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[FOR WOODHULL &amp; CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.]

## DO YOUR BEST!

A. A. E. TAYLOR.

Whenever work you have to do,  
Yield not to sluggish rest;  
No matter though success seem sure,  
The work best wrought will best endure;  
To make all thorough and secure,  
Always do your best!

Whatever work you have to do,  
Go forth with eager zest;  
Plain duty may not pleasant be;  
Smooth paths to right men seldom see;  
Yet greater is life's victory—  
Always do your best!

Whenever work you have to do,  
Put courage to the test;  
Though foe outnumber friend by far,  
Though singly you go forth to war,  
Though doubt eclipse hope's morning star,  
Always do your best!

Whatever work you have to do,  
Stand to your purpose, lest  
One faltering all the line may shake,  
One falling may the full ranks break,  
And thus the foe the field may take—  
Always do your best!

Whenever work you have to do,  
Each hindering thought detest;  
No man can fill another's place;  
One for himself must duty face;  
Be true, and trusting to God's grace,  
Always do your best!

Whatever work you have to do,  
Make not the task a jest;  
True deeds are worth the doing well,  
More solemn each than time can tell,  
For soon will toll life's funeral bell—  
Always do your best!

## THE TWO PRISONERS OF THE CONCIERGERIE;

OR, PARIS ON THE 16TH OCTOBER, 1793, AND ON THE  
16TH OCTOBER, 1852.

It was a chill autumn morning—a grey fog brooded over the city, and a gloom rested on the people of Paris. A few faint rays of sunshine struggled through the mist and rested on the roof of the Louvre, and the time-honored towers of Notre Dame. The streets were thronged with people; crowds stood as if in anxious expectation of some great event—in front of the Palais de Justice, on the steps of the Church of St. Roche, and on the Place de la Revolution (now the Place de la Concorde).

And yet it might easily be perceived that it was no fe-

tal scene which drew the people from their house on that 16th of October, 1793. Here and there, it is true, a countenance might be discovered which betrayed marks of sorrow, but those of the great majority wore an aspect either of idle curiosity, cold scorn, or bitter hatred and malignity.

On that day Marie Antoinette was to be led forth to the scaffold. Separated from her children, and from all who were dear to her on earth, she had for some time past dragged out a miserable existence in a gloomy cell of the Conciergerie, the prison belonging to the old Palais de Justice, on the banks of the Seine. This palace, once the abode of the kings of France—the spot whence St. Louis, surrounded by the flower of European chivalry, set forth for the wars of the crusades—this palace it was whose vaults were doomed to be the living grave of a queen of France—a queen whose sorrows and untimely fate have almost caused the world to forget her follies and her faults.

At an early hour of the morning her summons came; the night had been chiefly spent in writing to her children and to the Princess Elizabeth. Exhausted nature at length claimed a few moments for repose; but very brief had been the slumbers of the broken-hearted victim, when her jailor came to announce to her that everything was prepared for her departure. She was not even allowed the petty consolation of appearing in decent attire before the nation who had once beheld her in all the pomp and splendor of royalty. The damp of the dungeon and long-continued wear, had imparted a soiled and tattered aspect to her garments. Vainly she strove to arrange them to the best advantage ere she quitted her cell. The daughter and the wife of kings must drink the cup of bitterness to its very dregs! When she reached the door of the prison, the first object on which her eye rested was the cart which was to convey her and some of her fellow-prisoners to the scaffold. A shudder convulsed her frame! Her husband had at least been allowed the favor of a covered carriage to convey him to the place of execution: but no such privilege was in store for her. She must go forth to meet her doom exposed to the gaze of the multitude in a common open cart, thronged with victims!

Slowly and reluctantly she entered, and the cart drove off. After so many months spent in solitude and gloom the cheerful light of day had no charms for the royal captive; and the sight of the throng of human beings by whom she was surrounded, completely overpowered her. Her exhausted frame was but ill able to bear the joltings of the cart as it passed onward over the rough stones. Vainly she strove to balance herself by grasping the side of the vehicle; alas! her hands were bound, and on she went that long and dreary way, suffering in body and crushed in spirit, while many an insulting jeer fell upon her ear, as she rocked from side to side; and not one in that vast human throng dared to cry, "God bless her!"

And yet, even then, in this her hour of misery, the fallen queen was not utterly deserted. It was remarked by many among the multitude that, as she drove up the Rue St. Honoré, her eyes seemed to wander from house to house; they attributed this to her levity of character, which, even in that awful moment, was attracted by objects of passing interest. But gay and thoughtless as Marie Antoinette had once been, the anxieties which at this moment filled her heart were of no idle cast. She had refused to receive the last sacraments of her church from the hands of the revolutionary priests, who were alone admitted to the prisons; and secret intelligence had been conveyed to her, on the evening preceding her execution, that one of the non-juring priests, concealed in a house of the Rue St. Honoré would pronounce absolution over her as she passed on her

way to the scaffold. Long did her eyes wander from house to house in fruitless search for the appointed sign: at last she discovered it over the door of an obscure dwelling. A passing ray of joy lighted up for a moment the pallid features of the fallen queen, and she bowed her head as she passed to receive the sacrament, which was thus alone accessible to her. Soon the Place de la Revolution was reached—that scene of terror and of crime. As the queen approached the scaffold, close to the very gate of the Tuileries, she glanced for a moment toward that spot where she had once dwelt in royal splendor. How many visions of the past may not have crowded through her mind during that brief, sad moment!—visions of the day when she came to that palace, years before, a gay and lovely bride, and when during the festivities attendant on her marriage, hundreds were crushed to death on that very Place!—visions of the days of thoughtless levity which followed, when the love of pleasure and admiration alone filled her heart!—visions of a time of better and purer joy, when a mother's love first stirred within her, and when with a thrill of delight she had pressed her first-born to her heart!—visions, too, of the hour when the first muttering of the gathering storm reached her ear!

All this, and much more—thoughts of the children she was leaving behind her in pitiless hands and evil days—of the hour of anguish which now awaited her—and the awful future upon which she was about to enter. All this might, and probably did, pass through the mind of the unhappy queen, as she gazed for the last time on the Tuileries—for the first time on the guillotine! Brief, however, was the space afforded her for meditation: hurried by the executioner from the cart to the scaffold, the sharp axe swiftly executed its bloody task, and the *Veuve Capet* was proclaimed to be no more! Other victims followed—The crowd gazed till they were satiated with the sight of blood—and then they dispersed, each man to his home, and thus ended the 16th October, 1793!

Sixty years had well nigh sped their changing course; Anarchy had been succeeded by despotism; Legitimacy, restored for a brief space, had yielded up the sceptre it swayed with feeble hand; Constitutional monarchy had been tried and failed; Organized republicanism, too, had had its day; and then another memorable 16th of October dawned on France.

It inaugurated the empire! Once more was a prisoner of the Conciergerie was the hero of the day. Amid the crash of falling dynasties and all the vicissitudes of time, those old gray towers had stood unchanged on the banks of the smiling Seine.

On many a sad heart had the gates of the Conciergerie closed since the day when Marie Antoinette left it for the scaffold; but few more daring spirits were ever confined within those gloomy precincts than Louis Napoleon, nephew of the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. After his landing at Boulogne, and the failure of that rash and premature attempt, the son of Hortense was confined in the ancient prison of the Palais de Justice previous to his removal to the Fortress of Ham.

The game seemed utterly lost, and even the most daring and hopeful heart might well have despaired of success. But years rolled on, the prisoner escaped, bided his time, and when France, weary of anarchy and confusion, yearned for order and security, his firm hand grasped the reins of power, and on the 16th of October, 1852, the prisoner of the Conciergerie entered Paris as the Emperor elect of the French nation.

No fog obscured the sun of Austerlitz on this memorable day—the day which sealed the doom of France, at least

during this present phase of her destinies. The air was clear and bright, and all Paris was astir; people were hurrying to and fro on the boulevards in busy preparation; shop boys looking anxiously at the clock, watching for the hour of twelve, which seemed to them "long-coming," for then the shop was to be closed and the rest of the day devoted to festivity; workmen were giving the finishing touch to triumphal arches; hawkers vending by thousands small gilt medals with the effigy of Louis Napoleon stamped on one side, and on the other the imperial eagle, with the inscription, "*La Ville de Paris, à Louis Napoleon, Empereur*," while others were crying themselves hoarse, offering for sale flying sheets headed, "*Vive l'Empereur! c'est le vœu de la France!*" "*Programme des Fêtes et des Cérémonies qui ont avoir lieu dans Paris, le Samedi, 16 Octobre*," etc., and all these valuable documents were to be acquired at the reasonable rate of five centimes apiece.

A few quiet citizens walked about in amazement, scarcely seeming well assured whether the whole was not a dream; and one might be heard greeting another beneath the shadow of Napoleon's column on the Place Vendôme with the half-inquiring exclamation, "*Eh bien, voilà l'Empire!*"

But now the hour of noon has struck. Louis Napoleon is to arrive at the railway station at two, and it is high time the procession should begin to form. On they pour—that vast human tide—hemmed in by the double file of soldiers which lined the boulevards throughout their whole extent.

Deputations from the neighboring communes, each bearing some gay flag with a laudatory device; portly *dames de la halle*, with huge nosegays in their hands; spruce-looking *demoiselles*, from divers *marchés* and *halles*, all dressed in white muslin and decked with violets; school children, led by priests and waving triumphantly their little tri-colored flags, while they shouted most lustily "*Vive l'Empereur*," and doubtless with them it was a hearty cry, for to him they were indebted for a holiday! Next came a venerable band, dressed in motley garb—the relics of the *Vieille Garde* and of the *Grand Armée*. As they passed onward with failing steps, in the varied uniforms of by-gone days, many a one with a wooden leg or broken arm, every heart warmed to the brave old men, and many a hearty cheer greeted them on their way. One of the aged men, who bore the banner, waved it three times solemnly over the heads of the younger soldiery who stood by his side as though he would fain concentrate them to the service of his master's nephew.

Squadron after squadron of cavalry now dashed onward through the streets, their helmets glittering in the noon-day sun, while every now and then the measured tread of infantry again fell upon the ear.

And now heads are seen outstretched in anxious expectation; cries, not loud, it must be owned, of "*Vive l'Empereur*," are borne upon the breeze; a brilliant group appears in the distance, and, foremost of them all, his usually impassive countenance kindling with triumph, rode Louis Napoleon. Gracefully he bowed with uncovered head as he passed onward among the crowd, his beautiful Arabian bearing itself as though it shared in its master's triumph. It was a gorgeous pageant that presented by the sight of those 150,000 armed men, crowds of gaily-dressed women, peasants from the country, all pouring along like a resistless, living tide for five whole hours without intermission. When the prince had passed, and men no longer stood on the "tip-toe of expectation," some of the sharers in the pageant seemed suddenly to remember that it was a long time since they had their breakfast; and a young national guardsman might be seen quitting the lines, and cutting a loaf in pieces with his sword, while, on the point of the same serviceable weapon, he gallantly handed the severed slices to some of the fair damsels of Montrouge, who had borne their part in the procession, and now stood, radiant with smiles and nosegays, beneath the triumphal arch. The merry peals of laughter which this act of civility elicited had scarcely subsided when a fresh incident attracted the attention of the crowd. As a cuirassier was galloping along his horse slipped on the smooth pavement of a crossing, and he fell to the ground with some violence. One of the pretty *cantinières*, or *filles du régiment*, dressed in picturesque military attire, immediately stepped forward and assisted the fallen man to rise, at the same time offering him a draught from the canteen which hung gracefully by her side. Gaiety and good humor served to lend a charm to every passing incident, and an atmosphere of joyous hilarity pervaded all around. Meanwhile the prince and his brilliant staff passed on their way through the gazing throngs till they reached the Place de la Concorde.

No blood-stained guillotine now defaced that spacious area; sparkling fountains played on the very spot where once the blood of royalty had flowed, as though they would fain efface the foul stain which had erstwhile marked their site.

Did recollections of the deeds of violence which this Place de la Révolution had witnessed sixty years before,

cast their shadow over the heart of the new potentate as he entered the gates of the palace where Marie Antoinette had once dwelt in royal splendor? Did a conviction of the illusive nature of all this triumphal pomp flash across his mind, when, in answer to one of his attendants who expressed a hope that his imperial highness had been satisfied with his reception, he replied, "*Beaucoup d'arcs de triomphe, mais très peu d'enthousiasme!*"

Very little enthusiasm indeed there was throughout the vast concourse assembled on that day in Paris. Parisian women were pleased, because it was a gay scene, such a scene as they always love—and "*il y aura tant de belles fêtes quand nous aurons un Empereur!*" Some old soldiers were pleased, because the hero of the day was nephew to their own Napoleon; and the prospect of a busy season won him some golden opinions from Parisian tradesmen. But among the great mass of the people not one spark of true homage or genuine devotion glowed as their future Emperor rode through the streets of Paris, while in many a breast hatred as deep and undying as that which followed the fallen queen to the scaffold pursued the rising emperor to the Palace of the Tuileries.

The one quality of Louis Napoleon which, in the eyes of France, redeems his despotism, and casts a *prestige* about his person, is his undaunted courage—his almost reckless daring—" *Il n'a pas peur, ce gaillard là!*" was the exclamation of a stout-hearted Norman peasant, who did not seem in any other respect to entertain much reverence or affection for his new ruler.

" *Il n'y aura pas d'attentat sur sa vie car il ne craint rien, cet homme là, et les Français respectent le courage*," was the observation of a Parisian gentleman who acknowledged no other merit, save that of hardihood, in the future emperor.

And thus, amid the hollow plaudits of the populace, amid gay processions and brilliant illuminations, terminated the 16th October, 1852, whose sunny sky and gorgeous pomp offered a striking contrast to the mournful gloom of the same day in the month of October, 1793.

The fate of Marie Antoinette, despite her weakness, her follies and her mistakes, has awakened emotions of pity and of regret even in the minds of her bitterest foes, and we question whether there are any who can look back on that fatal 16th October, 1793, and think without a sigh on the degradation and misery which a fallen queen was then called upon to endure.

With what eyes posterity may glance back upon the 16th October, 1852; whether blame or wonder, pity or admiration will predominate in the minds of men, as, at the close of another half century, they look back upon the conduct and career of Louis Napoleon, we cannot now venture to predict.

To the issue of events still unfolded in the womb of time we leave the result of his daring policy, and for a faithful verdict on his character we must await the future decision of that *vox populi* which sooner or later is sure to speak with impartial truth of the mighty dead!

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

### REGENERATION AND INNOVATION.

In Michelet's book *Le Mer*, we are told that the hope of the civilized world is shrouded in the mysteries of the sea—perhaps personified in the oyster! Woman! woman! always ready to devote herself to the work of love, health, life and beneficence—must be the active apostle of this new gospel.

Life is worn out with terrible rapidity by its own morbid intensity.

Men need rest for recuperation, mentally and physically, therefore the true salvation, secularly speaking, is a copious baptism in the sea, under the tender but powerful ministrations of woman. Such is the grand, but simple plan of regeneration announced by M. Michelet, poet, philosopher and lay preacher.

But, argues man, sentimentally, in what do women excel to render themselves immortal? The brightest wreath fame has to bestow has rarely, if ever, encircled a woman's brow. They can boast no Shakespeare, no Milton, no Titian or Raphael, no Handel or Mozart; and certainly, in the highest department of intellect they must yield the palm to man.

With such learned lore as we gain, they would feel like a dwarf who had ambitiously possessed himself of a giant's armor, rather encumbered than enriched. They cannot, like us, contemplate every varied form of life. In heavy prose or lighter fiction, it is difficult to believe that any woman, however highly gifted, could write like Scott or Bulwer. There is not the grasp and vigor that might make this possible.

But as they are something like the old man in Sinbad, not to be got rid of, we must try to solace ourselves with the recollections of this negative quality: they certainly are quite harmless!

To these courteous Sir Oracles, I reply, granted in part! It is possible we shall never master conic sections. We shall perhaps never be scientific, mechanical or profound; engineering polemical, financial, philanthropic (only under certain aggravations) or inventors.

Perhaps we may be permitted to be "pure womanly," and without promising any mathematical principles, admire all there is of Art, in which it is better to believe and have blind confidence than seek to know how and why it is done.

Our superiority in small talk, observation and gossip cannot be denied. We do not, either, balance the precise value of our accomplishments in this life, for we might discover that everything, from an emperor's sceptre to a baby's rattle, was alike insignificant.

A Parisian philosopher argues rather ambiguously, that "woman is a necessity which Providence has converted into an enjoyment." Again, "woman fills up the intervals of life like the cotton in glass boxes; we reckon the cotton as nothing, yet everything would break to pieces without it."

Hens and chickens of the farm-yard, no doubt, create in us a proper respect and affection, but some prefer the eagle that rears up to the sun. So the cabbages and turnips of the field we owe respect to, but not the admiration with which we contemplate the majestic tree among mountain fastnesses that braves the whirlwind and the storm. Yet I believe, among women, who pursue "the noiseless tenor of their way," may be found minds of the highest order, and hearts of keenest feeling, whose aspirations of ambition may be crushed and sacrificed in the interests, the selfishness, or the preferences of others.

Innovation has been the scarecrow of a certain class for successive ages. Wickliffe and Luther were considered most dangerous innovators. Columbus was sneered at as a theorist. Galileo imprisoned as a heretic.

In those dark days every step in science was watched and opposed. Innoculation was gross impiety—printing, the work and device of the devil. Woman's life was dull and monotonous as that of an enshrined idol. If a spark of brightness was elicited from her dull inertness, she was liable to be tossed in a blanket, ducked in a horse pond, or burnt as a witch!

In so-called days of Chivalry, justice was imperfectly understood or capriciously rendered.

Woman, sometimes the prey of lawless violence, sometimes the object of absurd homage—their highest accomplishments—weaving idle dreams of love into never-ending tapestry or telling their beads.

It was also necessary to publicly admonish young ladies of degree "to lean not by any means upon their elbows, not to eat *spoon* meat so hot that the tears should stand in their eyes," and that "to throw liquor down the throat, as into a funnel, was an action fitter for a juggler than a gentlewoman;" also, that "it was decent and comely to use a fork."

But nowadays men are not tilting with every wind-mill in their way for the love of the radiant eyes of Dulcinea Del Toboso, nor are women of the present day content with mere "tilting heroes;" for, from the difference of science and taste, the benefits arising from intellectual cultivation, the sphere of enjoyment is incalculably enlarged, and a thousand feelings, sympathies and pleasures open to them, which were unknown to an earlier and more barbarous state of society.

Woman's onward march is disputed, inch by inch, for the development of independent thought; for useful progress, for the unity of the ideal and the actual. In the conflict between innovation and routine they may infringe upon each other as enemies, but they will finally unite themselves together as friends.

If there were no innovators, chaos would come again, the world would be out of joint; yet to remedy too much innovation, the conservative power of routine protects society from dire consequences.

Thus, though, "men must work," women need not weep, but work likewise if men would permit; but when all ideas fail, the rights and innovations of woman are seized upon as one of the topics of vitality which is left in this age of evenescent cant and glorified shame.

Therefore, man takes to it as kindly as a hungry spider takes to a fat fly, which has become entangled in his net; he takes to it with as much alacrity as a seedy politician takes to a Janus-faced public; he takes to it with as much sympathetic zeal as a quack doctor takes to the care of a wealthy lady of unmentionable age and imaginable ailments; yea, with not lessunction than a fashionable minister of the period takes to a congregation of highly respectable sleepy-heads and full purses.

Men have long been left floating in a sea of doubt as to what constitutes the criterion of a perfect woman.

Sages and philosophers—sacred and profane, ancient and modern—have been unable to construct a common platform for her little feet. Yet I contend woman is as restless now, as in those days when Troy was laid in ashes for her sweet sake.

If she cannot give one vote, she can at least control twenty; confessedly at the root of all troubles, says gossip, she has finally brought about the war in Europe. The fair Eugenie, the youthful Madame Ollivier, the Premiers of Flanders, and sundry other gentle politicians of France, with their delicate fingers, have stirred the seething caldron into fulmination, and all because woman will write letters, telegraph secrets, and will have her own sweet will.

Thereupon she reigns queen of hearts and homes. In politics, in literature, in editorial sanctums, in nursery, drawing-room and kitchen, her versatile talents alike fit her to rule and reign right royally and gently withal.

When one has finished of Miss Muloch's, "The Woman at a loss to decide whether the life of the one twin sister, the other, has been the exposure is the woman's kingdom. Fling to the ambition of the preme in the world they are happy according to her own drawn, truthful picture of they only knew it. Women choose. Their kingdom is their own making. Can arise sively than the development subject of what is woman wishes a puppet of fashion. Even those who have not p or Stuart Mill, with regard shrink from taking a wife f Jenningham type of society as long as possible. They a mate (she is not a marry pared to fly to the other h fate with a Rosa Bell, who But while men are disgust and pursue no study save t or self-gratification, they those who violate the l please by the application e their attire.

The world of fashion h as her kingdom, but, in r the Empire to which A have too much practical p impression which dress m Dickinson make their app details of their elegant to the new French artist w McCreery's fall costumes gant, with no redundanc modeled to the prevailing ing the individuality of hair is crimped in small c is covered with a filmy n queenly head. Her blac the fit is perfect, the "pa gant, while a costly Cha drapery over the whole. so cheerily as she advan compliment to her good sentiments.

I saw Anna Dickinson stitute. Her dress was woman's character. Sh of her black dress were to her person. She is ne effect the long train whi and fro in the course of h encircled her graceful th wrists and expressive ha pressive in its way as th Dickinson understands black hair, worn like a t tural disorder, guiltless She was a glorious-look very woman, a queen is well as an empress in d

Fortunately for wom whole minds to the sul, the business or literary ercise of her taste with time. Since Worth set for Parisian belles many woman's kingdom. Me intellects to assist womo ous question, "What s nificant establishment c way. Not only shall v variety of style, of hom tion to make our select parments ready to recei by a man, a Parisian ar designer of the court c take your measure and parment similar to his own sex will wait upo designs executed by thi tion. If you desire to p sive right to a design, ta that no other lady will need to shop for trim eyes, etc., etc., as in th bers. Time, which is a for the business woman whether lace, fringe, would suit your style how much material of than these lines have

THE INVADERS OF THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

BY E. V. B.

When one has finished reading that charming story of Miss Muloch's, "The Woman's Kingdom," they are much at a loss to decide whether the true and earnest and beautiful life of the one twin sister, or the false and selfish one of the other, has been the exponent of the author's idea of what is the woman's kingdom. Both are successful lives according to the ambition of the lives. Both women reign supreme in the world they are ambitious to rule, and each is happy according to her own ideas of happiness. 'Tis a well-drawn, truthful picture of life as it is. All women rule if they only knew it. Women can take just what position they choose. Their kingdom knows no bounds save the limits of their own making. Can anything prove this more conclusively than the development of American men's ideas on the subject of what is woman's sphere. No American man wishes a puppet of fashion, a dressed up doll, for a wife. Even those who have not progressed as far as John Bright or Stuart Mill, with regard to woman's political privileges, shrink from taking a wife from the butterfly tribe, the Mrs. Jenningham type of society women, and postpone marriage as long as possible. They do not wish an Anna Dickinson for a mate (she is not a marrying woman), but are scarcely prepared to fly to the other horn of the dilemma, and link their fate with a Rosa Bell, who thinks flirting keeps a girl alive. But while men are disgusted with women who live to dress, and pursue no study save that of their personal adornment or self-gratification, they are as much or more repelled by those who violate the laws of taste and do not study to please by the application of æsthetic rules to the selection of their attire.

The world of fashion has always been yielded to woman as her kingdom, but, in reality, it is only a small portion of the Empire to which American women aspire. Still, they have too much practical good sense to neglect the effect and impression which dress makes. When Mrs. Stanton or Anna Dickinson make their appearance on the orator's rostrum the details of their elegant toilets would elicit the admiration of the new French artist who is designing the costumes for McCreery's fall customers. While perfectly simple and elegant, with no redundancy of ornament, their dresses are modeled to the prevailing style, yet with a view of expressing the individuality of the wearer. Mrs. Stanton's silvery hair is crimped in small curls in front; a moderate chignon is covered with a filmy net, while a green ribbon bands her queenly head. Her black silk dress is moderately trimmed, the fit is perfect, the "passementerie" trimming rich and elegant, while a costly Chantilly lace shawl falls in graceful drapery over the whole. No wonder the applause rings up so cheerily as she advances to the desk. It is as much in compliment to her good taste as to her good sense and liberal sentiments.

I saw Anna Dickinson once on the rostrum at Cooper Institute. Her dress was faultless, as an expression of the woman's character. She is small and slender; so the sleeves of her black dress were puffed to give fullness and breadth to her person. She is not tall; therefore she wore with good effect the long train which swept the stage as she walked to and fro in the course of her address. Laces of delicate beauty encircled her graceful throat and fell in wide frills from her wrists and expressive hands; for the human hand is as expressive in its way as the human face or voice, and Anna Dickinson understands the use of her hands. Her short black hair, worn like a boy's, curled and waved about in natural disorder, guiltless of ribbons or ornaments of any kind. She was a glorious-looking creature, but rest assured she is a very woman, a queen in the woman's kingdom of dress, as well as an empress in the domain of progressive thought.

Fortunately for women who do not choose to give their whole minds to the subject of dress, every facility is afforded the business or literary woman of the present day for the exercise of her taste without consuming a large portion of her time. Since Worth set the example of designing costumes for Parisian belles many of the sterner sex have invaded the woman's kingdom. Men are found ready with their trained intellects to assist women in a quick disposal of the momentous question, "What shall I wear?" Let us enter the magnificent establishment of James McCreery & Co., on Broadway. Not only shall we find ready-made dresses of every variety of style, of home manufacture and foreign importation to make our selection from, but here also are two departments ready to receive our orders. One is presided over by a man, a Parisian artist, who has been for many years a designer of the court costumes at St. Petersburg. He will take your measure and fit you, or he will show you a department similar to his own where, if you prefer, one of your own sex will wait upon you. You look over the exquisite designs executed by this model artist and make your selection. If you desire to pay for it you can purchase the exclusive right to a design, take it home with you, and thus insure that no other lady will duplicate your dress. There is no need to shop for trimmings and linings, buttons, hooks and eyes, etc., etc., as in the days of our mothers and grandmothers. Time, which is money in our day, is better economized for the business woman. The artist here steps in and knows whether lace, fringe, "passementerie," ruffles or plaitings would suit your style and occupation best. He knows, too, how much material of every kind is needed. In less time than these lines have been penned the whole matter is de-

cided, and when next you see your dress it is at your door in a neat box, sent by express. You have nothing to do but put it on and wear it. Dressmakers do not make mistakes in the fit nowadays.

Moschowitz, the New York Worth, is, perhaps, the greatest invader of the women's kingdom that the world can boast. He has but two women in his elegant establishment at 63 East Ninth street. All his workers are men. He has between thirty-five and forty whiskered and mustached Europeans—Germans, Hungarians, Poles and Bohemians—executing the designs which he makes for his customers. He is a young Hungarian, and has never resorted to the usual American tricks of trade to advance his business; yet his customers are drawn from the best circles of society all over the Republic. No one wonders at this who has seen his designs, they are of such wondrous beauty. Some of the elegant toilets displayed this season by Mrs. Lars Anderson, of Cincinnati, at Saratoga, were made by Moschowitz. Mrs. Constant, of New Orleans, and Mrs. Tibbetts, her mother, ordered their dresses at this establishment that they are now wearing at Newport; while Mrs. Laurens Andrews, of this city, sent her daughter-in-law lately a dress from the workshop of this New York Worth to display at a European court.

Verily the time is not far distant when New York will set the fashions for the world.

Butterick, another invader of the woman's kingdom, sends his paper dress-patterns to every quarter of the great Republic, and even into the British possessions.

People never complain when men step out of their sphere. Why can they not let women have the same privilege? Now I suspect, so strongly that it almost amounts to a conviction, that men are secretly pleased when women are self-assertive and boldly dash out of the woman's kingdom into the wider empire claimed by American women as their domain. In truth there are some men whose mental development is as essentially feminine as there are women who are born Amazonian in soul however weak their bodies may be.

When Madame Demorest and her colleague, Miss King, boldly launched their bark upon the sea of commerce as importers, and when Madames Woodhull and Claflin opened their banking house on Broad street, men were really pleased, and gave the fair adventurers a helping hand by many a sly puff concealed under the garb of a little wholesome and good-natured ridicule. I do not think I know a man who would not admire a woman who could swim when a boat is capsized in a lake, or one who could fire a pistol when a burglar is discovered in a house. Aye, and whose feelings would not amount almost to adoration as he discovered that she whom God gave as his last best gift to man was capable of rising to every emergency of life and proving her perfect equality in all things with himself. "Not in vain the distance beckons" as "through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day," old prejudices, old and senseless conventionalities are swept aside by the common sense of most. That same sober-footed dame, common sense, will, we trust, keep our progression within proper bounds, will assist us in defining the limits of the woman's kingdom and her new-found empire, and will regulate how far each sex may invade the domain of the other without infringing upon natural rights.

WOMAN AS AN INSPIRATION IN HUMAN GOVERNMENT.

For woman to be denied political representation is a far fouler wrong to man than to woman herself. The children of the slaveholder were more wronged as a class than the children of the slave. The soul of a human being is given a mortal wound whenever injustice and cruelty and oppression are implanted within it as principles. So when men are educated to the idea that women are their chattels, not their equals, one of the fundamental principles of soul growth and spiritual elevation is taken away from them. We are dead in trespasses and sins of brutal selfishness when we are all deprived of our innate sense of respect and veneration for some human being who shall be to us the inspiration of our worship of the Divinity itself. Woman was given to man to be this inspiration. Man was made to be this guiding, guardian angel to woman. The soul that ceases to love violates the first great law of creation, and cannot worship acceptably.

Marriage need not always be the seal of this love—passion should never be its motive power. The highest, holiest, purest lives lived by both men and women that are recorded upon the scroll of history are of those who denied themselves the society of the opposite sex as man and wife, and lived lives of absolute personal purity. Shall we, dare we, say they did not love. The secrets of their interior lives are sometimes dimly revealed to us in some sublime expressions or acts left as "footprints on the sands of time" to "guide us o'er life's solemn main."

These lives of such mysterious beauty, even more than the ills we see in domestic life and society, point plainly to the truth that since our first parents were banished from Eden the relations of the sexes toward each other have been sadly misunderstood and abused.

For six thousand years we have tried the experiment of making woman man's inferior and slave, and shall we say we have a perfect government upon the face of the globe? Can we assert we have ever had it?

Among all the experiments that have been made in hu-

man government, is it not singular that we have never tried that of universal enfranchisement? And is it not wonderful in this age of progress, that we should be afraid to try the experiment of bringing what all acknowledge to be the higher moral element of woman's mind to our aid in solving the vexed political questions of the period.

We pay compliments to her purity of soul, and quickness of perception, and wonderful intuitions in all other matters; shall we deprive ourselves of those advantages in the most important of all earthly, human concerns, that of human government?

Are we afraid that in throwing woman into the arena of politics she will cease to be the divinity of our homes, the sainted mother of our children? Oh! weak and unbelieving infidels that we are. Can we unmake Nature's laws by a human law? We profess to be a Christian people and believers in a revealed and supernatural religion, yet prove that we disbelieve the efficacy of that religion and its sacraments as remedies for human ills, by asserting that we are afraid to enfranchise woman, and make her our helpmate in all things, lest she should become degraded and forget her God and her duty in the exercise of that very privilege we claim as ennobling ourselves. Where is our boasted manhood? It is men, not women, who are unsexed by this unmanly cowardice.

Never until woman is completely free can man love her as she should be loved. Never can man find his truest, highest development until he learns to love woman as his equal, not as his slave. Never can woman regard man as her head, "even as Christ is the head of the Church," until she is left free to do so as her conscience shall dictate, not as human laws shall enforce.

E. V. B.

A VOICE FROM GEORGIA.

[We preface the following letter with an entreaty for the forgiveness of the writer. We acknowledge that it would have been more *en regle* to have obtained his consent to our course, but, even at the risk of his disapprobation, we cannot selfishly withhold a communication so pleasant and full of kindly feeling:]

ATLANTA, GA., August 10, 1870.

DEAR WOODHULL & CLAFLIN (the WEEKLY, I mean, of course):

You may send me your paper!! and for that exalted privilege, as it is princely to bestow with privileges and dignities the wherewithal to support the same, I inclose you four dollars.

The Atlanta Constitution (it and I are mutual friends) gave me your latest WEEKLY, a few days ago, thinking, doubtless, I was a proper subject to be wrought upon by its teachings.

Well, I liked it. It was spicy, entertaining—yes, the sprightliest sheet I have read in a long, long time—so much of the true woman displayed in its columns. It is something new, it is original, and, with that vein of chivalry that possesses the soul of every true Southron, I am forced to admire gifted women. Besides that, there was in it an Atlanta letter from Sidney Root. It was captivating. He praised Atlanta—that charmed me. Then there was a bit of poetry about a picture; a short romance; a brave effort to parry the satire (the exquisite satire, I must say) of Charles Dana, of the Sun, about the Pantarchy; a Sixteenth Amendment article; and throughout all a visible and spirited maintenance of "woman's rights." Oh! it fascinated me, and I at once determined to ADDRESS you (the WEEKLY, of course) as a subscriber. I felt just as if I were in a circle of gifted ladies at some literary reunion, whereat there was a beautiful commingling of wit, satire, sense, nonsense, romance, science, music, love and flowers. But do not understand me to profess allegiance to your party. I am merely a "looker-on in Vienna," and, admiring your wit and genius (the WEEKLY'S, of course), I am forced to tell you of it.

Still, I do agree in part with the principles you advocate, and as to those principles about which we differ, you argue your views with so much plausibility and spirit that I am amused and entertained.

Above all, I applaud the manly enterprise and energy with which you carry on your paper. I heartily desire to see you succeed as your brave hearts and gifted minds deserve, and I doubt not you will—not only in acquiring wealth and fame for yourself (the WEEKLY), but in benefiting your sex, all of whom I love—God bless 'em!

In testimony whereof I have subscribed myself,

Your admirer,

SIDNEY DELL.

P. S. N. B., etc.—When you become President, remember—I want an "orphan."

[Ed.—Upon the word of a President-elect that is to be, you shall have an excellent "orphan," Mr. Dell. Have you a preference, sir? We will expect nothing for the appointment but your thanks, so you must give no thought to a present, for we shall feel in duty bound to follow the examples given by our manly predecessors, and refuse all gifts.]

TO OUR CHESS-PLAYING FRIENDS.—In consequence of the continued influx of important matter the chess column will be suspended for a few weeks. In the meantime I shall collect the best information on chess at my command, and expect to furnish my readers with very interesting games and problems. Very truly yours, FREDERICK L. BAKER.





For example, it was shown above that Trinism itself is



no other than a composition of Unism and Duism, or, inversely, it may be regarded as a deeper Unism manifesting Unism and Duism as aspects, but it is in all events, as fundamental and universal as they are.

To make now the application of all this philosophizing to the matter in hand, namely, the characterization of the Three Leading Divisions of Christendom, The Old Catholic Church, Protestantism, and The New Catholic Church, it results, although the basis principle of Old Catholicism is purely Arbitrary Authority, and that of Protestantism purely Free Individual Judgment, that neither body of believers is absolutely and exclusively true to its platform of doctrine; but that precisely the same primitive cause which differentiated them, acts continuously within each separate body, dividing each Church into a Conservative (Unism) and a liberal (Duisism) wing or branch, and so on down to the least sectarian twig, and, in fine, out to the individual and to the opposing elements of each individual character. In other words, there is and must be, in illustration of Universal Principles, a *less expansive* and a *more expansive* compartment of every consociation of entities and persons.

There is, therefore, practically, no more than a *Mere Preponderance* of inclination to the dominancy of the one or the other of the fundamental principles, together with a subdominance or less proportion of the opposite principle. Even in the New Catholic Church there will be, *necessarily*, a more conservative and a more progressive wing, or branch; and whenever a centre is declared, it will also divide in the same two directions. It is the discovery of this *Identity of Principles underlying all differences* which makes it now possible for the Old Catholics and the Protestants to be reconciled in the bosom of the New Catholic Church.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

#### LABOR AND CAPITAL.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., August 8, 1870.

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN: The article in your paper of 30th July—"Labor and Capital"—I have read with interest. The condition of society at present requires that something must be done, and at the earliest day. If the producing classes can be made to fully comprehend the remedies within their grasp, a change can be made without any serious shock to society. For a long time men of thought have consulted upon the subject. I inclose the remedy, which has, as you will perceive, been indorsed by a meeting of the citizens of St. Louis.

If proper exertions be made, the National Labor Union, which meets on 15th in Cincinnati, can compact the masses upon those vital and fundamental questions.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JNO. MAGWIRE.

#### ADDRESS OF THE HON. JOHN MAGWIRE.

PAUPERISM AND USURY: THE REMEDIES—THE SOCIAL EVILS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, WHICH, IF NOT REMEDIED, THEIR FORM OF GOVERNMENT MUST NECESSARILY ALTER.

First, Free Homestead, or a sufficiency of the soil to every American citizen, at his heritage, of which he cannot be deprived by his own act, or by the act of his agent, the Congress.

Second, A sufficiency of the money token, the representative of wealth, to every American citizen, supplied on the security of his wealth by his agent, the Government, without the interposition of middlemen, called banks, at the cost of the issue of the token.

NOTE.—By these provisions pauperism and usury, which oppress men more than all the other evils of life, are eradicated.

The propositions contained in these two averments will startle the prejudices and alarm the usages of men, and will arouse opposition from the few whose personal interest will be affected by them, in the same way as when, toward the close of the last century, the novelty of the political doctrine, enunciated by the founders of the American Republic, struck the aristocracies of Europe with indignation and alarm, and called forth the denunciations of orators and publicists against the wild and lawless avowals.

Nations, like individuals, love repose, and custom, the tyrant that fetters men, will not be disturbed; the knowledge of this weakness gives confidence to aggression, and the rights of communities are sifted from them gradually under its influence. We, as a Government, are not yet a century old, and we claim that we are the owners of more political rights than all the world besides; and in this the American people are not mistaken. Our political welfare has been well provided for by the founders; parties have arisen from the interpretation put upon the true intent and meaning of the Constitution, but the political sovereignty of the people has never been denied by any party; the task undertaken by the framers was of the greatest magnitude; the wisdom it required was excelled only by the courage needed to undertake and accomplish the mighty feat; and the American citizen of to-day must not complain too loudly if the revolution achieved only half, and that, the lesser one, requisite to establish a republic, with permanency as its attribute.

The social welfare of the people was but little thought of by the founders of the republic. Governmental superstition, with its idols, was overthrown, but the traditions connected with the soil, and with the currency or medium of exchange of the wealth of communities, were accepted with faint inquiry, and have been suffered to rule without restraint. In less than a century we witness the wide-spread results of this oversight. A people of forty millions of citizens politically free, yet the laborers, skilled and unskilled, of the nation, the authors of all its wealth, and the rightful owners, beyond all proportion, of its soil, are socially slaves. All the antagonisms which old monarchies in Europe and Asia produce, between labor and capital, so called, between the

rich and the poor, between concentrated wealth and concentrated poverty, are developed at large in our youthful republic. The results are, combinations, and strikes, and hostilities, and antagonisms, and pauperism, and crime, as prolific in our dense communities, as if the sun of political freedom had never shone on the American people.

In a land of superabundant affluence, with every variety of soil, the most prolific of wealth above and below its surface, intersected with lakes and rivers, and encompassed with oceans suggestive of perpetual interchange of products, with a people singularly conspicuous for daring thought almost superhuman action, dearth of any of the means of physical existence would seem impossible. Labor, the author of all wealth, in such a community would seem to be a cherished and a prosperous inmate; it would appear meet and natural that the author of wealth, the sole producer, should be met especially a sharer, and if, by any mischance, an individual laborer should become a pauper, the instance would be exceptional and almost miraculous.

But the experience of the American people, within a term of time less than a century, proves satisfactorily that some overruling causes divert and neutralize these realizations: that pauperism is not the heritage of the British or French or other European laborer alone; that woman does not lay down her virtue for subsistence in lands alone which never tasted political freedom, and that it is not the dense communities of Antioch, or Constantinople, or Vienna, or Berlin, or Dresden, or Madrid, or Paris, or London, or other human bives, sweltering under the burden and heat of European and Asiatic tyrannies, which undergo the summer blaze and the winter storm without subsistence or raiment.

The cause of the wide-spread destitution of American labor in the dense communities of the country is not attributable to the political form of the Government. If political freedom alone of the choicest cast could save a people from the lowest condition of social degradation, pauperism, and that worse than pauperism, the state of uncertainty in which the American laborer oscillates, then the right of sufficient subsistence were guaranteed to the citizen of either sex and of every age beyond question; and as the injury is not attributable to the political compact and form of the nation, so is the remedy of the social wrongs of the American laborer not to be sought for in that sphere. The vindication and fundamental settlement of the rights of American labor are independent of political party, and can be established by no other organization but its own, on the motto:

"Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!"

The National Labor Union, therefore, not attributing the downcast condition of the people who live by labor to political party, seek not the redress of that condition by the instrumentality of political party. They are in this momentous engagement neither Democrats nor Republicans; nor do they ask nor will they accept the co-operation of Republicans or of Democrats, as such, but will strike hands in cordial amity and brotherhood with every American citizen who unites with them in the arduous enterprise of laying the pedestal of social welfare toward the close of the nineteenth century beside the foundation stone of the political welfare of the American people deeply set and with blood cemented toward the close of the century preceding, in order that by the just distribution of social as of political rights, the equilibrium of the republic may be established, and its existence be perpetuated.

The mode of redress and of the future prevention of pauperism and usury—the twin evils which crush American labor—consists in the doctrine of a sufficiency of the soil, the foundation source of all physical sustenance to every American citizen, of either sex and of every age, as a heritage and as a right, of which he cannot be deprived by his own act or by that of his agent, the Government, on the maxim that individual pauperism is public infirmity, and must be prohibited for the common welfare; that the citizen shall not be allowed to be a pauper, not merely for his own sake, but on the higher ground of the injury thereby done to the community; that the ballot in the hand of a pauper is a bauble, in the hand of a freeholder a scepter; that individual freehold is eternal vigilance. These reasons, cogent and conclusive, with others of equal value which can be quoted, demonstrate beyond question that the wide-spread pauperism of the American laborer, the mechanic, the artisan, who constitute the vast majority of the nation, creating its wealth and electing its officers, in whose hands is the Government absolutely when they undertake to control it, in self-defence, has assumed an aspect of national complexion, which cannot be temporized with any longer, and which demands now a fundamental settlement. Free homestead, so dear to American sentiment, in contradiction to the formidable fraud of an agent, who squanders the heritage of the citizens in inordinate grants to plunderers, and who doles out his patrimony, in small dimensions, to the rightful owner of the soil, for cash payments, and other terms and conditions that render the conveyance a nullity, and the transaction a delusion, empowered by legislation which is the prolific parent of perjuries and of frauds, free homestead, we say, to every American citizen who needs it, of either sex and of any age, on rules simple and practical, which take from present owners nothing that belongs to them, yet give from a superabundant and a prolific soil a sufficiency thereof for individual sustenance, according to a standard of right which will be self-operating always, is the remedy in the first and chief instance of American pauperism.

The second and the cognate course which oppresses American labor is the money system of the Government, which absorbs all its profit; that system transmutes money—the representation of the wealth of the people—into mock merchandise, which is bought and sold at heavier charges than the substantial merchandise and other wealth of the nation of which money is merely the representative. This is the fountain source of money interest, as it is called, or usury, as is its proper appellation, whether that usury be exorbitant or otherwise, of which the American Congress is the author, by delivering the money, when made, into the control and disposal of a few middlemen, called, under cover of a figure of speech, banks.

Banks impede instead of facilitating commerce, as they claim; it is their interest to do so; the more they hold the medium of exchange or the money token within their grasp, the more they extort in order to loosen it; the money famines of commerce are the money harvests of banks, and the present profits which banks reap from the control of the currency delegated to them by the Congress would pay the annual expenses of the Government, and erase a proportion of the public debt progressively.

The American Government is a bank of issue; it undertakes the expense and responsibility of the issue of the money token needed to transact the vast, the countless domestic traffic of the American people; that issue is sanctified with the impress of the emblem and the honor of the nation. Immaterial what the substance is upon which the

impress is made, it is the lawful medium of the exchange of this vast traffic, and has therefore the absolute control and direction of the entire wealth or substance of the American people. To delegate that issue to a few men called banks is a fearful venture. It is a dangerous and a costly enterprise. The guards attempted to be thrown around this mighty responsibility are proof of a guilty knowledge of the legislation that does this fearful thing. Results are a sure test of the truth of statements; revolutions, panics, suspensions, contractions, inflations, insolvencies, bankruptcies, gold gambblings, loans, debts, tariffs, taxation, and an incongruous mass of rapid legislation in the way of funding bills, to cicatrize the cancer—legislation as rotten as the disease it pretends to cure—are the spawn begot by the connection of the banks with the currency of commerce since the foundation of the Government—the best bank-plundered people in history.

The American Government is a bank of issue. National banks are authorized by law to obtain this issue and disburse it upon terms among the people. They are middlemen between the Government and the citizen. If the Congress who have enacted this middleman system were called on for a reason why, they could adduce none except that banks are the fashion as well in America as in England, with this difference—that the Parliaments in England are the arbiters of the mode; in America their Congresses are the slaves.

The labor of the country can herein see how its profits are absorbed by the system of usury thus established by Congress, either in ignorance or corruption.

The doctrine of political power being inherent in a sovereign and an aristocratic Parliament, against which a successful rebellion was enacted at the close of the last century, can be as easily defended as for the Government of a people to justify the delegation of the custody and management of the money token, which represents their whole wealth, to a small body of men, couched under cover of a figure of speech and termed a bank. Men possessed of this power necessarily plunder.

The remedy of the evil, the giant evil, is simple. The American Government is a bank of issue; this power is an attribute of sovereignty, and cannot be delegated no more than can a legislature; let the Government, by a bureau appointed to that end, discharge all the functions of the issue and of its loans; it is the right of the citizen to obtain from his agent the token or representative of his wealth on the credit of the wealth, adjusted in amount according to value by law, at the cost merely of its production. No interest, no usury—that curse and ruin of nations and peoples, which feeds the blindest, the most insatiate and the most bearded appetite of man's vilest nature, denounced by reason and by religion, by Pagan sages, by Christian saints, as well as by the Arabian imposter in his purest idiom.

Thus, associates of the National Labor Union and fellow-citizens of Missouri, we lay before you a brief statement of the wrongs under which American labor suffers, by force of a social and commercial and monetary system, vicious and rotten from the foundation, and putrifying the very body of the Republic. The remedies we prescribe are obvious and simple. As novelties they are startling, and the more so because they eradicate and scatter superstition, which vain would sanctify certain social creeds. We have little faith, however, in a monetary system that exists principally on a belief called credit, and which, like other false beliefs, has many costly temples, wherein are mysteries; we acknowledge the money power and have only irresistible reasoning and five millions of voters, American laborers, workmen, artisans and mechanics to oppose to it; men who can discover a public enemy in the person of a foreign foe when landing upon our shores, as in the war of 1812, or in the form of a perfidious and subtle system of finance that strips labor of his raiment and turns out his children hungry upon the highways, as in the year of grace 1870.

With a soil superabundant and productive beyond compare, we can account for the pauperism of American citizens by the million, in no other manner but that of the guilty mode in which it is given away gratis; in the midst of such affluence of land, the source of all wealth, when created by the magic touch of labor, an American pauper is, in our view, an absurdity. He is the product of a peculiar subtlety of American legislation, or the illegitimate descendant of English feudalism without the shelter of a poor-law.

The Congress should learn, or be taught, that idleness is the product of nothingness and casts its slough in the sunlight of ownership; that labor is a necessity, although it varies individually in amount and quality; that to compel it by poverty is a crime and to encourage it by sufficiency is state-manship stamped with justice; that a sufficiency of the soil and individual enterprise are natural allies, and that the beneficial results of their joint action are endless and incalculable; that sufficiency invades no man's rightful possessions. This is the soul and kernel of the great cause. That sufficiency affects the acquisitions of no man's industry or qualification. That the idle are not fed by the bread of the industrious, for with sufficiency he has no excuse nor motive to be idle. That sufficiency is the friend not the enemy of surplus wealth, as to resist aggression is not aggression. That vain is the surmise that the business of life stagnates, if there be not artificial as well as natural inequality among men, and that by the irresistible power of surplus wealth, without sufficiency for the needy, life, instead of being an ordered feast, is a scramble.

FRENCH IDEAS OF WOMAN.—One would imagine in Paris that women had only just been created, so incessantly the Parisian mind busies itself with their description and analysis and classification. Following the general fashion, a Parisian journal, as an intellectual exercise for its subscribers, the invention of a suitable definition for "the sex," and received an immense quantity of answers. Here are some of them:

"A woman is a necessity, which Providence has converted into an enjoyment."

"Definition geometrical.—Woman is a polygon, for she has many sides, good and bad."

"It is the being who has not the soul in the body, but the body in the soul."

"A woman is a being capable of experiencing sensations, but sentiments never."

"At a distance, a rose without a thorn; approached—a thorn without a rose."

"Women fill up the intervals in conversation and in life like the down placed in glass boxes; we reckon the down as nothing, yet everything would break to pieces without it."

"The woman of the world is a woman who knows how to be distinguished with a toilet of two louis, and simple with a toilet of a thousand crowns."

"The woman of the world is she who is enough so never to be obliged to announce in what circles she moves."

"It is she who feels at home wherever she finds herself."

Uselessly, aimlessly, drifting  
What was I born for? "Papa!"  
I am told by mother. Well  
"Somebody" keeps him  
And if naught but marriage  
I believe I shall die in an  
For, though I'm not ugly  
You might easily find a man  
And then, as for temper  
He who seeks for perfection  
Nay, in spite of these drawbacks  
And I should not feel gratified  
To take the first Booby that  
And offered those treasures  
I think, then, my chances  
But why should I think of  
My brothers are, all of the  
Yet they thrive in the world  
I knew that in business I  
Because from such matter  
But—this is the question  
Why am I not trained up  
Uselessly, aimlessly, drift  
Why should I wait to be?

From The World.]

MALTHUS

CURIOUS DISCUSSION IN THE QUESTION IN

At the meeting of the New Wednesday evening, Professor, read a paper on "Woman, especially treated in reference to education and suffrage."

Professor Wilcox, after a subject, said he would treat it in a way, but begged his audience to understand his human nature. "The sphere been different as far back as reach. Man with strength of nerve; woman, formed of strung, easily affected nerves, being different. You may find of the statement, when manly work and vice versa, between woman's sphere at on the subject at all. All the power of the man, has she periods of woman's life she thus this constant dependence shaped woman's acts to make all the resources of art a How history teems with them many women have been. This dependence on man makes them struggle to have have robbed their minds tions, and made their first to please and then to population denser. Other having offspring occupy a both sexes, and the wish to procreate, has decrease though lessened, reappears means and at an earlier ply teach them all that men, in futuro to be the having nothing else, sell dreamed agony in carry he escapes by child-murder to means of support, beg, steal or starve. Th a middle," when his trou wife to bear children who whose existence is at th social distress. Govern such children are a waste but encourage recklessness feels that the rich—that i—are taxed to pay for the plause! The fate of w marriage, do not accomplish ment, they find very few price of what little w barely sufficient to susta control of their own p enable men to oppress, d way. Politicians are n women have no political girls at academies to rep them from the companion ignorance and curiosity. All facts being considere is greatly that of the woi having ascertained that happiness. But how is t vasion? I answer by w same means to make h others have. The Quak the ballot, do not vote, y dare not adopt a measure Friends, for so surely w destroy the politicians' pow from women, and their v interest guarded by the employment will be open will marry but from af paupers, criminals, lunatics and excuse for Govern [Applause.]

The Chair then anno paper were open for disc Mr. Charles Moran said to speak in reference to for the present is the on the lecturer alluded to t tion worse than useless, an education which, in lie, degrades, stultifi ader that suffrage as ap

A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

Uselessly, aimlessly, drifting through life.  
What was I born for? "For Somebody's wife,"  
I am told by mother. Well, that being true,  
"Somebody" keeps himself strangely from view;  
And if caught but marriage will settle my fate,  
I believe I shall die in an unsettled state.  
For, though I'm not ugly—pray, what woman is?  
You might easily find a more beautiful phiz;  
And then, as for temper and manners, 'tis plain  
He who seeks for perfection will seek here in vain.  
Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is perverse,  
And I should not feel grateful "for better or worse."  
To take the first Booby that graciously came  
And offered those treasures—his home and his name.  
I think, then, my chances of marriage are small;  
But why should I think of such chances at all?  
My brothers are, all of them, younger than I,  
Yet they thrive in the world, and why not let me try?  
I knew that in business I'm not an adept,  
Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept;  
But—this is the question that puzzles my mind—  
Why am I not trained up to work of some kind?  
Uselessly, aimlessly, drifting through life,  
Why should I wait to be "Somebody's wife?"

From The World.

MALTHUSIANISM.

CURIOUS DISCUSSION IN THE LIBERAL CLUB—THE WOMAN QUESTION IN A NEW LIGHT.

At the meeting of the New York Liberal Club, held on Wednesday evening, Professor J. K. H. Wilcox, of Washington, read a paper on "Woman's Sphere," the question being especially treated in reference to the relation between population and suffrage.

Prof. Wilcox, after alluding to the greatness of the subject, said he would treat it purely in a scientific and logical way, but begged his auditors to remember that feelings, emotions and sentiments were among the largest factors of human nature. "The sphere of man and woman always has been different as far back as the mind-eye of humanity can reach. Man with strength of muscle, calm, solid and steady of nerve; woman, formed for fineness, lively and with high-strung, easily affected nerves, the path of each has always been different. You may instance examples in contravention of the statement, where women have outdone men in manly work and vice versa. Were these the only differences between woman's sphere and that of man, I need not speak on the subject at all. All through the past, brute force, the power of the man, has shoved the woman to the wall. At periods of woman's life she cannot earn her own living, and thus this constant dependence on man's favor which has shaped woman's acts to man's desire she calling to her aid all the resources of art and the subtle wit of her nature. How history teems with the failure of these spells, and how many women have been ruined by seeking to captivate. This dependence on man for the very necessities of life makes them struggle to gain his protection, and such efforts have robbed their minds of culture needed in other directions, and made their weakness worse. They are taught first to please and then to obey. As society grows older and population denser, other desires of pleasure beyond that of having offspring occupy a share of the time and capacity of both sexes, and the wish for children as well as the power to procreate, has decreased. The practice of child-murder, though lessened, reappears in another form, with different means and at an earlier period. The mothers of girls merely teach them all that can attract and please desirable men, in *future* to be their husbands. The woman, who having nothing else, sells herself for bread, finds an undreamed agony in carrying out her bargain, from which she escapes by child-murder or child neglect. Without regard to means of support, men produce children who must beg, steal or starve. The laborer thinks the world is "aw a muddle," when his trouble really is that he has forced his wife to bear children whom he cannot feed or educate, and whose existence is at the bottom of three-fourths of all social distress. Government attempts to educate and feed such children are a waste of time, money and strength; they but encourage recklessness on the part of the father who feels that the rich—that is, those more prudent than himself—are taxed to pay for the results of his indulgence. [Applause.] The fate of women who, being desirous of marriage, do not accomplish it, is still worse. Seeking employment, they find very few occupations open to them, and the price of what little work there is for them, amounts to barely sufficient to sustain life. Laws deny to women the control of their own persons, property and children, and enable men to oppress, deceive and cheat them in every way. Politicians care not for their wishes or desires, for women have no political power. The practice of cramming girls at academies to repeat useless verses, and separating them from the companionship of the opposite sex, begets ignorance and curiosity, and is every way to be condemned. All facts being considered, the protection of man to woman is greatly that of the wolf to the lamb. Here I might stop, having ascertained that the largest liberty is the surest happiness. But how is this freedom to be guarded from invasion? I answer by woman suffrage; by giving her the same means to make her power felt and respected that others have. The Quakers of Pennsylvania, who possess the ballot, do not vote, yet every politician in Pennsylvania dare not adopt a measure which would insult or injure the Friends, for so surely would the Quakers then vote and destroy the politicians' power. Remove the legal restrictions from women, and their wishes will be respected and their interest guarded by the politicians who seek their votes, employment will be open to them at fair rates, no woman will marry but from affection, the birth of predestined paupers, criminals, lunatics and idiots will almost disappear, and excuse for Government education will be removed." [Applause.]

The Chair then announced that the question and the paper were open for discussion.

Mr. Charles Moran said: "It gives me very great pleasure to speak in reference to the paper which has just been read, for the present is the only instance I can remember where the lecturer alluded to the imperfect education, an education worse than useless, which women frequently receive, an education which, instead of fitting them for their sphere in life, degrades, stultifies and unites them. I do not consider that suffrage as applied to women will be of any use;

for, in my opinion, suffrage is a farce of the first water. Look at France; what is the condition of her people who possess suffrage? Take this country, where there is suffrage for men: what good does it do? Is there a more corrupt, misgoverned country on the face of the earth? Are not spies everywhere?—are we not afraid to do anything save to speak? And do you think, do you believe, do you ask others to think and believe as well as yourself that the form of Government by suffrage, which fails to ennoble the sterner sex, man, will realize the ennoblement of the weaker, less powerful and more delicate sex—woman? No, gentlemen; woman's true sphere, woman's noblest sphere, is in the bosom of her home, educating her children for their future life. And here the question of woman's needed education falls easily into its proper place. By woman's education I do not mean the education of the fashion, ephemeral, gauzy—the education which dresses up a girl to catch a husband depending on the fatuous hope that she may acquire her true education, that of the wife and mother, after she enters upon married life. I do not mean the education which teaches girls to simper and giggle, dawdle through a waltz, lisp bad French and Tupper's poetry; but I mean the nobler education of womanhood—the education which teaches woman the duties of a wife, the responsibilities of a mother. The education which enables a woman to teach her children their duty and work in after life—that is the true education. Woman, with her tender love and winning ways, can better teach infancy than those who adopt sterner measures and stronger discipline. Her lessons are remembered, not like those learned under the influence of fear or compulsion; one endures, the other is remembered, parrot-like, for the moment, and that only. Believe me, gentlemen, woman's sphere is as I have stated, in her home, among her household gods, where alone she can exercise a beneficent influence on the generation to follow her, and not in the noisy, turbulent arena of political life." [Applause.]

Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews said: "With Mr. Moran I feel great pleasure in commending the paper read by Professor Wilcox; and that portion of it in reference to the education of women meets my especial commendation. The science of social life is a great one, a science of overwhelming interest, and one which was unknown until a few years ago. Liberalism fostered and cultivated it under the title of sociology. Liberal ideas have grown with its growth; and now thinkers can express their free thoughts on the subject without being derided as fanatics and denounced as men of bad character and inclinations. Fifteen years ago I was stigmatized as the worst man in the community, because I dared to speak as I thought about the relations of the sexes. The part of Professor Wilcox's paper which alludes to children of puny growth, both physically and mentally, children unhealthy and liable to die at any moment; recalls my idea. It is the idea to which the world, sooner or later, must arrive—sterilization, or the cultivation of man—the means by which, instead of delicate, unhealthy, idiotic male and female children, a race of giants in flesh, muscle and mind, may be produced. In plain words, the idea is that the human race be procreated only by the physically and mentally best of both sexes, and that the inferior representatives of the human race, for the benefit of the whole, deny themselves the gratification of the indulgence of their passions. How preposterous, you say. I say not. The plan is not visionary. Hermits have lived their long lifetimes in a celibate condition; the Oneida community is an example of the fact that passions can be restrained. Physiological science has hitherto failed to show that a prolonged celibate life on the part of man is an impossibility, and the idea is gaining ground among all thinking people. It is a grand, feasible and beneficial one—grand, for in its accomplishment the welfare of humanity is interested; feasible, because no reason can be adduced against it; and beneficial, because its success, if attained, will result in the production of a race of men and women far above the present race both in mind and body." [Applause.]

Mr. Ormby: "In reference to the paper read by Professor Wilcox, the conclusion he draws from it, and the remarks of the gentlemen who have spoken before me in reference to it, I beg to differ from them on some points. In the first place, I do not believe that the state of dependence on man by women will be so much reduced by giving her suffrage, that she will enter the field of matrimony so disinterestedly as represented. I think it will be somewhat like the young lady who, on being asked whether she would love a rich old man and marry him for his money alone, replied: 'Well, I wouldn't do that; but I'd never love a man who hadn't got money.' [Laughter.] As for Mr. Andrews' views about celibacy and restraining of passions, I do not believe the Oneida Community system could work, because the idea of that system is repugnant and unnatural in itself. The question, no doubt, is a great one, but it requires great treatment; and the means Mr. Andrews proposes seems to me to be hardly practicable. As to Mr. Moran's glowing vindication of home and household gods and all that, I don't believe that so many women would run after their home if they got a chance to do otherwise. Now, admitting for the purposes of the argument, that woman as a class is in slavery, take the many women who now follow art, painting, singing, acting, literature, etc. If these women had perfect liberty, it is extremely probable they would continue in their old love and not trouble Mr. Moran's visionary home much. One point, in reference to the slavery of women and the tyranny of men toward the weaker sex, I wish to allude to. I never heard of a thief or a criminal of any kind pick a pocket or rob a bank but that the greater part of the plunder was given to a woman, who, with the customary ingratitude of her sex, generally betrayed her benefactor and handed him over to the police." [Laughter.]

A member then called upon Mr. Wakeman, who declined to offer any remarks. The member said it was not proper for Mr. Wakeman to exhibit a woman's modesty.

Mr. Wakeman then said: "It was not a woman's modesty which made me hesitate, but rather man's bigotry. You know that on such subjects as the present one many men's opinions are predetermined, and mine are among the number. I feared, therefore, that if I spoke I might tread on some one's toes as tender as my own. I do not care to allude to suffrage as applied to women; I don't care one jot whether they have suffrage or not; on the contrary, I say, 'give it to them, give them plenty of it, they'll soon get sick of it.' I am like the Quaker, who, in reproving a young man for swearing, said: 'Swear, Ezekial, swear! Swear hard, my son, and get it out of thee, for while it is in thee no good can come to thee.' [Laughter.] Professor Wilcox alludes to the attraction of woman. 'I see nothing extraordinary in it. Woman is the priestess of humanity; whose province it is to attract, whose nature is to draw to her as a loadstone. She forms in herself the nucleus of the family; the evolutions of the family form the government,

or the government is formed of them; and, to reduce the whole question to a word, the situation becomes that of Positivism, under which woman holds the noblest, most exalted, purest place. But one question, which I had expected Mr. Andrews would allude to, but to which he has not—the production of children without means for their support. The subtle under-current of life is love. I will not particularize, as Mr. Andrews has done, but will let my expression stand. The question, the great absorbing question, is this: To teach the people, the laborers, the workers, their duty in the conflict between poverty and love; to teach them that, in producing children without the expectation of having means to support their offspring, they are wrong. [Applause.] Procreation increases in a geometrical ratio; the provision for the children increases in an arithmetical one. [Mr. Moran—It's not so; if that were the case we would not be here.] It is so; the theory of Malthus is right, and must be right. To teach the people, therefore, that the production of pauper children is wrong and destructive to the welfare of humanity, is right. How is it to be done? That is the question. A means not repugnant nor unnatural, yet not depriving the race of its functions, must be adopted and the people taught its use. I agree with Mr. Ormsby that the system of the Oneida Community is impracticable. But the system now so generally adopted among the French people is feasible and useful, and seems to be the only one which can be used. I allude to the system by preceptive means. This question, day by day assuming a greater aspect and engaging the attention of all thinkers, must be solved sooner or later, that the human race be benefited and relieved. [Applause.]

After an able speech from Mr. Gardner the discussion closed.

ROUGH AND READY HITS.

"THEM MISSIONARIES."

"Damnation on 'em all!" she said; "prating priests,—proud people—every one!"

We turned and looked, for the voice was a woman's, and we were in the squalid potion of Worth street.

Haggard and bleary-eyed the speaker was, but one of those women she seemed to be, too, who had seen better days, as the saying goes; in fact she told us so.

"That grand Grace Church preacher—I believe they call it Grace Church, where prostitutes as vile as I am go dressed in silks and satins, and with carriages and livery—he, they say, preached Missionaries last Sunday, wanting money to send to Africa, to China, to God knows where—to Christianize—and civilize."

"Ha! ha!" she laughed in her hollow fashion—"let 'em send it here! Yonder," and she pointed to a den of a place indeed, "lies Goody Baxter, dying,—don't know God from the Devil—give us grace!"

"She's heard Missionaries—oh yes, she's heard 'em; but, then, what's the use of preaching Bible and Heaven and stuff to hollow bellies? More than that, she knew—and we all knew—they didn't believe what they preached."

"How do I know? I've heard some Bible, too, in my day, though you mayn't think it, and I remember who said 'Take no scrip in your purses'—I remember who *didn't* damn the woman that was a sinner. These fellows want more money, and finer houses, and finer living than anybody else, and they cry hell and damnation on you sinners, never saying *we* sinners—nary time!"

"That's what makes me say they don't believe what they preach."

"Here in Worth street—in Chrystie street—in a hundred streets I could name, they would come if they believed themselves the tales they tell—they would never rest till the charity that begins at home had done something more than to make a beginning there."

"They would come where children are born every day God's sun shines on, knowing no more of father or mother than the lice that run over the filth; they are laid on."

"They would come where mothers and sons, fathers and daughters, brothers and sisters, cohabit together like cattle, knowing no more of each other than that they are man and woman—formed, and can gratify one another's desires."

"They preach from their own grand distance about the Spirit: let 'em come and see how the spirit of another kind does more (devil as it is) to drown sorrow and make us forget the hell that is around us than every word they've ever said to us."

"Once't," she said, "in my reading days and in my father's house—for I had a father, and I know'd who it was honestly—I read about a city that was kept a pink o' cleanliness by every man sweeping faithful before his own door—that's the way, I think, this one will have to be cleansed of its filth—that's the way I often think to myself, the foulness of the whole world will have to be cleared out, every man sweeping before his own door. Go tell that to them Missionaries that leave us and go to Niggers and Chinese and Indians, and everybody that don't need 'em; tell 'em to Christianize themselves first—to learn for themselves what they make believe to teach—to believe in it, and then to come to this street and others, where I will pioneer for 'em, and then to pray if they want to pray—for *us* sinners—not for you sinners. The devil's in it if they don't do some good then!"

That's the message that I, concerned for WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, am bid to give to the good people of New York, especially, but beyond them to the "moral-pocket-handkerchief" disseminators, the religious Jellabyes everywhere, who, looking over, far ever, to Borriobhoola Gha and other where, veil their visual organs to needs near by, and close their olfactory nerves to the moral stench of putrefying filth—of debauchery, of drunkenness, of vile passion, incest, lust—every villainous in our own city streets. Wo! Wo unto Sodom!



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1. The Universal Government of the Future—to be the United States of the World—The Pantarchy.
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## UNIVERSAL GOVERNMENT.

THE PERFECTING PROCESS FOR GOVERNMENT—THE UNITED STATES THE HEART OF THE WORLD—A CONGRESS OF NATIONS—THE SIMPLICITY OF ESTABLISHING ONE GOVERNMENT OVER THE WHOLE WORLD—THE UNITED STATES SHOULD MOVE IN THE MATTER.

Unity in diversity is the watchword of all nature, and is the condition to which the operations of all laws tend. The form of man contains a greater diversity of parts and functions than any form of previous existence, and yet it is a more complete unit than any of them. It is in fact the only complete unit of all created forms, for in it lives the life that continues individualized—unitized—after the material upon and in which it lives is disintegrated and used in other formations. The human form, then, is the complete unit of formation; it then follows that all the operations that the human form takes part in, or rather that have existence because the human exists, must tend to a complete unit. The human family is a unit, composed of all the human forms that have existence, and as existing at present is sub-divided into races, nations, peoples and societies. Over these are governments, differing in character according to the degree of civilization they have severally attained, and those different degrees constitute the diversities in government, which represent the different parts that must finally be joined to complete the unit of government.

The process which government has always pursued has been the same that all evolving forms have observed: first, being homogeneous, it broke into heterogeneity, each successive part formed becoming more distinctly individual, and these in turn uniting individual interests into a single mutual interest, until having arrived at national formations, these must become perfect parts of one complete body. All parts of the human body are different, and perform separate and distinct functions in the human economy; yet the existence of the body depends upon a complete unity of interest among all these parts: and if any one of these parts fails to perform its peculiar function, the whole economy suffers therefrom. So too must it be with the nations that form the body of the human family. No two of these nations can be alike nor perform the self-same functions, but they must all have a common and unitary interest in one government, which government becomes analogous to the individualized life of the differentiated parts of the human body. This has its centre—its heart: so too must a complete government have its centre—its heart: and so on with all parts, each must perform its separate and distinct functions in the entire economy. The heart is the nucleus around which the human form begins to aggregate to itself, and it always remains the heart and the common centre of life; so too will it be with the heart of government: that centre of government which in itself is a perfect centre, will be the heart around which nations will aggregate, and it will always remain the centre by virtue of its precedence in perfection and by its prior power of attraction.

Another most vital and important analogy is to be drawn from the human body in argument for what we have constantly affirmed regarding which country shall be the heart—the centre—of a Universal Government. The heart of the human was the point at which humanity began; and it existed as the ultimatum of all the previous material formations, and contained the germinal life of them all concentrated and combined in a germinal life which should evolve into the human body: that is to say, that before the human body could be, all the various parts it represents, had to be, as individual parts, to afterward combine into the perfect body. Hence all previous formations contributed their respective parts to form the human body; but first to form the germ, which should have the power of aggregating to itself all the parts of which it is composed. In this is found a perfect analogy to the process by which a perfect heart or centre is forming, which shall have the power of aggregating to itself all the parts necessary to form a perfect and complete Unitary Government.

The United States is the country to which all other and previous countries contribute their peoples in order that by all countries being here represented, a government can be formed that will be a centre for all countries to gather around. All people that come here have a voice in determining government. A government then that can be satisfactory to numerous representatives of all countries must also become in time satisfactory to all the nations that are thus represented. And here is formed the heart—the common centre—which shall always remain the common centre of government, and for the same reasons that the heart must always remain the common centre of the human body. Here must the representatives of the various nations of the earth assemble, intermingle and assimilate, until the government they shall form will be acceptable to their native lands. This must be the completion of the first step of the advance toward a perfect union of all nations under one government, and which, when accomplished, will be a demonstration of its practicability for insuring continuous peace and prosperity to the whole world. Another step in the way of ultimate universal government must be a congress of nations, to whose decrees each constituting nation shall agree to accede. Had there been such a congress for Europe the present war could not have occurred. The point of difficulty between France and Prussia would have come before it and have been decided by it. Then had France persisted or had Prussia remained firm against such decision all the rest of Europe would have been obliged to act against the rebellious one, which certainty of action would have been a decisive argument and would have settled the case without bloodshed. Under such a congress it would be as impossible for nations to war as it is for the States of this Union to war. The interfering State or nation would find all the rest against her, and war, under such circumstances, would amount to simple madness, with the certainty of ending in subjugation. There have been feeble attempts in Europe to establish such a congress, and upon several occasions the various nations have assembled to decide European questions, but their sessions were temporary, ending with the decisions of the matters they were specially called together to consider. They also lacked the power of finality which should be theirs. Nations had the right to accept or reject; but the "Congress of Nations" should be superior to nations, and there should be no appeal from their decisions; and if

such appeal should be made the dissenting nation should find herself opposed by all other nations.

A congress of nations, conducted upon this plan, would be in reality a higher form of government for all the nations represented than that of any single nation could be, and would be a gigantic stride toward all nations recognizing it as the real governing power of the world. It will be seen, then, that a universal government is a very simple matter for the whole world, even as the nations are now constituted and civilized. It is even a simpler matter, when general civilization is taken into the account, than it was for the thirteen original States to form a confederation. One hundred years of the most rapid advance in all things that constitute genuine progress has been made, while China and Japan are, to all intents and purposes, nearer New York than Massachusetts was to South Carolina then. Why should we not have a congress of nations first. Then let us discuss the grand confederation of all nations. Even kings and emperors must give place to the general good; and they will be obliged to when the world's congress is an attained fact. Let it be proposed at once, and by the United States.

## PROSPECTS IN FRANCE AND EUROPE.

Roche foucauld said, two centuries ago, "Everything happens in France." The same eminent cynic it was who also said, "Nothing is certain except the unforeseen." Remembering these two striking phrases of the most distinguished of French phrase-makers we must perforce regard the recovery of France from the desperate position in which she is now placed as possible, though in the highest degree unlikely, just as a month ago the reverses might have been thought possible though unlikely. But the possibility is a bare one, and, indeed, of so slender a character that we consider ourselves at liberty to speculate on the future on the assumption that France is already a conquered nation. Unless, indeed, some sort of miracle supervene, the Prussians will be in Paris before the month of September closes. Those who suppose that the capital can offer a serious resistance to a besieging army altogether misapprehend the conditions of the case. Wild talk of all sorts goes on outside of France and within it of the resistance which the French, as a people, will offer to the invaders, but a serious opposition of such a vast city as Paris to an attacking German army is simply out of the question. The much vaunted fortifications are held in light esteem by the profound engineers of the Prussian army; and were they ever so effective a city of two millions of such effervescent creatures as Parisians could not, and it may be said, ought not to subject themselves to the horrors of a short supply of food and all the other miseries which would accompany a siege. The French, indeed, are in so wild and savage a mood, and the chronic irrationality of their character is now so aggravated by misfortune wholly unforeseen that they may surrender themselves utterly to the impulses of unreflecting despair, instead of submitting to the inevitable. But the result, humanly speaking, is certain. With more or less of suffering, according as they shall be wise or foolish, they will have in the end, which cannot be far off, to submit. France is virtually conquered. In a few weeks she will be entirely at the disposal of the Prussian Government, acting as the representative of Germany.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising to hear that other Governments, and especially that of Russia, are beginning to consider the posture of affairs with the keenest anxiety. The absolute want of intelligent foresight, exhibited by the Cabinets of Europe, is again so strikingly exhibited as to force upon the mind the feeling that agencies, quite other than those ordinarily taken into account, are at work in European affairs. For more than forty years the overwhelmingly important event which is now upon the world has been a highly probable contingency—the consolidation, namely, of the whole Teutonic family in Europe into one compact politico-military power. That such a power, did it arise, would be the almost irresistible arbiter of the affairs of the Old World could not be doubtful to any person of competent judgment. That, above all, such a power would necessarily arrest and cripple forever the growth of the Russian power was also one of those open secrets of the future which was hid only from those voluntarily blind or too ignorant of the relative moral and material weight of peoples to be able to form a sound opinion. Yet, so far from taking any measures to prevent the rising up of this preponderant power in the centre of Europe, those who have attentively studied and followed the course of European events know very well that the action of every one of the Governments principally concerned, of Austria, Russia and France, has been such as to make it inevitable. Truly there is a fatality or a Providence in the development of history; and when the hour for decisive change strikes no earthly ingenuity can prevent it. To keep Germany divided has been the systematic object and principle of the Cabinets of St. Petersburg, Vienna and Paris. Their instinct has told them



that they would be... But it has been impossible for many reasons that they should take... alone would have... And now it is... The consequences will tell throughout the whole future history of mankind.

The question and the most interesting one is, what will Germany do with France?—and the peculiarity of the position is very great, indeed unique in history. With the fall of Paris falls the present Government; the empire is at an end, and France is no longer a nation in the eyes of her neighbors of any kind. At the moment of the consummation of German victory France becomes a mere geographical expression. At that moment of European history there will be no agency empowered, both in law and fact, to transact business in the name of the French people and nation. She will be a conquered territory and population at the feet of the German conqueror, being neither kingdom, or empire or republic, being in fact, so far as political institutions are concerned, a nullity, a zero. The most difficult problem will thus result for the solution of the Cabinet of Berlin; one utterly without precedent. It is true that in 1814 and in 1815 France was reduced to a similar position. But that was done by the united agency of all the other great Powers of Europe, not by a single Power, and the circumstances of that day were such as to point to the restoration of the Bourbons as the only possible course. For some time before the fall of the great Napoleon the allies had carefully disconnected his cause from that of the French people, and the principles upon which they fought made it easy for them to solve the question which arose on the defeat of the French armies under Bonaparte by placing the Bourbons on their ancient throne. But the question is raised now under altogether changed circumstances. This war has been a war quite as much of the French race against the German as of the Bonaparte dynasty against the Hohenzollern. The Germans know this perfectly well; so well, indeed, that before a shot was fired they were declaring on all hands that the French, if defeated, must be placed under tutelage as a people too dangerous to be allowed the full exercise of their independence. This view, indeed, seems perfectly sound from the standpoint of German interests, and even of the interests of humanity and civilization. There is, therefore, a high probability that Germany will take some course with France which will virtually remove that country from any account in the future affairs of Europe.

To those whose knowledge and judgment of French and European affairs were so scant and feeble that the events of the last three weeks have been a mere stupefaction and surprise to them, these views will appear wild indeed. But, as we said last week, scarcely any body has really studied French history past and present, and especially that of the last thirty years, in such detail as to have been able to form a well-weighed opinion on these subjects; and as for Germany and Prussia, it is truly extraordinary to observe how that land and people has been almost an unknown quantity to the journalists and other writers of Europe. But events are now beginning to speak with an unmistakable voice; and difficult as it may be to do, every body who wants to form a correct idea of the immediate future ought to put away all prepossessions and take a quite new point of departure of thought. The power of France it ought to be now plain to every body has been for some time past a thing on the surface only. It may and begins to be seen that no country so politically dead as France—politically dead because of the complete moral exhaustion of her people—can in this day wield effective military power. Armies in this day are the creatures of science, and therefore of moral and intellectual discipline. The old ideas of discipline were mechanical only. Troops in past ages were disciplined, but they were not disciples. Now Frenchmen cannot become disciples. The French nature is essentially barbarous, in this sense, that barbarism is the opposite of the power of forming that political combination of true co-operating citizens, which we call civilization. To prove all this would require volumes; but it is all true, literally and categorically true. And this present collapse of France is only the outcome of her fifteen hundred years of barbaric politics.

Therefore, again we ask, what will Prussia do with France? and further, how far will the other European Powers interfere with Prussian action?

It is not to be supposed that we can do more than furnish certain elements for a full reply to these truly momentous questions. Prussia and Germany will have it placed for their first duty to protect themselves in the future from any possibility of revenge on the part of France for the humiliation and misfortune which has now befallen her. It cannot possibly escape the penetration of German statesmen that, unless France is now made utterly powerless she will devote all her energies to the destruction of Germany. Frenchmen never will and never can forget the disgrace of their conquest in 1870. Whatever power is left

to them will be used hereafter with the single purpose of inflicting damage on the great German people. The same concentration of all thoughts and purposes on the one desire to do mischief on England, which now marks the Irish race, will now mark the French people in regard to the Teutonic people. The knowledge of this needs must be the mainspring in the action of Germany toward the French nation. Wisdom, prudence and mercy, that self-preservation which is the first law of nature, and the highest political wisdom, too, dictate that Germany should therefore now cripple France utterly and forever.

It is possible to do this in the present day very effectually, far more effectually than it ever was in former ages. Few people have yet grasped the new conditions of conquest which have supervened by reason of the change in weapons. The new arms of precision make it comparatively easy to hold a country down. Breech-loading rifles, rifled cannon and all the complex organization of an army cannot promptly be extemporized. The destruction of every French arsenal and Government factory of weapons, the enforced surrender of her fleet of iron-clads, the blowing up of her ports of war and other measures of this kind, as well as the exaction of an enormous war tribute, would indefinitely cripple France for military purposes. And it would be possible, even, to regulate the numbers and quality of the armed police she should be suffered to keep on foot for purposes of internal order. These measures could be enforced. Add to them the dismantling of every French fortress, and France might be left in a continued disarmed existence, no longer dangerous to her neighbors. From this condition there would be no escape, humanly speaking. The German nation, always armed to the teeth at her borders, could always check the slightest attempt to infringe the disarmament. Indeed, human ingenuity might be defied to discover any escape from the meshes of this net. People may recoil from such a picture of a disarmed nation lying forever until it expires at the feet of a neighbor. But it would be difficult for any one to point out what better thing the French can do for themselves in the future than this. That they should renew from time to time the internecine struggle with Germany would be a monstrous thing to leave even possible. German *bonhomie* can hardly go so far as to permit this. But that the French will hereafter attempt this, if their teeth are not drawn utterly now, is morally certain.

Let everybody, then, prepare his mind for a new phase of history, for assuredly we are entering upon it.

The people of America may now begin to suspect how hasty has been that assumption which has made of Russia the future great power of the Old Continent. That is altogether a blundering anticipation. The key to the future history of mankind is to be found in the moral and material preponderance of the great Teutonic family in Europe and out of Europe. It would require a long treatise to show it; but the truth is that the Slavonic and Kelto-Latinic races have not in them the principle of development which renders them fit to cope with the exigencies of a scientific era of progress. They are races of fixed type, not of flexible developable organization. The coming age of the world will be known, must be known, as the Teutonic Age.

#### CIVIL AND SACRAMENTAL MARRIAGE.

In a great Republic like ours, where all the peoples of the world congregate and make up the population, there should be a complete distinction drawn between the civil and sacramental or religious marriage. The civil marriage should be so defined and the law so framed that it would suit the varied peoples who make up our body politic. It should guard against all acknowledged violations of morality, and be framed so as to perpetuate the family and protect children. At the same time the peculiar ideas of any class of thinkers or believers relative to the indissolubility of the contract or freedom of divorce should never be incorporated into the civil law relating to marriage. Divorce should always be left to the decision of juries. Second marriages contracted by divorced parties should be regulated by individual conscience. The State should assume no right to force that conscience to be educated to the Christian standard. The effort to enforce Christian morality on this subject by law in Catholic and Protestant Europe has been the source of incalculable injury to the cause of Christianity. In making laws for a great Republic like ours we should remember that we are not legislating for Christians alone but for the peoples of every diversity of religious belief, and the majority should always legislate with a recollection that minorities have rights that should be respected. Moreover, we should remember that the minority of to-day may be the majority of to-morrow.

E. V. B.

A SIGN OF THE IN-COMING MILLENNIUM.—WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY is equally the organ of the Old or Roman Catholic, and of The New Catholic Church. The Protestants come between and must be included.

#### CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

A REMNANT OF BARBARISM—ITS USELESSNESS AS A PREVENTIVE—ITS INJUSTICE AS A PUNISHMENT.

We have always contended that the taking of life for life as a punishment, was the usurpation on the part of man of the power that alone belongs to God, and that it cannot be proved that it possesses any of the requirements of a preventive. It is, on the contrary, an established fact that the execution of murderers fills the atmosphere with the contagion of murder, and that the failure of a jury to convict a person of murder, where it is known that he did commit the deed, encourages others to it under the hope that they, too, may escape. While it may be admitted as a bare possibility that McFarland was in an insane fit when he shot Richardson, a very small proportion of the people believe he was; while the larger part believe that he had taken all the chances, he was running into full and careful consideration, and that thereupon he decided that he could escape conviction upon the plea of insanity, and that, acting upon this decision, he deliberately planned and executed the deed.

Now, if the uncertainty of conviction that attaches to trials by jury for murder was changed into the positive certainty of imprisonment for life, from which there could never be any possibility of escape, either by apparent reformation, pardon or otherwise, there would be a decisiveness about it that would never allow of deliberation upon the chances of escaping upon ingenious pleas that never really enter into the circumstances. If there were no means by which a murderer could be prevented from repeating his crime, it would be the duty of society to kill him for self-protection; but such necessities do not exist, and it is high time that the wreaking of vengeance upon the murderer by barbarously breaking his neck or choking him to death was abandoned for the humane and protective measures of confinement. Legislatures are too full of "jobs" and "party schemes" to be able to devote any time to the consideration of humanitarian reforms. And the people are too busy with money-getting to ever call upon their representatives for accounts of their stewardships.

#### THE SOCIAL EVIL.

A very great deal has been written, preached and said upon the subject of prostitution, which the world is pleased to denominate the social evil. We have, at sundry times, urged the adoption of police restrictions, and all the alleviatory measures possible to guard against spreading disease among the human family. As a question in which the interests of society are involved outside of the limit of the individuals who are personally engaged, it is amenable to the control of society. It is a crime of much greater magnitude and of more diffusive importance to infect society with a loathsome disease that is visited upon unborn generations than it is to steal a hundred dollars from an individual. In the one case a hundred innocent persons, perhaps, are involved; while in the other a few dollars pass from one to another; still the last is deemed worthy of a penalty of imprisonment, while the former is left free to run its course of destruction, because it is too delicate a matter to be handled with gloves. It is not to be supposed that legislation can ever put a stop to prostitution, or the selling of one's self for money. So long as the sexual passions exist in man, and women can be found who prefer this way to obtain money over any of the other possible means they have, so long will prostitution exist; but the propagation of untold bodily misery can be prevented, and it is a matter of too great importance to longer remain without consideration by legislation. We are not of those who think "the press" should eschew this subject; but we are of those who believe "the press" shrinks an important duty it owes to the society it professes to teach, when it leaves this matter to spread its life-destroying poison broadcast and without restraint which it could force legislation to impose upon it. But aside from this view of the subject, there are other social evils beside which prostitution sinks into the merest insignificance. Should they not be unearthed?

#### LICENSED PROSTITUTION.

To the law lately adopted in St. Louis licensing prostitution, and which requires that all prostitutes shall be registered, we would most respectfully suggest to the City Fathers of that progressive city, what appears to us to be an important amendment: That the names of the women should not only be registered, but published, and along with them the names of the men who first caused them to become so, and also the name and residence of every man who assists to sustain them in such lives. In other words, while compelling the registry of women, let the men also be shown up. We will guarantee that such a course would do more to suppress the "social evil" than anything that has yet been attempted.

## THE REIGN OF THE INFERNAL

In the very heart of European civilization, is in magnificent progress. From the Vosges mountains to the plain of Chalons the masses of a cultivated and civilized people are rushing in the wild delirium of manslaughter to repeat the bloody crimes of barbarism.

The crimes for which the solitary malefactor is hunted down by the minions of the law, and brought to the gallows or the guillotine, are now enacted by millions in open day with resounding music, with pomp, tinsel and parade, and the mock-heroic affectation of patriotic love of country—while the rest of the world looks on with eager pleasure and apparent satisfaction, as the fierce Pagans of Rome looked down upon their bloody gladiatorial arena.

Can it be that two thousand years of apparent literary civilization have not yet subdued this wolfish thirst for blood? Can it be that Christendom, as it is called, is still essentially the same as Heathendom, and that the Church of Christ, as it claims to be, is still in as strict accord with the lawless bullet and bayonet as the Roman deities were with the javelin and small sword?

It is even so. The Church floats in the bloody waves of war, and wields a controlling influence over the minds of the red-handed warriors, but not for one moment does she raise the white banner of peace, or say to the frenzied multitude that they are all brothers, and that they are trampling on every holy precept of religion. No; the thunders of the Vatican are silent, and the voice of the Protestant Church is dumb before these mighty crimes. Her soul is not moved by the sight of rivers of human blood or legions of widows and orphans. The mighty heart-throb of the Protestant Church is not felt in such times as these—but it is felt—aye, it tingles to the remotest limbs of the Church when some question of priestly robes or Church candles is brought on the carpet!

And what does the "Model Republic" think while liberty and hope are being drowned in blood? The great republic that looks on so calmly at the Cuban horrors which it could arrest with one majestic wave of its mailed hand, looks with equal placidity upon the grander crimes on the Continent. No word for peace—no remonstrance against this barbarism is heard from America. No, no; the horseman still smokes his everlasting cigar, and the Congress which is supposed to represent the people received the declaration of war, not with solemnity or sadness or silent horror, but with gaiety and applause, as men applaud a race or a cockfight.

Is there no better news than this? Has humanity deserted our planet—and are we all to howl with delight as the peasantry of France and Prussia are dying with all the horrid sufferings of mangled limbs?

No! there is one still small voice heard in the intervals of the roaring cannon. It is not from the Church—it is not from the colleges of literary culture—it is not from the boastful American champions of human rights. It is from the sufferers on whose neck the galling yoke has rested—it is from the fraternally banded workingmen of Europe—the INTERNATIONAL WORKINGMEN'S ASSOCIATION. In France, in Germany and in England the members of this society reach out the hand of international friendship and denounce this war as a crime.

It is to them we must look to proclaim the brotherhood of man and continue the proclamation until over the battle-fields of Europe they shall establish a confederation of hearts and of governments that will render war an impossibility.

But not alone for you is this task, oh, noble-hearted toilers of the old world. You are in the van of the movement, but a mighty host will soon gather to your aid.

THE WOMEN OF AMERICA will soon join their voices with yours, and demand that the bayonet shall be buried with the tomahawk and scalping-knife. We shall not relax our efforts until the dumb mouths that have been gagged and sealed in the presence of governments and laws shall be opened, and shall be heard in condemnation of the bloody brutalities with which men make history.

The time shall yet come when, if men will insist on indulging their felonious passions on the battle-field, there shall be a female army to rush between the contending hosts and teach them to lay down their deadly weapons and learn the forgotten lesson of human brotherhood.

Women of America! do you realize the magnitude and the nearness of this question? Do you realize that all hopes of human redemption from poverty and toil are vain so long as war is allowed among men? The accumulations of one generation are never even completed before war comes along like a prairie fire, consuming our wealth, filling the land with orphanage and poverty, and loading the survivors with taxes that make poverty hopeless. The civilization of the world, were it not for war, would soon make a scene of beauty and wealth in which poverty would disappear, and in which woman, surrounded by a nobler and gentler race of beings, would occupy the sphere which is given her now in poetry alone.

The dawn of woman's power upon the horizon of politi-

cal history will be contemporaneous with the sunset of martial glory. Her smiles shall paralyze cannon and forts, and the bayonet shall be turned aside by the fan!

## WANTED—AN EXAMPLE!

We are pleased to notice that the members of "The Southern Women's Bureau" propose agitating the Dress Reform which we have already inaugurated. They are convinced that if women could be persuaded to adopt business suits and spend the hours now devoted to the toilet in mental and moral improvement, there would be less cause of complaint from men of women's indifference to routine work, and certainly less ground for the hue and cry of a certain class of women against the tyranny and oppression of the masculine sex.

The term "business suits" does not imply any particular dress or uniform, nor will the possession of such a garment necessitate any outlay of money. The mere abandonment of one-third of the paraphernalia that constitutes a fashionable costume will present to us that for which we have been pining so long, and give to the world what the Southern Women's Bureau deserve credit for encouraging—simplicity and unostentation in the dress of intelligent working-women.

Now, this is as it should be; but this is not all. *Why must the reform be urged only upon those women who seek situations?* If it is good for some is it not good for all? We dare not deny that the love of dress is the grand obstacle to be overcome in the work of progress. So we call upon every right-minded, sensible woman to do as the Bureau has done, strike with us at the root of our *Social Evil*—nay, more—let every one of these women exemplify her teaching. She must remember that no precept, however good, can accomplish its purpose if it is flatly contradicted by the practice which accompanies it. No; our advocates of Reform must become exponents of their doctrines. This course always has been and always will be the one grand secret of success; any other only provokes adverse criticism. A sermon upon simplicity, for example, becomes farcical when the exhorter is tricked out in hoops, panier and jaunty hat. Just consider the startling, and imagine John Bright putting a curly feather in his cap, or our neighbor of the *Independent* snatching a last fond glance at the mirror before clearing his manly throat for a six-hours' speech. Yet neither of these fancies could be more absurd than are the positive realities of our day and generation. So, pine no more, sweet ladies of the Bureau, pine no more, but give us an *example* of simplicity and unostentation. M.

## FOREWARNED—FOREARMED.

In the event of the present war in Europe becoming general, as it must, should the Republican elements of Spain and Italy, Hungary and Poland rise, and find it possible to act in accord with France, who can tell how far it may be the duty of this country to become a participant? In our struggle for liberty, the good swords and soldiers of France assisted us very materially in consummating the final defeat of Cornwallis. It was proffered assistance that we needed, and it was given in the cause of freedom and of Republican institutions. Should the Republicans of Europe now attempt to establish a like form of government, and should they need such assistance as France gave us, it would be assistance rendered the inevitable course of events for us to return the service we received, with compound interest added if necessary.

At all events our navy should be put upon a war footing, and should be increased so that it could bid defiance to the world. In a general European war in which we might interfere, such a navy would be the deciding element. We shall not understand our destiny nor perform our part in the great drama of civilization if we do not assume the controlling position allotted to us. We are the positive power of the world and the most advanced representative of civilization. Why should we not recognize it, and not shuffle off the do-nothing policy that has fettered us of late, so that we do not move, even when our citizens are outraged in other countries. We quietly await reparation for the depredations of an Alabama, and forget that despotism sought to fasten itself in America when civil war paralyzed us; both of which were but parts of the same programme looking ultimately to the downfall of our institutions and the substitution of monarchy therefor. England and France, or rather Victoria and Napoleon, did not hesitate to take advantage of our condition to aid in our destruction. Shall we, whose cause would be that of a higher civilization, hesitate to take advantage of any fortuitous conditions into which Europe may be thrown to spread our civilization? We do not advocate interference unless the struggle now going on shall resolve itself into a war of Republics against Monarchies. Our duty then is plain.

**CENTRALIZATION OF POWER.**—In whatever quarter and for whatever purposes there is an effort made to centralization that is not in the direct interests of the people we shall at all times oppose. Nothing of public importance which is for the advantage of the common people, and which depends upon the public patronage for support should be allowed to contribute to the special interests of individuals by levying upon the public. This question arises under the consideration that there are continuous efforts being made to consolidate immense railroad interests, and to form such combinations of various companies as will be most successful in getting most of the people's money for the services they require. There is no single interest so diffused over the whole country as that of railroads; and none that can compare in extent of power, if it acts as one system and together. It would be a power that could almost defy the General Government. Being so diffused, and of so much importance to the well-being and development of the country as a whole, and to the convenience of the people as individuals, Congress will fail in one of its most imperative duties if it fails to take hold of this matter, and to so arrange it that it will be productive of the greatest good to the greatest number at the least possible expense.

**WHAT'S IN A NAME?**—Very much indeed; and the manufacturer who hits on the right name for his article, has already half made his fortune. We were reminded of this principle in trade by noticing the fortunate baptismal designation which E. P. Needham and Son (of 143, 145 and 147, East 23d street) have bestowed upon the Pipe and Reed Organ which they manufacture. The call it THE SILVER TONGUE ORGAN; and we should not be surprised, if in addition to the intrinsic excellence and value of their instrument, the selection of this beautiful name should go far to determine and augment the success of their business.

These manufacturers also publish a very neat Trade Organ, from New York and New Orleans, called "The Silver Tongue and Organist's Repertory," sample numbers of which will be sent free to any address. Each number contains some fine musical selection, and much other matter of interest and importance.

**PAUPERISM THE RESULT OF IMPERFECT RELATIONS IN SOCIETY.**—We take pleasure in being able to present to our readers the very philosophic and exhaustive address lately delivered by Hon. John Magwire, of St. Louis, Mo., at Masonic Hall, in that city. We commend it as worthy a very careful perusal; for upon the principles enunciated, society must be reconstructed before freedom and equality can exist except in name. It will be remembered that we have earnestly exhorted the laboring classes to make judicious selections for candidates from among those who understand the true relations between labor and capital, and the shortest remedies for existing ills. Those who make a deal of noise about them, without proposing remedies, are useless to the cause, and all such should be eschewed. Those who have remedies to propose should be listened to; and if they be reasonable, feasible and honorable try them; hold all that is found good, discard all that cannot benefit.

[From the Globe.]

## WOMAN'S RIGHTS AMONG THE MORMONS.

HON. GEO. W. JULIAN, MORMON DELEGATE HOOPER, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, H. B. BLACKWELL AND J. K. H. WILLCOX, ROWING THE SAME BOAT—UTAH WOMEN VOTING—HOW IT CAME ABOUT—POLYGAMY DOOMED.

The excitement occasioned by the war news has caused a dispatch from Utah this morning to receive less than its due share of notice, and its significance to be overlooked. It states that the Mormon women generally voted at the election held last week for delegate to Congress, which resulted in the overwhelming re-election of the able and eloquent William H. Hooper. The following is a summary of the history of the matter:

In the spring of 1868, Professor J. K. H. Willcox, in organizing for the Universal Franchise Association a vigorous campaign in favor of woman suffrage—which resulted in the introduction of the Sixteenth Amendment, the bill for the enfranchisement of women in the District of Columbia, the law equalizing the pay of women and men in the Departments, and an extensive agitation—having resolved to use all proper means to push the movement, proposed as one measure to urge the passage of a law enfranchising the women of the Territories, thus making these regions a turning point in the struggle, as they had been in that over emancipation and negro suffrage. Having fixed on this as part of the programme, it struck him that the condition of Utah offered grounds for a strong plea, as all efforts to suppress polygamy had utterly and ludicrously failed. This view he communicated to Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, President of the Managers of the Association, who concurred with him that enfranchisement was the way to break up polygamy.

He quietly and carefully matured the proposition, and persuaded ex-Governor Ashley, of Montana, then chairman of the House Committee on Territories, to call a special meeting of the committee for the purpose of hearing argument on the petition of the Association and the bill of Hon. G. W. Julian.

On Feb. 27, 1869, this meeting was held. By a misunderstanding as to the hour, the only members present were Gov. Ashley, Hon. Shelby M. Cullom, of Illinois (now chairman), and Hon. Julius Hotchkiss, of New Haven, Conn. A number of invited guests also attended. Professor Willcox urged the enfranchisement of women in the Territories as giving them greater security of person and property, thus holding out inducements to women to emigrate, and in this way correct the unequal distribution of the sexes. Of Utah he remarked that every effort to destroy polygamy, which



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## NEW YORK LIBERAL CLUB.

We publish with pleasure the following list of some of the papers read before the Liberal Club during the present year. The name of this growing and influential body hardly does justice to its breadth of scope, and its pre-eminently scientific character. Its liberality is not of sectarian character, but relates to the largeness and many-sidedness of its objects:

- State of the Book Trade of Rome in the First Christian Era, by Dr. Adolph Ott.
- Analogy of the Chinese and European Languages, by Oscar Loew.
- Scientific Solution of the Government Question, by Stephen Pearl Andrews.
- On the Means of Preventing Corrupt Practices at Elections, by Professor M. A. Leverton.
- On the Mineral Sources of the United States, by Dr. Adolph Ott.
- On the Glacial Formations of the Earth, by Dr. Douai.
- On the Future Governmental Constitution of Human Society, by Stephen Pearl Andrews.
- On the Darwinian Theory, by Dr. P. H. Vanderweyde.
- On the Darwinian Theory and its Acceptance (by Mr. Herbert Spencer), by Charles Moran.
- A Communication on Sour Lake, Texas, by Prof. Roessler, U. S. Geologist, Washington.
- On the Synthesis of the Organic World, by Oscar Loew, Ph.D.
- On the Government and Education of Children, by Mr. W. L. Ormsby, Jr.
- On the Depressions and Elevations of Continents, by Adolph Ott.
- On the Macrocosmic and the Microcosmic Cell, by Dr. T. Brann.
- On Polyglottism, by Prof. Batchelor.
- On Phonography, as the popular system of manuscript, by James E. Munson.
- On Recent Archaeological Discoveries in Europe, by Prof. Charles Ran.
- On the Arts of the Ancient Egyptians, by J. Wilson MacDonald.
- On the Voice and Speech, by Louis Elsberg, M. D., Clin. Prof. of Diseases of the Throat, in the University Medical College.
- On the Positive Philosophy, Its Founder, Characteristics and Future, by James D. Bell. This paper presented mainly from the standpoint of M. Little, of the Institute of France.
- On the Origin, Value and Translations of the Homeric Poems, by Thaddeus B. Wakeman.
- On a Rational System of Education, by Dr. Adolph Douai.
- On a New System of Money, by C. L. Balch.
- On Nutrition, by Dr. Adolph Ott. With special reference to the importance of the Phosphates.
- On the Chemical Motion of Matter, by Oscar Loew, of the City College.
- On Materialism, by C. L. Balch, with reference to the views of Dr. Louis Büchner.
- On Materialism, by Charles Moran (a continuation of the subject introduced by Mr. C. L. Balch at the last meeting).
- On Spain, in 1569, by Prof. J. K. H. Willcox, of Washington, D. C. with some reference to the Spanish view of the Cuban Question.
- On Currency, by Alexander Delmar.
- On the Comstock Ledge, by G. E. Ammond.
- On the Comstock Mine of Nevada, by Captain B. Dahlgren.
- On Good and Evil, by Prof. Andre Poey.
- On the Chinese Labor Question, by W. L. Ormsby, Jr.
- On the Scientific Basis of Orthodoxy, by F. G. Fairfield.
- On the Representative Government, by Simon Stern.
- On Cosmogony, from the view of Prof. Spiller, of Berlin, by Dr. Douai.

D. T. GARDNER,  
Hon. Secretary N. Y. L. C.

## ITEMS ABOUT WOMEN.

- Kansas has a female constable.
- Detroit has ladies' baseball clubs.
- A Polish countess keeps a New York hotel.
- Palanques of female lecturers are now forming.
- Can't Seraxis go to war now with a needle-gun?
- Saratoga belles complain of a scarcity of beaux.
- Lady Franklin has gone on a visit to Mrs. Stowe.
- Punch says that a silk dress should never be sat in.
- Maggie Mitchell is about to increase the population.
- Mrs. Lippincott, "Grace Greenwood," is at Newport.
- The King of Sweden is an advocate of woman's suffrage.
- Mlle. Pauline Lucca resists all temptations to visit America.
- Mrs. Burlingame will return to America early in September.
- Matrimony is said to have cured Jenny Wurrell of stuttering.
- Punch's advice to persons who have "fallen in love"—Fall out.
- A couple of Texan women are raising twenty-two acres of cotton.
- The husband market is quoted dull at the watering-places.
- A pretty girl, like a hard sum, is something to sigh for (cipher).
- Celia, a sister of Olive Logan, has just written her first novelette.
- It is said that Brigham Young quarrels fearfully with his mothers-in-law.
- They boast of a great many Lady Go-divers at Newport and Long Branch.
- India has nearly 100,000,000 females, and only about 30,000 are being educated.
- The *Woman's Journal*, of Boston, has been married to the *Woman's Advocate*, of Ohio.
- Five women preachers are now firmly settled in Universalist pulpits in this country.
- On the 7th of September the New York Republicans will select candidates for defeat.
- Bangor has a thirteen-year old Miss Ball who promises to rival Camilla Urso as a violinist.

Forty thousand women are employed as outdoor laborers, in England.

Miss Symes, a wealthy lady of Montreal, now in Rome, has given the Pope \$5,000.

A Quincy (Ill.) woman has been incessantly weeping for three weeks, and can't stop.

Miss Emma Abmauer, of East Saginaw, Michigan, is in the insurance business, duly licensed.

The postmaster of Boston is making a trial of young ladies as delivery clerks in his office.

Queen Victoria pays liberal pensions to seventeen old servants of Prince Albert in Germany.

One hundred women are now preparing themselves for admission to the bar of the United States.

Mrs. Judge Esther Morris, of Wyoming Territory, is said to be having a brisk run of marrying business.

Mrs. Adela McKeons, of California, is an independent candidate for Congress from her district in her own State.

Rondout (N. Y.) young ladies are organizing a society for the encouragement of young men who desire to marry.

Exclusive picnics of Woman's Rights ladies are popular in Wisconsin. Not a man is allowed to be of the party.

The suffrage women of Virginia have induced the Lynchburg *Republican* and Bristol *News* to espouse their cause.

The husband of Queen Isabella of Spain is said to have gambled away his whole fortune in two successive nights.

An Ohio girl has laid by the sum of six hundred dollars, all gained by making corn husk door-mats, at ten cents each.

Indiana women refuse to visit their distant friends especially during the sessions of the Common Pleas Court.

Mrs. Partington says that since the invention of the needle-gun there is no reason why women shouldn't fight as well as men.

A lady at Saratoga appeared at one of the hops wearing a necklace of sapphires and diamonds which was valued at \$10,000.

Young ladies by the sad sea waves are advised to examine the patents of nobility of counts, lords and marquises who flirt with them.

There are eight girls in the Michigan Agricultural College, who have to work in the field three hours daily, just as the young men do.

Mrs. Scott Siddons, who has lately been acting in London, will shortly return to the United States, to star in "Twist and Crown."

A servant girl in Toledo frustrated a burglar's plans by throwing him out of the garret-window to the sidewalk. He never recovered from the shock.

A thrifty wife wonders why the men can't manage to do something useful. Might they not as well amuse themselves in smoking hams as smoking cigars.

The "girl of the period" in Arkansas is described as thirteen years old, shoeless, bonnetless, stockingless, and with the Sheriff after her for stealing a horse.

The women leaders of England urge that their sex should be elected to Parliament, and that peeresses should take their seats in the Upper House, and vote there too.

And now a colored girl in West Kansas City is wretched and will not be comforted because her faithful spouse has gone where the woodbine twined with a white woman.

A young man in Georgia eloped with a young lady. Her father and brother waited for them on their return and began shooting. The bridegroom replied, and he now has no brother-in-law.

Woman is marching on to her rights with masculine strides. A Mrs. Chamberlain delivered the Fourth of July oration at Lakeville, in Minnesota, this year. Minnesota is in the van of progress.

A man at Springfield, Ill., bet two ladies a new dress each that they couldn't refrain from talking for two hours. One of them held out for an hour and ten minutes, and the other won the dress. They made it up on him when the time had expired.

An old bachelor says, if a girl wants to know when she looks the most charming in the men's eyes, it is when she wears a simple muslin dress, with a frill or lace around the neck and at the wrists, and no ornaments but youth and freshness.

A Michigan editor announces that Mrs. Goodhue, who recently eloped from her husband in that State, has just returned, and at last accounts was quietly resting herself after her fatiguing journey, and her husband was getting breakfast for her.

Miss Lillian Elgerton, in addition to her now famous lecture on "Woman is Coming," and the one just finished, entitled "Whether are we Drifting; or, Marriage and Divorce," is reported to be preparing a third lecture on "Gossip, its Causes and Cure." If she can cure gossip, will she not prove to be foremost among reformers?

"You must admit, doctor," said a witty lady to a celebrated doctor of divinity, with whom she was arguing the question of the "equality of the sexes," "you must admit that woman was created before man." "Well, really, madam," said the astonished divine, "I must ask you to prove your case." "That can be easily done, sir," she naively replied. "Wasn't Eve the first maid?"

A correspondent of the New York *Standard* says the prettiest woman in Saratoga is a mulatto girl, a servant of Mrs. John Hilburne, of New York. She exhibits the most delicately tinted olive, which is relieved and enhanced by the brightness of her complexion. One looks upon her as upon a picture—an animated statue of some modern Cleopatra, rather than as the humble offspring of an unfavored race.

A spinster went recently to a well-known lawyer and engaged him to manage a suit for her, in which she claimed a legacy, to which her right was disputed. The suit was lost, and the poor maiden said to the lawyer, "How can I ever repay you for all the time and trouble which you have taken on my account? I have nothing but my heart to give you." "My clerk takes the fees—go to him," answered the lawyer, gruffly.

They get rid of their marriageable children by means of fairs in Roumania. When the fair is opened, the fathers climb to the top of their carriages, and shout with the whole power of their lungs, "I have a daughter to marry. Who wants a wife?" The call is answered by some other parent who has a son he is anxious to pair off. The two parents compare notes, and if the marriage portion is satisfactory, the treaty is there and then concluded.

An Iowa paper having inserted an item relating that a woman of that State had helped her husband to raise seventy acres of wheat, and noticing the item copied by its exchanges under an evident misapprehension of facts, now explains that the way she helped was to stand in the door and shake a broom at him when he sat down to rest, and terrifying him in other ways.

ADVICE THAT WON'T BE TAKEN.—No young woman ever looks so well to a sensible man as when dressed in a plain, neat, modest attire, with but little ornament about her person. She looks then as though she possessed worth in herself, and needed no artificial rigging to enhance her value. If a young woman would spend as much time in improving her mind, training her temper, and cherishing kindness, mercy and other good qualities, as most of them do in extra dress and ornaments to increase their personal charms, she would at least be recognized among a thousand—her character would be read in her countenance.

A LADY'S TROUBLES.—A correspondent, writing from Montvale Springs, says: There is one lady here who registered a fearful vow before she came never to appear twice during the season in the same dress, or with her hair in the same style. Fancy the dreadful responsibility she had incurred. She allows herself but two hours' nap in the forenoon, during which time her maids sleep standing, and then she is up and at it again. The amount of mental concentration, decision and ingenuity which this woman employs in walking the piazzas in a trail, and playing the role of the Deceit of Hamilton, and otherwise advertising herself as a belle, would suffice, if well directed, to settle the woman question.

Jeane Jones, anticipating the good time coming, remarks: "The child-bearing period of woman is but about twenty-five years; and there is another twenty-five years of life for her beyond that. No longer will women be willing to merely rear a family, and drudge, and die. They will bring the children into the world, but they will claim from now on, as never before, that they shall have a direct hand in determining what kind of a world that shall be into which they shall bring them, and this can only be by the ballot."

The brothers of Mrs. Neel, nee Evans, near Columbus, abducted her the night after her marriage, tied her hands and feet and took her back to the paternal mansion. A writ of *habeas corpus* restored her to her husband.

Somebody gives the following advice to girls:

"Men who are worth having, want women for wives. A bundle of gewgaws bound with a string of flax and quavers, sprinkled with cologne and set in a carmine snuff-box—this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys on veritable bread and meat. The piano and lace frames are good in their places, and so are ribbons, frills, and tinsels; but you cannot make a dinner or the former, nor a bed blanket of the latter—and awful as such an idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed blankets are necessary to domestic happiness. Life has its realities as well as its fancies; but you make it all decorations, remembering the tassels and curtains, but forgetting the bedstead. Suppose a man of good sense, and of course good prospects, to be looking for a wife, what chance have you to be chosen. You may cap him, or you may trap him, but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you. Reader yourself worth catching, and you will need no shrewd mother or brother to help you to find a market."

Disraeli married his wife in 1829, and her ample means raised him above pecuniary embarrassment, and her influence has greatly contributed to his subsequent renown. He alludes to her in the dedication of one of his works as a "perfect wife." Some years ago he declined the offer of a peerage, but requested that the honor might be conferred upon his wife, which was done. An anecdote is related of this lady, which may not be new to all our readers, but which is of some special interest now that "Lothair" is before the public. On one occasion, when Disraeli was to deliver an elaborate address on some important subject, his wife accompanied him in her carriage to the gateway of the House of Commons. He bade her good by in the vehicle, and, stepping out, hung the door to behind him. Her fingers were in the hinge, and flesh and bone were crushed to a jelly. The pain was terrible, but repressing even a groan until he was out of sight and hearing, lest the accident might discompose the thoughts of the orator and unfit him for his task, she ordered the coachman to drive to a surgeon's office, and there submitted to a severe operation. This incident gives some idea of the character of the lady, and explains the influence she has always exercised upon her husband.

A Dublin correspondent of the *Woman's Journal*, in speaking of the workers in behalf of woman's rights in Great Britain, says:

Among the ladies who have added weight and dignity to the movement by their distinguished talents and good social position, may be mentioned the Viscountess Amberley, Miss Anne Isabella Robertson, and Miss Frances Power Cobbe. The last two ladies, especially, have employed their literary talents to forward it in a most earnest and successful manner. Miss Robertson's works of fiction are known to have had considerable influence on public opinion, regarding what are called "women's questions," during the last year or two; and, in addition to these, she has supported the movement at her own expense almost entirely, in Ireland, for more than two years, giving both time (so valuable to a successful novelist) and money, and the influence of her example as a leader in the cause, for its benefit. The Married Women's Property Bill may not finally become law even this session; but if it does not, England will continue to lie under the stigma of having the most unjust laws concerning the earnings and property of wives of almost any civilized nation in the world.

SUPERB PIANO-FORTES.—To allude to instruments which bear the name of Hallet, Davis & Co., would be useless. They have stood the test of years; and, when we say that they always reflect credit upon the reputation of Boston mechanics, we award high praise. In quality of tone and finish, they justly claim the first rank; and their name may be considered a good endorsement of any Piano-forte. Our esteemed friends, REDFIELD, PHETTS & Co., 227 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, are meeting with the unusual success in the sale of these matchless instruments.

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A pleasant cordial, prepared from Calimaya Bark  
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any injurious effects. As a preventive to fever  
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JULY 1, 1870.—By direction of the Trustees of this  
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Hosiery of all descriptions, and Undergarments.

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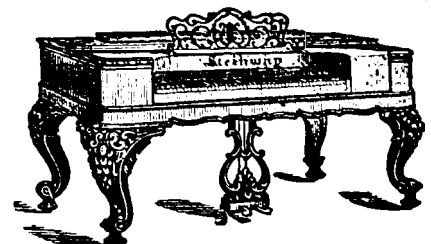
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## Mlle Fanny Janauscheck.

It would scarcely be possible to select from the annals of the dramatic stage a subject more pleasing than Mlle. Janauscheck. Her story is full of exquisite simplicity—a complete episode. She was born in Prague about the year 1835. Misfortune was the first to find her. She was but an infant when her mother died. Then her father, who had been a merchant of wealth and position, experienced bitter reverses, so the child was thus thrown largely upon her own resources. This developed self-dependence. Young as she was, she logically argued with herself the all important question, "What shall I do?" And all the world bears witness to her decision. She has become famous. Still, her early promptings led her to select music as the most faithful exponent of her half-awakened genius. She lost no time in placing herself under the tuition of the chapel-master at Prague, who, discovering his pupil's fine dramatic talents, introduced her to the great German actor, Bandini. This personage prepared her for the stage, and at the age of fifteen, Fanny Janauscheck made her first appearance, and experienced her first grand disappointment. She was not properly appreciated. There was a reason for this. The *debutante* had many reigning rivals, and we all know how that dear public will sometimes most capriciously cling to its idols. So Mademoiselle shook the dust of Prague from her shoes and went to Leipzig. Here she became totally destitute; and, in order to provide the common necessities of life, she was forced to accept a subordinate position with a traveling company of performers.

But the effect of gripping, pinching poverty upon this high-minded girl was simply glorious. It aroused an unconquerable determination to pluck success from the fiercest opposition. Young in years, Fanny Janauscheck became a woman in character. She said to herself, "I will succeed!" and she has kept her word.

Her first real triumph was in 1849. The occasion was the birthday of Goethe. This anniversary was celebrated at Frankfurt, and "Iphigenia," by that great poet, was performed, with Mlle. Janauscheck in the principal rôle. From that hour her success was assured. The public and the press vied with each other in lauding her wonderful acting, and her name spread throughout Germany. Recognized now as a woman of genius, she created the wildest enthusiasm. This enthusiasm increased to positive adoration, when she gave evidence of noble patriotism and allied herself to the great cause of German unity. The people, of course, dared not openly express their sentiments upon this subject, so they were forced to have recourse to stratagem. A grand national convention of German Schnetzer or riflemen was called together at Frankfurt. This shooting festival was, in fact, but a cloak for political discussions; and Fanny Janauscheck threw fire upon these, for she enacted the part of Germania, in an allegorical drama written for the occasion. Was it a success? Well, listen. Shouts of exultation, kindling cheeks and fast-beating hearts told of emotions kindled anew by her patriotic devotion. Yes, a grand success. The actress acknowledged as much to herself, when men climbed the stage, entered the green-room, and conveyed to her the national thanks. From that hour, Janauscheck became the nation's favorite.

She is indeed a wonderful actress. See her in *Thesuselda*. What words can do justice to the thrilling pathos of her voice, the vivid power of her action, or the grandeur of her delivery in prophesying Rome's conquest by Germany! Deborah is another of her favorite characters. This, as we know, is the story of a wild and passionate love—a life of misery. It is full of the gentlest touches of tenderness and the most frantic outbursts of passion, and it culminates in a sublime self-denial. In this character, Janauscheck is without a rival. She is not artistic. She is natural. Her sufferings and misery are the sufferings and misery of life and nature. Her agony, when deserted by her lover, her terrible invective when she becomes convinced of his infidelity, her heart-breaking forgiveness, and then the eternal separation. All these events follow each other in due order. The unutterable pathos of that poor creature's life touches the heart of every auditor. Voice and manner tell the story, and that, too, irrespective of language.

In *Medea*, Mlle. Janauscheck gives of the heroine what appears to us the only true conception. Her Colchian princess, born of a race upon whom the Olympians visited the direst misfortunes, turns from these wrathful deities. She has dark mysteries, dark gifts, dark gods of her own. To Terra and Nox only does she kneel. She loves Jason, has followed him, has borne him children, has borne him misfortune. His gods, the bright gods of Olympus, are against them—misery pursues them—earth refuses them—water refuses them—man refuses them. Gloomy Jason dreads his companion—is afraid of her—hates her—and she? Ah, she loves—loves for the past, not for the present—loves for what has been, not for what is—loves because guilt and misfortune have come upon both. For her, that is a strong tie—for him, it is an additional incentive to fear. True, our love is selfish, but the rendition of that supernatural womanliness is superb.

In *Mary Stuart*, which is histrionic and not mythic, Janauscheck presents an entirely new phase of character—affectionate, dignified, passionate, yet queenly, she is the same Mary Stuart whose sad history is thus vividly brought before us.

The characters we have mentioned are those in which the great tragedienne excels and are also her favorites. Her ne differs but little from that of Ristori, but the Bohemian

has more startling energy and miraculous intuition than the Italian. One thing is beyond dispute, the former sustains herself.

She has starred throughout Russia and Prussia, always with unrivaled success. Imperial favors have been showered upon her. Her lines have fallen in pleasant places only—so pleasant, indeed, that had her career not been interrupted by the Austrian war, we doubt whether we should have had her with us while still in the freshness of her glory. As it was, she perfected her long-dreamed-of plans, selected the members of her *troupe* and sailed for New York.

So much for the *artiste*. Now let us speak of the woman—for Fanny Janauscheck is essentially womanly. Therein lies the secret of the strange influence which she exerts in social life. A sense of retaining power pervades her like a halo. She is still young, very fair, with large brilliant, blue-gray eyes. It may be objected that she is rather large for beauty. That is true; but when in classic costume, her size can be no disadvantage. Then her walk is majestic, eminently that of a tragedy queen. She has a serious face, which becomes almost infantile in expression when it breaks into a smile, disclosing pearly teeth. She appears affectionate and confiding. Her conversation is easy and unaffected, earnest, kind and almost totally devoid of the usual egotism of celebrities. Her tastes are simple. Her home in West Washington square is quiet and retired. The drawing-rooms are large and exquisitely arranged. The rich green of the furniture being softened by falls of white laces. Life-sized portraits of the great actresses adorn the walls. Let us hope that we may retain the original with us always. By the way, Mademoiselle has been in America but three years, and she has crossed the Atlantic seven times in that period. At present, Mademoiselle is busily engaged in overcoming the difficulties of our rude language. She takes two lessons daily, and speaks English already with singular correctness and fluency. So next winter we shall have the happiness of seeing her with Edwin Booth—the *Great Booth*—in some of those personations which genius has made historical.

We have finished.—Wait! There is something grander yet to say of peerless Fanny Janauscheck. It is this: she is a charitable woman: she honors the Giver of all good by giving in her turn to others from the abundance lavished on herself.

## DRAMATIC.

The last great dramatic event has been the opening of Booth's Theatre for the fall and winter seasons. An attractive event it proved, for we had "Rip Van Winkle," with Mr. Joseph Jefferson as the hero of the play. A full house welcomed the celebrated comedian to the scene of his former triumphs, and well did he deserve the welcome he received, and the hearty plaudits which rewarded his efforts were as genuine as they were deserved. The *Rip Van Winkle* of Mr. Jefferson is, as is well known, not the character as drawn by the genial and warm-hearted Irving, but a creation of the dramatist, Boucicault, and as such we are favored with a portrait as distinct in its delineation from the original of the novelist of Sunnyside as it is possible for two characters to be. Save in name they are altogether different. To any person acquainted with the works of the two writers, whose names are now so inseparably connected with the jolly Dutchman of the village of Falling Waters, the difference is observable. But then Boucicault is so original it is impossible to imagine that he could, even if he desired, make use of the labors of another. However, Mr. Jefferson's *Rip*—that is, the Boucicault version—is as fine a piece of acting as our stage can boast of. Touched here and there with those delicate little tints, the actor carries with him from the rise to the fall of the curtain the feelings of the audience. In the last act particularly, in the interview with his daughter Meenie, his acting was really fine, full of pathos and true to nature. And while bestowing that praise on Mr. Jefferson which his acting so well merits, we must not lose sight of the admirable manner in which he is supported by the company with which he is surrounded. Miss Mary Wells, as Gretchen, gave an excellent rendering of the part, and the two children in the first act, Meenie Van Winkle and Hendrick Vedder, played by Clara McCormack and Master Harry Jackson, never found better exponents. Miss Bella Pateman also acquitted herself in a manner of which she may feel justly proud. Though a first night, everything worked to a charm; but if we might make a suggestion it would be that the stage manager would see to it that, notwithstanding how striking may be the effect of having the ghouls, who assembled in the Katskills with the spirit of Hendrick Hudson, appear with darkened faces while their hands possessed the natural hue of living men, it would be well, if only for the sake of consistency, to have both hands and faces the same color. Every little counts, Mr. Waller, in a good make-up.

The success which has attended Mr. Emmett in "Fritz" at Wallack's Theatre is something remarkable at this season of the year. Night after night, for the last five weeks, the house has been crowded, and Emmett has become *Our Fritz*, who is achieving as great a triumph in his way as the Tother Fritz is doing in a military way. Audiences like to be amused and pleased, especially at this season; and pleased and amused they are by Gayler and Fritz; and this is the secret of the great success of the performance. Gayler pleases and amuses by his incidents and dialogue; Emmett pleases and amuses by his songs and acting. As Mr. Emmett is well supported, and the play carefully produced, the

production is satisfactory in every respect. It is still necessary to apply some days in advance in order to obtain choice seats.

Wood's Museum.—This popular place of amusement appears to constantly grow stronger in the affections of an appreciative public. In addition to the usual attractions of the menagerie, the Bohemian glass-blowers, the automaton acrobat and the miscellany of the "rare and strange" objects now on exhibition, there are everyday matinee and evening performances of a thrilling, sensation drama, entitled "The Ace of Spades," in which the author, Mr. Albert Aiken, sustains the part of the principal hero. The scene is laid in New York, and presents a very fair picture of our kaleidoscopic American society. A wealthy Fifth-avenue millionaire, a representative newsboy, a precocious villain named "English Bill," and a funny villain rejoicing in the *soubriquet* of "Curly Rocks," together with several other common types of everyday Gotham life, figure on the stage in striking but not unnatural positions. The piece is filled with "hits," which, even though sometimes just a shade hackneyed and trite, simply attain the end aimed at and bring down the house the galleries especially, in thunderous applause. Some portions of the dialogue, however, are far above the usual standard of dramatic work at the minor theatres, and would bear transferral to a more critical arena. Miss Theresa Wood acts the part of Essie Troy, the friendless and ill-used girl, with great spirit and animation. Mr. Barnes, too, as Shorty, the Newsboy, displays considerable talent as a low comedian. And Mr. James Whitehead, the "Dead Life," although he has certainly to sustain the most arduous and difficult part in the piece, and one which it is by no means easy to render effective with simply natural acting, never strays into affectation or mere stilted ranting, but gives full force to his part by plain, earnest acting, of no mean order of excellence.

Business has been very good at the Theatre Comique, and Messrs. Butler & Gilmore have wisely decided to keep open throughout the summer. The theatre is pleasantly ventilated by the windows on either side, up-stairs and down. The reputation of the theatre as a first-class variety is well established, and hence its surprising popularity. The lowest down Broadway since the demolition of the old Broadway Theatre, it is convenient to the residents of Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken. In addition to a large and efficient company, generally complete in all the lines, stars and novelties are frequently engaged. The new feature of last week's bill was the appearance of the popular comedian and dialect actor, Mr. George W. Thompson, who appeared in the amusing dramatic spectacle "Love's Disguise; or, the Dutchman in Turkey." As Moses Needle, a Chatbam-street tailor, shipwrecked in Turkey, Mr. Thompson gave a very amusing delineation. He has evidently made the German character a study, and his dialect and characterization are really very good. Moses' adventures in the land of polygamy are very amusing, and Mr. Thompson entered fully into the spirit of the fun. Moses is accompanied by one Jacob Muggins, late proprietor of the great American menagerie, who is amusingly personated by Mr. Add Ryman. Mr. Johnny Hart's *Danger*, a negro servant, was one of his most enjoyable delineations. In the delineation of Ethiopian eccentricity this actor evinces great artistic ability. An unctuous humor characterizes his quiet, natural acting, which is very enjoyable. Mr. Coe as the Pasha, and Mr. J. C. Stewart as Useless, were very amusing. Misses Hardy and Clinetop played the other important parts. "Love's Disguises," which concluded the entertainment, was prefaced by a very attractive olio, introducing the principal members of the company. The negro sketch, "Blinks and Jinks," commenced the programme. Hart played Jinks to Stewart's Blinks, and they created considerable merriment. George Coes followed with a banjo solo, which was very acceptable. Misses Carrie Haines and Ida Rivers danced a double Irish lilt. Billy West and Johnny Queen were rapturously encored in their song and dance, "Adolphus Morninglory." So was Miss Jenny Eagle, who followed with serio-comic songs, in which she is very effective. In "No Remarks," Hart, Coes and Master Barney set the house in a roar of laughter. Add Ryman followed with "A Chapter from History." Next came the ballet. The ballet is a specialty at the Comique, and the corps is large and attractive. In the spectacular ballet and march, "The Warriors of the Sun," produced week before last, the corps appeared to advantage. Master Barney's Political Dutchman excited the risibilities of all. In the portrayal of Dutch eccentricities, this youthful actor is very successful, his dialect, acting and make-up, being excellent. He is one of the most popular members of the company. Mr. Jester, the ventriloquist, next appeared. His amusing entertainment, in which he displays really wonderful ventriloquial powers, is well known to metropolitan theatre-goers. The olio concluded with Johnny Queen's Teetotum, which was amusing.

The reopening of the Olympic Theatre on the 2d, promises to be an event of much interest, because an attractive novelty will be presented. "Little Faust" is a rattling opera bouffe, which will probably please as much here as it has in London or Paris. Miss Marion Taylor and Mr. H. T. Allen are among those engaged to support Mrs. Oates and Mr. Fox. Mr. Daly will reopen the Fifth-avenue Theatre on the 5th of September, with a dramatization of Wilkie Collins' new novel, "Man and Wife."

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