts during our trials here in 1872 and 1873? Then, why these sneaking insinuations, unless it be to carry the idea that my life has been irregular?

But how can I undo the damage? I never can. A lie travels where the truth can never follow it, and so much faster that the truth can never catch it. I shall have unnumbered papers sent me that contain the lies; but I shall never hear of their refutation. Among the thousands before whom I have appeared this article will excite contempt for the papers that have published it, as I have already occasion to know. They understand the meaning of such articles, and are drawn the nearer to me by them; but it is among the millions upon whom, as a public speaker, I depend to make my audiences, in the places where I have never been, where the damage will be done.

Perhaps the *Enquirer* does not know that during our trials in the courts, paid agents in the Beecher interest traced us from our cradle up, to fasten some deed upon us that might be shown in court to our disadvantage, and failed to find a blemish even. All the vile insinuations vanish into thin air in the lying lips of their inventors.

VICTORIA C. WOODHALL.

Editorial of the CINCINNATI ENQUIRER.

WE have a startling card this morning from that very remarkable woman, Victoria C. Woodhall. A New York letter, which we published the other day, contained some inaccuracies which Mrs. W. has undertaken to correct. In doing so, she has brought out some facts concerning her life, habits, attainments, &c., which will be fresh to the public.

Mrs. Woodhall says that she has ordered her attorneys to procure six copies of the *Enquirer* containing the matter complained of, properly identified. This would lead the public to believe that a lot of lawyers were about to be favoured with a big job, but we have Mrs. Woodhall's assurance that the publication of her card will be accepted as full reparation for the damage done.

#### A FREE-LOVER'S "IN MEMORIAM."

THE British public can scarcely imagine the diabolical character of the principles and actions of those whose perverted minds gave form to a new social system, based upon the promiscuous intercourse of man and woman. Let the following published apostrophe upon a deceased so-called wife serve to throw a faint light on the subject. It appeared on May 27, 1871, in *Woodhall and Claflin's Weekly*:—

"ESTHER B. ANDREWS, WIFE OF STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS, WHO INDITES THIS IN MEMORIAM.

"Never in her sensitive modesty really accepting the spontaneous homage which no great nature could withhold in her presence. She was a great lover, rich passionately, magnetically, affectionately and sentimentally, narrowed by no petty ideas of conventionalism; but tender and respectful to the ignorant bigotries of all."

Then, at the close of a long rhapsodical effusion, it thus terminates:—

"In a word, this grand woman was one of the Queen women—the Queen Woman of the moral and social world. While her name has hardly been pronounced before the public at large, the circle of her private influence was of the widest and most efficient. Thousands of individuals have been reached and modified, and not a few regenerated by it. She now enters the heavens to reign morally and socially there, as much more, in herself and in her grand experiences of life, than Mary, the Mother of Jesus, or Anne Lee, or Clotilda de Vaux, as the developed and full-grown woman is more than the mere girl. She excels Mary, 'the Mother of God,' as much as the age we live in excels the first Christian century, and she may be held in that esteem by all true Pantarchians, and all apostles, Christ incarnated in her."

The writer even went so far as to boast of the number of *liaisons* his wife had formed during their supposed married life. He is also alleged to have publicly said, that "If the Saviour came down from heaven He should have to take His hat off to him."

#### COPY OF MRS. WOODHALL'S DIVORCE FROM COLONEL BLOOD.

Supreme Court, Queen's County.

VICTORIA C. W. BLOOD against JAMES H. BLOOD.

AT a special term of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, held at the Court House, in the City of Brooklyn, King's County, New York, on the 18th day of September, 1876. Present Hon. J. O. DYKMAN, Judge.

This action coming on to be heard on the summons complaint, and due proofs of the service of the summons and complaint on the defendant in the City of New York. The report of E. L. Sanderson, Esq., the referee heretofore duly appointed in this action, from which it appears that all of the material allegations charged in the complaint in this action are true, and have been proven before said referee.

Now, on motion of H. J. Smith, Esq., attorney for plaintiff, it is hereby ordered that the said report of said referee be confirmed, and the said report hereby is confirmed accordingly, and it is further ordered and adjudged that the marriage between the plaintiff, Victoria C. W. Blood, and the defendant, James H. Blood, be dissolved, and the said marriage is hereby dissolved accordingly, and the parties are, and each of them is, freed from the obligations thereof, and it shall be lawful for the plaintiff, Victoria C. W. Blood, to marry again in the same manner as though the defendant were actually dead, but it shall not be lawful for the defendant, James H. Blood, to marry again until the plaintiff is actually dead. Filed October 6, 1876.

J. H. LUIAHIN, Clerk.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. Woodhall, for special reasons, has altered the last vowel in her name, so as to render it uniform with that adopted by the old Woodhall family in the West of England.

We shall be glad to receive the names of subscribers at our Office, 12, York Street, Covent Garden, London, England. Subscriptions are requested not to be mailed until the paper has been received for the first quarter. Subscription five dollars per annum, including postage.

This being but our preliminary issue, it is limited to one half the size of future numbers.

**Woodhall and Claflin's Journal.**

LONDON, ENGLAND, JANUARY 29, 1881.

**MORAL LEPROSY.**

By the REV. SAMUEL PHILLIPS DAY, London.

ABOUT five-and-twenty years ago a moral leprosy broke out in New York City. A Free-Love Club was founded, the direct objects of which were for a time hidden from the public. Citizens of both sexes were eligible as candidates. By-and-by it was discovered that the members of this singular organisation repudiated the marriage tie; in fact, were the pronounced opponents of morality. To such lengths did they carry their vile practices that the civil authorities were induced to interrupt their nightly orgies. A raid was made upon the Club by the police, and certain persons were carried off to prison. A "new sensation" was created in America; while the daily journals gave due space to the nasty evidence given against the prisoners in public Court. This publicity had the effect of breaking up the Club. It did not, however, sweep away the contagious impurity from the land.

The "High Priest" of Free-Lovism entertained "advanced views" upon the nature of marital relations, and the code that ordinarily governs the social intercourse of the sexes. Taking advantage of Mrs. Woodhall's long absence from New York City he had opportunities afforded him for airing his monstrous doctrines and giving utterance to his blasphemous sentiments. But the new apostle who came to perfect society, and who regarded his mission as inspired, propounded views so shocking that the community, and even the authorities, interfered.

Mrs. Woodhall, who first started her journal in 1870, was made the scapegoat for the evil doings of others. She was arrested and imprisoned as the ostensible conductor of the print in which it was attempted to pollute the fountain of public morality. Nor are we to be surprised at such an issue, considering that one contributor—Stephen Pearl Andrews, the high priest of debauchery—actually had the audacity and unblushing hardihood to append Mrs. Woodhall's signature to his filthy effusions. But, it will naturally be asked, Why did Mrs. Woodhall keep silent under the circumstances? The answer is simple and satisfactory. She acted thus to exculpate her husband, Colonel Blood, who was the responsible editor, and who was threatened with being "lynched" by an exasperated public. When the whirlwind of public astonishment and reprobation which passed over America reached her—the scapegoat of the enormities of others,—her hands were tied, for personal feelings restrained her from giving that all-sufficing explanation. She shielded him who should have been as a right arm between her and the outer world. She bore the reproofs of many—a silent and living target pierced with innumerable darts. From that day to this, have the tares sown by the enemy in the furrows prepared for heavenly seed, been growing up.

Great pressure was brought upon Mrs. Woodhall in order that she should disclose the name of the writer of the "Beecher Article." While in prison she was visited by some leading people connected with Plymouth Church. These friends made her the tempting offer of one hundred thousand dollars and immediate freedom from incarceration, if she would but open her mouth. Her only reply was thus couched: "No! we came here by no fault of ours, and shall not depart from hence until our character is completely vindicated." And she kept her promise.

Although dragged to prison and through the Courts of their country, Mrs. Woodhall and her sister bore their sufferings nobly. Their conscious innocence sustained them. As Lovelace has it:—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage.  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for an hermitage."

As was to be expected under the circumstances, they came forth triumphantly out of the fiery furnace into which they had been unrighteously cast. And yet the most strenuous efforts were made in certain quarters to permanently tarnish their reputation and effect their punishment as the violators of social order and the ignorers of common decency. They threw themselves on their country, and they were acquitted; while leading journals spoke of them in terms of the highest praise. Perhaps never in the history of the world has a woman been so extolled on the one hand and so denounced on the other, as Mrs. Woodhall. Pæans of praise and notes of disparagement followed one upon the other, each striving for the mastery. For years a dark shadow hung over her name. Then the Beecher Trial, which caused intense excitement all through the States, came on. During the protracted proceedings, Stephen Pearl Andrews was called as a witness. Then he, with exultant pride, avowed himself the writer of the infamous part of the article to which Mrs. Woodhall's signature had been fraudulently appended. So tardy an act of justice was only done when the victim of this man's cowardice had suffered loss of property and well-nigh of life. It is now ascertained that the miscreant who sought to ruin a virtuous woman's reputation, went off with the MS., so that at a future time no damning evidence could have been forthcoming against him. While there lurked any danger he was apprehensive of being discovered. This circumstance renders the dark deed the blacker. But what could be expected from a man who can affirm with the villain of an old drama:—

"I can gild vice  
And praise it with alchemy, till it go  
For perfect gold."

Mrs. Woodhall's character has been honourably cleared from obloquy. She is acquitted of entertaining sympathy with the degrading principles of which Stephen Pearl Andrews is the champion. And yet, singular to record,

"Low-breath'd talkers, minion lispers,  
Cutting honest throats by whispers,"

still strive to asperse her reputation. This they do by affiliating her spotless name with the loathsome teachings of one whom American society cannot refrain from regarding as a moral leper. The New York *Daily Sun*, in 1876, thus exculpates Mrs. Woodhall from having any leaning towards Free-Lovism, as propounded by its principal apostle:—"Her social views are wholly different from his. She believes woman should be worshipped as God's rarest work. He believes that she should bow to Stephen Pearl Andrews as a greater teacher than Jesus Christ. These differences were irreconcilable, and she long since recognised it, and ceased to allow him to cross her threshold. She owes him nothing, save the calumny that rests upon her name by association with his."—S. PHILLIPS DAY.

It has been reported, and most untruthfully circulated, that Mrs. Woodhall has not propounded the same social views in England as she has in America. Mrs. Woodhall distinctly denies this charge as totally untrue, and appeals to the hearers of her lectures in London and throughout the Provinces, in proof of her having spoken on one subject only, namely, "The Human Body the Temple of God." She possesses the file of American papers reporting her lectures in her native land, which show that she has not changed her sentiments as stated by her accusers. The idea she always endeavoured to impress on her hearers was,—that God's love is a *pure* love and a *free* love to man, and this has nothing to do with the lustful idea of the Free-Lovists of America, who have most shamelessly associated these two antipathetic subjects. Latterly, owing to this degradation of the term Free-Love into that which is a scandal on her

country, she has entirely disused and renounced it as calculated to mislead, and has adopted a term far more comprehensive as well as expressive of her views—"God's Love Free to All."

It is necessary to state that at the time the "Beecher Article" appeared Mrs. Woodhall was on a Western lecturing tour. The very night the paper went to press, she delivered an address at the Academy of Music, Chicago. It is well known that from the commencement of her journal, Mrs. Woodhall was lecturing almost nightly from Maine to California, and for weeks together did not even see a copy of her paper. It is inconceivable how Colonel Blood could have suffered articles of a disgraceful and blasphemous nature to be inserted in a journal bearing his wife's name, when he must have well known how her character for purity would be damaged thereby. He held in his hands his wife's honour; and how he protected that honour the American public can best judge.

It is alleged on what we conceive to be unquestionable authority, that Mr. Theodore Tilton has now in his possession Colonel Blood's MS. of the "Biography," in which he did his best to blast the fair reputation of Mrs. Woodhall and injure her family. Why does Mr. Tilton lie under this ban, if he can clear himself by giving to the world the proof of his innocence? For a long time Mrs. Woodhall had been desirous of obtaining this MS. With this view she called upon Mr. Tilton at 28, Euston Square, where he was stopping when last in London. He had, however, just started for the United States.

Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhall is now preparing an "Autobiography," which will comprise the leading incidents of her life, and the motives and principles by which her conduct was governed. Therein will also be given an account of how her printed speeches became polluted and perverted.

It is a well-known fact that from the moment Mrs. Woodhall became acquainted with Colonel Blood, he adopted towards her a course of persistent deception and treachery. After Mrs. Woodhall had returned from a protracted Southern lecturing tour, his conduct was so flagrant that no resource was left for Mrs. Woodhall, as a woman of honour and spirit, but to apply for a Bill of Divorce. Whilst the divorce was pending in 1876, and she still his legal wife, he, under terrible pressure, essayed publicly to defend his wife for the first time. The nature of the pressure was this, that if he hesitated to perform so tardy an act of justice, his whole history would be made public. Such an exposure might result in serious difficulties.

Blood's vindication, however, was of but little advantage to his wife. It came too late. Had it followed when his wife was first attacked, she would not now be under the painful necessity of labouring to clear her character from foul aspersions.

We understand that Colonel Blood, from whom Mrs. Woodhall has obtained a divorce, has recently been engaged in sending round letters, wherein he stoutly protests against the imputations which were once cast upon his former wife's honour. Such communications, we further ascertain, are couched in terms of endearment. As an act of reparation, such a course may be justifiable. But how comes it that at the time when a malicious, obscene, and scurrilous pamphlet defaming Mrs. Woodhall was hawked about the streets of New York City in 1874 and 1875, that he remained a silent spectator of the event? Upon what principle did he refrain from taking legal action against Treat, the vile, mendacious vendor and reputed author of such an outrageous publication? An outcast from society endeavours to make a living at the expense of a woman's reputation, and the injured lady herself has to go before a Grand Jury, and obtain an indictment against the miscreant whom the Court for the Trial of Criminal Offences finally acquits on the ground of insanity. Treat, it is true, was

legally restrained from vending any more of his dirty ware, and the police destroyed his stock-in-trade. But this was no adequate satisfaction for the evil effected. Something lies in the background respecting so abominable an occurrence. It is not improbable that all the circumstances of the case may leak out some day, and that before long, when he, who should have been his wife's protector, may yet be proven to have been not only the author, but the person who actually furnished the money for the obnoxious publication.

One S. S. Jones, of the Chicago *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, endeavoured to pollute public morals by a contemptible production, framed on the lines of the Treat Pamphlet. Mrs. Woodhall subsequently went to Chicago in order to prosecute this man for libel. She had to remain in the city some days before she could procure the obnoxious and obscene pamphlet, which she finally obtained through the kindly intervention of an English journalist. This gentleman accompanied Mrs. Woodhall to the Grand Jury Room, where an indictment was at once obtained. It appears that Blood was then in Chicago, yet he took no action in a matter which involved his wife's honour. The public can form its own inferences. On the very day that Jones had to come up for trial, he was shot by an injured husband whose wife he had seduced. Death was instantaneous, as he had received two bullets in his head. Some American journals, in their description of the tragedy, headed the article "Mrs. Woodhall Avenged." Certain it is that a Nemesis often pursues the evil-doer, even before Justice lays firm hold of him.

It will be known to many of her friends that some years since Mrs. Woodhall was in a precarious condition of health, gradually failing day by day, so that many persons expected her death. Mrs. Woodhall has since discovered that she was near being the victim of slow poison.

Mrs. Woodhall was treated by an eminent physician in America, as a pronounced slow poisoning case. In London also she has undergone similar treatment for at least two years. The history of this affair will duly appear in her forthcoming "Autobiography."

A good many persons may, naturally enough, entertain the idea that we have personally derived large emoluments from our Transatlantic journal, which our generous friends as well as the general public so liberally patronised. We cannot deny that *Woodhall and Clafin's Weekly*, during the years of its existence, was a special success. Having proved a success it should have afforded us ample resources and abundant recompense. Such, however, is not the case. We can conscientiously aver that not a single dollar of the entire receipts, nay, not even the money forwarded to sustain our paper and advance its principles, found its way into our pockets. We deem it a duty to ourselves, but more especially to our American friends who were so nobly disposed towards us, to make this plain statement.

Before Mrs. Woodhall came to England, she lost no opportunity of repudiating the "Beecher Article," to which her name was surreptitiously attached. She has now in her possession a number of American papers which contain her protest. Hence it cannot be thought that Mrs. Woodhall took no steps in her own country to clear her reputation from foul misrepresentations. This explanation is given out of deference to the wishes of her English friends.

In 1875, while labouring under severe prostration in New York City, and when her life was in jeopardy, moved by a sudden impulse, Mrs. Woodhall suspecting the fidelity of her husband (Colonel Blood), followed him one evening to a house in Lexington Avenue. There, having entered a private apartment, she found her husband in the embraces of a woman. Although highly incensed at his perfidious conduct, she did

not immediately seek that relief which the law affords wives in her peculiar situation. She simply refused to live with Blood any longer, and started off on a long lecturing tour. Not for nearly a year did she apply for a Bill of Divorce, and even then not until such accumulative evidence came to her knowledge respecting his treachery and bad conduct in divers ways, as left her no milder mode of procedure.

THE "BEECHER ARTICLE."

THE annexed extract from the "Beecher Article" will suffice to exhibit its general character. The monstrous sentiments therein propounded are calculated to create a revulsion in the minds of the most viciously disposed. Such flagitious sentiments, which strike at the root of all moral principles, were, we believe, never before put in print. They are enough to make one blush to think that humanity could have fallen so low as to have entertained them even as intellectual abstractions. For such vile principles to be attributed to a woman, is still worse. What a seared conscience Stephen Pearl Andrews must have, who, to cloak his own infamy, placed the *onus* on the head of a woman, and that woman a public character. But how much more shocking for James H. Blood, who had the whole charge of the paper that bore his wife's name, to suffer such sentiments to be published:—

[EXTRACT.]

"In conclusion, let us again consider, for a moment, the right and the wrong of this whole transaction. Let us see whether the wrong is not on the side where the public puts the right, and the right on the side where the public puts the wrong. The immense physical potency of Mr. Beecher, and the indomitable urgency of his great nature for the intimacy and the embraces of the noble and cultured women about him, instead of being a bad thing as the world thinks, or thinks that it thinks, or professes to think that it thinks, is one of the noblest and grandest of the endowments of this truly great and representative man. The amative impulse is the physiological basis of character. It is this which emanates zest and magnetic power to his whole audience through the organism of the great preacher. Plymouth Church has lived and fed, and the healthy vigour of public opinion for the last quarter of a century has been augmented and strengthened from the physical amateness of Henry Ward Beecher. The scientific world know the physiological facts of this nature, but they have waited for a weak woman to have the moral courage to tell the world such truths. Passional starvation, enforced on such a nature, so richly endowed, by the ignorance and prejudice of the past, is a horrid cruelty. The bigoted public, to which the great preacher ministered, while literally eating and drinking of his flesh and blood, condemned him, in their ignorance, to live without food. Every great man of Mr. Beecher's type has had in the past, and will ever have, the need for, and the right to, the loving manifestations of many women, and when the public graduates out of the ignorance and prejudice of its childhood, it will recognise this necessity and its own past injustice. Mr. Beecher's grand and amative nature is not, then, the bad element in the whole matter, but intrinsically a good thing, and one of God's best gifts to the world."

A dozen columns of the like filthy matter constitute the "Beecher Article." Not one word of this prurient, obscene composition was written by us. We utterly repudiate the wretched sentiments therein contained. The facts of the Beecher scandal we did know, as did many others in America.

MRS. WOODHALL:

HOW HER LECTURE WAS RECEIVED IN ATLANTA.

From THE NEW ORLEANS TIMES, Feb. 20, 1876.

A LARGE audience assembled at the Opera House last night to hear the lecture of Mrs. Woodhall.

There was a quiver in the voice that betokened at first thought a dash of diffidence and timidity. As the lecture proceeded it seemed to be more like a tremor of tears in the pleadings of a woman for a place in the hearts of the people, one who had suffered, one who had deep feelings of philanthropy and affection, and who did not wish to be

cast out from the affections of her kind. The concluding portion of her lecture, in which this feeling was stated, was of a moving and melting character. Her picture of her trials, her separation from her daughter, and that daughter's brave answer of love and loyalty, of the scene in prison, where, kneeling in prayer, she felt that she had had a revelation of the future love of the people, and her appeal for that love was eloquent and touching. Her manner was very fine. Graceful and forcible in every attitude and gesture, with a voice of rare modulation, controlled with a well-trained skill, she received the undivided attention, and swayed the hearts and applause, of her auditory from the beginning to the end.

The matter of the lecture was one of outline and suggestion rather than distinct statement and full elucidation. The central idea was the reform of dissolute lives—the necessity existing for this in every corner of the land established by unvarying statistics. The method of reform suggested was to teach the child by fathers and mothers, but especially by mothers, that the body is the Temple of God. In doing this we must be true to nature, state facts just as they exist in nature, give our children information in regard to all matters pertaining to nature, the origin of life, the necessity of purity, the results of criminal indulgence, without the false modesty which too generally prevails.

The sacredness of motherhood was a prominent idea in the lecture. The mother reproduced in the son was a favourite thought, urged with great force and beauty. No one could hear the appeal for purity in connection with that holy name and tie without an obeisance of reverence, perhaps a memory of tears.

She maintained that reverence for the Bible was a cardinal point in her faith, and insisted that by some admission or in some form such a reverence was universal.

There were, here and there, fine touches of humour, but the humour was without the sting of sarcasm—it taught and entertained without wounding. There were sallies of wit, bursts of eloquence in word and act, brilliant passages of genuine oratory. As we have stated, the pathos of the lecture touched its every part as with a gentle and quivering light, whose tremulous plea fell upon the heart already influenced by argument and aroused by appeal.

MAXIMS FROM THE SACRED BOOKS OF INDIA.

*India of the Vedas entertained a respect for woman amounting to worship.*

*"He who despises woman despises his mother."*

*"Who is cursed by a woman is cursed by God."*

*"The tears of a woman call down the fire of Heaven on those who make them flow."*

*"Evil to him who laughs at woman's sufferings: God shall laugh at his prayers."*

*"It was at the prayer of a woman that the Creator pardoned man: cursed be he who forgets it."*

*"Who shall forget the sufferings of his mother at his birth, shall be reborn in the body of an owl during three successive transmigrations."*

*"There is no crime more odious than to persecute woman."*

*"When women are honoured, the Divinities are content; but when they are not honoured all undertakings fail."*

*"The households cursed by women to whom they have not rendered the homage due to them, find themselves weighed down with ruin, and destroyed as if they had been struck by some secret power."*

*"We will not admit the people of to-day are incapable of comprehending woman, who alone can regenerate them."*

*"The infinite and the boundless can alone comprehend the boundless and the infinite, God only can comprehend God."*

*"As the body is strengthened by muscles, the soul is fortified by virtue."*

*"The wrongs we inflict upon others follow us like our shadow."*

*"It is time to appreciate all things at their true value."*

[We publish the following article from *The World*, in order to show that the thoughts and sentiments Mrs. Victoria Woodhall entertained when she gave a series of lectures at St. James's Hall were precisely in harmony with the whole tenour of her Transatlantic addresses.]

### THE DANGERS OF RESPECTABILITY.

From *THE WORLD*, December 19, 1877.

ONE of the most celebrated of American orators is now in London, and has given specimens of her style and mode of thought to English audiences. Mrs. Woodhall considers society in the present day closely resembles that of the period of decadence of the Roman Empire, or of other nations who have died the death of shame after having luxuriated in a life of corruption and self-satisfaction. She sees before us a career of misery and ruin unless we apply, not slender palliatives, but drastic remedies to the very root of the evil. Her great panacea for the ills of humanity is the influence of intelligent women. Woman has gradually raised herself from the position of a despised slave to the attitude of a noble partner of the good man's life. Mrs. Woodhall strikes the key-note when she says a nation's prosperity depends upon its morality, and its morality depends upon its women. "The child imbibes more than a share of its mother's idiosyncrasy and good or bad qualities; it is her very self." No after-life or teaching can efface the memory of a mother's love or of a mother's wise and tender foresight. It may be doubted whether men will ever agree with the fair American homilist in demanding the purity of men as an equivalent for the chastity of women. The latter have been kind enough to grant men the privilege of indulging their passions, and Mrs. Woodhall's warmth and eloquence will hardly avail to cure men of their belief in their right of monopoly to laxity of morals.

The great judge of the present day, who rules men's lives and terrifies their consciences, is Respectability. Respectability, like the temple where the vestal virgins served, must not be violated, or the intruder will have to pay the price of ostracism from society. The middle level of respectability conduces neither to high virtues nor violent immorality. It is a low level, and, like mediocrity in general, not inclined to be aggressive. "But while we complacently nurse this phantom of respectability in our midst, sin and crime flourish and fill our gaols and our lunatic asylums." Propriety demands that we should never mention delicate subjects to our sons, and thus a kind father or a loving mother calmly sends out the youth to a life of temptation and trial without hampering him with a word of advice or showing a particle of sympathy for his possible weaknesses and failings. Fathers who have "sown their wild oats" are ashamed to mention the matter before their children, and prefer, as they say, to leave the young to buy their experience. Now such a theory as this is a hollow and a dangerous sham; for every one knows evil exists, yet every one pretends to ignore it. The miserable part of such tawdry sentiment is that Divine laws are inexorable, and meanwhile every sin brings its own punishment. The one pauper, who was proved to have been the ancestor of four hundred other paupers, each leading a more abject and miserable life than the last, is a lesson which should be pondered by all of us. The responsibility of parents is quite as large and as important a doctrine as the duties of children, who often have little or nothing but an inheritance of sin and suffering for which to thank their parents. And not only have we to bear the consequences of our sins, but of our own errors as well; and the mistakes of nations are written in blood. Sanitary measures disregarded, social laws evaded, moral duties shirked,—all bring their Nemesis, sometimes sooner, sometimes later, sometimes in the burning present, sometimes hidden in the womb of the future, but as certainly as night follows day.

It is good for us occasionally to have the veil of decorum torn down before our eyes, and to see ourselves as others see us. It is impossible to legislate a nation into morality, and probably Mrs. Woodhall is right in her notion that mothers alone have the happiness and security of their children in their hands. Criminals beget criminals, and in-

sanity is hereditary. These are facts. The question is how to deal with them. No man can be great or good who does not in the outset of life start with an ideal before him; and it is therefore of paramount importance that the ideal given to young men, fostered in them from their youth, and encouraged by habit and association, should be a high one. Strength of character may be drummed into a man if it is not already inherent, and the respect for women and for whatever is weak and helpless is a decided ingredient in strength of character. What delicacy of mind can be expected from a man who has been brought up to look on his mother either as a patient beast of burden, made to bear kicks and cuffs and abuse, or else as the heartless doll of fashion or luxury? As is the father so is the son, and the woman's good influence is merged in an abyss of hereditary brutality. For, after all, vice is but a deep-spread egotism, the canker of nations and families. The difficulties that beset statesmen in making laws, and philanthropists in working out their problems of charity, arise from egotism; the selfishness of the masses, the absence of sympathy of the individual,—these are the causes of poverty, of niggardliness, of hardness in every shape. Self-indulgence presupposes a want of care for all others except the pampered *ego*, who must have his pleasure or his luxuries at any price. Those, therefore, who preach morality ought to go to the fountain-head, and teach us to do to others as we would they should do unto us. Viewed in this light the American lecturer has certainly truth on her side: but truth filters slowly; only, when once it has been tasted it is sought after eagerly.

### MRS. WOODHALL VINDICATED.

From the *WASHINGTON GAZETTE*, 1875.

NOT the least remarkable of the revolutions wrought in the sentiments, feelings, and conduct of the people of this country, and in the tone of the public press, is that which has taken place in respect of Mrs. Victoria Woodhall, and the theories of which she is the especial and distinguished exponent.

A few years since this lady was the object at which the poisoned arrows of slander, contumely, and scorn from a thousand quivers were directed. Every vile and disgraceful epithet within the vocabulary of our language was hurled at her devoted head. All that the ingenuity and malignity of the most unscrupulous could devise was done, not only to blacken and make infamous her private character, and drive her from the public rostrum, but to make her the one social outcast in whose behalf neither justice should be invoked, nor respectful consideration be awarded.

With a few honourable exceptions the entire press of the country lent itself to the ignoble work of abusing and maligning this lady, attributing to her sentiments she never expressed or avowed, theories she was never in affiliation with, and charging her with utterances which were a foul libel on every feeling of her heart. Trampling under foot every generous and manly feeling, losing sight of claims upon them as a woman and a mother to courteous and respectful treatment, the press everywhere, in its zeal to pander to a morbidly diseased public sentiment, left nothing undone to heap odium on her personal character, and make infamous her public teachings.

Had the evils so boldly declared by Mrs. Woodhall to exist been but the figment of a diseased brain, had it not been seen and known of all men that her statements were true, had not both men and women in the privacy of their own homes admitted the absolute necessity for some radical change in our present social system, there can be no doubt but that this lady, under force of all the appliances used for her destruction, must have been driven into an obscurity from which she could never again have hoped to emerge.

But what do we see? Mrs. Woodhall—who but a few years ago was the target at which a thousand envenomed shafts were aimed, against

whom myriads of tongues were wagging and myriads of pens scribbling, against whom every man's voice and hand should be raised, who could find only second-rate halls in which to be allowed to declare what her views really were, and had these most infamously distorted—is to-day admitted to be engaged in a great and noble work. No longer shunned, her society is sought by the best and purest in the land; and from being an object of vituperation and abuse, she has become one of courteous and respectful attention at the hands of all. No longer driven into obscure garrets and out-of-the-way halls, she finds it impossible to comply with one-twentieth of the invitations received to lecture to the best audiences in the land. An end has come to misrepresentation, too; and now the press everywhere discovers and shows eagerness to acquaint its readers with the views of this lady as declared by herself.

This change, so creditable to the people and press of the country, cannot fail of being especially gratifying to Mrs. Woodhall. She has battled against the most tremendous odds, and won a signal triumph. Through contumely and scorn, through sadness, imprisonment, and tears, through persecution almost unto death, she has never faltered, but with a courage and heroism born of a conscious rectitude of purpose, has devoted herself with singular fidelity to the work of regenerating her race, and lifting the fell incubus which has well-nigh crushed out all purity from the social life of our people.

In the relentless storm of obloquy through which she has passed, in the deepest gloom that has enveloped her steps, in the darkest night of desolation and misery that has come upon her life, this lady has never for one moment allowed her faith in a final vindication of her own character and the correctness of her principles to be shaken. And that vindication has come in the disposition everywhere manifested to admit that Mrs. Woodhall's advocacy of them in no sense derogates from her claim to recognition as a lady.

It is a gigantic step forward in the direction of solving this vexed social problem when the best men and women in the land, admitting the necessity for its candid discussion, no longer malign those who devote themselves to that behalf—when there is a disposition to call things by their right names, and demand that the standard of moral excellence to which one class is required to measure up shall be that by which the lives of all classes must be judged.

With the advent of this new era, Mrs. Woodhall will fill altogether a different place in the estimation of the public from that which ignorance and malice have hitherto assigned her. From being denounced as the enemy of a wise, pure, and well-organised social system, she will be recognised as among the ablest of those who have striven to establish it; from being thought inimical to the sanctity of home, she will be looked on as pre-eminently the advocate of unions that shall be unto death, as the upbuilding of homes on whose altars will ever be enthroned a deathless and changeless love; and from the lips of those who have denounced and abused her will come forth blessings on her name.

"Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;  
Sow grain, and reap its harvest bright;  
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,  
And find a harvest-home of light."

"I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am."—  
*Iago in "Othello."*

"You become none the viler for being dis-  
praised."—*Thomas à Kempis.*

"For he whom God will help, no man's malice  
can hurt."—*Thomas à Kempis.*

"For well I know what pains await  
The lips that sland'rous tales relate."—*Pindar.*

"They that are with thee to-day, may be  
against thee to-morrow; and often change from  
quarter to quarter, like the wind."—*Thomas à Kempis.*

## MRS. WOODHALL'S LECTURE AT BOSTON, MASS.

From the BOSTON HERALD, October 2, 1876.

THE Boston Theatre, last evening, was filled to overflowing with people of both sexes. An analysis of the audience showed some of the brightest lights of Boston society. About five minutes before eight o'clock, Mrs. Woodhall appeared upon the platform from a side room, where she had been waiting with her mother, and was greeted with enthusiastic and long-continued applause. Holding a Bible in her hand, she began her lecture by quoting from Corinthians iii. 16, 17, to show that the human body, her subject, was the temple of God. She said there were hundreds of thousands of women all over the country now waiting in quiet, painful, agonising watchfulness for society to recognise her true needs in her great and pitiful extremity. My only desire is to bring the world to look upon the frightful evils now fast spreading their pernicious influence, their incalculably bad example everywhere abroad over this beautiful world of nature and of God, and I have been denied a hearing. For four years the halls of Boston have been closed to me, but I know that the time is near when every mother, realising her position, and every father informing himself as to his, will no longer allow Mrs. Woodhall to sue in vain for admittance. The time is near when our best people will view this question I discuss in its proper light, will convince themselves that it must be settled before any advancement can be made in the condition of society. The time is coming when every one of any intelligence will see that there is nothing vulgar save ignorance. (Loud applause.) When this is thoroughly understood there will be no more opposition to freedom of speech. If there is any gentleman in this place to-night who thinks that this is not a fit entertainment to which to bring his wife or daughter, he had better leave at once, for every place that is fit for him is fit for either his wife or child. (Applause.) Speaking of her recent visit to Europe, and alluding to the Paris Louvre, and the large number of paintings and sculpture on exhibition there, Mrs. Woodhall said the sight brought a blush to none save the countenances of ignorant women. The vulgarity was not in the pictures nor the sculpture, she said, but in the minds of the observers. She would teach the young woman of the country her true position, and what belongs to her as a woman, and the rights she has to guard and the privileges she has to insist upon. She would teach the young man of the world what every mother should teach her boy, to respect every other mother's daughter. I demand the same purity of the man who asks the woman's hand in marriage that is demanded of her. Society, if forced to admit the truth, would acknowledge, as women in society have acknowledged to me, that if women asked the same purity of men that they ask of them, there would be fewer marriages. The speaker here pictured the horrible agony that racks a woman's breast who lives to follow her child to the gallows, and spoke of the crowded state of our prisons and houses of refuge. She said: I ask of every mother, never to bear a child that can by any possibility fill a criminal cell or an idiotic room. I ask that our mothers understand in all its importance this mighty problem; I ask that the ignorance which now hides it from her vision be at once and forever dissipated, even though it exposes the truth in all its horrible and ghastly realism. You patronise horse trots and cattle shows; you discuss publicly, and have it reported in the newspapers, how to raise Durham bulls, and how to create fine stallions, and how to graft the good elements of one animal into those of another, and nobody remarks it; but if the poor mother, torn by conflicting emotions, racked with an agony none but a mother can conceive or realise, cries out in despair, "In the name of God tell me how to create my child; tell me, in order that I shall not bear an idiot or a criminal," every one would hold up their hands in holy horror. "Oh! she's vulgar; don't go near her," they would say. Who

will dare deny the fact, that boasts an acquaintance with the matter, that one-half of our young men are dying of disease, induced by ignorance of the axiom, "Know thyself;" seventenths of our girls arrive at maternity unfit, totally and entirely unfit, for the functions of a woman and a mother. The evil began and perhaps reached fruition at a boarding school. We inquire, "Is this so?" and receive the answer, "Yes, but don't speak of it," and thus it goes on. How many intelligent parents in this audience to-night, dare tell their children the truth about the first question that a child thinks of asking? The speaker then pictured a child asking its mother the question, "Who made me?" and being told to "hush, and never talk so again," how that child learns the fact upon the street, and acts upon it secretly, and learns to conceal its knowledge from the parent that taught it concealment. She then drew another picture of the child's receiving the information it sought, from a holy woman, a pure mother—*Who made you, darling?* Mamma carried you under her heart days, weeks and weary months, and at last went into the Garden of Gethsemane to bear you into the world. Now, my precious child, you can see why mamma loves you so; why she would give her life to save yours—and basing its whole after-life and the current of its thoughts and actions on that frank avowal; and said, in conclusion, that child would never commit an act of which it would not dare to tell its mother, because its mother had rendered concealment unnecessary and out of the question. When you understand this mighty problem of proper generation, all the mock modesty you have hitherto felt will die within you, and to this understanding the ideas Mrs. Woodhall has put forth will lead. The medical world says that one half of our children do not reach the age of five years, and the reason is plainly apparent to any who understands the problem of proper generation. Not one in a thousand women is fit to become a mother, and the number of men still less are fit to become fathers. People call me a Free-Lover. The first place I ever heard the word free-love mentioned was in a Methodist church. The minister was holding one of those protracted meetings, and telling everybody to come forward to the mourner's bench where the love of God was free to all. There for the first time the idea that this was true struck me to fruition. God is love, and love is God. Who dare tell me, to-night, that the love of God is not as free to me as to you? On the one side is pure, undefiled love; on the other is abominable, enforced lust. I appeal for the former, and my appeal has closed the halls of Boston to me for four years. Your abominable lust I abhor, and God's intelligent love I adore. (Applause.) Speaking again of a mother's influence, she said, how can a boy with the pleading, imploring face of his lady mother before him boldly and calmly meditate crime? The very face of such a mother checks all incentive to crime. Mothers of Boston, she said, become the teachers of your own families; become the confessor of your boy, and make it impossible for him ever to become reckless and unmanly. To-night, if I had the power, I would make it impossible—I would make it a crime for men and women to marry ignorant of parental responsibility. They have no right to marry and people these abominable institutions, for it is almost entirely from such sources that the recruits to these places come from. I want our people to recognise the divinity of marriage in its broadest and its deepest sense. I hold that when two people come together they ought to understand the responsibilities of marriage. When our mothers teach their sons the responsibility of creating a human being, and when they teach their daughters the great responsibility of maternity, you will have your son saying, "Mother, dare I marry?" and your daughter saying, "Mother, I do not know that I am worthy of marriage." (Applause.) A mother should proceed with the enthusiasm and the conception of her subject that an artist possesses. Besides her pride in her production as a mother, she should have an æsthetic feeling of satisfaction with the completeness and thoroughness of the result she produces. The

speaker then drew a portrait of the common errands of mammas at the watering places to dispose of their daughters in as business-like a manner as possible. I know hundreds of women, said the speaker, who are in sympathy, in strong sympathy with the views I advance, who cannot render practical assistance because they would forfeit the respect of society and their kindred. But what do I suffer in this respect while fighting the terrible fight? Oh, God! how few there are who have a just conception of what the agony of that I have endured has been. People who are afraid of losing their respectability usually have none to lose. The woman who cannot listen to a discussion of the great question of proper generation, ought not to be allowed to become a mother. Nothing is farther from my chart of principles than the theory of promiscuity. Resuming the discussion of the subject of proper generation and the human body as the temple of God, she said, this great truth, for which I am pleading and giving up my life, must be settled before any further advancement can be made. As long as the mothers of America read the statement in the daily papers unblushingly that 1,000 criminals had descended from one Margaret, surely I have nothing to fear in the discussion of this question, save the ignorance that makes such a statement possible. Our mothers will not teach their children what they should, above all others, acquire perfect knowledge of. Women are responsible for almost all the misery and evil that accurse the country to-day. The speaker then described the many and peculiar influences to which the woman subjects the child during the period of gestation. Why close your halls to Mrs. Woodhall? and oppose her errand to strip the veil which hides from the people the engulfing dangers that surround them? I have only to wait; the future will redress the wrongs that have been done me. In my soul I have no ill-feeling for any one who has ever uttered a harsh or vulgar word about me. During the four years you have persecuted me I have taken my children and walked the streets of New York seeking for admittance here, admittance there, with my little girl's arms about my neck. I have suffered as no mother ever suffered before, and it is because I have suffered so deeply that I am here to-night to put forth my claim. It will be granted, not for the woman, but for the principle. You cannot crush me in the future any more than you have crushed me in the past; you cannot heap any more indignities upon my head; time will right me, and the near future establish my principles. She closed her address at ten o'clock. Her thanks to the audience were interrupted by long-continued applause.

## MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON ON MRS. WOODHALL.

"VICTORIA WOODHALL'S acquaintance would be refining to any man. In her own character and person there is never anything but refinement in word or movement. She has a beautiful face—the ideal of spirituality. Victoria Woodhall has done a work for woman that none of us could have done. She has faced and dared men to call her the names that make women shudder, while she chucked principle like medicine down their throats. She has risked and realised the sort of ignominy that would have paralysed any of us who have longer been called strong-minded. Leaping into the brambles that were too high for us to see over them, she broke a path into their close and thorny interstices, with a steadfast faith that glorious principle would triumph at last over conspicuous ignominy, although her life might be sacrificed; and when, with a meteor's dash, she sank into a dismal swamp, we could not lift her out of the mire, or buoy her through the deadly waters. She will be as famous as she has been infamous, made so by benighted or cowardly men and women. In the annals of history the name of Victoria C. Woodhall will have its own high place as a deliverer."

Mrs. Stanton seriously and with deliberate emphasis said: "I have worked thirty years for Woman Suffrage, and now I feel that woman suffrage is but the vestibule of woman's emancipation."—*Washington Chronicle*.

## FREE-LOVE IN MARRIAGE.

THE following correspondence appeared in the *New York Herald* some twenty-five years ago. It is from the pen of a lady whose name we will not blight by giving it publicity, as she is now the wife of a leading journalist in New York City:—

## THE FREE-LOVE AFFAIR.

To the Editor of the *HERALD*.

Sir,—During the past few weeks numerous reports and rumours have been circulating through the city, and the press has teemed with accounts regarding the club or so-called "Free-Love" Association. But in all these various narratives by eye-witnesses there is so small a modicum of truth, and so slight an idea of the real character of the movement, that I appeal with confidence to your impartiality as a journalist and candour as a man, to permit me, through your columns, to make a short statement of facts and principles connected with the organisation, and give your readers a truthful idea of what is really doing in their midst. The assertion that it is a social gathering for purposes of amusement is true so far as it goes, but it is not all the truth. The club is only an outgrowth of one department of an organisation whose ramifications extend already into nearly every part of the world, and whose basis and central idea is "individual sovereignty" or the right of every man and woman to free independent thought and action, so far as it does not conflict with the same right in others. It argues that a grand element of reform is to let people alone; that the history of the world has proved that arbitrary and coercive measures, so far from making people better, only excite antagonism and the baser and the more degrading passions; that to make people good you must make them happy, and permit them to follow their own natural impulses, guided by a wise reason, instead of the perverting inclinations, the result of an arbitrary and coercive system of education. The league comprehends within itself departments for the examination of every question touching the interests of the human race, and so unites under its banner men and women of every nation and shade of thought, who desire the mental, moral, and physical freedom of the race.

That this movement is a slight affair, destined only to an ephemeral existence, is simply an absurdity to those who are acquainted with the reality. It comprises among its members men and women of the highest intellectual power, who have made each department the subject of careful thought and profound study for years, and are resolved to labour unremittingly for the emancipation of mankind from every species of slavery which now presses down upon them—right, freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of action by their God given, they will maintain at all hazards and to the last extremity. For what did our fathers brave all the trials, dangers, precautions and anxieties of their first settlement and the succeeding revolution? For the right to think and act for themselves. And shall we yield one iota of the sacred legacy bought with their blood and sanctified by their sufferings? No! and God helping us, may America so prosper as she defends that most sacred right. The idea that freedom means license to do wrong has been the plea of despots in all ages of the world; but it remains for America to prove that freedom means liberty to do right.

I come now to the consideration of the immediate cause of the institution known as the "Club." It was the result of deliberations on the means of providing cheap and innocent amusement for the people, and proposed to combine instruction in such a way as to make it attractive and within the means of all who choose to avail themselves of it; also to provide a social home for a large class of young men who would otherwise pass their evenings at gambling-houses and other equally demoralising places of resort, and away from the refining influence of intelligent persons of the opposite sex. It was believed that young men and women could associate together upon equal terms with mutual advantage, and would, at the same time, be brought into association with minds of a

high order, who would help to develop and give impulse in the germinal powers which often die out for want of culture and encouragement. For the success of these efforts, it is necessary only to appeal to the personal knowledge of every member of the Club.

For private opinions, or for their expressions, on any subject, each member is responsible to himself, so long as he does not make himself offensive to others. As for the "Free-Love" phase of it, the title was forced upon them, and they have neither accepted nor declined it, except in individual instances. To all of them the construction put upon it by the New York press and public would be utterly abhorrent and repulsive; to many it would be thus in any sense, not being yet able to comprehend the fact of the utter impossibility of damming up the current of natural feeling, and repressing the tide of human affections. In such cases nature always revenges herself, and society furnishes abundant illustrations of the ruin and devastation which frequently ensue as the consequence of such violation of natural law.

Of course, in the investigation of the question of the social and domestic relations as at present existing in society, no one could help perceiving the terrible licentiousness and every species of vice, misery, and crime, which, if not the result, are at least the concomitants of the present state of things. But the method for relieving nations, families, and individuals, from this load of guilt and wretchedness, is an open question upon which every person exercises his or her own right of judgment and action. As a proof of the low and brutalised state of the public mind, and the construction which is put upon any action and expression, however innocent, I may cite the instance of the lady of the Chief, whose expression of anxiety and maternal apprehension for her son was tortured into fear for the fate of a lover on the evening on which the late unwarrantable outrage was perpetrated.

Oh, shame to New York, when a horde of insolent officials are permitted to break up a meeting of quiet, orderly citizens, insult high-minded women, and presume to set up a standard of morality for people who could not imagine the wickedness in which these self-elected lawmakers daily revelled.

Amenable to all proper authority the League will always be; but while it bows to lawful jurisdiction, it defies any attempt to control in matters of conscience or individual opinions. The Club is still in existence, and will continue to prosper, though a shadow of a policeman should be sent every evening to disturb its harmony and threaten to arrest its members. J. C.

Some twenty-five years ago Stephen Pearl Andrews founded a Club. The Club was legally and violently suppressed by the police. Mrs. —, one of our first literary women, and now wife to the managing editor of the best informed and most brilliantly edited paper in America, was at that time an active member of Mr. Andrews' society; indeed, wore the badge of a High Priestess. The above indignant appeal was from her pen.

By her earnestness she drew about her all the ablest women of the time.

It is not our intention to disclose the name of the writer of the communication just reproduced in our columns. We have no disposition to act the unfeminine rôle of striking any woman. Decency and womanly sympathy prevent such an act. More especially is this the case as our whole life has been almost unremittingly devoted to the moral and domestic elevation of the weaker sex. We may mention, however, that some ten years ago we called upon the lady whom Andrews had in some measure brought under his pernicious influence. In the course of conversation reference was made to this disseminator of moral pestilence. "We were," remarked the lady, in tones of high indignation, "psychologised." Even now the very mention of his loathsome name in my house pollutes it!

The moral revulsion caused in this lady's mind was but natural, considering the nature of woman, and how even the semblance of viciousness to a virtuous mind is instinctively revolting. The fact that ladies of good education, refinement and

accomplishments, and who, moreover, moved in the best society, could for a moment become the disciples of this man, who was to usher in a New Moral World, is impossible to account for on ordinary principles. Stephen Pearl Andrews—it makes us ashamed to write his name—taught doctrines which are enough to sink any nation, provided such teachings were generally accepted. Thank Heaven, his teachings had no effect upon our mind. The pure stream of our life was never sullied by it. That he was successful, however, in assailing the citadel of womanly honour, is but too well known in America.

## THE LORD'S PRAYER TRAVESTIED.

WHEN the moral sentiments become abnormal, and morality and common decency defied, we are not surprised that even "worse remains behind." Licentiousness and blasphemy are aptly mated. Hence we are not surprised that the obnoxious propounder of strange moral doctrines, which carry with them a fetid odour and a leprous taint, should indulge in further outrages upon the moral and religious sense of a community.

This Stephen Pearl Andrews some years since indited a travesty on the prayer which our Lord taught to His disciples, and which is now universally used. The blasphemous composition bears the heading, "The Lord's Prayer for the infancy of the Race, edited in Judea, 1,800 years ago, and the Lord's Prayer for adults in the New Catholic Church-Deuto-Christian (of the Second Christian Dispensation) of this Age." Then follow, in parallel columns, the preface, petitions, and doxology of the sacred composition, and those of the revolting substitute for the same. It is with the greatest possible reluctance that we reproduce such a blasphemous travesty in the columns of this journal; but we do so advisedly, in order that the public on this side of the Atlantic may form a rightful estimate of the character of its author:—

"Our big Papa who livest up in the air. We want everybody to think ever so much of you; And that you should rule over us; And that you should have your own way in everything; Down here among us, just as you have up where you are. Give us all we want to eat every day; And let us off without any whipping when we make you angry. And we promise to be good to everybody, and let them off just the same when they do wrong to us. And don't get us into any bad scrapes; But help us out if we get into any. For you are our 'Governor;' And have got the power over us to treat us just as you please. And so we must honour you, always. Let it be just so."

Such is the blasphemous language of a man who puts himself forward as a great moral teacher, who is to reform the human family, forsooth! and erect a new system of society, founded upon unlicensed passion. Are we to be surprised, therefore, that the very name of Stephen Pearl Andrews should be loathed and reprobated from one end of America to the other, or that he should be regarded as "the abstract of all villany"—one of those

"Calm thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,  
Of crooked counsels, and dark politics?"

## G E M S.

"The man that dares traduce, because he can  
With safety to himself, is not a man;  
An individual is a sacred mark,  
Not to be pierced in play or in the dark."

—Cowper.

"O how good a thing and how peaceable it is  
to be silent of others, nor to believe all that is  
said, nor easily to report what one has heard."—  
Thomas à Kempis.

"More things are wrought by prayer  
Than the world dreams of."—*Morte d'Arthur*.

"A good conscience can bear very much."—  
Thomas à Kempis.

"Evil news rides fast, while good news bates."—  
Milton.

"A pure heart penetrates heaven and hell."—  
Thomas à Kempis.