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[FOR WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.]

GOD IN CREATION, IN HISTORY AND IN GOVERNMENT.

Almighty God! who art alone first cause  
Of all that Nature works through changeless laws,  
Maker and author of what'er we see,  
That lives Thy life amid eternity.

Look back ere time was, and the face of earth,  
Lifeless and still, was solitude and dearth;  
No lovely valleys and no hills sublime;  
No rocks or waters marked the hours of time.

Yet look again; behold the grass-clad hills,  
Dew-spangled, multitudinous with rills,  
Yet lifeless still; no reason and no sight,  
That in these many glories know delight.

Yet look again; field-beasts and birds of sky  
Range woods and glades mere hunger to supply;  
And time rolls onward, rocks grow old and gray,  
And Nature's face is wrinkled with decay.

Yet look again; Creation's fullness past,  
And one supreme is born. Man comes at last;  
Man, who to man is what God is to earth;  
God's image in the soul; in form her birth.

Yet look again; Man reaches to his prime,  
Like God, creating through fixed laws and time,  
Must he not, too, through each gradation go,  
Reaching to higher passes from the low?

Is not our life breathed forth from God's own breath?  
Once having lived, can we in truth known death?  
Each soul from birth until the final sleep,  
Must on God's own fixed lines its travel keep.

Then, wherefore, with loud prayer and unctuous face,  
To brother say: "Ye run a foolish race  
To the abyss." For how shall any know  
Whither God's ministry shall make us go?

Doubt ye the power that governs everything  
That lovely earth from chaos forth did bring?  
Canst mark the line where ceases God's command  
From work that's done by man's own shaping hand?

Forever, no! For man is but effect  
Of causes which the Father doth direct;  
Each act and thought and movement of his soul  
Hath source in God, the Infinite and Whole.

From earthly things man must his body feed;  
But doth not soul from Heaven its nurture need?  
His earthly frame bound earthward by fixed laws,  
Doth not the soul yearn for a heavenly cause?

Brothers to brothers linked, and each to all,  
Live we one life on this terrestrial ball;  
One life of those who live and those who die,  
Of those whom sight knows and whom memory.

Those elder brothers on that farther shore,  
Risen higher than we in wisdom and in lore,  
Send messages of knowledge and of love;  
But know we well that these come from above!

For angels' wisdom to the earth descends,  
And each fresh hour some bright, fresh wisdom sends;  
Each day some wonder of new lore displayed,  
Each year man's mind with triumph new arrayed.

Can mouldering relics, or can fossilled creeds  
Provide the quickening age her mighty needs?  
Can codes, half-dead, framed in days long gone by,  
The soul's new wants, so manifold, supply?

New palaces of Science, Faith and Truth,  
Tower o'er the humble dwellings of our youth,  
Shall Rule and State, then, in their old ways stand,  
Denying Progress her supreme demand?

Yet stand they do, and with contemptuous pride,  
Fling Reason, Progress, Hope and Faith aside.  
Shall the soul's mighty yearnings thus have end?  
As well with words think God's own plans to bend.

Decrees are sealed in Heaven's own chancery,  
Proclaiming universal liberty.  
Rulers and Kings who will not hear the call,  
In one dread hour shall thunder-stricken fall.

So moves the growing world with march sublime,  
Setting new music to the beats of Time:  
Old things decay, and new things ceaseless spring,  
And God's own face is seen in everything.

IN SPITE OF ALL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME GEORGE SAND.

Translated expressly for Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.

PART III.

[Continued.]

"But now, Mlle. D'Ortosa, is it true now? Indeed, now that I recollect, it is that with which you are generally reproached."

"Now!" said she, with a little hesitation—"now! then, you wish to know everything?"

"It seems to me to be part of the second chapter, because the third is devoted to the future."

"You are right. I shall tell all, as I have so attentive and impartial an audience. In reality it gives me pleasure to review myself with you; but I must speak of the present in explaining the future. This, then, this is the goal. I have never perceived it till recently; that is to say, till my twenty-fourth year. Until then my wandering life had pleased me; but I came to a conclusion that thus it could not last always, seeing that good looks will not last forever. They had served me in my first appearance; they must now be made of use in maintaining my position. My beauty is a power not to be neglected, whose full force I had not yet estimated. I coolly calculated the chances; it might last until thirty, then it must decline. My objects must be attained between this and thirty. The object is not money, nor love, nor pleasure; it is the temple in which these goods are necessary, but secondary accessories: it is a position, free, brilliant, splendid, supreme. It is summed up for me in one word—*eclat*! You perceive that I am in perfect keeping with my past. I have always sought and attained *eclat*; I only desire now to fix it, possess it, produce it without effort, manifest it without limit. I wish everything that procures and assures it. I intend to marry a man rich, handsome, young, desperately in love with me, forever subject to me, and bearing an illustrious name. It is my desire that he shall have power, be a king, an emperor, at least heir apparent, if not reigning prince. All my care will henceforth be applied to seek him out. My education is so perfected I am certain of carrying him off when I find him. I run no risk of being charmed myself; I have corrected all that was deficient in my early education. I have studied. I have erudition, political knowledge; I know the history of dynasties and peoples; I know all the secret ways of diplomacy and all the simplicity of all ambition; I know the men of note, and all the powerful women of the past and present. I have taken their exact measure and fear none of them. A day will come when I shall be as useful to a sovereign as I might this day be to a woman asking ad-

vice about her dress. I have an air of attaching great importance to trifles. I am not suspected of the serious preoccupations that absorb me; they will know hereafter, when I am Queen, Czarina, Grand Duchess, or Presidentess of a Republic, for I know full well that the people are in agitation and demand novelties; but I don't believe in the duration of this fever, and were I Presidentess to-day, even in America, I should be sure of being a Sovereign to-morrow. In fine, I desire, after playing a brilliant part in the world, to play a dazzling one in history. I don't wish to disappear like a common actress, with my youth and my beauty. I demand a crown on my silver hair. We always seem beautiful because a crown is so resplendent. I wish to know great contests, great dangers; even the scaffold has a charm for me. I shall never accept exile; I shall never take flight; they will never arrest me on the road to Varennes. I shall never become mad under reverses; I shall brave the most tragic destinies; will fight the popular lion face to face; it shall never make me close my eyes, and I swear that more than once it shall lie down chained at my feet. After that let it rise, let it break loose; let it carry my head on a pike! that will be the day of supreme *eclat*, and this pale face doubly crowned in martyrdom, will endure forever graven on the memory of mankind."

Mlle. d'Ortosa stopped, darting at me looks whose fire blinded me; then she shut her eyes, and, as though she had forgotten me, seemed plunged in the visions of her fancy. It struck me that she was completely insane, and I looked around for an escape in case of a fit of fury; but she rose up quite calm, took a few steps to and fro, then took my arm and said, with a fascinating smile:

"I went a little too far, didn't I? I did not expect to have told you all this; I have never said it to any one, and it was necessary to speak out. Now, I shall repeat it no more; for the first point in success is that no one should be on guard against you. I count on your silence, and I ask it very seriously; nay, more, I demand it."

"This last word is a little haughty," said I, laughing. "You are not a queen yet."

"No; but I have your secret as you have mine."

"My secret! I have none."

"Pardon me—quite a little secret! If it were divulged it would give you more uneasiness than my grand plans will ever give me. Where were you, Miss Owen, on the day of the concert at Mazières, six months ago? In a reputable house, I know; don't blush. But where was M. Abel between the first and second parts of the concert? I know. I was in a boat, all alone, on the Meuse. I don't care for concerts; they are too long. I kept myself until the moment when Abel would play his piece, and I persuaded Lady Osborn to pay a visit at Monthermé while I lounged along the river. I saw you at first with a child. I went ashore, and was on the point of joining you and accosting you, and so making your acquaintance. I knew how pretty you were, and I wanted to know if you had as much grace and charm as were attributed to you; but scarcely had I set foot among the trees on the bank when I saw Abel with you near the rustic arbor. I saw him at your feet, I saw him kiss your hand, I heard what he said and I rode back with him in the same train. I did not recognize him, though he is acquainted with me, and he threw himself into another carriage. We have often met in Germany and Russia. Don't turn pale; I am not a rival! At the concert I noticed how warm he was, poor fellow! but he had the intoxication of triumph about him, and he was handsome that day. Dear Miss Owen, do not be angry with me; I am not your enemy, and you are not dealing now with a woman, in other words, with one of those jealous, cruel children, who delight in finding a stain in the alabaster or a footprint in the snow, and rush



to break up the beloved idols with furious eagerness. For my part, having no weaknesses, I mourn the error of others and never point at them. I have kept your secret and that is why I have opened my heart before you, certain that it would be a treaty of reciprocity as sacred to you as to me—you cannot affirm the reverse."

I was displeased by the tone of disdainful superiority that Mlle. d'Ortosa assumed. One has not loved irreproachably and purely for twenty-three years to feel humiliated by an ambitious mad woman. I replied:

"I am sorry, but you are compelled to throw yourself on my generosity; you have told me your secret and you are at liberty to publish mine. You think you surprised me in a rendezvous; you only surprised me in a great surprise. You can recount how you were witness to an act of imprudence which I did not expect from M. Abel nor ever authorized. If you heard as you say, you know that to be the case."

"I did hear him call you his engaged, and you did not forbid him."

"That is so. Tell it. I have nothing to blush for, and there is not in my whole life one thought I can reproach myself with. Beyond doubt it is a wounding, cruel, odious thing to have the public gaze in on the modesty of your soul, pry into your conscience and demand an explanation of thought and feeling; but I prefer even this rather than submit to a threat. I don't ask your secrecy, and will make you no promises. I shall do what pleases me, do you the same."

She stopped to look at me from head to foot, with an air of defiance in which there was almost a touch of hate; but she was more irritable than malicious, and in her devouring personality she despised and forgot opposition or contradiction. Her eye lighted up with caressing gaiety.

"Why, what an *enfant terrible*—who would have supposed it! I knew you a most superior person, but I thought you were more timid before public opinion. It is just as well; I like you all the same, and I am decided to be your friend. That is not a little to say, my dear! I am a friend after the man's fashion—firm, discreet. You will not like me, perhaps; you have too much prejudice on the score of sentiment to comprehend me. Some day you will do me justice and will be blindly devoted to me. You will want me. You don't believe it! You will see. You will say of me, 'She is good because she is great.' Adieu, Miss Owen. Do as you will with my confessions. I have kept your secret—I shall keep it still."

"You kept it from my father and sister?"

"Precisely; it is from your sister that I would keep it. Where would you be, my poor dear, if Ada knew how deeply attached Abel is to you?"

"What can that matter to my sister?"

"Your sister loves Abel—and you don't know it."

"Why, Mlle. d'Ortosa, you are dreaming. She despises him."

"For all that she is madly in love with him. When we give way to a phantasy for which we blush it becomes a passion."

"Let me go," I cried, quitting her arm; "it's you now who are mad. You take pleasure in astonishing and annoying me with a tissue of extravagance."

"You are touched to the heart, my little girl, and you are irritable. Keep calm. You will soon see your sister, and little as you possess of penetration you will perceive that I have been telling you the truth. There is more annoyance in store for your troubled life. Happily I am here. I will undertake to cure Ada of her malady. I have begun; I have put lofty ambitions in her head. I want her to marry Lord Osborn, and I shall succeed. He loved me too much not to accept a wife of my choosing. As for you, my dear, you shall marry Abel. I promise it. He will be at first a great trouble to you, for he is a lunatic—a charming, excellent lunatic—who, while he worships you, will give you great annoyance; but he will launch you. Artists are very powerful in the world; they charm kings and women. After a few years—loving him no longer—you will know life and will be able to aspire to something better than love. Good by, again; here is my young squire. *Au revoir!*"

She did not wait for an answer. What answer could I have given to this whirlwind of buzzing and stinging that surrounded me as in a swarm of gnats? She went back into the cottage to put on her riding habit, while I plunged into the wood, not to speak to her again. I strove to keep calm; it seemed so foolish to be annoyed at the talking of a person who could not be serious in her lofty pretensions. What was the end she had in view but eccentricity! It might imply force of character; but what is the value of misdirected force? Mlle. d'Ortosa might possibly attain her objects, for this is an age of adventure, and modern history opens the way to all ambitions. It is not requisite to have a great stature to be able to take great leaps, when chance, overturning ancient secular institutions and upsetting manners, brings a new and unexpected element into human affairs. Anybody can pretend to anything, and no one is mad for aspiring to rule through the means

of intellect. Where Mlle. d'Ortosa made her mistake was in seeking power, elevation, *éclat* in any material situation. To me it seems that real power over the heart, the reason, the conscience, calls not for thrones, or armies, or money. To obtain it one has only to work upon one's self, to seek the beautiful, the true, and to spread it abroad according to one's strength. If the strength be little, one can do but little. That was my lot, and I was content. That little would be more useful for good than the evil done by usurping power. With Mlle. d'Ortosa's strength she could obviously do more than I could, but on condition only of not reigning as she understood the word—that is, to satisfy a personal passion. With this rage for personality has any one the right to say before God "I will be great?" She mistook *éclat* for glory; she didn't even comprehend the real *éclat* of her own part—she only knew, only dreamed of show.

She knew not either what the present claims and what the future promises. She belonged to the past. She dashed forward, wishing to be of that fated and potent race, the upstarts of history. She was doing, as they all had done, what has ruined them all. She wished to copy the absolutism of the finished powers. She had all the prejudices of institutions dead or at the point of death. She played with shadows, and evoked tragedies in which the passions are extinct, and draped herself in the martyr's robe to escape ridicule. She was interesting, however, and her celebrity was assured. Her beauty had gleams of splendor as vivid almost as rays, and in her changing eyes the lightnings seemed to emanate as from a furnace of enthusiasm and will. It was the victory of mind over nature—love slain by imagination. Had I not been protected by the sagacious ideas my father had given me and by the reserve of my own nature, I should have sunk under her domination. My poor Ada, restless and troubled by an unfortunate beginning of life, could not resist the whirl produced by this caressing, tyrannical woman.

Did Ada really love Abel? Was Mlle. d'Ortosa's revelation prompted by perfidy or imagination? I could not suppose her perfidious, but her penetration appeared to me immersed in fancies, that I could not feel seriously alarmed. But if she should be in the right? I could not see any solution of the question. To rouse her ambition, to be party to a marriage of *éclat*, which might, perhaps, have a more wretched result than her former unhappy alliance, in order not to have any rivalry with her about my own intended—this was a procedure I could not accept. On the other hand, for her to marry a man whose words had caused her husband's death, and whose profession she held in contempt—this exalted man of pleasure, who could only be loved with a self-abnegation of which Ada was incapable—this, too, was intolerable.

Mlle. d'Ortosa has succeeded in disturbing my mind and crushing my heart. The foolish had troubled the prudent; the unfeeling had moved the devoted. This was all in order. I know not, my dear friend, if pure reason can demonstrate God, but there are bitter moments, when all the things of life weigh upon us. In those hours a clear conscience feels the divinity, and feels it so profoundly and vividly that it dispenses with other proof. I returned home resigned to suffering and self-sacrifice, should it be needful.

Having decided on making excursions to the various places of interest in the country about Malgrétout, I had one day been visiting the caverns of the Liesse, where the waters descend and disappear in the earth. As I returned through the underground passages to the light of upper air, awed by the wonders of the world below, and almost dazzled by my unexpected return to the sunlight, I was astounded at hearing the word "Sarah!" and finding myself face to face with Abel.

Nouville had not kept faith with me. Thinking to give Abel a severe lesson, he had inclosed to him at Nice my last letter to himself, in which, referring to the Lyons affair, I had used the expression, "I have decided to pardon even that, for the point is to save him, and I devote myself to the task were I even to die under the burden." Abel quitted Nice instantly. He had come to Malgrétout, and, not finding me at home, had inquired after my movements and came in search of me. This explanation was made on the edge of a lake smooth as glass, and in front of the majestic natural portal that led to the grottoes and caverns from which we had just emerged. The rain was falling; the guide had been sent in search of a carriage; Abel held my hands while he spoke. This man, who could not write a line, could prove everything that he wished by his word of mouth. He persuaded me that Lettania had been nothing more than a business associate. Had I remained a moment longer I would have been convinced. So near me and not to have known it! Not to have guessed at me through that thin partition that divided us! He cursed the mischance that had put me to flight, but had we only met at Marseilles or Nice we should have been openly affianced, perhaps even married. I should have known your love, and all doubt as to your wishes being removed

I should have declared myself to your father and sister. I worked hard to remove Mme. de Remonville's prejudices, and I even thought I had met with some success, for she ceased from her sarcasm and even spoke with me in accents of friendship. When I read your letter to Nouville I was beside myself with happiness, and here I am at your feet. I shall listen to no more scruples or hesitations. I shall remain near you for the return of your family, and instead of delaying six months it shall not be six weeks. I would be with you now and forever. I am rich enough for two or three years if you wish to spend a gay life—for ten years or more if you choose a modest retired life. What is the future to me? It will be what you make it. I have immense strength to make our fortunes. This dismal cavern from which we have just emerged is the symbol of my life. The beauties are all deceptive, the abysses are beneath one's feet, and overhead is the vault of the tomb, while one wanders up and down like a human form that has left its soul at the threshold. I have a horror of night and darkness. Love me, bring me to the sun, or I shall cease to love myself and shall die without having lived.

I know not what reply I made to this rhapsody. My heart spoke in my words. He thanked me; he was happy and wept tears of joy. The carriage came and took us back to Givet in three hours. I asked him if he had breakfasted? The child talks about eating when I was coming to join her.

"Well, then, yes; I am hungry; you tell me I am. You shall take care of me henceforth. I shall have some one to prescribe my duty to me, to tell me what I shall do and what avoid. I shall no longer live a life of chance. On your part you will have some one to direct, to care for."

After we had spent some time together in this peaceful intercourse I had to remind him that it was time for me to return home. He spoke of waiting until my father's and sister's arrival; but I must be at my house, and he could not remain in the immediate neighborhood.

"What, take you home and then part again! No, no; impossible. You are here; I have you. We are eating together, *tête à tête*, like two married people. How can I part from you? Besides, your people don't expect you home, they think you are on a tour. The country is so desolate and so thinly inhabited that nobody knows your name or your person. I shall carry you off."

I protested. He yielded and went for a carriage. The evening was damp and cool. He wrapped me in his bear-skin coat, fine and flexible as silk, and when we were again on the road he addressed me:

"Let us talk reason, my beloved. Your sister will never agree to your marriage with me. You must pluck up your courage; if you do not I am lost."

"Well, let us talk reason. Give me all the particulars of your relations with my sister at Nice."

"I have told you all, except that she is as coquettish as she is capricious."

"A coquette! Tell me all you think of her. I will defend her when I hear all the accusation."

"Well, then, you must know all. The last time I saw her she flirted with me. There was a certain adventuress named Mlle. d'Ortosa"—

"I know her. What do you think of her?"

"I think she is eaten up with the vanity of eclipsing all other women and turning all the men's heads."

"Does she succeed?"

"She does succeed, though she failed in my case. About eight or ten days ago I had met with a great success. I was all the rage. Mlle. d'Ortosa sent me an invitation through her relative, the Countess of Arès, to take tea with her—'no company.' There were two hundred people. Your sister was there. I approached her and talked for some time with her. It was about you."

"What passed? I must know."

"She was saying—that your chief idea of being happy was to be alone."

"How came that?"

"In order to impress on me that you hated the world and movement, and to make me feel that I should be very wrong to embarrass my artist life by a marriage that could only suit a rich trader retired from business."

"How? She said that?"

"Not, perhaps, all in the same words, but in such fashion that I could not miss the theme. It was the first time she had spoken out with such clearness, and I did my best to show how she was working on your devotion, and that she wished to wipe out her own gratitude by pretending that your sacrifices had no merit. Our *aside* was becoming somewhat angry, when Mlle. d'Ortosa, who saw the animated gestures of our dialogue and does not tolerate any court paid to other women in her presence, came forward and claimed my arm to lead her round the room. She thought she was permitting me a great favor—she, who only permitted princes, or at least ambassadors, to be her pages and trainbearers. I found the thing comical and I was gay. She thought I was intoxicated, and forbade me, in crushing words, from hoping anything, while darting upon me glances from her wonderful eyes, which seem to-day to dare all things. It is her way."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



FOR WOODHULL &amp; CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

UNIVERSAL OR PLANETARY GOVERNMENT—  
THE UNITED STATES OF THE WORLD.

The great new practical question in the world is now that of universal government; of one general or central government for all the states and nations of the world—the establishment of the One New Government, that of the United States of the World.

The Spaniards, or perhaps rather the Mexicans, have an expressive single word by which they designate, quite habitually, and as it were technically, the rallying cry of any new chieftain or political party, such as spring up successively and dominate for the time the minds and attention of the whole people. This they call a *grito* (pronounced *greeto*); literally a cry, but fraught with more than a usual charge of meaning by the usages of the people.

Every distinctive country and age has its *grito* or *slogan*—its rallying cry—some leading word and thought, around which all the energies of the period turn as on a pivot. In one age it is war; in another discovery, emigration and colonization; in another money; in another science. In the generation before the last, war was in the ascendant; in the last, national wealth; in this age, incipiently, science.

But the ages travel more rapidly than formerly. Each decade has now its own particular *grito*, or *slogan*. That of the ten years before the last in America was the downfall of slavery, followed up to the hour by the reconstruction of the South and the resurgence of the nation; the rising *grito* of the last ten years has been Woman's Rights. The *grito* of the coming decade, for America first, and then, by contagion, among all the civilized peoples, and finally among all, will be The Unity of Mankind.

This unity of the race will seek to express itself tangibly in the actual and voluntary establishment of a universal government—the crystallization of the nations under one administration, the administration centrally and pivotally of the affairs of mankind.

The preparation for the louder utterance of this new cry has been going on quietly but persistently during the last two decades. It is not much less than twenty years ago that I was engaged personally in preparing the minds of a circle of intimate friends and adherents for the entertainment of this idea.

More than ten years ago I had printed and circulated (but did not publish) the sketch of a planetary government, under the title of "Constitution of the Pantarchy," a word formed from two Greek words, and meaning universal government. Among my friends, who are familiar with this little work, it is usually referred to as the "Pantarchy Document." At that time that portion of the press to which I had access was too week-kneed to permit me to discuss the subject seriously in their columns.

Two or three years later this document was sent to Victor Hugo, and to the men of whom he is representative, to the progressive thinkers of Europe, and to some extent to those of all countries.

In 1867, now three years ago, Victor Hugo, in his eloquent and impressive introduction to the "Paris Guide" of that year, draws a vivid picture of a new and powerful nation which is to arise in the world during the coming century. With this nation, according to him, the millennium will not only commence but will attain to an extraordinary degree of development "It will," he says, "abhor war, and will find it impossible to see the difference between the purple of the general and the red of the butcher. It will regard the slaughter of a Waterloo or a Sadowa with as much detestation as that with which we now read of the massacre of St. Bartholemew. Instead of devastating wars we shall then have grand congresses, a federal council of mankind, in which will be settled the disputes that would now occasion an appeal to arms. Justice will everywhere prevail, and peace and innocence will descend, white-robed, from heaven, to preside over the destinies of the human race. The name of this extraordinary nation will be Europe, and its capital will be Paris. It will be called Europe in the twentieth century, and in the following centuries, still more completely transfigured, it will be called HUMANITY."

I think I am authorized, upon the best of authority, to affirm that the veteran editor of the New York *Herald* is a full convert to the idea of a Universal Government. During the last three or four years, and especially in its Sunday issues during that period, the *Herald* has abounded in a series of extraordinary articles of a truly cosmical or planetary sweep and character; and of late, the distinct proposition of a Unitary Government for the World has appeared in its columns. While other organs of opinion have gained the reputation of being more especially reformatory, by confining themselves to the minor but more matured questions of human interest, the *Herald* has seized upon the higher issues of the day and forecast the larger range of reformatory ideas.

In the extract above made from Victor Hugo, he as-

sumes that Europe will be the central arena of the World-Government, and Paris its capital. In the Pantarchy Document I have implied, on the contrary, that America, "the New World," is already in the lead of the world's progress, and that New York is already, virtually (its certain prospective taken into the account), the Metropolis of the Planet.

In one of a remarkable series of articles, recently published in the *Herald* on the Tendencies of Government, by Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, that of May 16th, she has ably announced, and argued in behalf of, the leading position of the American Continent, and of this country. She says:

"The United States of America, all genuine Americans believe, will become the United American States. The very name is prophetic of what shall be, while the progress made in that direction begins to give more defined outlines of it. Beginning on the Atlantic coast, an infant republic, the United States has stretched its arms westward across the Continent. The same oceans that bound the east and west of the Old World wash its eastern and western shores. Having gained ocean bound limits latitudinally, which form a central basis of strength, it will expand longitudinally until it shall become an ocean-bound republic—a grand confederation of States and interests, which, while being peculiarly American, will be so far cosmopolitan as to represent the descendants of every nation of the world—we no longer say of the known world. Europe has its well-defined limits of kingdoms and States, the people of which seldom pass from one to the other to become citizens; so also has Asia, while Africa is more nearly homogeneous; but they all gave up their people to America. America, besides being American, is European, Asiatic and African, while each of these is becoming American. No well-informed person doubts that the progressive greatness of republican forms of government is rapidly dissolving the strength and solidity of all the monarchies of the Old World; though they may affect to despise it, and to denigrate it a failure, their subjects are anxiously asking, when can we successfully revolutionize? Though such a step may not be openly advocated by any, it is, nevertheless, secretly discussed, and preparatory means are being devised in every country.

"And for these reasons the United American States will be the representative country of the world," etc.

In an article to follow, on the funding of the national debt, I have quoted important testimony from Mr. Bowles, the London banker, to the same effect—the actual supremacy which America is already assuming, the virtual allegiance she is imposing on the hearts and minds of the masses—the real people—of Europe.

In the same article from which I have quoted, Mrs. Woodhull gives her powerful aid yet more distinctly to the cause of universal government. Thus she says in continuation:

"It only remains for some one of the great countries of the world to arrive at or to approximate to a perfect system of government that shall contain the elements and principles of a sufficient inherent strength to insure to that country the power that shall control the destinies of the world. From what has been said regarding the position of the United States it must be admitted that nearly all the natural advantages, as well as the general order of things, are on this side of the globe. If any conclusions naturally flow from the observation of the past tendencies in the order of nature they are that the United States is destined to be the centre of a universal government. The tendencies of government from earliest historic time have persistently been to universal sway. The systems and forms through which this tendency has been manifested have changed from time to time, as the circumstances that created them—the environment—the sum total of the governed—have changed. These systems will continue to be modified until this tendency shall have opened such channels for itself as will permit free and untrammelled action; until these channels shall have encircled the world and its utmost limits shall have been attracted within the realm of its positive flow and negative reaction, and until the commanding magnetic influence that shall proceed from its central seat of power shall reach all subjects and find in their general heart an answering response of fidelity and confidence.

In such fidelity and confidence each and all can safely and earnestly devote themselves to the best aims and wisest purposes of life—to intellectual, moral and spiritual growth. In this general and universal pursuit the millennium, so long prophesied and prayed for, can alone be gained; through which reaching the government of heaven can alone be administered on earth."

And again:

"For the time, though preponderant commercial importance must be accorded to England, the United States thereby loses none of its general prestige as the representative country of the world.

From whatever point consideration begins the conclusion that is inevitably reached is, that the world must, in due time, become subject to one system of government. Whether that system shall at first proceed from one common centre or from several centres is not so presently apparent, though that such a consolidation will be reached no one can doubt who gives proper weight to the established fact that all perfect things become universal. So it is with all things of vital interest to the general people; want of rapid and sufficient communication is the only limiting power that controls the diffusion. In proportion as the diffusive means increase in number and extent, so do the interests of the people become proportionately assimilated and best systems prevail."

There are, however, other elements of this immense question which must be considered in other articles on the subject.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

## SUSAN B. ANTHONY!

Everybody was surprised and not a few were indignant when it became known that this lady was to retire from the *Revolution*, which must, in justice to her, be called her own. It was she who stood firmly, unflinchingly, lovingly by it through all its trials, and but for whom there had now been no *Revolution* for others to manage. What must have been Miss Anthony's feelings to be obliged to retire from the control and active management of what she had concentrated her whole mental and physical strength upon for years, and to which she had given all the love of her heart, can only be imagined by those who have lost some beloved and only child, who was regarded as one who in the future should repay all devotion bestowed, by becoming in time the honor and support of those who be-towed it. But in nothing that she has done has she showed so much true greatness as in assuming the position she is now filling. Though thrust from its control, she earnestly engages in its support, and thus demonstrates that she has labored all the time for "the cause," and never for mere selfish personal ends. The following letter speaks for itself and needs no words of comment to make it strike deep into the heart of all who have ever known Susan B. Anthony.

My financial recklessness has been much-talked of. Let me tell you how this recklessness worked itself out. Always, when there was need of greater outlay, I never thought of curtailing the amount of work to lessen the amount of cash needed, but always doubled, quadrupled, if need be, efforts to raise the needed sum; at once rushed to every one who had professed love or interest in the cause for contributions. If it was 20,000 tracts for Kansas, the thought never entered my head to lessen the number—only to rush up and down Broadway, through the scorching suns of July and August, for advertisements to meet the necessary cost; if to meet expenses of printing the *Revolution*, it wasn't to pinch printer or laborer, but to make a foray on some money-knig. For, during my two and a half years of struggle to keep that brave banner afloat, the only woman's rights women who ever gave me a dollar, over and above their subscriptions, were Dr. C. S. Lozier, of New York City—the best friend and helper, the most justly appreciative woman of all—and Mrs. Barnett, of Lockport, Ill., and Mrs. P. W. Davis. The rest of the money needed was given me by noble business men, who felt that such energy, such pluck, deserved aid. None but the Good Father can ever begin to know the terrible struggle of that twenty-nine months; and then to think that people of wealth, all for love of the cause, could thus excuse me from all lot or part in it, save that of canvassing for it—well, I am glad to be permitted to retain the right to touch even the hem of its garment. I knew perfectly well if some one would but help me bridge over this summer, by advancing the necessary sum to properly advertise, I could double my list, and thereby put it on a paying basis. This was not done. According to the new régime, publishers and editors must be thrown overboard; so overboard we went—P. P., E. C. S. and S. B. A. I am not complaining, for mine is but the fate of almost every originator, pioneer, who has ever opened up the way. I have the joy of knowing that I showed the thing possible—to publish a live out-and-out woman's paper; taught other women to invest, to enter in and reap where I had sown—sown in faith, too, such as no canting priest or echoing follower ever dreamed of. I have often borrowed money and debts are still due—every dollar of which is to be paid—about \$10,000. And I am tugging away, lecturing 'mid these burning suns, for no other reason than to keep pulling down, hundred by hundred, that tremendous pile. I sanguinely hope to cancel this debt in two years of hard work, and I must cheerfully look forward to the turning of every possible dollar into that channel; for if you to-day should hold \$25,000 in your hand, and ask me to choose between the possession of it this hour in place of the agitation, the discussion, the immense work done by my *Revolution*, during those twenty-nine months by which I sank that amount, I should choose the work done—NOT the cash in hand. So, you see, I don't groan nor murmur—not a bit of it; but for the sake, for the good name of human nature, I would have liked to have seen the moneyed men and cultivated women rally around the seed-sowers; (I insisted that they should be counted in among the reapers; that they didn't only prove this generation of latter-day saints very like those of the past.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.—Thackeray says it is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is rather slow, and you know the girl's songs by heart, than in a club, tavern or the pit of a theatre. All the amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, or gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is inspired to but few; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast, who does not know one tune from another; and as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water, or of brown bread and butter, I protest that I can sit all night talking to a well regulated, kindly woman, about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eton, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from a woman's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we light our pipes, and say we won't go out—we prefer ourselves and our ease, and the greatest good that comes to a man from women's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself—somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.

"DEY MAY RAIL AGAINST WOMAN as much as dey like," said a darkey, lately, "dey can't set me against dem; I hab always in my life found dem to be just in lub, fust in a quarrel, fust in de dance, fust in de ice-cream saloon, and de fust, best and de last in de sick room! What would we do widout dem? Let us be born as young, as ugly, as helpless as we please, and a woman's arm am ready to receive us. She it am dat giv us our fust dose ob castor oil, and puts clothes on our helpless naked limbs, and rubbers up our foots and noses in long flannel petticoats, and it am she, as we grow up, dat fills our dinner-basket wid doughnuts and apples as we start for school, and licks us when we tear our trousers.



## THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT.

## WHAT DOES IT IMPLY?

To hear the terrible anathemas that are continually hurled against the advocates of woman's rights, the uninitiated would suppose the proposition involves the most radical and unreasonable changes in the present order of society. Especially, if one listens to the imprecations called down upon the movement by the representatives of "the old time religion," would he imagine its advocates were from that region so familiar to the vernacular, where the devil reigns supreme, the precise locality of which, however, they fail to inform us of. It is enough that it is of the devil, and as such it is worthy of the denunciation it receives from them. But how far does this opposition meet any single issue of the question involved? Let the question be analyzed, and what does it contain that it should arouse such bitter vituperation and should bring down upon its advocates such wholesale denunciation? We ask simply to be received and acknowledged as one of the constituent parts of society, and as such to be admitted to its councils, and with man to be responsible for its conditions. As it now is, woman is subjugated, is utterly powerless to do other than as her master shall direct; and whether this involves the reception of brute force from him or a semi-acquiescence in the things that be from her, it matters not, the principle is the same. And in whatever sphere of life woman may be, this domination is the power that determines her condition. In some of the cities of the Eastern States, especially Massachusetts and Rhode Island, a very large proportion of the population is female. Lowell and Lawrence, Pawtucket and Blackstone are good illustrations. In what way can it be shown that the factory girls of these cities are free—are in a condition very far removed from slavery? There they toil day after day, for weeks, months and years, and finally die without ever fulfilling the best mission of woman, and why? Would this be so very long were woman raised to the level and dignity of an equality with man? Are they destitute of the common sentiments of womanhood, among which maternity stands prominently forth?

Another not commonly known fact has a powerful bearing in forming a judgment of the character of women. It is true, as a general proposition, that the woman who does content herself to work, work, work for her sustenance and for that of those dependant upon her, prefers to do this rather than resort to that far easier way many do. The laboring woman is the virtuous woman. All laboring women are as a rule virtuous women. It would be a source of the greatest astonishment could it be generally known and appreciated how much real labor woman does. It is true that it is that kind of labor that does not bring the subject into special notice nor such return in money or position as renders her in any sense the equal of the man laborer. Nevertheless it is certain that nearly if not quite one-half of all labor that is accomplished is performed by women. There are many instances among the wealthy where the women of the family do nothing. On the contrary how many are there among the very poor where the woman of the family is its support, when the men spend all their time and money, and often much of that earned by the women, in debauch and drink. It will not do to look only on one side of a question that is under consideration, if a just decision is desired, and hence it is that we declare that a sufficient proportion of the actual labor of the world is performed by woman to demand for her in the name of justice a substantial equality—an equality that shall enable her to determine her own condition. The union of the sexes is the natural condition, and man and woman should enter it from an equal dignity of position and equally voluntarily. Society should be so that no woman should feel obliged to marry or connect herself with man for the object of support, and she should be in such condition that she should never enter upon the new relation from any other reasons than natural law and from the fact that there exists a mutual attraction. A more momentous question is involved in this apparently simple matter than the superficial ever supposed possible. Let the question be proposed, Whence come all these puny, imperfect, even idiotic children the world is filled with? They come simply from the relations existing between the father and mother which should have prevented their union. Not only are diseases of the body engendered but the still worse infirmities of the heart, soul and mind result therefrom.

Thus it is that disease, crime and all other evils the world is subjected to, are perpetually resurrected in each succeeding generation. The first step to be taken for the removal and cure of this condition is to extend equality to such women as desire it and to show those who yet prefer to remain subjugated to the domination and rule of man that theirs is, in fact, the condition of the slave, willing though it be. What man is there who would surrender his independence and the possibilities of his condition to become to woman what all wives now are to men? Would he become dependent upon her he would marry, surrender to her his rights and the rights to preferment prophetically every man's? It is becoming somewhat the rule now that men do not care to be bound to a wife. What will result from such a procedure if continued? Society may well stop and consider where the wrong lies that is engendering all these false and unphilosophic conditions; it may affect surprise and hold up its hands in holy horror, but it nevertheless comes from one fact, and that fact is that one half the world is subjugated to the other half and has no voice in the general con-

duct of affairs, by which its parts become either to itself or society necessary and important factors, except in the matter of obedience and labor.

What would be the legitimate result of the admission of woman to the ballot? Would it necessarily or probably lead to any worse filling of office than now obtains? Would there, could there, be more general corruption exhibited in legislation and in the administration of law by people chosen by men and women promiscuously than there is now on the part of those chosen by men alone. To assert such a result or to assert to believe that such a result would follow is ridiculously absurd. Whatever depths of degradation members of the sex have fallen to, the sex, as a whole, is possessed of a purifying and exalting power that man is devoid of, and in debarring this power from entering into political arenas they are depriving themselves of an element of salvation, and they will some day repent of having done so.

## MORE WOMEN TO THE FRONT—GOD BLESS THE WOMEN.

The *Sun*, of yesterday, has the following pleasant notice of a new accession to our ranks:

**MORE BUSINESS WOMEN—THE SEX IN AN ADVERTISING AGENCY—THEIR CANVASSING IRRESISTIBLE.**—The firm of female brokers on Broad street gave rise to a female tea company, a notice of which was given recently in the *Sun*. A new crop of business women has now sprung to light as an advertising agency, at 5 Frankfort street. They issue cards as Volkmann, Smith & Co., General American, German and French Advertising Agency, and mail circulars to journals from Labrador to Galveston. The firm, likewise, sign themselves as Meta Volkmann, Sue L. F. Smith and Mathilde F. Wendt. Miss Volkmann is a blonde young beauty from the land of Bismarck; Miss Smith is a Virginia lady, despoiled by the late war; and Mrs. Wendt is a June from Faderland, with flashing eyes and raven hair. As the least mercurial of the three, she sits in the office and keeps books. She also edits a German paper, called the *Neue Zeit* or *New Age*. The two other ladies are constantly on the move procuring advertisements for New York and country papers. They are assisted by eight nimble-footed nymphs, and employ only the gentler sex. Their references are an extraordinary conglomeration of radicals and secessh. Carl Schurz stands side by side on the list with old fire-eating Wise of Virginia; Sigel links arms with the Confederate raider Imboden; and Brick Pomeroy tips his fin to a baker's dozen of ex-Governors and mercantile men. As canvassers, the firm are said to be irresistible. Their office presents a constant levee of pretty girls offering their services.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**THE NEW SCIENCE—UNIVERSOLOGY.**—A friend of ours, writing a critique of a great French thinker, some years ago, suggested that "universal analogy" would yet be found a very prolific method in the investigations of science. "No one," he said, "can have studied nature with any degree of thoroughness, without having perceived that her system is one of ascending repetitions; that she is a process of phenomenal variation implicated in a permanent unity; that each part of an organic form is a miniature reproduction of its whole; that every higher organization, in some way, carries forward with it the inferior organization; or, as Goethe expresses it,

"Wie Alles sich zum Ganzen webt  
Eins in den Andern wirkt und lebt."

What was thus dimly indicated, Mr. S. P. Andrews, of this city, has been for several years endeavoring to realize. In a little book called the "Primary Synopsis of Universology," intended as a popular introduction to a larger work in press, he claims to have discovered the law of unity, or rather of differentiation, in the universe. At the first glance, it seems an enormous pretension—enormous even to ludicrousness and absurdity. Yet, in the sense he means, it is not an impossible thing to do. As the two-dozen letters of the alphabet will express all the words or combination of words that the English intellect can or will invent; or as the nine digits, with a cipher, can be made to express every possible complication of the infinite series of numbers, so there may be a formula of law that will describe every conceivable change in the forms and successions of the phenomena of the world. Whether Mr. Andrews has discovered this secret, we are incapable of saying; neither our studies nor our time enable us to pursue the subject sufficiently to give an intelligent opinion of it; indeed, he has involved his explanations in such a fearful heap of technicalities and new words (necessary, perhaps), that we have got but a vague sort of notion of his working principle; but we have been impressed by his exceeding ingenuity, his great learning and his quiet enthusiasm. His distinctions and correspondences are very striking indeed, and they who are fond of such inquiries will find a new and interesting, as well as important, field of research opened to their minds.—*Putnam's Monthly* for July.

"**MARRIED IN HASTE**" is the title of a new novel from the pen of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, now in press, and to be published on Saturday next by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Foremost among lady writers is Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Novel after novel issues from her pen, and yet no trace of diminished powers are perceptible. The present work is very vivid in description, very acute in perception of character, and as absorbing in interests as any of her previous efforts. She is becoming more chaste in the style of her composition, and more reflective in her treatment of characters and the motives that operate upon the human heart. In the construction and development of her stories lies Mrs. Stephens' great power. She does not deal in dry philosophicals, nor brilliant transcendentalisms. She knows

the taste of the masses of novel readers. She gives them exciting, sensational incidents, and a few broad, strongly drawn characters, and thus secures the sympathies of her readers without wearing them with abstractions. "Married in Haste" will meet with the hearty approbation of those who read to be interested and excited. It will be issued in a large duodecimo volume, in uniform style with "Fashion and Famine," and "Ruby Gray's Strategy," and sold at \$1.75 in cloth; or, \$1.50 in paper cover.

## ITEMS ABOUT WOMEN.

- Lillian Edgartown will lecture on Marriage and Divorce.
- Kate Field will lecture on Dickens as well as De Cadeva.
- Sarah F. Norton is staying at Ithaca, N. Y., on her way to the far West, possibly to the Indian reserves.
- Red Cloud says the white squaws have on too much paint.
- Rhode Island is to have a Board of female inspectors for its prison.
- Miss Hoag is the pioneer freshwoman in the North-western University.
- A couple of Des Moines girls have invented and patented a washing and cooking boiler.
- Mrs. Robert Dale Owen makes the assertion that more than half of the work of the world is done by women.
- A daughter of the celebrated Lola Montez has just made her debut as a danseuse in one of the German theatres.
- The very latest thing in the advertising line is a lady who, through the newspapers, seeks for employment as an "ornamental guest."
- The female compositors employed by the American Tract Society, of New York, have petitioned for the same rate of pay as the men receive.
- A man in Decatur, Ala., advertises for an intelligent and respectable woman to become a candidate for Congress in the Sixth District of Alabama.
- Miss L. Petrie, of Griggsville, Ill., has charge of the mail route on the Hannibal and Naples railroad. It is said she fills the position handsomely.
- Madame Ollivier has abandoned the effort to set a modest fashion of full dress, and gone into fawn-colored satin, neck or nothing as regards corsage.
- The Empress Eugenie has appeared five times lately in the same dress. She is setting the economical fashion, which will certainly be universally followed.
- Miss Amy M. Bradley has been appointed Examiner of Schools for New Hanover County, North Carolina. She is the pioneer female office-holder in North Carolina.
- An American woman, named Lucy Foster, has been graduated at the College of France, in the medical department, which entitles her to practice in any part of France.
- The oldest person in the United States is said to be a lady named Holland, living near Havre de Grace, Md., who is over 114 years of age, and has a daughter aged 78 years.
- The suffrage orator, Miss Victor, thinks good men are scarce because of the lack of good mothers. The ballot, she claims, is the only thing that can make women fit to bring up children.
- It is said that a young mulatto girl of great beauty is now being trained for the American stage by a refined actor, once a great celebrity. She will make her debut as "Cleopatra."
- Miss Louisa Stratton, of Cass County, Ind., challenges any man in the State to a plowing match with her. She proposes a two-horse team, each competitor to drive the horses and hold the plough.
- The citizens of Blue Earth County, Minn., have begun the woman suffrage experiment in earnest. At a political convention the other day it was voted to allow women to take part in the nominating conventions.
- A lady in Philadelphia quotes a "notice" in the announcement of a grand ball at the Academy of Music: "Females of an equivocal character will be rigidly excluded." Why not apply the same rule, she asks, to males of an equivocal character? The question is well put.
- Garibaldi is a full-fledged "woman's-rights" man. He superintends a school for girls on the Island of Maddalena, which is nearest to Caprea. There was much opposition to the school at first, but the red-shirted hero insisted, saying, "Give me the mothers of a nation to educate, and you may do what you will with the boys."
- Rosa Bonheur works eight hours a day, or is dissatisfied with herself. Before perfecting her work, she treats her subject in detail or separate panels, then groups and copies them. Recently, after having sketched a pack of sheep for M. de Rothschild, she became so much pleased with her work that she said: "I will change my mind and keep this for myself."
- A STRONG WOMAN.—The Iowa *Madisonian* says: "Mrs. Carolina Wood, of Douglas Township, in this county, is a practical illustration of what a live woman can do. One year ago she bought 160 acres of wild prairie. This land she placed under cultivation, and inclosed with a good substantial fence. On it she has built a commodious residence and is just completing a large barn, size 26x31. She has planted out, with her own hands, a fine orchard and a large number of shade trees, as follows: 50 apple trees, 18 pear trees, 18 grafted cherries, and 18 common Morilla cherries, 50 Lombardy poplars and 4,000 maple trees. She has planted besides a large assortment of grape vines, strawberries, raspberries, currants, and other small fruit. She has also set out 80 rods of fine hedging. Mrs. Wood is also said to be a No. 1 housekeeper, and can make bread, cook and manage the indoor affairs of a household as well as she manages the outdoor affairs of her large farm."

UPON the supposition that all people who are not Christians go to a bad place when they die, we found ourselves somewhat appalled recently in trying to picture what a large place it must be. We discovered that there were not hundred and ninety-five millions more people outside Christendom than in. It is never pleasant for a native-born American to find himself in the minority, even on the Christian highway. Then it didn't seem fair that we should have all the ice cream simply because we were born here instead of in Kanchau.



## NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Summer brings with it a demand for the sheerest fabrics, so things new and pretty meet us at every side. A stroll through our principal thoroughfares, a glance over the novelties of our large stores, brings each its reward.

James McCreery & Co., Broadway and Eleventh street, offer a wonderful assortment. Among these is the *crépon* in all imaginable shades. Then, besides the real Chinese crape, there is the new fabric, *crêpeline*, which can replace the former with advantage, and is also much cheaper. It is largely used this season for tunics and overskirts. It drapes well, being exceedingly soft and silky. The twilled foulards were innumerable. This tissue rivals the Tuscan silk and is especially adapted for traveling costumes. French organdies, too, in all the new designs. Walking suits, daintily tucked and ruffled—those of cambric and French lawns are especially pretty.

At A. T. Stewart's I saw a costume of violine faille which was certainly exquisitely tasteful. The long skirt was trimmed with ruffles fringed out at the edges and with cross-bands bordered with satin. The overskirt was of violine Chinese crape. This was edged with a very rich fringe which simulated sprays of lilac blossoms—crape draped the low bodice. The large oriental sleeves, trimmed to correspond, revealed smaller ones of silk. A bonnet to be worn with this toilet was of violine silk and *crêpe*—at one side was a large white rose tinged with green.

One of the prettiest complete walking costumes was of very silky mohair of a soft fawn color. The lower skirt was trimmed with a deep fluted flounce. This was edged with chestnut-colored silk. The second skirt formed a panier with silk border and a crimped silk fringe to match. The shawl-shaped mantle was trimmed in the same manner.

But the most elegant was a ball dress of rose-colored silk, trimmed round the bottom with a deep fluting. The gracefully draped tunic was of Chinese crape of the same color. The silk bodice was cut very low and almost covered with crape puffings. There were short silk sleeves under the large duchess sleeves of crape. All the ruchings and trimmings were edged with silk fringe. A crape scarf was knotted loosely at one side.

Among the new models of casaques I noticed the Bettiner—a short, loose, paletot, cut open in the middle of the back and at the sides—Pagoda sleeves.

There were also small jackets without sleeves—the epaulets were of Chantilly or Guipure lace. These jackets, either of silk or cashmere, were trimmed with lace and were fitted to the figure by a waistband.

I learned here that jacket bodies are quite fashionable again. Bodies with points have also their admirers, however. Almost all are made open in front upon rich lace or embroidered chemisette.

A Gabrielle bonnet of white crape had a raised border with a quilling of green ribbon around it and a ribbon bow at the side. A tuft of white and green feathers towered above the diadem. A crape drapery formed the crown and was continued into fringed lappets.

A turban bonnet of blue crape had a bow and fringed ends at one side. Directly in front was placed a large argus butterfly and a blue curled feather.

Miss Sullivan, 1323 Broadway, charms us with some of the latest and most bewitching novelties. Here one finds not only fashion but true elegance. The Paris bonnets are particularly noticeable—the Directoire and Eugénie being among the favorites. The fine straws for the country and seaside all have deep borders, which are turned up at the back. The effect produced by feathery foliage and gauze is indescribably pretty. This establishment well merits the great patronage which it has obtained.

At Ronaldson & Meare's, corner of Sixth avenue and Nineteenth street, there was an opening of the latest Parisian novelties. The muslins were really delightful—so fresh and bright. There were fern sprays and grasses in black and white. Others had designs of wreaths and groups of every kind of blossom, in all shades. The silk gray camlet and violet sultane-cloths found many admirers.

W. K. Peyton, 272 and 274 Bowery, gives us stylish costumes for the street, traveling and seaside. First among these is the washing satinné. Others in hail-cord and jacenet are equally pretty.

Madame Laforcade, No. 66 Ninth street, exhibits some remarkably elegant bonnets. One, the Lady Henrietta, has a large border and rounded crown. The tulle is stretched quite plain over the frame. Under the front edge is a double ruche of black lace and a lace fall forms the curtain. Golden yellow buttercups and a few black tulips with yellow centres cross the top. A trailing spray of these flowers droops at one side.

At this establishment we also saw some of the neatest little jackets. The lingerie was excellent. The delicately puffed tulle chemisettes and undersleeves of lace and insertion were varied and charming.

Madam Marshall, 1241 Broadway, has elegant summer toilets. I noticed a pale blue poplin, trimmed with pipings of a darker shade of silk. A light yellow chambray gauze, draped over white silk, composed a singularly stylish ball costume. The mantles were countless and varied. At this house one may be always sure to obtain the latest styles at most reasonable prices.

Mme. Natalie Tilman, of 84 East Ninth street, displays a

rich assortment of bonnets, bridal wreaths and veils—all direct importations from Paris.

I have remarked that all bonnet trimmings match the dress.

The prettiest muslin fichus are those with full folds, the ends thus meeting on the breast, and not crossed to the waist.

All head gear is worn very high. This is necessarily so for the hair is raised at the back and droops to the neck.

Rolls and smooth braids of hair are coming into fashion again. The ugly, false, chignons are losing ground.

Artistic jewels are much in vogue.

Yours truly,

MARY LISLE.

## WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

MILWAUKEE, July 15, 1870.

MY DEAR WEEKLY:

The proverb that "no person is a prophet in his (or her) own country, is—well, to put it mildly—a mistake. There am I, and here have I been for a week, and nobody cares about it, except to talk about me behind my back.

Specimen: "Look! who is that?"

"I don't—oh yes! that's a Woman's Rights' woman stopping here."

"Do you know her?"

"No; but she looks 'nice,' don't she." "Yes, that's very graceful. I thought all those women were old maids and had no taste!"

This and much more of the same sort has wafted back to my bristling ears from the window balcony, and I with no weapon at hand to defend myself.

No taste! Just fancy that dear, delightful, cleanly class yclept "old maids" being maligned in that horribly rude and unjust manner!

How I wished for Susan; and, escorting her to the very front of the enemy, how I would seat her in profile, and challenge inspection.

Dress—A model of texture, color, fit and neatness.

Form—Graceful and commanding.

Head—Of Greek contour, with abundant soft brown hair, dressed womanly and becoming. No nasty chignon there, my careless critics—nothing but the natural hair.

Hands—Shapely, with taper fingers.

Then there is the test—finger nails. People richly dressed with dirty nails are an abomination to breeding, and reveal the superficial at once.

When I am in New York I am terribly strong-minded and enthusiastic about the West. Now I am here, I am as womanish as the weakest of them, and enthusiastic about no place on the face of the globe save the city I have left behind me.

Dear dirty, criminal, Christain, inconsistent New York! Taken for all in all I ne'er shall look upon your like again. Great outcries have been wont to reach us there about the liberality of the Western people on the Woman question. Pshaw! that is all a delusion and a snare; and shows that the most practical things are subject to the poetical truism that "distance lends enchantment." The whole subject is as dead as the Cæsars here, and nobody cares a sou about anything pertaining to it, except that branch known as the firm of Woodhull & Claflin.

All are agog to learn about those redoubtable creatures, with hoofs and horns, and nearly everybody subscribes for the WEEKLY. Ten yesterday, seven to-day, and thus on an average every day since I have been here.

They subscribe "just out of curiosity;" and so, taking the cue so kindly furnished, I go on increasing their curiosity, and coining their dollars.

Isn't that a fair exchange; and, do you mind, my dear Mrs. Woodhull, being slandered a little at the rate of four dollars a head, several "heads" a day? I only make you terrific.

But *apropos* of Woman's Rights: said one of the prominent leaders here to me, "There seems to be a reverse wave all over the country on this question—have you felt it, and if so, can you account for it?" I replied in the affirmative to the first half of her question, and rather timidly (you know I am naturally timid), suggested that, perhaps, the principles, as expounded, and the practices of the workers did not agree; that the people were not slow to detect inconsistencies of that sort; that when certain men and women announced themselves as critics of mankind, and all pertaining thereto, by showing how all social and political usage must be remodelled to be right, they were expected by the world to prove, in some degree, the merit of their ideas by practical illustration; and if they failed from any cause to do this, they could not consistently blame the great unwashed for refusing to follow in the way which they themselves can only point out.

And as an instance of such inconsistency, I cited the notorious fact, that although the strife for office and leadership between the existing political parties furnished a standard argument to all Woman's Rights advocates why a new politics and new party should be established, nevertheless they are divided among themselves into cliques, each inveighing against the other, while every individual shows the public, every time he or she appears before it, that principle is actually subordinate to a desire for prominence. That it isn't so much where the people go as where I go—not so much what the people do as what the great "I" does—not so much what the people suffer, but what I think. Nor is this spirit confined to individuals, but extends to,

and permeates, every one of their journals to such an extent of silly advertising and laudation, that one turns away in disgust, and is half ready to lay down the cudgel and take to crocheting, or any other feminine and useless art.

In my opinion, the Woman's Rights leaders will one day, not far off, find themselves in a position similar to that of the Dutchman, who, driving blindly on, absorbed in himself, did not observe that he had run over a goose until a series of loud squeaks roused him to something outside of self. Looking stupidly around and behind, his eye at last lighted on the poor goose in its death agonies. He stopped, contemplated it a few minutes, and then, resuming his way, gave utterance to the following: "I vunders vat was de reason of tat goose!"

The worst of it all is that no person could ever persuade the stolid Dutchman that he killed it. S. F. N.

## OUT-DOOR SPORTS.

## BASE BALL.

Scarcely anything of importance has been done by the lovers of the national game during the past week, many clubs lying up for repairs and recruiting for the fall campaign, which promises to be unusually brilliant. The Mutuals are on their annual Southern and Western tour, having played in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Wheeling, W. Va., with success in every game. On the 21st they are to play the Red Stockings, at Cincinnati. The Atlantics visited Troy on Monday, the 18th, and were defeated by the Haymakers of that city by a score of 32 to 14. The Atlantics returned the next day to Brooklyn, and we understand will now go into practice and training for their annual Western tour. The Unions, of Tremont, are rapidly recovering, and have played several practice games with clubs from Harlem and their own immediate locality. On the opening of the campaign they expect to be able to present a nine as strong as ever. Several of the amateur clubs, such as the Alphas, Excelsiors and Athletics, of Brooklyn, have played fine games, in which the Excelsiors beat the Alphas, who in turn defeated the Athletics. On Saturday, the 23d, the champion Stars will play the Resolutes, of Elizabeth, N. J., on the Capitoline Grounds, when a very fine game may be expected.

## YACHTING.

But little has been done in yachting circles during the past week, many of the boats being in the hands of mechanics or their own crews, for the purpose of having the finishing touches put on for a long, protracted season of festivities which are expected to take place after the arrival of the Dauntless and Cambria. Many boats have already rendez-voused at Staten Island, Keyport and the Horse Shoe, so as to be on hand to proceed at once to the lightship when either of the famous racers have been telegraphed. It is expected that the escorting fleet will be the largest collection of yachts ever seen in this or any other country, and will embrace most all the boats belonging on the Atlantic coast, from Halifax, N. S., to Savannah, Ga. As the time draws near when it is expected that the boats will arrive, no doubt the excitement in New York will increase.

At present, the forthcoming war between France and other Continental powers is monopolizing the attention of a majority of our citizens. Some little betting has been done at the rate of 5 to 3 against the Cambria. The past few weeks of light weather being considered as favorable for the Dauntless. But time will tell.

Our friends of the Crescent City Yacht Club are anxious that some of the famed flyers of Northern waters shall visit them this season. With this view they have offered prizes worthy of their attention. First-class boats not exceeding 28 feet, \$2,000. Here is a chance for the Bella or the Tiger to meet the old Matie, now known as the Protos, or Mahony's crack boat of last season, the Linmus. For second-class boats, under 22 feet and over 18, \$1,500 has been offered. In which class C. T. Howard's Xiphias, together with Mobile's favorite, the Gladiola, will represent the South. The Xiphias being one of the best boats ever built by Mahony of New Orleans. In the third and fourth classes, prizes of a thousand and five hundred dollars are offered. Who will try a trip to New Orleans Bay, St. Louis, Mississippi City, Pass Christian, Beloxi, Ocean Springs and Mobile. Those who do will never forget it, for they will have such a series of entertainments, and enjoy the hospitality of such gentlemen as Col. J. O. Nixon, Commodore of the C. C. Y. C., the Raresbide family and other well-known amateur sailors of New Orleans. While at Beloxi they will meet the Matie's princely owner, C. T. Howard, Esq., who will show them a new way to ballast yachts, particularly when they are about to start on a short cruise. Come, gentlemen of the Bayonne, Ione, Atlantic, Brooklyn and the many other clubs in this locality, what do you say to a trip to New Orleans?

—J. O. Eaton is visiting in Ohio. He will sail for Europe early in July.

—McEntee has closed his studio, and gone to Rondout for the summer.

—Walter Saterlee will paint during the summer at New Hamburg, on the Hudson.

—R. Swain Gifford has closed his studio for the season, and is at present in New Bedford.

—C. D. Nelson and L. M. Wiles are sketching on the Bronx river, in the neighborhood of Scarsdale.

—Miss Lillie Robinson, of Lacrosse, Wisconsin, is second officer of the North American order of Good Templars.

—Miss Nadeechda Suslowa was the first lady to graduate at the University of Zurich with the full medical degree.



## THE WORK OF THE MONK AND THE NUN IN NEW YORK.

To how great an extent monastic and conventual life have engrafted themselves upon the civilization of America, few of the ordinary readers of the day are aware. Hundreds of monasteries and convents are rearing their walls all over the United States, and already their educational establishments are becoming the most popular of the day. The monks and nuns of America are making their mark upon the period. Monks are not secular priests; a Sister of Charity is not a nun. Priests and Sisters of Charity compose the vanguard of the working force of the Church of Rome. Monks and nuns may be compared to a reserve corps, guarding the citadel. While priests and Sisters of Charity are constantly seen along the streets of our city, monks are more rarely to be met, and a nun is a "rara avis"—a bird that will not be decoyed beyond the shade of her convent wall.

But both monk and nun are at work in our city; and those who have the curiosity to penetrate our social network will find their traces amid all ranks of society.

There is scarcely a new or old Church order that cannot be found represented in our cosmopolitan population. The gray friar, or Franciscan, in his coarse habit, girded with the knotted end of St. Francis; the zealous Dominican, in his white robe and cowl; the austere Redemptorist; the subtle Jesuit, and the intellectual Paulist, the monk of American origin, are all to be seen in our Church processions on such occasions as the laying of a corner-stone or dedication of a new Catholic church; while the Christian Brother, the man who is a monk and friar, without being a priest, is found behind the teacher's desk, training the budding ideas of the young Gothamite who has Celtic or Teutonic blood in his veins. He is also a reformer, conducting his reforms in the Church by the supervision and care of her destitute juvenile offenders against the law; and while really acting as a jailer, conducts a prison as a mild and humane school of reform and industry, under the benign name of a "Protectory."

All the Church orders have become measurably devoted to education in America. The old Church of ceremonial and symbolic teachings seems determined to renew her youth in our young republic, and seizing the weapons of the period—the teacher's baton and the printing press—wields them with astonishing skill in her service. But in the work of "fragmentary charity" she has outstripped all competitors in our great commercial metropolis. And here the work of the nun is seen.

The Sisters of Mercy, a half-cloistered order, may be found conducting two large industrial schools peopled by young girls they have rescued from the street. One of these Houses of Mercy is found in East Houston street, the other on East Eighty-first. These are at once charities and self-supporting institutions, the work of the inmates affording an income to the house. But connected with both convents are also day-schools of a high grade. On Fifth street are a community of little Franciscan Sisters. They have a large German charity hospital under their charge. It is a nice, cleanly and well-conducted establishment, the entire work being performed by the nuns. They are supported by begging, the Franciscans being a mendicant order. Their dress is singularly picturesque, consisting of a brown habit or robe, fastened around the waist with the knotted cord of the Order, a long brown scapular, upon the bosom of which is wrought a large red cross, a snowy linen cap and gimp or collar, and a floating black veil. But the completest type of the cloistered nun we have is the Sister of the Good Shepherd, a nun whose snow-white garb is never seen, save through the heavy iron bars that guard her cloistered door. She is at once a prisoner by choice, and a jailer by the peculiarity of her vocation and mission, to which she is devoted—the restitution of fallen women. By the way, why do we not try to restore fallen men?

On East River, at the foot of Nineteenth street, is the largest establishment of the Good Shepherd in the United States; and here resides the Provincial of the Order, Mother Mary Magdalen of Jesus, an Englishwoman, who, if she was not a Catholic, would undoubtedly have made a mark upon her age as a social reformer, so marked is her individuality and strength of character. Catholicity found a field for her genius in the Order of the Good Shepherd. It is impossible in a brief paper like this to describe her house in detail. Suffice it to say, so effectual has her reformatory system been formed, the City now intrusts her with the care of about four hundred youthful offenders, while the voluntary penitents in the house amount to almost an equal number. Whenever a penitent wishes to make the house her home for life, she enters the Third Order of St. Teresa, and becomes a Carmelite nun. Fifty of these Carmelites inhabit an old, dilapidated house within the convent walls. The balconies of this old house overlook the convent garden; and from them and the convent windows are frequently seen these Carmelites, walking in the garden with the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, whose pure white robes shine in contrast with the brown Carmelite habit and scapular. The lives of the penitents of the Third Order of St. Teresa are completely hidden from the outer world. Whenever a gentleman, by special permission from the Archbishop or Vicar-General, makes the tour of the house, these nuns draw their veils over their faces when he enters their apartment. But lady visitors describe some of them as possessing all the witch-

ing beauty which is woman's most coveted yet dangerous gift. Their occupations are shown in the beautiful specimens of needlework and embroidery which adorn a showcase in the reception room.

Indeed, in all the convents of the city the first feature that strikes the curious visitor is the ceaseless industry that is mingled with the devotional and contemplative life of the various inmates. Crucifixes and graven and pictured images of saints and madonnas, fountains for holy water, and niched recesses for oratories, are found all over every house, in the work rooms, among the clicking sewing machines, in the great laundries where ten thousand pieces a week are washed and ironed; in the kitchen, where all the cooking is done for these busy workers, as well as in refectories and dormitories. Enter the chapel when you will, and some nun is there, kneeling in prayer, so hushed and motionless, she seems more like a statue than the thing of life and earnest toil you saw just now, directing the busy hands of several hundred girls, frequently taking hold of the work herself while acting as teacher.

Besides these orders we have briefly noticed, are found Sisters of St. Dominic and Sisters of Notre Dame, Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis and Marionites of the Holy Cross, Ursulines and Ladies of the Sacred Heart, all doing their educational work in our midst, and adapting their rules to the improvements and necessities of the age. Verily, these secluded, worshipping workers are making their mark, which will tell upon the future of our great city, as well as throughout the Republic. E. V. B.

## FUN, FANCY AND PROLIC.

We turn up the following *raye d'esprit* from an old scrap-book. There is nothing to direct us in what quarter to give credit, but we think we are not mistaken in attributing it to the corrascating and versatile pen of Mr. Joseph Howard, familiarly known as "Jo Howard," at present the editor of the New York Star:

### THE CATHERINE DI MEDICINE.

While declining to endorse the merits of the elixir herein-after set forth, we consider it simple justice to the inventor to state, that any one who will swallow the medicine and the story told of it together, will perceive that such an indorsement would be supererogatory:

MR. EDITOR—I propose to unfold my plans to you in strict confidence. The fact is, my dear sir, that, after long and painful inquiries into the prognosis and diagnosis of many a disease—after wasting the balmy days of my youth in profound study of the medical science—after dreary days and nights spent in hospital wards, I have discovered it.

What? In all confidence I tell you: the Elixir Vitæ!—the grand rejuvenating essence, which all the alchemists, from Thomas Aquinas down to card, have inefficaciously sought after. Therefore, if you desire a practical rejuvenation, send for a bottle of my Balm of Catherine di Medicine, Life Bitters, Eradicator of Wrinkles and Patent Life Assurance Mixture. This is no humbug. Certificates from well-known and reliable crowned heads. No connection with the shop over the way, and all that sort of thing, you know. Send for a bottle.

Thirty years ago I devoted myself to the task which has at length been crowned with success. I worked my way to Europe in the capacity of stowaway. For fourteen days I was tossed upon the bosom of the Atlantic in an eligible situation. My state-room was in the lower part of the after-hatch. I slept on the keel for the greater part of the voyage, with eight hundred half-chests of tea piled upon my stomach. My physique improved. I practiced gymnastics in company with the tea-chests. Once, during a severe gale in latitude 6 by 9, I performed 89 genuflections, 267 somersaults, and cut 94 spread-eagles, in one hour and a half by the starboard watch. The tea-chests did about the same.

Arrived at Liverpool, I threw my hat into the air, and cried, Courage! The captain regretted my departure. He embraced me tenderly, called me a "blasted stowaway," and we both went to grass, the Captain uppermost. "Good-by," old fellow," said I, wringing him warmly by the nose. I thought the Captain wept. He did not speak, but patted me between the eyes with his sunburnt hand. This was more than I could stand. I sat down on the back of my head, and waved him a farewell with my feet. This was affecting. He wept upon my shoulder. I have the marks of his teeth still there. And so I was in Europe! Where should I turn my feet? To Rome? To Venice? To Brussels? To Paris? I was upon the horns of a dilemma, and the horns were sharp. They stuck in.

A blue, pure sky was above me; I took heart from it. This expression reminds me of Peter Seokendykes. Peter was what you might call a "taking fellow." He took everything that came within his reach. I recollect that he took fire once at a playful remark I made, and felt put out, when I remonstrated with him upon the subject. He was a paltry, mean rascal, this Seokendykes. He boasted that he would take the last crust from the starving man, if he had an opportunity. One day he met me in the street, and said, "Lucius, ain't you going to ask me to take something?" "Of course," said I, "provided you follow my directions. Go up to Joe's room—Joe boarded at my boarding-house—and you'll find something to take."

I met him the next day, and said he, "Lucius, you tricked me. I went to Joe's room, and there was Joe, half gone with the measles, nothing more, 'pon my honor." "And you did take something, after all," I replied, with a benevolent smile; "you took the measles."

He up and died about it; which was very stupid. But to my medicine; which was about the only thing that Peter Seokendykes never took. I discovered it while I was in Paris. Then I knew that my fortune was made. And this is the manner in which it was first brought prominently before the public. Just after I commenced advertising in the papers, a veiled lady called on me at my office. She was over-mute. Her teeth and hair were gone. She walked on crutches and took snuff. Her blood was all water—every winter it froze up. At such times she was extravagantly fond of eating that peculiar fish, the skate. She wished to be rejuvenated, she said; to become young

again, at my own price. Could I assist her? Of course I could! I produced a bottle of the great Elixir Vitæ.

Here let me explain a peculiarity of this invaluable medicine. One dose makes a person exactly a year younger. The taker grows backward; that is, instead of checking the normal growth and holding a person, as it were, in suspense at a certain age, it induces an inverse development. If a man aged fifty takes forty-nine doses he becomes an infant aged a twelvemonth. If after this he takes two more! O horrors!

I told the lady, "Yes." She looked at me with her dull, rheumy eyes, and rolled their spongy orbs, as though desirous of sopping me up. Was I trifling with her?

"Madam," said I, "my name is Lucius Natura, the son of poor but respectable parents; I am aged thirty-two—and have been, through the wonderful intercession of my invaluable medicine, for the last seven hundred years—I have a strawberry-mark on my left arm; have killed my man, and—"

She sighed, and bought three bottles of my elixir. I explained to her that each dose set the taker back a year, and cautioned her to be careful lest she should take too many.

The first day she took seventy doses, and at the conclusion of this experiment was aged twenty.

The next morning, Paris resounded with my name. For a month she enjoyed this extravagant good fortune; went to balls, coquetted, danced, sang, fell in love, and was, in fact, as joyous as a lark.

Had she stopped there, all had been well. But the voracious fiend of curiosity persuaded her against her better reason. Desirous of testing still further the powers of this unequalled essence, she succeeded dose, and at length, upon one stormy evening, her coachman burst furiously into my office, and besought me to visit his mistress at once.

I found her as I had expected—a screaming baby aged three years and no more.

"Monsieur," said I to her husband—"Monsieur, this is unfortunate. I cautioned her against overdoses."

"What can you do for her?" he queried, nervously.

"Nothing. I can make the old young, but not the young old."

"Heavens! Heavens!" he cried. "And this before making her will, leaving all her property in trust for my benefit."

I went away, musing upon the woman's folly.

The next morning I heard all. In the night, that poor child arose, and crawling to the cupboard, drank down twenty-eight bottles of my Eradicator of Wrinkles and Patent Life Assurance Mixture. In the morning she was—she was—she was her own great grandmother!

Since that time she has been taking my medicine constantly; and the last time I saw her she was a young Roman girl of the reign of Nero, having passed through no less than seven hundred and twenty-eight generations of lineal descent, and was making a bee-line for the Garden of Eden. She told me, confidentially, that she should not cease taking my invaluable mixture until she had brought up somewhere in the Saurian Period; and wanted me to swallow down nine hundred and thirty-two thousand bottles of my own valuable mixture, and run a race with her to see who would reach the reign of Sesostris first.

I objected, and we parted in anger.

Now, sir, I ask, presuming this relation of facts to be true—containing, indeed, as it does, intrinsic evidence of its own merits—I ask if I am entitled to support, and a universal certificate of public usefulness, on behalf of my invaluable mixture—price one dollar per bottle. Send for one—and whether I should not be honored as a benefactor, and have, at least, a teneptenary anniversary held in my honor? Yours, price one dollar per bottle, LUCIUS NATURE.

—When in Aberdeen, Dr. Johnson dined with a clergyman, the soup being "hotch-potch." The lady of the house, after having served him once, asked if he would take some more. The gruff and stern moralist and outspoken social bear replied, "It is a dish fit for hogs, madam." "Take little more then," was the immediate and appropriate reply of the lady.

## A WONDERFUL CHILD.

OLIVER B. GOLDSMITH, Jr., is the son of the well-known writing-master. This precocious little fellow is now but six years old. He scarcely knows his letters, yet will recite page after page, from different plays of Shakspeare, with a dramatic effect and grace of gesture far beyond the mere teachings of art.

The principal characteristics of this remarkable child are keenness of perception and a strangely retentive memory. His principle charm is a boyish love of play and utter unconsciousness of any singularity of mind or manner. At one moment he will be declaiming with all the earnestness of a professional, at the next he will be deep in "a game of romps" utterly forgetful of his lately earned renown.

His aptness at applying his dramatic knowledge is worthy of remark. His father one morning called him "a little fool," and this insult was offered in the presence of Mrs. Goldsmith. The answer was given with positive dignity—"Sir, the man who calls me a fool insults the lady who bore me." In fact, the merest occurrences of every day life are to "Ollie" occasions for the exhibition of his wonderful talent. Even in bidding the servant to remove a mouse from its trap, he added with well-affected pathos: "There lies that mouse, and none so poor to do him reverence."

Young Oliver has lately attended the examinations of the 12th and 20th streets public schools, always by the special invitation of James W. Gerard, Esq. At these he has played "Romeo" to more than a thousand bright-eyed Juliets. Once after the audience had dispersed, the lady-Principal was expressing her satisfaction at being favored with a dresses from two such friends of education as Mr. Gerard and Mr. Woods, when Ollie added, with a manly reminder: "and me."

Mr. Gerard had introduced the child as "a veteran actor who had lost his teeth."

We consider Oliver as the wonder of the age, and our opinion is corroborated by distinguished men who have wit-



nessed the display of his remarkable genius. We safely predict for his forthcoming "Recitations" such a *furor* as has never before been caused in this metropolis by a six-years' old child.

## OUR CHESS DEPARTMENT.

NEW YORK, July 23, 1870.

To our readers and chess-playing friends:

Having been called upon by the enterprising proprietors of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY to assume the duties of chess editor of their journal, I promptly and cheerfully accepted the position.

My long connection with the *Spirit of the Times* in the capacity of chess editor, rendered it incumbent on me to inquire of its proprietor, Mr. George Wilkes, whether he would object to my attaching myself to any other paper, and I immediately received his consent, granted to me in the most gentlemanly manner. I therefore assume my present office in conjunction with the other, feeling perfectly free and untrammelled, and with the intention of doing my duty faithfully and to the best of my abilities to both journals.

If I have been assigned this position on so able a journal as WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, it is not to be attributed to any superior claims as to my talent as a chess-player, problem composer, or critic, but to the fact that I have labored faithfully during many years for the advancement and general diffusion of chess in America, considering this noble game in the light of a moral agent and a discipline for the mind.

I respectfully and confidently ask the support of all chess-players, which they can give, by supplying me abundantly with correct problems and good games.

The indulgence of my chess friends is asked for any occasional error, for "*humanum est errare*," promising, however, to use my best endeavors to present them with problems without flaws and with readable and well-selected games.

I remain, very truly yours,

FREDERICK PERRIN.

### CHESS-PLAYERS' DIRECTORY.

The New York Chess Club meets daily at No. 54 East Ninth street.

Chess Up-Town—Knickerbocker Cottage, 456 Sixth avenue; Young Men's Reading Association of the Nineteenth Ward, Terrace Garden.

Down-Town Chess Club—Café Europa, 12 and 14 Division street.

Down-Town Chess Rooms—Café International, 192 Chatham square, near Bowery.

Turner Hall Chess Club—Nos. 52 and 54 Orchard street.

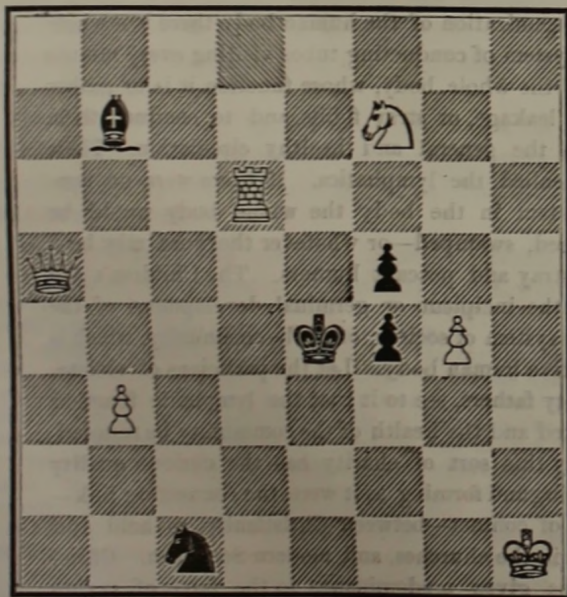
Brooklyn Chess Club—No. 280 Fulton street.

Williamsburgh Chess Club—No. 43 Meserole street.

Henshel's Chess Booms—Bowery, corner of Stanton street.

### PROBLEM No. 1—By L. von Bilow.

BLACK.

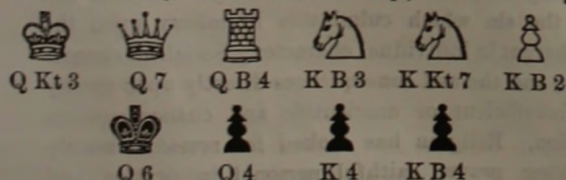


WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

### ENIGMA No. 1—By E. B. Cook.

(From American Chess-nuts.)



White to play and mate in two moves.

### [GIUOCO PIANO.]

| WHITE.         | BLACK.      | WHITE.             | BLACK.        |
|----------------|-------------|--------------------|---------------|
| M. Judd.       | Brenzinger. | M. Judd.           | Brenzinger.   |
| 1. P to K 4    | P to K 4    | 9. Kt to K 2       | Kt to K 2     |
| 2. K Kt to B 3 | Q Kt to B 3 | 10. P to Q B 3     | Kt to Kt 3    |
| 3. B to Q B 4  | B to Q B 4  | 11. Q to Q 2       | P to Q B 3    |
| 4. Q Kt to B 3 | K Kt to B 3 | 12. P to K R 3 (a) | B tks P (b)   |
| 5. P to Q 3    | P to Q 3    | 13. P tks B        | Q tks P       |
| 6. Castles.    | B to K 3    | 14. Kt to Kt 3     | Kt to Kt 5    |
| 7. B to Kt 3   | Q to Q 2    | 15. B tks P ch     | K to B (c)    |
| 8. B to K 3    | B to Kt 3   | 16. B to K 6       | Kt to R 5 (d) |

and white resigned.

NOTES.

(a) Up to this stage of the game great caution has been displayed on both sides, but here white makes a weak move which is immediately taken advantage of by his adversary.

(b) This sacrifice is quite sound.

(c) Much better than capturing bishop.

(d) The *coup juste*.

The following game played during the last Chess Congress

held in London, England, has never yet appeared in print in America. The game formed part of a match between the renowned German player, Herr Anderssen and Capt. Mackenzie, in which the former attempted to give to his opponent the odds of pawn and move.

(Remove Black K B P from the board.)

| WHITE.           | BLACK.        | WHITE.              | BLACK.              |
|------------------|---------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| Mackenzie.       | Anderssen.    | Mackenzie.          | Anderssen.          |
| 1. P to K 4      | P to K 3      | 13. Q Kt to Q 5     | Kt tks Kt           |
| 2. P to Q 4      | P to Q 3      | 14. B tks Kt        | B to K Kt 3         |
| 3. K Kt to B 3   | P to Q B 4    | 15. Q to B 3        | R to Q B sq         |
| 4. P tks P       | Q to Q R 4 ch | 16. Q R to K        | K to Q 2            |
| 5. Q Kt to B 3   | Q tks B P     | 17. P to Q Kt 4 (c) | Q tks P             |
| 6. B to K 3 (a)  | Q to Q R 4    | 18. R to Q Kt       | Q to B 6            |
| 7. B to Q B 4    | Q Kt to B 3   | 19. Q to Kt 4 ch    | K to K              |
| 8. Castles.      | P to Q R 3    | 20. B to Q 4        | Q to Q R 4          |
| 9. K Kt to Kt 5  | Q Kt to Q     | 21. Q R to K ch     | B to K 2            |
| 10. P to K B 4   | K Kt to B 3   | 22. Q tks R         | Q tks B             |
| 11. P to B 5 (b) | P tks P       | 23. B to Q Kt 6 (d) | and black resigned. |
| 12. P tks P      | B tks P       |                     |                     |

NOTES.

(a) Contrast the freedom of White's game with that of his opponent.

(b) Played in true chess style. The sacrifice of this pawn gives him a great command of the board.

(c) Herr Anderssen here remarked that white would never win if he sacrificed his pawns in that manner, but the Captain knew what he was about.

(d) Threatening mate, which could only be temporarily averted by the sacrifice of piece after piece.

NEW YORK VS. BROOKLYN.—A match has been arranged between six selected players among the *habitués* of the Café International, and the same number of chosen players of the Brooklyn Chess Club. Capt. Mackenzie, Dr. Barnett, Dr. Jones, Major Wernich, Messrs. E. Delmar and Lissner will represent New York, and Messrs. Brenzinger, N. Marache, B. Rice, C. A. Gilberg, M. Munoz and F. Perrin will do battle for Brooklyn.

During Mr. Morris Judd's visit to New York, he contested several games of chess with some of our best players. The following game was played with Mr. F. E. Brenzinger of Brooklyn and was concluded in masterly style by the latter.

## FINANCIAL.

The course of dealing this week has been marked with severe fluctuations consequent on the little of war news and the much of war rumors. That war between two great European powers, closely bound together as we are with Europe both in commercial interests and in moral sympathies, should affect our business course is natural; but that the excessive fluctuations or that the general rise in gold have had their origin solely in public and political causes are more than questionable. The market is as usual in the hands of the jobbers, whose manipulations from day to day and hour to hour have raised a prodigious fever of excitement to be followed at no distant period by a tremendous reaction. For there cannot be in the financial condition of this country any permanent reason why our securities should depreciate or why gold should appreciate. If lessons and teaching could avail anything to the perverse party statesmanship of our politicians we now learn for the twentieth time how inexpedient and injurious it is to the commercial stability of this great trading community that their monetary system should be made to hang upon occurrences taking place thousands of miles from us. The very means of controlling these arrangements are in some measure in our own hands, but trade interests and personal dogmatism exclude the nation from the benefit of those simple truths which are overlaid by the charlatanism of financial nostrum mongers. If we could only recognize in our legislation that gold has not a fixed value, and that there is no necessity even under existing circumstances for Government to make or require its payments and receipts in the metal, we should be something nearer stability. The acceptance of greenbacks as the national currency at the Custom House and the paying out of greenbacks at a gold price in discharge of gold payments would bring us nearer to fixed values, and would help to protect our merchants and traders against those tremendous fluctuations in their values.

Meanwhile, some people make money as some do in the very worst of times, even in a period of famine and bankruptcy. One big bull in particular, who, ten days ago, was groaning under a load taken in at 12½, disgorged at 22 and landed over \$600,000 by the operation. It is almost self-evident that if some one gained some one else lost; and so it was not all smiles in the happy family circle.

The immediate causes of this tremendous slaughter are a legitimate demand for gold, principally on foreign account; the operations of a clique, which has been bullying the market for some time, and which now has got the ball on the bound and is sending it higher and higher at each stroke; lastly, the unaccountable neglect of Congress to avail themselves of the excellent chance offered for the resuscitation of American commerce in the embargo laid on transatlantic steamships and the French and German marine. There is a momentary suspension of shipments to Europe, which will, however, go forward again, even if there be no let up on the uncompromising stringency of our navigation laws, in which case the relief to the gold market will be as sudden as the pressure. As for our securities the European complications are a reason for their appreciation by European capitalists, seeing that, in the event of a great Continental war, all the securities of the kingdoms and monarchies must go down. This it was which, in the time of the tremendous political revolutions of the old republic and the old empire, kept up the credit of England, so that British currency and British consols were worth at least half or three-quarters

their face in mercantile value, at a time when assignats or coin imperial funds were absolutely worthless.

The fluctuations in stocks have not been so extreme as in gold, as the following will show:

|                         |             |
|-------------------------|-------------|
| New York Central.....   | 94½ @ 98    |
| Harlem.....             | 90 @ 95½    |
| Erie.....               | 135 @ 138   |
| Reading.....            | 22 @ 24     |
| New Jersey Central..... | 95½ @ 95½   |
| Rock Island.....        | 101½ @ 103½ |
| Pacific Mail.....       | 111½ @ 113½ |
| Northwestern.....       | 40 @ 44½    |
|                         | 82 @ 84     |

## LABOR AND CAPITAL.

There is no cause of conflict between labor and its productive, capital. The strife that is being urged to create further divergence between their interests is purely the result of ignorance of the first principles of constructive use on the part of the representatives. Instead of an endeavor to demonstrate to the understanding of all, the true principles that underlie these interests, which would effectually unite them, those who have selfish personal ends in view seek to further them, by engendering a spirit of bitterness and a desire for strife. There are those who cherish the ideas of aristocracy who have no wealth, on the one hand, and are too indolent to endeavor to attain their desires by active labor, on the other, who think to create some serious diversion, and upon it to ride into place and power. This class of individuals are ever busy stirring the coals of dissatisfaction into flames of rebellion, thinking thereby to become the acknowledged representatives of the labor interest. It is generally true that a cause supported by such means has no principles upon which to base its claims; but in this instance the most absolute and just principles are ignored, while cant and bombast usurp their proper sphere.

It is quite true that there is a growing tendency to centralize capital, and that consolidation of monetary interests is the rule; but the fault of this does not lie in capital or capitalists—it is farther back than it or they. It is in the people themselves, and in the fundamental principles upon which society is built, and those which the people allow government to be administered upon. If the laws of a country permit the doing of a certain thing, which it is for the interests of a certain few to do, and they chose to avail themselves of it, there are men to be found in these times so much governed by the desire for the public welfare as not to take the advantage offered them by the people, for it comes down to that at last. The labor class have it in their power to send to Congress just those who shall fully represent their interests; but they do not do this; most of them are found actively supporting those whom Capital has selected, and whom it holds up for their suffrages. The remedy lies with the people, and they must make use of it before they can ever expect to see their rights adjusted. There is, as was said above, no conflict between Capital and Labor. The conflict is among their representatives. On the contrary, there is an entire harmony of interests between them. The true interests of each are best promoted by rendering justice, full and complete, to the other, and in the understanding of this lies the *only* solution of the Labor Question. Strife may continue, war, even, may come of the strife, but finally the settlement must be made upon the principles of justice, which underlie their relations. One comes from the existence of the other; this, when created, should ever acknowledge its paternity, and never assert supremacy, nor be allowed to; for it to be so allowed shows that defects exist in the fundamental principles of government, or in its application to existing things; these defects it should be the duty of those who prate with so much volubility about the effects of them to discover and proclaim, to the end that they be understood by the people, and that the people in turn should send as their representatives to frame laws such persons only as shall make it their business to attend to their duties rather than to allow themselves to become immersed in the schemes of plotting politicians, who seek eternally to continue themselves in place and power, losing all sight of, or care for, their constituency, in their necessarily continuous efforts to secure that end. Such representatives should be religiously ostracized by the common people, and none tolerated but such as understand the relations of the interest they wish fostered to that they feel they are becoming subjected to, and who will unflinchingly advocate them at all proper times and in all proper places. The durability of government rests upon the entire harmony of all interests; it is framed to protect, and no country can ever become continuously prosperous that has within it the elements of discord; no country can endure for any length of time that does not seek to eradicate all causes of dissatisfaction, and to so adjust its independencies that they shall be mutual and just to each as individuals, and to all as the public.

ANNA DICKINSON ON WOMEN.—God did not create women as a violet, to smell sweet, nor as a lute, to send forth harmonies, but as He created man, as an immortal soul, and as such owing duties and responsibilities to every other immortal soul. The scales of everlasting justice are held in the hands of God, and must swing down at last. I do not expect a miracle to be wrought; I do not believe the millennium will dawn when women receive the ballot. What woman needs is the broadening of the brain, the expansion of character gained through the power that will come with the ballot. Woman must help man as well as be helped by him. She must inspire him as well as be supported by him. The nations of the earth will rise up and call such an one blessed, and God himself will say to her, "Well done." No good will come to man in keeping them asunder. There is no work a man can do but that will be better done by having a woman by his side.



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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All communications intended for publication must be written on one side only. The editors will not be accountable for manuscript not accepted.

# WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

## OUR FUNDAMENTAL PROPOSITIONS.

1. The Universal Government of the Future—to be the United States of the World—The Pantarchy.
2. The Universal Religion of the Future—to be the New Catholic Church—Its Creed, Devotion to the Truth, found where it may be, and lead where it may.
3. The Universal Home—Palaces for the People—Domestic and Industrial Organization—The Scientific Reconciliation of Labor and Capital—Sociology, or the Science of Society—Universal Reconstruction on a basis of Freedom, Equity, and Universal Fraternity.
4. The Universal Science—Universology, based on the discovery and demonstration of Universal Laws, inherent and necessary in the Nature of Things, permeating all spheres and reconciling all differences; with its accompanying Philosophy of Integralism.
5. The Universal Language of the Future—Alwato (Ahl-wah-to)—The Future Vernacular of the Planet based on and derived from the Principles of Universology.
6. The Universal Canon of Art, derived from the same Principles.
7. The Universal Formula of Universological Science—UNISM, DUISM and TRUISM.
8. The Universal Reconciliation of all differences—The Harmony of the Race, through the Infallibility of Reason, Science and Demonstration—The Co-operation of the Spirit-World with the Mundane Sphere—The Inauguration of the Millennium, through Science, aided by the ripening of the Religious Sentiment in Man, and the confluence of the Two Worlds.

## A UNIVERSAL GOVERNMENT.

The records of history furnish the objective facts that either predict or disprove the probabilities and possibilities of this proposition. Creation, from first to last, in all its various processes, observes a consistent order of progress, and government, the most important part of the social economy, is no exception to this general rule. If the first orders of organic life were prophetic of what they were to develop into, and if there is a consecutive connection from them to the highest order of organic formations—man—so, too, were the first orders of social organism prophetic of what was to come, and there is a clearly defined connection between them and the forms of the present. It is by a careful observation of the methods pursued in the gradual progress of development that we are to predicate what the next gradation must necessarily be. If, by the constant addition of one to nothing one hundred is reached, and that typifies the completion of the process, so, too, must the constant additions made to the first orders of social organism signify that the "one hundred" of that process will sometime be reached.

No one in this age will attempt to disprove the proposition that there is a gradual evolution observed in the social order of the world. The present forms of society are superior to those where the head of the family was the highest authority and the supreme ruler over the family. From that order came the aggregation of families into tribes under one head; from that the aggregation of tribes into cities and nations; and this is the fully attained order

represented by the present condition of the world. Every nation is an aggregation of tribes of families. What, then, must the next aggregation be? It can be nothing less than an aggregation of nations under a common rule. The whole order of governmental progress indicates it, and no order other than that can occur. Therefore, the world must either perfect itself as a community of nations or it must begin this higher and fourth order of aggregation. Who that observes the present tendency of events can deny that this process is absolutely taking place now? What does the policy of Russia in Asia indicate, and what that of Prussia in Europe, to thwart which Louis Napoleon has forced war upon her? Prussian supremacy in Europe means French decadence, and Louis Napoleon knows this right well, and thus he fights, not merely for the existence of the French nation, but also to supplant Prussia in her newly-assumed position as the arbiter of the destinies of Western and Central Europe, which position she acquired from humbling Austria.

The inevitable and logical conclusion to be drawn both from the science of society and government, and from the records of history is, that the world is now in the fourth order of aggregation—that of the consolidation of nations; and, it is to be observed, it pursues it by the same means that each preceding order did, to wit—by conquest and absorption. It would appear, then, that nations are but instruments in the hands of a power higher than themselves, which has ever wrought and which still works for the evolution of society in the grand process of perfection.

The highest order possible for governments ever to attain is that of one government for the whole of the world, and this is what the world is now being prepared for. When attained it will still remain for it to perfect itself in this order, out of which perfection will spring a unity of government for those in spirit and earth life, which will represent the dual principle nature everywhere observes, as well also as the completion of the circle begun by the sovereignty of the head of the family.

## THE LYMPHATIC SYSTEM OF SOCIETY.

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY lies upon our table, and demands more than a passing notice. The Children's Aid Society, growing, we believe, out of the earlier operations of Mr. Pease, at the Five Points, has been more generously appreciated by the public and by the wealthy citizens who aid in those matters than almost any other of our charities. Newsboy's Lodging Houses, after the model of the New York Society, are being opened in Toronto, New Orleans and Philadelphia. The systematic operations of the Society here are becoming very much extended, and are very efficient. They provide for the necessities of poor children in the city by lodging houses, night schools and similar appliances, and they charge themselves with procuring homes in the country, mostly in the distant West, for such as cannot find occupation in the city. Their agents report aggregate journeys, in charge of their little troupes of Society's waifs, of 12,000 and 15,000 miles, each, finding homes for 300 and 400 children (for each agent), and in the aggregate, during the last nine months, for no less than 1,900. During the same period there have been six thousand different children in the Industrial Schools, and about eleven thousand in the lodging houses. The Report proceeds to say:

The nucleus of our movement in a given district is either a "Boys' Meeting" or a "Girls' Industrial School." With these we connect the labors of a "Visitor," who becomes the Children's Friend of this poor quarter.

Then a Free Reading-Room is added, if possible, and a Lodging-House for homeless children. After all these agencies have labored during a certain time, they begin to permanently affect the condition of a Ward, and to gather up the children for our crowning work—Western Emigration. The homeless little ones are then collected every fortnight in the office, and the "Western Agents" make their selection from many applicants and carry them out to Western Homes.

But how little do those in happy circumstances realize the condition of this unfortunate class which all this machinery is designed to benefit.

If any of our readers will imagine a child of their own—their little boy or their young daughter—suddenly cast out by misfortune at an early age to live upon the streets, earning bread by all the tricks and "dodges" and hard work of a child of the streets; sleeping in boxes and cellars; wet with storms and cold; at times half-starved; cuffed and beaten and ill-treated; pushing his way by cunning or fraud or industry; cheating and being cheated; seldom meeting with a word or look of kindness; never hearing of Religion or of God; without a home in a city of a million people, and thus inevitably growing up for crime and vice, they will appreciate better what it is to be "a street-boy" or "street-girl," and how indispensable such a work as ours is for this class.

We learned during an interesting interview with Mr. and Mrs. O'Conner, the intelligent Superintendent and Matron of the Newsboy's Lodging House, and Mr. Gourly, the equally intelligent Superintendent of the Eighteenth

Street Lodging House, that the Children's Aid Society sometimes extends its operations beyond the care of children; has in some instances, removed whole destitute families to the West; and that such cases seem to be more frequent than formerly. Recently a destitute woman and her six children were in this manner removed from the city and provided with homes where they could not only earn livelihoods, but where they will give valuable assistance to others.

These facts suggested a whole train of thoughts in respect to what might grow out of this organization; what might, indeed, be made to grow out of it rapidly, if our men of wealth were half alive and awake with regard to their true mission in the world. The day is going past when a Vanderbilt or a Stewart can be greatly honored in the community simply because they have known how selfishly "to make money," as the phrase is. It is the higher talent that knows how to spend money, and to spend it rightly. It will be when these merchant princes make themselves into a true Social Providence over the poor, and in a sense over the whole people; when they are the generous patrons of Science, of Art, of Radical Constructive Reforms, and of all wisely conducted charities, that they will grow to be recognized as the true and divinely constituted aristocracy of the world.

The Children's Aid Society, rightly aided by wealth, could readily enlarge its operations so as to remove the whole suffering and degraded portions of our city populations—not the children only, but all—to happy homes in the country, where their labor is wanted, and where their elevation, education and social improvement would be secured. "So complete already is the machinery," goes on this report to say, "that ten-fold the present work, large as this is, could be done by the society without any change of organization. There is no reason, except want of means, why this charity should not reach every member of the great class of 'street boys' and 'street girls,'"—and now we add, for the first time, every one of their parents, and of the whole class of adults to which they belong.

This "reason," "the want of means," ought not to remain a reason for a day. Some George Peabody or Peter Cooper should do the whole thing; or some energetic agent and solicitor for the great charity should canvass for the half million or the five millions needed for such an enlargement of operations, and should magnetize our capitalists into this earnest and feasible method of curing our social diseases. It is an enterprise not a whit less important, economically considered, than the building of our city docks.

In the organization of the human body there is a whole intricate system of conducting tubes visiting every minute portion of the whole body, whose function it is to gather up all the leakage, or stray fluids, and to conduct them back into the general and healthy circulation. These tubes are called the lymphatics. If there were no lymphatic system in the body the whole body would be water-logged, swamped—or whatever the word may be—by these stray and peccant humors. The Children's Aid Society is the incipient or germinal development of the lymphatic system of society, or of the community, which is the collective human body. Let the patricians of society, the real city fathers, see to it that the lymphatic function be promoted and the health of the community be restored.

Precisely this sort of charity has the curious quality of combining and forming, as it were, the connecting link—the point of contact—between Christianity, as held and practiced in the churches, and modern Socialism. Christianity has given predominance to the labor of saving souls; Socialism has insisted upon saving and improving the bodies of the people, and upon the founding of institutions in which the individual needing aid should be uniformly held as the ward of society. Religion has charged the sin which culminates in misery upon the wrong inherent in individual character; Socialism charges the wrong and the evil consequences directly upon society and its insufficient or unscientific and chance-begotten organization. Religion has looked for remedies mainly to preaching, prayer, faithful personal inculcation, and to unorganized individual charity. Socialism demands institutions adapted to all the wants of society, business organizations providing for every emergency, and, in general, prevention in the place of cure.

The Children's Aid Society seems to have hit the happy mean between these two opposite hemispheres of the integral truth of the subject, and, though beginning its operations germinally, or in the small way, and without pretension, the wise sociologist may readily see how they may lead on to the most extensive results, securing in the end both the objects aimed at by Christian Ministrations and by Social Reformers. It is only necessary to know that Charles L. Brace is the Secretary and working centre of the Society's operations to know that the growth of the enterprise will not be hindered by any narrow-mindedness or lack of capacity to grasp and realize the grandest designs.



## THE LIVING ISSUES OF THE DAY; AUTHORITY vs. REASON; THE NEW YORK PRESS ON THE TWO INFALLIBILITIES.

The double-headed and crisis-meeting article published in the last previous number of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY on the *Two Infallibilities*, and signed by STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS, as a sort of Encyclical Letter, has not failed to make its impression—has, indeed, made an unusually sudden and powerful impression on the press and the people. We condense below a few of the comments which it has evoked from the dailies and weeklies of this city—notice which are now receiving their echoes from the multitudinous newspapers of the country in America. In a few weeks its effect in Europe, and later in Asia, Africa and the isles of the sea, will be heard from. It raises the first strictly planetary question that was ever discussed. Every editor who fails to notice this definitive joining of the issue, this gallant lifting of the glove thrown down at Rome, this first outbreak of spiritual warfare in the Cardinal sphere, which counterparts and accompanies the declaration of war, on the most extensive scale, in the Ordinary sphere, and will be confluent with it, will regret his lack of watchfulness in the future. The true spirit of journalism is in being at least up with the times. It will be the effort and the expectation of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S to keep enough ahead of *The Times* to out-herald *The Herald* and all the other progressive and adventurous organs of thought in *The World*, while *The Sun* continues "to shine for all." We shall stand at our *Post*, or execute with *Dispatch* whatsoever our hands find to do, while we hope always to keep an agreeable *Home Journal* at the Fireside.

*The World*, indeed, was the first to pay its addresses to Mr. Andrews' Encyclical, by copying it in full. Immediately after the heading,

### "PAPAL INFALLIBILITY,"

*The World* introduces this circular letter of the founder of the new Catholic Church with the following heading:

### "INFALLIBILITY AT HOME.

Proclamation by the American Pope—The New Catholic Church of the Future—Rome and the Modern World of Thought."

Editorially, *The World* adds:

"STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS has issued a proclamation 'To the inhabitants of the world, greeting,' in which he announces the foundation of the New Catholic Church, of which he is to be the head. Mr. Andrews starts the new church on the 16th, the day previous to the declaration of Papal Infallibility at Rome, so as to provide against the calamity of an 'interregnum in the equilibrium of doctrinal affirmation.'"

*The Sun*, instead of copying the letter, makes its own liberal condensation and commentary, and its own generous adoption and certification of the Pantarchy and New Catholic movement:

#### THE PANTARCHY AND THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.

"In reply to the declaration of Papal infallibility, which is expected to take place on Sunday next, Stephen Pearl Andrews yesterday issued, through the medium of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, a declaration of 'the higher infallibility of science and clear understanding, or of the demonstrations of the reasoning faculty in man.' Though published yesterday, this manifesto of Mr. Andrews bears the date of to-morrow, for the reason that he has chosen '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.' But considering that Mr. Andrews has thus got the start of the Pope, has he not himself fallen into the error of producing an interregnum in the equilibrium of doctrinal affirmation? Ought he not to have promulgated his doctrine on the same day when his Holiness at Rome promulgated his? It would seem to be rather unfair to take an advantage of so old a man as Pío Nono even in point of a single day's time. However, it is not for us to find fault with the advocate of intellectual freedom. Our duty is rather to express our satisfaction that—in the language of Mr. Andrews—'now, in fine, for the first time, the doctrinal mentality of mankind is distinctly polarized.' If any captious spirit should question the authority of Mr. Andrews to make a declaration so solemn, we answer that he does it by virtue of a Universal Science of which he is the discoverer and expounder. This science opens the way to all truths, solves all doubts, and disposes of all difficulties in law, politics and society. In respect of government, it aims at the constitution of an unerring system of administration that shall extend over the world, guaranteeing liberty, order, peace and happiness everywhere, through the unrestricted exercise of the power of reason. This form of government is to be called the Pantarchy, because it will govern all, and all will be engaged in its action. The Pantarchy has already been organized to a limited extent. Mr. Andrews, as we understand, holds the office of Pantarch; and his rule is so satisfactory to his associates, that no one has ever assailed it with a breath of criticism or complaint."

*The Sunday Dispatch*, with an answering generosity and appreciation to that of *The Sun*, adds the following good words:

"A 'NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.'—We notice an increased spirit and purpose in *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly* which suggests its ample success as a business investment, as well as an organ of advanced thought. Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews takes up the gauntlet of 'Infallibility' thrown down by the Pope last week, and argues that the 'two anti-theological conceptions' are now reached—the infallibility of faith and the infallibility of science. He says: 'The old Catholic Church has never till now reached the legitimate conclu-

sion 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.'

"So Mr. Andrews thinks '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.' There is logic in Mr. Andrews' reasoning. The point of departure has been reached between unquestioning faith and investigating reason. Whether a 'New Catholic Church' shall be the sequel, is hard to say, but Mr. Andrews is determined to work for its establishment: 'In view of the crisis I pledge myself to continue to do my utmost 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.*' Amen to that."

*The Evening Post*, the organ of Mr. Bryant, speaking with its eminent and well-earned authority, has the following:

"TWO INFALLIBILITIES.—Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews has chosen WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY as an offset to the Pope's Ecumenical Council, in which to publish his own proclamation to establish the 'Equilibrium of Doctrinal Affirmation' as against the Pope's proclaimed infallibility. But Mr. Andrews, with all his learning and depth, is more modest than the Pope, and does not claim infallibility for himself, but only for that 'new Catholic Church of the future,' which shall be founded on scientific fact and devoted to truth; and which, although he is apparently the only member of it now, he pledges himself, to the utmost of his power, to found on an enduring basis as the representative of the modern world of thought, and the antagonist and opposite pole of civilization to Rome."

*The Home Journal*, which always knows how to do gracefully acts of courtesy, which never, on the other hand, lack power, concludes our bill of fare on the Infallibilities for the week, as follows:

"Stephen Pearl Andrews has become one of the leading editorial writers of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY. A thinker of marked originality and power of philosophical comprehension, his accession cannot fail to give this paper a positive and distinctive interest that will command the attention of friends and foes. In the number for the sixteenth instant he issues a pronouncement on 'The Two Infallibilities,' matching the new Roman Catholic dogma with the eternal affirmations of reason and science. He thinks the adoption of this doctrine by the church marks an epoch in the development of the race. In his own words: 'Now, for the first time, the doctrinal mentality of mankind is distinctly and finally polarized. The north and 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. Rome and the modern world of thought come henceforth definitely and unequivocally in collision.'"

### WAR PRICES.

There can be but a slight tincture of prophetic forecast in announcing that with the drought and with war just at the commencement of harvest, and the mobilization of two millions of men on both sides, there will be short crops in Europe. Consequently our breadstuffs and our provisions will be in active demand. Cotton demand will depend on the duration of the contest. If the contest be sharp and decisive cotton will probably decline, since the depression that always follows the war fever will check manufactures and consumption. On the other hand, during the continuation of the war and the rapid consumption of material, there must be a brisk demand for textile products and manufactures. The popular enthusiasm at the commencement soon abates with reverses and taxation, and then comes the period of discontent, especially in France, whose population is more excitable than the sober, calm, Teutonic race, and therefore less enduringly patient. As our exportations of produce increase there is no reason why gold should advance. It will not be so much needed for exchange; it will not be needed for payment of troops, and its fluctuations will be chiefly the result of speculation and popular sentiment, which has come now to feel that gold must fluctuate in value like other products. Our national and commercial securities ought, by all the rules of common sense, to advance. Europeans, after the fervor of enthusiasm has cooled down, will not be so anxious to invest their savings with either French or Prussian war ministers. It will not be long before it will be well understood that even success may not be a gain if bought at too high a figure, while defeat will operate a tremendous ruin; and with forces so equally balanced it is just possible that both parties, having tried each other's strength, may leave off where they began.

## LUCIEN ANATOLE PREVOST-PARADOL.

M. Paradol, the newly-arrived Minister from France, committed suicide early on Wednesday morning, July 20, at Washington.

He was received by President Grant on Saturday last, and was to have dined with the Secretary of State on the day of his death.

Mons. Paradol only arrived in this country on the 13th inst., in the steamship Lafayette, and presented his credentials to the President, as the accredited Minister of France, on the 16th inst.

It is supposed that intense devotion to the business of his ministerial office, united with weakness of body, caused by the excessive heat of the weather, has thrown the Minister into a state of mental depression that culminated by the taking of his own life with a pistol.

A few words concerning the past career of this gentleman may not be inappropriate here. He was born in Paris, on the 8th of August, 1829. He studied at the Bourbon College, where he gained various prizes, and subsequently entered the Ecole Normale, where he remained until 1851, during which year the French Academy awarded him the prize for eloquence for his "Eloge de Benardin Saint Pierre." The degree of Doctor-in-Letters was conferred upon him in 1855, and shortly after he was appointed Professor of French Literature by the Faculty of Aix. In 1856 M. Prevost-Paradol engaged in journalism as one of the editors of the *Journal des Debats*. Subsequently he wrote for the *Presse*, but after some months he returned to the *Debats*. His contributions to the *Courrier du Dimanche* attracted great attention by their violence and sarcasm, which were directed against the administration. For his political treatise, "Les Anciens Partis," the author suffered a month's imprisonment and was fined 1,000 francs. In 1863 he was defeated for the Corps Legislatif, and in 1865 was elected a member of the French Academy in place of M. Ampere. The works written and published by M. Prevost-Paradol are quite numerous, and some of them, such as "Du Role de la Famille dans l'Education," which was "crowned" by the French Academy, has gained great reputation. In 1867 he was appointed by the Academy one of the committee of five members to superintend a new edition of the "Historical Dictionary of the French Language." In politics M. Prevost-Paradol was a Liberal, and a supporter of the constitutional empire. He was a man of great abilities, and it was significant of the sincerity of Napoleon's declarations that he should be appointed to high office. His Majesty's enemies, however, have not hesitated to assert that the appointment was only made in order to secure M. Paradol's absence from his native land.

### W A R .

France has drawn the sword. For four years she has been frowning heavily on the abhorred spectacle of German consolidation under Prussian supremacy. For four years she has been with silent energy accumulating weapons of offence. For four years she has been exhausting every resource of bitter criticism upon German growth to justify, under the name of pride and policy, a course to which she felt she should at last be driven; and which history may have to characterize differently, as the fated impulse of a predestined despair. The mind refuses almost at first to take in the vast field of speculative anticipation which this most momentous of wars opens. But the American public, the great bystander in the current history of the old world, ought, according to the old proverb, to see and understand most of the game. Historical generalizations and forecasts, impossible to Europeans because of their proximity to events, and because of the way in which their passions are involved, ought to be comparatively easy to far-seeing Americans. The questions—what this war means, whither it is likely to lead mankind, how far it is likely to affect human destiny in a new way, and turn it into comparatively new paths, such vital and new questions ought to be easier of answer in this New World than in the Old, which has its eyes and heart fixed more on old things than new.

The great fact which it is in the highest degree important to bear in mind is, that this war, as we insisted last week, is a war of races of armed nationalities in no sense primarily a dynastic war. To understand this aright is to appreciate the grander, as well as the profound historical significance of the approaching struggle. Bismarcks and Napoleons are really, so far as causes go, tools with which historical destiny is working itself out. They are no more the final causes of this war, and very little less the instruments with which it is to be fought, than are Chassepots and needle-guns. The war, on the part of France, is a purely blind and unreasoning expression of that ancient and singular combination of fury and panic which has at all times characterized French action in domestic and foreign strife, and which is traceable to the fact that the French nature combines the maximum of physical with the minimum of moral courage. It results from the systematic criticism with which French publicists have greeted the German uprising of these latest years that France is afraid of the new Germany, feels herself, as it were, garrotted by a circle of steel round the throat in the presence of consolidated Italy and Germany on each flank. This is a curious fear. It has never been suggested that consolidated Germany would attack and destroy France. Indeed, the fear could not be attributed to any definite danger capable of being pointed



at with the finger. The fear is within. It is a sentiment of the inner conscience. Men call it moral cowardice. When found in spirited and haughty natures like that of Frenchmen, it invariably takes the form of outrage upon those who rouse the painful and morbid susceptibility. And though it may be kept within bounds for a season by discretion, it is sure to burst out sooner or later to its own and others' infinite woe and mischief. France fears lest her mission, and place, and pride and power in the world should depart from her if Germany becomes one consolidated power. To avoid this she is willing to carry fire and sword throughout Europe, and to risk her own destruction. Fated and fatal nation! She does not see that in taking up such ground she must sooner or later meet with utter destruction. For with less than the power of Rome, she presumes to dictate the law of progress and national formation to the world at large. That is disguised subjugation, and the world will repudiate it, and, sooner or later, tie down the Power which assumes so daring and untenable a position.

It is curious to notice how the events of the last week have justified our interpretation of French history and tendency as bearing upon the prospect of war which was a contingency only when our last issue appeared. France, we said, would fight because that is the only way by which the peril of internal dissolution can be averted. It is most curious and impressive, and instructive, accordingly to witness, the unanimity with which French factions, in spite of a few exceptional men, welcome this fight which is to give them some semblance of united civic existence, and suspend the weary struggle for civic liberties, a struggle without principle, parties or issue. One French journal exclaims exultingly, after the Duc de Grammont's declaration in the Chamber, that there was neither right, nor left, nor centre, only Frenchmen. But, here is precisely the horror and danger of the French destiny and the French relation to mankind. Internal politics, bitter and internecine, are to be settled only by flinging them aside and drawing the sword against the foreigners. And this resolve once taken absolutely supersedes civil politics. Every Frenchman just now is a soldier and soldier only. Civic life is as completely suspended as it is among a horde of banditti. In France, at this hour, there are no more politics. The nation stakes itself utterly and without reserve upon the game of war. It keeps no reserve of civic purpose, of political energy, of liberal or progressive service to fall back upon, and in case of reverses to re-create a nation from. Beaten in the field, it will be beaten everywhere and forever.

There should be no misunderstanding. This war is not as other wars have been. The fifty millions of Germans in the centre and east of Europe are challenged by France to determine whether they will, as that insolent nation requires, remain in virtual vassalage forever to the exigencies of French pride and policy. According to all the established moralities of international life France has no conceivable cause of war against Prussia. To pretend that the establishment on the rickety Spanish throne of an off-set of the Hohenzollern would be dangerous to France is the rankest nonsense. Even were that so the Prince withdrew. As to the guarantees against a renewal of such a candidature demanded from Prussia, we cannot imagine what such guarantees could have consisted in; the demand was insolent nonsense. The Prussian King could not by any international act guarantee the action of every member of the Hohenzollern family. The royal family of Prussia is not governed on Turkish principles. The simple and right course for France, were she a sane nation destined to endure, would have been to leave the election of a Spanish King to Spanish determination only. But her destiny is too strong for her. Then observe the indecency with which the final catastrophe is brought on. In diplomatic annals, there has been nothing more revolting than the spectacle of an aged gentleman soldier and king approached so outrageously by a French envoy in the public room of a watering-place with the demand that he should pronounce himself in favor of the demands and views of the envoy's nation. The prudent courtesies and reticences of diplomatic actions, and the rule which relegates the debates between states to the privacy of the study and the cabinet were never so atrociously violated. Nothing can more strikingly illustrate that curious mixture of fraud and sensitiveness, of deception and self-deception, of what we may call *bona fide* charlatanism which is to be found in Frenchmen, than that they represent, and we doubt not believe, that in this curious transaction, France was the insulted party.

The absorbing interest for the moment centres in the action of other powers than France and Prussia and the other German States. The Austrian empire is again on its trial. If the Hapsburgs throw in their lot with the ancient enemy of Germany they will again have proved, for the fiftieth time, that their crown is one which, in the interests, the paramount interests of Germanism and freedom, ought to be torn from them. It is scarcely credible that the German and Hungarian subjects of the Austrian empire will allow of so atrocious a course as the junction of Austrian with French forces in this war. As to the Hapsburg Emperor, never was there Hapsburg yet who could put by the devilish pride of dynasty for his subjects' good. The prospect, then, is dark, except for the influence of England, which we may confidently expect will be exercised to the utmost to keep Austria quiet.

But what of England herself? There at present is the most interesting of all questions. If we may trust telegraphic dispatches, this last and most decisive manifesta-

tion of the old murderous spirit of France has transported the whole British press and public with indignation. If these accounts be true, English sentiment at this hour has bounded back to the stage in which it was in the early days of the month of June, 1815. It must be clear, at all events, to Englishmen, that if France were to succeed in this war England would be speedily put to the vindication of her own international duties and position. She is pledged, as far as a nation can be, to protect the independence of Belgium and the Lower Rhine; but it is very certain that if France were to succeed in getting the frontier of the Upper Rhine from Prussia she would soon absorb the whole Rhine Valley. England will scarcely remain passive with such eventualities. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the three most illustrious men in the present English Cabinet—the Premier Mr. Gladstone, John Bright and Mr. Lowe—are ardent votaries of peace and economy. They are all, however, men of intensely pugnacious dispositions; and the Premier is, more than most public men, susceptible to the influences of public passion. That Mr. Bright would remain in a Cabinet which joined in a European war we think scarcely possible. But that the English Government may be forced, by considerations of policy and by the increase of popular excitement, to cast in its lot with Germany, that we think extremely probable. We are told already of representations made by France to the English Cabinet concerning the attacks made on French policy. If this be true, fresh fuel will be added to the fires of British anger. But it may be true. French blood is up; and the crowned gambler who sits on the throne in Paris is evidently about to play the great game of Empire in a spirit of utter recklessness. He is staking all on this throw. And if his prudence has deserted him as utterly as seems likely, he will blunder into ranging England by the side of his adversaries. We heartily hope this may be so. In this mighty struggle between worn-out history represented by France, and the new destinies of mankind represented by the glorious Teutonic race, we should be glad to see the English nation, Teutonic at the core, Teutonic in spirit and destiny and race, throwing its lot frankly with the German race. Only, when victory comes this time, if come it does and must, to Anglo-Prussian standards, we hope that at last there will be no foolish sparing of France. But for the Russian Alexander and the English Wellington, the Germans in 1815 would have permanently disabled France from further attacks on the peace and liberties and welfare of mankind. This time the work should be done effectually. If this French army is destroyed, Germany should take such order with France as to see that no other French army is allowed to arise again from its ashes. The evil work of France should be finished, and her account with mankind closed.

#### THE LAST SWEET THING IN CITY GOVERNMENT.

The appropriate remedy for what is going on in our municipal administration would be fires from heaven. As we do not happen to have these at our command, we must do the best we can, and use our editorial opportunities to draw the attention of our readers to the latest beautiful illustration of the blessings and privileges we enjoy in what is called the "Government" of this great and growing city of New York. On the 12th of July, the Irish residents of this city favored us with one of those sensational incidents by which they keep alive the sacred or accursed flames of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness which were lit up centuries ago in their native island, and which they carry with them all over the world. The Orangemen got up a picnic in Elm Park to commemorate the Boyne, with their wives and children, and their Catholic antagonists saw, and of course availed themselves of, the opportunity for getting up a nice little massacre after the good old fashion. They attacked the representatives of Protestantism, and fired at the men, the women, and the little ones, with a noble and truly Celtic disregard for age and sex. The police which, in any decently regulated city, would have been present in force, came up in time to prevent the extermination certainly of the Protestant holiday makers, but not in time to prevent several deaths and many more serious injuries. Whereupon ensues sharp newspaper comments, general public horror and disgust. Captain Jourdan, who appears to hold a precarious and undefined position at the head of the force, and upon whom responsibility, of course, is primarily fastened, thereupon protests, in plain and unequivocal terms, that he is *not* the master of the force; that he has not the power of appointment, promotion and dismissal; peremptorily declines to be regarded as responsible for the calamity, and like a man sends in his resignation to the Board of Police Commissioners, actuated by the right feeling. It is alike dangerous to the city and to himself, that the head of the police should be a shadow, a man of straw, a puppet. Now, this was clear and straightforward, and unequivocal, a temporary rift of light upon the dark and chronic intrigue which we call government in this city. Of course, it was too good to last. Captain Jourdan is at once beset by the Mayor, and irresistible arguments are applied to him to induce him to cover it all up again, and instead of persevering in his manly course, he put his tail firmly between his legs, and acquiesced in his own and the force's degradation. So he withdraws his resignation in a letter which we give ourselves the pleasure of printing here as the most perfect example of demoralized language and administration of which we have as yet had experience: "To the President and Members of the Board of Police of the City of New York—I am grateful for your

cordial expression of confidence. I advise myself, as I am otherwise advised, that in now substituting your wishes for my desires, it is expedient I should withhold from public mention the particular reasons that govern my present action just as I forbore to explain the motives that controlled my resignation. Encouraged by your kindness, I beg leave to intrust to your executive session the fears that impelled the proffer and the hopes that accompany this withdrawal."

Was there ever such absurdity? Why, he had very fully stated why he resigned. Because he was not, as a Superintendent should be, master of the police. And in the confused utterances of this remarkable epistle, which is to tell us nothing, we are very plainly told that the Board of Commissioners, Superintendent and Police, are worth about nothing as intelligent and faithful guardians of the public peace of this dissolute and riotous city. This sort of thing cannot last forever. As the *Chicago Tribune* said, a few weeks back, something must be done to make the State and city of New York behave themselves.

#### THE HEATED TERM.

We are now in the midst of the heated term. Our city is like a vast furnace, so torturing is the heat, night and day. To the great masses of our population, the workers in the immense human hive who cannot fly to the country or the sea-shore, the free public baths and our various parks are blessings of incalculable value. Central Park is swarmed with humanity till long after every midnight. The murmur of voices is heard in every winding walk and ramble, summer-house and alcove. In those parts of the city where tenement houses are peopled by the class of workers who are unable even to give themselves the relief of a cool-off in the parks at night, the suffering is intense. People cannot sleep, and whole families come out on the sidewalk in as few garments as decency makes possible, to sit and loll about, until exhausted nature and the cooler hours of the waning night, or rather early dawn, drives and invites them indoors. There is a little respite between midnight and sunrise. At dawn, or between that time and sunrise, the breezes that come up from the rivers and bay bring a little coolness and freshness. But with the rising sun the air is converted to the temperature of a tepid bath, and before eleven in the morning the atmosphere of the street, even on the shady side, is fit only for a salamander to breathe and move in. Under such stress of weather does the foundering bark of humanity run through the midday heats in the rock-walled city streets, that when afternoon comes and brings its respite from toil there is a frantic rush for the baths, and from thence to the parks. The Park Commissioners and the Hon. Wm. M. Tweed do not have to wait for future generations to bless them.

EDITORIAL IGNORANCE.—We are often amused at the funny blunders about things and persons which adorn the columns of our contemporaries when they travel outside of the sacred limits of the Republic. The other day Sergeant J. Kinglake, the brother of the eminent historian, died; whereupon certain of our contemporaries favored us with a mortuary estimate, critical and biographical, of the historian himself, rushing to the conclusion that he it was who had died. A couple of days since, one of our leading dailies, now edited by an English gentleman, which makes the matter quite inexcusable, gave a short notice of the wonderful volume of poetry which Dante Gabriel Rossetti has lately given to the world. Mr. Morris, the poet, has published a glowing eulogium of his brother poet's work, of which the writer in our New York contemporary remarks that "Mr. Rossetti, indeed, hardly needs the kind of defence he volunteered for Messrs. Swinburne and another." Now the clever English writer who superintends the paper ought to know that the Rossetti who broke a lance for Swinburne a couple of years ago was not Dante but his brother William, a very able and well known critic. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the poet and painter, is not responsible for that paradoxical defence of Mr. Swinburne's idealized bestiality. Whether it was Dante or William does not signify to Wall street. But it is just as well for a New York journal to be accurate, even in such trifling matters as Rossettis and Swinburnes.

ONE of the morning papers inquires, in view of the terrible and seemingly unnecessary war which has broken out in Europe, whether Europe does not stand in need of a Political Pope—somebody who shall be referred to as umpire in all international disputes? Why confine the inquiry to Europe? The same authority should stand equally good for the whole world. Why, indeed, should there not be a recognized Pantarch or Omniarch for the Planet, to whom, aided by his Cabinet, Staff, Grand Council, and the great body of Ambassadors from all nations residing at his more than Imperial, his Pantarchal Court, every dispute between nations should be voluntarily referred and his decision accepted as final, as we now accept the decisions of our Law Courts of the last appeal.

Is the world never to be wise enough to arrange its affairs in a decent and peaceable manner? Are we to go on shedding human blood, like human butchers, for the next thousand years, as we have done for the thousand years past? The next five years will be *The Day of Judgment*. Let the watchers on the walls listen well and report truly the signs of the times.



## THE PURITANISM OF ART, AND THE PURITANISM OF STANCH DOCTRINAL CONVICTION.

Ruskin talks grandly and well, in his recent course of Art Lectures at Oxford, of the Puritanism of the great artists in their absolute devotion to beauty, but he takes the occasion to slur what he calls the false Puritanism of the so-called Puritans or severe religionists who repudiated and antagonized the idea of beauty. It is a pity that Ruskin, great man as he is, can't afford to be integral or to have two sides to him. Religious Puritanism has had a great mission in the world, not to say greater than that of art. The rigorous exclusion of non-essentials, of mere ornamentation in the service of beauty by the Presbyterians, ultimated by the early Quakers and Methodists, the peremptory demand for *radical devotion to essentials* or "the one thing needful"—however true or mistaken their idea of what that was—has in it a grand, unconscious sympathy with the *severe exactitude* of Pure Science, which eliminates all secondary considerations, strikes at centres and ascertains, first of all, the axial principles of truth, apart from that artistic modification by which the primal hardness of the truth is subsequently overlaid and softened. It is, then, this last and modulated form of truth which is conquered by art; but it is never perfect unless the basis, in rigorous exactitude, has first been laid; whether in nature, in artists' work or in human character it is all the same.

### WOMAN AS AN IMPORTER.

The public has made itself as merry over the idea of Madame Demorest's tea importing scheme as it did over woman as a banker and broker. But the indefatigable and undaunted woman who determined to invade the Celestial Empire, packed her trunk, purchased her drafts on San Francisco, and set forth across the Continent to embark on some Chinese Pacific vessel for Canton. Will she succeed? We have scarcely a doubt; and, indeed, should not be surprised if woman's tact secured what masculine importers have heretofore failed to procure—packages of the real sun-dried Mandarin tea.

Why should not woman be an importer and wholesale dealer? Why bind her forever to retail operations in drygoods and millinery? Whatever she has the *physique* and brain-power to accomplish—in matters of finance, commerce, politics or social life—there is no law, human or divine, that should debar her from attempting. If, as has been argued, natural disability unfits her for such matters, in the name of all that is just let nature then, not arbitrary and unequal laws or narrow prejudices, regulate her actions and determine her sphere.

No PECULIARITIES of American women so impress a stranger as their mad eagerness for foreign fashions and their slavish observance of foreign follies. Nor are these restricted to a certain class. The would-be leader of our *beau-monde* finds a counterpart in her maid, who, in turn, becomes the model for her immediate circle of acquaintance. Now, this is all right enough—for where there is so much liberty of law no one, of course, can reasonably object to any amount of liberty of dress. The Constitution of the United States does not circumscribe it; and as most women only live in order to please a certain class of men and to displease each other, they may undoubtedly continue to insult good taste and decency.

But they are not forced to these glaring stupidities, for no man of sense extols vulgar display above meritorious modesty, and it is to be deplored that our very Republican dames fail to perceive that they are not, as a rule, competent judges of beauty and grace, nor can they be brought to understand that simplicity accomplishes far more than the most elaborate costliness of attire. By simplicity we do not infer a necessary absence of elegance, but merely a toning down of those high-lights to which Americans are so extravagantly given. We can never acquire any peculiar perfection in the matter of dress, for we are sadly wanting in originality, even in so small a matter. The French, however, are constantly teaching us by contrast. They never confine themselves to any particular fashion—they adapt it to their own figures and appearances. We, to the contrary, seize upon all novelties as they come, and "do" them with no regard whatever for taste or fitness.

WOMAN'S greatest need? Well, it is a moral waking-up. She must be aroused from her idleness and paltry dependence. She must be forced to see the crime of her uselessness, and to throw aside those follies which lead to the very sins that she affects to abhor. Compel her to interest herself in her own welfare. She may then easily be taught all her new duties—easier taught, in fact, than are ignorant heathen; for to the ardor of a convert she will bring all the fidelity of faith. So, whenever she insists that she can work in a manner hitherto unsuspected, permit her to prove her metal. For our part, we should fancy that constant levies upon their pockets would certainly impel all men to hail our proposition with a welcoming shout.

## THE CLOSE OF CONGRESS.

The Congress just closed is conspicuous even among Congressional shortcomings for dereliction of duty. With the school-boy impatience of legislators for their holidays we confess sympathy under ordinary circumstances. The weather is oppressive, the closing-up work is severe and exacting, and there is a time when lobbying and money schemes become a weariness and a vexation. But on this occasion work by far more important in a critical conjuncture than anything they have done all this season remains neglected. President Grant, who has felt the emergency so strongly as for once to take heart of grace and to offer an initiative, has been snubbed, and who knows but that he may be thrown back into that silence from which a little complaisance in our representatives might have redeemed him. The country has a chance for recovering the commercial position wrested from it in the late war by Great Britain. The two great powers now at war are not great carriers themselves, but they carry on a large trade with this country, and the complications will undoubtedly lead to a general disturbance and interruption of European commerce. In such contingency it was the bounden duty of Congress not to have separated without some provision for the diversion to ourselves of that trade which is now going begging, and must by our supineness and indifference fall to the share of our great maritime rival. Even Western and Southern constituencies, proverbially indifferent to mercantile interests, will, on an occasion like this, feel the pinch in the difficulty of getting their breadstuffs and provisions into the market. Europe's difficulty is America's opportunity. What trust do our public servants deserve who desert their duty and consult their ease in such an emergency? when without cost the languishing strength of our decadent marine can be built up again by seizing a chance that may not occur again in a long lifetime.

### THE SOCIAL EVIL.

This terrible blot of civilization has formed one of the topics on which, painful as is its nature, and almost hopeless to rouse public attention, we have persistently addressed ourselves. The subject is creating more interest, both with jurists and philanthropists. But we affirm unreservedly that, however praiseworthy the efforts at redemption and cure may be, the remedy is a mistaken humanity. Palliatives and curatives will never remove a moral disorder whose causes lie deep in human instincts, and whose growth is fostered by poverty and ignorance. Remove the causes the effects will cease. Give woman employment and you remove her from the need of self-destruction. Knowledge and higher motives will do the rest. All modern Statists are agreed that prostitution is a transitory, not a permanent condition—especially in America—adopted from necessity or misfortune, and abandoned on the first reasonable removal of the provocation. Meanwhile its consequences to public health and public morality are by so much the more dangerous as the number of the practitioners is increased, and the area of its influence extended.

UPWARD AND ONWARD.—Like "home" and "comfortable," and a few other common words cited to that effect, so this significant coupling of words "Upward and Onward" is virtually untranslatable into even the most favored of the southern languages of Europe; that is to say, they have no one terse, significant phrase like this, to express aspirational enthusiasm and noble encouragement for the future progress of mankind. We once knew a grand old Italian scholar who used to go into ecstasies over this phrase. There was in it, to his mind, a sweep of thoughts and elevated purpose worth more than all the luscious beauties of the sweet Italian tongue.

To be scientifically accurate, and if it were not "to put too fine a point upon it," we should say "Upward, Onward, and To The Right." The right hand and side of the body stand analogously related to the head, on the upper extremity of the body, and to the face or front; as the left consequently does to the lower portion of the body and the back. The world will be surprised on reflection to find how directly it has derived its highest intellectual and spiritual expressions from the simple aspects and uses of the body. Analogical science, which points out these beautiful coincidences and the laws by which they are regulated, is young in the world, but its motto is "Upward, Onward and to the Right."

THOSE persons who dictate to us in the matter of dress pretend to admit that nature and grace are synonymous. Well, they must perceive that their women of fashion are unnatural objects, and they surely know that things unnatural are hideous. Perhaps they do know; but, then, business is business. The Woman question may answer excellently well as a pass-word among a certain *clique*, but when it comes to a practical denunciation of deceitful follies, ah, that is quite another affair.

THE education of women is faulty. Its teachings do not aid reform—that reform which is so sadly needed and which should have for its basis equality in labor. To what, we ask, can an ordinary woman turn, when adversity overtakes her? Supposing her to be destitute of mental resources upon which to rely, what must she do? She may not have received a manual education—her hands may be as ignorant as her mind—yet must that poor creature sink in wickedness, simply because custom has seen fit to bar the way to some calling whose duties, faithfully performed, might be her salvation? Indeed, no! Countless bright examples prove that judicious systems can entail no evil, and we earnestly advocate those judicious systems which will enable women to combat with their old enemies and no longer offend God with idleness and sin.

PROTECTION TO NATIVE ASSASSINATION.—A few days ago the *Herald* devoted nearly half of one of its columns to a reprint from a Ballant (Australian) newspaper of an account of a murder and suicide committed there. Beyond the fact that the principal witness—most unfortunately witness only, but not principal in the transaction—was named "Killmaster," we could see nothing in this foreign horror to justify the surrender of so large a space of those valuable columns to the importation of a murder to our well-stocked market. And we are bound to say that, considering the zeal and efficiency, as well as sufficiency, with which our domestic manufacturers supply us with this article of consumption, we consider it an unwarrantable interference with them to report foreign-made murders at such length. We think that the domestic murderer has an exclusive right to the command of the news-market here. And the public will not suffer by such arrangement. We entirely agree with some eminent murderers, whom we have interviewed to obtain their views on this interesting topic, that there is plenty of matters, political, literary and other, occurring in foreign countries which are not reported to the American public at all, but which ought to be. There is no need, therefore, to fill columns with imported murder, to the prejudice of the domestic producer. Pennsylvania should see to this.

THE SCIENTIFIC SPORTSMAN'S GUIDE—"LAND AND WATER."—There could be nothing more admirably English in design and keeping than the idea of uniting legitimate science with the hunter's gun and dog and the fisherman's fishing tackle. Hunting and fishing were among the, if not the, very first occupations of mankind. The systematic pursuit of natural history is among the best and the most delightful. Whosoever undertakes the practically combining of this earliest and this latest of human occupations may be said to be engaged "in making two ends meet," and ought to succeed in life, both for himself and for the benefit of others.

This rare field of operations has been chosen by a high-class weekly journal published in London (see advertisement in another column for a fuller description), under the appropriate name of "Land and Water."

As we have nothing directly competing, in this country, with this novel and extremely interesting enterprise, we should suppose that very many of our wealthy pleasure-seekers, as well as students of natural history here, would avail themselves of this truly English publication.

### EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

THE ELM PARK riot and all matters of local interest have faded into insignificance in our city before the intense excitement over the European War News. Even the announcement of the dogma of Papal infallibility is too little thought of in the war fever.

IF women were Legislators we would soon have a "Hotel des Invalides" erected by Government for our mutilated heroes of the war, who now are forced to beg a meagre support by grinding hand-organs at street corners, or peddling twopenny toy-books on street-cars.

It has been suggested as an argument in favor of woman as a legislator, that she would be more humane and charitable in her legislative ideas than man, particularly for her own sex and children; and that a large proportion of the work of charity which is now turned over to church organizations and religious societies, such as the care of aged women and foundlings, would, under her regime become State duties.

THE votes of fifteen women were received at a late election in Washington Territory. Decidedly the matter makes progress. The fraction of power accruing from fifteen votes in many thousands is infinitesimal, yet not without its importance, for it clearly defines the legal status of women, in Washington Territory at least. We regard this circumstance as the hopeful sign of a growing good. The franchise to women will most assuredly lead to an utter revolution, and consequent purification of social life.

THE CINCINNATI COMMONER, the ablest Democratic paper of Ohio, proceeds to declare that "the Democracy is dying in vice and fraud; of folly and knavery; of cowardice and ignorance; of the displacement of its true and great souls by the soulless scoundrels who control the organization."



## FROM WASHINGTON.

## CLOSING SCENES OF THE SENATE.

WASHINGTON, July 16, 1870.

WOODHULL &amp; CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY:

When the Senate went into Executive Session most of the spectators in the galleries left, it not being supposed that general business of any nature would be resumed; or, indeed, that the doors would again be opened for that purpose. It now appears that this idea was circulated, in order that Senators who have long been suspected of being in foreign interest, might be more at liberty to carry out the infamous plan of selling what little there is left of our commerce to foreigners.

It is, perhaps, fortunate that native-born, hard-toiling traders—whose success in business has long been made nearly impossible by those dishonest traders from abroad who succeed by defrauding the revenue—do not clearly comprehend the true condition. It is still more fortunate that the harder-toiling workingmen are ignorant of the fact, that the American Congress, in all that relates to commerce and the reward of labor, has been directed and guided by a British clique having unlimited command of British gold. Certain senators and members of Congress, as well as certain members of the Cabinet, have been suspected of this "cliqueism," and of sharing in its "glittering benefits;" for it is well known that the pay is in that material which "needs no gilding;" but it was not known, and could not even be expected, that success could create such bold folly as to exhibit the exposé of the closing scene in the Senate, representing the effort to strike down American labor, and to shut out American merchants from participating in foreign commerce.

Two days previous a bill had been reported by Chandler, Chairman of Committee on Commerce, to accomplish this purpose, but its real object was covered up in "brush-wood," purporting to give encouragement to labor by affording drawbacks on ship-building material. Some practical minds of the Senate soon discovered that this was intended to mislead, in order to secure the main object, that of introducing foreign built ships free of all duties. Sprague, of Rhode Island, was heard to tell the senator who was so indefatigably pressing the bill, "that it was a damned fraud, sustained only by foreign gold, which had found its way into the Senate chamber," and that if the bill was pressed further he would "expose the degrading facts and the parties connected therewith." It is believed the pluck of "little Sprague" killed the bill for that time, and, as then thought, for all time; but when the telegraphic announcement of "war in Europe" was made, the "artful dodge" was attempted of making it a necessity to our commerce that our navigation laws should be set aside; that authority should be given to the Secretary of the Treasury to grant registers to all foreign-built ships purchased by "American citizens abroad;" and, disgraceful as the fact may be, I am constrained to say that it was publicly stated by the zealous senator that the Secretary of the Treasury and Secretary of the Navy, as well as the Secretary of State, urged that this should pass to a law. The two first named were on the floor of the Senate advocating the measure, to the great disgust of the outside barbarian lobbyists, who considered their "occupation gone" so soon as it was assumed by dignitaries having the inside privilege of the floor.

Whatever minor defects may be charged to the President, he cannot for a moment be suspected of encouraging or participating in any matter, to the detriment of his country's interest, but that he was deceived in recommending this measure by those closely around him does not admit of a doubt. He is wholly unacquainted with the tricks of dishonesty, and too unsuspecting in his nature to think that this was one of the boldest moves to foist upon the country an organized system of smuggling, to be done in foreign-built vessels under our own flag so soon as that flag could be got to cover the rascality. Nor could he, unaided, see that no American citizen would become the purchaser of a single foreign steamer, because a convenient foreign agent, whose conscience is trained to the elasticity of swearing to false invoices, would have stood in his way, and readily have sworn to a purchase and transfer, when none had occurred in the real interest. It is believed by many that the deception thus practiced upon the President will lead to a change of cabinet by putting in members whose characters must be above suspicion.

The debate upon the bill was continued to the closing hour. It was zealously supported by Senator Chandler, of Michigan, and Senator Sherman, of Ohio, the latter making many efforts to get on an amendment authorizing the Government of the United States to buy any of the iron steamers so purchased at an advance of ten per cent. upon their cost!! thus giving to the foreign producer not only the preference in the work, but a bonus of ten per cent. to break down American labor! Can any one be surprised that serving as a Senator is profitable, or that the keen, practical sense of the working men of the country is causing them to band together under pledges to each other to purge out fraud and corruption from the capital of the nation? Not less is this needed for their protection than for the salvation of the country. It is known that senators and members have come here poor, having only their "per diem" for support, and yet by that keen knowledge of political economy, which only a skilled politician possesses, they are soon enabled to purchase brown-stone houses, visit Europe with liveried servants in their train, and, proud of a Republican

knowledge, attempt to teach Europe heraldry by mounting buttons with their State's arms as the distinguished livery of gaudily dressed servitors.

It seems to have been secretly arranged that this bill was to be passed rapidly under pressure of the Executive Message. This was indicated by the votes upon some important protective amendments which were thrown out, and by striking out the original sections which proposed encouraging American labor. The design was frustrated by the efforts of Senators Corbett, Morrill, Scott, Cameron, McDonald, Bayard, Wilson, Sprague and others, who exposed the injurious effects the bill would have upon the country. In doing this, they were aided by telegrams which were poured in by American ship builders and merchants, from the cities of Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Portland and Bath, all giving information, practical and valuable, and which aided the Senators named in saving the country from a stupendous fraud upon its revenue system.

I shall wander West in a few days, and you will probably hear from me upon some "opening scenes" of importance which I hope to witness in those political movements which are to be inaugurated solely to bring forth some honesty of purpose in the councils of the nation.

TRAVELER.

## WAR NEWS.

PARIS, July 19—Evening.—The Emperor held another council of ministers to-day.

Prince Napoleon has arrived and had a long interview with the Emperor. It is understood a corps d'armee will be immediately formed and placed under the command of the Prince.

A grand dinner was given by the Emperor at St. Cloud yesterday after the council of war. The principal officers of the regiments of the line and of the Imperial Guard, who are on the eve of leaving Paris, were present. They testified in a most enthusiastic manner their devotion to the Emperor. The band played the Marseillaise.

The Corps Legislatif yesterday adopted the projects of law submitted and credits asked by the Government, and to-day the Senate concurred in the action of the Corps.

The Nancy journals protest against the law for the regulation of the press in time of war.

There are rumors that Denmark is giving way to the influence of England.

Russia so far has shown no signs of swerving from her attitude of neutrality.

It is reported that the ambassadors of Baden, Saxony, Hesse, Bavaria and Wurtemberg have been ordered to quit Paris.

La Liberte says the official declaration of war will not be communicated to the Chambers until an answer has been had from Prussia, the Cabinet of Berlin having received notification of the declaration.

The official notification of the existence of actual war between France and North Germany was duly dispatched to-day to the different European Governments.

France has been notified by Prussia that she will not use explosive balls or chemicals for destructive purposes in battle if the Emperor's Government will agree to adopt a similar rule.

After the first battle between the contending forces the other Powers of Europe will, it is generally believed, endeavor to put a stop to the conflict.

The French journals are forbidden to publish reports of the military movements.

The Catholics of South Germany are, it is said, against Prussia in the war.

The public and private subscriptions to the various charitable projects incident to the war are very liberal in all parts of the country. The Duke de Mortmarte has given 100,000 francs to one of these funds. Many persons have agreed to pay certain sums daily during the continuance of the war, and others again pay double taxes. Many manufacturers continue the wages of their employees who choose to enlist as soldiers.

The Empress has sent 50,000 francs to the Society of Aid for the Wounded.

M. Thiers publishes this morning an indignant denial of having received, as stated by the Figaro, a letter from the King of Prussia thanking him for his speech against the war.

A large number of the constituents of M. Thiers, who voted for him at the last election, demand his retirement from the Corps Legislatif on the ground that he has outraged the patriotic sentiment of the country by his recent speech against the war.

There is nothing certain yet about the departure of the Emperor for the seat of war. It is not likely he will set out for the front until everything is ready there for active operations.

Several Prussian agents in this city who were suspected of plotting and distributing money, have been arrested.

The Marseillaise (Henri Rochefort's journal) appeared this morning for the first time in several weeks. It was promptly seized.

LONDON, July 19—3 A. M.—French iron-clads are cruising on the Dogger Bank, in the North Sea, to pick up German vessels.

BRUSSELS, July 19—Evening.—France has communicated to the Powers notification that she has entered into reciprocal engagements with Belgium and Holland ensuring their neutrality.

France is also in active negotiation with Russia to obtain her formal promise of neutrality.

LONDON, July 19.—It is positively asserted here to-day, on what is regarded as the highest authority, that Austria joins France against Prussia.

Much excitement is created by this announcement. The London Times, in an editorial this morning, abandons all hope of mediation. The sword must now decide.

The Post is skeptical touching the news received from France and Prussia. It ascribes "the bulk of the dispatches to speculators."

In the House of Commons to-night, Sir R. Seymour gave notice that he should question the Government concerning a secret treaty which was alleged to exist between France and Denmark, and also whether Prussia had declined the proposition made not long ago by France to disarm.

FLORENCE, July 19.—The Italian Government has called out two classes of military reserves as a precautionary measure.

## GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

Gen. Pope is inspecting the border forts.

Don Carlos, the famous Spanish agitator, is in Paris.

Gen. Schenck, it is said, declines to run for Congress.

P. B. Cogswell, of the Concord (F. H.) Monitor was sun-struck yesterday.

The New Orleans firemen have arrived in Cincinnati. They left for the South.

The Cheyennes and Kiowas are encamped between the salt and north forks of the Red River.

Five hundred and twenty-five persons are at Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.

A correspondent asks the proprietors of the Harlem boats to provide one hundred additional camp-stools.

In the agricultural districts of Northern and Central Russia the crops are looking well and promise a yield above the average.

Alderman Elwood was sunstruck at the oakum fire on the Jersey City Heights on Monday afternoon. He lies in a critical condition.

Janaushek, the German tragedienne, will spend the season at Islip, L. I. She has sent her carriage and horses to the Lake House.

The Plymouth Rock is advertised to leave on her fifth grand Sunday excursion up the Hudson to Poughkeepsie on Sunday, July 24.

L. B. Gunkel, George R. Sage, E. D. Mansfield and Col. Wm. Moore will compete for the Republican nomination to fill Gen. Schenck's seat.

The Union Republican General Committee will meet tomorrow evening and adopt resolutions of sympathy with the Germans in their hostility to Louis Napoleon.

Gen. S. Gilmore, of the Engineer Corps, has been directed to relieve General Newton of the charge of the construction of fortifications upon Staten Island.

The American Institute Farmers' Club started for California yesterday morning. The Hon. Horace Greeley could not accompany them, being at the White Mountains.

The Hon. Thurlow Weed denies any relationship to Wm. M. Weed, the Brooklyn incendiary, but expresses his willingness to help him with money or otherwise as he may need it.

The Committee of the Georgia Legislature appointed to investigate the charges against Governor Bullock and the State Treasurer have reported that nothing has been disclosed impugning their personal or official integrity.

WASHINGTON, July 19.—Rear-Admiral Glisson, the new commander of the European squadron, sailed with his staff ten days ago. Important dispatches relative to the European war are expected shortly from our naval commanders in these waters.

The Council held a public session yesterday, at which 538 fathers were present. The Schema de Ecclesia Christa was adopted by a vote of 536 to 2, and was approved as a Constitution of the Church by the Pope, who pronounced a short allocution.

Dispatches say that the old men and chiefs of the Indian tribes are opposed to war. The Sioux chiefs at the Fort Gill reservation expressed their determination to remain peaceable. The evening bands are prowling about, and a good deal of stock has been stolen, some of which has been recovered by friendly Indians.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 19.—Lieutenant-General Sheridan, having obtained permission from the War Department to visit Europe and observe the military operations in progress there, will leave this city to-morrow morning and proceed to the seat of war without delay. He will be accompanied by a single member of his staff, and will visit both the French and Prussian armies. The Lieutenant-General will pay his own expenses during the trip.

THE LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—What are half the crimes in the world committed for? What brings into action the best virtues? The desire of possessing. Of possessing what?—not mere money, but every species of the beautiful which money can purchase. A man lies hid in a little, dirty, smoky room for twenty years of his life, and sums up as many columns of figures as would reach round half the earth, if they were laid at length; he gets rich; what does he do with his riches? He buys a large, well-proportioned house; in the arrangement of his furniture he gratifies himself with all the beauties which splendid colors, regular figures and smooth surfaces can convey; he has the beauties of variety and association in his grounds; the cup out of which he drinks his tea is adorned with beautiful figures; the chair in which he sits is covered with smooth, shining leather; his table-cloth is of the most beautiful damask; mirrors reflect the light from every quarter of the room; pictures of the best masters feed his eyes with all the beauties of imitation. A million of human creatures are employed in this country in ministering to this feeling of the beautiful. It is only a barbarous, ignorant people that can ever be occupied by the necessities of life alone. If to eat, and to drink, and to be warm were the only passions of our minds, we should all be what the lowest of us all are at this day. The love of the beautiful calls man to fresh exertions, and awakens him to a more noble life; and the glory of it is, that as painters imitate, and poets sing, and statuary carve, and architects rear up the gorgeous trophies of their skill—as everything becomes beautiful, and orderly, and magnificent—the activity of the mind rises to still greater and to better objects.

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON INTEREST.—No blister draws sharper than the interest does. Of all industries none is comparable to that of interest. It works all day and night, in fair weather and foul. It has no sound in its footsteps, but travels fast. It gnaws at a man's substance with invisible teeth. It binds industry with its film, as a fly is bound in a spider's web. Debts roll a man over and over, binding hand and foot, and letting him hang upon the fatal mesh until the long-legged interest devours him. There is but one thing on a farm like it, and that is the Canada thistle, which swarms new plants every time you break its roots, whose blossoms are prolific, and every flower the father of a million seeds. Every leaf is an awl, every branch a spear, and every plant like a platoon of bayonets, and a field of them like an armed host. The whole plant is a torment and vegetable curse. And yet, a farmer had better make his bed of Canada thistles than attempt to be at ease upon interest.



# CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA RHEUMATISM, &c.

Hegeman's Genuine Medicinal Cod  
Liver Oil.

Our Oil has stood the test of twenty years, and thousands of patients attribute their recovery to its use. It is warranted pure.

The Most Perfect Iron Tonic—Hegeman's  
Ferrated Elixir of Bark.

A pleasant cordial, prepared from Calissa Bark and Pyrophosphate of Iron, possessing the valuable qualities of iron, phosphorus, and calissa, without any injurious ingredients. As a preventive to fever and ague, and as a tonic for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it cannot be surpassed, and is recommended by the most eminent physicians. Sold by all respectable druggists.

Sole manufacturers, HEGEMAN and Co., 303, 309, 311 and 313 Broadway, and corner Fourth avenue and Seventeenth street, New York City.

## METROPOLITAN SAVINGS BANK

No. 1 and 3 THIRD AVENUE, opposite Cooper Institute.

THIRTY-FOURTH DIVIDEND.

JULY 1, 1870.—By direction of the Trustees of this Bank the usual semi-annual INTEREST, at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum, will be paid on all sums entitled thereto on and after July 13, inst.; or, if not drawn, will be added to the account and draw interest from July 1.

DEPOSITS made on or before July 30 will draw interest from July 1, and SIX PER CENT. on ALL SUMS of \$5 and upwards.

Deposits of One Dollar received.

ISAAC T. SMITH, President.

T. W. LILLIE, Secretary.

NORTH RIVER SAVINGS BANK,

corner of Eighth avenue and West Thirty-fourth street.

DIVIDEND.—A Semi-Annual Dividend at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum on all sums from \$5 to \$5,000 will be paid on and after July 13, 1870.

DEPOSITS made on or before July 30 will draw interest from July 1.

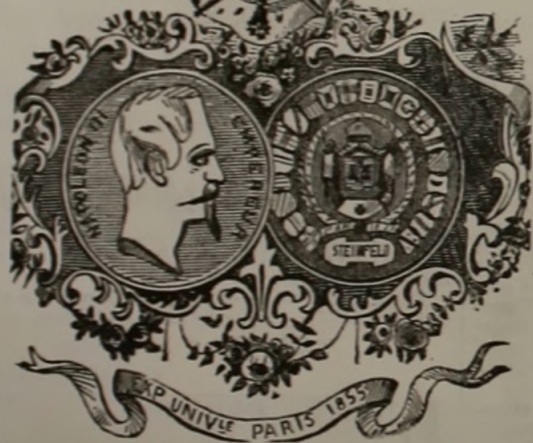
BANK open daily from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. and on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 6 to 8 o'clock.

JOHN HOOPER, President.

JAMES O. BENNETT, Secretary.

## STEINFELD'S

FRENCH COGNAC BITTERS  
FIRST PRIZE



THE FRENCH COGNAC BITTERS, manufactured by the VINE GROWERS' SOCIETY of Cognac, France, under the supervision of the Chevalier Le Roche, M. D., Surgeon-General of the French Army, are the only GENUINE BITTERS imported in this Country, where they were first introduced with remarkable success during the Cholera of 1832. Subsequently, during the raging of the Yellow Fever at Norfolk, Virginia, these bitters were administered by the Directors of the Hospital, where, in both cases, not a single patient who had used them died.

THE COGNAC BITTERS purify the blood and strengthen the system, eradicate the effects of dissipation, maintain the human frame in a condition of healthfulness, dispel the Blues and all mental distempers, and relieve those whose sedentary habits lay them open to depression. They prevent and cure Bilious and other Fevers, Fever and Ague, Chills, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Dyspepsia, Sea-Sickness, Cholera, Cholera Morbus and every complaint incidental to diet or atmosphere. Ladies will find them a sovereign boon, as they eradicate all traces of Debility, Nervousness, Inertness, and diseases peculiar to the sex. Thousands of Testimonials can be seen at the Office of

S. STEINFELD,

Sole Importer and Agent for America,

67 Warren Street, N. Y. City.

For Sale by all Dealers in America.

THORP'S ALABASTER CREAM, FOR the face, removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples and Sunburn. Price 75 cents. Sold by all druggists. Samples sent on receipt of price. G. B. THORP, Proprietor, 142 Chambers street.

## TO THE LADIES!

MADAME MOORE'S Preparations for the Complexion are reliable and contain no poison.

AQUA BEAUTA

removes Freckles, Tan and Moth Patches,

CARBOLIC WASH

cleanses the skin of eruptions of all kinds. 75 cents each. Her

NEURALGIA CURE

needs but to be tried to be appreciated. \$1 per bottle. Sent promptly on receipt of price. Sales-room, 683 Broadway, New York.

# THE Meriden Britannia Co.

199 Broadway, N. Y.

Sole Proprietors, Manufacturers and Patentees

OF THE  
CELEBRATED

SILVER-PLATED  
PORCELAIN-LINED

ICE PITCHERS,

SUPERIOR IN ALL RESPECTS TO ANY OTHERS NOW MANUFACTURED.

THEY HAVE THE UNIVERSAL COMMENDATION OF THE BEST TRADE.

AND ARE ENDORSED BY DR. S. DANA HAYES, STATE ASSAYER OF MASSACHUSETTS, WHOSE CERTIFICATE ACCOMPANIES EACH PITCHER.

THEY ARE NOT ONLY CLEANER AND LIGHTER, BUT ARE MUCH MORE DURABLE THAN THE METAL-LINED PITCHERS.

In addition to our unequalled variety of FINE NICKEL and WHITE METAL ELECTRO-PLATED TABLE WARE, we now offer an entirely new line of Silver-Plated

PERSIAN, ROMAN AND GOTHIC PATTERNS

OF  
FORKS and SPOONS

Which for Beauty of Design and Finish cannot be excelled.

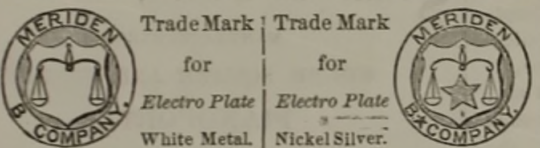
Being extra heavily plated by our NEW PATENT PROCESS, which deposits the silver any requisite thickness on the parts most exposed to wear.

They are unequalled for Durability by any now in the market made by the old process.

All Spoons and Forks Plated by this improved method are stamped

1847-ROGERS BROS.-XII.

AND OUR TRADE MARK, AS BELOW.



Warehouse and Salesroom,  
No. 199 BROADWAY,  
AND AT THE MANUFACTORIES,  
West Meriden, Connecticut.

BEEBE & COMPANY,  
HATTERS,

AND  
MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

MANUFACTURERS OF FINE SHIRTS,  
No 160 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SILVER-PLATED  
ICE PITCHERS,  
WITH  
PORCELAIN LININGS.

Lighter, Cleaner and Better  
Than Any Others Made.

TIFFANY & CO.,  
NOS. 550 AND 552 BROADWAY.

TIFFANY & CO.,  
550 and 552 Broadway.

SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED STATES FOR

THE SALE OF THE CELEBRATED  
FRODSHAM WATCHES.

These watches greatly excel any others that are made, and, besides the indorsement of the British Admiralty and the first awards of the London and Paris Expositions and the Russian Grand Medal of Honor, have received prizes from the British Government amounting to over \$15,000.

They have also received the approval of wearers in every section of the country, whose names will be furnished on application.

A GREAT OFFER!!

Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, N. Y.,

will dispose of ONE HUNDRED PIANOS, MELODEONS and ORGANS of six first-class makers, Chickering's Sons included, AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES, FOR CASH, DURING THIS MONTH, or will take from \$5 to \$25 monthly until paid; the same to let, and rent money applied if purchased.

Congress and Empire

Spring Company's depot for Congress, Empire and other Mineral Spring Waters,  
94 Chambers street, near Broadway.

Free deliveries daily, City and Brooklyn. Natural Waters only.

Corns Cured for 50 Cents Each.  
BUNIONS, CLUB AND INGROWING  
Nails, Enlarged and Diseased Joints, Chilblains, Frost-bitten and Blistered Feet, etc., cured without pain by DR. W. E. RICE, at New York Chiropractic Institute, 238 Broadway, cor. 2nd street. Evenings at 238 Broadway, cor. 2nd street.  
Dr. Rice's Annihilator cures Corns, Bunions, Nails, Tender Feet, etc. By mail, 50 cents per package.

National Academy of Design.

The First Summer Exhibition of Pictures and Sculptures now open (day time only).

TWENTY-THIRD ST., COR. FOURTH AVENUE.

NEW UNION HOTEL,  
SARATOGA.

THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD,  
With Vertical Railway and all modern improvements, extensive grounds and detached Cottages. Open from June 1 to October 1.

LELAND BROTHERS,  
Owners and Managers.

THE MANSION HOUSE,  
LONG BRANCH, N. J.,

SAMUEL LAIRD,  
Proprietor.

HOWLAND'S HOTEL,  
LONG BRANCH, N. J.,

HOWLAND & CO.

THE  
RAILROAD DEPOT  
ADVERTISING AGENCY.

Having purchased the privilege and sole right of Advertising in all the Depots along the route of the Morris and Essex Railroad, I beg to solicit your kind favors.

For those who desire their names and specialties constantly before the public, there can be no better medium, as the Depots are constantly refilling with residents and strangers—the great centre of attraction, both in city and country, being the Railroad Depot.

All Advertisements will be neatly framed and kept in good order.

Parties not already having Show Cards are requested to have them made of the following sizes:

PRICES.  
FOR ONE SHOW CARD IN ONE DEPOT.  
Size of Frame, 6in. by 9in. \$3 per annum.  
" " 6in. by 18in. " 5 " "  
" " 9in. by 12in. " 5 " "  
" " 12in. by 18in. " 8 " "  
For Larger sizes, where the Frame is furnished, \$4 per square foot per annum.

DISCOUNT.  
For the same Advertisement in more than one Depot, a discount of 1 per cent. for each Depot will be allowed, viz.:  
For 5 Depots - - - - - 5 per cent.  
" 10 " - - - - - 10 " "  
" 30 " - - - - - 30 " "

Special contracts made on application to the Railroad Depot Advertising Agency, William B. Humphreys, 17 Cedar street, N. Y.

TERMS:  
All Amounts less than \$25, Cash.  
All Amounts less than \$100, half Cash, remainder in three and six months.  
All larger amounts, special agreement.  
P. O. Box 6,717.

T. G. SELLEW,  
Manufacturer of  
DESKS AND OFFICE FURNITURE,  
No. 176 FULTON STREET,  
Opposite St. Paul's Church, and  
No. 107 FULTON STREET,  
NEW YORK.  
LIBRARY FURNITURE TO ORDER.

EST. ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS' 1809.

SAPOLIO  
FOR GENERAL  
HOUSEHOLD  
PURPOSES.

Is Better and Cheaper than Soap.

Does its work quickly, easily and with less labor than any other compound; cleans windows without water; removes stains from wood, marble and stone; cleans and brightens knives and table ware; for general house cleaning is unequalled; polishes tin, brass, iron, copper and steel; removes oil, rust and dirt from machinery; removes stains from the hand which soap will not take off, &c. Sold at all Grocery, Drug and Notion Stores.

Wholesale, 211 Washington street, New York.  
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Under the head of "Travel" will be continued the letters of our friends who are seeking adventures with the gun, the rifle and the rod in distant parts of the world. Information as to outfit and the "Art of Travel" given. (J. K. Lord, Esq., F. Z. S., etc., Naturalist to the N. A. Boundary Commission, etc., etc., conducts this department.)

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The Philadelphia Press, of the 7th May, 1870, contains the following:

"LAND AND WATER" is the title of a London weekly, which, in the scope of its matter and general make-up, is a credit to journalism. It is proverbially the gentleman's paper of England, which there has a significance quite different from the title in this country. The sports of America and England do not differ so much as the dispositions that engage in them. There, a deliberate philosophy presides over moments of leisure and recreation. Here, the sporting hours are rashly spent, and with little profit to mind or body. Here, hunting, shooting, fishing, and even racing, are but little better than licensed crimes; there they are adjuncts of natural history. And here we are prepared for an understanding of the difference between the gentleman's paper of England and America. The former looks from science and history down to the pastime, and is rational; the latter is content with the sport as a mere fashion, and is thereby irrational. "LAND AND WATER" is not, therefore, a resume of incidents; it is highly technical, engages the best talent of the land, and treats its topics in a national or even international way. There is not more philosophy in Walton than in to be found under its head of "Pisciculture." "Shooting" is made to exhaust the science of gunnery. "Hunting" could be read with equanimity by even the most tender-hearted members of the S. P. C. A. Entomology, ornithology, and in fact every topic pertinent to natural history, is within the scope of the journal. If a medium were sought for utilizing and familiarizing science, we cannot imagine how a better could be found than "LAND AND WATER." Our public libraries and literary associations could place no journal upon their files that would have a better influence or prove more interesting."

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## 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 2d, 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 not 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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**NEW YORK CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.**—Trains leave Thirtieth street as follows:

8 A. M., Chicago Express, Drawing Room cars attached.

10:30 A. M., Special Drawing Room car Express for Chicago.

11 A. M., Northern and Western Express, Drawing Room cars attached.

4 P. M., Montreal Express, Drawing Room cars attached.

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2 P. M., Hudson train.

7 A. M. and 5 P. M., Poughkeepsie trains.

9:45 A. M., 4:15 and 6:15 P. M., Peekskill trains.

5:30 and 7:10 P. M., Sing Sing trains.

6:30, 7:10, 8:50, 10 and 11:50 A. M., 1:30, 3, 4:25, 5:10, 8 and 11:30 P. M., Yonkers trains.

(9 A. M., Sunday train for Poughkeepsie.)

WM. H. VANDERBILT, Vice Pres't.

New York, May 2, 1870.

**SOUTHSIDE RAILROAD OF LONG ISLAND.**—On and after October 25 the trains will leave Roosevelt and Grand Street ferries as follows:—

8:45 A. M. Mail and passenger for Patchogue; 10 A. M. for Merrick; 3:30 P. M., Express for Patchogue; 4:30 P. M., Accommodation for Islip; on Saturdays through to Patchogue; 6:30 P. M. for Merrick; on Saturdays through to Babylon. All trains connect at Valley Stream for Rockaway.

C. W. DOUGLAS, Superintendent.

## CARRIAGES!

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

### THE IMMENSE STOCK

AT WAREHOUSES OF CALVIN WITTY.

88 BROADWAY.

Will be offered at prices which defy competition, comprising all styles suitable for City or Country use. Largest assortment in New York.

### 1,000 SETS HARNESS. CARRIAGES TO LET

By the Week, Month, or Season.

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Let Second hand Carriages for Sale cheap.

### ERIE RAILWAY.—TRAINS LEAVE

depots, foot of Chambers street, and foot of Twenty-third street as follows:—

Through Express Trains leave Chambers street at 8 A. M., 10 A. M., 5:30 P. M. and 7 P. M. daily. Leave Twenty-third street at 7:45 A. M., 9:45 A. M., and 5:15 and 6:45 P. M. daily. New and improved Drawing Room Coaches will accompany the 10 A. M. train through to Buffalo, connecting at Hornellsville with magnificent Sleeping Coaches running through to Cleveland and Galion. Sleeping Coaches will accompany the 8 A. M. train from Susquehanna to Buffalo; the 5:30 P. M. train from New York to Rochester, Buffalo and Cincinnati. An Emigrant Train leaves daily at 7:45 P. M.

For Fort Jervis and Way, \*11:30 A. M. and 4:30 P. M. (Twenty-third street, \*11:15 A. M. and 4:15 P. M.)

For Middletown and Way, at 3:30 P. M. (Twenty-third street, 3:15 P. M.); and, Sundays only, 8:30 A. M. (Twenty-third street 8:15 A. M.)

For Graycourt and Way, at \*8:30 A. M. (Twenty-third street, \*8:15 A. M.)

For Newburgh and Way, at 8 A. M., 3:30 and 4:30 P. M. (Twenty-third street 7:45 A. M., 3:15 and 4:15 P. M.)

For Suffern and Way, 5 and 6 P. M. (Twenty-third street, 4:45 and 5:45 P. M.). Theatre train, \*11:30 P. M. (Twenty-third street \*11:45 P. M.)

For Paterson and Way, from Twenty-third street depot, at 6:45, 10:15 and 11:45 A. M.; \*1:45, 3:45, 5:15 and 6:45 P. M. From Chambers street depot, at 6:45, 10:15 A. M.; 12 M.; \*1:45, 4, 5:15 and 6:45 P. M.

For Hackensack and Hillsdale, from Twenty-third street depot, at 8:45 and 11:45 A. M.; \*2:15, 3:45, \*5:15, 5:45 and \*6:45 P. M. From Chambers street depot, 9 A. M.; 12 M.; \*2:15, 4, 5:15 and 6:45 P. M.

For Piermont, Nyack, Monsey and Way, from Twenty-third street depot at 8:45 A. M.; \*12:45, \*3:15, 4:15, 4:45, and \*6:15 P. M., and, Saturdays only, \*12 midnight. From Chambers street depot at 9 A. M. \*1, \*3:30, 4:15, 5 and \*6:30 P. M. Saturdays only, \*12 midnight.

Tickets for passage and for Apartments in Drawing Room and Sleeping Coaches can be obtained, and orders for the checking and transfer of Baggage may be left at the Company's offices—241, 529 and 957 Broadway; 205 Chambers street; 38 Greenwich street; corner 125th street and Third avenue, Harlem; 338 Fulton street, Brooklyn; depots foot of Chambers street and foot of Twenty-third street, New York; No. 3 Exchange Place and Long Dock Depot, Jersey City, and of the Agents at the principal hotels.

L. D. RUCKER, June 13, 1870. WM. R. BARR, Gen'l Supt.

\*Daily. †For Hackensack only. ‡For Piermont and Nyack only.

### NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA RAILROAD, FROM NEW JERSEY RAILROAD DEPOT, FOOT OF COURTLANDT STREET.

Change of Hours, May 9, 1870.

For West Philadelphia, 8:40, 9:30 and 11 A. M.; 12:30, 5:00, 6:00 and 9:00 P. M., 12 Night.

For Philadelphia via Camden, 7:00 A. M., 1:00 and 4:00 P. M.

### THROUGH TRAINS.

8:40 A. M., Express for Baltimore and Washington; for the West via Baltimore, and for the South via Baltimore and Washington, with Drawing Room Car attached.

9:30 A. M., Express for Pittsburgh and the West, with Silver Palace Cars, through to Cincinnati and Chicago.

12:30 Noon, Express for Baltimore and Washington, and for the West via Baltimore, with Drawing Room Car attached.

5:00 P. M., Daily, Saturdays excepted, Express for Pittsburgh and the West, with Silver Palace Cars through to Cincinnati and Chicago.

6:00 P. M., Express for Pittsburgh and the West.

9:00 P. M., Daily Express for Pittsburgh and the West, with Silver Palace Cars through to Louisville, daily. Through Silver Palace Cars for Cincinnati and Chicago are attached to this train on Saturdays.

9:20 P. M., Daily Express for Baltimore and Washington, and the Southwest and South via Washington, with Reclining Chair Car and Sleeping Car attached. FOR NEWARK (Market Street Station).

6, 6:30, 7, 7:40, 8:10, 9, 10, 11 and 11:40 A. M.; 12 M.; 1, 2, 3, 3:30, 4:10, 4:30, 5:10, 5:40, 6:10, 6:20, 7, 9, 10 and 11:30 P. M.; 12 Night.

**FOR ELIZABETH.**

6, 6:30, 7, 7:40, 8:10, 10, 11:40 A. M.; 12 Noon; 1, 2, 3, 3:30, 4:10, 4:30, 5:40, 6:10, 6:20, 7, 8:20 and 10 P. M.; 12 Night.

Tickets for sale at N. J. R. R. Ticket Offices, foot of Courtlandt Street, and in Depot, Jersey City; at Pier 1, North River; and Dodd's Express Office, 944 Broadway.

F. W. RANKIN, Gen. Pass. Agt. \* Daily.

F. W. JACKSON, Gen. Supt.

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WM. H. VANDERBILT, Vice Pres't.

New York, May 2, 1870.

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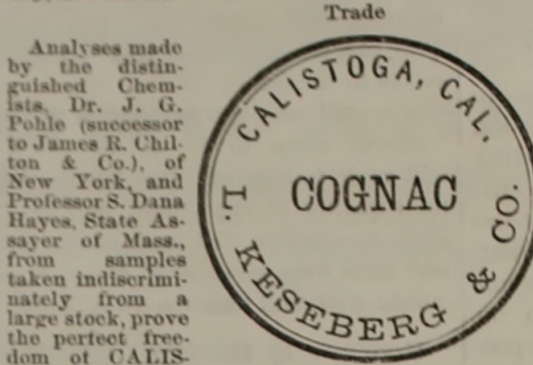
C. W. DOUGLAS, Superintendent.

## CALISTOGA COGNAC



THIS pure Cognac is offered to the Trade and Consumers, in quantities to suit the demand. It is highly recommended for its purity and delicacy of flavor, being distilled from the juice of selected grapes, and carefully refined.

This Article has been extensively introduced by Dealers, the leading Hotels, Saloons and Apothecaries of this City and throughout the Country generally, and has met universal favor.



Analyses made by the distinguished Chemists, Dr. J. G. Pohle (successor to James R. Chilton & Co.), of New York, and Professor S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Mass., from samples taken indiscriminately from a large stock, prove the perfect freedom of CALISTOGA COGNAC from all deleterious matter. It contains no quality except that found in the grape.

CALIFORNIA SEGARS of our "Calistoga" brands we are in regular receipt of.

M. Keller's celebrated LOS ANGELES WINES. For sale by

S. BRANNAN & CO., 66 Broad Street, New York.

## LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY COMPANY,

Incorporated August 17, 1868.

CHAS. T. HOWARD - - - PRESIDENT.

SINGLE NUMBER LOTTERY—SPLENDID

SCHEME—ONLY 20,000 NUMBERS.

CAPITAL PRIZE - - - \$50,000

CLASS F.

TO BE DRAWN AT NEW ORLEANS ON

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1870.

HOWARD, SIMMONS & CO.,

CONTRACTORS.

SCHEME:

20,000 Numbers—Tickets only \$20.

1 prize of \$50,000 is - - - \$50,000

1 prize of 30,000 is - - - 30,000

1 prize of 20,000 is - - - 20,000

1 prize of 10,000 is - - - 10,000

1 prize of 9,000 is - - - 9,000

1 prize of 8,000 is - - - 8,000

1 prize of 7,000 is - - - 7,000

1 prize of 6,000 is - - - 6,000

1 prize of 5,000 is - - - 5,000

1 prize of 4,000 is - - - 4,000

1 prize of 3,000 is - - - 3,000

1 prize of 2,000 is - - - 2,000

25 prizes of 1,000 are - - - 25,000

50 prizes of 500 are - - - 25,000

317 prizes of 200 are - - - 63,400

404 prizes amounting to - - - \$267,400

Whole Tickets \$20; shares in proportion.

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CHAS. T. HOWARD.

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Send P. O. Money Order, or register your letter.

All Tickets or parts of Tickets ordered by mail will be promptly forwarded to any address on the receipt of the money for the same. Prizes can be cashed by any Express Company, Banking house, or Merchant duly authorized to do so by a legal power of attorney.

## CARBOLIC SALVE.

The important discovery of

the CARBOLIC ACID as a

CLEANSING, PURIFYING, and

HEALING Agent is one of the

most remarkable results of

modern medical research.

During the late civil war it

was extensively used in the

Hospitals, and was found to

be not only a thorough disin-

fectant, but also the most won-

derful and speedy HEALING

REMEDY ever known.

It is now presented in a

scientific combination with

other soothing and healing

agencies, in the form of a

SALVE; and, having been al-

ready used in numberless cases

with most satisfactory and ben-

eficial results, we have no hesi-

tation in offering it to the pub-

lic as the most certain, rapid,

and effectual remedy for all

S



## DRAMATIC.

[Contributed.]

We often wonder why the critics will persist in calling Booth's Hamlet more cold and kinglike than princely. That criticism would have held good of him five years ago, just about the time the critical theatre goers of "Modern Athens" had finishing their sculpturing of his genius into a perfect statue of "Incarnate Intellect." They accomplished their work, and well may they be proud of it. But an incarnate intellect, however great, does not constitute the complete man. So where the Athenians left off, other powers took up the work. The greatest of these was Experience, the truest, though sternest friend of man. Aided by trials and sorrows such as few are called upon to undergo, this Promethean worker at last warmed this incarnate intellect with a soul of Humanity, and the statue became a noble and truly great man. And now the time for such criticisms is past, for Mr. Booth is not merely the greatest Hamlet, but also the princeliest. For our part we really never felt that we understood Hazlitt's magnificent criticism on Hamlet till after witnessing Booth's last performance of the Dane. We had thought—and our opinion was confirmed when we saw him in this role in 1864—that Hazlitt had been little short of profane in likening the Dane to us, denizens of this work-a-day world. But seeing him again in 1870, our opinion suffered a complete change. Yes, Hazlitt was right. Hamlet was no god; nay, not even a demi-god, but a man like the rest of us, "human mortals"—and as such Edwin Booth has come to regard him; but only after long years of the bitterest experience a man could go through, and as such he now represents him. Take, for example, the last scene of act II., when, being left alone, he breaks forth into passionate upbraidings at fate and at himself—his clasping of the hands, while sitting on a chair, letting them drop listlessly between his knees, while he moves his head from side to side, with a weary hunted look in his face. Through all the scene he seems to be "beating into his weary brain, as though it were the burden of a song." The words, "The time is out of joint. O cursed spite! that ever I were born to set it right." How perfect his knowledge of human nature. In act III., scene III., when after returning his sword to its scabbard ("To know a more horrid hint"), his passionate nature getting the better of his cool, calculating reasons, his hand clings and clutches at the sword's hilt. He has been censured for being too lover-like in the parting scene with Ophelia. But critics forget that Hamlet was flesh and blood—a man. He puts her from him, and then the bitterness of death is past for those two young hearts. O, no one but Booth can so greatly and truthfully represent the terrible heart-break of this scene. Yet, human-like as he is, he can soar up to and master the grandest and most terrible passions man is capable of. One word more. There is some wonder expressed that Booth is not more frequently applauded. Would one think of applauding any great preacher—say Bossuet or Fenelon? So the people feel toward Mr. Booth. He is a preacher, not a mere actor. Bah! to think of applauding him just as you would any of the *dramatis personæ* of the *leg ballets*.

MICHEL.

CAROLINE RICHINGS BERNARD.—This distinguished English opera *prima donna* will have quite a strong company next season, she having brought together the most talented members of the two companies who traveled last season. The new company now consists of Mrs. Richings Bernard, Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Emma Howson, sopranos; Mrs. Zelda Seguin, Annie Kemp Bowler, contraltos; Mrs. William Castle, Mr. Brookhouse Bowler, Mr. John Chatterton, tenors; Mr. Edward Seguin, buffo; Mr. Albert Lawrence, baritone; Mr. S. C. Campbell, Mr. Henri Drayton and Mr. Arthur Howell, basses. The repertoire of the company will be very large, embracing all the successes of both companies, including such well-known operas as "The Marriage of Figaro," "Oberon," "Der Freischütz," "Don Giovanni," "The Huguenots," "Martha," "Bohemian Girl," "Fra Diavolo," "Rose of Castile," "Il Trovatore," "Il Traviata," "Norma," "Faust," "Crown Diamonds,"

"Maritana," "North Star," "Postillon," "Rigoletto," "Dinorah," "Masked Ball," "Lurline," "Ernani," "Robert L'Diable," all of which will be ready for presentation at the beginning of the season. The chorus and orchestra will also be unusually large. The business management will be in the hands of Mr. C. D. Hers, who, it will be remembered, managed the Parepa troupe last season with consummate ability.

In the theatrical and in-door amusement world all is dullness. The few houses that are still open, either from love of the art or on old Girard's principle, "In dull times keep before the public; they will keep before you when times get brighter," do so in spite of the most persistent discouragement. The theatre-going public are lump and wilted. The players kill time and abandon themselves to the *laissez aller* of the hour. How can mortal men and women go through their business when to go on calls for a capstan and cable to haul out the feeble and flaccid instruments of enjoyment, and to go off is such an exertion that were it not from habit and from long established *esprit de corps* one would stick and dissolve away.

HOOLEY'S, in Brooklyn, tempted me over by a bill of delights in the person of Fanny Davenport who sails through her novel part of Sweet William in a gorgeously superb manner that might well cause the unhappy Crosstree to wilt down with vexation and disappointment, even were there no such thing as a corporeity of cotton stuffing in an atmosphere only an inch or two below boiling point. If the magnificent Fanny did not quite equal her illustrious father as William, it was not from lack of personal appearance, but only from the weather; it is all the fault of the weather and, from the little difference of the great father doing the real and the lovely daughter doing the sham. How Robson can get through so much fun and preserve himself from swooning dead away is a marvel of marvels. He must have some refrigerating process kept in full blast between his ons and his offs. Probably he is sprayed with ether or carbolic acid, only that smacks of dentistry. I have heard that a cooling mixture of champagne and ice is not unknown to virtuosos on the Brooklyn side, and liberally administered by the enthusiastic managers to artists in a condition of wilt superinduced by too earnest a devotion to the interests of the adventurous *impressario* and a discerning public. The public at Hooley's, if not so numerous as they would be on Christmas Eve, are select and appreciative. The enthusiasm of applause is positively astounding when one remembers the enormous exertion required to clap one's hands in a fervor of excitement during an epoch of incandescence. If they who believe acting as easy as drinking will just try to enjoy life in a couple of overcoats and a blanket before a kitchen fire on washing day, they may have some premonition of the delights of an actor's existence in some circumstances.

If to play under difficulties of times and seasons be a hard row to hoe, it is something—and I say it with modesty—to keep one's self up to the full acidulousness of judicious criticism. There is a tendency to be indifferent; I have not nerve enough left to be ill-natured. It is clearly no part of a critic's business to praise. If I were to say that Lina Edwin is very pretty, very sprightly, and very much in earnest when she caters for the public in such hot weather, and that George Clark must not only be a first-class gentleman but must manage admirably to keep the house so cool that one can actually go in there to shelter one's self from the summer night outside, my intelligent readers will say they know all about that; they want more lime-juice in their cooling drinks. Dear friends! I can't. My naturally sugary quality is so excessive just now that I find it impossible to get up any righteous rage. I know what acting is; I know what the mercury registers. You really must do your own lime juice. At this moment I pause. My laundress has sent me word it is too hot to wash. She'll no more of it. So I must lay down the *stylus* and take up the washboard. When a lady's in the case. \* \* \* Since writing the above I am reminded that there are some other places in the world besides Hooley's. True; I go out in the streets, even in this weather, and I see from the posters that

WALLACK'S has not lost "Fritz" by exhaustion, that

THE GRAND OPERA still resounds to the plaudits of the assembled millions, who see, with delight, the amazing achievements of the Kathi Lanner troupe, that

Wood's still permits the public to witness the splendid play of the French Wrestlers, but

I confess, ingenuously, that I have not been there myself, and that I have profound faith in the statements that the several houses are nightly thronged, and that there is only standing room. I believe, in fact, as firmly as if I had seen it, and I criticize with my feet upraised on my balcony, a cigar in my lips, and a half dreamy lassitude, induced partly by the weather and partly by iced Curacao punch, which, if there were no next morning would be nectar.

Lastly, there is the ever cool, ever delightful

THEODORE THOMAS.—Yes, go there; go early, go often. The garden is deliciously cool, the great saloon is bearable, the refreshments refresh and the music is the perfection of sweet sounds. "The man that has not music"—my reader has most likely seen the rest of the quotation, if not, write to John Brougham, who wrote the book.

VAN DYKE.

Jenny Lind, who was staying with her connections, the Brockhaus family, had received a deputation from the directors of the Gewandhaus concerts, in grateful acknowledgment of her services, followed by a torchlight serenade, as a tribute to the admired singer, in which so large a portion of the public were interested that the spacious court-yard of the Brockhaus mansion was entirely filled. Weber's "Jubel Ouverture" was performed, succeeded by various songs. Quite perplexed by this ovation, Jenny Lind asked Mendelssohn what she ought to do with these people? Mendelssohn advised her to go down and thank them herself in a few words, if she wished to cause real pleasure to the musicians. "Very well," said she, after a pause, "I will go to them, but you must accompany me and speak for me." Mendelssohn instantly offered her his arm, and escorted her to the circle of performers, who greeted the appearance of their two favorites together with a burst of applause. Mendelssohn then spoke as follows: "Gentlemen! You must not think that I am Mendelssohn, for at this moment I am Jenny Lind, and as such I thank you from my heart for your delightful surprise. Having now, however, fulfilled my honorable commission, I am transformed into the Leipzig Music Director, and in that capacity I say 'Long live Jenny Lind!'"

A thousandfold echo responded to this call; the charming and ready manner in which he had just addressed them, exciting the most lively enthusiasm, however eagerly Fraulin Lind protested against such a mode of fulfilling such a commission. The singers dispersed to the strains of Mendelssohn's "Waldlied." It was a memorable scene.

Formerly we used to draw our best dramatic and all of our musical talent from Europe. We are now sufficiently advanced in art culture to interchange not only with England but with Europe. Nilsson, Seebach, Janaschek, Ristori are only a fair set-off to Patti, Mercusi, Minnie Hauck, Kellogg, Clarke, Jefferson, Sothorn, Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. Lander, Mrs. Charles Mathews and a long list of minor celebrities.

Dr. James Pech, the sacred music director, has been engaged by Max Strakosch to conduct the oratorios in which Mlle. Nilsson is to sing.

Kate Reynolds is at Waquoit, Mass., a retired village. She has played the Countess in "Fernande" with success, and is one of our best *genre* actresses. Her English-French is remarkably good, her business easy and natural. She called up great enthusiasm in New Orleans where every playgoer is a critic.

The old Roman theatre in the city of Pompeii was lately opened for the performance of Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment." The director, Laumi, appealed to the public to show him the same favor they extended to his predecessor, Marius Quintus Monitus, who was engaged in catering for them on the same stage in the year 79, A. D., when Vesuvius interfered; and whose labors in their service he promised to take as his model.

CAPACITY OF LONDON THEATRES.—The

following, according to a London contemporary, is a list of the London theatres at present in existence, and the number they are capable of containing: Adelphi, 1,560; Alexandra, 1,330; Astley's, 3,780; Britannia, 3,923; Bijou, 430; Bower, 1,000; Belgravia, 1,000; City of London, 2,500; Covent Garden, 2,500; Charing Cross, 600; Cremorne, 3,000; Drury Lane, 4,000; East London, 2,000; Gaiety, 2,000; Globe, 2,000; Grecian, 2,120; Garrick, 600; Holborn, 2,000; Haymarket, 1,822; King's Cross, 700; Lyceum, 1,490; New Royalty, 800; Olympic, 1,140; Pavilion, 3,500; Princess's, 2,000; Prince of Wales, 814; Queen's, 2,230; Royal Alfred, 2,000; Sadler's Wells, 2,300; Surrey, 3,000; St. George's, 1,000; Strand, 1,081; Standard, 4,800; St. James, 1,120; Varieties, 1,000; Vaudeville, 1,000; Victoria, 3,000. There are thus, according to this list, thirty-seven theatres, whose united auditoriums will contain 71,230. We notice that "Her Majesty's New Theatre," which is now completed, and the Gallery of Illustration, which is surely as much a theatre as St. George's Hall, are omitted. St. Paul's Cathedral alone will hold 54,000 people, so that in proportion to the churches London is not yet overstocked with theatres.

## WALLACK'S.

A PRONOUNCED SUCCESS.  
THROUGHS TURNED AWAY.  
EMMET

FRITZ VON VANDERBLINKSTOFFEN,  
THE GERMAN EMIGRANT.  
In Charles Gayler's triumphantly successful comic and sensational character drama of

FRITZ,  
OUR COUSIN GERMAN!  
THE HIT OF THE SEASON.  
EVERY SCENE RECEIVED WITH ENTHUSIASM,  
EVERY SONG AND DANCE ENCORED,  
EVERYBODY DELIGHTED.

The management takes pleasure in announcing the repetition of this  
CHARMING AND POWERFUL ATTRACTION  
EVERY EVENING TILL FURTHER NOTICE.  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AT 1½ P.M.  
SEATS SECURED TWO WEEKS IN ADVANCE.

## GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Corner Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue.  
JAMES FISK, Jr., Proprietor  
JOHN F. COLE, Manager

ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION  
of the world renowned  
MADAME KATHI LANNER,  
and her incomparable

VIENNOISE  
BALLET AND PANTOMIME TROUPE.  
First night of a new Comic Ballet Fantastique, in two acts, by Kathi Lanner, with new music, dresses and appointments, entitled  
HIRKA.

HIRKA.....KATHI LANNER  
Henriette.....Bertha Lind  
Baboulin.....G. D. Francisco  
The new Dances, composed by Mme. Lanner, will embrace:  
La Felicitation, Pas de Bonquet, Divertissement, Villageois and Galop, Pas d'Agaceri, Les Sirenes, Variations, Grand Adagio and Grand Finale.

In the second act will be introduced the new  
GROTTO SCENE,  
by Mauton,  
which the management challenges as the finest specimen of scenic art ever witnessed in America.  
To commence with the popular Ajax specialty,  
THE NATIONS.

GALLIA.....MLLE. ROSE and M. AJAX  
CALEDONIA.....MLLE. LUPO  
COLUMBIA.....MLLE. ALBERTINA  
ITALIA.....MLLES. M. and F. FRANCISCA  
HELVETIA.....MLLES. STRUDELLI and CORSI  
Seats secured in advance at the box office; also at Schirmer's, 701 Broadway, and Erie Railway ticket office, corner Twenty-third st. and Broadway.

## SAN FRANCISCO MINSTREL HALL,

585 Broadway.  
Immense success of  
BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS.  
Wednesday, July 20, and every evening,  
LUCREZIA BORGIA.  
HOGAN AND HUGHES.  
MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.  
Seats secured six days in advance.

## HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN.

A BRILLIANT SUCCESS.  
LINA EDWIN'S COMEDY AND BURLESQUE  
COMPANY

Received with enthusiasm and delight by a  
HOUSE CROWDED FROM PIT TO DOME!  
Everything applauded to the echo. An intellectual treat. The most elegant and complete company in America.

EVERY EVENING  
Some well-known and popular Comedy, with a light and favorite Burlesque, in which Stuart Robson, Fanny Davenport, Lina Edwin and other members of the company will appear.

## CENTRAL PARK GARDEN.

Corner Fifty-ninth street and Seventh avenue.

EVERY NIGHT.  
THEODORE THOMAS'  
POPULAR CONCERTS.

## BOWERY THEATRE.

WM. B. FRELIGH.....MANAGER.  
THE SUMMER SEASON—ENTIRE CHANGE.  
40 FIRST-CLASS VARIETY STARS  
In an entirely new and brilliant  
MUSICAL MELANGE,  
AND GEMS OF MINSTRELSY, SONGS,  
BURLESQUES AND A COMIC PANTOMIME.  
3 HOURS OF CONTINUED LAUGHTER.  
GRAND FAMILY MATINEE  
ON SATURDAY NEXT, JULY 16,  
AT 2 O'CLOCK.

## WOOD'S MUSEUM &amp; MENAGERIE.

Great success of forcing cold air into the theatre, which it keeps at a spring temperature.  
Entire change of programme. Pierre Dubois, in his great cannon feat. Last week of the French Wrestlers and Mons. D'Atalie and Mlle. Angela. The Martinetti troupe in the pantomime of Mons. Duchalman, preceded by the farce of the Terrible Tinker, by the Company.