



VOL. I.—NO. 10.

NEW YORK, JULY 16, 1870.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL & TENNIE C. CLAFLIN,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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QUITS.

BY HOWARD GLYNDOH.

I am the victor, Philip May:
You knew it the moment we met to-night.
You had not looked for such easy grace,
For our parting left me crushed and white.
My lips were curved in a quiet smile—
You had seen them stiffen with sudden pain—
Did you think as you searched my eyes, the while,
Of the times they had looked for you in vain?

Did they tell you the story you hoped to read—
The tale of a lingering love for you?
Why did you quail and falter so,
Neath the level ray of their frozen blue?
Why did you drop your faultless voice
To the tender tone of the olden strain?
You cannot recall the early trust
Whose delicate life by scorn was slain!

You're failed for once, my king of hearts!
Mine was too high to break for you.
I might have loved you long and well,
Had I proved you noble and good and true.
But when I saw that the thing I loved
Was not you, but my soul's Ideal—
When I knew you selfish and hard and cold—
I had no fealty for the Real.

You are not my master any more!
Your thrall of the olden time is free.
The broken wing of the bird is healed,
And I scorn your pliant tongue and knee.
Have you forgotten your spoken words?
I shall remember them till I die;
My heart went down in the dust to you,
And low in the dust you let it lie!

You have mistaken me all the while;
I do not miss you nor want you now!
The lesson you taught me is potent yet,
Though it left no line on my open brow.
Clever player, of cunning touch,
The chords are jangled and will not chime!
Well, are the throbs of a tortured heart
Set to the flow of a pleasant rhyme?

But God, He knows that I had no hope
Ever to lure you back again;
And the wish went out with the Long Ago,
And never can come to me again.
How dared you dream you were dear to me?
Or speak of things that you should forget?
I blush to think a kiss of yours
Ever upon my mouth was set!

The love that I bore you, Philip May,
Nearly killed me ere it died;
But one dark night the stubborn thing
Was sternly stifled and pushed aside;
And the arms of a true love took in me,
Whom you left to moan at your heart's shut door;
I'm clothed about with his tenderness,
And wrapped from loneliness evermore!

—Packard's Monthly.

MR. CHARLES GRAD has found, so he thinks, the route to the North Pole. The new route is that of the Sea of Kara, which is safely navigable at any time of the year, as it never entirely freezes, and is always accessible to light whalers of from thirty to one hundred and twenty-five tons. Dr. Petermann and the Russian geographers concur in Mr. Grad's opinion.

IN SPIKE OF ALL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME GEORGE SAND.

Translated expressly for Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.

PART III.

[Continued.]

"Oh! speak frankly; it may be that I don't touch your sympathies. Tell me. That would be painful to me as I am more enthusiastic about yourself even than about your sister; but I would not have you otherwise. I know that prejudices are involuntary, and only those who deserve them can take offence at them."

I could not have told Mlle. d'Ortosa whether she was agreeable to me or not; but as she wished to seize on my sister's confidence, possibly on her future, it became necessary that I should know her and I invited her to come again. We appointed a day and I agreed to meet her half way to the dairy, where she had rested and which I knew well. I accompanied her to her horse, which she managed somewhat in circus fashion, and I fancied she did not do quite so respectably as a young person should. On the day named I started early on horseback with a servant, the country roads around my house not admitting of a carriage. I got to the place first. It was a wooded plateau, higher than the rest and overtopping the numerous rocky mounds which bear the relics of the huge forest. The view was solemn and melancholy. I put up my horse at the dairy and ordered a rustic breakfast to be served on the grass. The weather was charming; all the buds and flowerets of spring were out and I gathered a great bouquet of anemones and lilac. Mlle. Ortosa arrived in half an hour with two attendants, a servant and a young *cr  t  *, as we call a dandy nowadays, with this difference, the dandy was the counterfeit of a great lord, the *cr  t  * is the counterfeit of a jockey. While I was looking at this unexpected visitor, Mlle. d'Ortosa, who noticed it, sprang to the ground laughing.

"Don't think of that bore; he will not bore us. It is only the Prince of Ourowski whom I have the honor to present to you. Now, young man," and she turned to him, "you have made your bow, all is over. You know what was agreed between us; you wished to accompany me, you were afraid that I should die of *ennui* if I was deprived of your conversation. I accepted it, not to throw you into despair, but I told you I should find better. And now you can go and look at the circus of Revins or the Dames de Mense and return to me in two hours."

The small young man bowed, mounted his horse again and disappeared, with the resignation of a slave broken into the caprices of a queen. I made no reflection to Mlle. d'Ortosa on the incident, although it was not to my taste. I owed her the hospitality of the Ardennes and invited her to a collation of new laid eggs, milk and new bread, which they served for us with a neatness quite appetizing. She exclaimed that it was charming, but that she found idyl a little flat and she had taken precaution against it. She called her servant and made him bring forward a tin case that he had carried behind him. There was a bottle of stout, a sausage, two cold partridges and a flask of black coffee.

"Oh! the ice, the ice! Ah! that tiresome prince had charge of it. He was complaining that the box made his back cold and now he has carried it off. What brains! Run, catch him; we must have our ice."

The servant galloped off and brought back the metal case with the ice. Mlle. ate and drank like a man. She

was a large woman, rather thin but strongly built, and leading an out-door life. She had iron health and a hunter's appetite. I complimented her on it.

"Our health is as we make it. It is only to regulate one's regimen by one's organization. I see you are temperate. That is well; you lead a tranquil, regular life; you don't expend your strength; you will always have enough for what you want to do. With me it is quite different. But I came to talk of myself. I will do so."

She lighted a cigar. "I don't ask your permission; I know your father smokes, and that does not incommode either you or your sister." She then lay down on her water-proof in a graceful attitude, that disclosed her small Spanish foot, encased in its fine elastic boot. She took off her hat, and let her rich head of golden hair fall over her shoulders. Her pale eye, with its artificial black circle, increased enormously, assumed the fineness of a feline eye, and, sure of her beauty, she began:

"I am the daughter of a very great lady. The Count d'Ortosa, my mother's husband, was old and broken up. He had some rickety children who died early. My mother, when crossing the mountains, was carried off by a celebrated brigand chief. He was young, handsome, well-born and full of courtesy. He gave her liberty without ransom, and added a safe conduct, which enabled her henceforth to travel through the provinces where he had partisans. Sad was the day my mother told her adventure. I came into the world at a date that tallied with this adventure. My remembrance of the brigand is an odd incident that nobody has pretended to explain. The Count d'Ortosa pretended that I could not be of his family, but he died suddenly and I lived endowed with good blood, for which I have to thank whoever gave it me. I was brought up at Madrid, Paris, London, Naples, Vienna—in a word, not brought up at all. My mother, pretty and charming, never taught me anything but how to wear my mantilla, and the equally important use of my fan. My waiting maids taught me the *jota aragonesa* and our other national dances, which were great elements of health to me at home and of success abroad. I acquired several languages, most useful in a career like mine, and I read a quantity of romances, which did not dupe me. I know full well that destiny accomplishes nothing of itself, but in them I learned the religion of the will. Yes, the most improbable romances have possible solutions in life, if one only wills that which authors make their personages accomplish. I am romantic in my way."

"My mother was of an age to seek a second alliance when she became a widow. She had nothing from her estate except his debts. Her adventure with the brigands made a little talk in Spain. She went abroad to avoid the jests—not ill-natured—which would, however, keep off serious pretenders. She was received everywhere as one of the most seductive persons in the world; but she was passionate; it was her misfortune. She loved—and men women love don't marry."

"I saw her amours; she did not hide them much, and I was curious. I speak of them because they are rather to her credit, as you must understand. She was more tender than ambitious—more impulsive than calculating. Her youth was spent in intoxication, always succeeded by tears. She was good, and wept before me, saying: 'Kiss me and comfort your poor mother, who is in trouble.' Could she imagine I was ignorant of the cause? She had a sister older than herself, who had attained the object of her ambition, wealth, in marrying a speculator. She gave me a home in London when I had the misfortune to lose my mother. I was then sixteen years of age. Though I had formally entered the world I knew it thoroughly. I had

seen it through the half-open door which in my wanderings separated my nursery from my mother's boudoir. We were not rich enough to receive many people. It was a good position to hear people talk: to learn all the machinery that moves the grand theatre of the world.

"When I entered into my aunt's opulence I was too well grown to be kept apart, and, as I turned not a few heads, her house, heavy with gilding and dull with heaters in gold, was illuminated by rays of *bon ton* and was graced with the presence of fashionable people. My aunt was delighted; my uncle, the banker, was flattered at seeing so many titled persons at his table; but when they asked my hand, he replied that I was too handsome to require a dowry. I saw by the looks of my suitors that they pitied me. My pride took fire. I declared that I did not wish to marry and that I was fond of my freedom. I became my uncle and aunt's darling and beloved. It seemed quite fair that my youth, my bewildering dances, my prattle, now dazzling, now serious, and my prestige, should serve to fill their reception rooms in exchange for a few pretty dresses and my daily bread. I was more lucky than Mme. de Maintenon, when she was set to mind the turkey poults, and I made no complaints; but one day I took flight, declaring that I had been invited by an old cousin at Nice and that I must have change of air.

"There was a domestic scene.

"I see what it is," said my uncle, the millionaire twice told, "you want to get married. Well, you shall be married."

"So be it," I answered; "but I must be well married or not at all. I want a half million, my dear uncle, or I don't marry."

"He gave it up. I laughed and went away. My cousin at Nice is moderately rich and very ambitious of what she calls the honors. She is an old maid, rather narrow-minded though well-informed. She has always desired to be a reader or lady of honor about the person of some queen or princess. She is too old now to pretend to these lofty destinies, but she tried to instill into me the ambition—the only one as she thinks—suitable to a girl of good family and no fortune.

"It was an idea, certainly, but I had a better. I pretended to accept hers, but I kept my own. I saw at Nice many persons of high rank in the different courts of Europe, and I pleased several women, who assisted me in extending the circle of my acquaintance. This often happens through women, and it is very advisable in society to render one's self agreeable to the prettier half of the human race. Then to compromise and injure you, women launch and pilot you. They are tired to death of life, and they are afraid of each other. For my part I took my position as an individual of independence, with whom there could be no rivalries. I liked men as good comrades or loyal brothers, but I would not be any one's property. What gave weight to my resolution was that by a chance unheard of in Spain, I recovered the wreck of Count D'Ortosa's fortune. The proverb says "water runs to the river." My uncle, the speculator, seeing me so sought after in high life, and fearing to be accused of avarice, talked of adopting me, and begged me to accept in the mean time a very fair allowance on condition that I would come occasionally and reside with him.

My cousin at Nice, who was really a good woman and adored me, insisted on defraying part of my toilet bills. At one and twenty I was mistress of fifty thousand francs a year, little enough in the circle in which I moved, but well enough with the use I made of it. I have no house, not even a room that I can call my own; people will not permit it. I am in constant command in the winter season of the capitals, or in the summer at the spas or watering places.

From one end of Europe to the other there are salons which call me, mansions that dream of me, and parties waiting for me. I have no traveling expenses. I am known to be comparatively poor, so they accompany me, send for me and carry me off. I spend no money, except on my toilet, and upon that I lavish my taste, for my beauty and elegance repay all these attentions. I am the life of society; I make no boast of it. You must have heard it said, yourself. I am what I have chosen to be, an ornament of the first class—a star of the first magnitude—and I arrange that no one can fill my place. It is easy enough. The twinkling stars which would outshine me soon encounter male planets, which absorb or crush them for me. I am never obscured, and I pursue the even tenor of my way.

I am not foolish; I attach no importance to false benefits of the world. I have no diamonds; a single woman don't require them, and I don't care to gain them at the cost of marriage or intrigue. With rich materials and costly lace I can get up a style that eclipses every one. I pass for a woman who makes the best of herself, and I spend only half my income in maintaining my reputation; the rest I give away to servants and to the poor. These two classes of pensioners are useful to me in paying the footmen in the houses where I go. I am better served

than the masters themselves, and I am never scandalized. By giving to the wretched you may commit with impunity any excess and stifle any calumny. There are always voices to cry out on your side: "She does so much good; she is so kind; she attends the sick; she runs all risks at their sick beds. Is she not a great soul? What does it matter what people say against her?"

"You appear frightened, my dear Miss Owen, at my talk. You don't reflect I reasoned all these things out before accepting the resources they presented to me, and I resolved to do good, if instinct did not lead me. If youth needed good counsel and good example, confess, at least, that my cool reason has counselled me well, and that I have taken a road in which few women of the world would care to follow me. I have not yielded up to anybody that right given me by the possession of sound sense; I do not permit my inferiors to accuse me of being a parasite. I do not permit the rich and the powerful to taunt me with their princely hospitalities. The money they help me to save is dispensed in alms. As for their invitations, I make a point of royally exacting more honor and more pleasure than they offer, letting them know that I have not put myself to inconvenience merely to amuse myself tamely. Instead of passing for an easy going person I have attained a sort of royalty which intoxicates even if it fatigues, the fatigue coming in wholesomely when I am in danger of over-intoxication. The world may be summed up as a heady beverage or a medium; the bane and antidote are side by side. If you do not keep your system and your regimen in equilibrium, you soon go under."

I have no objection to make to the regimen or system of Mlle. D'Ortosa. It was all so new to me that I could scarcely comprehend it. I abstained from remarks, and merely seeking to penetrate her meaning, I asked whence had come the bad reputation of which she had boasted, as if preferring it.

"Oh! that," said she, "is a second chapter in my life. I have only been telling you the first. Before turning over I should like to know if you are shocked?"

"By no means. I will not say that I like or envy your existence; but we must see through our eyes, and you alone can judge if you are really content with yourself in this great labor of which I don't see the end."

"Oh! the end. That's so. You are logical. When you know the end you shall judge. That will be chapter the third. Let us consider the second—why I have such a bad reputation and why I am satisfied to have it so.

"I have a bad reputation only among people who do not know me and who are angry at not being among my friends. Whoever knows me, whoever in particular has paid attentions to me, knows that I am invulnerable; but in coming life it is only an infinitely small minority that knows one intimately. That's why people who live in seclusion are appreciated and defended by the narrow circle in which they move as soon as they step out of their obscurity, whether, as man or woman, they belong to the ideas conceived by the imagination, and are judged by the noise they make. Immediately around one there is certainly a select number who value you, but those who see you pass by when you pass across their path will cry out that you are crushing them and will demand your head. They insist on knowing where you are going, on following you and borrowing your wings. They cannot have them so they will pluck you alive. I don't want to begin a lawsuit with busy-bodies and scandal-mongers. It would be so tedious, and besides I don't care for them. I know that you cannot appear on the stage without delivering yourself over to the judgment of the mob, *à priori*. You cannot be a star in the world's drama without being criticized and even maligned sometimes innocently by the masses. How could it be otherwise? The masses must hate or worship. They hiss or applaud—carry you in triumph or drag you in the kennel. Judging everything, they know nothing and have a fresh *fétiche* every morning. How could I escape these affections and these disdain more than the highest persons of history? The higher one goes the further one shines. The more one shines the more one dazzles those who don't see well, and the multitude never do see well. So I have a bad reputation because I have a reputation, and as I wish to have one I must be satisfied if it is bad.

"At the beginning I was a good deal troubled about calumny. It was unexpected to me. I accepted all the homage that came to me, with the certainty that my coquettishness of heart would make friends as soon as it was seen that there was no woman coquetry in me. I had reckoned without the passions I have inspired, and which have been much more ardent and more enduring than I thought possible. I did know that the vanity of possessing the person is much keener than that of possessing esteem and confidence. I have met with men of intellect and heart who have been gratified by my loyal friendship. But I have also met absurd idiots who have never pardoned me for resisting them, and who have accused me of rendering them mad that I might then administer to them the icy shower-bath of my disdain. It was not true, I swear to you, Miss Owen, that it was not true.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE AMERICAN BUILDER. Chicago: C. D. Lakey.

The July number is as good as usual. These half trade, half scientific or artistic papers are increasing rapidly in number and help to spread a good deal of technical knowledge, useful not only to the artisan and expert, but to the general public. That was but a short-sighted cynicism which proclaimed a little knowledge to be a dangerous thing, unless, indeed, it was a play of words. Any advance in knowledge is a gain both to the individual and to the community. Even a scavenger who can read is a better public servant than one who cannot. An ingenious article is that which seeks to dissipate the popular superstitions as to the moon's influences on the economy of Nature. "An American style of architecture" inveighs against the idea of Americans differing in style from other people. Surely this is superficial. Architecture, in common with the other arts, is the expression of taste, feeling and culture, and why Americans, in their energy, enterprise, political institutions and climate should not find motive for national and distinctive tastes is not easily to be understood. In fact, however, Americans have introduced a style of architecture. The sensational appeal to effect, and the florid ornamentation in domestic structures are purely American. Look at our out-of-town villas with their balconies, piazzas, cornices, mouldings and general abundance of decoration, internal and external. They are quite distinct from the cold English or the formal French styles, and are in process of rapid adoption in England.

THE CHINESE AMERICAN QUESTION, by John Swinton. New York: American News Company, is the title of a short pamphlet. Anything from the pen of John Swinton is worthy attention. It is of importance when he says:

"I am opposed to this unlimited influx of Chinese immigrants.

"I am opposed to American workmen surrendering the different branches of industry to Chinese operatives.

"I am opposed to any such cheap labor as we should obtain from the Chinese.

"I am opposed to the movement which has begun at North Adams, and which threatens to increase till the whole country and all its interests and prospects are profoundly affected by it.

"I am opposed to it on grounds of—1. Race. 2. Industry. 3. Politics. 4. Morality."

On the question of Race we are somewhat astonished at reading that the Mongolian is a debased type: that the immigration will be principally of the male sex, and that they "must be compelled to refrain from the intermixture which will result in the growth of a half-breed Chinese-American type." This is, indeed, a compliment to American women. This is about the very last argument to be used. The illustration of the negro mixed race is the result of white man's intermixture with colored concubines. The suggestion now offered is most offensive and little less than disgusting.

On the labor competition Mr. Swinton gives us the example of coolies in Havana, who herd in communities, and feeding on the coarsest and cheapest food, are formidable opponents to Cuban labor. What is it but coolie against negro? If the coolie contract system be not introduced into the United States, and only free Chinese labor can immigrate, the danger of influx is limited to the intelligent Chinese who, out of their scanty means can scrape up an almost fabulous sum to spend on a long sea voyage to an unknown land, and what real prospect is there of our being overrun and swamped by a tide of yellow miseries who will work for nothing and live upon refuse?

The political ground of Mr. Swinton's opposition is as unflattering to our institutions as his race argument was to our women. He says: "Under existing circumstances our Republican system is severely tried. We have tainted hordes, vast and dense, in our great cities. We have four millions of negroes, the product of slavery. We have priest-ridden, hide-bound masses of one sort or another. We have a fearful amount of corruption and demagogism." Is this what the Republic has come to? Are we so rotten at heart, are our foundations so unstable that a few thousands of Chinese will precipitate us into a ruin from which there is no redemption?

The whole question reduces itself to one of probability—how many Chinese are likely to come?

Nothing is more impracticable than to endeavor to oppose common sense to public prejudice. The whole body of American workmen have become suddenly inflamed by an attempt on the part of employers to substitute one kind of labor for another. If the question were fairly argued on its real grounds it would assume this aspect: If employers and employees cannot agree has the employer the right to seek employees where he can find them? All the rest is outside the issue. If the Crispins fall out with Mr.

Sampson has Mr. Sampson import even white labor. Would the Crispins t-arguese?

We are surprised at so able a writer as Mr. the cheap claptrap p for popular approval

THE PIONEER.

Pitts Stevens, is one It has reached its th of special ability in valuable paper. Th articles that indicate requirements of the ti the woman problem noise, fuss and asser leges that they shou to others. In this service. Success to

SUBURBAN HOME little pamphlet, setti along the line of the for their construction superiority of counti finement and cram family men. Work better themselves tickets or high daily thing, would do w promoting suburban us is by George L. Why Mr. Yorke sh on the title page, is

GREAT TRANS-C York: George K. (Pullman Palace Ca seal) in the foregrou in this thirteenth creati the statistical detail what to see, whom local, personal and useful information from the sight-seeir

ARTHUR'S HOM light sketchy pr woman's work and possibility, to say American woman livelihood or profit jority of the article

THE POW.

In our article of what pregnant wi character, and i coming Americani was made of the p ment of national Newspaper Press ever will, says as as the subject fairl be treated on in ti reach the masses thoroughly inform building of our n about it. Simpli may be said to South; mothers raising families, though thousands the watch tower weaving ties of p the great iron ne Union of the State inseparable." No emigration means may yet be writte

To be candid w that is exactly United States, and been what the sag "one and insepar mechanism of Am socially has a'way even out of its ov ligions independence day Christianity i u) the influence th nation are exercis But for all this and in one sense l yet it is always m scholars have ad United States of extent with the The map of Asia turies ago, and have been tas

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Sampson has Mr. Sampson the right, by their rules, to import even white labor to take the place of the recusants? Would the Crispins tolerate a shipload of Belgians or Portuguese?

We are surprised at such a begging of the question by a able a writer as Mr. Swinton, and at his acquiescence in the cheap claptrap put forward by the cleons who angle for popular approval.

THE PIONEER, San Francisco, conducted by Emily Pitts Stevens, is one of the best of our Western papers. It has reached its thirty-second number and gives evidence of special ability in all departments that go to make up a valuable paper. The number before us contains several articles that indicate a thorough understanding of the requirements of the times, as connected with the solution of the woman problem. It requires something more than noise, fuss and assertion to convince the holders of privileges that they should, in justice to themselves, grant them to others. In this work the Pioneer will render efficient service. Success to it and to all co-laborers.

SUBURBAN HOMES FOR CITY BUSINESS MEN is a neat little pamphlet, setting forth the advantages of residences along the line of the Erie Railroad, and giving suggestions for their construction. We are perpetually insisting on the superiority of country air and country life over the close confinement and cramped movements of city, especially for family men. Workingmen and their families might also better themselves. The difficulty for them is in commutation tickets or high daily fares. Mr. Fisk, who is alive to everything, would do well by introducing mechanics' trains, and promoting suburban mechanics' homes. The pamphlet before us is by George L. Cathin, compiled by Wm. Yorke At Lee. Why Mr. Yorke should give his residence as well as his name on the title page, is not quite clear.

GREAT TRANS-CONTINENTAL TOURIST'S GUIDE. New York: George K. Croffutt & Co., with a frontispiece of the Pullman Palace Car, and a magnum of champagne (golden seal) in the foreground, as a tempting bait to thirsty tourists in this thirst-creating weather. We learn from this guide all the statistical details of the Pacific Railroad, whom to know, what to see, whom and what to avoid, and all particulars of local, personal and general interest along the line. It is useful information neatly got up, and ought to meet patronage from the sight-seeing and business traveler.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE FOR JULY, among some light sketchy productions, contains a good article on woman's work and woman's wages, in which the actual impossibility, to say nothing of the inexpediency, of tying the American woman down to domestic service as her means of livelihood or profitable occupation is demonstrated. The majority of the articles are written by female contributors.

THE POWER OF HOME EMIGRATION.

In our article of last week, opening up a chapter somewhat preguant with new thoughts touching on our national character, and in one way showing how the world is becoming Americanized, brief, but by no means full, mention was made of the power of home emigration, as a new element of national growth and strength. No writers for the Newspaper Press of America ever have, and probably none ever will, say as much about this "growth and strength" as the subject fairly merits. To be fully exhausted, it should be treated on in the book form; but then it would hardly reach the masses, and the people who ought to be most thoroughly informed about this great agency in the up-building of our national edifice would still know but little about it. Simplify the expression, and "home emigration" may be said to mean this: Fathers North and children South; mothers East and sons West, all building homes, raising families, tilling and toiling for each other, and all, though thousands of miles apart, standing as sentinels upon the watch towers of the nation, and most industrious! weaving ties of peace, harmony, wealth and strength into the great iron net-work of democracy that constitutes the Union of the States, and thus makes us a nation, "one and inseparable." Now, that in a few words is just what home emigration means, about which one or more brief paragraphs may yet be written in these columns.

To be candid with ourselves, and yet not over boastful that is exactly what home emigration has done in the United States, and without this agency we never could have been what the sage of Marshfield said he would have us, "one and inseparable." This agency first created the mechanism of American society, and both financially and socially has always controlled it. More than this: it has even out of its own nostrils breathed the breath of a religious independence into every man's religion, so that to-day Christianity itself feels most sensibly (even Rome feels it) the influence that the social and political affairs of this nation are exercising on the religious opinion of the world.

But for all this its work is not yet done, not half done, and in one sense hardly began. Our map even is not made, yet it is always making, and every succeeding generation of scholars have additional geography to learn about the United States of America. Now this is not so to any great extent with the maps of other countries and continents. The map of Asia is to-day almost exactly what it was centuries ago, and children for five-and-twenty generations have been taught the same geography, answered

the same stereotyped questions, and had their pretty school books illustrated with the same old cuts of barnessed elephants, kneeling camels, huge umbrellas, mammoth fans, galling neck-yokes, tinsel trumpets, rude tents for habitations, and raw hides for raiment. The answers that were given a hundred years ago may still be furnished to all atlas questions about principal towns and cities, staple products, fruits, etc. The same old countries are there yet—no change, and no progress even worthy of a passing notice. Painted in red, yellow and blue, our school children, just as their grand parents did, will find China and Siberia, Hindostan and Siam, Aman and Bur- Arabia and Persia, Turkey and Tartary, with their immense areas and populations.

It is also the same with Africa, no change, save the recent progress made in Liberia, through the transplanting of American ideas, American methods and American laws. In her immense forests of widespread mimosas, you may still trace the footpaths of patriarchal lions and elephants in lieu of the new-made roads of the pioneer, and the iron thoroughfares of the capitalist that penetrate the Western wilds of America, and over which the subtle lightning is even made to whisper the commercial intelligence of one ocean to another.

And again is not all this nearly, if not quite true, of that most ancient chart of civilization, the maps of Europe? Save a few changes made by armies and navies in their struggles for Empire, but not for progress, we find the boundaries of her kingdoms, cities and commercial centres, fixed and permanent, and as well known to scholars in geography as her inland seas and mountain chains. What was once a country is virtually the same country; what was once a city is virtually the same city, and what was once a town is still circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In the true American sense of the word, no progress has been made in Europe though the agency of what has come to be the great corner-stone of national growth—emigration—building here a state and there a city, with new centres of commerce, new domains of agriculture, new magnets of industry, such as America gives to the world nearly every year. Still Europe has ever been progressive in her sense of the word, but not in the American's true, heroic sense. She has greatly enlarged our laboratories of science, augmented our volumes of learning and added largely to the moral agencies of civilization. Her kingdoms and empires are crowded with the history of ages, giving records of civil and political events of the first magnitude and importance. Yet, as it seems to a live American, her people have used all this history as if it were of no more importance or worth to mankind than a cabinet of old machinery, which has done its work and been thrown aside. That is about the whole story, and the American statesman, who is as well informed as he ought to be, will not be ashamed to say that the admission of a new State into this great Union of States, created through our wonderful agencies of both home and foreign emigration, is an event of greater magnitude in the world of commerce and along the opening avenues of civilization than anything that ever occurs among the powers and principalities of Europe in times of peace. If this is not so, will some statesman show us upon the charts of the Old World any evidences of progress and development equal to the growth of such States as Ohio, Illinois and California. Where, it may fairly be asked, upon the face of the earth, has political powers, commercial and agricultural wealth, social and ecclesiastical influence, accumulated so speedily and so largely? Can you find its equal in the North of Europe, in Russia, Sweden, Poland or the more Northern States of Germany, where the winter and soil and climate are almost a counter-part of our own Northwest. Certainly there is no such growth there. Where can you find it in the middle climes of Germany, the South of France, in Switzerland and Italy, where the winter is estimated in weeks instead of months, and where cultivation will bring forth almost anything that the earth ever produced. No, there is no such growth or development there, and if not there, its equal is not to be found upon Eastern maps.

Now all this can hardly be termed boasting, for certainly intelligent Europeans will never attempt to dispute the statements here made, as they contain only truth that their own people have freely scattered along the oceanic streams of Europe, even as America's sons have along the valley of our Father of Waters, and even to-day the kingdoms and states of Europe are not only largely but permanently represented in the cities and commercial valleys of America. If the reports embraced in our old census arithmetic be correct, then the German States alone have sent to this country over sixty inhabitants for every square mile of the Germanic Confederacy, while the instalment from Ireland has been over three hundred for every square mile of the Emerald Isle.

In estimating the growth and progress of a country like this, a few statistics like these, if only approximately correct, are of equal importance and significance with the elegant ideas of the philosophical student or the ornate readings of the learned in art and science, for they remind us of new homes, new farms, new cities, new States, new centres of commerce and civilization, where the people manufacture such ideas as they may demand for the exigencies of commerce, politics, morals and philosophy. But back of all this there is a plain history, which, without breaking the thread of our argument, may very properly be woven in with such thoughts as we may venture to introduce in another article.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE NEW YORK FOUNDLING ASYLUM.

In Protestant England there are no legally authorized Foundling Asylums. The only institution in the kingdom, which approaches that character, is one in London, which was founded in the seventeenth century, and suppressed in 1760 by a legal modification which converted it into an "Asylum for illegitimate children whose mothers are known." As such, it exists at the present day. What is the consequence? Simply that crime is hidden, not prevented.

The late "Baby-Farming Horror," as revealed in the story of Mrs. Margaret Waters, alias Wilkes, Hurley, Walters, Ellis, Oliver, Blackburn and Fort, now on trial for the murder of forty infants, before the Lambeth Police Court, is an abundant proof of this assertion. That this same "Horror" has been extensively practised in New York, is a well-known fact, and that in a great measure it is falling into desuetude since the establishment of the New York Foundling Asylum is also well known. In all monogamous society illegitimacy is found to exist to a greater or less degree according to its age; and Foundling Asylums have been acknowledged the surest and humanest provision for the illegitimate. Yet enlightened New York, through its Press, its sorosis, and its Universal Suffrage Society discussed the matter, passed resolutions concerning it, deplored while acknowledging the necessity for such an institution, yet did nothing until Mother Jerome Ely, the Superior of the Sisters of Charity, took the matter in hand.

The frequency with which young infants were left at the doors of the institution of the Sisters, scattered all over the city, plainly indicated that the duty was expected of them. Last October, Sister Irene, then principal of the Academy of St. Peter's, in Barclay Street, received the mandate from the Mother House at Mount St. Vincent to commence operations by opening a house, in some central position in the city, for the reception of foundlings. By the 1st of November the injunction had been obeyed to the letter, and before that day several little wailing babies were in the arms of the Sisters. Thirty children had been received before the expiration of one month, and the reception has been regularly on the increase until now, at the end of eight months, there are over eight hundred in the establishment, or rather under the direction of the institution. Of course, the house in Twelfth street, a four-story dwelling, could not accommodate all the children. At first all over a certain number retained in the house were put out to nurse under the supervision, and subject to the constant visits, of the Sisters and a committee of ladies, wives of our first citizens, who seemed to take the deepest interest in the affairs of the institution.

From the day of its opening the intensest interest, curiosity and sympathy on the subject, seemed to pervade all classes of society. Two associations—one composed of ladies, another of gentlemen—came promptly to its aid. Mrs. R. B. Connolly, a Protestant lady of great wealth and influence, gave the first hundred-dollar donation to the cause. Since then she has collected sixteen thousand dollars for it, setting a noble example to women of society as to one manner in which they can use their social influence. The press has been unanimous in its laudations of the institution, one paper actually giving weekly reports from "The Home of the Babies," which were eagerly circulated by the country papers for the entertainment of their readers. Government took the matter in hand, and a grant of a city square, bounded by Lexington and Fourth avenues, Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth streets, was conferred for the building of a suitable "Maison des Enfants Trouvés," and as soon as one hundred thousand dollars are raised by the trustees of the institution, for the erection of a suitable building, the State Legislature is pledged to give one hundred thousand more.

Latterly, the children who have heretofore been placed out to nurse have been sent to a large and commodious wooden building in Westchester County, under the charge of competent nurses, and directed by a large corps of the Sisters. It is needless to add that this establishment is simply a branch of the Twelfth street house, and both are under medical direction and municipal inspection. The houses are open to the public at all times, but certain days have, by social etiquette, been established as "visiting days." The visitors who come on those days are of every rank in life, and not a few of the unhappy mothers may be detected in the throng, betraying their relationship by their ill-disguised emotion and furtive search for their own forsaken babies.

The mothers of the children are far from being all of the bumbler classes. Scarcely a night passes that a "carriage baby" does not come in. The Sister who is on watch detects some well-known liveries at times before the door at midnight. Strange to say, these "carriage babies" are very rarely accompanied with any donation to the institution. Unhallowed passion hardens the heart and does not dispose the hand to alms-giving. These are the babies who, perhaps, have gone to the "Baby Farmer," or a quicker, surer hiding-place for shame. Not unfrequently a sharp wail breaks from the basket in the vestibule, and when the feeble wail of humanity is brought into the reception-room, marks of violence on its little body, a broken arm or rib, a frightful bruise on the head, tells the tale that murder had been arrested, how, none but the actors in the terrible drama of passion may tell. Facts speak louder than opinions or comments. We have stated facts. Let each reader ponder them well. He or she is one of the units in the great enumeration table of our population that must cast a shadow or throw a beam of light upon the dial of the future.

SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT.

The ballot for women? Most assuredly, yes. As they are mentally and physically the equals of men, why should they not be so politically? The question answers itself. That answer embraces the fact that women, although but the mental and physical equals of men, are also their moral superiors. The cynical skepticism born of *cliques* and clubs and smoking-rooms may have a word here, but the teachings of experience light our judgment and confirm our faith. White women are certainly as capable of exercising discrimination as are the negro and heathen voters who now overrun the land; and they are fully as intelligent. If they are really inferior, why do men hesitate to permit the self-deluded creatures to work their own ruin by signal proofs of that lack of knowledge which is suspected in their cases only?

We are continually hearing fine speeches about justice and the necessary purification of the ballot. Now this is all sham. If one part of creation were really anxious to be just to the other part, they would commence their praiseworthy work without loss of time. The pretended fear of wives and daughters being used as mere tools in the hands of designing men, is a silly argument which does not even rise to the dignity of an excuse. Women are not necessarily obliged to accept the views of certain men as the guiding principles of their lives. They are quite capable of forming opinions, and doubtless could maintain them publicly, and that, too, without outraging any of the decencies of humanity or civilization. They need pursue none of those courses which brand some of our greatest men with indelible infamy. Their follies need never degenerate into vices, and there should be no reason why their moral tone must necessarily become so lowered and degraded as to disgust their fellow-beings. By persevering unselfishness and devotion they might accomplish their great mission of regeneration. There could never be any necessity for them to encourage license and disorder by making of themselves but poor copies of very bad originals.

We are fully aware that this subject of female suffrage is not quite new, but it never lacks interest and can lose nothing in importance by being seriously discussed. Even the most prejudiced must admit that this claim is strongly defined and has been ably advocated. Its advancement is not prompted by a desire for the triumph of any particular political party, but simply as a means of elevating women and of immeasurably improving their condition. It remains then for the pioneers in reform to crown the edifice of political liberty by according to the importunate ones those social rights and the legal status which they claim.

Having conscientiously considered the desirability of feminine voters, let men at once inaugurate the revolution so earnestly demanded. It can but be productive of good results.

PREJUDICE vs. JUSTICE.

It is but the old story so oft repeated, that those who have the hardihood and devotion to go out into the world the representatives and advocates of convictions of right, are met, not by reason and common sense, nor yet by any plea of impropriety as to time and place, but by wholesale denunciation, or such sweeping accusations as are believed to be sufficient to overwhelm all except such souls as alone undertake these steps. Probably most who thus attempt what, to the initiated, appear impossibilities, are not at first conscious of the storms they must encounter, and step boldly forth with no preparations to battle against its fury, nor protect themselves from being swept hurriedly away by its ruthless torrents. More especially is this true when any appear as the advocate of what, if triumphant, shall interfere with some time-honored institution, custom, privilege or creed. During all the past this has been continually exemplified. Even Christ himself was vilified for eating with "publicans and sinners." Unfortunately all are not the possessors of that ready wisdom that can retort that "he that is without sin among you cast the first stone." Still more unfortunate is it for the present that the accusing multitude, if so rebuked in these times, would not retire from the presence of the judge covered with shame for its unwarrantable usurpation of the right of accusation, though as fully convicted as the Jews of old were. They do not realize that, though not defiled by the exact sin it accuses their would-be victims of, that they have others still more damning or contemptible, of which they stand convicted before their God.

It were well for all who have any desire to lay claim to progressive ideas or to Christian precepts, to examine well themselves to see if they have not a "beam" in their own eyes before attempting to cast out the "mote" they think to have discovered in their neighbor's. Little does the reckless asserter of scandalous reports know what he does, when he bandies a name upon his lips with such connections as would traduce purity itself, and throw a mantle of distrust over all its actions. When driven to his authority

it often eludes him, and he is fain to declare he must have dreamed it. But he has repeated the curse to thoughtless ears, and these have spread it among the eager crowd, and thus it comes that those who have endeavored to live the principles that have developed in their souls are adrift upon the waves of society, bereft of all the necessary means to gain the port desired.

Thus are the pioneers in the cause of a common equality met by those who certainly are not their superiors in any way, except in their knowledge of, and as participators in, the vice and immorality of the times. All of the members of this class of opposers are possessed of colored glasses, through which they view the presumptuous petitioners. Of course they are all "black" in some sense, and are straightway thus proclaimed. Do they ever meet the petitions presented with answering reason? Oh! they have no reasons to offer, and therefore must resort to the only line of reasoning the blockhead and the blackguard have—to denunciation, crimination and bombastic display of self-importance, thus endeavoring to crush their petitioners out by the very weight of their displeasure. "What!" they say, "you equal to us? preposterous! ridiculous! absurd! Equal to us, who have these many long years held you in complete subjection? The presumption of your claim is too barefaced to allow us to think it is made in sincerity, and the best you can do is to get you back to your wash-tubs and needles before the compassion we now have for your imbecility is turned into vinegar by your persistence. Get you away before we are forced to call our lackeys, who are our equals, to 'put you out,' for out we are determined you shall go. We already have to share our rights with too many. Foreigners who come to us from abroad with the determination to become citizens, we cannot keep in a condition to do our bidding. The negro we are forced to vote with, do jury duty with, sit in the Halls of Congress with. We cannot divide our spoils anew with you, for to do so is to take the larger half of all we have remaining. Whatever your claims may be, whatever of justice they may be founded on, whatever of argument you may support them by, we will not consider them. If there are those among us so weak and foolish as to entertain your demands, and bring them before us, and thus compel us into action upon them, why, we must perforce vote you Nay, and decide the matter at once, for it is useless to waste time in listening to arguments, when we are determined not to be convinced."

This course is the only one that can be followed by those who, having power, are determined not to part with it. As for arguments, there are none to offer. The same line of opposition is practised regarding position in all matters heretofore held exclusively by the "Lords of Creation." If any innovations are attempted upon preoccupied grounds, straightway the forces are combined to expel the invader. All manner of practices known to the "sharps" are attempted; and money even, which they all part with so unwillingly, is freely offered, if *some one* will only "make up" something that will effectually extinguish them. Failing in everything else, schemes are planned to work upon the points of weakness that it has been discovered they possess, and their own sex is played against them to entangle them in some net set to catch them, or to lead them into some quagmire in which they shall sink beyond hope of escape. Most honorable opponents, you put your talents to most worthy uses. How sweet must your dreams be when you are so just. The time will most surely come when your hypocrisy will be unmasked, and you be made to appear before the bar of public opinion as you now appear before the bar of Divine Justice. Public opinion is not entirely unregenerate, and wofully will you repent it if you rely fully upon it for your continuous justification. It may justify you to-day, but beware, lest to-morrow it shall reverse its decision and condemn you for the prejudiced usurper of rights of sex you really are. We ask every conscientious man to be *more* just, and not to wait the time when he must be. Hear our demands; listen to our arguments; treat our attempts to maintain a womanly independence in the same spirit they are made; and permit us to think that we at least have the *right* to support ourselves, if we do not all choose to make use of it. Do away with your unwarrantable prejudices, and extend us the right hand of fellowship, the same as you do to many whom we believe to be far less worthy of it than we are. We do not ask favor. We only desire justice, and that equality of privilege which is due us from the equality of interest we have in the results to flow from its possession.

"WOMAN IS NOT UNDEVELOPED MAN."—We all know as much. No one ever suspected such a thing. Women who desire manly educations and pursuits are not seeking to be developed into men but into better women—more worthy, more capable of doing any work which there may be for them to put their hands to in the world. They will never fail to accomplish whatever they may attempt in a right spirit. Nor will they ever succeed in things for which they are really unfitted, and we must all admit that success in any course, is a sufficient argument to prove capacity for engaging in it. The fact is, no one can divine yet what a properly educated woman may not do, so any prophecy about the matter is peculiarly unsafe.

SLANDERS AND REFUTATIONS.

We have been, in our novel position as women struggling to the front, the subjects of whole inky oceans of abuse and slanders, and on the other hand of no little laudation, some of which was doubtless partial and unmerited. Our course has been hitherto to ignore both the slanders and the praise, and to go on in our way rejoicing. We bide our time, and the time may come when we shall feel it proper to speak, and to say a good deal of ourselves and our career. Then those who are so anxious to know or imagine something to our credit or discredit can have the plain unvarnished tale at their service.

Meantime, as we have said, we have chosen to keep quiet, alike through praise and blame; but every rule has its exceptions.

The remarks in the following letter, which speaks for itself, are so personal that it would not have occurred to us as fitting or possible to transfer them to our own columns, and we should have treated them with the same neglect with which we have treated much else favorable and unfavorable that has been said of us. But, to our surprise, several of our friends and best advisers have insisted that simple justice requires, when a specific aspersion has been given to the public, that the most extensive publicity possible should be given to the refutation. We were urged, in other words, to publish the following communication from Count Joannes, and our own adverse opinions were overcome by the urgency.

So, veiling our faces, we permit the Count to have his say, for a moment, as if we were absent.

LETTER FROM COUNT JOANNES—MADAME MATILDA HERON, JUDGE DOWLING, MRS. VICTORIA WOODHULL, MRS. TENNIE CLAFLIN, EDITHA OF BAVARIA, VICTORIA OF MANHATTAN, ETC.

To the Editor of the Telegram:

My serious attention has been called to an alleged letter of mine in the *Telegram* of June 29, headed "Princess Editha and the Count Joannes," and signed "Cousin George;" and your editorial reads that I had sent that letter to a daily contemporary and it was published.

Shakspeare says, in effect: "A brother, being born in wedlock, is legitimate; and if the mother played false during her husband's absence that is a hazard all men run who marry wives."

Thence in martial life a husband must "father" children not his own; but in literary life an author should not be made to father typical offspring, except those created in the matrix of his own brain—like Minerva, Child of Memory, in the brain of Jupiter!

I generally peruse the *Telegram*, it being *Heraldic*, intelligent, witty and readable; but on the 29th ult., by accident I did not. But I have now read the alleged "Letter" which your journal states is from my pen, while in the *Herald* it is published without that statement, and signed, as in the *Telegram*, "Cousin George."

Now, it is my rule, and has been for years, since the publication in the New York *Herald* of four columns from my pen on January 23, 1859, "The Terrible Voyage of the Fulton," to the "Defence of Lord Byron and Sister," and to all my "Letters" in the *Herald*, *Sun*, *Express*, *Post*, *News*, etc., to fearlessly sign my name, as to this "Letter;" and I hereby deny that I wrote the communication of June 29th ult. I have been wrongfully censured as its supposed author; and I do not wonder that Madame Matilda Heron Stöpel was offended by my apparent reflection upon her veracity, because I have the honor of that lady's acquaintance, and am one of the admirers of her proverbial talent, and know that her very impulsive nature would prevent untruth; for she could do no evil by design, nor good by mere accident, because her benevolence and truthfulness, like her twin eyes of intellect, are her own, from Nature.

My friend Judge Dowling must also have been surprised by the alleged letter from my pen; and, brother Editor, the fact is, "Cousin George," whoever he is, has "cousined" you and all of us. This denial on my part might be deemed sufficient; but a graceful duty is due to the lady mostly injured and aggrieved by the more than suggestive attack upon her, viz., Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, and who had a right to be indignant against me, a stranger to her, for that alleged communication. An esteemed friend brought it to my notice, and, also, the tempest it had created in the brains of intellect—the more sensitive from the fact that ladies were the indignant parties. This friend introduced me to Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, at her office in Broad Street. At once I denied that the letter emanated from my pen, and affirmed that I was sure that the editor of the *Telegram* would publish one, truly by me, upon the subject; and thus peace of mind was restored.

Conversation followed for more than an hour; and upon various mental subjects. It is not often in my conversations with the fair sex that I am compelled to unlock the armory of my intellect for weapons to sustain a mental friendly combat. I have seen much of the world, and have conversed with the mightiest of our race, proud men as we are; but it was only on this and a subsequent interview with Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, and upon reading her writings in the New York *Herald*, and her editorials in her own newspaper, that I would say that I had conversed with a woman (I use the word in the Roman sense) who has no intellectual superior in this country, and scarce an equal, either in practical mental powers, by pen or speech, conjoined with a fervent and honest enthusiasm—a gift of God—to enforce beneficial truths into the dull brains of clod-headed humanity. Miss Tennie Claflin I have not seen, but I hear that she equals her sister. Hence the merchants and brokers of our city should be proud of their new associates, unless they confess inferiority to them. There is a Victoria upon the throne of England; but is that nation badly governed because a woman wields the scepter? We have now here a Victoria of queenly mental power, conjoined with a co-equal sister, seeking to elevate the dignity of woman by self-supporting talent, and who dare combat and conquer in wars literary and financial.

Enthroned upon the monetary chairs of state,
Where wealthy merchant princes must do congregate.

Yours, respectfully,

GEORGE, THE COUNT JOANNES

No. 106 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, July 9, 1870.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

It is a mistaken notion that the interests of labor and capital are in any way antagonistic to each other. This fallacy has, however, taken such hold upon the minds of the representatives of both these interests, that it is engendering a spirit of bitterness which, it is to be feared, will grow into as fierce a character as it did against slavery. It is always hard to produce any argument that will convince this spirit. If convinced, the spirit of opposition will not be calmed, and obstinacy, assuming the place of all sentiment, compels the individual to remain rebellious.

It is most true that there could be no capital unless labor first existed. This stamps labor as of the greater importance. Let a person be cast upon a fertile island without pecuniary means, and he will live by labor from its fertility; but let him fall upon an utterly barren and sterile land, and all the millions of a Rothschild would not insure his existence. So it is everywhere, and under all circumstances, to a greater or less extent. Labor can exist—though not flourish—without capital; but capital cannot exist entirely divorced from labor. Being dependent upon it for primary existence, it must ever remain in the state of semi-importance.

The capitalist is the more unreasonable of the two in the position he assumes. He continues to apply all his energies to the acquisition of wealth, utterly regardless, in most cases, of any idea of justice to what has given it to him. The general practice is—and this is the true test, for whatever is of general application must be governed by some underlying principle of right—when capital requires any given thing done which it is obliged to apply to labor to accomplish, it must give one-half interest in the venture to enlist its co-operation. This is true regarding nearly all speculative pursuits, and always, when there is an actual necessity for either to apply to the other for aid to carry out its desires, this rule of agreement obtains. This forms one of the most conclusive arguments by which to demonstrate the true relations of labor and capital, and should be made the basis of all co-operation.

It is not for the best interests of the wealthy to become still more so at the expense of poverty to those under them. On the contrary, it is their true interest to render fullest justice and strictest equality to the demands of labor, to be determined by the principles that shall promote the most general good. It is the greatest mistake of the age—it has been the greatest mistake of all ages—to suppose that individual benefit must accrue from the acquisition of wealth at the expense or sacrifice of any general principle of justice. It is also a great mistake for labor to array itself in opposition to wealth, and to form combinations to control it. It is too late in the ages for these kinds of arguments to convince. They can only end in producing still more injustice and distance between the two interests, which distance will be filled by rankling bitterness and contemptuous insinuation. An approach of the two interests is what is desired—an assimilation of them, so that the same end shall be best for all.

It may be laid down as an unanswerable proposition that there can be no general happiness, peace or comfort among a people so long as the principles society is built upon tend to promote unequal distributions of the products of labor; and this brings us to the consideration of the remedy. It is to reconstruct society upon such principles as shall tend to promote complete unity, harmony and equality among its various classes. To accomplish this it should be the special aim of every one possessed of wisdom enough to comprehend a common logical proposition to endeavor to bring about this equality by diffusing, in all possible ways, among both classes, the deductions of it. Let the various producing and exchanging classes exist as they do, but let their relations be governed by such rule of law as shall render them equal, both as to caste and to the benefits to be derived from an equal interest in the common cause of the brotherhood of mankind.

CO-OPERATIVE STORES IN LONDON.

Something in the economic condition of the London retail trade must be, we conceive, fundamentally wrong that permits the co-operative business of the Civil Service to strike the deep roots it has. The Government officers have two separate co-operative establishments, one with its principal depot in the city, the other with its headquarters in the Haymarket. The City business, we believe, is the larger. It is of the West-end competition of the shopkeeper, however, that we are about to give some account. The balance-sheet for the fourth year of the Civil Service Co-operative Society has just been circulated among the shareholders, and the progress is easily marked by comparing the principal items of that year with those of the twelve months which preceded it. During the year ended with April 23, 1869, the money paid across the counter—no credit whatever is given—was £128,000; the corresponding items this year amounted to £238,000, thus showing an increase of £110,000. The £238,000 were distributed thus: For groceries, etc., £181,000; wines and spirits, £25,000; hosiery and drapery, £32,000. Beyond the moderate profit accruing upon the sale of these goods the committee received by the issue of the yearly tickets £1,688, and from miscellaneous sources £943. The total receipts for the year, leaving out of view all balances, and taking the sum to the nearest pound, were £242,642, or say close upon a quarter of a million sterling. Then on the disbursement side of the account we have: Payments for stock—Groceries, etc., £100,000; wines and spirits, £24,000—duty on the same, £5,000—£29,000; drapery, etc., £32,000; total, £227,000. To this total must be added £11,700 for current expenses—namely, wages, rent, taxes, fittings, and other establishment charges, the amount voted to directors at the last annual meeting, £1,260, and two or three other items which we need not stop to particularize. Leaving balances aside, as before, the total expenditure was £242,606. The

gross profit on the sale of stock during the year was £21,884, but again: this sum is placed the current expenses paid or owing, which amounted to £13,746. The net profit for the four years of the society's transactions the directors return as £14,700; of this £4,100 is "ticket money," and £10,600 "profit on sales." This document, with its tale of prosperity, merits the attention of both sellers and buyers beyond the sphere of the Civil Service.—*Pull Mall Gazette.*

OLD MAID WYNDHAM'S LETTER.

New England superstitions have a kindly touch of humanity about them always, I think; an element that makes us regret to see them dwindling away before the practical and prosaic present. They gave a mossy, kindly, poetic aspect to events as they slip away, enriched them as time enriches old ruins with something we should seek in vain in the angular outlines of to-day.

So I love to remember some of them, clinging yet fragrantly, like the scent of old rose leaves about scenes and persons of my childhood. I remember especially the story of Old Maid Wyndham, whom I used to see sitting day after day at her window, arrayed in her old-fashioned neck-lace and faded ribbons. Day after day for many a year, just in the twilight, she came down to watch for the post man.

Old Towser, taking his nap on the door-mat would rouse himself up at that hour punctually, lift his heavy ears, and wink his sleepy eyes as he had done for many a year, as much as to say:

"I'm with you, ma'am, prepared to make all proper demonstrations if any body should come!"

The grass grew long and thick before her house; the gate was suggestively off its hinges, not wholly, with that air of outright desolation which is not ashamed to face the highway, but painfully clinging by one hinge to by-gone gentility.

The pathway up to Old Maid Wyndham's door was not indicative of many visitors. It was overgrown and uneven; the little slatternly maid who worried it with a broom every morning had not been able to combat triumphantly with the encroaching and audacious greenness.

Delilah Wyndham was an institution in our village; ever since I could remember I have heard mother say:

"Reckon its nigh about time for the postman, Old Maid Wyndham's at her window!"

The postman came and the postman went, but he never stopped at her door. I used to watch him coming down the road, lingering along to chat with the maids at the little inn below, or whisking out a letter for fat farmer Sykes up a ways farther, and my heart used to ache for Old Maid Wyndham.

The old woman lived, or starved, on a pension from somewhere; it tied her soul and body together with a very slim cord indeed. She looked shriveled past belief, and I used to think it was only waiting for a letter kept her in this world at all.

Delilah Wyndham and her old moss-grown mansion had represented the aristocracy of our little town in days long past. Mother remembered when Delilah was a tall, black-haired, red-lipped girl, with an eye to the advantages of life and to bettering her condition therein. Her father and mother had been first-class people in their day, and would never soil their aristocratic hands with plebeian toil.

Ours was a fishing-village, but they had speculated in fish, instead of catching them in their own nets, which I suppose is more respectable. They brought up this girl to plume herself on her family, and to hold her head high above her humble neighbors. She walked the village street with so haughty a step that the village youth were shy of her, and glancing askance at her beauty, regarded her as not for them.

Delilah always dressed in silks; she wore them with an air that seemed to annihilate the proportions of the little meeting house, when she entered it of a Sunday. Good old parson Jones had frequently occasion, when his dim eyes were dazzled with this radiant vision, to annimadvert sternly upon the variety of the Jewish women, their raiment of scarlet, their tinkling ornaments, and to thump those ancient coquets through the lids of the Bible, with a vigor that would have sent them flying, had they been within reach of his arm.

Whereat every one would look at Delilah with envying eyes, as a personage marked out for distinction.

Ours was, as I have said, a fishing-village. It had once a dreamy idea of becoming a seaport town. It retained this consolation that, had not circumstances drifted commerce a little further up, and had Providence settled its harbor a little deeper down, it might have been a credit to itself and the country. As it was, it assented with becoming humility to the insignificance which destiny had bestowed upon it. Its long, white, level beach looked sleepily out upon sailing ships and snorting steamers, and stretched out its long white arms, but nothing greater ever moored to its shores than a good-sized sail-boat, or the rude fishing craft, by which its inhabitants got a living.

And as all the youth of the village were poor, and no one ever drifted thither from the outer world, people began to shake their heads over Delilah's case, and to wonder where the husband was to come from who should support all that silk and finery.

Our shores were good for sea-shell; they made a capital harbor in the coves along the beach, and you might gather your hatfull any day of the tiny, curious rose-colored craft. Also, sea-weed drifted there; heavy purple clusters hung

dangling from the rocks, sodden with the salt spray, and waiting heavily to be washed off oceanward again.

Delilah had a passion for seaweed. In a great book at home she kept curious specimens, dried and labeled. And the only plebeian thing she was ever known to do, was to wander shorewards after the tide was out, in search of some new treasure flung ashore by the ocean.

At length it turned out that the aristocratic botanist had found a specimen down there, too large to carry home or to shut up in her big book. A brawny, stout-hearted sailor, wandering down thither from the seaport town above. An unexpected seaweed, adrift alone, without any name in the cabinet of her collections. Delilah took pity on the waif. Every gossip in town soon knew that in spite of her pride and her proud bringing up, and in spite of the haughty glances she cast at the village beaux, Delilah Wyndham was in love with a common sailor.

I warrant that her parents took the matter ill enough, and went half distracted at the discovery. But the girl was like one possessed. Many a time have I heard the story how, when he was to sail again, Delilah was down on the sands waving her kerchief, as the boat that bore her hero to his ship struck out from the beach. They said she was like one in a dream, weeping, smiling, wringing her hands, and waving farewell by turns, forgetful of all the proprieties, and that the waves were washing all the color out of her long green silk.

She stood there till the last twinkle of the oars disappeared, and when she turned home the hue of her face was like the last white ashes when the embers have all died out.

Folk, who know everything and keep track of everything, said that she had agreed to meet her lover at some foreign port, as soon as he should send her a letter.

But the next Sunday at meeting it was evident that, what ever "possessed" Delilah had gone out of her, and she had returned to her normal condition again, and to the proprieties and decorum belonging to that superior state.

She wore a rose-colored bonnet and white fids, and there was not a trace in all her features or finery of the woman who stood on the sands and waved good-by.

Not a trace. For, doubtless, when that little craft sailed out with her dream, Delilah's soul woke up, and smoothed itself out, and wondered what glamour had been over it.

Our little village continued to sleep in the sunshine, the fishing-craft came and went, the sea-shells drifted into the coves, the sea-weed hung its black and tangled locks on the ledges overlooking the beach, but the sailor drifted not thither again. And no letter came for Delilah from over the ocean.

And at last, one bright day, it was announced that Delilah Wyndham was to be wed in the old meeting-house; wed to a staunch citizen of the town, who had large ownership in the fisheries, and was a well-to-do man altogether. A very well-to-do man, who would keep his wife in silks and laces, and give her a maid to wait upon her. And every gossip in town said the maiden had done very well for herself.

But the idle and curious people loitering about the old church doors on the appointed day, in expectation of seeing them open to a wedding train, were grievously disappointed. The gray old doors never creaked on their rusty hinges that day; the old sexton went quietly about, weeding among the graves, and scything down the grass as deftly as Death himself might have done: he never once lifted his eyes as if expecting any one.

Delilah Wyndham was lying sick on her marriage-day. So sick, that I fancy the old sexton bestirred himself lest the arrival of so respectable a personage, in a stylish coffin and hearse, should put his untidiness to shame, and mortify the old tenants of the "house appointed for all living."

But Death was in no hurry for Delilah. He thinned her down to a skele on, left a few wrinkles on her face, and a silver thread in her hair to mark her out when he came again, but he went off and forgot her.

Forgot her completely. She became a fossil; something that lingered and lingered so, past everything worthy living for, that folks forgot to sympathize with or wonder about her. For the wedding-day never was renewed. Some said Delilah had a vision of her sailor lover on the eve of her marriage—some said she was walking on the sea shore that night and had taken a chill, in which she raved so much about him, that her respectable suitor went off in a huff.

So she lived on. Her respectable parents in due time took their departure, with proper decorum, to the other world. They left their daughter the old gray house, the patch of bleak garden behind it, and the remembrance of their respectability: also the row of great sunflowers that I used to watch lifting their golden heads high over the old picket fence, and turning their faces to the sun. When they had their faces full up, the postman came down the road—it was noon. And old Maid Wyndham came down to her window.

One sultry summer-day I was left alone at home. Mother had gone away to visit some back-country farmers, and father had betaken himself to the village for something. So there was no one in the house but myself.

The loneliness grew awful to me after a time, especially when I saw shadows gathering on the horizon, and the gray dust swirling up along the road, betokening a tempest.

Scared with the silence and appalling emptiness of the rooms below, I sped up to my panel window high in the

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ART AND ARTISTS.

The first summer exhibition of the National Academy of Design is, in one respect, it cannot be called a success. The notice was so short that the artists have scarcely had time to send in their works, and the galleries are therefore comparatively empty. The one reason followed close on the heels of the other, and there was no formal opening or reception. But patience and perseverance are still their reward, and I hope for better luck next time. Among the pictures, as of view, four-fifths are old acquaintances, having been in the rooms either in the same or in another hanging at the last view. But I am well pleased to note that the clearance is as though there had been a judicious weeding-out, and that many of the good pictures of the last exhibition have been suffered to remain by their owners, either on view or for sale. As for the public, although that mysterious body, the upper ten, are out of town, there are yet a few people left who can judge of a picture almost as accurately as a Fifth Avenue swell or a Murray Hill belle, with her "Lan't it cunning; ain't it almost too sweet, and so like, too?"

The new catalogue for the summer exhibition is a very small affair, and that patient, much suffering public. The old catalogue leaves off at No. 477, the new pictures commence at 478. The arrangement having been taken away, the numbers are retained. Messieurs of the Committee, you might have revised and renumbered your catalogue. It is a small matter; but if a thing be worth doing, it is worth doing well.

Among the new pictures are two in the south room—505, "Interior of Westminster Abbey;" and 507, "Interior of St. Marks, Venice"—both by David Neal. These call for something more than passing notice. The two pictures are as distinct in tone and treatment as the two great structures are different in their architecture and design. The solid masses of St. Marks, with their broad openings and shallow curves, their severity of outline and their copiousness of pictorial and chromatic embellishment, contrast with the lofty, forest-tree shafts and the florid stone ornaments in varied caprice of flower and head or legendary device, and the pointed arch of the Gothic structure. So also the St. Mark is the dim religious gloom of a semi-oriental worship under a too-fervid sun, while the Westminster stands out in the cool tones of a climate in which the bright sunshine is a blessing. The Westminster, except for the gleam of sunlight that throws up the gray masses and enables us to examine the tombs and the screen of the bishops' stalls and the rich iron-work of the middle ages, is colorless and void of contrast. It wants shadow and depth. Not even the parti-colored broken hues from stained glass give warmth to the time-stained stone. The very simplest treatment. The San Marco, on the other hand, is all *lapis lazuli*, porphyry and precious marble, the many-colored tessellated pavement is almost translucent, while the effect of the half light in throwing up the rich gilding of the capitals and the metallic lustre of the lamps and bronzes and gold carvings is highly Rembrandtesque. Altogether, it is seldom that I have seen as elaborately finished an interior, or in which fine perspective, careful details and mastery of light and shade have been so conspicuous. In a few years this very able picture, when the gloss of newness shall have passed off, will be a valuable painting. As a special bit in the picture, I would instance the great lamp pendent from the lofty roof, the gleaming lustre of which and of the brazen ball above it is curiously faithful; while the illusion of reflections from superposed or passing objects in the polished pavement is exquisitely rendered.

478, "Death-bed of Daniel Webster" (Joseph Ames), is conventional. The painting is good, as Ames' work usually is, but the grouping and general treatment may be that of any death-bed. The customary friends round the head and sides of the bedstead, the open space in front so that the spectator may see the dying man, and that dying man himself in an attitude of energy, as if he were addressing the assembled crowd rather than bidding them farewell before his journey. The lady and children at the side seem reproduced from Madame Bertrand in the last moments of Napoleon.

481, "Scene from the Ballad of the Outlaw Murray" (T. M. Joy), is better painted than chosen. There is nothing in the incident worth commemorating. The horses and knightly figures are well drawn and richly colored, but it is a pity so much ambition had not formed a better-known and more intelligible theme.

Among the old pictures, I would recommend to my readers' approving notice, Nos. 145 to 152, at the head of the stairs in the corridor (Kouseman Van Elten). They are only studies—summer wood and autumn tints, pool and waterfall, rock and bluff—but they will repay examination, and, better still, purchase. Better those free studies than a good many so-called finished pictures. They are laid on with a dash, a grace and vigor that bespeak rich results if there be only patient care that shall work out the first intention.

120, another picture of the last catalogue, "Study of a Moccasin Plant" (Miss M. L. Wagner), is another excellent beginning. Bold, spirited drawing, with command of color and great delicacy and transparency in the rich tints of the blooms.

The *Revolution* says: The female artists who hold the first places in the Salon at Paris this year are, we are told, Madame Henriette Browne and Mile. Nello Jacquemart. Madame

Schneider, a more recent competitor for artistic honors, has a picture which is described as "a sweet study of a little fair-haired girl, beaming with light and happiness." Among the sculptors the works of the Duchesse Colonna and of Mrs. Cholmeley are attracting much attention. These highly-gifted women possess many points of resemblance, and it is interesting to see their productions side by side in the Paris Exhibition. The Duchesse is a Swiss lady, Mrs. Cholmeley an Englishwoman. They are both *grandes dames*, endowed with great personal beauty and excessively clever, not only in their art but in various mental accomplishments, and they are devotedly attached to the art which they practice with such success. The young Duchesse Castiglione Colonna is the widow of an Italian nobleman. Her conceptions are said to be singular and even eccentric in their originality, but wonderfully able and bold in execution. She signs her works simply "Marcello."

William Page is doing a portrait of Mrs. Cady Stanton.

Le Clear is engaged on a portrait of Major Bundy, of the *Evening Mail*.

W. H. Beard, the original character painter, is painting for W. Willis James a stag, doe and fawns.

Wm. Bradford, since his return from the Arctic seas, has been engaged on pictures from his studies made there. He leaves again for Labrador and the cool regions about this time.

Lilly M. Spencer is painting four portraits of members of the families of Comptroller Connolly and Surrogate Hutchings.

An historical portrait gallery has been opened at St. Petersburg. It includes 800 portraits, of which 56 are portraits of Catherine II., and 23 of Peter I.—sovereigns who were both honored with the epithet of "Great." One of the most remarkable portraits is said to be that of the Scotch soldier of fortune, Bruce, Knight of St. Andrew, and a Russian count.

Larkin G. Ward has completed, in Italy, the model of a Lincoln statue, which it is intended to cast in bronze in this country.

Edmonia Lewis, the sculptress, has returned from Italy.

Wm. Hart, Griswold, Nehlig, Linton, Hennessy, J. D. Smillie and others, have formed an etching club.

Mrs. Greatorax was sojourning, when last heard from, in Nuremberg.

Mr. Lazarus has been making studies of Governors Wolcott and Jewell of Connecticut. Our art readers will remember that he did Governor Hoffman.

LESTER.

[Communicated.]

ON THE HEAD OF VIRGIL.

FROM DORE'S, "DANTE AND VIRGIL IN THE FROZEN REGIONS."

"God is law, say the Wise, O soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunders by law, the thunder is yet His voice."

When first we saw this head, we said with a shiver, O how cold, and thought we had never seen so fine an antique mask. But after more study of that wonderful face, we said rather how sad, yet how wise, how great a face, still how tired. We studied it long, and then turned to the other parts of this wonderful picture, but ever that face would attract us, and we could not resist its spell. We remember sweet youth, seeing an illustrated edition of Carey's Dante, and as we turned over the leaves, we said, O, we know Dante meant to portray the world by his "Inferno." For through no visionary Hell did the stern and suffering man go. Yes, he had been in hell long enough in severe suffering, as the like of him is pretty sure to be. Now, when we saw this picture, our old idea recurred to us. It seems that by Virgil Dante possibly meant to shadow forth Christ; not that the assertion holds good at all points, but in very many it does. O what a face that of the Virgil is! It approached as near as possible our idea of the *Christie's Consolator*—so pitying, yet so godlike. The eyes may seem closed, but only seem. For you feel that they do see. They see God, so they are not over much troubled at the awful scenes around them—they look beyond, seeing into what baffled even the angels—the reason *why* of the mysterious, yet just ways of God's Sovereign Will; but they are not insensible, they pity as only Christ can pity, and seeing this, I came to feel that Dante meant to teach us a deeper lesson, than we at first ever dream of. Did not this stern suffering man mean that, though he walked through the Valley of the Shadow of Death; yet having Christ for guide, no real harm could approach him. (Vide Rom. VIII, 31—39.)

We may learn, also, why he never faltered through all the infernal anguish of his life; for he clung close to Christ, and never said, "God is unjust," but, through all, "God is just." We, like Dante, have our lives (our hells) to go through. We manage to do so somehow; partly by closing our eyes to its manifold horrors, partly by the aid of what even so wise a man as Pascal could only define "as that irrepressible *instinct* which keeps us from despair." But oh, how few, like Dante, dare face their lives; and even when "The soul is sick with every day's report of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled," still cling close to Christ and say, "God is just," thus making this "commedia indeed divine." In this picture, the painter has placed a tender, peaceful light over the head of Dante and Virgil (we say Christ). He has painted better than he knew, for Dante is with his Saviour the Light of the world, and full of "infernal anguish," as the way of the "poor old exile" is. No real harm can touch him, for "God is with him." This is what "the head of Virgil" has taught us. Would that it might bear not mere blossoms only, but also fruit. Alas! we have "a sin of fear" that it will be otherwise.

MICHAEL WORTH.

OUT-DOOR SPORTS.

THE BALL FIELD.

The great White Stocking nine, of Chicago, has come and gone, and the ball players of New York and vicinity remain unconquered and unterrified. They came with a reputation as terrible batsmen, and in the field their doings were reported to be marvelous, while they were followed by a crowd of backers whose pockets had grown plethoric with their daily winnings. They arrived in town on Saturday, July 2, and on Monday went over to the Capitoline grounds, Brooklyn, to engage in a contest with the Atlantics, the veteran holders of the empty title of champions. The visitors marched upon the field rigged out in a sort of fancy circus togger, but held their heads high and looked with an eye of conscious superiority upon the more plainly and sensibly-clad Atlantics. The latter, however, proved to be workers, and before the game was half over had fielded and batted the life and spirit out of the Chicago fellows, the final score standing 30 to 20 in favor of Brooklyn. The ball used was one furnished by the White Stockings and was of the order known as "lively," sometimes called "knuckle histers," "nose flatteners," "skin bakers," etc. The tourists brought along a whole trunk-full of these missiles, and, being great batsmen, generally calculated to maim or kill two or three of their opponents in a game and thereby secure an easy victory. The balls are made very much as bullets were moulded in olden times. The rubber is melted, and when in a thoroughly liquid state is poured into a mould, the interior of which is just the size of a regulation ball. When the mass becomes quite cool it is turned over to an artist who paints it white and simulates the seams on an ordinary ball so accurately that the most critical umpire would be deceived. Two or three coats of paint and a final touching off and the ball is ready for use. In playing with some of the Eastern clubs, however, the visitors found it necessary to stretch a cover over the rubber, the fraud being discovered in one or two cases.

On Tuesday, the 5th inst., the Chicagos had a contest at the Union grounds with the noted Mutuals, of New York, and, as the Western papers had it, "the proud honor of organizing a club whom the Mutuals could defeat was reserved for Chicago." The visitors were again beaten, this time by a score of 13 to 4. The batting was light, because the Mutuals, being the challenging club, had the privilege of furnishing a ball and used a dead one, that is, a fair regulation ball. The news of this defeat of their pets nearly broke the hearts of the Chicago people, and the newspapers tried to cover up their chagrin by writing satirically about the whole affair! The *Tribune* says, "It's no matter, the White Stockings will thrash the gizzards out of the Kankakee Club as soon as they get home, and thereby regain their lost prestige." Wednesday was a day of rest for the visitors, and Thursday they did no work, rain preventing their game with the Eckfords. On Friday they caught the Unions shorthanded and gained their first victory in this vicinity, the score standing 28 to 12. The contest came off at Tremont, and the pretty blue eyes of the young lady friends of the Union Club, from Morrisania, were wet with tears of regret and sympathy as they left the grounds. Birdsall, whose hands were in a terrible condition from having tried to catch a six-pounder common shot, just to keep in practice, while he was over at the Navy Yard, at Annapolis, the other day, stood by, a sad and silent spectator of the defeat of his forces.

On Saturday the Chicagos tackled the amateur Stars, at the Capitoline grounds, and being assisted by Mr. Burns, of the Rose Hill Club, managed to save another victory, the figures standing 9 to 6 at the close of the final inning. The visitors claim that they were badly treated both by the press and people of New York; but they could not expect any very flattering encomiums, as they did nothing worthy of mark, disappointed everybody, and everything here is measured by real merit. On Saturday night they left for the South, and reports of their defeats in Philadelphia and Washington will now reach us by telegraph.

The Union Club, of Morrisania, went off on a starring tour early last week, but succeeded in winning no additional laurels. On Monday, July 4, they were in Washington and played the Olympics, experiencing defeat by a score of 14 to 5. The next day they engaged the once famous Nationals and came out the victors, the figures standing 34 to 13. In Baltimore they were defeated by the Maryland Club, on Wednesday, by a score of 21 to 5, and on Thursday another victory was credited to Morrisania by totals of 26 to 23, a pretty close shave.

The only other event of importance in the base ball world during the week was the opening of the Harvard tour. The young collegians have laid out work for the next month in nearly every city of the Union, and as amateurs and gentlemen they carry with them the best wishes of every one. On the 4th of July they began their work successfully by beating their old opponents, the Yales, by a score of 24 to 22. The next day they defeated the Rose Hill Club, of Fordham, by a score of 17 to 2, and on the 8th inst. they cut down the Haymakers at Troy, by a score of 25 to 13. This victory was a very creditable one for them, and if they can only keep up the style of play they exhibited in that game, they need not despair of making things hot for the Red Stockings.

The present week promises to be a dull one in this vicinity. The Mutuals left town Sunday on a tour extending as far as Cincinnati, and Rockford, Ill., while neither the Atlantics nor Unions have any engagements of importance. The Athletics, of Philadelphia, will also soon be off on a Southern and Western tour, so that base ball in the East promises to be dull for some time to come.

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No. 31 Park Row, New York.

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WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

A UNIVERSAL GOVERNMENT.

Every revolution, whether in government or in general methods of scientific thought, that the world has passed through, has ultimately grown into power and extension from a central point of strength—from a central positive idea. Mere negations never rise into efficient or constructive forms of thought. A positive and clear affirmation, a forcible assertion, contains within itself the elements of strength and success. Simply to attack or call in question any existing fact is negatively to affirm that that fact is not in accordance with the general present idea; but to assert some new principle, which shall supply the place of the old and also include much which is not included in the sphere of the old, is to assume the aggressive and to establish a positive position, and so to form a nucleus around which all the hitherto diffused strength can rally and organize for offensive action.

The Christian world has for nineteen centuries been teaching the Fatherhood of God and its necessary corollary, the Brotherhood of Man. This, so far as any organic practical application is concerned, has been simply theoretical and preparatory. Practice has been impossible and has never been attempted nor advocated even, to the fullest extent of its significance. Christians profess to believe, and with some degree of faith they do believe, that the time will come when the teachings of Christ will be universally accepted, but they do not stop to consider that the aggressive precursor and preparer for a spiritual kingdom is its counterpart in material affairs. Before a universal religion can be, a universal government must be.

Being fully imbued with the spirit of the greatest of all facts that the human mind can grasp, the Fatherhood of God, and necessarily then with the common Brotherhood of Man, the inauguration of a universal government we believe to be the greatest prospective work of the centuries, and as such we announce it as our central idea and call upon all who can grasp the significance of the proposition to rally to its advocacy and support. If years, decades, centuries, ages intervene before such a consummation can be reached, the work of laying the foundation, the cornerstone, is one which the American people should be ambitious to begin.

LIFE ASSURANCE.

There is no business which so deeply and directly affects the interests and so frequently controls the lives and destinies of women as life assurance, and none, perhaps, which is so generally neglected or misunderstood. It is a matter in which every mother, wife, sister and daughter has an abiding interest, yet one to which they scarcely ever give a thought until the dread moment arrives, when death suddenly takes the loved and loving husband and father away, and leaves the mourners alone with their great grief, with a dark and desolate future before them, with empty purses and untried hands, ignorant of the ways of the world, unequal to the task of gaining from it the means necessary—not to gain the luxuries and comforts to which they have been accustomed, but the actual necessities of life, the food and raiment necessary to keep body and soul together. When no cheering voice is heard, no ray of

light visible on any side, then they begin to know the value of life assurance, to understand how different all things would have been had he, who had gone before, invested a few dollars, which could then easily have been spared, to secure for them that which, after his death, would have provided for them as it was his loving duty to do when living. The widow would not despair, but, gathering her little ones to her, would, with an overflowing heart, render thanks to God that her family need not be separated, that her children might yet follow out the bright careers she had pictured for them; that means for the proper education of her sons and daughters were provided, and that, although the head was gone, their prospects were unaltered and unharmed. How different the other scene, where the widow is left poverty-stricken and alone, nothing before her but suffering and black despair, no hope for the little ones, temptation on every side, no strong hand to shield, no loving heart to advise, nothing in the future but grim want, perhaps worse. It is too terrible to contemplate; let us pass it by.

Yet it is not entirely for these reasons that we strongly advocate this heaven-born scheme of benevolence, but because it also provides women, who otherwise might go the straight road to ruin, means to commence business, to earn an honest livelihood for themselves, to prove to the world that, though suddenly afflicted, they were equal to the emergency, could bear their great loss, and that with proper weapons in their hands they are able to enter actively into the great battle of life and to win and maintain a position of honor and respect among the thinking business people of the world.

Life assurance is not a speculation nor a game of chance. It is a science which has engrossed some of the most brilliant brains of our day. Years of hard study and careful watching have been needed to bring it to the perfectness it has now attained. The experience of centuries has been collated to produce the tables of mortality on which the premium rates are calculated; statistics of death in all parts of the world, from all causes, among all the different nations and classes of men, the different kinds of business and occupations and in fact of everything which affects life or health, have been and are being kept; and these are the constant studies of life underwriters. Understanding them they know just how many deaths to expect from every thousand persons insured, and are enabled to calculate the cost of assurance and the duration of human life with an exactness which to the unthinking mind seems truly wonderful.

In this state we are justly proud of a wise insurance law, which throws additional safeguards about all life companies doing business within its borders and making them all secure. They are under the immediate supervision of the superintendent of the insurance department, who receives from each company an annual statement as thorough and complete in detail as the books of the company itself. From these particulars he makes his calculations, and so has always an accurate knowledge of every company's business and of every policy it has in force.

We believe it within our province to bring this subject to the attention of all, but particularly to that of our female readers, and we propose to write further concerning it; to speak of individual companies as they are, to praise such as are meritorious, to condemn any new clap-net features which may be resorted to to deceive the unwary and the confiding, and to expose any schemes which may be attempted by unscrupulous men to degrade the grand and worthy science of life assurance.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS.—A distinguished foreigner was entertained last night by one of our citizens, whose courtliness of manner is only equalled by his lavish hospitality. The supper was sumptuous and the evening's entertainment closed with *Tableaux Vivants*. These comprised certain pretty stupidities as well as some most magnificently gotten-up mysteries which purported to be allegorical illustrations of the late war and of its happy results. That was a gloriously patriotic idea, but just fancy the heightened effect had the ghosts of hundreds of murdered sewing-girls glided upon the scene. We use the term "murdered" advisedly. In too many instances these overworked and ill-paid creatures were forced sacrifices either to starvation or to the traditional "gilded palace," whose doors lead only to degradation and a double death. Has this state of things closed with the war, or is its existence one of the happy results forgotten in the *tableaux* of our hospitable fellow-citizen?

CONGRESS' TIME BELONGS to the nation, but what is everybody's is nobody's. Mr. Fenton took from two o'clock until nine to prove that Murphy was not a fit man for the Collectorship of New York. Fenton was virtuous, so would not permit of cakes and ale. What a wretched farce is this confirmation business? What is an executive if it cannot appoint? Will some statist favor the world with the whole number of hours in Congress; the number spent in fair work and the number foolishly frittered away.

PARDONING.

The New Jersey Court of Pardons has just turned three murderers loose upon society, to wit: Isaiah Dau, who was undergoing a twenty years' sentence for murder; Joseph C. Morrison, a sentence of ten years, for murder in the second degree; and Sarah Brown, twenty years, on a charge of poisoning. It would seem that all reforms are begun at the wrong end of the evil that requires to be remedied. When a desperate person has shown by his actions that he is neither a safe nor profitable member of society, it is a duty society owes itself to protect itself from his proclivities. If a person has once shown that he is capable of taking the life of another, he should never be allowed another opportunity to do so. If a person once shows that he is not inclined to earn his living honestly, but to plunder and filch from his brothers who are, he should be compelled to proper modes of life. The interests of society demand it, and no squeamishness about individual rights nor personal sympathy should have power to militate against the public good, which is always above the individual. The individual, with the law plainly before him, deliberately outrages the rights of another; it is not only a right of society but a stern duty to protect itself from the possibility of ever suffering again from the same individual. There is no humanity in pardoning a person from the sentence he is undergoing; it is a gross violation of the safety of society, because one who has once violated its rights is turned loose to prey upon it again. It is notoriously true that most of the desperate crimes committed are done by those who have served in the penitentiaries one or more terms.

The amelioration of the criminal's condition lies in another direction altogether, and where the true interests of both the individual and society are mutual. It is in a complete reform of our system of prison discipline. Instead of the criminal being placed behind bolts and bars, in a place of horror, it should be made as nearly as possible, consistent with safety, a home and a workshop, where every one confined could be as nearly the man as restraint upon his liberty would allow. He should be allowed a just compensation for all labor performed, and the duty he owes his family outside regarded. He should have amusements, access to the news of the day, and the benefit of a well selected library. His condition should be far removed from the idea of punishment and made one of restraint. Any penalty awarded by finite minds having in view aught but protection is not in accordance with Divine justice. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord," is the only pure justice possible. As human beings, however, we have the divine right of self-protection, and in this light we should treat those unfortunates who have not arrived at that comprehension of human rights which will prevent them from trespassing upon their neighbors.

THE END OF THE SESSION.

And so Congress is approaching its closing hour, and nothing has been done or will be done to check the terrible current of corruption that has developed itself in the system of civil service. To a calm observer it appears Congress is either afraid of the question, or else is too much in its interest to desire to remove the evil.

All the avenues of Governmental administration are filled by corruption; even the higher positions of honor and trust cannot remain intact from its influence. Legislation and administration are becoming so linked together by the working of our system of office-getting and holding, that the whole Government is rapidly approaching a common system of plunder. Immediate and decisive measures are demanded to check this tendency, and it was to have been hoped that Congress would not have shirked meeting the question fully and fairly, and thus have let the people know who represent their interests and who the interests of plunder.

Appointment to office should be entirely removed from all connection and contact with the legislative power, and should be made dependent upon personal merit and fitness for the position to be filled. When an office is once well filled no change should be possible, except for cause arising out of the conduct of the officer.

The theory that "to the victor belongs the spoils" might have been a plausible one in days gone, but that such a vicious course should be followed by a Government that professes the intention and purposes ours does, is, to say the least, extraordinary. It is such a departure of practice from profession as should be justly denominated hypocritical. Corruption is weakness, and as a nation we are making fearful exhibitions of it in the administration of our Government.

Representatives and Senators of the next session! give us a Civil Service Bill that will allow the victors to appropriate the spoils the public good will contribute, and to retire laden with the plunder of an honorable administration of duty.

THE TWO INFALLIBILITIES.

NEW YORK (in the New World), July 16, 1870.
To the inhabitants of the world—Greeting:

This card, with its simple statement of doctrine, will be published, and will bear date of the 16th of July, 1870. The report is received from Europe, (in the Old World), and is seemingly authentic, that on the 17th, the day following (to-morrow), the ceremonial and formal promulgation will be made at Rome of the new dogma of the personal infallibility of the Pope, as the head of the old, or Roman Catholic, Church.

As a champion of pure intellect and free thought, I am unwilling that this imposing declaration of personal and arbitrary infallibility shall stand promulgated for a day, for a single hour even, in the world, without being met and counterparted by the public and formal assertion, in some quarter, no matter how obscure for the time being, of the higher infallibility of science and clear understanding, or of the demonstrations of the reasoning faculty in man. I have chosen, therefore, the day previous to the 17th as the date of this opposing declaration—to be certain that there shall be no interregnum in the equilibrium of doctrinal affirmation.

These two antithetical conceptions of infallibility are the two opposite poles of doctrine. The old Catholic Church has never till now reached the legitimate conclusion of its own governing principle or inherent tendency, never before made good the logic of its own position, and planted itself without reserve upon the extremity of possible assumption in the direction of absolute authority and implicit obedience. It is meet, therefore, that this increased leverage in behalf of the force of mental despotism should be counterbalanced by an equal lengthening of the opposite arm of the lever; and that science should openly lay claim, in turn, to that special attribute of infallibility by which it is distinctively and pre-eminently characterized. While theologians, Catholic and Protestant, wrangle over the *how* and the *when* of the fulfillment of the scripture prophecies, the prevision (which is prophecy) of science is unerring and unquestioned. The long-future eclipse, a thousand years off, is calculated to the minute.

Now, in fine, for the first time, the doctrinal mentality of mankind is distinctly and finally polarized. The North and the South Poles of opinion have, so to speak, been discovered and respectively occupied as the outposts of possible procedure in either direction. All minor differences are absorbed in this absolute issue. Arbitrary authority and blind submission on the one hand, fearless investigation, freedom of conscience, and conviction from demonstration, on the other hand! All mankind must come to be ranged under one or the other of these two banners, or else, in fine, under some third banner of the intellectual reconciliation of these two contending powers of conviction; but here, also, it is science only, when itself universal, that is competent to discover and tender this mediatorial alternative. In the meantime this distinct announcement of the radical and ultimate polarity of doctrine, the final making up and statement of the issue, is itself an epoch. Rome and the Modern World of Thought come henceforth definitively and unequivocally in collision.

In view of the crisis I pledge myself to continue to do my uttermost to found that New Catholic Church of the future which shall define all issues and reconcile all differences, and which shall have as the sole article of its creed, Devotion to the truth (embracing the good), found where it may be, and lead where it may; to the truth revealed, in the predominant or governing degree, to the intellectual understanding, and accepted by the intuition as the ripper and better rendering of its own impulses and semi-intellectual suggestions.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

YOUNG ROWDYISM is a most prolific hot-bed of crime in this city. Perhaps there is no city in the world in which very young men and big boys are more given to license and disorder and less under control of public opinion or police force than with us. Murder and plunder with these young rascals are a pleasurable excitement, and a cursory examination of the police returns will show that almost every free fight begins in a rum shop and includes big b's among its more active promoters.

SMALL EXPEDIENTS.

It is becoming proverbial that our national representatives are men of small calibre, that can comprehend nothing larger than the State and often the districts they represent. This is a primary mistake in national legislation. While it is true that a particular district elects a particular person as its choice to represent it in our national councils, it is an error to suppose that he is to represent the special local interests of his district to the detriment of any interest of larger character. These small ideas have to a great extent determined the legislation of the country, and it is this system of petty policy—this giving away on this point to gain something on another—that diminishes the lustre of our Government when considered from an external standpoint.

Our national characteristic is aggressive, and, being so from certain different controlling circumstances from those by which any other nation was ever controlled, renders us at this moment the central power of the world. As this is determined by the common natural course of events, small expedients and small men should not be tolerated in our national affairs. The education of the people must teach them into broader views than the distribution of the petty offices that are within their districts; should teach them into the comprehension of our mission as a nation, which it has specifically, as every other great nation has had before us. It is for us to arrive at this and then to guide our legislation and our intercourse with the world by its deductions.

Passive acquiescence in the conservative fastenings of the world is no part for us to play in the grand drama that is being enacted by creation in the disintegration of Governments that is now so rapidly, though perhaps imperceptibly going on all over the Old World. Spain was once a first-class power. Now her throne goes begging, and even threatens to create a European complication to fill it, which complication may be the very event that shall precipitate Europe into a struggle from which it can never arise with monarchy preserved intact. All these things indicate that the time is at hand wherein the most momentous events the world has as yet encountered are about to come upon it. Let us not as a people be so busied and blinded by the lesser affairs of our nation as to be entirely unmindful of the greater ones of the world. If they come upon us unawares we shall be swallowed up by them; if prepared, our position is such that we can control them. It is only required that we understand our mission and govern all our movements accordingly.

NATIONAL BLUNDERS.

Our late war was either one of the events arising out of the order of natural evolution or it was an enormous blunder. We have said it was the latter. Many who recognize no law or order in the progressive strides of civilization, as represented by the comparatively new science of sociology, deny both these propositions and affirm the war was purely the result of personal motives entertained by those representing the pro and con of the institution of slavery. If the matter is viewed from purely scientific standpoints each one of these propositions are relatively true. The war was the direct result of the growth of the principles of freedom in the general mind, which evidences that it did arise naturally out of the condition, while the individuals that were foremost in advocacy and opposition were their representatives, and, thus considered, were responsible for it. Those who stood by and observed the growth of the conflict between the opposing forces, without stepping in to control the situation, place it altogether in the light of a great national blunder. Had the circumstances been controlled by this large third party the first proposition would have been true and still the war have been prevented. We are obliged to speak relatively of relative things, and to consider facts in a special sense and in this sense—the war was an enormous national blunder and should have been averted by a bold grasping and control of the circumstances on the part of the government, and those whose duty it was to have known what the result would be. These servants were faithless sentinels and allowed us to be precipitated into a war that cost us millions of lives and billions of treasure. How much better had Government shown itself competent to the situation had it raised armies and occupied the disaffected country in force, and had abolished slavery as it was finally obliged to do. Such action would have been statesmanship of the highest order, and would have been the admiration of the ages.

It is a question for consideration whether our Government is not now pursuing a course similar to that which preceded the war, dodging along seeking to delay questions that push themselves for settlement. It has no firm, decided national policy that represents the spirit of the nation upon the questions of the day. Congress is about equally divided in its lines of policy and the President has no policy outside of Congress, and so the nation floats

upon the waves of the times, rudderless, liable at any moment to blunder into difficulties it is now in its power to grasp and control in its own way.

SLAVERY REDIVIVUS.

The horrors of African slavery scarcely exceeded the tortures endured by the white slaves of New York, as revealed in a series of letters lately addressed to the *Sun* newspaper. Whether these letters are genuine, truthful narrations, or simply articles gotten up to secure the sale of a sensational paper, we are not prepared to discuss. But the most casual observer must notice the cruel exactions made upon female labor by capital. It is a disgrace to the Christianity of our age and country that some other modes of relief to this class of sufferers has never yet been devised. Business rules of course must be made and adhered to. But trades unions and working women's unions should be organized to define certain rules that employers will or will not conform to. Strikes in all branches of business are sometimes as productive of as much good in the moral and social atmosphere as thunder showers in nature.

Among the numerous charitable institutions of New York why has not some great soul inaugurated a home for worn-out working women? Often a poor working woman, without being sick, is actually in such an exhausted condition that she is forced to give up her employment or be discharged as inefficient. The street is her only refuge in such a case, for all charities, except those for fallen women, receive only those applicants who are unable to work. Houses of mercy and industrial schools for homeless girls are not expected to accommodate idlers, and absolute rest is what the poor worn out working women must have.

The cruelty and immorality of our social system in regard to these unfortunates consists in the fact that as soon as a woman so situated can go to the Midnight Mission, the House of the Good Shepherd or any such institution, and confess herself a penitent Magdalen, she can find a home, shelter, rest, kind treatment and every consideration. Now is not this monstrous? We call ourselves a Christian, an enlightened and a progressive people. That Christianity, enlightenment and progress which can afford no sure succor to woman in her hour of greatest need—but actually pays her to prostitute herself and then repent—must be false, sensual, devilish.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Undoubtedly, there is much to be feared from the schemes that are afloat regarding our Government; and probably very much is going on that our correspondent has not yet suspected. True it is that many men—and women, too—in high places affect contempt for any return to the simplicity once displayed in the administration of the Government; and it must be admitted that there is a somewhat general tendency throughout the land to centralization of power. Still, we hold that this is rather indicative of an approach to the true form of Democracy than to Imperialism. The People desire that the general Government shall possess power sufficient to produce harmony in all its machinery. At the same time the forms of application must be such as are for the best interest of the public and not those the great few would prescribe for the millions. Strength not bearing this approval can never find permanent existence among us. It is our opinion that General Grant will accept the advice of "Traveler" when a "camel shall go through the eye of a needle," when a "leopard shall change his spots" or the "Ethiopian his color." When the common order of nature is thus reversed, it may become possible for him to be convinced that his course should also change.

THE FUNDING BILL, so far as the country is interested, is based on the simplest suggestions of financial produce. The term of the high interest-bearing securities is drawing nearer every year. It is known that the liquidation of such heavy obligations might be difficult to the State and inconvenient to capitalists; so the Government proposes to the public creditor the alternative of being paid off or of accepting a lower rate of interest. Nothing can be more equitable and more judicious. But self-interest of politicians and bankers blocks the way. The people should watch the course of their representatives in this matter and see what the persistent opposition to the diminution of public burdens means.

MR. JAMES FISK, JR., was the only individual who extended the courtesies of New York to the New Orleans firemen. Whether it was done by Mr. Fisk in his private or in his corporate capacity it was equally a gracious act. The man who knows how to do favors has an important element in the art of ruling his fellow men.

THE SITUATION IN EUROPE.

Whether peace be maintained or not in Europe, the moralist, and politician, and historian, have food enough for meditation in the extraordinary crisis through which the oldest civilization of the world is passing at this fateful hour. It is not now a question merely of peace or war to those whose business and function it is to sound the depths and significance of passing events. The positive issue, whether bloodshed at this juncture shall or shall not come of the struggle over the dying body of Spain, that is of slight significance or consequence compared with the real meaning of the position. War may or may not come at this moment. But he must be very blind or very ill-informed as to the long chain of historical causes which have led up to this moment of peril, who does not understand that the whole system of Europe is undermined and stored with combustible material, which, whether it be fired or not at this moment, must eventually blow it to pieces.

We invite our readers, then, to put aside for a moment the names of Hohenzollern, of Bismarck, of Napoleon, of Prim, and all the scandal side and gossip side of the situation, and stand and look about them a little wider. If they will do this they will see that all these persons are but the creatures of the position which history has made for them, far more so, at all events, than the originators and authors of the present perplexities and troubles. And they will also be able to arrive at the true conclusion we have indicated, that, in the issue at this very moment, war or not, there is no possibility of averting a struggle of an internecine character between Germany and France in the long run. Indeed, the only sound opinion about Europe is that unless some stronger power appear upon the stage of history capable of arresting the course of her separate sovereignties and nations by irresistible power, they are held and bound inextricably to a historical fate that compels them to struggle with each other in peace and in war until some end is arrived at, of which we cannot now imagine the conditions.

This is a gloomy view, but none other is possible to the historian and politician, who looks to the very foundation of things historical and political. Consider, for example, the course and meaning of French history and how this bears upon the bitter antagonism between Germany and France. It will be seen that an eventual pacific solution of the problem raised by the conflict between the two peoples is within the limits of moral probability. The point of capital importance in this connection is that France is a nation where leverage of national existence has always been the power of exercising domination over adjacent countries and neighboring races; or, rather, of carrying war into their midst with every possibility of military glory and material benefit. Throughout the whole course of her history, France has been strictly a revolutionary people. She has never been able to found any durable political order capable of uniting her people within her own borders in one sentiment of loyalty to and satisfaction with the régime in existence for the time being. Under all her political circumstances for now nearly a thousand years, throughout the whole course of modern history, in fact, her political institutions have been in a disguised or smothered state of civil war; in this sense, at least, that there has always been one section of the community that has regarded itself as sacrificed, and has always watched for the moment for a successful rebellion or insurrection or revolution. Under these circumstances, the instinct of preservation, which is paramount with States and Governments as with men, has always lead the ruling power for the moment in France to force such arrangements on neighboring countries as kept them divided and weak. And for these obvious reasons, the irreconcilable difficulties within France herself have been dealt with as alone they could be, by the only method known to statesmen, that of uniting conflicting factions in attack on foreign countries. French statesmen have always in their heart of hearts recognized this as the one supreme and inevitable necessity for their country, which, except for this vent for political passion, might at any time tear itself to pieces with its own hands. Hence it has come about that the whole international history of France for many centuries has been one systematic effort to keep down by diplomacy or by force of arms, to keep down and keep divided Italy and Germany, to neutralize Spain or absorb her, and so to provide favorable ground for that exercise of war which has been the constant safety-valve for the political condition.

Now all this sounds horribly cynical, atrocious, inhuman. But it is much better to look facts well and squarely in the face than to indulge in that mawkish, childish sentiment with which journalists are apt to deal with these matters. Human history is full of volcanic disturbance. And it is just as possible to stop bloodshed and war now, by talking copy-book about its horrors and the progress of the species, as it would be to arrest an earthquake by strewing powdered sugar over the ground. And we suspect that those who do talk this sentiment are very little aware of the thoughts of advanced and liberal Frenchmen themselves upon the subject. By way of showing people what this class of first-rate Frenchmen think of the subject, we would refer to the very remarkable volume, published a couple of years ago, by the brilliant and thoughtful Frenchman who is about to arrive here as ambassador, M. Prevost-Paradol, and which he entitled *La Nouvelle France*. This book is devoted to the consideration of the position which has been made for France by the three great dominant facts of later history, the colonization of the unoccupied parts of the

world by the English family, the establishment of Italian nationality, and the probable or imminent consolidation of German power under Prussian supremacy. M. Paradol does not, in so many words, avow that the very existence of France depends upon the maintenance of weak neighboring powers, on which she can always wage successful war. But he uses language which shows that this thought was in his mind, and which might well be called cynical and atrocious by any one who has not grasped those fated conditions of history which we have pointed out to our readers. The writer declares that it is the most sacred duty of any French Government to resist this sort of German consolidation. He goes the length of avowing a conviction that the very national life of France should be staked on such an issue. France, he says, ought to resist this consummation of German unity under Prussia, of German consolidation, until she has expended her last man and her last franc. She ought, he intimates clearly, to perish in resisting the formation of this new Germany. Why? Evidently because this keen and close student of his country's history knows well enough that this new and irresistible German power must furnish a barrier forever against French invasion or domination; and so the one ground on which French factions have reconciled themselves and French Government has been possible for centuries, will be cut from under the feet of France; which will thus be driven, at last, to do what she has never yet succeeded in doing, create a domestic condition which shall satisfy all classes of the community, if possible.

The force of these considerations will be apparent to any one who contrasts the horrible anguish of suspense and uncertainty which cloud the domestic political condition of France at this precise moment, with the frenzy of unanimous belligerent feeling that pervades the entire community, at the suggestion or prospect of war with Germany. Frenchmen, indeed, know only too well how right M. Prevost-Paradol is. They feel that their domestic problem is one that has no issue; they feel in the inmost recesses of their heart and conscience, that they have neither the materials nor the moral elements, out of which can be formed domestic liberties on political security. They feel that their population is declining by comparison with other races and States, and that except in the single alteration of dominating Europe as of old, life has no possibility of career for France and Frenchmen. What wonder then that they one and all, Bonapartists, Legitimists, Orleanists, Republicans, write in one wild cry for war with the power whose rise may well seem to be fatal to France.

If this be the true interpretation of the present situation war though for the present arrested must, it would even seem come ere long. It is impossible to imagine that the Southern German States, Bavaria, Wurtemberg and Baden will endure indefinitely their present anomalous position. The benefits of belong to the Northern German Confederation are not enjoyed by them, while they are under the necessity in war, of placing all their forces under Prussian leaders. Their union with Prussia, either by incorporation direct, or in the veiled form of joining the Confederation is simply forbidden by France, under threat of war. That is a diplomatic position from which no issue is possible except that of war. And the significance of such a war, upon the face of these facts, would seem to be that it is a direct challenge to Germany to subjugate France, or reduce her to a second-rate power, or cease to exist as a consolidated Germany herself.

In view of these tremendous issues, so clearly involved in these transactions, it is painful to witness the absurd maunderings of journalists about the mischief of standing armies and other rubbish of that kind. Perhaps the most absurd idea that has ever been put forward is that of disarmament, which has been so much talked about. Disarmament! Why, Prussia, North Germany, is not a standing army, but an armed nation. How can there be disarmament of such a thing as that? Are all weapons to be destroyed? It is a curious thing to observe for what a length of time politicians and writers will go on repeating mere words which have lost their significance under new conditions. The great and terrible fact which these superficial observers fail to mark is that the era of standing armies is over in Europe, and that of armed nations has set in. And this fact marks with irresistible emphasis the very propositions which we have been stating. Standing armies were instruments by which dynasties fought with dynasties to determine which should sit on particular thrones and rule particular slices of territory. But armed nations will fight with armed nations to determine which shall exist. This struggle, whether war comes of it or not, is the dynastic struggle between Hohenzollerns and Bonapartes. It is a struggle for mastery and for existence between the men who speak the French and German tongues. It is the culmination of thousands of years' antagonism between Teuton and Celt. It signifies the condemnation of past history, and the recasting of the whole world in a new international mold. As such it is of supreme interest to the American nation, which is building up the new history of the world. For Celt and Teuton and Latin and slave, when they devastate the old world with their old hatreds, are but clearing the ground in which America has hereafter to build.

ORDINARY, CARDINARY.—Ordinary is a word of very ordinary occurrence and meaning. Cardinary is a word of a new coinage to signify the opposite of ordinary, or that which is above or of a higher character than the ordinary

or commonplace. The ordinary or current news of the day tells us, for instance, or consists of, the facts of common life; marriages and deaths and births, wars and battles, elections, intrigues of personal ambition, railroad accidents, murders, murder trials, the races, the weather, what, in a word, the old Romans called *res gestæ*, or things done.

Now the daily chronicle of the world steps in progress toward the millennium; the log-book of the world's advancement in the real voyage of life, is the cardinary news. As fast as the taste and aspirations of the public demand it, our newspapers will deal in this higher sort of information in proportion to the lower or ordinary kind; and the newspaper will become a real educator. But editors are compelled to furnish the article that is wanted, and as long as the people gloat more over the last and most atrocious murder of some whole family, or a case of rape, than they would over the sublimist thought of a great scientist or philanthropist, the folks will find their newspapers filled with the ordinary and the commonplace—the mere reading of which is for the most part a pure waste of time, when it is not something much worse.

The cardinary news consists, on the other hand, of the new and constructive thought which is cooked from day to day, or which comes to light from day to day, in the world; of the ideas of progress and improvement; of the new strides the world is making in securing the better conditions of living; the better development of individual minds and of the collective mind or the public mind of the world—for society has a mind and opinions and aspirations the same as the individual man has. The idea that there is going to be a *millennium*, or an age of justice, harmony and happiness in the world, is not a mere cant of religion. Science, philosophy and practical facts, read rightly, all point the same way. The seeming prevalence of vice and profligacy at the moment is the mere symptom of the breaking up of an old order preparatory to the incipency of a new and better order of life than the world has ever yet seen. It is atheism to suppose that the world is getting worse.

FASHIONS.

The Queen of Denmark dresses on a hundred dollars a year. But every woman cannot afford to live as cheaply as a queen. *Per contra*, "Out of the fashion out of the world" is the justification for every excess and absurdity, male or female, in fashion. Men admit fashion, if they don't enslave themselves to its behests as much as women, and it is in a measure their fault that women make fools of themselves. Nine-tenths of the men would turn to ogle and admire one of those wire figures known to milliners if it were only gracefully shawled and covered with overskirt and flounce *à la mode*, while they would pass with indifference a fine woman dressed in a *passé* style. Nevertheless, even the admiration of the men is scarcely worth the sacrifice of health, grace and cleanliness. High-heeled boots, that twist the ankles and shrink the calf; monstrous chignons, with their attendant nameless abominations, that induce scalp disease and brain fever, or a profusion of hair tumbling in ordered disorder—a meretricious lie, over the shoulders; tight waists, false hips and busts, stained eyelids, paint, padding and deception everywhere, until, as Alphonse Karr asks: "What is a woman?" Does it really pay? It is true that, notwithstanding her absurdities of attire, a really pretty woman can scarcely be made homely, while, by judgment and art, the homeliest may be made engaging. What an advantage to society there would be in a wisely organized and temperately managed FEMALE DRESS ASSOCIATION, in which the objects of dress might be considered, and all that is natural, graceful and healthful might be advocated.

THE SOCIAL EVIL.

Prostitution must be treated in some way other than the old, brutal and debasing pathology of police repression. The infamy of punishing the victim and letting the wrong-doer go free is apparent to all but helpless block-heads. Boston has tried her experiment. New Orleans has long pursued the French system, but only half adopted it, and has by municipal rascality retained the disgraceful feature, the police black mail. But with its imperfections New Orleans is in respect of the social evil the best of our large cities. St. Louis has done something by a law of police supervision and judicial inspection. In New York the great seaport and metropolis, we are so blind that, shutting our eyes, we say we have no sin; or so severely virtuous that we cannot deal with such unclean subjects, for fear the people should find out that there is wickedness in our midst. For, of course, nobody knows. Tax vice, and provide means of reformation. These are empirical remedies, it is true. But they are better than folding of the hands to a little more sleep. Give woman access to all honest employment, and pay her fairly—that lays the axe to the root of the tree.

In many respects ant national cities it has a quiet, de relief to the noise During the war I invaded city, served that it is location, to com become the out unsurpassed. ciated their energy now be equal to the compete for a inland trade. terest to the cemetery, the country for b its other evic WEEKLY" st ideas as in m

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BALTIMORE.

In many respects Baltimore is one of the most important national cities. True it is not as large as others, but it has a quiet, decided way of doing things that is a great asset to the nation and the world. It is the only city in America that has not been directly invaded since the Revolution. But it is now to be served that it is on the highway to prosperity. Its location to command a Southern and Western trade and to become the outlet for the fertile districts of country, is unsurpassed. Its people have not until recently appreciated their natural advantages. The enterprise and energy now being displayed show that they are becoming equal to the situation, and that they are determined to compete for a fair share of international commerce and inland trade. It also possesses many local features of interest to the visitor, among which are its monuments and cemetery, the latter of which will compare with any in the country for both natural and artificial beauty. Beside all its other evidences of greatness, its appreciation of "THE WEEKLY" stamps it as being as progressive in the line of ideas as in material things.

WAS DICKENS A CHRISTIAN?

If anything of stupidity, ignorance or prejudice could surprise the philosopher and enquirer into the history of human folly, it would be the inquiry at the head of this article. Pharisaical dogmatism and presumption know of nothing sacred or holy outside the circle of their self-complacent convictions. The wretched fools who, stone-blind to their own illiberalism and unchristianity, can examine their neighbor's lack of faith and practice with hundred-fold microscopic eyes, will not believe Charles Dickens' own assertion over his own hand, that he lived and died in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ. His faith and life must be gauged by their measure and squared by their rule. Not to such, but to those who believe in something besides themselves and their own infallibility, it is satisfactory to have his own last words and profession of faith; authenticated, too, by Dean Stanley, a pillar of the English Church:

I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb. . . . I enjoin my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. . . . I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me in addition thereto. . . . I commit my soul to the mercy of God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children to try and guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter.

"In that simple but sufficient faith," concluded the Dean, "Charles Dickens lived and died. In that faith he would have you all live and die also; and if any of you have learnt from his works the eternal value of generosity, purity, kindness and unselfishness, and to carry them out in action, those are the best monuments, memorials and testimonials which you, his fellow-countrymen, can raise to his memory."

A VERY LOFTY hotel, or, as we believe, a superior tenement house for wealthy families, is in course of construction at Twenty-seventh street and Broadway. Eight stories seem dangerous, in case of fire, for the upper ten. The law cares for the poor, but we suppose the rich will be allowed to burn themselves up as they please.

PETER COOPER, with his customary mixture of high principle and common sense, says crime is owing to the inability of men to get work. So much for theory. He recommends useful public works and offers to head a labor subscription for honest misfortune with \$50,000. That's the practice.

FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, July 12, 1870.

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY:

You are destined to inaugurate a much-needed reformation in this country, if we are to judge from the character of your beginning, and viewing you in this light I shall be glad to give you from time to time some items from the seat of government or other point where the "Traveler" may chance to rest.

A calm and clear-sighted reviewer of the situation of our national affairs may well become alarmed, for if he detects the under-currents that are struggling to come to the surface of events, he must know that our liberties are in peril and the Republic in danger. As true sentinels, standing upon the watch-tower of freedom, you sound the alarm and call the attention of our too trusting countrymen to their condition, in time to save themselves from being again precipitated headlong into strife, in which now not only their civil but their religious freedom will be the stake.

Since the inauguration of President Grant, momentous and prophetic events have followed each other in rapid succession, each one of which was fraught with the deepest interests to the cause of universal freedom. Imperialism even has dared to fling aloft its despotic banner with the damning assertion upon its folds that our Republic is a failure; but though thus bold, it concealed its birthplace with most pious care. Not even could its hiding place be found, but from

the very fact that it was so bold, it proved that it was not of this world. No longer could it be hidden. It came and no one could deny its birth.

In his inaugural address Grant laid down in the most distinct and plain terms the policy that he would govern the many—that the rich should rule the poor. This was made and well defined in his declaration that no man should hold office under him who thought the government debt should not be paid in gold. He assumed the imperial position of a tyrant, judge and jury to proclaim the law and boldly decreed that the debt should be paid in coin; should be paid in the most profitable manner for the rich and most oppressive for the workingman. No monarch could have taken bolder flight nor perched on higher ground. If he survived in this relation to the interests of all the people, who is to say he is and nothing more, whose sovereign they are and nothing less, he will surely be hurled from the place of despotic power he has assumed, his fair fame and name be wrecked and he sunk into oblivion's dark profound.

That there was a conspiracy set on foot soon after he assumed the duties of Chief Magistrate, to change the form of government from Republican to Imperial, none can deny. The open form did not meet with that favor from the aristocracy of the country it was expected it would. Forced to abandon the diffusion of Imperial principles through the medium of newspapers, which were conducted with marked ability, they resorted to private intrigue, but abandoned none of their intentions, nor have they yet done so.

Whether General Grant was aware of the plot or whether he now understands its meaning, there have been attempts made to involve him in it, which will sooner or later be made apparent, for if the drift continues, not only will the plans be exposed, but its aiders and abettors also. For the honor of our country, which thus far stands so fair before the monarchical world, we trust the skirts even of our President will be found clean.

General Washington rose to the highest point in war, in peace and in the hearts of his countrymen that human nature could attain under the then existing circumstances. It is no depreciation of him to say that the circumstances which surround General Grant give him even greater opportunities. He has it in his hand to live for ever in the same arrayed glory that Washington does, the honored and revered of all the world and the almost worshipped of his country. Is General Grant competent to grasp and control? Will he rise to the firmament in glory, or will he fasten in the slough of personal ambition? With him rests incalculable good on the one hand, on the other the severest blow to the cause of popular freedom it has ever received. Continue in the course of vacillation that has been pursued—first inclining to this, by that one's advice, and then to that, by this one's, and the last result must obtain. But let him awake to the consciousness of the fact that behind all golden hopes for the future lies the general good of the general public, and not the specific good of the special few, and so remodel his cabinet that it will represent this condition, and the first will as surely come. First of all let him at once institute a vigorous and purely American foreign policy based on the Monroe doctrine; and let our citizens, wherever they may be upon the face of the earth or ocean, at all times feel that the strong arm of the greatest Republic of the world will protect them in their lives, liberties and privileges. Let him adopt the wise, just and equal principles laid down in the platform of the National Labor Union and appoint for his immediate counsellors the following gentlemen: Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Secretary of State; General Fitz Henry Warren, Secretary of War; Vice Admiral D. D. Porter, Secretary of the Navy; General Thomas Ewings, Secretary of the Treasury; Hon. John Maguire, Secretary of the Interior; Colonel John W. Forney, Postmaster General. In these tried men he will find servants and advisers in harmony with the wishes and interests of the people, through whom he may rise to that confidence in the hearts of his countrymen that no change they could make would be an improvement upon what they would have. Under such an administration the country would flourish in all its various sources of wealth and greatness, and the general people feel that at last the stability of their Government was insured for all time.

TRAVELER.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS.

PARIS, June 12—3 o'clock P. M.—Emperor Napoleon arrived at the Tuilleries to-day and presided over a Council of Ministers.

Important resolutions, it is expected, will be communicated to the Chambers this afternoon. Great anxiety is manifested to ascertain their character.

MADRID, June 12—Midnight.—Prince Antoine, of Hohenzollern, to-day officially informed General Prim of the withdrawal of the candidature of his son Leopold to the throne of Spain.

PARIS, July 12—Midnight.—The Emperor Napoleon, after a lengthy conference with his Ministry on the action of the King of Prussia, has decided to refuse to accept the withdrawal of Leopold from the candidature of the throne of Spain, unless it is guaranteed by the King, both as the head of a State, as well as of the family of Hohenzollern.

BERLIN, July 12.—A semi-official announcement was made on the Berlin Bourse, this afternoon, that Prince Leopold will be allowed to accept the crown on the condition that Spain shall immediately declare war jointly with Germany against France.

LONDON, July 12—10 o'clock, P. M.—A private message

was received, at 7 o'clock to-night, from Paris, stating that Prussia's final reply is friendly.

The report of the satisfactory arrangement requires confirmation.

Baron Werther, the Prussian Ambassador, arrived from Ems at 11 o'clock last evening.

Prime Minister Ollivier declines to accept as a gage of peace the King of Prussia's withdrawal of his sanction of the Prince Hohenzollern's candidature, unless he does it as King of Prussia and not as the head of the family.

M. Michelet, in the *Rappel* to-day, pleads for peace. He says the *placide* meant peace. If it be doubted, let the vote be repeated.

The Paris journals note the contradictory reports of the attitude of Italy on the Franco-Prussian question. Some of the reports say Italy is favorable to France, others that she leans toward Prussia.

It is believed that if war is declared the Chambers will vote the entire budget.

The King of Prussia had had several audiences with Baron de Moltke.

The first Prussian corps d'armee has received orders to march to the fortresses of the Rhine.

The corps at Cassel, Hanover, and in the Elbe provinces, are to be reinforced immediately.

Seventy thousand troops are to be on the line of the Rhine.

An extract from a letter written by General Prim on the 8th inst. is also published here this afternoon. He says: "I never supposed that France could be impressed in this matter; but Spain cannot, without shame, draw back—so, *En avant, et vive Espagne!*"

It is reported that the Orleans Princes were active in the Hohenzollern candidature.

The Duke de Chartres and the Countess of Flanders urged Hohenzollern to accept, the Countess acting under the advice of the Duke de Chartres.

The political developments of the day are of a more peaceful nature. An informal reply of King William of Prussia to the protest of France has been received. He consents to withdraw from Prince Leopold the sanction of his claims as head of the family of Hohenzollern, but not as King of Prussia.

The French Cabinet intimate that this concession is insufficient.

Leopold himself withdraws from the candidature of the throne of Spain.

A peaceful solution is now possible, unless France asks the execution of the treaty of Prague.

A terrible riot occurred Tuesday afternoon at Elm Park, where a party of Orangemen were assembled. They had incurred the displeasure of the Catholics, by their banner and were set upon them. A general melee ensued; pistols, clubs and stones were freely used, and the cars of the Eighth avenue were attacked into which some of the party had fled. Three men were killed outright and some twenty known wounded. The Police rallied quickly and dispersed the mob, and protected the party until fully retired.

The Fire Companies in and around the city are doing their best to entertain the New Orleans Fireman, and to make them feel at home during their visit.

Two coupons of Government Bonds altered from \$3 to \$1,050 and \$1,020 respectively, were last week unhesitatingly paid by the teller of the New York sub-treasury.

The President has pardoned Willis the vendor of obscene literature.

A formidable strike is occurring at Mulhouse, France. All classes of workmen to the number of twenty thousand are participating in it. Good order prevails and no fears are entertained of collision.

Rear-Admiral Dahlgren died at Washington Navy Yard, Tuesday last, after an honorable service to the country of forty-four years.

Alexander Hamilton, actor, was found dead near the Executive Mansion yesterday. It is supposed that his death was occasioned by apoplexy.

The formal opening of the Thames embankment will take place to-day.

The *Shipping Gazette* denounces American Life Insurance agencies in England.

The drought in France continues. No rain fell for ten weeks prior to July 4.

Charles T. Graham, of Michigan, was yesterday confirmed Minister Resident at the Hague.

Messrs. Butler, Farnsworth and Paine were appointed a Conference Committee from the House on the Georgia Bill.

An amendment was adopted on the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill yesterday, appropriating \$100,000 for public buildings in Trenton, N. J.

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee yesterday postponed nearly all matters before them until next session, including the treaty for the lease of Samana Bay.

The Democratic members of the House have signed a paper to the effect that, hearing the name of the Hon. Godlove S. Orth, has been mentioned in connection with the Berlin mission, they express the hope that he may be appointed.

It is said that trichinae have been discovered in the flesh of deer shot in their native wilds in Oregon.

There are ten thousand lawsuits pending before the courts in Chicago, in which \$30,000,000 are involved.

One of the biggest feasts ever accomplished by the Tammany Society was that of gobbling up the Citizens' Association.

The financial problem is not yet settled. The House yesterday rejected the report of the Conference Committee, which proposed an issue of \$200,000,000 ten-year five per cent bonds; \$300,000,000 fifteen-year four and a half per cent, and \$1,000,000,000 thirty-year four per cent. The objections to it were that it continued the present National Bank monopoly and the commission to be paid for negotiating them.

A Wisconsin paper claims that the water of the artesian wells in the town of Sparta is so charged with electricity that telegraph wires inserted in it need no other battery.

There is a secret society at Iowa called "The Patrons of Husbandry," which numbers 80,000 members. Exactly what its objects are does not appear, but as it admits women and children to membership, it must be all right.

The census-takers in different parts of the country are col-

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Rooms can be secured from the proprietor, J. P. M. STETSON, at the Astor House, daily. Cottages furnished or unfurnished.

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TO ALBANY AND TROY.

The day line steamboats, C. VIBARD and DANIEL DREW, commencing May 31, will leave Vestry street Pier at 8:30, and Thirty-fourth street at 9 A. M., landing at Yonkers (Nyack and Tarrytown by ferryboat), Coxsack, West Point, Cornwall, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, Rhinebeck, Bristol, Catskill and New Baltimore. A special train of broad-gauge cars, in connection with the day-boats, will leave on the arrival at Albany commencing June 20, for SHARON SPRINGS. Fare \$1.25 from New York and for Cherry Valley. The steamboat SENECA will transfer passengers from Albany to Troy.

STARTLING DEVELOPMENT FROM THE Board of Health of N. Y. City.

Beware of Lead Poison in Cosmetics and Lotions for the Complexion.

Within the past few months this Board has given considerable time and attention to the many Cosmetics, Lotions, etc., etc., which are circulated throughout the United States, numbers of which are very dangerous and injurious to health. A number of preparations have been chemically analyzed, but few of them escaped the charge. Among the Cosmetics for beautifying the skin, the only one that received a certified analysis, from Prof. C. F. Chandler's Report to the Metropolitan Board of Health, showing that the article was harmless and entirely free from Lead, was the well-known toilet preparation, Laird's "Bloom of Youth," or "Liquid Pearl," for Beautifying the Complexion and Skin. Ladies need have no fear of using this delightful toilet acquisition.

Read the Letter from the Ex-President of the Board of Health.

OFFICE OF METROPOLITAN BOARD OF HEALTH,
No. 301 MOTT STREET, NEW-YORK,
April 24, 1870.

MR. GEO. W. LAIRD:

DEAR SIR: In reply to your letter of April 1st, asking for a copy of the recent Report of Prof. C. F. CHANDLER, Chemist to the Board of Health, upon a Toilet preparation known as "LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH," I send you herewith the desired copy. From that Report it appears that the article is harmless and contains no Lead whatsoever. The offensive charge that your article was injurious has been sustained.

Your obedient servant, GEO. B. LINCOLN.

Read the Extract from the

Official Report of Poisonous Cosmetics,

By Professor C. F. Chandler, Ph. D. Chemist
to the Metropolitan Board of Health.

In response to the Resolution of the Board, directing the Chemist to examine the various Hair Tonics, Washes, Cosmetics, and other toilet preparations, in general use, and to report what ingredients, if any, they contained, of a character injurious or dangerous to those who use them, I beg leave to submit the following Report of the results thus far reached:

"The articles which I have examined, several of them contained Lead, which is very dangerous." The following is the Report on LAIRD'S "BLOOM OF YOUTH": "A colorless liquid, ENTIRELY FREE from Lead or other Metallic substances injurious to health. This preparation is Harmless."

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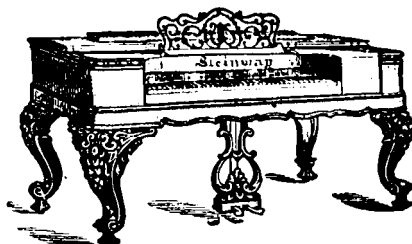
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8:00 A. M.—Through train at Denville for Railroad, a Waterloo ington with Delaware Railroad for Water Pittston, Wilkesbarre, hamton, Scruburg, 11:40 A. M.—Lehigh Morrisstown, Dover, and connecting at E for Bethlehem, Ma stations on the Lehigh 4:10 P. M.—Scranton, connecting at R. R. for Water Gap. 8:30 P. M.—Hackett, Chester and Su 11:30 A. M., 2:30 P. M. Express for tions.

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DRAMATIC.

The melancholy death of poor Lingard has drawn forth a great expression of sympathy. The manner of his demise was sad, the circumstances which led to it still more so. Many who would not assist him when living, mourned him when dead. It is one of the world's curious ways. But I cannot see any just cause for the outburst against his wife. As usual, the woman bears the blame. Is it her fault that her husband was lavish of his means, unsuccessful in his business, and preferred folly to wisdom? The world expects a woman to bear that uncomplainingly which it would be disgraceful for a man to endure; and because of an intemperate expression by a crazy man, Mrs. Grundy cries aloud and spares not against a woman who, so far as known, seems to have done her best to bear trouble and to avert consequences by which she was the greatest sufferer. Lingard's death calls to mind the truism that an actor's life has more sorrows and fewer compensations than the outer world dreams of. It seems so self-evident to us, in front of the house, that an actor must have the happiest, easiest, jolliest kind of a time.

Gayety and jocosity are the professional element; and those who take to tragic sentiment and melo-drama we know so well that they doff this grim affectation of feeling with their royal robes or beggars' rags. Then who would not like, after the humdrum day in and day out work of the desk or the store or the workshop, to put on bright costumes and spout away for an hour or so on the broad boards and amid gorgeous decoration. There is nothing so amusing, so fun-making as your amateur acting, so entirely out of the common jog-trot. Just think of "Box and Cox" or "Lend Me Five Shillings." The very mistakes and little trips and blunders add to the merriment, and then the applause of admiring friends and the facility with which every one can take up a part and render it amusingly. Oh, yes! an actor's is a pleasant life. "Motley's your only wear." And then the singers and the ballet dancers. Why it is all poetry and romance. Doesn't the cheerful spirit find an outlet in "Five O'Clock in the Morning," or a sad one tell its troubles in "The Heart Bowed Down?" And doesn't even innocent childhood express its joy in the free movements of the dance? The famous Redowa itself was picked up by a musician looking out of his window at the untutored, rhythmical movement of a servant-girl in a backyard of Prague or Pesh. That's how ballet comes. No work—all play. My very dear reader—Did you ever go to the play for thirty consecutive nights? even with a change of bill. Frou Frou was a very pretty piece, very. It lasted over one hundred nights. Must it not be exhilarating and buoyant to come on for a hundred successive nights, at the same moment of time, to say the same words, with the same gestures, the same set face of smiles or tears, to make the same points and to look for the applause, the sympathies of the audience at the same old form of words? No wonder Agnes Ethel looked weary at the end of her season. But she was a star! What flattering unction is there for the little people's souls? They don't even get their share of the world's approval. They are stopgaps, mere stepping stones for the others to walk on. Fair weather or foul, sick or well, happy or miserable, they must attend regularly and do their business. Even down to the regular *encores* all is routine. In the life of Joey Grimaldi, the king of clowns, the plaything of royalty, we learn how he took his leaps, did his tricks, made his grimaces and left the house roaring with irrepressible laughter, while he, at the wings, was being brandied and rubbed to get the racking cramps out of his muscles that he might go on again to convulse the house anew with his irresistible drollery. A very recent case comes to us. They are plentiful enough if you want to speak words of sympathy or offer the hand of honest kindness. I knew a little girl—she has left New York now—who would come on, speak her jests and do her bit of sprightliness, then go off and cough. Heavens! how the child would cough and raise blood till some of the kind souls—there are a good many behind the scenes—would cheer her up and pour wine into her and send her on again—for work she must! She would live honestly; and, as she was too sick

to eat common boarding-house fare, and too poor to pay a high price, she lived alone and cooked every bit she ate, and sent all that she saved by this grinding self-sacrifice to her mother, a hopeless invalid. And the graceful bounds, the wonderful poses, the incredible agility of the danseuse, they are very easy. Point your toe and try it against the wall for an hour. Night after night, with terrible *encores* of that exhausting labor by a cruel, insatiable public that never stints its own enjoyment, but cries more! more! and never reflects that two songs or two dances for one piece of money are two loaves or two pairs of gloves for one price. No, my reader, play-acting or theatre life is not a jest. Actors are much the same as the rest of us. Did my money-changing friend ask if Dickens was a Christian? Ah! that question reminds me that I know a player queen who keeps the Sabbath, goes to church and prays, sometimes fasts, as devoutly as an importer's or a stockbroker's wife.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Madame Kate Lanner, with her troupe of Viennese furies, opened with "Giselle" on Monday night. The house was crowded. It is idle to talk of heat or summer weather. Give people what they want and they will go, if only the going be good. Of Madame Lanner I say at once that she is the nearest approach to Taglioni I have seen of late years. The great queens of the dance stand on an unapproachable eminence. The utmost is to approach near them in comparative excellence. Rivalry is impossible. Every old playgoer who recollects Taglioni may have seen the reproduction of her matchless style in Lanner. The same *physique*, the same easy movement (how very few danseuses can walk), the same prodigious bounds, elastic as steel springs, light and vigorous as a greyhound or antelope. Her *pose* is perfect in its *aplomb*, while there is an absence of all twiddling littleness and commonplace tricks and twists. She is a great artist. Her second, Mlle. Lind, is of another style, relying rather on brilliancy and rapidity of movement than on the prima's wonderful force and precision. Mlle. Lind is more than usually pretty. Male dancers are usually bores, though they need not belong to that category. They need thought to be dancers, not merely ballet masters. But Francesca, the chief dancer of this troupe, is an exception to this rule, and one of his feats, a circular movement in which he spun round the whole circle of the stage, was a great pas. The height to which he raises Lanner in her bounds, turning her in the air, is something surprising—and all with elegant ease and without the slightest appearance of effort. The Coryphes are very numerous, their drill evolutions and postures complete, and the execution of the whole is a better ballet than we have had before in this city, and an infinite credit to the managerial enterprise of Mr. Fisk.

In one respect I should ask for improvement. The orchestra; it is wretched; without spirit, without unity, and wretched playing. Besides, the violins and stringed instruments were so weak as to be borne down by the blatan brasses and that inharmonious drum. I can only wish Mr. Fisk more taste for music, if his present orchestra is to his satisfaction. The plot of Giselle is simple. A prince in disguise loves a village maiden. She reciprocates. The stern parent and his affianced, a lady of high degree, appear and separate the lovers. Giselle dies rather suddenly of the disappointment. Lanner's mad scene, a mixture of Marguerite and Ophelia, is pantomime in its perfection. In the second act Giselle appears in the spirit world, and as the longings of this life are renewed more intensely in the other land, we have a repetition of the love passages.

WOOD'S MUSEUM.—The French athletics and wrestlers are prodigious. The man with the iron jaw is no everyday specimen of sound teeth. I have a distrust of these exhibitions of strength. There have been strong men. Samson was one, Hercules was another; Milo and Madimin were respectable specimens. On the general proposition I am a believer. Coming to the particular, one is bound to inquire. I recollect a Belgian, some years ago, taking up a table and holding it horizontally between his teeth. That test didn't satisfy me. I doubted the table.

Mons. d'Atalie takes up a barrel, a whisky barrel by the chime between his teeth, lifts it on a horizontal line with his mouth, and a man sits astride on it. I believe in that feat. I know a whisky barrel, I have handled one. I saw the man sit astride on it. The stage-manager said the barrel was full of water; that might, or might not be; if full, it makes three hundred and seventy pounds; if empty, I am satisfied. Try and lift a whisky barrel with thumb and finger, or two thumbs and two fingers placed close together. Then d'Atalie supports four men by his teeth, and swings himself to the roof by his teeth. Altogether he has an uncommon jaw, and I shouldn't like him to lay hold of me in a fleshy place, he'd fetch the piece out sure! His wife Angela is a comely, pleasant-looking young woman. She carries three or four men—live men—about, and walks the stage before our eyes; not straw bail parties, either. She does it so easily that half a dozen or so more would probably be of no particular consequence. When her feats are performed she moves about unconcernedly without the slightest sign of bellows to mend. The seeming gentleness and good humor of this strong-kneed female would imply exclusion from the muster-roll of the strong-minded. What a pair! Only think of putting one's arm round such a damsel by mistake; one gentle dig from her elbow and where would a fellow's ribs be?

The wrestlers, too, are good. The manly art has so degenerated who can tell whether it is a put up thing or not! Here on the stage it is admitted openly to be for sport. And yet it is so real that I do believe the best man wins. The wrestlers are six—three light and three heavy weights. By the French rules no kicking or brutality is permissible. The contest is one of agility and address, though the strength must at times be enormous, as where one player heaves another right over his head by sheer strength. The shifts and squirms, the heaves and pushes, the long-enduring lock and the force brought into play are intensely interesting. And the number of reputable people that attend the house, to whom probably wrestling is a perfect novelty, take as much interest in the exhibition as a regular sport could do—minus the betting and the uproar. Indeed, I felt a strong impulse to sing down five to three on the little one. But the awful presence of one of our mutual friends in blue kept my desires in subjection. It struck one what a splendid show of the old Roman circus and games might be made with these wrestlers and a few others. *Imperator te morituri salutamus*. Nor the least interesting feature of this display is the anatomical development of the combatants.

WALLACK'S.—Charles Gayler's play of "Fritz, or Our Cousin German" is a *genre* piece written principally up to the situation of Emmet's comicalities as an imported and naturalized Dutchman. As a dramatic production, therefore, it is not worthy criticism, the incidents being only manufactured as possible occurrences in the life of an immigrant which justify him as pegs on which to hang his quips, gibes, his dances and funny songs. J. K. Emmet is certainly one of the most comic actors of the national droll school. And it is a relief from the everlasting nigger, whose eccentricities and peculiarities have been so overdone that they have lost all spice of originality, the minstrel sentimentalism and *opera bouffe* being matter altogether foreign to the original idea. The fun of a foreigner's dilemma is a legitimate outgrowth from what Sidney Smith defines as one of the two elements of wit—a sense of superiority. When the green emigrant arrives, we pity his helplessness so self-complacently and in such contemptuous security of our own superiority that the very helps themselves who have been here three months catch the tone and despise the most recent arrivals. Fritz goes through all sorts of mishaps from perverse fortune, and the story of his troubles, his confidences with the audience, in his broken jargon, are infinitely funny, while his character dancing is capital, and his performance on the mouthicon, as I believe the instrument is styled, is excellent, though not superior to Fatty Stewart's on the same toy. The performance pleases and the house is full. I have only a word to add—regret that Wallack's should lose caste. But time brings changes, and I suppose Wallack's day of de-

cidence is come and that some new up town theatre will ere long take its place.

THEODORE THOMAS.—I have already commented so often on the superlative excellence of his concerts that I get tired of praising. A violoncello solo by Hartegan was finely played last Sunday evening, with an ingenious and refined orchestral accompaniment. What a rare trombone player is in that band. A noisy, blaring instrument is the trombone, coarsely played, but this man gets music and feeling out of it. There was another such player—possibly the same, for I have not seen the face of either—at one time in Booth's orchestra. I must still enter my humble protest against Mr. Thomas' too much science in his programme. We little fellows can't hold so much. It is like feeding a small child with strong food. VAN DYKE.

WALLACK'S.

Proprietor and Manager, Mr. LESTER WALLACK.
Doors open at 7½ P. M. To commence at 8 o'clock.
EVERY EVENING,

WEDNESDAY MATINEES, AT 1½ P. M.
The young Character Comedian,
Mr. JOSEPH K. EMMET.
Who will appear in his Great Specialty of The German Emigrant, in Charles Gayler's triumphantly successful Drama, in three acts, of

FRITZ,
OUR COUSIN GERMAN!
Fritz Van Vonderblinkstoffer, Mr. Jos. K. Emmet.
In which Character he will introduce his Charming Characteristic Melange, Songs, Dances and Instrumental Solos.

Characters by Mr. Jos. K. Emmet, Mr. Charles Fisher, Mr. B. T. Ringgold, Mr. J. C. Williamson, Mr. J. W. Leonard, Mr. M. Holland, Mr. Charles Rockwell, Mr. J. Peck, Mr. Quigley, Mr. Kyle, Mr. J. Curran, Miss Lizzie Price, Miss Emily Mentay, Miss Chambers, Miss Abbot, Misses Fowler, Tyson, Hayden, Blaisdell, and Little Minnie Madden.

ACT I.
Scene 1.—A view of the Bay of New York, with the Officers of the Commissioners of Emigration.

ACT II.
INTERNATIONAL CONCERT HALL.

Dat Greelan Bend, with Song, Mr. Emmet.
Polona Sausage Boy, with Song, Mr. Emmet.
Valking Dat Broadway Down, with Song, Mr. Emmet.
Capt. Schmidt, with Song and Dance, Mr. Emmet.

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