

Woodhull & Claflin's WEEKLY. "UPWARD & ONWARD."

VOL. I.—NO. 13.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 6, 1870.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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[FOR WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.]

QUIEN SABE?

BY MRS. G. H. S. HULL.

I have your picture! Pray you, do not start,
When I confess I wear it next my heart;
But should you deem this language too intense,
Know that I speak in symbolic sense,
As when one says: "Do you remember, sweet,
When first I said I love you! in the street?"
The other answered, "Yes! the words are wrought
On memory's canvas—as a living thought."
I rather like your picture—the dark hair,
Set like a grove upon a mountain fair,
Gathers stray beams of sunlight, which it weaves
Into its texture as if summer leaves.
And then those eyes, so perfect and divine,
And dark and glorious, ever seem to shine
Like two bright stars at midnight, when the arch
Feels not the footsteps of the moon's slow march;
And on the lip, here sits a gentle grace
And dainty scorn that are not out of place.
'Tis a sweet picture; and I've sometimes thought
A sweeter one the sunlight never caught
And caged forever.
And I have gathered rose-leaves white and red
That when the winter comes with chilly tread,
Its prying breath shall never dare to pass
Upon that face, as frost upon a glass.
Smothered in perfume, like the bee that finds
In hives of honey shelter from the winds,
'Twill sleep securely, and awake again
At the low tapping of the April rain.

IN SPITE OF ALL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME GEORGE SAND.

Translated expressly for Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.

PART IV.

[Continued.]

"I observe everything, and it is a passion of mine to find out reasons and motives. I asked myself if love had passed that way. I recalled to mind the adventure of Nouzon; I noticed that Abel was a good deal with your father, and did not avoid your sister. I accosted him by a look. I saw that his did not express the ardent curiosity I had seen in his glance before, and what had repelled me as an impertinence. He was no longer thrilled at the approach of a woman, even of a woman like myself, who turns all hearts. He began to interest me. A wild rake like him to be in love with a Puritan like you, that must be an interesting chapter in my studies of human life and modern manners. I felt his pulse delicately; I saw he was distrustful, and that it would not do to mention your name, nor to bring him to confession. I had but one way of measuring the force of his sentiment for you; it was to please him, in order to

see if the thing was difficult, and if the defence would be serious.

"Glory to you, Miss Owen, I failed completely—at Nice. But at Monaco I saw that my defeat had cost him a certain effort. I took him seriously in hand. I will admit, without prudishness, that I was piqued in the game. It was easy enough to display my partiality for him without compromising myself. One can do that with an artist. You can applaud him, and throw him flowers, and drop a tear while telling him how sublime he is, and then you can say to other people—I am charmed with the artist; I don't care for the man any more than I do for his instrument when he has done playing. Artists are vain; they don't believe that." Abel was proud at having captured me, and amid the life of pleasure that surrounded us with its heedlessness and protected us with its noise, he found an opportunity to tell me that he surrendered and could make no further resistance. I was waiting for that; he was about to receive the just reward of his loyalty to you; he believed it due to him. I crushed him with my disdain and I made him suffer all my power. He took the lesson and made his escape. After a few days at Monaco he disappeared."

"What had become of him?"

"Old Settimia, who had come over to sing with him at Genoa, was looking for him all along the seaboard, asking at all the police stations for him as for a lost child. Through her his disappearance made quite a noise. Suicide was talked about, and I had the honor of having driven him to despair. I heard all this from my cousin at Nice after I came to Francohis in full assurance of finding news of my runaway there. It is a rule with men when they fail in deceiving a woman to run back to her and swear adoration anew. Abel would return to your feet.

"You want to know, I suppose, why, after repulsing Abel at Monaco I came here in search of him. I will be as frank and clear with you as I would be before my dressing-glass. He affected me, nay more, he troubled me. His rage, his suffering, his indignation after his dismissal at Monaco introduced me to a new phase of emotion. It was an unknown condition that I cannot even now define. I do not love, I dare not love—my future would be lost. I must go virgin of my heart as of conduct to the man I intend to subdue. I have all the greater strength to defend myself as I have been able to comprehend certain perils. I have seen Abel furious, ready to strike me and cursing me with a dramatic energy. It was the finest movement of passion I had ever seen. At that moment I was seized with a giddiness, and had he made but one step I should have thrown myself into his arms; but men are too simple to take that one step at the right moment, and I must say that Abel, all corrupt as he is, is one of the most unknowing of men.

"I paid you a visit; I brought you to a rendezvous; I made that little Ourowski watch you; I saw that Abel had not yet come, but I knew all the same that he would come; I heard that you were absent from home; I beat up the country with the Francohis men under plea of the fine weather and of the gorse in blossom; I could not find any trace of you. At last one wet evening, at the gates of Givet where we were going to dine, we came near running over a foot passenger walking along distraught.

"That's Abel!" I whispered to Ourowski, and the boy shouted the name aloud.

"In an instant the carriages and the horses were all round him. They seized on him and carried him off *vi et armis* to Lord Osborn's. I was on horseback; they drove along that wretched pavement of Givet. When the dinner was served at the Mont d'Or Abel was astonished at seeing me at table. Probably he would have taken to flight had

he seen me sooner. Who knows. As it was he kept his countenance in bowing to me, and kept his promise to Lord Osborn of spending some days at Francohis. I understood, of course, that it was an excellent spot for him to keep him within sight of you, but he would have preferred it without me. I addressed him as if we had just parted on the very best terms, and he showed his good breeding in following my lead. I don't desire to say anything to his disadvantage; I am quite certain that I am perfectly indifferent to him from this time forth.

"It is here, Miss Owen, that I shall begin to appear blamable in your eyes, but my sincerity must earn my absolution. It does not suit me to become an object of indifference, I who am redoubtable both by calculation and by disposition. And then I have told you Abel has attractions for me since he insulted and nearly beat me. I have not attained my present age, through all these storms of love, without having gained the right of knowing the chaste pleasures of emotion. The epithet makes you blush. My dear girl, the emotion of the woman who expects to give herself away in marriage, and of her who expects to refuse forever, is one and the same emotion. You don't believe it? There you are wrong. Mine is only more intense, therefore, more meritorious. Yours is only a pious adjournment, a measure of prudence. I love to walk along the edge of the precipice. To be secure against folly I must accustom myself to encounter giddiness, and even giddiness has its charm. I allow myself to taste the gratification, since it is my only recompense for the sacrifice of my youth and my beauty. They told you truly when they accused me to you of liking to lay waste hearts without touching them. They might have told you still better. I like to set lives on fire and to get drunk on the fumes of the cup without lifting it to my lips. I was not always thus. I did once love candor and good faith. I was amused before I was guilty, but now I am without remorse. Why does desire grow desperate after the impossible? It is a fatal law that simple, pure beings like you inspire only gentle affections, and do not satisfy the violent fires which make the power of coquettes. The woman who chooses your lot will only garner in what she wanted to sow; but let her not bewail herself. She might have entered the great kingdom; to curse those who have usurped it is puerile and ridiculous.

"You now know me absolutely, and as I am. I have played with the fire until it has become a passion. I never came so near being burned as with Abel. I had previously dealt with lukewarm, worn-out beings; but that artist is a volcano. He has true power—he dissimulates nothing—he does not make madrigals—he is brutal. He tells you he is ashamed of himself for loving you. He never says he desires you and nothing more, but that desire is not humiliating. It is so intense that it absorbs the whole being, and all is sacrificed for it. This is Abel's condition these two days past. I have used no further artifice with him. I have let him look into my heart and know how my soul yearns toward him, although my reasons of state refuse rest to my tortured feelings. He has come to understand me, to pity me, even to admire me, cursing me the while in his hours of paroxysm. Yesterday I felt that it was enough that my strength is passing away, and I have resolved to deliver over your intended into your charge. I came over here this morning, not knowing that your family were returned, to tell you to keep Abel here. In the state of exaltation in which I have him, my flight would excite him to follow me. It would be an embarrassment, a peril that I am not willing to encounter. Do you write to him—hasten your marriage; I know that he wants to marry you, although he does not mention your name. He wants to end his passion days. He is attached to you—your at

name he turns pale; he respects you and holds to you; you will be able to make him happy if you can give him stability. This is your affair, not mine. Good by. I take the train on the other side. Adieu."

I saluted her without a single word. She inspired me with horror, but I disdained to express my disgust. I did not look after crossing the river. I went back to my children and closed the window, for the air was getting fresh. I prepared my baby's draught, and I then sat down on the carpet, and when my sister came into the room I was sewing some lace on the infant's hood.

Ada has been over the river with Mlle. d'Ortosa. She wanted to know what Mlle. had been saying?

"Nothing of any importance to you or me. It is a confidence, so I must keep it: a very childish confidence—nothing more."

"Has it anything to do with me?"

"Nothing."

"How pale you are, Sarah."

"Oh, I have a headache: Mlle. d'Ortosa's perfumes were so powerful. It is a good thing the children did not inhale them."

I scarcely knew what I was saying. But I kept so calm that my sister didn't know how I was suffering.

I walked my room the whole night, unable to rest. This immodest virgin, what an infamous injury she had done me! What a flame she had lighted in my future husband's bosom; and was I to interfere to protect and guard him against himself and his temptress? Respect for my betrothed's passion for the impure! I give to each what the other does not want. What I do is in the truth, according to custom, in the right of my sex, perhaps in good sense, even in good taste.

I could not pardon him everything without degrading myself in my own eyes. He would not utter my name to Mlle. d'Ortosa; he had wounded our relations. He could do so still; but when I became his wife would not each one of his excesses be a public outrage to the woman who should bear his name? Would fidelity, even in appearances, be possible to him? Had he not told me "We will travel together if I must travel." I never will have you absent from me. Must I then be tied to him like a jealous keeper, and incur ridicule as a woman watching her husband and afraid to quit him for an hour? No; all this would be beyond my strength.

I was very sick the next day and kept my bed. They thought it was my neuralgia, which explained everything. I would by no means have Abel come and make his petition. I would not put him to the humiliation of a refusal. But how avoid him, and how break from him without painful strife. I could not run away like Mlle. d'Ortosa. I had a sick child to wait upon, and then my father, whose health was shaken, and my poor sister with her mind in disarray, all caused me the liveliest uneasiness. I ended at last with the passive part I had so often played. I would wait events.

Soon I received two letters:

"I have just met Abel in Paris. He has been here these twenty-four hours. He tells me he has seen you and expects to return to Malgrétout about the 16th of the month, and as he expects, on the arrival of M. Owen, in case his coming should be delayed, send a line to your faithful and respectful
NOUVELLE."

I understood what had happened. Abel had followed Mlle. d'Ortosa immediately. He had said to himself, I have five clear days. I can see my intended *tête-à-tête*. I am too excited by the disturbance into which another has thrown my spirit. I should forget my good resolutions; I should insult, offend the respectable girl. Better another effort to satiate this wild passion that withers me. If I fail again I can still go and ask the hand of her who can cure me.

The other letter was:

"What are you about, Miss Owen? Here am I meeting Abel face to face as we come out of the Italians. Your nonchalance is very disagreeable. Decide on marrying him and let me get rid of him, or else tell your little sister to take charge of him. Ever yours,
"CARMEN D'ORTOSA."

I wrote instantly to Nouvelle to let Abel know that my father was in England and would not return for a month. I besought Abel not to come before further notice from me. Thus I gained time. I abandoned Abel to his fate and set myself free.

A week afterward Nouvelle wrote me again:

"What is the matter? I find your father has not left Malgrétout, and I cannot well write to Abel. I don't know where to find him. Dear Miss Owen, I must speak to you in private. I knew you have a relative at Rheims; go and see her. Tell me on what day and I will meet you as if by accident, and we can talk matters over."

I seized, without hesitation, the means of rupture thus offered to me. I went over to Rheims and placed Mlle. d'Ortosa's letter in Nouvelle's hand. "This is the end," I said, "the consummation of my disgrace. I have not even the consolation to my pride of saying that my rupture with Abel preceded the insult thus levelled at me. I was still

waiting for him to console him at least for my refusal, but he was in pursuit of the meteor. And now, my friend, I don't wish to hate him; I don't want to despise him; I don't even want to forget him or to efface him from my sympathies. He will always be an object of solicitude and a memory whose charm I wish to retain; but I will never see him again, and if you do not approve my course and were to ask me to see him again I should think either that you are not a serious man or that you don't deem me a respectable woman."

Nouvelle bent his head and did not offer to justify Abel. He had a very poor opinion of Mlle. d'Ortosa, and believed her a hypocrite and a woman of pleasure in the full force of the term. He had surmised her relations with Abel, and did not believe them platonic. On hearing the cruel pleasure Mlle. d'Ortosa had taken in thus insulting me he admitted that I could no longer expose myself to these outrages, and he declared that he would make Abel so understand. I handed him the envelope that contained the blade of grass, and thus the rupture was sealed.

A fortnight later he wrote: "Abel has started for Italy. Mlle. d'Ortosa is on the eve of a grand marriage. Abel was much hurt at your decision, but he admitted its justice. Forget him if you can, and if you sometimes think of him pardon him in your heart. He will cruelly expiate his faults, and will never be consoled for his lost happiness. I know him."

When my sacrifice was completed I thought I would never rise again, I felt so utterly crushed; but I had no time to think of myself. An epidemic broke out in the country and all my care was in nursing the sick. As the malady was especially severe on children, I made Ada promise not to go off our own grounds. Little Sarah was placed in my father's charge. Fortunately she recovered. I took up my own quarters in a detached summer-house in order not to expose the children to danger from outside, and I gave myself up to the sick. I expected to take my own time when I should have done all I could for others, and to die in the discharge of my duty without having to reproach myself with the cowardice of suicide. But death would not have me, and feeling myself useful I felt myself strong again. After all, what is living for a few years without happiness?

The epidemic over, I resumed my place in my family and found that my sister's mind had gone through a crisis. During my retreat destiny had avenged herself on d'Ortosa. The proud Spaniard had missed her grand marriage. Nobody knew the cause of this great check; it had been rude, even brutal. It was added that she had a severe sickness of which the consequences would be long and keep her away from society. Ada was so rejoiced at this bad news that it alarmed me. I was afraid she was becoming evil-disposed through jealousy.

"Make yourself quite easy on my account. I am not jealous of her success as a woman. I can have as much of that as I want and of a better sort. I should not be so absurdly ambitious, and my position would be more solid. Her mischance has been a good lesson to me; she wanted every man at her footstool. I shall confine myself to one single conquest, and that will not escape me. I wanted to dispute for Abel with her, not that I cared for him or wanted to marry him, but I was a little spoiled by her contact. But she is out of the field now and I shall not be subject to her evil example. But you must help me now. I intend you to take me to Francois. I mean to take my proper place in the world."

My father and I sought in vain to turn her from this resolution, but the more we spoke against the titled Bohemianism, as he justly styled the society into which she wished to throw herself, the more bent she was on her plan, until it led only to bitterness and constant fits of spleen on her side.

Lady Osborn, whose whole aim in life was the maintenance of her position as a leader of society, was constantly in search of elements of attraction to her saloons. As soon as the star of Mlle. d'Ortosa was gone down, she fixed on my sister as well suited to succeed her. She came over, as she said, determined to marry her off, and as her youth had never given occasion to scandal—she was homely enough to give one the nightmare—we could offer no satisfactory excuse against the visit. She accordingly left us with a collection of astonishing toilets, throwing aside her weeds. My own wardrobe only furnished a handsome black dress, which I felt I could not wear, lest I might be taken for the widow. I was reduced then to a simple gray dress, new enough but so void of style that my sister laughed at me, saying that I was getting myself up as a young girl. All these precautions were, however, thrown away. Ada's arrival remained unnoticed in that crowd. No inquiries were made about her. They only remarked on her fresh complexion and her toilet. Lady Osborn introduced her to some dowagers, and recommended Mme. de Rémonville to their kind care. We were then shown to our apartment near her own, and when we wished to retire, after seeing my sister installed,

Lady Osborn made such a point that we were obliged to remain to dinner.

The table was laid for fifty guests. Many eat fast, for they were in a hurry to see the fireworks and get ready for the race ball. Lord Osborn was a man of thirty, with pretensions to good looks, physical strength, and taste in music. He did me the honor to seat me near him at table and opened the conversation with music.

"Will you not allow us the pleasure of hearing you?"

I excused myself, and, to turn the conversation, inquired about Mlle. d'Ortosa.

"You know her, then?"

"I have met her three times only."

"You pity her, then?"

"Assuredly, if she requires pity."

"I pity her for having always been what she now is."

"Then do you think she was always mad?" asked little Prince Ourouski, who was on my other side.

"I am sure of it. She had all her life an adventurous optimistic madness. Now it has turned sad and misanthropic; that is all."

"Mad!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean she has gone mad?"

"I do mean it. Didn't you know it? She was raving for six weeks with Dr. Blanche. She is calm now and has fallen into a deep melancholy. She begins to seek amusement and she is here just now to find it."

"Here," replied Ourouski, "that is very unpleasant. I don't like sleeping in the same house with mad people."

"Oh, every old family house wants a ghost to complete its attractions."

I was shocked to see how little pity the world accords to its victims.

Lord Osborn concluded by remarking that she was under the idea that she had had brain fever.

Thus poor Carmen suffered the severest chastisement known to her, to be an annoyance and a fright to that society of which she had been the brilliant ornament. In that ocean of pleasure she was a stranded bark making vain effort to get afloat once more. The whirlwind is not considerate. People who live to kill time are little amenable to pity and don't care to give a tow line to vessels in distress.

After dinner my father and I went down into the garden, where he left me while he went in search of our carriage. I was walking at the edge of the basin which reflected the sky red with the declining day, and was admiring the architectural outline of the chateau, with its Saxon turrets and Moorish balconies, a rich and imposing mass of middle-age conceits, completed by the caprice of the *renaissance*. Suddenly a foot-fall behind me made me look round. It was the spectre. She was all in white, still beautiful in her lines, but fearfully thin and pale. She walked slowly, and her own image in the basin was the object of her preoccupation. I drew back to let her pass. She stopped me:

"How do you do, Miss Owen? You have come at last. You are late to offer me your congratulations. But I will not find fault with you. What do you wish from me? I am ready to grant it you."

She was a queen. I saluted her respectfully. She held me.

"Why do you want to run away from me? Every one betrays me, betrays her who is there!"

I took her hand with an air of decision and led her away from the basin.

"She in there is an image, a dream. You are not a queen; you are Mlle. d'Ortosa; no one wishes to be angry with you."

"Not even you?" recovering her lucidity instantly—"not even you? Where is Abel? Are you married? Are you happy?"

"I am calm. I am not married."

She placed her hands before her face, and as she seemed to have forgotten, I tried to pass on. She was not alone. Her attendant was at a little distance.

"Oh! stay with me. I am so unhappy alone. Pity me! See, I am also alone now. People run away from me; they fear me. I was mischievous; but will they not pardon an attack of fever? I was not naughty to you, was I?"

"I do not remember it," I replied, and for fear that the remembrance of her atrocious wrongs to me should bring on a relapse, I made my escape.

The next day at Malgrétout, while I was walking alone in the garden, I was surprised to see Mlle. d'Ortosa sitting on a garden chair in a pensive attitude. She was perfectly calm; the depression in her face was wretched. I went quietly up to her and took her hand between mine. She looked at me with wonder, and after a moment of silence examined my face and then my hands, gave a feeble cry and threw herself into my arms, with convulsive sobs and not a tear. I spoke kindly to her and kissed her forehead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FASHION GOSSIP.

WEST END HOTEL, LONG BRANCH,
Time, July 31; Early Sunday
Morning, after Saturday's Races.

With the breeze blowing fresh and full from over the crested waves, with the sound of the booming breakers ringing through the cool morning air, and while memories of the kaleidoscopic panorama of humanity through which I've been moving for the last thirty-six hours are fresh in my mind, I write you, dear F—. Don't envy me. Much as I love the seashore, and deep and strong as I hope my human sympathies are, the avalanche and crush of mortality around me since I left the city's pent-up walls, has kept up that state of high nervous excitement from which we worn-out quill-drivers would fain obtain a respite, if possible. But as I came to enjoy myself in the usual way, of course I did it. From the moment I put my foot on board the Plymouth Rock, I determined to make "Vive La Bagatelle" my motto, and make myself one of the butterfly crowd who thronged her decks, saloons and state-rooms. But "O ciel!" what a motley crowd! No soft crush and flutter of aristocracy did I find surrounding me. The *demi-monde* were out in full force. They elbowed, and jostled, and laughed, and talked about the races, and anticipated the betting, and were evidently expecting a carnival of fun and enjoyment.

Oh! my friend, how I enjoyed the "cool-off," leaning over the boat rail, and watching the waves and white sails that dotted the surface of the sparkling sea. Then came that boil and bake in the sun at Sandy Hook, while the boat made its slow landing, the rush for the cars and run to the Branch.

There was but little opportunity for sleep that night, for the possession of a room and bed did not ensure quiet, there were so many luckless wights who had neither, and were perforce enrolled in the "ALL-NIGHT CLUB." The West End and every other hotel were in a hubbub the whole night long.

But heaven forefend! the next morning! Woe betide the thrifless ones who had not secured carriages! Of all stultified hackmen those of Long Branch bear off the palm for unblushing effrontery in charges. Fifty and twenty-five dollars were demanded and paid for a day's use of a turnout. And then many had to foot it.

'Twas glorious on the road (the most charming three miles' drive in the world); to note the dashing teams and vehicles, and the notable freight they whirled along. Collector Murphy, driving a splendid gray gelding, brought down "our President" and his "cigar." Helmbold and his six-in-hand attracted the attention of the whole road; but Leonard Jerome's grays and elegant phaeton eclipsed the Doctor's team in the perfection of its appointments. John Brougham and Maggie Mitchell, with a friend, came down behind a pair of spanking bays, while Harry Genet and Curtis, Harry Haily and Dr. Weldon were on the ground at an early hour, and not satisfied with their successes of the night before, were betting heavily on the favorite rags. And the fair, fashionable fast ones were also booking their bets for their pet horses.

Nothing can be gayer and brighter than the scene on the ground. Upon and around the great stand the human mass is packed like a vast bouquet or flower garden. Beyond the white picketted fence that marks the boundary of the course, waves the oak-crowned summit of Wolf Hill, and further on the taper spire of Edenton Church defined against the blue sky, streaked with pearly strips of cirrus cloud. The gentle breeze comes up from the bosom of the blue ocean three miles away, over enchanting fields of waving corn and grain, dotted with villas and farm-houses.

Mosaicked in all this beauty of lawn and landscape, dress and fashion holds its potent sway, and here the feminine mind (not always confined to a feminine body) can study modes and styles to good advantage.

Fortunately, sea-side costumes are not so strictly conventional as city toilets and the artistic eye can, while studying the *beau monde*, be gratified with some picturesque effects at such a place as Monmouth Park races. The leaders of fashion don a *prononcé* toilet for such an occasion as this. Casaque of Napoul green, or mauve, or white mohair, or pongee, trimmed with black velvet, and worn over bright underskirts, are worn by those who know how to dress for such an occasion. Umbrellas of buff, or plum blue, or mauve, with long handles and scalloped edges, and lined with white, or delicate tints of green, or rose-color, or blue, wave above shepherdess or brigand hats, while the dainty buff-gloved hands raise jeweled lorgnettes or flirt quaint Japanese fans.

Through the long hours of the weary day did I "enjoy myself" with a pertinacious pursuit of pleasure under difficulties that might have appalled any but one of the quill-driving tribe in search of items. I'll skip the racing, dear F—, knowing you have seen the result in the Sunday papers.

Right glad was I to reach the "West End" as the evening shadows began to fall upon the bosom of the sea.

The fair queens of the course, who betted and drank champagne during the day, made their appearance at the various hops in the evening with undiminished zest for enjoyment. Their filmy crepes and tissues d'ete of bright hues and medieval style of make-up, floated round in the mazes of Germans, galops and lanciers, amid the white robes of the more youthful demoiselles whose over-indulgent mammas cannot refuse their lively daughters the priv-

ilege of having one foot in the parlor and another in the schoolroom.

I must confess to a most un-American fondness for demi-toilet in summer. A full-toiletted beauty, jeweled, and fanning herself at a *soirée* in midsummer is not an agreeable object to the æsthetic eye.

Among the throng of gay revelers who chased the glowing hours with flying feet, last night, I noticed Harry Sanderson and Mark Swain, Belle St. James of New York and the authoress Mrs. Youst, Miss Lucy Josephs and the beautiful Mrs. Lipman.

MORE ANON.

MADAME DEMOREST.

Without being a society queen there is no woman in New York who queens it more gracefully when in society than Madame Demorest. When in full evening toilet she does not look more than thirty years of age, though really about forty-five. She is a tall, lithe, graceful and queenly brunette, with sparkling black eyes, fine cut features and a mobile and expressive countenance. She does not look like an American woman. Her whole physique is of the Spanish Castilian type.

She has long been known to the American public as a fashionist and designer, and of late years has been prominent as one of the leaders in the proposed social and political reforms bearing upon the condition of her sex. The society of literary ladies known in our city as Sorosis is largely indebted to her for many of its suggestive ideas. But as an arbiter in matters of taste and dress she is a queen without a rival in her own large and appreciative circle. She knows how to dress, a thing that can rarely be said of American women. A great many silly women try to dress like her, forgetting that she has a rare style that requires a characteristic rather than a conventional costume, and her imitators only succeed in making laughable caricatures of themselves. An artistic toilet is as rare a thing in an American reception room as a fine painting is in an American church.

When Madame Demorest gathers one of her select and *recherché* little parties for a *soirée* every character present is a study, every incident of the evening a sparkling tilt of wit, intellect and fancy. In no house in New York is nonsense talked more sensibly than at the Madame's; and we all know how much taste and judgment are required to talk nonsense well. The Madame's own social tact is inimitable. She moves about among her guests in shimmering silk or satin, with diamonds flashing from her shell-like ears and dainty fingers, and costly laces toning down her brunette complexion and *prononcé* style, introducing here, chatting there, letting her guests alone to find their own enjoyment most of the time, yet never forgetting her duty as hostess for a moment.

Music, frequently Vienna's, her daughter's own little morceaux, readings, parlor theatricals, charades, and all the more intellectual pastimes while away the hours till supper. And then the table. Ah! here again is displayed the true "*femme de société*." No overloading, no vulgar display; but the whole service it unexceptionable. What dainty little China plates and cups and saucers, and what delicate viands and beverages. No wine, but such coffee and tea! And, by the way, speaking of tea reminds us of the latest enterprise of this truly versatile woman. She who has displayed her wonderful business ability in conducting the largest fashion emporium perhaps in the world, now aspires to be an importer and tea trader. Indeed she has actually taken the initial steps in one of the largest enterprises ever attempted by woman. The N. Y. Sun, in a recent article, says:

The American tea trade is threatened with a monopoly by a firm of ladies. Under our new *régime* woman has resolved she will no longer be only a tea drinker; she aspires to be a tea trader.

Madame Demorest, the Sorosian and queen fashionist, has formed a copartnership with a lady whose name (not yet permitted to be made public) is a synonyme for practical good sense and success in large financial operations. She, like the Madame, is enthusiastic in her desire to establish a mammoth woman's importing and wholesale business, employing women in all its offices and branches. She brings into the enterprise an immense capital and unbounded business experience, acquired by personal attention to her previous financial operations all over the United States.

When the combined talent of these two enterprising ladies shall be brought to bear upon the tea trade and the interests of their sex, results of marked character may be expected. Madame Demorest's colleague will proceed direct to Canton. Here she will take up her residence among the Celestials and become celestialized as far as possible.

She will purchase tea in the country, and thus identify her interests with the worshippers of Confucius. Whether she will convert the Mandarins to progressive American ideas or not is to be seen. As she is a single lady, she may induce one at least to become a Christian and give up eating rats and puppies. From her residence in Canton she, with her numerous agents, will make canvassing excursions all over the Celestial Empire, and in person purchase the tea from the producers themselves on their own "chops."

The teas will be shipped from Canton under her superintendence, assisted by her lady officials. She will doubtless permit the rougher and sterner sex to lade the vessels that transport the precious cargoes, and man and command them. But this is by no means certain. Perhaps some "argosies of magic sail," steered by inspired virgins such as manned St. Ursula's wondrous bark, may come "dropping down with costly bales" into the port of Gotham. Madame Demorest is to be the receiver at this port, and the chief of the two large warehouses, one up and the other down town, where the teas are to be stored. She will bring her immense business experience and acquaintance to bear upon the business in America. She will direct the hundreds of young ladies who will act as canvassers and agents for the firm all over the United States, and will occasionally visit Liverpool, London and European ports. Her versatile genius, in the mean-

time, will not disdain to give an occasional impetus to her fashion imporium, which, however, will be mainly under the direction of her two accomplished sisters, the Misses Curtis, Madame Demorest still presiding in the department of art and design.

The ladies of the new tea firm express the most unbounded confidence in the success of their enterprise. They base their hopes not only on the capital of \$500,000 at their command, but also upon the fact that the business is peculiarly suitable for women in all its details, and its pursuit calculated to do more than any undertaking of the period to enlarge the sphere of woman's influence and increase her means of remunerative employment.

So she who has understood the art of so successfully advertising and extending her immense fashion business, is now determined to prove by practice what she has so warmly and successfully advocated in debate and through the press, the right of her sex to enter into every field of business and labor that man does, when compatible with her physical condition.

Madame Demorest is essentially a representative American woman. From her childhood and youth to the present day her genius has sought expression through various mediums, and in not one channel has she failed of success. But the highest praise that can be bestowed upon her is that in no public effort has she ever forgotten her duties as wife, mother or friend. Her household is as well ordered as her extensive business, and her family suffers no neglect from her devotion to the general social good.

A PROPHECY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The famous Provencal prophet, Nostradamus, who died about 1565, is said to be the author of the following singular prophecy, which the present condition in Europe renders extremely interesting; and should the evident points made become actual facts none will be able to deny that he should hereafter be numbered among the acknowledged prophets of the past. If "the figures of the century," one and eight, are added, nine centuries result, which, doubled, also make the eighteen centuries, to which, if the "seven tens" are added, the year 1870 is obtained. We present this with considerable satisfaction, because it prophecies what we in general terms have endeavored to argue would be the fate of, not only Europe, but also that "O'er the land and o'er the seas shall be one universal peace."

When the figures of the century,
Added and doubled, both agree—
And seven tens the years decree—
Apollyon, in the West, shall rise
His haughty head in grand emprise.
Ruins shall mark his fierce advance,
War in his mien, death in his glance.
His engines of destruction dire
Shall fill the air with bolts of fire;
His metal ships shall scour the flood,
And turn the river's course with blood.

Two kings in Gaul and Italy—
Three crowns shall bear, thrice chosen be
The eagle empires then shall war,
And spread their desolation far.
The one that most on others preyed
Shall be defeated and dismayed.
The one that warred for fancied fame
Shall lose his kingdom and his name.
The North shall come like beasts of prey,
The South shall mingle in the fray;
The East shall Memnon's statue raise;
The West shall see her cities blaze.
The crescent, waning, shall decay
Before the beams of the new day.

From the waters hear the roar
On the lion's rock-bound shore,
And, on the green Western Isle
See the tearful maiden smile—
One is caged and one is free.
Hear the shouts of liberty
From the isles and from the plains,
Scythian youth and Gallic swains;
Thunder shakes the hills no more,
Cascades over mountains pour.
From the land where broods the dove,
Words of cheer on chords of love—
Through the ocean's slimy bed—
Life shall triumph o'er the dead.
Heaven shall then its brooding wings
Fold o'er all sublimar things.
Men united know no war—
Liberty their beacon star.
O'er the land and o'er the seas
Shall be one universal peace.

Then Apollyon's legions dead;
Then the king with triple head,
Shall no more his fatal sway
Over men hold day by day.
Their sun in blood forever set,
They'll be forgot as they forget."

TWO DISTINGUISHED WOMEN died last week. One was Madame Ratazzi, the other was Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt. The first was a member of the Bonaparte family; the second was born a Miss Ogden, in this city. Madame Ratazzi cut a figure in European society by her wit, her reckless tongue, her free pen, and her free life. After Louis Napoleon became Emperor, she meant to marry him, and never forgave him for preferring the Spanish adventuress, Mlle. Montijo. After various adventures she finally married Ratazzi, the Italian statesman, about five years ago; and though she got him into a good many scrapes, he adhered to her faithfully to the end. Mrs. Mowatt had not some of Madame Ratazzi's brilliant qualities, and lacked likewise many of her defects; but her career, though without a blemish, was hardly less checkered. Born in the aristocratic circles of New York, and gifted with remarkable charms of mind and person, she gained distinction as a belle, an actress and an author. Just before the war began, she was married to Mr. Ritchie, son of the celebrated editor of the Richmond *Enquirer*, and has since resided in London, where she died. Of late she has been a correspondent of a San Francisco paper, and her letters have attracted much attention.

THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT.

It is frequently advanced as an argument or rather set off against giving woman the right of the ballot, that if she votes she should be subject to draft for military duty. Well, we have no objection. All we would ask is that when the conscription is made, none may be accepted save those who are really physically competent. This number would be found so small that we doubt if the whole State of New York could furnish a regiment. But in case of a call for volunteers, there's not a doubt if women were permitted to serve, a great many more would come forward at their country's call than would be found able to carry arms. Let women do as they please. Restrict them by no laws that would not equally bind men. Give to both men and women the guide of a properly educated conscience, and divinely inspired and authorized spiritual counsel in the pulpit and at the altar rail, and there will be no need of arbitrary laws binding either to their separate duties. They who contend to the contrary prove themselves practical infidels and unbelievers in the Christianity they profess. Christianity gives free scope, and tolerance needs no law to enforce its precepts. We may engraft Christianity with civil institutions as they exist, but never insist that those institutions are Christianity. We would "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and to God the things that are God's." Never insist that God and Cæsar shall be united or are one.

If women should not vote because they are non-combatants, then all non-combatants should be deprived of the ballot. All infirm and disabled men, from any cause, should be debarred from all legislative and civil representation by ballot. John Randolph, of Roanoke, Alexander Stephens, of Georgia, and many other men of giant minds but weak physical development, would, by this rule, be consigned to what has been considered woman's sphere.

What is woman's sphere? 'Twould be difficult to define its limits. Is it where nature places her? Then let us not insist that those who are not fitted by nature for marriage and maternity shall be wives and mothers, or submit to the old maid's fate—the tolerated sister-in-law, meekly wielding the crochet needle. Let each individual woman, as well as each individual man, seek her being's highest, noblest, truest, best development. Let her do the duty that lies nearest to her, whatever that duty may be; and if our great republic and the governments of the world give her the right of self-representation by the ballot, let her not shrink from the responsibilities involved in her new political privilege. Let her prepare herself for her enfranchisement by education, self-discipline and self-abnegation, not like a fool rush in where angels should fear to tread.

WOMAN AS A REEORMER.

In no department of civilization can woman exert so much influence as in that usually denominated reform, though, strictly speaking, there is no meaning in the term. In this specific department her lacking equality does not militate so greatly against her general usefulness as in most other spheres. To all the requirements of this situation she is allowed admission, and is recognized in her true relations therein.

When woman is herself the unfortunate who lingers among the lower and barbaric forms of civilization, it is true that her degradation seems of greater depth than that of man does when sunk in equal filth; it is also true that greater effort is required to encourage her to grow out of such conditions than man usually requires. We have often thought that this grows out of the fact that the scales of justice society weighs woman in are fearfully loaded against her, and that double depth of iniquity in man does not weigh so heavily nor damn him so much as one-half the depth in woman. A single false step, socially, is sufficient to stain woman's whole after life, and to exclude her most rigorously from the society of woman; but man may continuously mingle with the society constituted of those thus excluded, with impunity. The verdict of society is, that man does not become defiled by contact with impurity, but that woman does, and when once defiled the stain is too deep to be ever eradicated. It is not man, however, who is thus inconsistent—who thus proposes one rule for himself and another totally different for woman. It is herself that does it, but the condition itself comes from quite another direction. It comes from the inequalities of the sexes. It comes because woman is virtually the dependent—the slave of man. Though it may not be so regarded, a strict analysis pronounces her the slave; for she has no determining power over her own condition. She cannot make or unmake a law she finds she suffers from; she cannot determine what shall be the penalty that shall affix to any crime she shall commit, or that she shall suffer at the hands of man; she cannot ever accord to herself the rights to possess property nor to deal in or dispose of it if possessed. What better than a slave is such a con-

dition as this? Ask yourselves, women, and see if this is not so, though it must be confessed the condition has been draped with many allurements to those who are willing to remain nonentities in the affairs of the world in place of a noble independence and the right to be the arbiter of their own condition. If we mistake not most seriously, the basis of the work of reform has not been reached as yet by the majority of women. How can those who are in a subjugated condition expect to wield the power of a reformer either in matters pertaining to that condition or in those outside of it? Would you look for reformers in a Turkish harem, or among the wives of the Mormons? And why not? It is because they are in a condition only worse in degree than all other women are. Are harems confined to the Turks or Mormons to Utah? It must be remembered that it takes all the rounds of a ladder to form it complete, and that those of the elevated part are only higher in degree than the lower, and that all are rounds of the same ladder. So, too, is it with the condition of women, viewed as a whole. What is the difference, except in degree, between the women of Utah and Turkey and those of the rest of the world. They are all the subject of conditions over which they have no control, and are therefore everywhere the same.

The work of the reformer, to be successful, must begin by removing this condition of subserviency. All women everywhere must have the same rights both as individuals and as parts of society—neither of which is possessed by them now—as all men have with whom they associate; there must be an equality, an operative equality, a constructive equality, between the sexes, before either man or woman can obtain a fair *entree* upon that race for perfection which it is the heart's desire of all to obtain. Do you not think that a vigorous attack would be made upon many of the existing imperfections of society were our halls of legislation accupied by the best representatives of both sexes? And here lies the basis of all reform. Legislation should be conducted by the representatives of the whole of society, male and female. Women to become powerful as reformers must first become the political equals of those they seek to reform. To obtain their equality it must be demanded by the voice of the majority. To teach the majority the necessity of making the demand is the beginning of reform, and to show women the actual condition they are submitting to, one of the principal duties of those who recognize the relations of causes to effects, or rather the common order of the universe in its march from elemental conditions to those represented by perfected combinations of elements, which is continually pursued onward and never by retreat. We, therefore, enter our declaration that all who are opposed to the political equality of woman are opposed to the first principles of progress and are therefore enemies to the race.

ITEMS ABOUT WOMEN.

Women work the telegraphs in Russia.

There is only one unmarried woman in Boise City, Idaho. Four prominent English magazines are edited by women. Pleasant lapse of time—the laps of pretty girls of eighteen. In Louisiana women teachers receive the same wages as men.

Young ladies are generally honest, but they will hook dresses.

What female should a shoemaker always keep out of his establishment? Miss Fit.

Mrs. Van Cott is still laboring at different points in New England with great success.

Morlacchi's farming is considered appropriate, as her money came mostly from her calves.

A couple of Des Moines girls have invented and patented a washing and cooking boiler.

Why does the washing come home on Saturday? Because its the close (clothes) of the week.

A one-armed girl in Wisconsin does all the housework, washing included, for a large family.

A widower was recently rejected by a damsel who didn't want affection that had been "warmed over."

Miss Lillie Robinson, of La Crosse, Wis., is second officer of the North American Order of Good Templars.

Mrs. Susan J. Hunter (colored), formerly of Xenia, has been appointed postmaster at Jackson, Louisiana.

A faithful wife passed through a town in Kansas the other day with her decrepit husband lashed to her back.

Five counties in Northern Ohio have an "Old Maid's Society." They had an excursion and picnic recently.

Mrs. Elizabeth L. Ridgely has received the appointment of ward apothecary for the poor in Washington, D. C.

A young girl at Minneapolis offers to row the crack oarsman of that city for the championship, best three in five.

A man's wife is his best lawyer, his best counsel, his best judge, his best adviser, and also the cheapest and most reasonable.

In the Connecticut Legislature the other day, Rev. Olympia Brown received one vote for Major-General of the State militia.

The sole object of a certain ladies' society in Louisville, Ky., is to provide employment for women in indigent circumstances.

An old bachelor says that giving the ballot to women would not amount to anything practically, because they would keep denying they were old enough to vote until they got to be too old to take any interest in politics.

In Audubon County, Iowa, the Superintendent of Common Schools is anxious to resign in favor of a lady, Miss Jennie McCown.

Miss Matilda Coneys is still a student of the Royal College of Science for Ireland. She obtained the first prizes in mathematics in 1868.

There are eight girls in the Michigan Agricultural College, and they have to work in the field three hours daily, the same as the young men.

Blackwood's merciless critique on "Lothair" is said, on the best authority to be the production of a lady of title, the wife of an eminent statesman and author.

Miss Rye has arrived at Toronto with one hundred and thirty-eight children and twenty young women. She will find good homes for them all in Canada.

A learned doctor has given his opinion that tight lacing is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills all the foolish girls and leaves the wise ones to grow into women.

The Iowa State prison authorities believe in woman's rights, and compel the female convicts to perform the same manual labor that the masculine captives do.

Detroit women have organized base ball clubs (we should suppose soprano alto ball clubs, instead of base), and of course they wear ball dresses when they play.

The *Christian Register* asserts that some women are paid \$25 a Sunday for supplying the same pulpits where doctors of divinity are compelled to put up with only \$15.

A poor woman in Buffalo compelled to beg to save her husband and children from starvation, dropped her bank book the other day, showing a recent deposit of \$125.

A patriotic German woman in Pittsfield, Mass., declares her intention to go straight home and fight with the Prussians, as soon as she can find a pair of pants that will fit her.

A girl in Cincinnati recently cut short her hair to make it grow longer. Her lover came to see her the next day, gave one glance and cast her off. Now follows a breach of promise suit.

A fashion writer says that New York mothers get up fashionable babies by rouging the cheeks of the little things and sewing blonde curls inside their caps. Then they look "sweet."

Miss Gerolt, daughter of the Prussian minister at Washington, decorated the altar of St. Matthew's Church for the funeral services of the late M. Paradol. War cannot obliterate the better impulses of the heart.

A TEST OF FEMALE DARING.—A case of feminine daring is related of an Arkansas belle, who rode to the edge of a precipice and defied any man in the party with whom she was riding to follow her. Not a man accepted the challenge; but a tantalizing youth stood on his head in the saddle and dared the lady to do that.

QUERIES FOR POPULAR SOLUTION.

1. How long does it take an average newspaper editor to comprehend a joke?
2. Whether anybody of this generation remembers the moon hoax?
3. Whether the plea of insanity holds good to acquit a culprit accused of murdering the King's English?
4. Whether there is any law in this State against adultery between things sacred and profane?
5. Whether a good way to show dignity is keeping your mouth shut?
6. Whether anybody feels comfortable when he finds he has been laughed at?
7. Whether the world still moves?
8. Whether gallantry toward the fair sex is compatible with a strict business education?
9. Whether anybody thinks anybody knows anything?
10. Does the Hebrew word Yab-veh, rendered into English, Jehovah, signify the coming man? And when the Jews put the question to Christ: Art thou he who was to come? Is the better translation: Art thou the coming man?
11. "Will lager beer intoxicate?"
12. Whether Bulls and Bears and Camanche Indians are capable of civilization?
13. Will STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS be elected the successor of Pio Nono, by the College of Cardinals?
14. Will saltpetre explode?

SOMETHINGS.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

I don't know as i think it iz a very difficult thing tew be a good injun up in heaven, but tew cum down here and be a good injun, iz just where the tite spot cums in.

Forgivin our enemys haz the same refreshin effekt upon our soles az it doz tew confess our sins.

What a lamentable cuss man iz, he who pittys his nabor's misfortunes bi callin them judgments from heaven.

Wize men go thru this world az boys go tew bed in the dark, whistlin tew shorten the distance.

"The gods help them who help themselves." Upon the same principle mankind praze those who praze themselves.

Fallin in luv iz like fallin into molassiss, swete but dredful dobbey.

Hunters and gamblers ar poor ekonemists, tha kill time—a species ov game that kant be reproduced.

Good breedin iz the art ov avoidin familiarity, and at the same time makin the company satisfied with yew and pleased with themselves.

Tew be happy—take things az tha cum, and let them go jist as tha cum.

It takes a grate deal ov munny tew make a man ritch, but it don't take but little virtew.

It iz the little things ov this life that plague us.

Muskeeters are plenty, elephants skarse.

What an agreeable world this wood be tew liv in if we cood pump all the pride and selfishness out ov it! It wood improve it az much as takin the fire and brimstone out ov the other world.

Don't mistake plezzure for happiness, it iz entirely a different breed ov dorgs.

There iz a grate deal ov exquisitt plezzure in happiness, but there iz a grate deal ov plezzure that has no happiness in it.

There iz only wun thing that i can think ov now, that i like tew see idleness in, and that iz, molassiss—I want my molassiss slo and eary.

Experience haz the same effekt on most folks that age haz on a goose, it makes them tuffer.

"Sewing societies" are generally places where the wimmin meet tew rip and so—up the naborhood.

THE TWO INFALLIBILITIES AGAIN.

No. III.

I am destined, evidently, to continual surprises at the extraordinary influence which the action of the New Catholic Church is already exerting over the determinations and movements of His Holiness, at Rome. After the first Encyclical from the New Vatican at New York the Older Pope hesitated, and postponed the promulgation of his Infallibility for a week. He recovered, however, from any temporary uncertainty into which he may have been thrown by the novelty of the situation, and the New Dogma has been, finally, duly proclaimed.

But the effect of my second Encyclical upon the holy father has been even more startling and pronounced. No sooner had it had time to be flashed over the ocean by the lightning express of thought than we are informed by return telegram that His Holiness will leave Rome forthwith on his way toward New York, where he has been for a long time invited and urged, by the NEW YORK HERALD to take up his abode. He perceived without doubt, at once, that occupying the two opposite hotels, across the way, we could a great deal better carry on our discussion of the religious affairs of the world, which it is to be hoped, after all may not for any length of time remain hostile, but may rather take on the form of friendly consultation and final co-operation. Already the light begins to dawn upon ulterior practical methods of solving the vexed problem of the respective claims of the two churches. My candidship for the succession to the chair of Saint Peter can be a great deal better considered and settled in private, over a bottle of burgundy, if His Holiness is not a temperance man, of which I am not certain, for I have no scruples, on great occasions, to deviate from my otherwise strict temperance regimen.

I somewhat regret under the circumstances, (and in view of the Burgundy), that His Holiness purposes to make a first stage in his journey at the island of Malta. I am afraid that Archbishop Manning's influence may gain an undue advantage if the Elder Pope remains long under the English flag. I know that it is the dearest hope of Hotel Keepers, Restaurant Keepers, and other interested classes at Rome to have an Englishman for the next Pope, as in that event Rome will overflow with English aristocracy and English gold. But these are unworthy considerations upon which to settle the issue of the great Religious and Ecclesiastical questions of the ages, and I doubt not that a little touch of high transcendental philosophy such as I could readily serve up for the entertainment of His Holiness (over the Burgundy) would scatter to the four winds every consideration of mere self which might unconsciously have invaded his mind, from the wishes of his old neighbors, the population of Rome.

Besides, as Rome is about to cease to be the abode of the Pope, he could not, if he would, confer this little tidbit of temporal prosperity upon the Roman people, by favoring the pretensions of the Archbishop of Canterbury. I do not indeed know whether Manning, Sylvestre or Dupanloup is to be regarded as my most formidable competitor for the succession. But if His Holiness comes on early to New York, and does not linger too long in Malta, I think I shall have unquestionably the advantage, upon the ordinary grounds of proximity and locality (see how heretofore Italy has preponderated upon those grounds) and upon those high cardinalary considerations which ought to decide the matter, there is no doubt that, under the peculiarity of the circumstances, it would be best for the peace of the world that the Head of the New Catholic Church should be elected the Head of the Old or Roman Catholic Church also, in order to blend and obliterate all possible grounds of difference hereafter. It will be like the union of Scotland and England and many other separate kingdoms, in other instances, under the same crown, familiar historical events, which have substituted peace and prosperity for long years of feud and contention.

The Very Reverend Father, Vicar-General Starrs has just preached a sermon in St. Patrick's Cathedral, here in New York, expounding the dogma of Infallibility. He says:

"In view of the fact that so much has been written on Papal Infallibility within the last two months, I think it proper to give a concise explanation of this dogma. It is very simple, and yet many contend that after this the Pope cannot err—that he is infallible in everything. This is not so; this is not the meaning of Infallibility; it is not a new dogma, but has always been the belief of the Church; it is a truth as old as the Church itself. When the Church defines a dogma of this kind it does not make a new dogma.

"Infallibility does not mean that the Pope cannot err in what he says or does. He can make mistakes, and is as liable to sin as we are. He is but human, and in scientific or political matters, in theological discussions or preachings, he is fallible like all other mortals. Infallibility means this—no more or no less—that when the Pope is speaking *ex cathedra*, from the chair of St. Peter, when addressing the whole Church on matters of faith, declaring and defining to all the Christians of the world, he cannot err. When speaking officially, he speaks in the name of St. Peter."

This is, in several respects, precisely as we all understand it. Nobody supposes that the Pope is held to be infallible in the matter of eating and drinking, that he may not get a slight touch of dyspepsia from imprudence—no allusion to Burgundy—or that he always knows precisely how to govern his temper, or regulate the affairs of his household better than other men, and certainly not better than most women.

All that I mean, or shall mean at any time, all that we, of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN's, mean, by saying that whatsoever the Pope may conclude to do, or in the interregnum the Cardinals, for by parity of reasoning the Infallibility then devolves on them, will be without error, and will demand of all good Catholics implicit acceptance and obedience, is precisely what Vicar-General Starrs means—namely, that what the Pope does as Pope has that quality. But it is as Pope only that we can have any concern with him, and if he, or the Cardinals, see the wisdom of electing us as his successor, of course his or their act will be official, and, therefore, final.

So, if we allude to the Dogma of Infallibility as New, we have no intention of contesting the interpretation of Catholic authorities on this point; it is simply a convenient and quick way of referring to the subject; but the act of *defining brings things to a point, is definitive*, and has precisely that *crisis-like character* which I have attributed to it.

There is another point, however, in the exposition of the dogma by the Vicar-General, in which I am personally less ready to concur. I refer to his illustration by allusion to a Court of Final Appeal in civil matters. I think sincere Catholics mean far more than final deciding power by their mode of accepting the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. Of this more, perhaps, on another occasion.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

[FOR WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.]

Universal or Planetary Government; The United States of the World—The Pantarchy.

In an article under this heading, published in WOODHULL & CLAFLIN's three weeks ago, I affirmed that the *grito* (*greeto*), or rallying cry of the peoples for the next decade is to be the establishment of a *Universal Government*; and I accumulate some indications, if not proofs, of the correctness of that prognostic.

I propose, now, to pursue the same subject with the addition of some new considerations.

In what has been said hitherto by Mrs. WOODHULL, VICTOR HUGO, THE NEW YORK HERALD and others, cited on the subject of the Governmental Unification of the Race, the destiny of mankind to arrive at that stage of organic life has been considered mainly as a growth or evolution from certain natural and spontaneous tendencies now apparent, but always really existent, in the constitution of our collective humanity. THE SUN is one exception, and strikes forward directly to the true conception of the Pantarchal Regime.

Even when Mrs. Woodhull applies the Evolution-doctrine of Herbert Spencer to the facts of history, and prognosticates, from them, a futurity of growth in the same direction until the administrative unity of the world is finally reached, there is allusion made solely to the *spontaneity*, to what I call technically the *Naturism*, of the Evolution.

Spencer himself confines his ideas of Evolution to this stage of *Naturism*; to that which is *spontaneous*, or which *does itself*; and even in this sense he has applied them only in a very limited way to societary questions. I go forward with Auguste Comte, and beyond him—as I know does also Mrs. Woodhull, in her convictions and purposes—to the idea of direct *human intervention to produce the result in question*. It need not and should not be left alone to the slow and fortuitous operation of natural causes. It should and will be helped and forwarded by judicious human activities directed to that end; by the appropriate institution, germinally, at once, of the New World-Government—the active and living organization of THE PANTARCHY.

What man does advisedly and skilfully is what we call Art—in the grander sense of that term. The stage of any Evolution in which this element of design and definite purpose intervenes; which is the result of the Art or Skill of man; is the Artismus (technically) of that Evolution. When, therefore, men plan and act by organization and co-operation, to the determinate end of inaugurating a Universal Government, they will have gone over from the merely Natural and Expectant or Observational Mental Posture, to that of Artists, or skilled laborers, working for the accomplishment of a definite purpose.

But, intervening between Naturism and Artism, and transitional from the former to the latter, is Scientism, or the Spirit and Influence of Science brought to bear, first, upon the discovery and understanding of the Laws of Nature, as involved in the special subject—here, for example, in that of Government; and, secondly, to the guidance

and direction of the Artistic or Practical Stage of the development.

The new element, therefore, in the first instance, in addition to the mere observation of the facts and tendencies involved, is Scientific Discovery of the True Abstract Principles of Government. This is a subject to which Science is hitherto but slowly advancing. It is one to which I have given years of study, or of thought and attention as profound and as earnest as the structure and training of my mind have made possible.

I have, therefore, on this subject, the Science of Government, very definite—and as I think very important—ideas, which I intend, as opportunity occurs, to bring forward as my contribution, or a part of it, to the ulterior practical work of the establishment of the Final and (humanly speaking, as a theologian would say), the Perfect Order or style of Government, in the Universal or Planetary Polity of the Future.

The fundamental ideas of this abstract science of Government can be readily stated and made intelligible; although they involve some of the technicalities of the new science of Universology, of which the science of Government is a branch; as will appear by the following extract from a paper prepared on this subject, the last winter, for and read before the New York Liberal Club and reported for "The World." The paper will be found republished in the forthcoming first volume of "The Transactions" of the Liberal Club.

The social development of the world, it was shown, proceeds under the operation of two grand antagonistic principles. The first is unity (unism). The second is individuality (duism). Unism tends toward the sovereignty of a leading individual or despot governing the masses, and imparting to the whole that identity or conformity of movement which belongs to the operations of a single will. Duism tends toward the autonomy or sovereignty of every individual, governing himself, and leads toward the greatest variety or diversity of manifestations.

The principle of unism ends in despotism. The principle of duism, applied in government, ends in democracy, the ultimate of which is the sovereignty of the individual, or individual self-government.

Unism is the principle which tends to arbitrary order. Duism is the principle which tends to freedom and to ulterior scientific order. The love of order is the soul, or animating sentiment, of conservatism. The love of freedom is the soul of progress. Unism is the static and duism the motic force of human society, as of all else in the universe. In respect to society, they are denominated, less technically, unity and individuality. Both are equally inherent in the constitution of man, and equally important as elements of a true governmental harmony.

While inherently opposite, these two principles are, nevertheless, inexpugnably united, or, as it were, married without the possibility of divorce; and this *higher unity of the unism and the duism* is the principle of trinitism, as the one and the two are so united in the number three. Such is the fundamental statement of the abstract universological principles involved in the subject.

To exhibit the manner in which all these three principles must be properly vindicated, represented, and adjusted, in the final form of a Universal Government, so as to secure the greatest practical amount of individual freedom in the midst of an all-pervading unitary order and harmony, and with the utmost collective expression of the whole of society for all good uses, will require extended and varied investigations and explanations.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

UNIVERSOLOGY—UNISM, DUISM, TRINISM.

We clip the following communication from *The New York Standard*, the lively and every way interesting New Two Cent Weekly, the organ of J. Russell Young, formerly the managing editor of the *New York Tribune*. The *Standard* has sprung at once into the front rank of its own class of newspapers, and manifests a sincerity, a heartiness in its convictions, and a tendency to earnest work, which are refreshing in these times of literary frivolity and scoffing irony upon everything genuine and devoted. These qualities commend the *Standard* especially to our sympathies.

The New Science referred to, in the extract below, is UNIVERSOLOGY, the one science of the whole Universe, as all other sciences are so of parts or portions of the same. The three fundamental principles of Universology are UNISM, DUISM, and TRINISM, by which is meant the Spirit of the Number One, which concentrates and unifies; the Spirit of the Number Two, which separates, distributes, or differentiates; and the Spirit of the Number Three, which combines or unites the Unism and the Duism in a *Hinge-wise* (partly united and partly separated) Complexity—the type of all real being. As the subject is new, it will require attention, on the part even of the learned, to comprehend it; while, on the other hand, it is so simple that the least learned can, by a little patience, master the conception.

THE NEW SCIENCE.

THE MATERIALISTIC AND THE MORPHOLOGICAL EVOLUTION THEORIES CONTRASTED.

To the Editor of the Standard:

SIR—The scientific, and generally the intelligent world, are familiar more or less with what is known as the Evolution

Theory, as referred to Büchner, Darwin, the Vestiges of Creation, Lamarck, etc., and which means, in short, that all organisms are derived from the primitive Cell, through a succession of new combinations, as into Fiber, Membrane, and Tissue (mass or organ). It may be enlarged to affirm that all matter whatsoever is derived from the primitive Atom, through Crystalline Axis, Lamina and Massive Aggregations. As this whole theory has respect to substance only, and so to matter, as substance, I denominate it the Materialistic Evolution Theory. By natural genesis and affinity it is allied with Materialism in Philosophy, and with the present state of Positivism or of Scientific opinion in the world.

By the Morphological Evolution Theory is meant something wholly new, and derived entirely from Universology, but parallel to, complementary of, and even governing over (our understanding of) the Materialistic Evolution Theory, which, in a sense, it enlarges, rectifies and confirms; but which, in another sense, it antagonizes and dethrones.

By the Morphological Evolution Theory, or science rather, it is shown that all things undergo a regular and serial development in respect to their forms or shapes, from the most simple to the most complex figures, and thence still onward to simplicity in complexity, as in the human body, which has not the greatest, but the least number of limbs, for instance, compatible with the multiplicity of its uses. These three stages of all evolution—1. Simplicity; 2. Complexity, and 3. Simplicity in Complexity—are an illustration of the three universal laws—UNISM, DUISM and TRINISM.

All forms proceed through a definite series of developments on the type or model of—1. The point; 2. The line; 3. The plane; and 4. The solid—in parallel relation with the materialistic or substantive evolution, illustrated in the organic domain by—1. The cell; 2. The fibre; 3. The membrane; and 4. The tissue, bundle or mass.

But as Form is more definite and ostensibly demonstrative than Substance, so Morphology will outrank Ordinary Natural Science in its power to exhibit and prove the doctrine of Evolution. The whole thing can be exhibited in a series of diagrams so clearly that the mere exhibition will be the demonstration.

But, again, Forms have the same relation to Ideas (in Greek the same word means both) which Substance has to Matter; and, consequently, Morphology bears the same relation to Idealism which Natural History bears to Materialism. The only possible escape, therefore, which the metaphysicians, spiritualistic philosophers and theologians—in a word, all Idealists—can look for, in the scientific direction, from the clutches of the Materialistic Positivists, who are now "the upper dog in the fight," is in the study of Morphology, through the avenue opened by Universology. This will reverse the order of things, and bring SCIENTO-PHILOSOPHY—a new order of philosophy, but still *metaphysical*—into the ascendancy. I am, sir, etc.,

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

NEW YORK, July 21, 1870.

ABOUT MADGIE.

BY M. J. S. UPSHUR.

I never dreamed that I should come to love the pretty young creature, that is, farther than we love the sunshine or tacitly acknowledge the claim of tender plant or bird, or any helpless thing, to our gratuitous consideration. But here it was, another instance of the perennial vitality of that great master-principle set forth in song and story from time immemorial—old as the everlasting hills, but new as the babe born yesterday. My life threw out its tendrils to the thawing sunshine, and felt resuscitated in its glow—imparted strength, and drew fresh vigor, in contact with the new, strange influence.

She was shortly past her teens, I was sixty. It was but a year or so after the war that she had come on, and we found ourselves now in the microcosm of a New York boarding-house together, no one caring particularly for either of us.

My only son—the only surviving child of a family of seven—had lost his life at Malvern Hill, and, strangely enough, Madgie's only brother had perished there also, in the army of the contending faction, acting as standard-bearer to one of the companies in Magruder's famous charge.

Her father had sunk under the accumulated woes of war, bereavement of kindred, of estate, everything but his daughter, six months before her deep black dress attracted the attention of our boarders at "38." "Who is she with?" "Nobody." "What does she intend to do?" "She writes." Were questions asked and answered by our landlady many a time in the first few weeks of the young Southron's advent there; and dear, dear! what an answer to a question that last one was! Not that she did not purpose to write, and write diligently enough for the matter of that—there were was not one drop of laggard blood in her veins, dear child—but to come to talk of an inexperienced young creature, thinking in this wide field of competition to pay all expenses outside the petty ten dollars a week allowed for board, all that accrued from some remnant of property left when war had done its work. It was hard to think of to those who knew the chances of compensatory labor in such calling a bad place.

Madgie had written for the Southern periodicals since the war, and been paid for it. There was in that early period of the peace some ambition, some impulse to the establishment of a sort of independence in such matter, out either the sentiment or the other *sine qua non* to vitality soon failed, and so the writers' hopes of success if money makes this—in "home literature" as they named it.

So Madgie came here; what sort of chances to combat they can best tell who have practical knowledge of this kind of brain drudgery. What I know of her career therein, learned by littles at first, and finally in full—when there were no more concealments between us, does not belong to the history of our joint experiences and need not be referred to further than serves especial occasion.

She had a sort of independent way about her that was

truly womanly, this young maiden; so that let your sympathy go out to her as it might and would, you could never couple the thought of pity with any courtesy or kindness offered.

For instance, this, but I had felt it long before: Mrs. Martyn, our hostess, would ask of a Sunday sometimes, "Miss Bruce, didn't you find it lonely going to Church by yourself this morning?"

"Oh, no," the sweet bright face and cheery voice of my darling would both answer; "I came from home expecting to take care of myself, it wouldn't do to give out at the small matter of walking to church alone, I am to do that many a day according to my programme, and shall soon get used to it." Perhaps she fulfilled it so far as that the strangeness wore off, if any there were; but I got to going with her, once in two or three Sundays, then oftener then altogether, for she had begun to understand that I wished and looked for this. Indeed, when it had gone on for a while, I cannot tell you with what pleasure I heard her reject the proffered escort of young men, saying she believed she was engaged. This, knowing that if I hadn't already exacted a promise from her to the effect, I desired to do it. Madgie was a little bee at her occupations, so I heard faint hints about the house, some of the ladies had marked her diligence, sitting, writing in her room. But she talked little about it, further than, as she told me afterward, to let them see what she was about.

"It might have seemed rather a mysterious thing, you know," she said, in the great good sense, so far beyond her years, but marking all she did and said, "to see a young woman, living alone among strangers, going out and coming in, nobody knowing where or for what."

I know nothing about her capacity to be an authoress. I don't see why she shouldn't have made a better name than many who do publish, when there seemed to me so much of soul and freshness—so much of Madgie, in short, in the little song-poem and the brief essay which, once in a while, the one or the other, she would give me to read; but it is not as a critic on Madgie's genius, such as it may have been, that I, a poor lone old man, am here before you to-day. I only come to tell you something of the story of my love to her and hers to me.

One thing more I will say of her, as respective of her calling, in a sense, and as connecting the two above topics, this:

One snowy Sunday, when it happened that only she and I were in the parlor, and the others had gone to the their rooms after breakfast, she walked to the window, and, looking out, asked me:

"Mr. Bartlett, do you think there is any prospect of the weather clearing?"

"None that I can see," I answered. "Why? Do you intend going to church?"

"No, I think not," said Miss Bruce—that's what I called her then—"but I have a report for the *Tribune*, and it must be on hand for to-morrow's paper. I thought I wouldn't go with it just now if there was a chance of the weather being better by and by."

"Oh, I will take it down for you," I promptly answered, shrinking involuntarily from the thought of that baby—as she seemed to me—breasting the storm to earn a little money for her expenses—it moved me more, I am sure, than I can tell.

"Not for the world!" Madgie replied.

I learned how she had felt that that would spoil in the outset all the heroism on which she had set out intent. It was apparent enough, even then, that she had some uncompromising idea of bearing her own burdens.

I insisted, for it chilled me, the contemplation of the pretty, tender chicken bearing her breast, as it were, to the fierce, cold wind—this Northern clime too, and this her first winter among its snows.

I framed a little white lie; it was no sin. I said I had to go to the drug store under the *Herald* office for a prescription, and reasoned with her that she should not refuse giving me the errand to perform—all in my going.

She allowed me, in consideration of what I said, and this era, she told me afterward, marked the beginning of her love for me. Solemn, beautiful memory that it is!

"I did not dream," she said, "that in all this vast, populous city there was one human being who cared whether I went out in snow or storm, or lived or died thereby. That Sunday was a new epoch in my life, and in my thoughts."

Oh, my precious Madgie! my tender little flower! how all the sayings of her confiding nature come back to me now in the hours and days when she is lying—well, you shall know.

She had never intended to marry. She, so young, to form such intent! She had ambition—professional ambition, she called it—not so much to grow famous as through her vocation to be able to take care of herself. A horrid thought, she said, that a woman must marry to be taken care of. She should show the little world she moved in that a woman could win respect—ay, and her way in the world—all alone, alone! and that there was heroism in young-girl life even, far higher than husband-hunting.

Gentle, sensitive, lovely, and yet so full of character, of determinate high principle, when one came to sound her depth. Ah, such women are, after all, the ones who speak for woman and aid her advancement, over and above those who, in lieu of living their purpose practically, assert it with rough gesture and stage strut, or say the sharp, smart things that only inspire in men the retaliatory measure—to say sharp, smart things back again.

Well, the winter wore on; she had nobody, and I nobody, this Madgie and I, and so we began, tacitly and unknown to ourselves, to live for one another. Sometimes the young men would linger for a while around about the parlors of evenings, but Madgie was grave, spoke thoughtfully, and seemed in this way almost too old for them—though they said, indeed, among themselves, she was an angel in goodness and a very queen in intellect.

The married people would go off to their rooms, to the society of one another and their young families, and Madgie, who did all her work in daytime, had nothing to do but sit and listen to an old man's stories.

I began to feel as if she were in a sort dependent on me, for company, at least; and before I had put this thought into any definite form, I was surprised by another—I was, without a doubt, very, very dependent on her. By the time this last got fully into my consciousness, I believe the poor remnant of my life would have gone out if the dear young woman had by any chance been taken away. Wife, children, pet bird, pet flower, she was everything to me; and in six months' time from my first acquaintance with her I had told the whole story and received her sweet, candid acknowledgment of reciprocity in return.

"Your character is formed, fixed, dear friend," she said; "you will not, thus late in life, go astray to evil ways and break my poor little heart. I have seen how many young men do."

Ah! she, so reticent, so dignified with others, so confiding with me, so caressing, and playful, indeed, as a young fawn. I was glad to see her child-nature come out, and encouraged it, for I had my thoughts it was untimely checked in some way.

Earnest she was, withal, as I have said, and religious. Here is her bible, that she loved so much, before me, as I am writing out this story for one of the professionals who fancies to print it, and here is marked—she did it in the days of our courtship:

"I Sam. xx. 23. And as touching the matter which thou and I have spoken of, behold the Lord be between thee and me forever."

She seemed like the Angel of the Resurrection to me, for I set, as it were, living over all my past life afresh when I married Madgie, when, in our first few wedded months, she would run out to meet me, twine her sweet arms about my neck as I came home at evening, help me off with my coat and on with gown and slippers, and sit and twine her fingers in my hair, enchanting me with her freshness and playfulness and love.

And again, when in succeeding months, if I missed her bright face from the window as I approached, and knew as I did, that it was not hanging over pen and portfolio, but sure to be, as I found it, bent in strange, beautiful, embryomother mystery above dainty folds of tiny white garments she was fashioning, or soft laces she was toying with.

It came at last, the period that was so to gladden the old man's heart, the period seeming in prospective the dawning of the great hereafter world, where men are bathed in the fountain of youth and leave all old and all decay behind them.

I should feel—with much of awe, tender and solemn—all the gladness I felt when my first-born came glorifying my young manhood and crowning me household king and father.

How proud she had been all the while, too, and babyish in her mingled fear and hope and devotedness. She first put into words my thought: "You'll feel as if you were living your life over again; won't you, darling?"

I said the period came at last. How, you can tell, seeing me sit here a childless, wifeless old man to-night.

There was a faint, low cry in that room yonder—my newborn child, the little daughter of my old age. There was a wan, white hand laid in mine, eyes as of an angel were raised to mine in love inexpressible, a sigh, and I was again alone in the world.

I say alone; for I could not bear what I saw, unconsciousness came over me and they took me away. When I recovered, my infant had gone to join its mother.

In Greenwood yesterday, when the June sun was going down, I stood bent—I am a very, very old man now—beside a tomb where was carved the device: a white rose in the marble and a tiny bud just snapped from the stalk and falling beside it.

FROM SARATOGA

SARATOGA, August 2.

A little timely advice (for it is not yet too late, judging from the numbers which are constantly arriving at this most delightful of watering-places) to ladies about starting for a trip to Saratoga will not, I think, be wholly unappreciated.

The great question which seems to trouble the minds of the aforesaid, particularly those who are about to make their first visit, is, how to dress, the number of times it is necessary to change their apparel a day, etc. My opinion about the extravagant dress and superb toilets, is, that it exists only in the minds of some returned would-be fashionables, who are desirous of giving to their poorer relations and friends who do not possess enough of the all-important lucre to enable them to visit such extravagant places, an idea of the grandeur and style they themselves have been among. Of course there are some whose only thought seems to be to surpass all others there by getting their name in print; and to some that is the height of their ambition. The majority of sensible people who visit Saratoga change their dress but twice a day; in the morning wearing some simple lawn or muslin

tastefully, and in the afternoon changing (either before or after dinner, as they may choose) to some such dress as one might wear at their own home, as a grenadine, either black or white, a simple summer silk, etc. Among the prettiest dresses I noticed were the white satin striped grenadine, trimmed with the same, and enlivened with some bright sash. Speaking of sashes, I could not help noticing the number of Roman scarfs worn, and really they are very beautiful, the prettiest combination of colors being a pale pink and blue. If one would really wish to see the handsomest dresses worn, they must not fail to attend the balls given at Congress and Union hotels, for it is there that they are displayed. One very handsome dress was made *en train* of white organdie, puffed, and valenciennes lace edging either side for half the length of the dress, and an exquisitely shaped overskirt of blue silk. Another, rose satin, with point lace overskirt, attracted much attention. A very pretty little body wore a light blue silk, trimmed very fully with ruchings, flounces, etc., headed with plaitings of white illusion; it was exceedingly stylish, the only trouble being that the owner had considerable difficulty to manage her train, which was of extraordinary length. By the way, dear WEEKLY, have you ever noticed how awkwardly some creatures manage their trains? I saw a lady promenading the beautiful parlors of the Union, and every time she made a turn she would give her dress a kick from behind. At first I was almost tempted to run and tell her that something was under her skirt, but concluded it must be a knack she had for arranging her train. Another will turn abruptly, and then occupy fully three minutes to restore order to her disarranged crinoline, looking over her shoulder in the meantime to see if all is straight again. Of all things, young ladies, do not be caught doing anything so ignorant and unrefined as this last-mentioned trick: it shows shoddy about as quickly and plainly as anything you may do. I always feel just like stepping up and saying to such, "Pray do not let every one in the parlor know that it is something entirely unusual for you to appear in such finery."

There is one great evil existing at the hotels (not any more here than anywhere else), and that is the poor attention one receives unless he fees the waiters. Now this is all wrong, it can and ought to be corrected. Surely such celebrated hotel-keepers as Leland and Hathurs can invent some system by which their waiters will not dare show such utter neglect to persons who perhaps are spending all they can afford, visiting such places without being obliged to slip a dollar or so into the hands of some gentleman of color, by way of a little reminder, you know. I tell you, how lively they do run when they see that forthcoming, and so smiling and happy; but let a man leave without giving a stamp—why, the black looks that are cast upon his retreating form make their already black face look pale in comparison.

There is to be a grand ball at Congress Hall on Friday night, and another at the Grand Union on Tuesday; and I will endeavor to make some note of what is going on, and send you a few more criticisms.

DOLLY DIMPLE.

LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

ATLANTA, GA., July 26, 1870.

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY:

I write you from the Chicago of the South, Georgia's "gate city." Charleston, Savannah and Augusta have subsided into their usual summer siesta, hardly possessing life enough to partake of the diurnal cocktail or the evening drive, but here I recognize the irrepressible Yankee vim and snap. Five years since Sherman made a bonfire of the place, and peace found it a mass of ruins, with about 5,000 inhabitants burrowing in the debris; now from my window in the "St. James" hotel I see in every direction stately three and four-story blocks of buildings, and they claim a population of 35,000! Coming from the polite apathy, and courteous "*dolce far niente*" of the low country, the rush of life, and the gas and blow of these people are refreshing.

Do not, I beseech you, dear Madame, say that your Fifth Avenue Hotel is equal to the "Kimball House," which is going up round the corner, or the Paris Exposition superior to the approaching "fair." Ah! well, there is little harm in self-confidence. Certainly one should think well of one's self or others may not! and then this marvelous palengensis is a just cause of pride.

On my left I see a large, handsome building of five stories—the Kimball Opera House, now the State Capitol—in which are congregated the "black spirits and white," which compose the Georgia Legislature. On the walls of the elegant legislative halls hang five pictures of Washington, Jefferson, Troup and others, who seem to regard the motley assemblage beneath with wild surprise and disapproval, while the living spectators appear to have little interest in the proceedings.

The people of Georgia I find generally apathetic about politics, being more sensibly anxious concerning fertilizers, cotton worms, the crops and such practical matters. Not that they can be indifferent about the destiny of their noble State, but four years of terrible war to get out of the Union, and five years of weary struggle to get in, have discouraged them, and finding themselves powerless in the hands of cliques and Congress, they now patiently, but not despairingly, await the time when they may again rule their State. I have been quite through the State and can bear impartial testimony to the absolute security and quiet of society; few of

my room doors have had locks, and in many cases there are none on the houses! Three times the State has been reconstructed under instructions from Washington, and at this time there are seven United States Senators elect. Once they supposed themselves *in*, and now no one seems to know whether they are *in* or *out*. This baffling uncertainty is most demoralizing to all enterprise and hope. Meanwhile taxes are enormous, and the people believe that the cliques are gathering fortunes like Astor and Stewart, without the care and toil of those worthy men. The character of the bills now before the Legislature can be seen from one which was temporarily postponed by a small majority, when I was in the gallery, which prohibits the State courts from enforcing the collection of all indebtedness up to date. This "relief" bill, I understood, is to be passed, if possible, for the purpose of aiding party success next autumn.

The negro population South is generally doing well. The riff-raff has mostly drifted into the towns, where there are very many worthless negroes of both sexes, but on the plantation, which is the negro's best home, I am glad to see an improvement. The women have gone to work again, and they are taking better care of their children, for the curious reason—as explained to me by a Northern planter—that children are found to be valuable to their parents! While quite young they earn small sums as "water-toters," "stock-watchers," etc.; and when about ten years old they go to the field as a half hand. I spent much time on the large plantations of the State, and talked freely with the hands. I am sure they are more contented and working better than ever since the war. Most of them have given up the idea of going to Congress and have cheerfully taken up the shovel and the hoe.

As an attentive traveler I must be permitted to make my homage to your fair Southern sisters, dear Madames. Manifestly they are regaining the old spirit and grace which made them so fascinating in former times; always domestic, the changed condition of things requires them to be more practical than formerly; and I notice that the customary New York gossip about servants is now a staple of conversation among them, and really they do have much trouble with them. Withal, more than formerly, they, like our old friend Wegg, are inclined to "drop into poetry," and worthy productions occasionally appear in the journalism of the day. I am glad to say that they are beginning to take an interest in your paper, finding that it promises to be something more than a mere woman shrieker on the one hand, or a debilitating dish of *weakly* gossip on the other.

Thus, dear, patient Mrs. Editor, I redeem my last promise to you, but with the secret hope that some exacting assistant will first get possession of this and consign it to the trash basket.

SYDNEY ROOT.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

In our last the attempt was made to show how important the laborer should consider the choice of representatives to be, and also what class of persons should be chosen. The task of making these selections cannot be begun too soon. In every district in the Union the laborers should be made alive to this question. Some who fully appreciate its importance should take it upon themselves to begin the work; they should converse with the few they can come in contact with, and these, becoming interested, should be induced to extend the agitation; and finally, all over the country, primary labor meetings would come to be held for the full and complete discussion of the whole subject. It is the most complete evidence of supineness on the part of the laboring classes that they are not represented now as they should be. Being so vastly in the majority, every office should be filled by them. The difficulty has been—and we fear will be—that while the laborer has been busy at his regular task, others have managed the incipient stages that produces the candidates, in such a manner that the interests of the majority have been entirely ignored. Finally, when the regular party ticket is presented, the least objectionable one receives the support; and thus it comes that the real interests and wishes of the people are seldom represented, and as seldom is the elected candidate the real choice of the people.

Unless our laboring classes arouse themselves to the real importance of this matter, and become willing to devote sufficient time to preparing their candidates, they should cease blaming others for results; for they now complain of things they have it in their power to remedy, but which they cannot expect others, whose interests seem to be at variance with theirs, to correct for them. It should be strictly guarded against that those who declaim so loudly and profusely about the wrongs labor suffers at the instance of capital, do not unsuspectingly to yourselves become your leaders and advisers. There are at all times numbers of persons standing waiting and ready to step forward to take advantage of any favorable movement among the people which seems to offer inducements. It matters not to them in what or where the movement may originate; they have no principles to crush out or control in order that they may fall into the current. It is almost impossible to escape the curse of these ever-ready tools. The safest and surest remedy against them is to select those who have never mingled in politics—one of yourselves, direct from the shop or the field. It does not matter so much if they are not able advocates; if they only understand the work to be done and are devoted and true. Let this course be pursued a few years, and the enormous proportion of law-

yer-legislators would be diminished by one-half. Many of these have no sympathies in common with you; most of them are, by all these controlling influences, drawn from the consideration even of your condition. What does it matter to them if the few articles you must purchase to render yourselves and families comfortable cost you ten, twenty or fifty per cent. more than the actual cost of their production, if some corporations they are attorneys for become still more corpulent upon this that is indirectly filched from you! For, do you not know that capital under such rule does not pay the taxes of the country, but that your labor does? In this way, the common laborer, who should not be compelled to pay any levy at all, is taxed on almost everything he eats, drinks and wears, and thus labor is compelled not only to produce what makes wealth possible, but also to sustain it after having produced it. This is a vast inequality in favor of capital and against labor, and still it is the laborer's fault: and it lies just where we pointed out, in the selection of candidates as representatives, State and national.

There are but a very few newspapers that do not profess to be the advocates of the rights of labor. Let them be called upon to take hold of this matter, and take hold of it at just that point where the remedy must be applied. Let them lay before the people a plain exposition of the matter, and certainly aim to make the people understand it. Let them urge the people to assemble and concert plans and devise means to carry them out, and to no longer intrust the most vital parts of "the necessary course" to the care of hereditary members of the caucus, whom money buys or whisky controls. It has become proverbial that he who would be elected to any important position must dispense both these "powers" with a lavish hand; and he who can do this the most profusely is pretty sure to "be elected." You may rest perfectly assured, that if he spends ten thousand dollars to secure his election by your votes, he intends at least to double his venture during his official term. You should know by this time that "the purity of the ballot box" is simply a "play upon words," and that elections are but farces to approve what is previously determined.

The people, then, must look on every side for treachery to their interests and dishonesty of purpose, not forgetting that a large portion of the press that profess your interests so warmly that you almost know their truth, are open to the influence of at least one of the above-mentioned powers, and that to go counter to the "commands" of those who "back them," is to go to certain destruction. Nevertheless, demand of the press a course that cannot be denominated hypocritical, and if it does not respond, withdraw your patronage, and give it where it will contribute to your interests.

These introductory details cannot be dwelt upon too long nor insisted upon too earnestly. To begin a work right is to have it half accomplished; and most powerfully does this apply in the matter of determining who shall be your representatives.

MRS. LILY DEVELEUX BLAKE is the lineal descendant of Eneas, son of Anchises, and also of the Earl of Devereux. She is, moreover, a granddaughter of Jonathan Edwards, cousin of Gulian C. Verplanck, ditto of Major Theodore Winthrop, and niece of General Pope, of the Confederate army. As a matter of course, Mrs. Lily Devereux Blake spoke a speech at the Saratoga Convention, and with great ease of manner and a fluency which would bewilder the most rapid shorthand reporter, kept the pleased attention of the audience for nearly half an hour. Mrs. Blake did not attempt the argumentative, but insinuated logical wedges against the opposers of suffrage, by humorous anecdote and witty hits at the masculine view of this question. She said that men had an idea that woman's mission was to live solely for their benefit. There was a good deal of justification for the sarcasm of that conundrum which asks, "What were we made for?" and which intending a pun on a business firm, answers, "For Adams Express Company." Men think women are made for them. They talk about the ivy and the oak. She was sick of that sort of nonsense. Women were educated as vines, and numberless numbers of them found no oaks to cling to, and when they did very often the oaks were no better than potato stalks. Men talk, too, about being natural protectors of women—are they?

Who is it that women fear on lonely roads at night? Is it their own sex? Oh, no, it is their *natural protectors*. They talk, too, about woman's sphere, and seem to consider it some circumscribed space to be defined by the lords of creation. A man may take any sphere to himself that he can get into—may be a comet if he likes—but a woman's sphere is bounded north by her husband, on the east by her baby, on the south by her mother-in-law, and on the west by a maiden aunt. In this contracted sphere she may toil her treadmill way, but step out of it, and she is guilty of shocking the sensibilities of her gallant protectors. Men are too apt to recognize and appreciate the *ideal* woman. The woman that must work and toil, the woman that must, single-headed, fight the world, the woman who has neither wealth nor beauty, they do not think of. A gentleman diplomat, who stood high in the esteem of his country, had said to her that he never thought of any but the idea-supported lovely woman of poetry. When he attempted to think of the sex in any other light, he felt as the North Carolina Democrat, a plain, rough man, did about the Federalists: "He 'lowed he didn't think they was human."

Is Mrs. Lily Devereux Blake right? Are her arguments sound? We think so?

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Matter intended for publication should be sent to the Editors of

Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly,

No. 21 Park Row, New York.

All subscriptions, advertisements and business letters must be addressed to

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No. 21 Park Row, room 25.

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 TRINISM.
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.

UNIVERSAL GOVERNMENT.

Seeing that the most powerful of European nations are gathering their whole strength to pull each other down, it becomes the still more imperative duty of the outside world to prepare for the results that must come. It is not for nothing that, through the secret machinations of two great powers for self aggrandizement, they fall to pulling the crowns from each other's heads. This, coupled with the fact that the whole people of both nations make the cause of their sovereigns their own, presents a significance which the rest of the world may well regard as something it may come to have an interest in. This is from the present aspect of things, viewed without reference to either causes that precede or effects that must follow. If it comes that the whole of Europe is ultimately drawn into the contest it will not then be a struggle between crowned heads to decide who shall be first, but a struggle between the common people and the crowns to decide whether there shall be crowns at all, whether the people shall govern themselves or remain yet a little longer the obedient subjects of those who govern.

Cotemporaneously with this condition of affairs in Europe the comparatively small republics of South America are declaring for republican government throughout the entire Continent. In this matter our great country should hang its head in shame that we who should be the first and foremost champion of liberty and a growing civilization, should awake to find one of its little South American sisters so far in advance in its comprehension of

American destiny as to step boldly forward and proclaim it to the world. It is not always the great in strength that are found great in practical ideas: and this case presents an illustration in direct point. It is to be hoped that, profiting by the example set by Columbia, the United States will fall into line and contribute her vast power and influence to the scale of Republicanism, even if it be at a small expense to that system of international law which represents the decaying order of civilization. If a diffusion of general interests accompanies the consolidation of power the new order of civilization is promoted. This proposition is exemplified in all the operations of nature and in all the workings of peoples. If there is a great and diffusive interest to be subserved, the very first step taken is not only to consolidate under one head all the interests that are involved but also all that can be interested by those that are involved. Just here the question arises, Are republican institutions beneficial or injurious to the world? We, as a nation, are replying by our inaction negatively. But if our action does not speak our conviction, and we are convinced that republics are to be preferred to monarchies, our action should be modified to meet that duty of conviction, and we should forthwith adopt a policy based on such conviction. Nations are just like individuals. If an individual has a discovery of great importance how can he make it beneficial unless he extends its use among those who have it not? If two or more individuals are found working for the same end without previous concert of action they straightway combine—unite—consolidate their power, and by so doing accomplish greater results than by each separately overcoming the resistance offered to each, which represents the same principle, that a given power will accomplish more when directed to a single point than it is possible to accomplish when divided.

Do the Republics of America ever consider that existing as they do they dispossess themselves of a very large proportion of the power they might exert over the world were they one consolidated nation, under one grand Republican Government? The voice of the United States heard in Europe in earnest tones is respected and great deference paid to it; but any remonstrance any of the other American Republics might offer to the nations of Europe would be treated with indifference if not with contempt. Now, suppose that the Western Continent were one grand confederation—"The United American States"—and that its voice should be lifted up to remonstrate with any country of the Eastern hemisphere, can it be supposed it would not be the controlling power? Besides all this, all the interests of the Continent are mutual. What would be more advantageous to the Republics of South America than such a system of exchange of resources as exists between all the States; and what more beneficial to the States than that such relations should exist? The fallacy that a centre of government far removed from its circumference cannot exert its power to its circumference has been exposed by the locomotive engine and the telegraph. The fact is that the more different interests there can be consolidated, so that they become mutual, the greater their strength becomes, which increases in the proportion of a geometrical progression with each additional interest. If it were possible for all the Republics of America to become consolidated into the "United American States" their government would at once be the determining power of the world, and would enter upon its career by virtue of assuming the position without conflict and without question.

The United States is the preponderant power of the Continent, and the best as well as the most effective representative of republican principles, and as such it is its duty, not only to itself but more especially to its sister republics, to lay before them the great benefits to be obtained by consolidation. It should be made our National Policy to endeavor to effect this. We have no policy at present to distinguish us from other nations, except that we are attempting one of complete inertia, and were such a thing possible in nature or mind there is no doubt it would be attained by our present Government. If the whole world besides us was engaged in mutual conflict this Government would undoubtedly maintain an armed neutrality, so conscientious and just does it desire to be to everybody everywhere. It would rather surrender its own life than hurt anybody, though through that hurting both parties would receive benefit. And this is the policy of one of the two great nations of the world. No! a thousand times no! Let our people arouse with a consciousness of the negative condition we are sustaining to the world—into which our own terrible internal conflict exhausted us—to the end that we become both vigorous and positive, and maintain appropriate relations as to all the world. We should at once assume the position that is assigned us, with Russia, of becoming the future powers of the world, and they who are earnest and early in this work will have occasion not many years hence to look back upon it with keenest pleasure. It will be regarded by all future generations as one of the greatest strides civilization ever made, and its representatives will be counted among the world's greatest benefactors.

Infallibility the Seed of Revolution in the Old Catholic Church—The Way all Clear for Stephen Pearl Andrews to be Elected the Pope of Rome—The Union of the Headship of the Old and the New Catholic Churches the only Way to Heal the Dissensions of Christendom.

It has not been clearly seen—all that is involved in the dogma of Infallibility. It seems to be, and is, as shown by Mr. Andrews, the Culmination of Absolutism in the Church, and in that sense the antipodes of Liberalism and Progression—but "it is a long road that has no turn." The very idea of culmination in any career involves the idea of reversion. There is a high, scientific formula: **TERMINAL CONVERSION INTO OPPOSITES**, which, translated into common phrase, means "Right about, face." Under this principle, authority pushed out to the Absolute-Absolute degree frees the track from all obstacles, and opens the way for the acceptance of any rational and progressive idea. Roman Catholicism is now for the first time free to become, if the head of the Church chooses, or, if during the interregnum, the Cardinals choose, the head and front of Rationalism. It is completely disincumbered from all its traditions, and may revolutionize its whole drift and policy in a day.

The Pope may, if he will, appoint his own successor. He is not required to select a nominal member of the Church, even. He is utterly unlimited; and do what he will his act is infallible, or divinely guided, and every true Catholic is bound to follow and approve.

Pio Nono, we all know, once sympathized heartily with radicalism and progression in the sense of the spirit of the present age. If he should, in his old age, recur to those early impressions, he cannot do better than name as his successor Mr. ANDREWS, who represents the extremity of that idea (and tends, consequently, by the same principle, to revert to the doctrine of Divine Authority), or, if he omits to make the nomination during his lifetime the Cardinals can supply the omission. Extremes meet; and STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS offers himself, we understand, as the American candidate for the Papacy, commended by his ability to counterpart, and so to complete, or *integralize* the doctrine of the old Catholic Church.

That is to say, as Mr. ANDREWS is the representative of the opposite extreme of doctrine to the Old Doctrine of the Old Catholic Church; and as the Old Church is now free to change her position and to accept the new and rational and scientific phase of doctrine, and so to wheel into rank along with the dominant spirit of Human Progression and the Spirit of this great Revolutionary Age; and as extremes meet; and as the spanning of this great gap of human opinion can in no other way be effected; and as the doctrine of papal infallibility can in no other way exhibit its beneficence so effectually, Mr. ANDREWS is willing to accept the office of Pope, thereby subordinating Dogmatic Infallibility to the Infallibility of Science and Reason; unifying and harmonizing thereby the whole future on-going of Human Affairs; and lifting the Old Church out of the dilemma into which, by the adoption of the new dogma, she is otherwise inevitably plunged. The magnanimity of the offer on the part of Mr. ANDREWS will not fail to be appreciated.

The special organ of the new candidate will be **WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY**, not to the exclusion of, but along with and as part of, its organ-like character relatively to all the great Cardinary and Universal Principles, Propositions and Plans of Organization.

THE SUNDAY PUNSTER.

"No good, true woman wants to make political speeches and go to the ballot-box."

With this weapon of words does our punning neighbor, *The Sunday Times*, deftly decapitate the Rev. Olympia Brown, Mrs. Blake and all other women who are presumptuous enough to hold independent opinions. These ladies are bad and false. By all means let them know it. The article from which we make this precious extract is not strong. To the contrary, the young writer's pet views are merely sprinkled with mild vinegar and water. That can do no harm. But the spitefulness of the assertion forces one to believe that the Sunday Punster knows no more of civility than of wit. He should remember that insult is no part of satire, and that a little regard for veracity and justice is not out of place even in a dolefully funny paper.

There are good and true women—scores of them—who regard the Ballot as their sole resource from the tyranny, self-assertion and scathing sarcasm of men of all nations and colors—white, black and yellow. That they will eventually obtain the object of their desires is beyond a peradventure of doubt. Thus confident, they can afford to wait patiently and smile complacently at the snappish surliness of their self-proclaimed superiors.

[illegible]

"The question of our universal government, including its sessions and laws under its influence and guidance, is discussed in that original and sublime journal, *Wanderer*, & *Chatterbox's Wanderer*. At present, as we are told, 'the world is in its fourth order of aggregation, that of the consolidation of nations.' This, we suppose, is only a preparation for a higher state of things in which one sole government will be established over all the earth. The article in the *Wanderer* does not mention what will be the name of this universal government; but in our judgment it ought to be called the *Parliament*, and we do not hesitate to nominate the Hon. FRANCIS PIERCE LANSBURY, of this city, for *PARLIAMENT*. The amount of his salary and allowances will be fixed by the judgment of all the members of the *PARLIAMENT*. One of the first practical duties of the *PARLIAMENT*, if we rightly apprehend the nature of his functions, will be to open an intellectual conflict with the Pope. As we are informed, this will be 'spiritual warfare in the ordinary sphere.' Such are some of the manifestations of this most astounding age. Let the ordinary sphere go ahead, just so long as it can be made to pay."

FEMALE ADVANCEMENT IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.—Our self-conceit should be sadly humbled when we reflect how far beyond us, in the matter of female advancement, are both England and France. Many public positions are well filled by the women of the latter country. They are book-keepers, traders, bankers and importers. In England others are undauntedly preparing themselves by a course of university study, which is something far above the general routine of education in our female colleges. Moreover, the University of Cambridge commenced on July 4 the examination for women above eighteen years of age, which was instituted last year, and is now held at three centres—London, Manchester (representing Leeds and Manchester) and Rugby. Last year there were but two centres of examination—London and Leeds. The number of entries has increased, and there are candidates in several fresh subjects. Among these are Greek, logic, botany, zoology, geology and the higher branches of mathematics. This examination in London takes place at Queen's College, and is entirely distinct from the university examination of girls under eighteen years, which takes place in December, and is conducted by the same syndicate—515 girls were examined last December simultaneously with 1,562 boys.

The London Times says:—Russia and the United States are the powers which the next generation will look upon as the most formidable. Moreover, the interests and as in the West. Meanwhile, the interests and as in the West. Meanwhile, the interests and as in the West.

It is almost affecting to see her who was once our noble mother thus compelled by events to acknowledge that we are one of the two great powers that the next century must recognize. The London Times would be one of the last authorities to admit this, but being more consistent than other authorities, it sees it can no longer shuffle off the responsibility of pointing out where the true international power of the world really lies. The Times, with evident reluctance, thus indirectly admits that in the course of the next century English influence will have passed into its decadence. Whether the present complications in Europe do or do not possess any interest to England "politically," it is very evident that neither France nor Prussia think it necessary to consult her about any of their little schemes for national aggrandizement, which must be at the expense of Europe.

The most true that the interests of England are most directly concerned in her Asiatic colonies. England has had her youth, her full manhood and is now in old age. She has done a mighty, a glorious work for the whole world, a greater work than all other countries of the Eastern Continent. She has been powerful, but that strength has been expended in civilizing the world, and well has the work been performed. Nor need she be ashamed to admit now that she has become weakened, since she has become so in so glorious a cause. Should England, as a nation, become extinct, or swallowed in the Grand Confederation of the World, the basis of which is her own work, the historians of all ages will repeat her grand achievements and poets sing her magnificent deeds, and the world forever listen to them with reverence and gratitude.

FOR WHAT PURPOSE IS CONGRESS 1.—From a careful examination of the doings of Congress for the last ten years it leaves one in serious doubt as to whether it exists for the benefit of the country or whether it is simply a machine that is used by those who have "axes to grind." One of the first things that becomes patent is, that whatever Senators and Representatives assemble for, they do not themselves know what measures are for the good or detriment of the country. If any one of their number has temerity enough to propose a reform, where so many are needed, straightway the whole interest that is opposed to it, from pecuniary motives, hurries off its representatives to Washington loaded with all "the requisites" to defeat the measure, and the measure is defeated, not by the calm and careful judgment of Congress, but by the interest against which it is aimed for the good of the people generally. If these things are to continue, what is the use of having a Congress at all? Why not let the monopolies of the country have it all their own way, as they really do, without going to the expense of maintaining a costly Government for mere purposes of form and detail? If all the intrigue and cunning that is carried on at Washington were laid open to the people, the Government could not exist: they would not submit to such shameless uses as their representation is put to. In the name of a Republican form of Government we are submitting to practices that would shame the court of any respectable Monarchy. These things must be remedied. The people must be represented, and their representatives must understand that their interest must be secondary to that of the country. The remedy lies with the people: if they have not sufficient interest to cause them to take these things in hand and to bring recreancy to account, the evil will continue to increase until the people will have no Government at all; it will be virtually surrendered to the monopolies of the country. When this once becomes as plain and open as it now is disguised, fearful revolution will be the only adequate remedy, and the people will not hesitate to administer it. Better it would be could they be aroused to the conditions before revolution becomes necessary.

WE HAVE a suggestion to make—that is, if we may be permitted to speak upon the subject. We desire to call the attention of those at present in power to one of the simplest yet most effective means employed to beautify Paris; and, moreover, we beg to hint the advisability of adopting a similar course with our much-governed city. We refer now simply to the shade trees on the scores of miles of

highways, streets, radiating avenues and suburban roads. Why, the planting in all the London parks is nothing to the street planting in and around Paris alone. There, as in every other French city or town, all streets and roads, so soon as made, are finished with trees, which are as carefully trained as those in an English gentleman's park. They are protected by cast-iron gratings several feet in width, and these prevent the inclined ground from becoming hardened as it soon would be in a great thoroughfare. Of course the expense for gratings would be an item; but then we never consider time: so by all means let some honest contractor take the matter in hand—the result will more than repay the outlay.

There is no other spot within the Union that comes so near being of especial interest to all parts of it as Manhattan Island which contains the city of New York. It has become the commercial centre of the Union. All the various systems of railroads point toward New York and all the domestic lines of steamers make it one of their terminal points. By virtue of being the commercial centre of the country, it necessarily follows that it is the financial centre also. Thus every citizen of the Union, whether he resides near by or far away, has a direct interest in it. It cannot fail to be observed that it is also becoming the centre of political power, and in this regard it is of still more importance than from either of the other views. The Press of New York has more power to modify the sentiment of the country than that of the entire outside press, so that New York is the centre of the country in all lights it may be viewed except geographically. It also has an importance of still more extended significance. All the countries of the Old World give up their populations to this country, and these come in convergent lines centring here, to be again distributed throughout the country; and it becomes populated and its resources developed thereby. In this respect New York is the heart of the world and is nearer a centre than any of its other great cities. London and Paris, Peking and Yeddo may contain vast areas and populations, but they are not great in the comprehensive sense that New York is great.

It is entirely consistent with its characteristics, as thus presented, that the greatest of all reforms in the general conditions of the world should begin here, and it is for this reason that the first persistent advocacy of a Universal Government made here becomes prophetic; for when such a Government is arrived at, New York will certainly be its capital. It remains for the comprehensive public men of New York to form the nucleus around which Governments can gather, and no more fitting time could be chosen for the foundation of a party for this avowed purpose than the present. Let the corner-stone of the future Government of the world be laid by the New and True Democracy of New York.

The position of England in the great European struggle of this moment, is one of confusion, perplexity, irresolution and incapacity, which is a fitting and inevitable climax of fourteen years of folly or worse in council. This perplexity and confusion are so great, and it may be so irremediable, that the bitterest enemies of Great Britain may derive a stern satisfaction from witnessing her aimless efforts to emerge from the obscurity and equivocation which characterize the present phase of English international policy. It is very desirable that the public of this country should understand the bearings of English action or inaction. The long-standing difficulty between this Republic and Great Britain, above all, requires that the character of English policy should be understood. Probably the severest penalty that England can be made in the long run to pay for Alabama depredations, will be the general appreciation of the moral inadequacy of her whole international action for the last forty years. She has been for the whole of that time in such profound moral default in the conduct of her international life that, in a political sense, and so far as regards the discharge of her obligations to international society, she might almost be regarded as politically insolvent altogether, and about to be placed under some process of national receivership and liquidation, like some vast joint-stockery whose capital has been dissipated.

We cannot review English international policy for forty years, but must confine our remarks to the period between the close of the Crimean war and the outbreak of these hostilities between France and Germany, how the leading facts connected with English policy for this period amount briefly to this. For the fourteen years covered by these dates England has, in spite of repeated insolence from France, and in the teeth of the systematic and organized iniquity of Imperialism, clung with unstatesmanlike and ridiculous subservience to the French connection. Long ago it was pointed out to English politicians that while a Bonaparte Emperor ruled France, and especially such a malignant example of this pestilent species as Napoleon III., English friendship for France would certainly be used without candor or decency for the mere advancement of personal or dynastic, or

gambling aims by the adventurers and scoundrels who wielded power in France. Long ago it was urged on British cabinets and British journals, with all the energy of eloquence and sarcasm that the alliance was with the Bonapartes, not with France; that it was disreputable and dangerous connection; that, however the French Emperor might affect moderation and statesmanship and fine plans for settling Europe on just principles, he was essentially an armed robber or a precariously-chained wild beast at the head of a nation of most dangerous tendency, with sentiments and blood-thirstiness in equal parts making up its constitution and temper. Under these circumstances it was insisted by wise and far-seeing politicians that the only judicious course was to foster powerful alliances against France, and carefully to exclude her from a foremost place in handling great European questions.

All this sound doctrine was preached to deaf ears. There have been occasional spasms of resistance, as when the French occupation of Syria, in 1862, was abruptly terminated owing to English protests; as when England, or rather sturdy and gruff Lord Russell, declined to be a party to the European Congress which the Emperor desired to assemble in 1863. But in the main, English Cabinets of both parties have stuck firmly to the plan of letting their great country be dragged at French heels, and acting as a sort of *claque* for the sorry tragi-comedy of Government which has been carried out in France. English journals, for many years past, and English public men, have persistently held a conventional language about the wisdom and moderation of the French Emperor and his friendship for England which can only escape the imputation of hypocrisy by submitting to the stigma of imbecility. The sole true ally of England—the great German people, of whom France, Frenchmen and especially a Bonaparte dynasty, are, as now all may see, the permanent and irreconcilable foes—has been systematically neglected or insulted by English sentiment and English action. No clue of principle or prudence has been found by Great Britain to guide her in the midst of the difficult circumstances of Europe. Her statesmen and journals have been the willing dupes of French Imperialism, and have consented that the country should be centralized, and that France should be free to develop her systematic madness unchecked by English action, diplomatic or military.

No one has been more responsible for this evil than the illustrious statesman who now rules England, Mr. Gladstone. This brilliant personage represents, in the highest degree, a curious variety of statesmanship that has lately sprung up in England which affects to leave out of view altogether international duties and obligations. Nothing is more difficult than to state, with the appearance of making a mere travesty of them, the views of this school. In fact, they have never themselves stated these views with precision. Perhaps they have no views. But they have certainly hoped to be able to lull England by commercialism into a state of feeling in which the horror of war should so effectually supersede all other sentiments as gradually to induce the conviction that it would be more righteous to allow all English signatures to treaties to become null than to waste English blood and treasure in taking part in another European war. Incredible as it may seem, no one who has thoroughly studied Mr. Gladstone's character and career can doubt that he at least has brought himself to this frame of mind. And he as well as his Government are perhaps breaking down under the rude shock these illusions are receiving at the hands of the French Emperor and the French people.

For it is plain that the whole of this House of Lords of the peace school in England has tumbled down with a great ruin. The French Emperor and people have thrown aside the mask and appear in their true light, as *not* a final organic element in European civilization, but a highly disciplined band of destructives and incendiaries, whose national existence in its present form and extent is probably incompatible with the eventual European system of peace and progress. On the other hand, English public feeling, always healthy at the core, though so miserably guided for many years, expressing itself with bitter and angry unanimity against France, and with an audible undertone of menace against its own Government, and with great good reason. For there are signs only too visible in the speech and silence of the Gladstone Government that even at this hour, when the interests of the French empire stand confessed and undisguised, the English Cabinet has, though neutral in act, contrived to flavor its proceedings with the old tone of subserviency to the French Emperor. This is, or certainly ought to be nothing short of exasperating to English feeling. And the common sense of the English people moreover makes them uneasy under the policy of mere neutrality in the war.

For England has declared herself neutral with the qualification apparently that she will defend Belgium against all attacks. This is really a nonsensical policy. The independence of Belgium is an important thing for the security of Great Britain, no doubt. But if France achieved the conquest of Germany, there would be the most frightful risk of England being exposed to a Russo-French alliance upon the principle of France acquiring Egypt and all North Africa, and Russia acquiring Asia. If Germany were to fall in this struggle, England would most probably have to lift her on her feet again, if possible, to fight her own battle. How much wiser, how much more prudent, would it be to throw in her lot with Germany while that great people is intact and strong. How much wiser

would it have been to have done so long ago; to have made the French understand that consolidated Germany is an interest of Great Britain which she would not allow to be impaired or jeopardized. This would have been statesmanship. But the present line of England is most imprudent, and may lead to great catastrophes in the event of French success. English safety is at stake in this contest now, while her honor will be irretrievably tarnished in either event if she stands persistently aloof. If Germany wins it may be true that nothing will be lost for England except honor. But even in these stock-jobbing days that is a good deal to lose.

The English people are much to be pitied. They have no leaders. Rage as they may, they are in the hands of the Gladstones, Lowes and Brights, who hate war with a trades union's hatred. Eloquent and splendid as these gentlemen are in domestic policy, they have no diplomatic, no international, no historical sense. They are pure economists: men of the Exchequer, prudent fathers of families. But for the stern business of adjusting by diplomacy and the sword the claims of nations, they are as well qualified as Mrs. Parlington's famous hydraulic plan was to dry up the Atlantic. It is a pitiable spectacle: a great nation in the crisis of its destiny in the hands of "sophists, economists, and speculators." It is also curious. The most distinguished of the correspondents of American journals, Mr. Smalley, of the *Tribune*, writes of the "streak of business" in Mr. Gladstone's character. It is a severe but true expression. Mr. Gladstone's worship of peace has degenerated into baseness by reason of the systematic way in which he and his school have tried to soothe the arbiter of peace and war in Europe, Louis Napoleon. Burglary is a bad thing: so is war. But you don't coax and bribe and flatter burglars, but shoot and imprison them. It is just as dishonorable and foolish, as the event proves, to think you can keep a million of men from fighting by perpetually fawning on the hand whose motions they obey.

FERNANDO WOOD—A CORRECTION.—It affords us pleasure to correct a mistake made in our paper of last week, respecting Fernando Wood. We said that Mr. Wood had gone into Mr. Raymond's district in 1866, and defeated his election, while in reality Mr. Raymond ran in the Sixth, his own Congressional district, Mr. Wood running in the Ninth. But the incident that occurred in Philadelphia as related in our paper, is substantially correct. The omission to mention his second marriage has been criticised as a defect. It was omitted only because it is our purpose to give a sketch of the present wife of the great politician, and her beautiful home in 82d street, in an early number of the WEEKLY.

FEARFUL CASE OF SUNSTROKE.—The *Sun*, of August 2, says that Mrs. George M. Batty will run for the Assembly in the First Assembly District against Col. Mooney. Also, that *Die Lanterne* learns that the Hon. Fernando Wood contemplates a libel suit against Woodhull, Claflin & Co. for publishing Mrs. Batty's article in their WEEKLY of the 30th ult. Is this intended for a sunbeam or a sunstroke? How is the *Sun* prepared for an indictment for libel?

DYING OF RESPECTABILITY—"That's what's the matter." A great many people have it bad.

FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 1, 1870.

FOR WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

The late Congress will ever be celebrated in history for three distinguishing features—their masterly inactivity in everything relating to the material interests of the country, their patronage of jobs of all descriptions, and their squandering of the public lands.

Local matters received the undivided attention of the National Legislature; but when the question of resuscitating the great commercial interests of the country came up, those who took the subject in hand showed themselves ardent burglars, devoid of all statesmanlike views, and apparently interested only in the success of our transatlantic friends since not a single step was taken to secure a portion of that trade which is enriching foreigners to a degree unparalleled in history.

Persons of the most limited perceptions could have seen the storm lowering in Europe long before the adjournment of Congress, and the American people will not readily forget the precipitate haste in which the members of that body left Washington, at the very moment when the golden opportunity was offered to regain all that we had lost by the depredations of the English "Alabamas."

Who will forget the almost contemptuous manner in which the urgent message of President Grant—in which he showed Congress the necessity of taking steps to maintain our communications with Europe during the coming troubles—was laid upon the table.

There are, indeed, but few men in Congress who concern themselves about the true interests of the country. Most of the members cannot see beyond the length of their noses, and know literally, nothing about matters of trade, finance, or national defence. They seem to think this great country an object for all to prey upon; and as long as they can make large profits by lobbying through fat jobs, the United States and all its best interests may take care of themselves.

The people are tired of this, and there will be a terrible reckoning before many years pass away. They are becoming aware that the whole legislation of the country is in the hands of incompetent men—small politicians, whose only care is for their private ends; and while all our industrial pursuits are overlooked, foreign are protected in so shameful a manner as to make it apparent that the time has come for political tricksters to give way to the brain and muscle of the country.

The industrial classes are the real sources of the wealth of the vast domain which Providence has given us, and in which we should find a larger share of happiness than in any other country on earth. The people can no longer put faith in party politicians. If they trust them again they deserve the shackles which their tyrants are forging for them.

For a hundred years the politicians have been running the machine in a manner to suit themselves; and while constantly prating of the necessity of relieving the people of the burden of taxation, they have been loading their subjects with a weight which has taken all the spirit of resistance out of them.

Like an old horse that for years has been tied to the plow, the oppressed have become too feeble to kick, and find their only hope of peace and security in quietly dragging their weary load without a murmur. Talk of Russian despotism. What is it compared to the tyranny of Washington politicians? After a century of this despotism, the country finds itself burdened with a debt of \$2,400,000,000, with little hope of any abatement of taxes during the lifetime of the present generation.

On the contrary, every effort seems to be made to increase still further the load that the people must carry and the chances of increasing our resources, that if improved would in a few years relieve us from our difficulties, are thrown recklessly away.

We find that in Congress the worst men take the lead, and do all in their power to foment strife among a people already divided, instead of encouraging by generous legislation the return of the disaffected portion to their allegiance.

The American people will not readily forget the injustice done them by Great Britain, and yet they see in nearly every movement that is made to resuscitate our commerce, that the feeling for British interests crops out in Congress—a quarter where we have the least right to expect it. On occasions when discussions take place concerning our great commercial interests, British agents are as thick in the lobbies of Congress as jackals in the wilds of Africa.

Who can behold the decay of our commerce and not condemn the men who do nothing to bring it to life again? Inactivity when so much is at stake would be disgraceful; but to be lifting up the commerce of a nation that struck our own its most deadly blow, is the worst treachery that could be inflicted on a trusting people.

There are very few persons who realize the extent of the injury inflicted upon our commerce by Great Britain. We will tell them that 104,605 tons of shipping were captured or destroyed by vessels fitted out in England; 801,301 tons were transferred to foreign flags to prevent their falling into the hands of our enemies; 215,978 tons were purchased by the Navy Department and worn out in the war, making a total of 1,121,884 tons decrease in our commerce at one fell swoop. This statement does not indicate the decadence since the war caused by the ignorant legislation of the Washburns, the Dawses, the Logans and the Stevenses, who have trifled with the vital interests of the nation and assisted our enemies to rise upon the ruins of our commerce. Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, but these members of Congress have acted worse than the Roman, and, by indulging in private animosities, have helped to bring the country to the verge of destruction.

What a humiliating position in regard to naval defence has this country been left by these legislators!

Here we are with a few old gunboats to protect our commerce in a European war, a conflict in which every nationality may become involved.

Who will trouble themselves to respect the flag or commerce of a nation that seems too mean to maintain a navy equal to that of the smallest European power.

No congregation of sinners ever had their backslidings ditioned more persistently into their ears than have our legislators the necessities of the navy; yet the Committee of Appropriation in the House, with a majority of Republicans, have ignored all the requisitions which a Republican administration made upon them.

Mr. Washburne, intent only upon the gratification of his private piques against naval officers of repute, fought every naval item because those officers were kept in employment, and was ready to see the country swamped rather than vote for any measure by which they could be in the remotest degree benefited.

Senator Spencer, of Alabama, although of no possible account, either for good or evil, put in his pee-wee note with the rest, trying to bring odium upon the Navy Department, and in so doing has consigned himself to the tomb of the Capulets.

In short, the very worst elements of the Republican party seemed to be arrayed against every effort to put our navy on a respectable footing.

The entire legislation of these politicians appeared to be of a bargain-and-sale kind and a surrender of the best interests intrusted to their keeping.

It is high time that the people should demand a surrender

of the powers so long abused, and in the coming elections the voters should say: "We want you no more forever."

There are hundreds of men in this country who are identified with the industrial classes, men of the people, who are far more worthy to be trusted with the task of reconstructing the deranged machinery of the Government than those now in power. If these were installed in high places, they would honestly work in the interest of our long-suffering people.

We have seen our country disgraced by violations of treaties made with our best friends. We have seen how incapable are the present race of politicians to retrieve our disasters.

We find ourselves incapable of protecting our commerce at home or abroad, owing to the indifference of Congress, and we must fall back on the only remedy that we have—i. e., turn out those who have been found wanting and put better men in their places. Certain it is, worse ones cannot be found.

TRAVELER.

LIFE INSURANCE

ITS FRIENDS AND ITS ENEMIES.

This motto, "*Alter alterius onera Portate*," has been appropriately inscribed upon a scroll on the device of the official seal of the New York State Insurance Department. Its import, "Bear ye one another's burdens," while it expresses a lofty, ethical principle, enunciates in simple terms the very basis and purpose of insurance—its beginning and end. Truisms, however clear, apparently as the lightning's course adown the sky, fail in their force upon the popular mind, from inability of the great majority to penetrate their deep meanings. What life insurance does for a community is scarcely thought of. The prevailing impression is, that it is chiefly a concern of capitalists, whose investments are at risk, or, at farthest, but a question of pecuniary ability to meet contingencies. Should we say one man helps another by insuring more effectually than by any other act the remark would be pronounced paradoxical; yet, who that thoughtfully surveys the influence, tendencies and results of life insurance, will gainsay it? Without insurance, the few bear the whole loss; with it, many bear it. So, one man helps another by insuring, and helps most effectually his calamity-stricken neighbor, by extending aid at the very time it is most needed, and to the extent of the need. So useful, so important a scheme as life insurance, certainly deserves the warmest regard of every philanthropist, of every legislator and every citizen: a scheme in which so much of advancing civilization is inseparably mingled. One day life insurance will be made legally compulsory, as the surest remedy for many general evils. In the meantime, let every one, actuated by a sense of owing something of duty to his family, as well as a wise regard for his own interests, co-operate with the life insurance company, and battle with them against man's greatest enemy—a narrow-minded, to say the least, if not more true a blackmailing Press.

Life insurance, thus founded upon the laws of human mortality, overcomes chance and uncertainty, and dissipates all fear for the safety of contracts made with companies which are faithfully and judiciously managed. Such companies are the safest moneyed institutions in existence—they furnish one of the most practicable modes of utilizing the surplus income of all classes of people, one of the most effective devices for anticipating the work of the benevolent, the only certain mode of securing an unfailing provision for those dependent on the head of a family. It is, therefore, a duty which no man consistently or conscientiously neglect, a moral duty and responsibility of every man to provide not only for the present wants of his dependents, but, so far as is in his power, for their future necessities also; it is enforced by every moral feeling and every tie of affection. As a social duty, it is incumbent upon every man to avert, as far as his means will permit, whatever may embarrass the prosperity and happiness of society. If every man would secure a life insurance adequate to provide for the contingent wants of those dependent upon his living, poverty would soon be comparatively unknown. It is furthermore a religious duty, for "if any provide not for his own, specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." To employ the provisions which life insurance offer for this purpose, so far from indicating distrust of the dispensations of Providence, rather implies a firm reliance on the immutability of those divine laws which regulate life, and an intelligent perception and use of the means which Providence has supplied. No man can, with enlightened sincerity, commend his family to that Providence for support, while he neglects the use of the most obvious means which that Power has afforded him for securing the same result.

An occasional excuse for remaining unassured is want of means. But if the mind were duly impressed with the importance of making a provision, there are four households whose managements would not admit of some saving to secure so desirable an end. Again, it is well known in all families, the head of which has effected an insurance on his life, that there is no money so easily saved as the sum required for the payment of the premium to keep the insurance in force: each member of the family feels bound, when it is necessary, to make some sacrifice for this purpose.

WAR NEWS.

FIGHTING AT LAST.

THE CAPTURE OF SAARBRUCK—THE FRENCH CARRY THE HEIGHTS—NAPOLEON AND HIS SON PRESENT—RETREAT OF THE PRUSSIANS.

PARIS, August 2—Midnight.—An official dispatch from Metz announces that to-day, at 11 o'clock in the morning, the French had a serious engagement with the Prussians.

Our army took the offensive, crossed the frontier, and invaded the territory of Prussia. In spite of the numbers and position of the enemy, a few of our battalions were sufficient to carry the heights which overlook Saarbrück, and our artillery was not slow to drive the enemy from the town. The *clash* of our troops was so great that our losses were slight.

The engagement commenced at 11 o'clock and ended at 1. The Emperor assisted at the operations, and the Prince Imperial, who accompanied him everywhere, received on the first field of battle his baptism of fire. His presence of mind and sangfroid in danger were worthy of the name he bears. The Emperor returned to Metz at 4 P. M.

BRUSSELS, August 2—Noon.—The correspondent of the *Independence Belge*, writing from Metz, asserts that the first great battle will be fought on Saturday or Sunday next—or Monday at the farthest. He underscores the sentence following, viz.: "This is sure!"

Advices from the vicinity of the confronting forces state that a general engagement is not expected before the end of the present week. Both forces are constantly sending out reconnoitring parties, and reports from headquarters represent that both armies in the vicinity of the north-western border of France are actively moving into the most advantageous defensive positions.

LONDON, August 2.—Important dispatches have been received from the Hague, announcing that a desperate naval battle has been fought off the German coast, resulting in the loss of a Prussian cruiser.

3 P. M.—Later telegrams from the Hague state that on Wednesday last two French cruisers overtook some Prussian gunboats in the estuary of the Elbe, on the North German coast, a few miles distant from Cuxhaven (a seaport village about fifty-eight miles north-west from Hamburg on the west bank of the Elbe). The action was spirited, and resulted in the destruction of one of the Prussian gunboats, she being sunk by the shot of the enemy.

PARIS, August 2.—An absurd canard was circulated to-day, to the effect that a serious misunderstanding prevailed in the Prussian Court, that the Crown Prince had accused Count Bismarck of alienating England, that Bismarck threatened to resign, and that there was a prospect of a crisis in the Cabinet.

The women of France are sending immense quantities of bedding and hospital furniture to the army. Nine hundred surgical students have gone to the front. Among the chaplains in the French service are nine Protestant and three Israelite clergymen. The wearing of the shako is to be discontinued in the army. The Emperor, since he has been with the army, has kept one telegraph wire constantly busy with his correspondence with the Empress.

Though the religious element plays little or no part in the present war, the sentiment of the Catholic population in neutral countries is adverse to Prussia, and by some fervid Catholics the advance of the French armies is regarded in the light of a crusade.

The *Opinion Nationale* of Paris says, in this connection, that in order to avoid impoverishing the theatre of war the Emperor draws his supplies from a distance by railroad.

There was a long conference to-day between Lord Lyons, Prince Metternich and Duke de Gramont. The employees at the Bureau of Foreign Affairs are at work day and night. Prussia demands of Austria explanations why she is arming.

The German journals are exasperated at the conduct of England.

The South German army is armed with old muskets. The war expenses of Prussia are twenty-five million francs a day.

The passport system is restored in France. The *Figaro* of to-day announces that the Government has refused the offer of the American General P. H. Sheridan to serve in the French army. The *Gaulois* says that the correspondent of the *London News*, and another Englishman named Cameron, have been arrested at Metz as spies. The first installment of French troops from Rome arrived at Marseilles this morning.

BERLIN, August 2.—The scene on the departure of King William for the seat of war on Monday evening was extraordinary. The King rode from the palace to the railway station in an open carriage with the Queen. He wore a short military cloak, and his helmet was placed on the seat by his side. The carriage was surrounded, followed and frequently stopped by an immense multitude wild with emotion, shouting farewells and benedictions. The houses were hung with flags and festooned with flowers.

At the railway station arches were erected and patriotic inscriptions displayed. The Queen, weeping, parted from the King with repeated embraces. When his Majesty from the platform or the railway car finally saluted the crowd, the scene was indescribable. The people were frenzied with enthusiasm. The entire court, ladies and all, mingled with the crowd, and, participating in its emotion, surrounded the old soldier and bid him good-by with every demonstration of loyalty and devotion. Count Von Bismarck and Generals Moltke and Von Roon were present, and were repeatedly cheered.

Extreme activity is noticed in the English ports and dockyards, and extensive preparations are being made to put the coast defences in a condition to resist attack.

Evidence hourly accumulates of the superiority of the needle-gun over the Chassepot, and the fact creates deep concern in France. The *Pall Mall Gazette* estimates that the Prussian army on the frontier now musters half a million men.

Russia indignantly repudiates the design with which she has been charged of taking advantage of the war in Europe to invade the Danubian Principalities.

The *Times* this morning says that, in view of England's extremely critical position, and the possibility of the belligerents' making terms or a secret treaty after victory, the patience of Mr. Gladstone to divulge anything concerning the attitude of the Government toward Belgium was idle and dangerous.

The *Times* declares that a majority of the House were in favor of a precise statement on the subject. The *Times* in another article of its issue to-day says:

"The neutrality laws of England are inadequate in their

provisions and almost inoperative. The Government, therefore, should ask Parliamentary powers."

The *Times* also publishes letters expressing alarm at the condition of England's defence, which are represented to be in a deplorable state of unpreparedness. The correspondents also declare the inadequacy of England's cavalry and artillery to take the field to compete with any formidable enemy.

The writer further complains of the imperfect condition of the army transports for the conveyance of troops; and says that only 25,000 men are available in the whole United Kingdom to garrison the entire defences of England and afford protection to the coast.

FLORENCE, Aug. 2.—The *Opinione* says England, though she remains neutral, declines to enter into engagements with other powers for the preservation of neutrality. The statement in the *Nazione* yesterday, that England had joined Italy and Austria in an alliance of neutrality, was premature.

In conformity with the decision of a council of Generals, held on the 23d ult., the effective force of the Italian army is being rapidly raised to 120,000 men. A camp of 20,000 is established between Mantua and Verona, and two camps of observation are forming on the Pontifical frontier.

It is the intention of the Italian Government to enter Rome as soon as the French army withdraws, on the plea of protection. Gen. Kanzler, Papal Minister of War, is preparing a camp of observation in the Province of Viterbo.

GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

The Marshal of the Supreme Court of North Carolina has returned to Raleigh from Yanceyville. Col. Kirk refused to surrender the citizens held in custody. The counsel for the prisoners moved, first, for an attachment against Kirk; and, second, for a writ to some competent persons to bring in the bodies and call out the power of the county, if necessary. Chief-Justice Pierson refused both motions, reiterating his former declaration that the power of the Judiciary has been exhausted, and that he has no *posse comitatus* to enforce the writs. Six other citizens of Alamance were arrested yesterday.

The Memphis *Avalanche's* Grand Junction special dispatch says the trouble there on the 1st of August was caused by a murder committed near that place on Saturday night. One Jordan, a white man, and Lewis Miller, colored, had a quarrel, during which Miller was shot in the arm. Miller sued out a writ against Jordan, but, in the absence of the magistrate, the trial did not come off. On Saturday night some men went to Miller's house, bound him, carried him off about a mile, and whipped him to death. An inquest was held next morning, and the evidence implicated W. P. Jordan, Allen (his son-in-law) and John Bowden, who were immediately arrested and taken to Grand Junction. The negroes were greatly enraged, and flocked to town armed, as they said, to protect the officers in enforcing the law. A guard was summoned and placed over the prisoners, who, after examination, were committed to jail.

Ensign Robert T. Jasper, who has just returned from the Darien expedition, has been ordered to the yacht *America* for the race for the Queen's Cup.

Paymaster's Clerk Chas. B. Harvey of the U. S. ship *Vandalia*, formerly of Wilmington, Del., died in an apoplectic fit, yesterday, on the receiving ship at Portsmouth, N. H.

Judge Gray of the Boston Supreme Court has appointed the following persons Receivers in the matter of the Boston, Hartford and Erie Railroad, requiring bonds from each in the sum of \$50,000. Jas. W. Converse, Otis Norcross, Thos. W. Pierce of Boston, Geo. Oliphant of New York, and George N. Bartholomew of Hartford.

The Democratic Convention for the 1st Maine District have nominated the Hon. Wm. P. Haines, of Biddeford, for Representative.

The wounded passengers by the disaster to the Silver Spray are now in the hospital at Memphis, Tenn., and all are doing well.

The Lake Superior and Mississippi River Railroad, reaching from St. Paul to Duluth, ran its first train through on Monday.

The University Convocation of this State met in the Assembly Chamber, in Albany, yesterday. The Chancellor, the Hon. J. V. L. Prayn, delivered the opening address. Several important papers were read.

Five hundred Chinamen have been engaged to complete the Lewis Tunnel, and will arrive at White Sulphur Springs, Va., in a few days. The colored people look upon the arrangement with much aversion.

Nearly half a block fronting on Clay and Seventh streets, Dubuque, was burned Monday night. Included in the buildings burned was a livery stable, in which several valuable horses perished. Loss \$20,000; partially insured.

The body of Joseph Paulin, Jr., of Bangor, Me., missing since Thursday last, rose to the surface of Morse's mill-pond after a thunder shower yesterday.

George B. Shute, a cotton buyer in New Orleans who operated heavily during the past season, has decamped, leaving brokers and bankers victims for a large amount.

A few days ago, seven \$1,000 and four \$500 U. S. Five Twenty bonds of 1867 issue were obtained in an altered certified check, using the name of Charles Mackay, New Orleans.

A barn of Samuel Martin, in Bristol, R. I., was burned yesterday. Loss \$2,500; partially insured. William A. Martin, son of the owner, has been arrested as the probable incendiary.

Michael J. Murphy, a marble-polisher in Providence, beat his wife with a club yesterday so savagely that it is thought she is fatally injured. The affair originated in a drunken quarrel.

Harry Hans, a gambler, was arrested at Buffalo yesterday, charged with drugging and robbing Chester Denning a farmer from Arcade, of \$1,200 in currency and a gold watch. Hans is fully identified.

The Oriental Powder Mill No. 3, near Gorham, Me., exploded yesterday by the clogging of the machinery. James Jordan of Raymond and Clinton Hooper of Windham, employees, were so badly burned that their lives are despaired of.

From papers discovered on the dead body of a man found in Sanderdale County, Tenn., last week, it is now ascertained that the deceased was J. H. Crane, who kept a billiard saloon in Rochester, N. Y. He was murdered by some persons unknown.

Mr. Martin, who was shot by the negro desperado, Charles

Wilson, on Sunday, near Memphis, Tenn., is somewhat better to-day, though it is not likely he will recover. Wilson's wife whom he shot at the same time will die. Wilson has been tracked to Memphis, but is still at large.

John W. Baldy and Wm. H. Duncan were placed on trial in Philadelphia yesterday for an outrage on Miss Jarvis, and highway robbery and assault and battery on Wm. Moorly, on South Broad street, on the 14th of July. Christopher Nalty, implicated in the crime, appeared as witness for the State. Miss Jarvis appeared on the witness stand and detailed the particulars of the outrage.

Miss Charlotte Cushman is reported seriously ill in London.

Vice-Admiral Porter left Washington yesterday morning for Narragansett, R. I.

Madison, Ind., has exhumed a stone idol, probably worshipped by the Cardiff tribe of giants.

Frederic Lemaitre, the French actor, manages to live with economy on a salary of \$36 000 a year.

Miss Rye has arrived at Toronto with a fresh invoice of 150 young women and children from London.

An Ohio hotel porter challenges the world to a trunk-smashing match for \$50 a side and the championship.

Senator Nye is in Washington arranging for patents to the State of Nevada for its quota of agricultural college lands.

Western papers chronicle the death of 'the first white child born in Ohio' at the age of eighty years. A rather backward infant, that.

Golladay is endeavoring to explain the commercial aspect of West Point to his Kentuckian fellow-citizens, with a view of finding another business opening in the next Congress.

Meyer von Kobolitsch, of the Austrian army, recently detached on a special mission to this country, has been suddenly recalled by telegraph, and sails to-day for Europe in the Cuba.

Brokers in Frankfurt now deal exclusively for money, nothing being done for settlement. There has been only one failure of importance, that of W. F. Jager.

As the train on the New Jersey road due in Jersey City at 11:30 o'clock yesterday A. M. was near Marion (West End), one of the cars suddenly filled with smoke, and the clothing of a lady in the train was discovered to be on fire. Some gentlemen in the car smothered the fire, and the lady, with commendable presence of mind, kept quiet till it was effectually extinguished. Her clothing was very badly burned. It is not known how the fire first caught.

Charles Leland, Esq., of the Metropolitan Hotel, has sold his property on Davenport's Neck, New Rochelle, consisting of ten acres of land and a small dwelling, to Messrs. Disbrow & Hudson for \$25,000.

Nine wives have complained to the overseers of the poor at Newark, within twenty-four hours, that their husbands failed to support them.

The regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron was to have begun yesterday, with a race for her Majesty's cup, but a heavy fog prevailed, which compelled a postponement.

A MAD RIDE.

SARATOGA, July 30, 1870.

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY:

The ride up here on the direct, through express train, made in six hours, was, indeed, a wild dash over the country. The words of a certain old nursery rhyme beginning:

There was a mad man who had a mad wife,

and going on with a description of his mad family and crazy house, ending with him on a certain "mad night."

On a mad horse they all of them got,
And madly away did ride.

These words were constantly recurring to me on my way up here, as we swept on at the rate of forty-two miles an hour as far as Albany, after that at a more moderate rate. As for the palace-car system, I think there is a good deal of humbug about it, as I myself am not partial to solitary confinement, and I was shut up in a gorgeous kind of pen all the way, with nothing to relieve the monotony of the internal view except a distant glimpse of a very sick man who alternately dozed and drank mysterious things out of bottles, all the way up here.

SARATOGA.

Arrived at last after a short stop at Balston, once the great fashionable resort of the country, now apparently asleep in a Rip Van Winkle dream, a strong contrast to gay and glittering Saratoga. But we are whirled on through brilliant streets alight with many lamps from the great hotels, gay with the strains of many bands, making me feel as if I, in dust and travel stain, were something incongruous where all was so elegant.

When I reached at last Congress Hall, where our party was treated with every politeness, the scene of enchantment continued, there was dancing in the parlor, the prettiest sight in the world—a children's dance. Little fairies in blue and pink and white, with tiny feet, tripping together on the floor.

It must be confessed that the older people looking on seemed a little bored, and some of the young ladies looked as if they longed to share in the frolic.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

"Oh!" exclaims the reader, "is this what you are talking about? We thought it was a fashion letter." Don't be wholly disappointed, we pray you, when you learn that even here the "strong-minded" element has a place. Only think of the Reforming Sisterhood actually invading this scene of gayety. But here they are, to be sure, and have held a splendid Convention, too, a complete success financially, I am sure, and, perhaps, in converting people also.

The meeting opened on Thursday morning at Hathorn Hall, just across the way from Congress Hall, and I never saw a better or more brilliant audience anywhere assembled. The room was packed to its utmost capacity with people of fashion and wealth, and a very large number of men of weight and position.

There was (I happened to be behind the scenes) some little consternation among the leaders at their own paucity of members. Miss Anthony had arrived, but was too tired to come out at once, leaving out two available speakers.

Mrs. M. E. J. Gage, of New York, called the meeting to order, and certainly no one could find fault with the appearance of the ladies as *outré* or unfashionable. Mrs. Gage was dressed in a white muslin looped over a black silk in the latest style, and looked, with her masses of gray hair, exceedingly well, making a capital presiding officer.

The Rev. Olympia Brown opened the ball. This lady has a slight figure and a remarkably earnest face, with clear brown eyes. Her speech was an admirable refutation of the Scriptural objections against suffrage. She interpreted St. Paul after the new lights and with excellent clearness, showed how Christianity sanctioned and enforced the idea that woman should have her due weight in the Government as well as in the family.

Mrs. L. Devereux Blake, of New York (Susan not having yet appeared), next stepped forward. This lady has been speaking but a few months, but in that time has made rapid progress toward a very high point of excellence as a speaker. She is a stylish looking woman, unexceptionably dressed, with a good voice and graceful manner. She began by introducing a resolution congratulating the members of the Committee on Suffrage for their favorable report and hoping that

"The land of steady habits would be the famous State of the Union in conferring suffrage on that sex which forms the majority of its inhabitants,"

Following this up by a telling speech full of humor, which was received with repeated bursts of applause.

Miss Susan B. Anthony at last appeared and was heartily welcomed. She made a clever and most capital speech, asking quaintly why women had not suffrage? Why they were now left out in the cold with idiots, maniacs and criminals? Formerly it was negroes, maniacs, idiots, criminals and women, but now they had taken the negroes away! This brought down the house.

Mrs. Adile Haglitt, of Michigan, was the feature of the evening. She is the lady who created such a sensation in New York last spring at the Convention. A young woman, good looking, with very bright, black eyes, and a peculiarly piquant and attractive manner. She made a speech full of telling points, dwelling on the injustice of denying to woman the advantages of the ballot, and leaving marriage as the only means of support open to them.

The session continued through Friday to crowded houses, and was, no doubt, of good results. It has at least brought the question of woman suffrage home to these people and attracted their attention to all its aspects. I was asked more than once about the lady who proposed herself as candidate for the next Presidency.

ESSEX.

OUR CHESS DEPARTMENT.

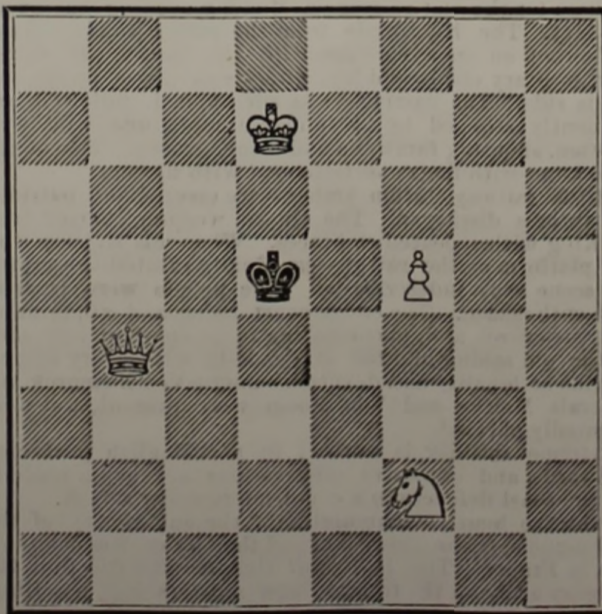
CHESS-PLAYERS' DIRECTORY.

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. Henshel's Chess Rooms—Bowery, corner of Stanton street. Brooklyn Chess Club—No. 280 Fulton street. Williamsburgh Chess Club—No. 43 Meserole street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Address all communications on the subject of Chess to Chess Editor, WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, 21 Park row. W. S. and others, New York.—You can become a subscriber by the payment of \$4 annually.

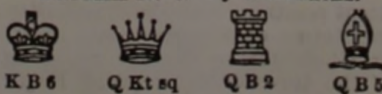
PROBLEM No. 3.—By C. C. MOORE.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

ENIGMA No. 3.—By N. MARACHE.



White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2.

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. R to K B 3 | K to R 4 |
| 2. Q to K P ch | K to R 4 |
| 3. B to Q B 6 mate | |
| 3. Q mates. | 2. If K moves |
| 2. Q to K 4 mates next move. | 1. If P to R |

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA NO. 2.

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. P to Q K 8 bee Kt | Any move |
| 2. Q or B mates accordingly. | |

The following *partie* was contested between Mr. C. A. Gilberg, President of the Brooklyn Chess Club, and another accomplished chess player:

(Evans' Gambit.)

- | | | | |
|-----------------|-------------|------------------|-------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. | WHITE. | BLACK. |
| Amateur. | Gilberg. | Amateur. | Gilberg. |
| 1. P to K 4 | P to K 4 | 15. Q to K Kt 4 | R to K 4 |
| 2. Kt to K B 3 | Kt to Q B 3 | 16. B to K B 6 | P to K Kt 3 |
| 3. B to Q B 4 | B to Q B 4 | 17. P to K 6 | Q to Q 3 |
| 4. P to Q Kt 4 | B to Kt P | 18. P to K P ch | R to K 4 |
| 5. P to Q B 3 | B to Q R 4 | 19. B to K 5 | Kt to K B 4 (a) |
| 6. Castles | P to Q 3 | 20. B to K 5 | R to K 4 |
| 7. P to Q 4 | P to K 3 | 21. K to Kt 2 | P to K 3 |
| 8. R to K 4 | B to K Kt 5 | 22. Q to K R 3 | Q to K 2 (b) |
| 9. P to K 5 | P to Q 4 | 23. Q to K R 4 | Kt to K 2 |
| 10. B to Q Kt 5 | K to Kt 2 | 24. P to K R 4 | Q to K 7 |
| 11. B to K Kt 5 | Castles | 25. P to K R 5 | R to K P ch |
| 12. B to K Kt 5 | P to B | 26. K to Kt 3 | R to K Kt 8 ch |
| 13. Q to K P | B to Kt | 27. K to B 4 (c) | P to K Kt 4 mate. |
| 14. P to B | B to Q Kt 3 | | |

NOTES.

- (a) An unexpected and beautiful move. From this point to the close of the game black plays with great skill.
(b) The best move, as the sequel will show.
(c) This is fatal; but there is nothing to be done to save the game.

NEWSPAPER COMMENTS.

The *Bee*, Philadelphia, says:

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY THINKERS.—WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY give the New York editors a fine notice. This is all well enough, but these talented lady editors risk much when they proclaim certain editors of Gotham "thinkers." Well, like the owl, they may be "death on thinking," but that is the end of it. The old saying runs "a penny for your thought," but that applies to the *Bee*, and not to those papers which publish long and elaborate articles on every subject that comes up, which convey scarcely an idea to the public mind, and yet have the effrontery to charge from two to four cents for their nonsense. "Thinkers" are very scarce, and it's of no use to go to New York to find any. Sisters, we hail your advent into the kingdom of paperdom, and hope you will not be disappointed in your expectations, but that you do your best to improve the condition of the sex, and at all times set your faces against your lovely sex having anything whatever to do with politics or the elective franchise. We cannot agree with you in calling certain editors "thinkers," but you may have called them such sarcastically.

AN UNEXPECTED HONOR.—Yesterday afternoon the *Bee* establishment was honored and graced by a visit from Miss Woodhull and Miss Claflin. Unfortunately we were out, but the hospitalities of our institution were tendered to those distinguished ladies, by our polite and graceful advertising agent, who also paid his respects to those talented ladies, at the Continental, where they are staying.

Our lady journalists are working to "set-up" one of their number for the Presidency. Well, we are taken by surprise, but we will think the matter over. We remember England has a Victoria, Spain has had an Isabella, and why should not the United States have a Woodhull or a Claflin?

We like the ladies, and would take the post of private secretary to any lovely Presidentess, on trial.

The *La Porte Weekly Argus* (Ind.), June 2, says:

We have received the second number of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, published in New York, by those rather remarkable women, Victoria C. Woodhull and Tinnie C. Claflin. The paper presents a neat and creditable appearance, and is edited with ability. It is a novel undertaking for women, but we see no reason why it should not be encouraged. Specimen copies sent free.

The *Philadelphia City Item* says:

WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY has just made its appearance and promises to be an assured success.

The *Philadelphia Public Ledger* says:

WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY is a new sixteen-page paper, published in New York by the two ladies who recently startled the financial world by establishing themselves as brokers in Wall street. The Weekly will be devoted to the vital interests of the people, and will treat of all matters freely and without reservation. It will support Victoria C. Woodhull for President, and will advocate suffrage without distinction of sex, the harmonious co-operation of labor and capital, liberal national education, the widest action of the citizen compatible with the dignity of the State, and reform and progress in every department of public and private life.

The *St. Joseph (Mo.) Morning Herald*, of May 27, says:

A WOMAN'S PAPER.—The two female brokers of Wall street are creating a panic among the bulls and bears of that busy locality. They have just caused the old fogies of that modern Babel to rub up their eye-glasses, wipe the dust from their gold-rimmed spectacles, and open wide their mouths and eyes by the appearance of a new paper entitled WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY. The journal is a very neat and attractive sixteen-page newspaper, filled with interesting reading matter, embracing poetry, stories, essays by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and others, spicy editorials, articles on woman's rights, politics, finances and almost every other subject. The fashion gossip is very chatty and readable.

The *St. Francisville (La.) Feliciana Republican*, of May 28, says:

We have received WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY. It is a newspaper advocating woman suffrage and Mrs. Woodhull for the next Presidency. The paper is published in New York and has a neat typographical appearance.

SOMETHING NEW.—HALLET, DAVIS & CO.'S PIANOS.—This renowned firm have recently introduced to the public a "New Scale" Square Grand Piano, which competent judges assert to be the most perfect instrument in the world. Six months, time is required to bring to perfection one of these pianos, which is a sure guarantee of their durability. Their touch is perfection, and players can perform for hours without the usual fatigue. Some very superior-toned instruments are now being sent to their Philadelphia agents, W. Redfield Phelps & Co., 927 Chestnut street, as we recently noticed while there.

Sold by every druggist.

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 gees, Can Cans, Tea, Sandalwood and Pineapple
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 pepsia, Asthma and all Nervous and Female Diseases
 Specialties.
 Consultation free. Letters containing return post-
 age will receive prompt attention.

\$2 TO ALBANY AND TROY.
 The day line steamboats, C. VIBARD and
 DANIEL DREW, commencing May 31, will leave
 Vestry street Pier at 8 1/2, and Thirty-fourth street at
 9 A. M., landing at Yonkers (Nyack and Tarrytown by
 ferryboat), Cozzen's, West Point, Cornwall, Newburgh,
 Poughkeepsie, Rhinebeck, Bristol, Catskill and New
 Baltimore. A special train of broad-gauge cars, in
 connection with the day-boats, will leave on the
 arrival at Albany (commencing June 20), for SHARON
 SPRINGS. Fare \$4 25 from New York and for Cherry
 Valley. The steamboat SENECA will transfer pas-
 sengers from Albany to Troy.

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And each succeeding Saturday and alternate Tuesday,
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Steerage.....\$30
 To London.....35
 To Paris.....38
 To Halifax, N.S.....15

Passengers also forwarded to Havre, Hamburg,
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6:30, 7:30, 9:00, 10:00 and 11:20 A. M., 1:00, 2:30, 3:40, 4:20, 4:50, 6:00, 6:40, 9:00 and 11:45 P. M., for South Orange and intermediate stations.
For Newark at 6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:20 and 11:40 A. M.; 1:00, 2:00, 2:30, 3:30, 3:40, 4:50, 4:10, 4:20, 4:50, 5:10, 5:30, 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 6:40, 7:45, 9:00, and 11:45 P. M. Trains marked * stop at East Newark.
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L. D. RUCKER, June 13, 1870, WM. R. BARR, Gen'l Supt. 1870, G'l Pass'r Ag't.
*Daily. †For Hackensack only. ‡For Piermont and Nyack only.

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

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8:45 A. M. Mail and passenger for Patchogue; 10 A. M. for Merrick; 8:30 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.
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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
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Rooms can be secured from the proprietor, J. P. M. STETSON, at the Astor House, daily.
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FIRST-CLASS BOARD AND GOOD ROOMS for a few boarders. Location twelve minutes' walk from Port Richmond landing, S. I. Terms moderate. Apply by letter to B. Z., office of Boyd's Dispatch, 41 Fulton street.

DRAMATIC.

When we have nothing in the present we can hope, and as realization never comes up to anticipation, whether of good or evil, I don't know but that hope is the best part of the entertainment.

Booth's can find nothing newer or better than Joe Jefferson in his Rip Van Winkle. Talk about friendship and love; what friend or lover equals the dear, patient public in constancy! Here is Rip Van Winkle after being played two hundred and forty-seven thousand four hundred and sixty-nine times; that is, Joe Jefferson's own figure is now brought out as the sensation of the first theatre in the country, every one of whose *habitués* has already seen Joe at least nine times, to say nothing of Hackett, etc. Commend me to the public; if the wind of popular favor holds, and Jefferson should swear off in earnest, the piece will probably run to the end of the century. Mr. Booth himself, it is said, will go away to witch the Western world, not returning to New York till well on in the fall or even winter. Then we are to have Nilsson and Leebach, queens of tragedy and song. The majority who accept statements for truths if they are only proclaimed persistently and with emphasis, will doubtless find in those two great women all the merits that are assigned to them in the puffs and newspaper notices, honest or venal, as the case may be, which herald their advent. The judicious few, however (but who cares for them, this is the country of majorities; the box-office keeper and ticket-taker looks at noses, not brains), will perhaps experience some disappointment when they find that Nilsson is only equal to Malebran or Jenny Lind. If she is really the unmatchable piece of monstrous perfection that we are told, there will be no standard by which to estimate her. None but herself can be her parallel. Meanwhile let us not forget that we have some other actors and singers who have done pretty well, and will do so again.

Among the lesser lights we shall have Mrs. Oates, opening in "Little Faust," with a strong company, including Marion Taylor, an English blonde, with a delicious voice.

VANDYKE.

ITEMS.

Of Ford's new opera house in Baltimore, Md., our correspondent writes that the plans and specifications have been placed for public inspection at McCaffrey's music store, 205 Baltimore street. The edifice is to be constructed under the supervision of James I. Gifford, who has had a long experience in such matters, especially in the entire remodelling of Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, and the Academy of Music, Charleston, S. C. The architects are the Messrs. Boby (formerly of Emmitsburg, Md.) and Lupus, of this city. The interior model is to be a combination of designs after the first-class New York theatres. The auditorium, rather larger than Booth's Theatre, and the front vestibule, something like the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, and the vestibules, lobbies, refreshment, retiring and smoking rooms are to be ample. The doorways will occupy the most of the front of eighty-six feet, so that the largest crowd can be discharged in five minutes. The seats are like those of Booth's Theatre, but in some features the interior is to resemble Niblo's. The exterior is expected to present quite an imposing appearance, with three full high stories, surmounted by a French or Mansard roof. It is intended that the building shall be used as an opera house for the operatic season, that local musical associations shall have it at a minimum rate for their entertainments, and to be used when entire companies, such as Wallack's, etc., may wish to visit the city with a complete performance. On important public occasions it can also be made available. It is calculated that the edifice, when crowded in every part, will accommodate nearly 5,000 persons, with room on the stage for 1,000 more. The entire building will be occupied for the class of higher entertainments. There will be no stores, and no business outside of its own purpose will be transacted within its walls.

Although theatricals in Philadelphia are very quiet just now, the coming season gives promise of animation and lively competition, for in addition to the places now open as

temples of amusement, three new establishments will be thrown open to the public, one being Fox's new theatre on Chestnut street, above Tenth, which will be used for dramatic and variety entertainments; the second, a new hall on the north side of Arch, above Tenth, now approaching completion, and to be occupied by Simmons & Slocum's minstrels; and the third, a new building now in process of erection at the northwest corner of Ninth and Arch streets, and to be used as a museum and vaudeville theatre, under the control of Carnross & Dixey, who will also give minstrel entertainments in their old hall, in Eleventh street, between Chestnut and Market, and run a spirited opposition to the Simmons & Slocum party. The Walnut-street Theatre will run stars and the sensational drama, while the Arch will give old comedies, new plays, etc., by a good stock company, as well as present a number of stars. Of the Chestnut, nothing definite can be stated at present, as it has been in the market some time, but will probably open at the beginning of the fall campaign under the direction of some fresh aspirant for managerial laurels. The Seventh-street Opera House will re-open with Duprez and Benedict's minstrels, which will make three permanent minstrel organizations in that city, and each of them will have to present the best of talent, or the weak will have to go under. With three minstrel troupes and five theatres, Philadelphia will have as many first-class places of amusement as she can support.

Dollie Bidwelk commenced a star engagement of two weeks at Howard's Olympic Theatre, Halifax, N. S.; on July 12, opening to a good house. She is ably supported by R. S. Meldrum and the full strength of the Olympic stock company.

Coleridge's Opera House, Fort Wayne, Indiana, is now under the management of J. Scheffer & Co., and W. G. Alexander is the agent for the house.

The Griswold Opera House, writes our correspondent "Mose," was opened five nights commencing July 12th, under the management of E. T. Stetson, C. T. Nichols and John Davis. Business during the week was bad. E. A. Eberle, J. R. Grismere, G. W. Murray, H. Smith, Anne Llewellyn and Marion Summers are in the company.

T. Charles Howard's Olympic Theatre, at Halifax, S., is doing a good business. Miss Clara Morris is engaged as leading lady for the summer season; not as a star, as we were erroneously informed. Frederick Robinson commenced a star engagement of six nights, July 4, in Hamlet, and played the "King of the Commons" for his benefit on July 8. J. W. Norton, leading man, was announced for a benefit July 11. Dollie Bidwell was to play the balance of the week, and E. L. Davenport was to commence an engagement of two weeks, July 18, to be followed by Jennie Kimball's Burlesque Troupe for four weeks. So writes our correspondent, "H. C. T."

Henry Mollenhauer's concerts at Terrace Garden are the musical feature of the summer season in the metropolis. His band is small, but well selected, and the programmes are unexceptionable. Miss Pauline Canissa sings some of her choicest *morceaux* at these summer-night festivals, as they may be termed, and the attendance shows significantly the high appreciation of the public for the eminent conductor, cantatrice and orchestra.

Dan Symons, of the Olympic, is back from Sharon Springs, entirely recovered. He proposes to enter the lists against the French wrestlers, take the position of champion clog dancer, and may possibly essay the cancan during the next season.

Harry Jackson's new play, it is said, will present a novel phase of Jewish drama.

Paris will supply the metropolitan stage here with some of the most brilliant plays of the coming season.

"Chromo" pictures are to be used as an advertising medium by Mr. A. L. Parkes during the coming season.

Ten-cent publications furnish excellent themes for the present style of sensation plays.

Mr. Alfred Joel has effected an engagement with the distinguished cantatrice, Mil. Czily, for an operatic season in this city next fall.

The Zavistowski Sisters inaugurate the season at the National Theatre, Washington, in September.

Combination troupes are the rage for provincial theatres this season.

First-class theatres will make an effort at legitimate business next season, leaving burlesque and cheap sensation to the minor theatres and variety halls.

Professor Worth's splendid Japanese and Chinese collection, so long in Wood's Museum, will shortly be transferred to Pittsburgh.

"On a Doorstep" is the title of a play written by Maeder for Emeline, Alice and Christine Zavistowski.

W. A. Rouse's Dramatic Company played "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at Lawrence, Kansas, July 6.

The Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., is advertised to rent.

Josie Booth's Dramatic Company commenced a brief season at Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, on July 11.

Miss Annie Clarke, the leading lady of the Boston Museum, Boston, has recently purchased a cottage a few miles distant from the city, on the line of Boston and Lowell Railroad, where, with her mother, she is passing her summer vacation.

Ames & Holgate, publishers, Clyde, Ohio, advertise their catalogue of plays, and they have just published a new adaptation by J. Newton Gotthold, entitled "When Women Weep."

MY AUNT.

FROM A POEM BY DR. HOLMES.

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her—though she looks
As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

* * * * *
They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins;—
Oh, never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

THE WOMEN'S TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION PICNIC.—The Women's Typographical Union No. 1 enjoyed their second annual picnic on last Saturday in Funk's Union Park. The gathering consisted of the young beauties of the many printing establishments of the city and their typographical swains. All were well dressed and looked as though they were making at least fifty dollars a week. Miss Cusick, the fair-haired President of the Union, was in white Swiss muslin, with a blue sash and bow, a black witch hat, adorned with roses and hanging black lace, and yellow gloves. She tickled her lips with a crimson feather fan. Miss Augusta Lewis, of liquid speech and brilliant eyes, the orator of the Union and its first President, enshrouded her loveliness in precisely the same hues as her successor, with the simple variation of blue gloves and a salient panier. Miss Mary Bartlett, the Recording Secretary, wore lavender. Miss Julia Grice, another of the dignitaries, looked like Bonfanti, and Miss Mary Moore, the Vice-President, debarred all notice of her dress by the brightness of her eyes. The officers of Typographical Union No. 6 participated in the festivities. The picnic was very pleasant and a pile of money was made.

THE WAY TO FRIGHTEN CREDITORS.—The *Gaulois* tells a story of a lady who preserves her beauty by plastering strawberries over her face every night, and washing them off the next morning. The fair creature has for some time past been annoyed by a troublesome creditor. The other day he called before her beautyship had arisen, and insisted on forcing his way into her bedroom to demand instant payment. "But fools rush in where angels fear to tread." He had no sooner got into the room than his fair creditor cried out, "My dear Mr. Dun, how could you be so imprudent as to approach a person suffering from small-pox! Look at my poor face!" The creditor gave a shriek, darted out of the room and has not since been heard of.

An illustration of the progress that the evolution hypothesis is making in this country is afforded by the space given to the discussion of it in the last two numbers of *Lippincott*, in which the writer exhibits, however, a rather vague idea of his subject. There is one great difficulty with those ponderous bodies known as the monthlies in this country—which is that they seldom discuss subjects of vital interest to the thinking and reading public. There is another and greater difficulty, however, and that is that their discussions of them represent so many attempts at elaborate circumlocution, and are exactly expressed by Mr. Albany Foulblaque's definition of that figure of syntax. There are so many examples of about and about and all the way round to nonsense and nothing. Will the real originality and thought of America ever have an organ! At present, its men of brains are dumb for want of that brevier which is the tongue of literature.—*Evening Mail*.

SOOTHING POWER OF MUSIC.—Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, the distinguished and charming young vocalist, recently visited the State Lunatic Asylum at Utica, N. Y., and requested permission to sing to some of the most ungovernable of the patients. Accompanied by two of the physicians and the matron, she entered the hall, taking with her only her guitar, and began to sing. In a moment all the din and wild confusion was hushed, and only the sweet tones of her voice were heard. After the first song, the unfortunate patients gathered around her like children in wonder and amusement, examining her dress and jewelry minutely, one even desiring to "see the pretty little boot with which she beat time to her own music." She yielded cheerfully to their inspection, and when they proposed to kiss her, she returned the greeting without hesitation or fear, but with genuine emotion.

LOUIS NAPOLEON wears but one ring—a valuable amethyst, which Gen. Beauharnois, after being imprisoned during the Reign of Terror, sent to his wife Josephine. Queen Hortense wore this ring after Josephine's death, and Louis Napoleon has had it on his hand ever since his mother's death.

It is said that the lately deceased Madame Ratazzi is the mother of the Italian statesman of that name, not his wife and the rival of the French Empress, as asserted by the *Sun* newspaper.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Corner 23d st. and 8th av.

FOURTH WEEK

of the wonderful artiste,

KATHI LANNER,

and her incomparable

VIENNOISE BALLET TROUPE.

Production of the new comic Ballet Pantomime,

SITALA, THE JUGGLER'S DAUGHTER.

SITALA,.....KATHI LANNER

To commence with the popular Melange,

THE NATIONS,

Every evening until further notice.

NOTICE.—During Mad. Lanner's engagement the usual Matinees will be suspended.

Seats secured in advance at the Box Office, also at

Schirmer's, 701 Broadway, and Erie Railway ticket

office, corner 23d street and Broadway.

BOWERY THEATRE.

WM. B. FRELIGH.....MANAGER

MONDAY EVENING, and every evening during

the week, the popular Irish Comedian and

st,

GEO. C. DAVENPORT,

and the celebrated European artistes,

THE LAWRENCE TROUPE,

in their wonderful and beautiful

LIVING PICTURES.

Also, the eccentric Comedian and Dancer,

W. H. MAFLIN,

and the favorite Dansense,

MISS VIOLA HOWARD,

all of whom, in conjunction with the

INIMITABLE VARIETY COMBINATION,

appear each evening in

A SPLENDID OLIO,

including NEW SONGS,

DANCES, NEGROISMS, FARCES, Etc., Etc.

Matinee Saturday at 2 o'clock.

WALLACK'S.

THE FAVORITE SUMMER RESORT.

HOUSES CROWDED—DELIGHTED AUDIENCES

nightly attest the universal popularity of the present

DELIGHTFUL SUMMER ENTERTAINMENT.

EMMET. FRITZ. EMMET.

In CHARLES GAYLER's comic and sensational

drama of

FRITZ, OUR COUSIN GERMAN.

THE GREAT PARLOR CONCERT SCENE.

EMMET IN HIS GREAT SPECIALTIES.

EMMET IN TEN SONGS AND DANCES.

EMMET AS THE EMIGRANT.

EMMET AS THE PROTEAN ARTIST.

EMMET IN THE COURT ROOM.

EMMET AS THE OLD GERMAN AUNT.

EMMET AS THE HAPPY MILLER.

EMMET THE FRIEND OF THE POOR.

EMMET. SCHNEIDER, HOW YOU VOS? FRITZ.

EVERY EVENING.