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VICTORIA C. WOODHULL & TENNIE C. CLAFLIN.

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Don't fail to read the Lady Brokers' Paper! The Organ of the most advanced Thought and Purpose in the World. The Organ of Social Regeneration and Constructive Reform. The Organ of Universal Science (Universology), Universal Government (The Pantarchy), Universal Religion (The New Catholic Church), The Universal Language (Alwato, Ahl-wah-to), and of all the Unities. The Organ of the Cardinary News—News of the Aspiration and Progression of Mankind toward Millennial Perfection—and Herald of the Millennium.

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VERSES BY NELLIE GRANT.

A Long Branch friend has favored us with some pretty lines by Miss Nellie Grant, daughter of the President. Miss Nellie is a fair-haired young beauty of fifteen. Her mother has written several poems and miscellaneous articles for magazines, and appears to have bequeathed her talent to her daughter. The lines are not offered as an extraordinary production, but are certainly creditable to a school-girl:

THE TEAR.

There stood a glistening tear  
In her blue and sorrowing eye;  
Reserved till the time drew near  
To say a last good-bye.

No longer the eye could retain  
Those signs of grief and love;  
They fell—to prevent was vain,  
Like showers which come from above.

'Twas pain, yet fraught with pleasure,  
Those dear falling tell-tales to see  
Than diamonds a far better treasure,  
Those tears—they were tears shed for me.

A German girl, Fanny Lewald by name, writes to the Cologne Gazette, and endeavors to stimulate the German feeling. Among the conundrums she asks is the following: "Will you, while your sons stand before French caanon, and thousands among them shed their noble young hearts' blood for the independence of Germany, will you still run about wearing toweling, insane-looking French chignons, and will you still allow your clothes to be made according to bold French fashions?"

MAN'S RIGHTS; OR, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT?

BY ANNIE DENTON CRIDGEM.

DREAM No. 1.

Last night I had a dream, which may have a meaning. I stood on a high hill that overlooked a large city. The proud spires of many churches rose high here and there, and round about the city were beautiful, sloping hills, stretching away, away into the distance; while a broad river wound here and there, extending a kindly arm toward the city.

As I stood there, wondering what manner of city it was, its name and the character of its inhabitants, all at once I found myself in its very midst. From house to house I flitted; from kitchen to kitchen; and lo! everywhere the respective duties of man and woman were reversed; for in every household I found the men in aprons, superintending the affairs of the kitchen. Everywhere men, and only men, were the Bridgets and housekeepers. I thought that those gentleman-housekeepers looked very pale and somewhat nervous; and, when I looked into their spirits (for it seemed in my dream that I had the power), I saw anxiety and unrest, a constant feeling of unpleasant expectancy—the result of a long and weary battling with the cares of the household.

As I looked at those men-Bridgets and gentleman-housekeepers, I said to myself, "This is very strange! Why, these men seem unsexed! How stoop-shouldered they are! how weak and complaining their voices!"

I found, too, that not only was the kitchen exclusively man's, but also the nursery: in fact, all the housework was directed and done by men. I felt a sad pity for these men, as I flitted from house to house, from kitchen to kitchen, from nursery to nursery.

I saw them in the houses of the poor, where the "man did his own work." I saw him in the morning arise early, light the fire and begin to prepare the breakfast, his face pale and haggard. "No wonder!" I thought, when I saw how he hurried, hurried, while in his spirit was a constant fear that the baby would awake. Very soon I heard the sharp cry of the baby; and away ran the poor father, soon returning with baby in his arms, carrying it around with him, while he raked the fire, fried the meat and set the table for breakfast. When all was ready, down came two or three unwashed, unkempt children, who must be attended to; and when all this was done, I observed that the poor gentleman's appetite was gone; and, pale and nervous, he sat down in the rocking-chair, with the baby in his arms. But what greatly astonished me was to see how quietly and composedly the lady of the house drank her coffee and read the morning paper; apparently oblivious to the trials of her poor husband, and of all he had to endure in connection with his household cares.

It was wash-day, and I watched him through that long and weary day. First at the wash-tub, while baby slept; then rocking the cradle and washing at the same time; then preparing dinner, running and hurrying here and there about the house; while in his poor, disturbed mind revolved the thought of the sewing that ought to be done, and only his own hands to do it.

Evening came, and the lady of the house returned to dinner. The children came to meet her; and as she lifted up one and then another, and kissed them, I thought, "Why, how beautiful is that woman!" Then in my dream I seemed to behold every woman of that strange city; and, ah! the marvelous beauty of those women! Eye hath not seen, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive; for a beauty almost angelic was so charmingly combined with intellect, and health brooded so divinely over all, that, at the tout ensemble, I was profoundly astonished and intensely delighted.

Then I turned myself about, and was again in the home I had left. It was evening; the lamp on the table was lighted, and there sat the poor husband I have described, in his rocking-chair, darning stockings and mending the children's clothes after the hard day's washing. I saw that it had

rained; that the clothes-line had broken, and dropped the clothes in the dirty yard; and the poor man had had a terrible time rinsing some and washing others over again; and that he had finally put them down in wash-tubs, and covered them with water he had brought from a square distant. But the day's work was over; and there he moved to and fro, while his wife, in comfortable slippers, sat by the fire reading.

"Well," I said to myself, "such is the home of the lowly; but how is it where one or more servants can be kept?" Then, as by magic, I saw how it was; for I found myself in a kitchen where a male Bridget was at work, his hair uncombed, his face and hands unwashed, and his clothes torn and soiled. Bridget was cooking breakfast, a knife in his hand, while he was bending over the cooking-stove, moodily talking to himself. The gentleman-housekeeper, pale and unhappy, opened the door, looked at Bridget, but said nothing, and soon went into the dining-room. As soon as his back was turned, Bridget turned around, lifted the arm that held the knife, and, with a fiendish look, whispered to himself, "I would like to strike you with this."

Breakfast on the table, I looked, and beheld bad coffee, burned meat and heavy biscuits; and I heard the lady of the house, who sat in a morning-robe and spangled slippers, say to the poor gentleman:

"My dear, this breakfast is bad, very bad: you ought to attend to things better."

I observed how sad he felt at these words; and I did pity the poor fellow. It seemed to me that I staid a whole day with this poor gentleman. His health was very feeble: he was suffering from dyspepsia. I saw him attending the children, saw him sewing, saw him go nervously into the kitchen, and sadly and wearily attend to things there, while the dark glances of the male Bridget followed him viciously everywhere. I saw the waste and thieving of that man-Bridget, and saw how completely that poor gentleman felt crushed and held by his help. My heart yearned toward that poor, feeble housekeeper, unable to do his own work, and so much at the mercy of that terrible Bridget; and I ceased to wonder at the pale faces of the men everywhere.

The homes of the wealthy I visited; and almost everywhere I found those gentleman-housekeepers anxious and worried, no matter how many servants were kept. There was trouble about washing, trouble about ironing, trouble about children: there was waste, there was thieving; and, oh! the number of poor, sickly gentlemen I found made me very sad.

And while, in my dream, my heart was going out in pity and commiseration toward those gentleman-housekeepers, I found myself in the midst of a large assembly, composed exclusively of these men. Here almost every man in the city had congregated to hold an indignation-meeting—a housekeeper's indignation-meeting. Every man wore a white kitchen-apron, and some I noticed whose sleeves were white with flour, while others had pieces of dough here and there stuck on their clothes: others, again, had hanging on their arms dish-cloths and towels. Very many, too, had babies in their arms, and one or more children at their side.

Then I listened to some of their speeches. One gentleman said:

"I have kept house sixteen years; and I know what it is to be poor and do my own work; and I know what it is to have servants; and I tell you, gentlemen, the whole system of housekeeping, as now conducted, is a bad one. It is, in the first place, wasteful and extravagant; and, in the next place, it wears out our bodies and souls. See how pale and feeble we are! It is time there was a change."

"We don't each of us make our own shoes," said another speaker; "we don't each of us spin our own yarn, or weave our own cloth: the hand-loom has departed, and it is now done by machinery, which has so far come to our rescue. It is not so bad for us as for our grandfathers, who had to weave on a hand-loom all the muslin and cloth for the family; but it is bad enough. Here we are kept every day of

our lives over the cook-stove, wash-tub, or ironing-table, or thinking about them. Can nothing be done to remedy this? Cannot all the domestic work be done by machinery? Cannot it be done on wholesale principles? I say it can: there is no more need for a kitchen to any house than for a spindle or a loom."

Then followed many more speeches about the extravagance of the present system, whereby one or two persons, and often more, were employed in doing the work of a small family, when it might be done at much less expense for one-fourth the labor, were the wholesale principle applied to that as it is to other things.

One man remarked that the kitchen was a small retail shop to every house: another called it a dirt producing establishment for every family, sending its fumes and filth to every room. Another gentleman said that the fine pictures painted about the domestic hearth, happy homes, etc., were all moonshine, and would continue so just so long as the present state of things continued.

"I protest against the present state of things," said a tall, delicate man, with a large, active brain. "We have this matter in our own hands; and let us here and now begin something practical. Instead of forty little extravagant cooking stoves, with each a Bridget, and so many gentlemen employed as housekeepers, let us have one large stove, and do our cooking, washing and ironing on a large scale."

Well, I thought in my dream that I listened to hundreds of speeches and protests and denunciations.

Then the scene changed; and forthwith there sprang up large cooking-establishments in different parts of the city, that could, as if by magic, supply hundreds of families with their regular meals. I looked, and lo! what machinery had done in the weaving of cloth, above and beyond what had been effected by the hand-loom, was accomplished here. The inventive genius of the age had been at work; and the result was a wondrous machine that could cook, wash and iron for hundreds of people at once.

"I must see the workings of that establishment," I said in my dream; and forthwith a polite gentleman, who said that he had been a housekeeper twenty-five years, and knew all the petty annoyances of the old system, kindly proposed to show me the various doings of the machinery.

"We are going to cook dinner now," he said, as he walked toward a monster machine. He touched a handle, and then about fifty bushels of potatoes were quietly let down into a large cistern, where they were washed, and then moved forward into a machine for peeling; which operation was accomplished in a minute or two by its hundreds of knives, and the potatoes came out all ready to be cooked. Turnips went through the same process, and other vegetables were prepared and made ready for the huge cooking apparatus. All was done by machinery: there was no lifting, no hauling, no confusion; but the machines, like things of life, lifted, prepared and transferred as desired.

I saw what was called a "self-feeding pie-maker," that reminded me of a steam printing-press, where the paper goes in blank at one end and comes out printed at the other. So the flour, shortening and fruit were taken in all at once at three separate receptacles, and came out at the other end pies ready for the oven, to which they were at once, over a small tramway, transferred by machinery. Another machine made cakes and pies.

Meal time came: the dinner was to be served. Two large wooden doors opened by means of a spring which the gentleman touched with his foot. Through them came filing past us, one after another, small, curiously constructed steam-wagons, the motion of which caused but little noise, as the wheels were tired with vulcanized India-rubber: those wagons were so arranged as to travel on common roads, and much resembled caravans. They moved past machines which were called "servers," where meals were dished and transferred to the steam caravans, which latter were termed "waiters." All this was done systematically, quietly, yet rapidly, by a few persons in charge of the machines by which meals were prepared for and distributed to hundreds of families. I saw that there were hundreds of these "servers," as well as hundreds of "waiters," so that the dinner was dished and served almost simultaneously, in double-tin cases, containing all requisites for the table.

Then away went the steam "waiters," delivering the meals almost simultaneously at the houses, which, by the by, were rapidly being "reconstructed" to meet the new state of things, with dining-rooms to accommodate hundreds at once, in blocks, or hollow squares, with cook-houses, laundries, etc., at the centre, or in circles similarly arranged, combining, in a most inconceivable degree, economy with beauty.

To return to the steam waiters: At a time understood, they called for the tin cases containing dishes and *débris*, and then wended their way back to headquarters, where all the dishes were washed and transferred to their places by steam-power.

The washing and ironing, I discovered, were done in the same expeditious manner, by machinery; several hundred pieces going in at one part of the machine dirty, and coming out at the other end a few minutes afterward, rinsed and ready to dry. The ironing was as rapid as it was perfect—smooth, glossy, uncreased, unspotted; all done by machinery.

Then I looked once more into this strange city, and, behold! an emancipated class! The pale, sickly faces of the men were giving place to ruddy health. Anxiety, once so marked in their features, was departing. No Bridget to dread now;

no washing-day any more; no sad faces nor neglected children: for now the poor gentleman-housekeepers had time to attend to the children and to the cultivation of their own minds; and I saw that the dream of the poet and of the seer was realized: for husband and wife sat side by side, each sharing the joys of the other. Science and philosophy, home and children, were cemented together; for peace, sweet peace, had descended like a dove on every household.

I awoke: it was all a dream. My husband stood at my bedside. "Annie, Annie!" he said: "awake, Annie! that new girl of yours is good for nothing. You will have to rise and attend to her, else I shall have no breakfast. I have been late at the office for several days past, and I fear I shall be late again."

I arose; and, as my husband eat his breakfast, I pondered over my strange dream. As soon as he was gone I transferred it to paper, feeling that it really did mean something, and is intended as a prophecy of the "good time coming," when woman will be rid of the kitchen and cook-stove, and the possibilities of the age actualize for woman that which I have dreamed for man.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE ORDER OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

BY EMILY VERDERY.  
(Mrs. Battey.)

VESPERS AT THE CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART—THE HISTORY OF THE ORDER—WOMEN ARE FITTED TO ORGANIZE AND FORM GOVERNMENTS—AMERICAN CATHOLICITY.

One lovely Sunday afternoon, in the autumn of 1868, a friend invited me to visit with her the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Manhattanville.

"We will be in time for Vespers," she remarked; "and I know you will be very much pleased."

### THE OLD LORILLARD COUNTRY SEAT,

one of the most beautiful localities on the Island of Manhattan, is the site where this elegant and lovely home of the ladies of the Sacred Heart is situated.

Back among the old ancestral trees, on a beautiful eminence, rises the magnificent building whose cross-crowned cupola is seen as you approach the extensive wooded inclosure, that forms the domain of the Convent. The grounds through which you pass, by a winding carriage-way to the portal, are improved in so artistic a manner you scarcely can tell where nature ends and art begins. The red sandstone façade and covered carriage entrance harmonize marvelously well with the color of the ground upon which the house stands. Downing's advice with regard to harmony in this respect has, wittingly or unwittingly, been precisely carried out.

The bell was answered by a lay sister, whose snowy cap and well arranged veil invited the eye to rest upon its quaint but attractive beauty.

She received our cards and politely showed us to the parlors, which were thronged with the pupils of the school and their friends. Sunday is always a visiting day in all Roman Catholic educational establishments. I do not think I ever saw an assembly where there was more ease and good breeding and less boarding-school stiffness displayed.

The children were beautifully dressed, and evidently belonged to the best classes of society. A few of the ladies of the Sacred Heart were scattered here and there amid the groups, their black robes contrasting with the bright colors and highly ornate toilets of their visitors.

A bell sounded, and the groups began to move toward the eastern wing of the building, to the chapel, the pupils excusing themselves "until after Vespers."

"We will be obliged to wait until after Vespers to see Madame T. and my nieces," said my friend, and we also moved on to

### THE CHAPEL.

The seats of the visitors being elevated above the nave where the pupils were seated, enabled us to command a view of the whole beautiful interior of this chaste and elegant sanctuary of prayer. It is finished in the same style of Gothic architecture that prevails throughout the building. There is nothing gloomy, heavy or monastic about it. A dim, religious twilight is diffused through the rainbow-tinted, stained glass, which fills the panes of the high, pointed Gothic windows. The stalls of the nuns, on each side of the chapel, are of rich carved black walnut, and are also elevated above the nave. Many of the nuns were kneeling in them when we entered. Between the windows on each side are modillions or scrolls, on which in bas-relief are represented "The Stations of the Cross." In these "Stations" the story of the agony and Crucifixion of Jesus are told in twelve mute but emphatic object lessons. Alternating with these medallions are oval cartoons in oils or fresco, the pictured heads of saints or historic Church celebrities. At the upper end of the chapel the altars blazed with the glimmering light of innumerable waxen tapers.

Upon the great stained glass window, above the central altar, was depicted the forms of worshipping angels, reposing upon amber-colored clouds and floating upon sleeping wings of every hue. It is the finest piece of work in stained glass I have ever seen. It looks as if the angels had floated out of heaven on some glorious summer evening, and from the gorgeous sunset clouds were gazing, with worshipping tenderness, upon the altar where reposes the body of their Lord. The idea was certainly the conception of some sweetly worshipping spirit, who sought thus to symbolize its own intense adoration of the Real Presence in the Eucharistic Bread.

By an artistic arrangement of the light a beautiful effect was produced at

### THE ALTAR OF THE VIRGIN.

The picture behind this altar represents two angelic figures coming out of the clouds with a crown in their hands. Their drapery floats softly back, while the arms seem to extend from the canvas. So admirable is the foreshortening and so artistic is the arrangement of the lights upon the altar, the crown in their extended hands seems about to drop upon the head of the veiled statue of the Virgin upon the altar in front of the picture. Scarcely had I time to take in these details when the slow and solemn strain of an organ symphony floated through the arched and groined apartment, and slowly, slowly, so slowly they scarcely seemed to move, came, two and two, with folded hands, a long procession of young girls, robed in rose color and veiled in white. Two little ones, not more than four or five years of age, headed the long, cloud-like line. Not a step faltered or hesitated, or seemed at a loss what to do or where to go. Their eyes were modestly downcast, their whole deportment devotional; and, reader, devotion is such a beautifier! There's no cosmetic like it.

### THE VESPER SERVICE.

Each couple advanced until they reached the front of the altar, then knelt and defiled right and left around the dark pews, which they entered from the side nearest the walls. The cloud-like line continued thus to float in, and curl round into the pews until every seat was filled. Then the heavenly strains of sympathetic female voices mingled with the organ tones in the heavenly "Gloria," "Laus tibi" and "Alleluia," "Anthem and Antiphon," with which the "Even-song" begins. Gently sank every young form and head in prayer, and through the whole service every worshiper, from the black-robed nun in her stall to the infant band with rosary beads in their tiny hands, seemed absorbed in devotion. There was no turning or twisting in the seats, no stare of impertinent curiosity, or ill-timed levity. At the conclusion of the service a priest in rich vestments entered the sanctuary and, after kneeling before the altar, raised the glittering Remonstrance and bestowed the solemn Benediction upon the kneeling throng. Then, as slowly as they had entered, and in the same order, the three hundred young worshipers glided out, each couple, as before, bowing before the altar as they reached the central aisle, and before they turned to make their exit.

No stage manager, trained by years of practice in planning dramatic effects, could have arranged the programme of the *entrée*, the service and the *exodus* with more artistic skill.

Upon our return to the parlors Madame T., a venerable lady of the Sacred Heart, awaited us with the little relatives of my friend. I became so much interested in the items which this amiable old lady gave me that I pursued my inquiries, until finally I gleaned from various sources this

### HISTORY OF THE ORDER.

At the commencement of the nineteenth century the old Orders of the Church, but particularly the Society of Jesus, had received a blow from which it seemed they could never recover. The cultivation of a religious sentiment, symbolized by an idea, is one of the developments of the Catholic mind. Thus the "Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus" had always been a chosen idea of the Society of Jesus. Hence, when two devout women, Margaret Mary Alcouque and the young Madeleine Sophie Barrat, revealed to their confessors—Jesuits—that their devotion to the Sacred Heart had been rewarded with interior light and spiritual grace, they were chosen to be the founders of a new order for women, whose work should be specially guarded and directed by the members of the Society of Jesus. The chief work selected for the Religious of the Sacred Heart was made by their first directors, and is still, the education of young ladies.

### MADAME BARRAT

may be considered the actual foundress of the order. Around her, in 1800, flocked ladies of the highest social position in France, and to them was confided the education of the daughters of the Catholic French nobility of that day. Madame Barrat was as distinguished for her mental culture as for her contemplative and holy piety. She read and wrote seven different languages with skill and fluency, and so evident was her saintliness, that although but seven years have elapsed since her death, steps have been

already taken for her doubtless be followed

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**JAPANESE FASHIONS.**—The style of dress in Japan is even more varied than it is on Broadway. A Japanese lady, thoroughly arrayed, is quite an elaborate work of art. A large amount of attention, and no little expense, to begin with, is devoted to the arrangement of the hair, even the common people regularly employing a hair-dresser. If they cannot afford the luxury every day, they will make it last for two days by sleeping upon a wooden pillow placed under the neck. The item of next importance is the *obi*, or girdle, which is arranged behind with great care, so as to form the camel's hump, recently popular among other uncivilized nations. The Grecian bend is an old institution in Japan, and to see one of these dark-skinned ladies, with her extensive head-dress, a hump upon her back, an extremely narrow skirt, high wooden pattens, her body thrown forward as she minces her way along, you would imagine that she was caricaturing the brainless votaries of fashion in other lands: but she is only dressing as her people have dressed, and walking as they have walked, perhaps for centuries.



## THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT.

## ARE WOMEN INDIVIDUALS OR ARE THEY PERSONAL NONENTITIES?

CONDITION OF WOMEN UNDER THE DIFFERENT FORMS OF GOVERNMENT, POLITICALLY, SOCIALLY, INTELLECTUALLY—INEQUALITY MEANS INFERIORITY—THE INCONSIDERATENESS OF WOMEN—INDIVIDUALITY FOR ALL.

In surveying the situation occupied by woman it is not surprising that this query should arise in the minds of those who observe realities rather than the glittering appearances, by which things are often shrouded, by those who desire that realities should not become apparent. We do not believe that many women realize the whole truth regarding themselves. Aside from a certain degree of moral power possessed in some quarters, there never were representatives of humanity more completely subjugated than are the women of countries that profess to be republican. They are in precisely the same condition of those men who, by some overt act, have lost their citizenship. We challenge you who say us nay to show that this is not the case. In countries despotic and monarchical there is not that vast difference of condition between the sexes that exists in republics. Women there come nearer possessing an equality of political power, as it is not under all constitutional and limited monarchies that all men have a political voice. Under other forms of government the women are still more nearly equal, for in many countries voting is unknown. Do women ever stop to consider that under republican forms of government, as distinguished from monarchies, the privileges of men generally are vastly augmented and those of women remain unchanged? Do they always desire to remain in this dormant condition regarding their privileges? It is not only political privileges that women voluntarily forego. In the domain of commerce and finance they have, like the serfs of Russia, to some extent, made inroads; but these exceptional cases are those where women have been obliged to resort to them, because thrown upon their own resources; or because they have had no master to determine for them, that they should not take such steps. Intellectually, also, women have exhibited some brilliant examples of individuality; so, too, have they done in all ages; but here even they lack that positive power which always proceeds from a consciousness of superiority of condition. Socially the instances of individuality are always those of ignominy, and the individuals are made a curse and blight of society. They do not receive the consideration of "neighbors" at its hands.

But for all these inequalities there is a prime inequality which conduces directly to them, and this is political inequality, or the absence of the female element in the control of those things upon which all others hinge, and by which all others to a very considerable extent are determined. Political inequality is a direct admission of inferiority on the part of those subjected to it, and a direct assertion of inferiority on the part of those who prohibit equality. All inequalities are the direct result of a lack of individuality, and a lack of individuality is the result of our system of educating the young. To become individualized presupposes being independent, self-reliant and self-supporting. This is individuality. All individuals, therefore, must have a direct interest in the rules and regulations under which they shall be compelled to be self-reliant. While women depend upon men to provide for all their pecuniary interests, individuality is a thing of little importance, and those women who have never known what it is to earn the supply of their daily wants can well say that they forego political equality, and consider every woman who demands it as "strong-minded" and almost masculine. But let revolution come; let these dependent women be thrown upon their own resources, and their convictions would soon change. They would not only demand that legislation should be somewhat in their interests, but they would also demand an equal right to form a part of legislation. We would ask, then, what is the objection to extending the political rights, possessed by man, to such women as are similarly conditioned to men; to those who are independent and who have an equal interest with man in the laws under the operations of which they must provide for themselves.

If Congress denies to women, generally, the privilege of suffrage, upon the plea that women generally are averse to it, let them grant it to women who demand it, and whose conditions warrant the demand being made. Place women upon the same footing with men, when they occupy similar positions, and are similarly conditioned. Surely this measure of justice cannot be denied by the most conservative men, nor ridiculed by the most "sensible" feminine women, unless, forsooth, there is a determination on the part of men to hold women in continuous vassalage, and on the part of the majority of women to willingly submit to being vassals.

There is, however, one tendency in the human family which neither "conservative" men nor "feminine" women can prevent, by any of their fondness for old customs and

things—that is Individuality; and it is this characteristic in women as well as in men that will not only demand, but obtain all the common privileges for themselves that are enjoyed by any individuals under the same government. Suffrage may be denied a little longer to women who demand it, but equality, as applied to both sexes, must and will obtain in all departments of life; in those of duty, as in those of privilege.

## ITEMS.

Wroming women are monopolizing Republican county nominations. Suffrage does nobody good, oh no!

Greeley said, after his anti-woman suffrage lecture in Washington, which was given to a big house of empty benches, that "the only thing suffrage would do for women, was to give them more work." That is the point, Mr. Greeley. Out of more work will grow more wages, and out of more wages happiness will replace scantiness, and virtue will replace prostitution, married or single.

Suffrage is a farce.—*Char. de Moran.*  
Is not a farce better than a tragedy?

Sweden has started a Female Medical College. All honor to glorious, dear Fredrika Bremer, whose life was given to showing in their true light the cruel laws of her land, and whose grand novel—"Herrtha"—did much to make the writer and others women's rights workers. The women of Sweden and America shall join hands across her grave, and crown it with immortelles.

The Indiana divorce courts are busier than ever. When suffrage, according to Greeley, has given women more work, and they can support themselves, divorce will amount to nothing, for women will then marry only for love, and with men who will not want divorces when they grow old.

Solomon's wisdom is laid to his having seven hundred wives to advise him. This also explains Brigham Young's shrewdness.

"The population of the world is set down at 1,230,000,000; 250,000,000, or thereabouts, are the children of unwilling mothers and should not have been born. Hence, come crime, poverty and vice into the world.

Prostitutes are not all driven to their mode of life. Some take to it as men take to liquor. The man who becomes a sot is often the child of a mother who has been brought up to drink moderately. Natural prostitutes are commonly daughters of sensual men.

London has 23,000 uneducated children to the square mile. Subjection of women produced them.

In some few cases prostitution seems an imperfect form of stirpiculture. The girls try many men, and marry one man at last.

"Drunkenness prevails alarmingly among Harrisburg females." Are Harrisburg males alarmingly sober? Is this drunkenness among the rich women, to whom social prejudice forbids work, or among the poor, who take to drink, like their liege lords, to drown their sorrows?

"Two-thirds of all the school teachers in this country are women." And not paid two-thirds of men's pay, though often better teachers.

It is said that the Connecticut Legislative Committee treated women suffrage as a joke. They will laugh to their side of their mouths yet.

An eight-hour speaker came home from his work at six o'clock one day and found his wife dressed in her best, sitting on the doorstep. "Where is my supper?" said he. "Don't know," said she. "I began getting breakfast at five this morning, and my eight hours ended at one o'clock."

Greeley would have been glad enough to have the soldiers' wives vote in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois in 1862, while they were harvesting. For want of their votes those States went Democratic.

Catherine Beecher will be Principal of the Hartford Female Seminary. We object. She is the black sheep of the family; she sets the girls a bad example by opposing freedom for her sex.

If the census shows but slight increase of native population, it will be because American wives have learned to avoid undesired children.

The girls were one too many for Dr. Holland at Vassar College. They criticised his lecture so keenly that he went away.

Greeley says he is tired of talk and prefers to work. If he cannot talk better than he does on suffrage, we advise him to hoe his Chippewa turnips and hold his tongue—about women and farming.

A London husband, ponding his wife, was attacked so fiercely by the family cat, that the woman had to take her off to save his life.

Would he do as much for her?

Woman's Rights women get into comfortable quarters.—*N. Y. Globe.*

They earn them.

Greeley having shown that he knew next to nothing about suffrage and political economy, has since tried with signal success to prove that he knows still less about farming.

When a Chicago woman wants to get a man on a breach of promise case, she makes a bet of a kiss with him and loses. She pays him the kiss in the presence of a witness, then sues him for breach of promise and trifling with her affections, and so forth. Look out for 'em when they offer to bet a kiss.

When she is free to earn her living without him, and without being despised for doing it, she won't play this game.

So many men were killed during the war, that the census will probably show a majority of women. Yet, a minority of the people only can vote.

Hundreds of dead soldiers during our war turned out to be women. If Greeley is right, those who survive are entitled to the ballot.

Judge Barnard said on the bench lately, that "it was bad enough to have a mother-in-law without being compelled to support her." Treat your wife properly, Judge, and you will not have to complain publicly of her mother.

"A Burlington woman's rights lady gets shaved regularly at the barber's." Other women don't have to go that far.

Why are the women who nursed, less entitled to vote than the men who fought?

Hon. Horace Greeley is respectfully requested to answer.

Mr. Wakeman, at the Liberal Club, said that women would soon get tired of suffrage. Well, we want to see the folly of it.

"500,000 white citizens are disfranchised in the South.—*N. Y. Express.*

Ten times that number are so. But your sympathy is only for your own sex, a small part of the whole.

Massachusetts is threatened with stump speeches from Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Lucy Stone, in behalf of Mr. Phillips.—*N. Y. Express.*

As Brooks Brothers will be candidates for Congress this Fall, New York is "threatened" with "stump speeches" from those gentlemen on behalf of themselves.

A widow in Nebraska, wishing to remarry, killed her four children, regarding them as impediments. Probably she never wanted them.

If the workingmen fear Chinese competition, let them bring women into the field. Few Chinamen could live on their wages.

Out West, seven years ago, the men went to the war, while the women turned out and harvested the crops. Yet Greeley says they must not vote unless they fight. Could the men fight if the women did not work?

Two women in a strawberry patch, in Illinois, engaged in a political discussion, and one of them was buried next day.

Set off against this, thousands of like cases among men, and you will see how much milder politics will be after the sixteenth amendment passes.

The principal occupation of the "girl of the period" is said to be to sit at the window and watch for the "coming man."

When the sixteenth amendment has passed, she will work while she waits, as Greeley has said.

McFarland denies the story of Fisk having refused him a pass on his road. He shows a pass over the Erie road, which he says Fisk voluntarily tendered him upon leaving New York.

Then Fisk is less a man than we thought.

Ramie is soon to be a Southern staple. Mr. Emile Le-franc, of New Orleans, has invented and patented a machine for separating the fibre from the woody matter and outer bark. The want of a suitable process for this purpose has hitherto deterred Louisiana planters from its culture. Now, that it has been discovered, many intend cultivating the plant. Ramie, for many purposes, will be a substitute for cotton, and can be used for interweaving with it, and with wool and silk.

An eminent divine was cured of chewing tobacco by a young girl, who interrupted his precepts upon fasting with, "Pshaw! don't preach self-denial to me when you have your mouth full of nasty tobacco!" When we have seen a man denouncing the use of wine, with the tobacco juice running in two streams out of the corners of his mouth, we have thought that a little self-inquiry might, at least, teach him charity.

Mrs. Stanton shut up Whitelaw Reid as soon as she consented to notice him.

Mrs. Hugg, of Chicago, has applied for divorce from Mr. Hugg. The charge is he didn't hug enough. Too much huggermuggery about this. He must have hugged somebody else.

Miss Lilian Edgerton will appear on the rostrum next winter as the mouthpiece of the dog-in-manger, ladies. If she and they oppose suffrage, they should keep silence. Discussion is fatal to their side.

Many people and papers have said that the Washington suffrage movement amounted to nothing. Mrs. General Sherman & Co. don't think so, for it forced them to take the field.

Hon. Henry O'Connor, an eloquent advocate of woman's rights, is renominated by the Republicans for Attorney-General of Iowa.

Oberlin College, foremost in educating women, is dead against their voting.—*N. Y. Globe.*

Don't send your daughters there, nor to Miss Beecher's, Hartford seminary. Send them to Vassar, whence the girls scared Dr. Holland.

Is it safe?—*T. L. Cuyler*

Justice is always safe. Oppression never.

Dr. Morris, of Maryland, stated at the Willard Seminary last week, that Mrs. Emma Willard was "not one of the misguided who desire woman's rights." She had not cared to step out of the province of woman." Yet he trumpeted her discoveries in science. The learned doctor should tell us what that province is. A hundred years ago his heroine would have been called "misguided" for being scientific.

Politics debase.—*Senator.*

You plainly want a monopoly of the debasement. It seems to pay. All employments which separate the sexes debase both.

"We like the old-fashioned dependence of women." Would you like your sister or your daughter to depend on a tyrant? Would you like your wife at your death to depend on a stranger?

"The polls are dangerous for women."

False.—Party after party of women have gone to the polls in Washington to ask registration, and the crowd treated them with perfectly good-natured respect.

When Jennie June told her husband she feared failure in speech-making, he said "Why, you never fail when you begin to scold me." David knows that scolding is mispent eloquence.

"Women cannot compete with men." Try your hand at darning, house-keeping, or embroidery, sir. At everything which needs fineness, patience, and great exactness, women can beat men. Even if not, so much less should women be shut out from what they can do.

"Looking up to a man." Do you think she likes you to look down on her?

When women want the suffrage they will have it.—*Sumner.*

Must a wise woman wait for fools?

"When any considerable number of women demand the suffrage, they will get it."

Is 100,000 a considerable number?

"When the mass of women ask suffrage they will succeed."

How, if they dare not ask?

THE WEEKLY OF FREEMASONRY, NO. 2

Cult and Craft, Work and Faith  
Alled with Nature and Science, Intuition and  
Intuition, Union and Dream

### CENTRIFUGAL AND DIVERGENT

Social Unity, on the one hand, and Individuality,  
on the other hand.

Freemasonry, on the one hand, is a social institution, and on the other hand, it is an individual institution. It is a social institution in that it is a body of men, and it is an individual institution in that it is a body of men, each of whom is an individual. It is a social institution in that it is a body of men, and it is an individual institution in that it is a body of men, each of whom is an individual. It is a social institution in that it is a body of men, and it is an individual institution in that it is a body of men, each of whom is an individual.

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Religion begins its formal institution with the altar raised as a mere mound of stones or logs, and with the sacrifice of sheep, bullocks and goats, or of the vegetable growth of the fields. It advances at a far later stage, at the end, as it were, of its own most distinctive career, to the time when it erects a temple.

Freemasonry claims its origin, on the contrary, at the epoch of "the building of the temple." Grounded in the religious development it takes on thence a distinctive character and symbolizes a higher, more intellectual, and more manly development of humanity.

Religious observances are allied with agriculture and with Natural Growth, and so with Nature and with the infancy of Humanity.

Masonry and Masonic "Work" are allied with construction, based on scientific measurements, implements and appliances, and so they are allied with Science and with the adult age of Humanity. The compass, the square and the level are the Analogues and Hieroglyphs of Science; as the altar, the burnt fat and the barley are so of Nature.

Religion and the Church represent Nature, and even the spirituality which they involve is only a higher essence of Nature.

Masonry and Masonic "Work" represent Science, which deals in regularity and exactitudes, and is Orderly, whereas Nature is spontaneous, and in that sense Free.

But while Freemasonry is a Type or Analogue of Science, as is also the squared building or temple, and finally the Cubic City of the Apocalypse Vision, yet all these are only premonitions of the true Universal Science now revealed as Universology.

Intuition is the higher or human form of Instinct. It is knowing without knowing why we know. It is predominantly allied with Religion and with Faith and Nature. It is the Unusual operation of the knowing Faculty of the Mind.

Intellect is the truly human, the reflective and analytical form of Mentation. It is knowing, and at a same time knowing how and why we know. It is predominantly allied with Science, Analysis and Demonstration. It is the Usual operation of the knowing Faculty of the Mind.

But Intellect begins at its lowest in Intuition or Instinct, and ends at its highest, in a superior Intuition, the Intuition of the Intellect, the mental *locutus eruditus* and ready provision of the trained and thoroughly intellectualized mentality—the *vis-guiss* of the experienced Scientist.

Science and the Intellect have then their own lower and adumbrative sphere of development. It is precisely in this tenebrous pre apprehension of scientific truths that Freemasonry has had its origin and growth. It is hitherto ignorant of its own meaning. It has "builted wiser than it knew." Universology alone can and will expound it. The Institution will soon take on immense new expansions and proportions. It will be the basis of the University of the

### WHAT IS THE PANTARCHY, PRACTICALLY?

I have long felt with a power by letter and personally a certain sympathy with the practical and humanly character of the Pantarchy, which has been so recently and so happily at the basis of the institution to be given to the world. I have in fact been a most ardent and complete reader of the large numbers of readers far more readily than I am reported.

But this sort of a comprehension leaves a sort of vacuum in the mind. The Pantarchy conceived of in that way, and still as claiming to be the Supreme Institute of Humanity, seems to me to be realized. It is, as it were, as big as all out there, and although this huge universal sphere of conception has been centered and axially penetrated by the Principles and Laws of its theoretical structure, in the abstract treatment heretofore given of the subject yet this mere *Pantarchy* and *Law of Rectitude* give but a meager skeleton of an idea of the actual Pantarchy as it will be, and as it germanally is, already, as a Practical Working Institution.

And yet this abstract statement of fundamental Laws and Principles was in the beginning indispensable, and will have to be reiterated, no doubt, many thousand times for the instruction of new comers. It is this *Skeleton of Laws and Principles* is, in very truth, and by strict Scientific Analogy, the skeleton of the subject.

The last assertion can be better understood by an allusion to the modelic character of the Human Body, which, in the eyes of Universology is Nature's *grandest hieroglyphic*; the type of all perfections.

The basis and supporting constitution of any truly or ganized Institution is a Framework of Order centering a congerated aggregate of Flexibility and Freedom, precisely as the *stiff Human Skeleton* centres and sustains the *fleshy parts*. It is for this reason that we may of any individual character, and the same of the character of any Institution, which is without central solidity and consistency; which is, therefore, a mass of concession and uncertainty; that it is "without backbone." It is in other words, *Molluscous*, and at best covered by an indurated *shell* of custom, privilege or tradition.

What rests in abstract Laws and Principles, in Positive Science, Discovery, True Philosophy is, on the other hand, *Vertebrate* the term we apply to animals having backbones.

The Bones are the Analogue of Laws, not of the arbitrary so called Laws enacted by men more or less corrupt, never, perhaps, very wise, at Albany or Washington; not even of the so-called "Laws of Nature," observationally discovered by ordinary men of Science; but of Laws *inherent in the Nature of Things*, a priori, *apodictic*, absolute, *universally discovered and demonstrated*; equally applicable in all the sciences; constituting the Skeleton or Framework, centrally and regulatively, of every truly and highly organized object; guiding us absolutely in respect to our own social constructions, and hence rightfully constituting the keel and ribs of the future ship of state, and so, also, the preambular sketch or *ébauche* of the PANTARCHY.

The Bones are the Analogues of Laws; the *Joints* of the *Co-opted ones* and *Adjustments* of the Abstract Laws, fitting them for the Practical Operations of Life; the *Muscles* and soft parts are the *Facts* or *Happenings* of which actual Life is made up from day to day, and hour to hour, overlaying, disguising and conforming to the occult indwelling Laws or Bony Framework, while yet reacting on it, in respect to new adjustments and adaptations, through the flexibility conceded by the Joints; just as in Nature, there is ample verge and scope for the *Active Intervention of Man*, in *modifying events*, notwithstanding the fundamental scientific conception, that of the "Invariability or Fixity of Law."

The Inherent Laws, or, in other words, the Bones or Bony Skeleton of Being are *Statis*, or primarily related to Station or Rest; to the mere function of sustaining or upholding, in Space. The *Facts* of Being, the Soft or Molluscous Parts of the Universe, the Eventuation in other words, the Nerves and Muscles—are *Motis* or primarily related to Motion, Movement and Dynamics (or Force); to Function proper, which is Operation, in Time.

This article is, after all, only transitional from the Abstract to the Concrete; from the Laws to the Facts. In my proposed account of the Pantarchy—from the Bones to the Meat. Preserve your appetites. The fleshpots are coming. You shan't be kept always gnawing at bones; but bones in the right place are exceedingly important. To be without backbone is a great misfortune; and that is the precise characteristic of every Human Institution which is not founded on a right understanding of Abstract Prin-

ciples, which is therefore, on the other hand, a more complete and more accurate aggregation of devices. This has been, perhaps, the *Neuf-pain* contention of ALL HUMAN INSTITUTIONS. At the best they have merely achieved a mere truce of gristle, hardly that. Bones never. The *Final Law* of the *Supreme Law* remains to be established for the Future.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

### The New York Standard Prematurely Committed to the Pantarchy.

THE INDISCRETION OF TRAVELING RESPONSIBILITY IN THE HANDS OF SUBORDINATE MAGNANIMITY OF THE PANTARCHY.

Mr. J. ROBERT YOUNG, editor and proprietor of the *New York Daily Standard*, is absent from his post in consequence of others of his numerous journalistic engagements, some of which are in a neighboring city. Mr. Foley, his able and courteous assistant, is also absent, compelled, as it were, by the heats of August, to snatch a breath of cool air and a moment of repose in the rural distance.

In the absence of these experienced journalistic leaders a younger and more indiscreet man, Mr. Tertius Dux, had to be intrusted with the management of this lively and interesting daily. The consequences, except for my magnanimity, which will appear presently, might have proved disastrous.

This generous hearted but inexperienced young Mr. Tertius Dux became suddenly and unexpectedly, in the absence of his superiors, a most zealous and unlimited convert to the Pantarchy. Conquered by the force of my reasoning, and being naturally of a susceptible and gushing earnestness of character, he could not restrain his zeal, and has in autiously (for I must suppose, without adequate authority) committed the *Standard* to the new doctrine; and although he was acting directly in my interest, he has taken a step, in so doing, for which I feel bound to reprimand him.

Recently converted, himself, to Universology, Pantarchy, New Catholic Church, and whatsoever else is great and magnificent, and overcome by the vehemence of his enthusiasm, this young, inexperienced Mr. Tertius Dux has carried over the *Standard*, of which he was only left in the temporary and limited administration, horse, foot and dragoons, to the advocacy of truths which the proprietors of that paper may not have accepted so absolutely. This subordinate knows, and I know, that all that he says, as I shall quote him presently, is true; but Mr. Young and Mr. Foley may not think so, and he should not have forgotten that fact, and his own subordinate position. I forgive him on account of his zeal, as a new convert, and I hope that Mr. Young and Mr. Foley will forgive him also, adding merely another gentle reprimand, and if he needs any other forgiveness, I commend him to his own conscience and to God.

This indiscreet but zealous convert to the Pantarchy, which he calls very rightly "The Supreme Institute of Humanity," adds that "Mr. Andrews is, without doubt, the greatest and wisest of living men." "It is," he says "to the Pantarchy, now, that all eyes are turned," and bursting with the enthusiasm of one newly converted, he exclaims: "Have not all the powers, except the Papacy, already yielded to Mr. Andrews, and must not the Papacy even succumb to the Pantarchy?" He is even fearful that the Pantarch may be too lenient with the Pope, and thinks that Archbishop Manning ought not, on any account, to be allowed to supersede "Mr. Andrews" in his claims to the chair of St. Peter.

Of course my sympathies are all moved in behalf of such an earnest young devotee to my gospel and my claims; but I guard myself against being "of too yielding a temperament," and I can only condemn his indiscretion for having committed the *Standard* to all these splendid verities without, as I fear, having secured the proper authorization.

That sublime magnanimity, therefore, which should always characterize a Pantarch, forbids me absolutely from taking any advantage of this indiscreet surrender at discretion of the young, inexperienced Mr. Tertius Dux. When his superiors are prepared to endorse and affirm his act of adhesion to the Pantarchy, it will give me great pleasure to accept the *Standard* as the first of the dailies of New York, unless we accept its great rival, the *Sun*, to have wheeled into rank under the banners of the Pantarchy; and it is a favorable time now, before the rush becomes so great that their accession may be overlooked as unimportant. There is at present, as this writer intimates, a good deal of room, in the Pantarchy, although "one man and two women" are a majority of the whole world if they have the right on their side. By the way, I wonder if the question of right and truth ever occupied five minutes of the actual attention of this indiscreet young Mr. Tertius Dux; if not, I fear that his conversion may prove a barren triumph, after all, for the Pantarchy.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

## TO ONE IN HEAVEN

BY N. C. M.

Three times, Pet, the roses have bloomed  
And faded our faces between—  
Three times o'er your still heart, my darling,  
The grass on your grave hath grown green—  
And my lips wear the smiles I have taught them,  
And your name without weeping I speak;  
Ah, I've learned in these long, weary years, love,  
What the poor heart may bear and not break.

Do you know, Pet, sometimes I'm so weary,  
And stumble where Duty would guide,  
As the flowers on your grave seem to mock me,  
And tell of the beauty they hide!  
O darling, ask God to forgive me,  
He never would answer my prayer,  
When daily I murmur against Him  
For calling my angel up there!

To-day, as I gazed on your picture,  
In likeness so faithful and true,  
Did you know how my poor heart was weeping?  
And how it was calling for you?  
Ah! that moment I know the dear angels  
Missed you from your own holy place;  
For I felt you were bending above me,  
And leaving a kiss on my face.

For I heard, in the hush of that moment,  
A sound like the sweep of a wing,  
And a note trembled down through the silence  
Like the music, love, you used to sing;  
While the peace that is given the angels  
Seemed wrapping me up in its fold,  
Till the clouds of my sorrow were lifted,  
And their edges were bordered with gold.

When the fingers of Twilight are closing  
The dim, weary eyes of the Day,  
And the meek, lovely heads of the flowers  
Are bowed in the silence to pray,  
O come to me then, love, and banish  
The dust and the darkness of care,  
And tell me a story of Heaven;  
And tell me you're loving me there!

When at last I shall reach the "Still River,"  
Will you come to me—close to my side?  
Shall I hear the sweet words of your welcome  
Above the low lull of the tide?  
And, say, shall you mind, if my garments  
Are dusty and worn with the strife?  
For you know I can bathe in the river—  
In the waves of the "River of Life."

And, then, can I kiss you in Heaven?  
And tell you how lonely I've been?  
Shall I find your true heart and your arms, love,  
Wide open to gather me in?  
Alas! I am growing impatient—  
I feel but the blow of the "rod!"  
O, help me be faithful to Duty,  
'Till we meet in the "Mansions of God."

APRIL, 1869.

## LABOR AND CAPITAL.

PRIORITY OF RIGHT—THEIR POSITION IN THE PROCESSES OF SOCIETY—THE EARTH BELONGS TO MAN AT LARGE—INDIVIDUAL CLAIMS PURE ASSUMPTION—PRINCIPLES, PRACTICE, REMEDIES AND CURE.

Capital, primarily, is the product of labor, but labor, in the abstract, could produce nothing of itself. It must have something upon which to apply itself. It cannot create anything; it can only alter, readjust or rearrange the materials which nature offers, and by bringing them into new relations with each other make it possible for them to subserve other and better purposes than when, in the constitution assigned them by the operation of natural laws, they are unmodified by the touch of mind. Therefore, while capital is the direct result of labor, labor would not be possible without the free gifts of nature. Absolute originality, then, or absolute priority of right, as between labor and capital, cannot be claimed by or for either.

The formula of the operation, beginning with nature and ending in the ultimate use of its productions, in contributing to the happiness of the race is this: Nature is made up of the elements of the universe, which, compounded into forms, are offered to man to be modified into other forms and to combine in new relations which may best contribute to the needs of the human family. In this view, and in view of the inharmonious relations that exist between capital and its co-equal labor, it becomes necessary to give the whole matter a complete analysis, in order to discover, if possible, where the primary fault lies, and find the proper solution of all differences.

The human race exists upon the earth. At a past period no human being existed upon it. At a later day the human race arose. Before man nothing claimed the ownership of any part of the earth's surface. When man presented himself he began to make use of various parts of it for his own ends, but to the land thus appropriated he acquired no permanent title or right of ownership. It was his to obtain from it all that his genius and strength made possible. So much as he could thus extract he could possess, but further than this his title was valueless. The races of man that now inhabit the earth are scattered over the greater part of its surface, drawing what it spontaneously yields and what they can force it to yield. From these premises it would seem unquestionable that each individual of the human family had an equal right to its benefits. The only difference that should exist should be that limited and bounded by the ca-

capacity of each to produce. No person could, therefore, ever acquire under the rule of universal justice an absolute ownership to any part or portion of the earth's surface. If the chain of title to any claimed ownership is followed backward sufficiently, it will be found to have originated in an assumption in the first instance of ownership to something that belonged to men in common. We can now acquire landed property from the government, and this creates the most absolute ownership that can exist; but here again comes the question, whether governments can do what is impossible to individuals? Can a system organized by a people perform acts not in the power of the people themselves to perform? Can a government by the mere fact of having been organized to preserve harmony among a people acquire an absolute title to the earth that is contained within its jurisdiction? If an individual cannot go into an unclaimed territory and take absolute possession of a certain portion of it, then no number of persons, nor can any government they may establish, do so. And here exists one cause of discord between labor which produces and capital which monopolizes.

All monopolies arise from landed monopolies. Were there no inequalities between man in claims to certain areas of the earth's surface, no other monopolies would find a basis for existence. Every individual should have a right to the use of a certain quantity of the real estate of the country, and the right to all improvements he might make upon it. Here would be a basis of equity which would forever prevent the accumulation in the hands of any few persons of vast quantities of real estate, which is the real basis of all securities. It is such a basis because everything is produced from it. All manufactures must rely upon it for their raw material, and, therefore, a practical equality in the occupation and use of the public domain would insure a certain degree of equality in all things that might spring from it. It was the perception of this principle that caused Lycurgus to divide the lands of Lacedaemon equally among all the people; and a general recognition of it should now take place.

While these are the principles that underlie the workings of society and which must be practiced before a general equality can exist, it is not to be expected that they can be immediately introduced. There are too few who understand the real rights of man, and too many who do not wish to understand them. While this condition of ignorance and perverseness keeps the world inharmonious and subjected to suffering, we should avail ourselves of all the alleviatory methods that can be suggested in our present system. Between two evils choose the least, but in the pursuit of remedies, the root of the diseases should never be lost sight of. Nor should the spirit that is exhibited in many so-called Labor and Workmen's Journals be encouraged. Strife and animosity will never accomplish half so much as calmness, reason and persuasion. "Come let us reason together" was never more judiciously proposed than it now could be by capitalists and workmen. The latter must remember that they cannot compel capitalists to their terms, and capitalists must not forget that if there are real causes of dissatisfaction growing out of injustice the sooner justice is done the less serious will be the reckoning with the laborer. Instead of strife let us have co-operation; instead of war let us have peace; instead of the process of fermentation let us have that of mutual understanding.

## ROUGH AND READY HITS.

A VOICE FROM THE TOMBS.

I don't mean the traditional hollow and supernatural tones one reads of in old tales of horror or hears of winter nights by sequestered country firesides. A voice of warning it is, in a way, though more germane to the forceful issues of flesh and blood than to dim graveyard superstitions.

When New York hears these two syllables—THE TOMBS—she turns in her ambrosious structure in Centre street sooner than to the slumbrous region of Greenwood or Cypress Hill. Death stalks before Gotham's gaze in many garbs; true, but all her impulses are of the very life of life.

Let her hear this voice speak, then, that spoke to the present reporter:

"You wrote the article in WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, that told about them missionaries?"

"Up and at 'em again, then, can't you, and tell 'em to take some of the means they are bundling off to foreign parts and raise some sort of a fund, or establish some sort of an industrial project to protect, in a fashion, the poor wretches that come out of here."

"We need the help. What are we to do when we're discharged from prison but go right off and steal, and get put back again?"

This was the main burden of the "Voice from the Tombs." I promised them it should be heard; and, far as the present feeble utterance goes, it shall.

The scene is all before me now. Some were in for burglary, some for grand larceny, some for the horrible blood-stain that cries aloud from the ground for redress, and, proverbially, "will out," even after the somnolence of years—such was, for the greater part, the record.

"I didn't mean murder, the Lord knows I didn't," said one boyish-looking prisoner with ingenuous face; "but to see them rowdies turn in to beating my old father that couldn't stand up against them, why, you see, that wasn't in nature to endure it. I suppose I give him the blow he died of, but I little thought it. The only thing was to get him off me; he was a bigger man than me, but, as I've told

em all, he was getting his knife out, too, only I got mine first. He jumped up, then, and said he had enough of it, so he went away. Ten days after, when I was at my work, and had nigh forgotten the whole thing, they came after me and said the man was dead, and I must be arrested."

Here's a foregoer, a young fellow he is, too—"What offence are you charged with? Am I too inquisitive? If I am, don't answer my question."

"Dey say I kill wife."

"Oh! but you don't say so!"

"Everybody say I kill wife—cut de head, let de blood run out."

"That was horrible, if you did. Perhaps you did not—eh?"

"Yes, everybody say I did."

"Then why would you have done so cruel a thing?"

"Don't know—don't know nothin' 'bout it. I all in the dark, then I find myself lie flat on floor. Blood, he run out my neck, out my head, out my two arms—but I don't know nothin' 'bout she. Dey say I kill her."

Another cell—another—another—each with its human inmate and its touching story. Touching, whether one believes in the culpability of the tenant or is persuaded, or over persuaded, by his version of his case. Touching, because one involuntarily points to his own evil impulses that, under education, have been trained different-wise, and says to himself and of himself, "It might have been."

Here is a rather good-looking young man in No. —; he has a refined expression of countenance, is well dressed, and looks, not wonderful to tell—very, very sad. A poor effort toward a smile comes over his face as we ask him if he has friends to come to see him. There are flowers in his cell—sweet lily-of-the-valley, that breathes of far-away country gardens, tied into a bouquet with geraniums and commoner spring flowers. He tells us he is married and has one little child. His wife brought him the posy, and she has also brought his baby to see him once in the two or three months he has been there. Where can man's woe hide itself—in what dim crypt of wretchedness or shame—that so-man will not follow there, and seek to alleviate the pang and still the burning blush?

Number—something else—I'm not going to give it, nor the name that is written on the slate above the door. I don't know but that this case appealed as potently to the reporter's sympathy as any other—even though sins of greater magnitude were rife.

"In for burglary, did you say? I've encountered more of such cases this afternoon than any other. I wonder if that offence prevails everywhere over all penal offences?"

"I shouldn't wonder," was the audible answer to what was a half-soliloquy: "for you see it's just this way: When a fellow loses his good name once, for such a scrape as this, he's got, for the greater part, no other way to get his living. Nobody'll trust him, let him be disposed to lead ever so honest a life. They say, 'Ways speak louder than words'—but, bless me! they won't give you a chance to show them in ways how much you mean by your words; you've got nothing but words to work with or upon. You go from one to another and your bad name follows you up. That fellow's been in the Tombs they'll say. It seems sometimes and somehow as if the shame must be written all over you, they find it out so. I speak freely, because I know I've been in here before. You hope and hope you'll outlive it—and you don't. You ain't allowed to fill a position that'll give you a living, and a living you must have—or think you must. I've felt sometimes 'twas of little account such a man should be out of the world. Love of life's strong, though, and when the worst comes to the worst, if they won't let us earn our bread we get it how we can."

"You'd do differently, then, you think if you had opportunity, from what you have done before?"

"I don't think, I know I would, and be glad to do better; but then I couldn't get anybody to believe that's what I intended."

What a text for a sermon—for a thousand sermons! What work for our people, who are forming plans and taxing their energies to carry God's gospel to far-away lands of the earth, to employ heart, head and hands—the powerful trinity—to oust sensational piety and come to true practical charity!

THE LITTLE PROFESSRESS.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette writes thus about a lady delegate to the recent philological convention at Rochester:

There was a little treasure of a girl at the convention. Permit me to introduce Miss Doise, of Chicago, a small woman and a young and a wise. She has a pretty brown hair, of which she builds an orthodox chignon; she has large grey eyes, as clear, frank and innocent as a good, thoughtful girl's eyes are wont to be. She has a generous mouth, with strength and independence and sweetness hiding in every little curve and dimple. Her nose is straight, and she does not wear spectacles. But she does wear a pretty dress and condescends to ribbons. She's an affectionate little soul, albeit she believes in woman suffrage, and is, that fearful thing, a Greek professoress. That little fiend has stood undauntedly upon the platform and zealously lectured young men, much older than herself, upon Greek accents and Latin conjugations. And they like it—oh, of course, they like it—and the small creature has made a wonder and perfect success of herself. To be sure, the small professor has a contempt for poetry, which is a bad thing; and she turns up her nose at marriage, which is another bad thing—but then she is rather young to decide absolutely upon either.

The art of making ices was introduced into France by Procope, in 1660. It obtained an enormous success, for ladies of the highest rank went in their carriages every evening to Procope's cafe to sip the new delicacy. They were badly prepared, and had no consistence. In 1793, at the Cafe du Caveau, in the Palais Royal, they were made for the first time solid. Since then they have been subjected to numerous improvements.

Whatever may be woman's rights, the movement is to ve away, the present u

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WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S  
WEEKLY.

OUR FUNDAMENTAL PROPOSITIONS.

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

UNIVERSAL GOVERNMENT.

THE WORLD AND ITS VARIOUS PARTS LIKE A HUMAN BODY—ANALOGIES IN ALL CONSTRUCTIVE FORMATIONS—UNIVERSAL GOVERNMENT NO EXCEPTION—CANADA, MEXICO, CENTRAL AMERICA AS ADDITIONS TO THE UNITED STATES—BASIS OF CONSOLIDATION—INTEREST OF ALL MUTUAL AND RECIPROCAL.

Analogies connect the entire series of all things of which the ages are composed. If in one department of the world there is found to be a certain and well defined controlling rule, it may be set down as decided that the same rule governs everywhere under similar circumstances and in like stages of evolution. Having arrived at this in one manifestation, all manifestations to which it is related are explained by it. As has been previously stated, the human body consists of various parts, that have in the process of time been aggregated around a common centre. To this common centre have been successively added organs and parts, until there now exists a perfect number to form a corporeal human being, or the capstone to evolution of form. No two of these organs or parts are alike, yet they are all equally related to the common centre, and each has its special task to perform in the human economy. Did the form exist, lacking the eye, how vastly would human powers and possibilities be circumscribed! and were

there no tongue, what capacities would the races be limited to, in comparison to what they possess!

In making the application of this statement to the evolution of Government, it will be found that it pursues a course distinctly and definitively related to the evolution of the human form, and it will also be found, when the evolution is completed, that there is a heart, and that there are organs and parts, each differing from all others, but still similarly connected with it; and also that each has its special function to perform as an organ or part, lacking which, the evolution would be imperfect. It will therefore become evident to the careful observer, that all nations and peoples need not necessarily be alike before a Unitary Government could exist. It is evident, on the contrary, that each nation comprised in the consolidated whole, will be distinct in its formation and will perform the special function to which it may be adapted. Such is the common order of the universe, and such will be the order of Universal Government.

But how shall the aggregation proceed? Beginning with the United States as a centre, what shall be the process by which first one, and then another, of the nations shall become reduced to a similarity of relations? What shall be the rule by which two, and then, all nations, may have their "life-currents" from the same fountain of supply? This is reduced to a single proposition. Any two, or more, nations may become united in one body, when their interests shall be so assimilated, that one directing power can satisfactorily control all their movements, so that the functions and interests of each shall be peculiarly its own, yet mutually dependent. No duty it may be the privilege of one to perform, shall be coveted by any other, and none which may devolve upon one shall be neglected, or forced upon any of the rest. The stomach cannot perform the duty of the brain, nor the liver that of the kidneys; but when either becomes in imperfect condition, some of its duties may be partially performed by others. It is upon this principle of construction that a Universal Government can be initiated and perfected, and upon no other.

It is the duty, then, of this country to cast about among the nations in order to find which among them is most suitable to unite its interests with ours, toward forming a nucleus to which others may unite, when their condition and interest may permit.

Can any one present valid reasons why the interests of Canada are not sufficiently dependent upon this country for such a junction, and why the welfare of the United States is not sufficiently linked with that of Canada to warrant a unity of co-operation in all things that contribute to material prosperity? The St. Lawrence and the system of lakes are spoken of as a natural barrier and line of defence, but they are no more so than the Mississippi River or the Rocky Mountains might be between the sections of this country which they divide. They have not prevented commerce and travel. The Great Western Railway of Canada and Grand Trunk Railway are important connections between the east and west of our country, and that it has been found important to extend our system of railway through Canada is tolerably conclusive that the true commercial interests of the two countries are closely linked. For these reasons, if for no others, there should be an effort made to promote a growing sympathy looking to political unity, and this could not be aided more efficiently than by the utmost freedom, social and commercial, between the two countries. Our government should foster all such conditions, and recognize that the time must come when Canada will form a part of the American Union.

The same reasons apply to Mexico and Central America, though the inhabitants of those countries would not be an equally valuable addition, as citizens, as those of Canada. The resources of Southern North America, however, only require the enterprise common to all people who live under a true republic to make them important adjuncts to the United States. If Alaska was a "good purchase" surely Central America would be a desirable acquisition.

But our efforts at unity should not, even at first, begin and end with North American countries. The republics of South America should also be sounded, and advances should be made toward the establishment of mutual interests with some country in each of the grand divisions of the globe. Let these, at first, be ever so slight, they would prove a beginning, from which future extension might reasonably be expected. All countries considering a proposition of this kind should have all the advantages extended them that this country can offer. Through this there would arise a continuous, necessary and an increasing familiarity, and a consequent assimilation of character and general interest. The practical consolidation of the world would thus be commenced.

Communications upon this subject are solicited from those who have given the subject consideration, who have practical propositions to make, or who have arguments to offer.

THE GREAT IF.

Another week, and still the great struggle of the century remains undecided in fact, although it is as much decided as anything well can be which has not yet been delivered actually out of the mysterious womb of futurity. We must, therefore, still write in the language of speculative anticipation, as men at sea painfully heaving the lead to find, if it may be, in what depths the vessel is navigating, instead of writing as historians upon accomplished facts—instead of examining securely the acquired haven and the land to which we have traveled. On the threshold of the great consummation, when forty-eight more fateful hours will, in all probability, have brought us to the mountain-top, from which we may survey with one eye the whole future landscape of history, it is almost vexatious to be obliged to speak of contingencies and chances. At the very moment when we pen these lines the great shock of arms is no doubt deciding the fate of the Gallic and Teutonic families. The contrast is great and painful to a chivalrous mind between the vast sacrifice of brave men, at this hour being offered up to the inexorable sphinx of the future, and the profound, secure calm with which, at these thousands of miles of distance, we comment upon so great an occurrence. Surely, this thought should impart to journalists a deep sense of their responsibility. Well nigh a million of brave men are at this hour of solemn destiny giving the best blood of their hearts to make the history which it is the function of journalists to interpret to the world. The vastness of the precious mass of the treasure being paid for this historical future should, assuredly, react in some way upon the minds of those privileged persons who have to shed, not priceless blood, but worthless ink merely as their contribution to the results in preparation for the world.

Unless a miracle should happen the situation remains unchanged, and France must, before another week passes, lie prostrate at the foot of victorious Germany. We write under the painful dominion of a great IF. But this is assuredly coming, and it is most desirable that the bearings of the fact upon future history should be better understood than they are likely to be, if we may judge from the excessive confusion which prevails in all the talk of men and writings of journalists. France has filled so large a place in the world's eye, and so much larger a place in the world's imagination, that it seems impossible for people to rise out of the region of commonplace and adjust their vision to the new focus from which alone they can reason aright upon the novel situation. A week or two ago we said that a new point of departure for thought must be taken by everybody, in order to deal aright with existing and coming facts. We do not observe that much assistance is being afforded to people in finding this new standpoint. Conventional speech still rules the hour. It is high time that it should be exploded.

First and foremost among these commonplaces and conventionalities, and traceable to a profound ignorance of European history as well as of hard exigencies and harder facts, is the rooted inability that prevails of understanding that, her armies destroyed and her capital occupied—when these things shall have been accomplished—France is a conquered country, and, necessarily, at the disposal of her conquerors. Every journal nearly in America is talking of the Republic as a thing which follows logically from the destruction of the Empire. Every journal is writing about the next phase of French politics, as though it were to be evolved really from the desires and will and necessities of the French people themselves. It is nothing short of amazing to witness such helplessness of mind under the dominion of phrases and commonplaces. The German power, victorious, needs must virtually be the creator of the next French Government. That is the short, simple, hard and perfectly inexorable fact. In 1814, and again in 1815, the victorious Allies brought back the Bourbons. They then created the French Government, and Germany will have to do it now. The shape of the present affair is different, but it is in principle the same. The victors will, in plain duty to themselves, consult first their own interests in determining what political form of things shall next arise in France, and only secondarily the desire and will of the French people. They cannot do otherwise; it is impossible for them to do otherwise. They must cripple France for warfare effectually. German opinion would simply destroy princes and statesmen who should dare to deal with vanquished France on any other principle than that of providing for a long and as effectively as human ingenuity can do it, that France shall henceforward be neutralized for offensive warfare. Her domestic institutions will be regulated by the conquerors with strict reference to this paramount necessity and duty, unless some force intervenes to determine the question otherwise, and strong enough to take out of the hands of the Germans the determination of the question. If people will grasp this thoroughly in their minds they will help themselves to a clear understanding of what is coming. There is a hazy, floating idea in the public mind of Europe and

America, due to the present fatalist the integrity of the the French people at world. All that me bish. Force has be the future. And if tively in the scale of fortunately, they are no difficulty in decl step forward in th provement of every

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America, due to the ridiculous and fantastic philosophy of the present fatalist age, that France and Frenchmen and the integrity of the French soil, and the development of the French people and the rest of it are necessities to the world. All that mode of thinking is mere scholastic rubbish. Force has been appealed to, and force will decide the future. And if France is made now to descend definitely in the scale of nations, those few (and very few, unfortunately, they are, who know well her history) will have no difficulty in deciding that such decadence is a decided step forward in the march of human happiness and improvement of every kind.

But the problem is hard, very hard, indeed, for German statesmen, and it is yet a question how far they will be left with free hands to settle it for and by themselves. The virtual striking out of France from the balance of military power in Europe determines in reality the fate of the Russian and Austrian empires. They are, it is true, unprepared for war, and their statesmen are simply morally overwhelmed for the moment by this revelation of the irresistible military predominance of Germany and the military weakness of France. But it is difficult to believe that Hapsburgs and Romanoffs will submit without serious struggle, diplomatic or military, to the fiat of events which, unless they are modified by Russian and Austrian action, will assuredly recast after breaking up the Austrian empire, roll back the Slavonic power toward its Asian home, deprive it of all opportunity of expanding toward south-eastern Europe, and close forever the way to that Constantinople which to fall forever in reaching would be something like a death sentence to the Russian and Slavonic heart. Yet it may well be that in spite of the tremendous character of the stake, in spite of the fact that their very existence is imperilled, neither Austria nor Russia may be able to fire a shot, or write or speak an effective word at this, to them, supreme moment of crisis. Austria has twenty millions of Slavonic people who look to Russia as their political rallying point, and whose leaders scarcely care to disguise the desire for incorporation with the great Slavonic power. Austria has seven million Germans, whose loyalty to the composite Austrian empire is entirely overwhelmed by their delight and pride at the victories by their brother Germans over their old enemy France. The imperial position of the Hapsburg dynasty and the Viennese aristocracy depends entirely upon their doing nothing to provoke the play of these centrifugal forces ready to spring into violent action at any moment. Austria, therefore, it may be said, is neutralized for any anti-German action, and will balance and hold in check, and on her part, neutralize the Russian power, which is, after all, the foe whom she has chiefly to dread. Her part it would thus seem is necessarily a defensive one only. And she holds in her hand a weapon so deadly to Muscovite destiny—the power to re-establish Poland—that she can very effectually, indeed, hold Russia in check. Thus Russia and Austria neutralize each other; and the probabilities are that Germany will be left alone and undisturbed to deal with subjugated France.

The mind is baffled in trying to answer the question—to which we again refer—what will Germany do with France? For the great puzzle lies in determining how far Germany can leave any substantive power at all in France which will not now be used merely for the purposes of despairing revenge. And it will require greater nerve and moral courage to disarm France as utterly as she ought to be disarmed than it has required physical courage and scientific military skill to strike her down in the field. We await the solution of this problem, far the most interesting which European history has so far presented, with painful, almost breathless, interest. How far will the Germans have the firmness and courage to carry out what ought to be their policy, of depriving France of military power for the future while leaving to her independent political existence? How far, indeed, is it possible to reconcile these two things?

One thing is certain. If Germany is wise she will not spare. She should require the surrender of the French fleet; she should destroy the French ports of war; she should re-annex to her dominion Alsace and Lorraine; she should exact a heavy war indemnity; she should require the surrender of North-Africa and the French colonies and dependencies; she should regulate by treaty the number and quality of the armed force which France is hereafter to possess. She may then invite England to guarantee French neutrality in future; and the French people may be left to the beautiful pursuits of peace, to commerce, science, arts and letters, to live by these and flourish by these as best they may.

But, people will say, these are stern and dreadful measures. They involve the partial extinction of the French people, or, at least, the destroying of one side of national existence, its military development. That is true. But quite as true is it that if Europe is really to be rescued from that condition of intermittent warfare which has for three thousand years been the law of her existence, this can be done only by such measures as we have here indi-

cated. People must choose between their aspirations, peace and universal republics and governmental unity on the one hand, and their sentimental sympathies for peoples and nations and races as they are on the other. There is no hope for Europe except in the establishment of the unquestionable and unquestioned supremacy of one great civic and military power. Everything short of this is a shift, an expedient, which will break down from time with great and fatal crashes of war and bloodshed. The whining sentiment which is perpetually talking about peace and yet persists in refusing to face the only conditions under which it is possible, is irrational and contemptible. Germans and all men should be sorry for France; but if they get her down, they should take care to keep her down. "They who take the sword shall perish by the sword." Judiciously interpreted and applied, this is not only good gospel but good morality and good politics: far, far better than that miserable half-action which would give back the sword after it has been struck out of aggressive hands, in order that they may sharpen it and kill with it yet again, and again, and again.

## THE STANDARD'S CRITIQUE—WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN'S REPLY.

The New York *Standard* of Saturday last has a leading editorial on THE PANTARCHY, STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS and ourselves. The critique is not unfriendly, but is written in that style of mock earnestness which is the most distinctive characteristic of the journalism of the present day. Mr. Andrews has replied, in another column, to the *Standard* in a serio-comic vein of his own; but, inasmuch as the *Standard* has addressed itself in direct question to us upon a single point it is only courteous that we should answer for ourselves.

You ask in effect if Mr. Andrews is not the centre around which everything is made to turn in the constitution of the Pantarchy which we advocate? If it be so, does it necessarily result that the fact is to be deprecated? According to our experience wisdom does not so greatly abound in this misguided world that we or you can afford to discard it in anybody, when it happens to be allied with grand and good purposes and competent practical skill to promulgate and organize a better state of things. It results, in our judgment, from the fact that Mr. Andrews is the discoverer of new and universal aspects of the truth which all science seeks and all organized progress requires, that he should be recognized as the leader, in the first instances, of the movement which his discoveries inaugurate. Every institute or organized movement requires centre and headship located somewhere, even in the personal sense.

But it is the truth and the charm for us in Mr. Andrews' doctrine that it reduces the element of merely personal authority to the minimum; that arbitrary authority is discarded or subordinated; that he claims nothing primarily for himself, and everything for, Laws and Principles submitted to the investigation and criticism of every competent mind.

If, however, Mr. Andrews has discovered principles of science which are more universal, more fundamentally radical, more reconciliative of all differences, more essentially constructive than any which were previously known, the truth, and not we, must be held responsible for making everything centre on him and his discovery. It is a mere question of fact whether this be so. No flings nor jibes, such as unfortunately have usually greeted the announcement of great and new truths, will settle the matter, and it were to be wished that in this age we might learn the wiser method of investigating before condemning or invoking popular odium upon anything which promises to bless mankind.

## THE SEX OF THE MIND.

No. II.

In a previous number of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY I discussed the subject implied by the above title. A correspondent sends me the following communication and criticism, which, from its evident intelligence and candor, deserves an adequate reply:

New York, August 15, 1870.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS:

Dear Sir—My attention was yesterday directed to your article in WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, entitled

"THE SEX OF THE MIND."

The dogmatic style which you adopt sets adrift logic, and leaves the understanding distracted on the strand. It seems to me that to the dialectics of the mediævalist, you add the serene assumption of his school.

You assure us "that men and women never come at their knowledge, even of the same subject, in the same way." Admit it for the nonce. Is the knowledge which

each acquires on the same subject ever identical? Deny it, for the nonce. Is the way man comes into the possession of knowledge, in the mathematics and logic, for instance, "radically different" from that in which woman does?

Again, you assure us that men and women never completely understand each other. Do you mean with reference to the "ways" of coming at knowledge, or with reference to the "knowledge" itself? Or, peradventure, with respect to both "ways" and "knowledge?"

I am at a loss to determine in what sense or senses you use the modifier, "completely." Pray, enlighten the public.

Further, you assure us that these "radically different ways" are intellect and intuition. If I divine your thought, the former passes through premises to conclusions, while the latter passes through conclusions to premises. Do inform us what the intellective way and the intuitive way are *per se*, so that we may contradistinguish them, and make them stand each in its own place.

And, while your pen is in hand, sharply define the respective "knowledges" to which they give birth.

Unless you "do these things," the beautiful myth of the sex of the mind must prove a voiceless sphinx to the New Catholic Church.

Very truly yours,

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You are right in attributing to me the dogmatic method in what I said on this subject, as you will see in much else that I may write, as in this, for example, that I am now about to say. The dogmatic form of utterance may coexist with great ignorance, or with partial knowledge, and much faith, but with the absence of logic; or it may coexist with logic and certitude of the highest order, and may then be legitimately adopted merely for economy of time and space. My purpose often is and will be to get my idea out, rather than, then and there, to prove it.

And yet, as statement, it ought not to confuse the understanding; and I apprehend that it is not in this sense that my critic speaks. I am usually credited with the ability to say what I mean intelligibly, so at least for thinkers, or those who will take the trouble to think. What he means is doubtless that the understanding is distraught by the effort to discover the basis in reason for the statements as made; and this I do not regret, for it is precisely this suggestiveness and this awakened attention which are among my objects in making the statements at all.

But it is not all that I designed to be simply clear in statement and to awaken inquiry. A clear statement of this sort, if it involve a truth, though not fully explicated and demonstrated, should appeal forcibly to the intuition for acceptance. It was, I believe, Daniel Webster who said that when a lawyer had rightly stated his case, he had half argued it. The idea there was the same. The "dramatic probability" was established, and this is equivalent, with many minds, to proof; and if the probability is sufficiently high, it is *proof to the intuition*, which is that faculty which grasps at truth in the concrete, or, as I should say in technical language, *synstatally*, and not *analytically*. The Intellect is, on the contrary, *analytical* in method.

The distinction which I make between *intellect* and *intuition* is, therefore, nearly as intuited by my correspondent, although I prefer to abide by my own forms of the definitions.

In this intuitive sense I have been gratified to learn that a great many good thinkers have accepted and rejoiced in, as sufficiently proven to their apprehension, the propositions which I made on the sex of the mind. The only objector, as demanding a higher or closer order of demonstration is this correspondent. He will understand now what I mean by saying that speaking dogmatically I economize,—that is to say, I address myself satisfactorily to the larger audience.

But I admit the entire rightfulness of his demand for the logic of the subject; and in good time he shall have it. What I utter dogmatically is based on what I know logically, but to exhibit this latter form of the thought is to teach an immense new Science. It is to teach Universalism, as a newly discovered basis and guide for all our reasoning. How much of this I shall be able to do in fugitive newspaper writings I do not yet myself know. Something of it I shall try from time to time. For some of it I must refer to more elaborate book-writings. We shall see.

It is, however, precisely because I *know* and *can* demonstrate, that I am "serene." If my interlocutor will be patient, and will study the matter with me, he will *know* also the *logical basis* of all my *dogmatism*, and that it is something very different from any mediæval assumption whatsoever. Seriously, I base all that I say upon a positive back-lying discovery of which it is impossible to make a simple and single exposition. I am reduced, therefore, to the alternative of saying nothing; of waiting for

students; or of speaking dogmatically. The difficulty is intrinsic. Nobody feels it more than I do. We must all do the best we can, and we shall come to a mutual understanding in the end.

As to the statement that men and women never completely understand each other, I mean it both with reference to the "ways of coming at knowledge" and with reference to the "knowledge itself." I use the modifier "completely," simply because, *proximately*, of course, the mutual understanding *does exist*; and in respect to certain kinds of truth, inherently simple, as, for instance, the mathematics, the existence of the difference at all is of course only *theoretical*, as when we say that the jumping of a fly disturbs the equilibrium of the universe—which is inferentially true from the Law of Gravitation, but cannot be observationally verified.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

## THE NATIONAL LABOR CONVENTION—ITS TALENT AND BREADTH OF PURPOSE.

LETTERS OF GOV. GEARY AND GEN. EWING.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 27, 1870.

WOODHULL & CLAPLIN'S WEEKLY:

Your correspondent has attended the "National Labor Union Congress," which commenced in Cincinnati on the 15th inst.

To an impartial observer of passing events this Congress was fraught with intense interest. As soon as business commenced it was palpable that an element of discord existed in the body that meant business. It appeared determined to either break up the Convention or prevent any action on the financial question. Above all, it desired to prevent any move looking to an independent political organization. Upon this political question, as set forth in the resolution of Mr. Cummings from Boston, the great battle was made which lasted two days. Messrs. Coffin and Peters, of Washington, and Mr. Myers (colored), of Baltimore, made the most determined, persistent and gallant fight that I ever witnessed. No member of Congress interested in a Land Grant to the extent of thirty thousand acres or five hundred thousand dollars of the stock of the company ever watched more keenly or fought for it with more desperation. When the final vote, however, was taken the opponents of a political organization could only muster five votes, including that of Mr. Alexander Troup, of New York, who was in favor of a new political party, but not in the mode contemplated by Mr. Cummings' resolution. A national executive committee was appointed by President Trevellick, composed of a member from each State and Territory, which will meet in Washington early in December next. Its duty will be to call a Convention to nominate a President and Vice-President for 1872.

Many newspapers and many persons have attempted to cast ridicule upon this Congress and its proceedings. Although many things were said and done that were objectionable, yet, taking it altogether, with the influences outside and inside, it was one of the most practical, intelligent, statesmanlike bodies that ever assembled in this country as its platform of principles will demonstrate. Upon every important question, upon every vital principle it is a remarkable fact that eight votes were all that the opposition could poll.

The formation of a new political party, with a platform of principles so equal, so just and so wise that every Republican and every Democrat in the nation, who loves his country better than he does his party, can stand square upon it, will rally around its standard the rank and file of both parties and sweep the country from ocean to ocean. From this small acorn an oak will spring whose wide-spreading branches will protect and shelter the toiling millions from the oppressor's scourge, and the nominees of this party will carry every State in the Union.

On the 20th inst. President Trevellick stated to the Congress that he would read a letter which had been addressed to forty-five of the leading men in the country, including General Grant, Chief Justice Chase, Governor Hoffman, Col. Forney and General Wilson. He had, he said, received only four or five letters in reply, but would publish any other answers upon their receipt. The answer of Governor Geary, of Pennsylvania, was received with great enthusiasm. It was pronounced by many the greatest paper they ever heard; and your correspondent was impressed with its force and power, and is satisfied that its influence will extend beyond the limits of the United States. The answer of General Ewing, of Ohio, was then read, and with the exception of the disapproval of three or four gold-basis delegates it was received with similar approbation.

Every one appeared to be impressed with the idea that Geary and Ewing would be the standard-bearers of the workingmen in the great struggle that would take place in 1872 for "equal rights and equal laws." That mighty host who earn their bread by patient toil, whether mental or physical, organized and drawn up in line of battle, with Geary, of Pennsylvania, and Ewing, of Ohio, to lead them, will march to victory over all opposition with the steady, irresistible, relentless tramp of destiny.

It cannot be denied that it required the highest order of courage and the most unflinching bravery in Governor Geary and General Ewing to write such letters. Indeed, none but patriots and statesmen would have taken such a bold stand for the country and for the rights of the people.

Whether or not Governor Geary and General Ewing will

ever be President or Vice-President is not material. One thing is certain the letters which they have written to the National Labor Union will render their names immortal, and place them high "among the few that are not born to die."

Space, I fear, will not allow you to publish the letter of the N. L. Union and Governor Geary's reply, which I inclose. I will send you a copy of General Ewing's letter as soon as I can with any others that may be important.

Let me suggest that the file of your influential and powerful paper would be defective without this correspondence. It should be placed upon record for future reference.

TRAVELER.

## CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

PRINTERS, TAILORS AND SHOEMAKERS COMBINING.

A good result of the importation of Chinese laborers in North Adams, Mass., to work in Sampson's shoe factory, has been the establishment of a Co-operative Shoemaking Association in that village by a number of discharged workmen. A great sympathy has been shown toward the undertaking in the neighborhood, especially by those opposed to Chinese immigration, and its success has been great. A similar enterprise has been lately started in Williamsburg, with every prospect of success, and, for several months past, an association of journeymen shoemakers have prosecuted business with the requisite machinery on an upper floor in Warren street. Within a few days seven workmen of a large shoe firm in Park Row have also established a factory on the co-operative principle in Warren street, determined themselves to enjoy the profits hitherto appropriated by their employers.

The association of Co-operative Printers, at 30 Beekman street, has been over three years in operation, and thrives exceedingly well; and the Co-operative Tailors' Association, on the northeast corner of Fourteenth street and Third Avenue, meets with gratifying encouragement.

Society is to attain its full development only through the initiatory steps of co-operation in labor and the economies of combined living, and every step toward either, whether in the shape of mechanics' associations or workingwomen's homes, should be hailed as precursors of a better day and of the good time coming.

## A GOOD SUGGESTION.

BENEFIT TO ONE'S SELF AND BENEFIT TO OTHERS.

There is a class of individuals in every city and village, who seem indifferently fitted to struggle for a livelihood, and who might be turned to profitable account by an enterprising man, while, at the same time, they could earn an existence satisfactory to themselves. They are not employed according to their tastes, and consequently work little, and are ill-provided with money. They are improvident, and in constant need; they are mentally speculative, and live in a world of their own, neglecting their material interests, and finding no companionship with those around them.

The socialist societies which existed in different parts of the country, twenty years ago, entertained a number of such men, who found intellectual and genial companionship among the members. They worked there for months together simply for their board, and rendered good service, either on the soil, or in the mechanical or household departments. They were attracted by the social life of the several spots they frequented, and gave no thought to the money they might have earned elsewhere. They more especially made these visits in the summer months.

Why should not some intelligent man with a large house in a country district entertain such men? With one hired hand for reliable work, he could have the cultivation of a large farm performed by them at the moderate cost of their board. They would not generally wish to work more than seven or eight hours daily, and might take the privilege of an occasional lounge or visit to the city. They could not be counted on at all times, but their labor would far more than pay their expense.

To retain such guests, it would be necessary to brighten the house with women. A man with grown daughters might consider the danger of their marrying some of these impecunious individuals. One so situated need not invite them. There are others who would not have the same motive for objecting to their presence, and such persons could employ upon sewing machines, or some other industry, respectable and intelligent young women, who might not be needed for domestic or dairy labors.

As an improvement upon this plan, such men could, in many cases, be induced to remain permanently upon a farm, it trifling wages were paid them for clothing and pocket money, and a small percentage of the profits were promised them upon the sale of the crops.

Many solitary farmers could profitably enliven their homes in this manner, and much benefit their visitors. A country residence, agreeable society and healthy manual labor, guards many men from drinking and from other snares of city life.

CURE FOR RED NOSES.—Dr. Bernier, of Paris, is engaged in bleaching the noses of those who unfortunately possess too ruddy a glow to their nasal appendages. The process is by electricity, and is to be patented.

THE NEW AFTERNOON PAPER.—A new afternoon paper, styled *The Evening Free Press*, was published in this city on Wednesday. The editor, Mr. Farrell, was recently city editor of the *Herald*. He has opened a most determined battery against the *Herald* management and the individuals connected with it, and likewise against the Tammany "ring," which it charges with keeping several *Herald* editors in its pay. It charges the ring, also, with conniving at female suffrage, in order that they may get more of their relations in office. Tweed and Sweeney, it says, have bestowed offices on their relations down to sixth cousins, but Mayor Hall has still three maiden aunts to dispose of, and places must be found for them.

We owe a word of grateful mention to the *Evening Mail* and to the *Home Journal*, respectively, for their very hearty and appreciative notices of our efforts at journalism. Such estimate in such quarters crowns our best hopes and stimulates us to continued aspiration and exertion. We fill a niche in literature and reform which is neither filled nor claimed by any one else, and we hope to deserve the commendations of all.

## ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN.

BY DIO LEWIS.

This article is intended for young women who want husbands. Those who have made up their minds to remain single, who "wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived—there!" can pass over this article, as it has no interest for them.

About a week ago a young woman of twenty came to me about her health, and, after the professional conversation was finished, we fell into a pleasant chat.

She was delightfully frank, and said, while we were discussing matrimony:

"I wish I was little."

"That is too bad," I replied. "I had been admiring your grand, queenly proportions ever since you came in; and now you spoil it all by showing that you are not grateful for such noble gifts."

"I can't help it; I wish I didn't weigh more than eighty pounds, and wasn't more than four and a half feet high."

"Well, I am shocked; do tell me what makes you wish so."

"To be frank with you, the reason is just this: Men are so fond of saying, 'My little wife.'"

I laughed, of course, thinking it was intended as a bright speech; but her flushed face assured me that, instead, she was speaking from the bottom of her heart.

"Go on," I said; "tell me your thoughts."

"My thoughts are just these, and I believe they are the thoughts of all unmarried, marriageable women. I long for nothing as I do to bury all my uncertainties and anxieties in the love of a husband. But I fear there is nothing left for me but to be sneered at as an old maid all my life. So while I might otherwise be grateful for what you call my queenly proportions, I can only wish I was one of the little women whom men seem to fancy."

You are perplexed and grieved that so many of us hold back, and leave you to die old maids. Let me whisper the secret: We are afraid of you. And now I propose that we let my friend Bob explain. He is a splendid fellow, and dying to have a home of his own; but he dare not venture. He declared in my parlor the other day, that he would prefer ten years of happy married life, to fifty years of this miserable nothing and nowhere. But said he:

"I am a banker. My salary is \$3,000. I can't marry a scrub. I must marry a wife with manners. My mother and sisters would break their hearts if my choice were below their style. Now tell me how, with such a wife, I could get through on \$3,000 a year? Why, her dress alone would cost half of it. Oh, no; unless I first make up my mind to rob the banks, I couldn't think of matrimony. If I had \$5,000 a year I would venture; but with only \$3,000!"

"My lady friends think I am so much in love with the Club that I have no time for them; and one of them said to me the other day:

"Why, Bob, what you spend in that miserable club would support a wife, easily."

"It wouldn't pay for her bonnets," I replied."

Now, ladies, Bob is getting a little extravagant, and we'll let him retire; and I will preach you a little sermon, about an inch long.

You are perfect idiots to go on in this way. Your bodies are the most beautiful of God's creation.

Now stand with me and see a lady pass.

Look at that wasp waist, squeezing her lungs, stomach, liver, and other vital organs into one-half their natural size, how can any man of sense, who knows that life is made up of use, of service, of work—how can he take such a partner?

Your bad dress and lack of exercise lead to bad health, and men wisely fear that they would get an invalid to take care of. This bad health injures the mind as well as the body. You have no power, no magnetism! You are superficial, affected, silly; you have no womanly strength and warmth. Why you have become so childish and weak-minded, that you refuse to wear decent names even, and insist upon baby names. Instead of Helen, Margaret and Elizabeth, you affect Nellie, Maggie and Lizzie. When your brothers were babies, you called them Bobby, Dickey and Johnny, but when they grew up to manhood, no more

of that silly trash, if you twenty-five years, and sh them put together, who her real name is Catharine enough to conduct a giggle, cover up her fa in four minutes." Don't

How can a man propo guess? My dear girls, and decent ones, dress wents, and talk like se

You say that the m butterflies of fashion, occasionally a man of br woman; but to say, times, that the most sense is simply absm men choose sensible they are very likely and forward creatur altar with them.

Among the young small number are ri husbands. But the beginning in life, w future, is very large will not, dare not, so idle, silly and you are industrious health and strong that you would be with the man you Ah! if ever the occupations, and toward men, whe then marriage w better, happier i

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of that silly trash, if you please. But I know a woman of twenty-five years, and she is as big as both of my grand-children put together, who insists upon being called Kitty, and her real name is Catherine; and although her brain is big enough to conduct affairs of State, she does nothing but giggle, cover up her face with her fan, and exclaim, once in four minutes, "Don't, now; you are real mean."

How can a man propose a life-partnership to such a silly goose! My dear girls, you must, if you would get husbands, and decent ones, dress in plain, neat and becoming garments, and talk like sensible earnest sisters.

You say that the most sensible men are crazy after these butterflies of fashion. I beg your pardon, it is not so. Occasionally a man of brilliant success may marry a silly, weak woman; but to say, as I have heard women say a hundred times, that the most sensible men choose women without sense is simply absurd. Nineteen times in twenty, sensible men choose sensible women. I grant you that in company they are very likely to chat and toy with those over-dressed and forward creatures; but they don't ask them to go to the altar with them.

Among the young men in the matrimonial market, only a small number are rich, and in America such rarely make good husbands. But the number of those whose who are just beginning in life, who are filled with ambition, who have a future, is very large. These are worth having. But such will not, dare not, ask you to join them, while they see you so idle, silly and gorgeously attired. Let them see that you are industrious, economical, with habits that secure health and strength; that your life is earnest and real; that you would be willing to begin at the beginning in life with the man you would consent to marry.

Al! if ever the time shall come when young women have occupations, and can sustain a healthy, dignified attitude toward men, when they shall escape this pitiful dependence, then marriage will become universal, and we shall all be better, happier and nobler.

#### A STORY OF CHARLES DICKENS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

One morning in the summer of 1852, standing by the drawing-room window of a friend's house in London, where I was visiting, I remarked in the street below a very curious little brougham, drawn by a shaggy Scotch pony, and driven by either a dwarf or a very old and staid-looking boy in a somewhat flashy livery. This queer establishment, which reminded me of Tom Thumb's turn-out, was evidently waiting for some one then in my friend's house, and I watched with considerable curiosity for the appearance of that some one. At last I heard the hall-door open, and saw descending the high stone steps the strangest, quaintest figure of a woman—a dwarf, not more than three feet high, but very stout, and without form or comeliness. Her head was large, and she wore the large English bonnet of that time, elaborately ornamented with ribbons and flowers. Indeed, her whole attire was gay and odd to the degree that might be called "stunning." She waddled rapidly across the sidewalk, carrying, as I remember, a large bag, and sprang into her brougham with marvelous lightness and quickness, all things considered. As she was giving some directions to her coachman I caught a view of her face. It was evidently that of a woman of middle age; but it was full and florid, with a merry, confident, and even roguish expression, which might be called both bold and cunning. It was certainly very vivacious, and ludicrously wide-awake and knowing. Suddenly it flashed upon me, as this small personage drove away, that in her I had seen the "counterfeit presentment" of little Miss Mowcher, the hair-dresser, shampooer and whisker-trimmer of Steerforth, in "David Copperfield." This I remarked to my friend, who just then entered the room. She smiled, and replied quietly: "Yes, Miss — is the original of Miss Mowcher, and Mr. Dickens never drew a more perfect portrait."

She then went on to tell me that the little woman, who, she said, was "a most excellent creature," was a professional chiropodist, and, I think, also a hair-dresser, and that she was doing a good business in London, owing much of her success to her eccentric, vivacious ways, and, perhaps, to an almost ludicrous deformity, which apparently had about it nothing painful or diseased. She always looked in abounding health, and her manner and voice were hearty to jollity. She had attended on Mrs. Dickens professionally, and during some of her ministrations Mr. Dickens had encountered her, it seemed, and had made a mental sketch of her in his marvelous way, as John Leech used to take heads on his thumb-nail, in an omnibus or on the street. The poor little lady was very much hurt when Miss Mowcher appeared among the *dramatis personæ* of "David Copperfield;" and everybody recognized the picture, and many spoke to her of it, congratulating her or condoling with her on her questionable immortality. She thought, as some others thought at the time, that the odd, "volatile" little hair-dresser was to play a mischievous, malevolent part in the novel, was to be a sort of bad fairy; and with her grievance on her heart—which, after all her shrewd, driving, absurd ways, her "tricks and her manners," was a good heart—she came to my friend, who was one of her kindest patrons, and talked the matter over, with tears of real distress. My friend advised her at once to write to Mr. Dickens, and frankly state her feelings and apprehensions, and show cause why judgment should

not be pronounced against her, and she actually did write a protest, characteristically "volatile" in style, and yet, in passages, almost pathetically earnest. She assured him that there was room for a true womanly heart in her dumpy, pursy, unshapely body—"three feet by nothing;" that her eccentricities were, in great part, her stock in trade; that her rattling, slangy talk and droll, saucy air, were her best defences against humiliating pity and condescension, though, perhaps, they exposed her to more humiliating suspicions. She told him something of her story—how she too had been obliged to cut her way through "Forests of Difficulty," and to open a path for other feet, timid with youth, or faltering from age.

It was the very letter to touch Charles Dickens, and it did touch him. A day or two later the little woman came to my friend, with her droll face all aglow with happiness and pride, and holding in her "morsel of a hand" a dainty-looking, blue-tinted note. On the left-hand corner of the envelope was the autograph, so familiar to us now—*Charles Dickens*, the *C* like a *G*, the two names confluent, and the seven-storied flourish and all. The note itself was brief, but most courteous; the novelist thanked his correspondent for her frank remonstrance, expressed regret that she had been pained, but bade her dismiss all anxiety and depend upon him to bring her out all right in the end. After the usual kind words with which he closed even the briefest notes there was another full autograph, flourish and all. Indeed, Mr. Dickens seems never, in his private correspondence at least, to have employed an amanuensis, or by the use of abbreviations and initials, to have put one on a short autographic allowance.

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of that silly trash, if you please. But I know a woman of twenty-five years, and she is as big as both of my grandmothers put together, who insists upon being called Kitty, and her real name is Catherine: and although her brain is big enough to conduct affairs of State, she does nothing but giggle, cover up her face with her fan, and exclaim, once in four minutes, "Don't, now; you are real mean."

How can a man propose a life-partnership to such a silly goose! My dear girls, you must, if you would get husbands, and decent ones, dress in plain, neat and becoming garments, and talk like sensible earnest sisters.

You say that the most sensible men are crazy after these butterflies of fashion. I beg your pardon, it is not so. Occasionally a man of brilliant success may marry a silly, weak woman; but to say, as I have heard women say a hundred times, that the most sensible men choose women without sense is simply absurd. Nineteen times in twenty, sensible men choose sensible women. I grant you that in company they are very likely to chat and toy with those over-dressed and forward creatures; but they don't ask them to go to the altar with them.

Among the young men in the matrimonial market, only a small number are rich, and in America such rarely make good husbands. But the number of those whose who are just beginning in life, who are filled with ambition, who have a future, is very large. These are worth having. But such will not, dare not, ask you to join them, while they see you so idle, silly and gorgeously attired. Let them see that you are industrious, economical, with habits that secure health and strength; that your life is earnest and real; that you would be willing to begin at the beginning in life with the man you would consent to marry.

Al! if ever the time shall come when young women have occupations, and can sustain a healthy, dignified attitude toward men, when they shall escape this pitiful dependence, then marriage will become universal, and we shall all be better, happier and nobler.

### A STORY OF CHARLES DICKENS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

One morning in the summer of 1852, standing by the drawing-room window of a friend's house in London, where I was visiting, I remarked in the street below a very curious little brougham, drawn by a shaggy Scotch pony, and driven by either a dwarf or a very old and staid-looking boy in a somewhat flashy livery. This queer establishment, which reminded me of Tom Thumb's turn-out, was evidently waiting for some one then in my friend's house, and I watched with considerable curiosity for the appearance of that some one. At last I heard the hall-door open, and saw descending the high stone steps the strangest, quaintest figure of a woman—a dwarf, not more than three feet high, but very stout, and without form or comeliness. Her head was large, and she wore the large English bonnet of that time, elaborately ornamented with ribbons and flowers. Indeed, her whole attire was gay and odd to the degree that might be called "stunning." She waddled rapidly across the sidewalk, carrying, as I remember, a large bag, and sprang into her brougham with marvelous lightness and quickness, all things considered. As she was giving some directions to her coachman I caught a view of her face. It was evidently that of a woman of middle age; but it was full and florid, with a merry, confident, and even roguish expression, which might be called both bold and cunning. It was certainly very vivacious, and ludicrously wide-awake and knowing. Suddenly it flashed upon me, as this small personage drove away, that in her I had seen the "counterfeit presentment" of little Miss Mowcher, the hair-dresser, shampooer and whisker-trimmer of Steerforth, in "David Copperfield." This I remarked to my friend, who just then entered the room. She smiled, and replied quietly: "Yes, Miss — is the original of Miss Mowcher, and Mr. Dickens never drew a more perfect portrait."

She then went on to tell me that the little woman, who, she said, was "a most excellent creature," was a professional chiropodist, and, I think, also a hair-dresser, and that she was doing a good business in London, owing much of her success to her eccentric, vivacious ways, and, perhaps, to an almost ludicrous deformity, which apparently had about it nothing painful or diseased. She always looked in abounding health, and her manner and voice were hearty to jollity. She had attended on Mrs. Dickens professionally, and during some of her ministrations Mr. Dickens had encountered her, it seemed, and had made a mental sketch of her in his marvelous way, as John Leech used to take heads on his thumbnail, in an omnibus or on the street. The poor little lady was very much hurt when Miss Mowcher appeared among the *dramatis personæ* of "David Copperfield," and everybody recognized the picture, and many spoke to her of it, congratulating her or condoling with her on her questionable immortality. She thought, as some others thought at the time, that the odd, "volatile" little hair-dresser was to play a mischievous, malevolent part in the novel, was to be a sort of bad fairy; and with her grievance on her heart—which, after all her shrewd, driving, absurd ways, her "tricks and her manners," was a good heart—she came to my friend, who was one of her kindest patrons, and talked the matter over, with tears of real distress. My friend advised her at once to write to Mr. Dickens, and frankly state her feelings and apprehensions, and show cause why judgment should

not be pronounced against her; and she actually did write a protest, characteristically "volatile" in style, and yet, in passages, almost pathetically earnest. She assured him that there was room for a true womanly heart in her dumpy, puffy, unshapely body—"three feet by nothing," that her eccentricities were, in great part, her stock in trade; that her rattling, slangy talk and droll, saucy air, were her best defences against humiliating pity and condescension, though, perhaps, they exposed her to more humiliating suspicions. She told him something of her story—how she too had been obliged to cut her way through "Forests of Difficulty," and to open a path for other feet, timid with youth, or faltering from age.

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## FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Finance and commerce are so intimately connected that one cannot be treated without the other being, at least, indirectly alluded to. If these terms are analyzed, their relations will be perfectly understood. Commerce is the simple exchange of anything one individual possesses for something another individual is possessed of. This exchange may be between neighbors, or between nations; it is all commerce. In ancient times, articles of merchandise were exchanged for articles of merchandise, but as commerce increased in amount, and its limits became extended, it became necessary to make use of something that should represent value, so that there need not, in all cases, be an actual transfer of property for property. The medium used to facilitate these exchanges was money in its first phases, and out of this necessity have grown all the different monetary devices made use of, at various times, in the history of civilization.

To demonstrate that money is only a convenience and not an absolute necessity, any one has only to observe that frequent purchases, sales and payments are made without the use of money or any other representative of value, but by the direct transfer of value for value. It is plain, then, that money, be it gold, silver or what else it may be, is not intrinsically of the value set upon it, but that it represents something that has intrinsic value. If this is questioned, let any one who doubts it procure some gold in its original state and endeavor to make exchange with it. He will find that no one will receive it, even at its value by weight. Were he to apply to a dozen places where gold, in mass, is dealt in, he would be offered a dozen different prices for his article. It is only after gold has passed through the hands of the Government, and has received its impress as an indorsement, that it becomes current as money.

It is further to be observed that the time came when even coin became too burdensome to be directly transferred in making exchanges, and something representing it was brought into use. This consisted of bits of paper, containing upon them promises to pay so much in coin, etc., etc.; and under this practice banks of issue sprung into existence, their issues being supposed to represent a gold or coin basis of value. But a full representation alone of coin deposited was found not to supply a sufficient circulating medium to accommodate the movement of produce, and for other uses, and it became customary for the banks to expand their issues beyond the amount of coin on hand, upon the supposition that these promises to pay would never be presented in sufficient quantities to consume their actual specie. But suppositions are only true generally, and hence it came that promises to pay often exhausted the ability to pay, and here began the ills that must necessarily attend a false standard of values.

In all seasons of financial distress, gold, as a standard, has failed. The necessities of our late war demonstrated and represented the fallacy of an absolute standard in gold, and happily suggested a better standard. No sooner did the supply of gold at the command of the Government fail, than the latter was compelled to resort to its credit, or to a direct representation of the true value and wealth of the country. The credit of the Government was the ability and intention of the country to meet the promises of its Government, and this ability determined its currency. It was not the amount of gold, absolutely, that the country was supposed capable of acquiring that thus entered into consideration, but the ability of the country to produce certain quantities of merchandise, which should, in time, be sufficient, above consumption, to balance these promises to pay. It was the productive capacity of this country that gave value to its currency and bonds irrespective of gold. The productive capacity of a country is then the virtual standard of the value of its currency, and as gold can only be obtained by the products of the country, its necessity as a medium may be dispensed with. It is now predicted that the sooner gold, as the money-god, is dethroned in the hearts and customs of the people, the sooner a sound and perfect system of finance will be inaugurated.

That there is a true standard of value, and one that can never fail in time of need, nor be made use of for speculative purposes as gold is, must be apparent to every thinking mind. How many of the people of this country, during the last eight years, have received gold or silver for what they have disposed of, or have used it to purchase their necessities? And yet the talk of a return to specie payment is everywhere heard. When will the idol worship of the god of gold be completely abolished?

**CORK.—WHY IS IT NOT GROWN IN THE SOUTH?**—One billion two hundred and eighty-three million pounds of cork are annually obtained from the trees of Spain, and they scarcely supply the demand. Why do not our Southern States grow cork trees? Can the Washington Agricultural Bureau not furnish seeds? Applications are often made to that concern by Southerners for seeds of plants pertaining to European, African and Asiatic commerce, but nothing can be obtained there beyond common garden vegetables that can be purchased of any New York seedsman.

**A NEW FEMALE COSTUME.**—A number of women have lately joined the French Army, as soldiers, and are found especially among the *francs tireurs*, or independent militia. They wear short, black jackets, and black, baggy breeches, gathered below the knee. Their shirts are of red flannel, and their woolen stockings have black and scarlet stripes. They have black, ankle boots, and a round, black cap. The costume is said to be very becoming and perfectly decorous. Reformers in dress will doubtless desire to see a similar style generally adopted by women, instead of the dangling skirts now in use. They will be disappointed. Women with asymmetrical legs might favor it, but those dissatisfied with their continuations will not be converted.

## THE MARSEILLAISE.

HOW RACHEL SANG IT.

On the 20th of March, 1848, Rachel appeared in "Les Horaces." The curtain had fallen, when a voice called for the "Marseillaise!" and the whole house swelled to the cry, "La Marseillaise!" Camille came forward, simple and grand in her white tunic. She advanced to the footlights, with slow and majestic step. Never was anything more terrible, more thrilling, than that entry. The whole house shuddered with terror before the actress had uttered a single word. That mark, that hue of livid pallor; that deep, dark glance of suffering and rebellion blazing in its bloodshot orbit; those eyebrows twisted in serpent wreaths; those lips depressed, holding in their superb curve a hurricane of prayers, and ready to sound the trumpet of malediction; those passionate nostrils inflated as it with the breath of a free atmosphere after issuing from the fetid dens of bastilles. It was a terrible grace, a sinister beauty, inspiring alarm with admiration. When the actress, poised like a statue, drew herself up to her full height, and then with undulating movement showing the contour of her person beneath the long folds of her train, and raising her arm with tranquil force laid bare her shoulder by the fall of her sleeve, it seemed as though Nemesis, the tardy goddess, had suddenly stepped to life from a block of Greek marble, sculptured by an invisible hand. Then, with voice irritating, strident and monotonous as an alarm bell, she began:

"Allons! enfants de la Patrie!"

Not song, not recitative; a species of antique declamation, wherein the verse marches aloft, now flies aloft, a strange, mystic music escaping the composer's notation, resembling, not reproducing, the song of Rognet de l'Isle. Masculine is the hymn; Rachel had the secret of making it still more energetic, more fierce, more formidable by the incisive bitterness, the revengeful murmurs, and the metallic click of her diction. She had attitude, gestures and carriage wonderfully expressive, in accord with the sense of each stanza. As she proudly uplifts her neck, free at last from the yoke, and shakes off the foot of the oppressor that had so long held her down to the dust, what a piled up magazine of hate! What an undying thirst for vengeance is betrayed in those clenched hands, in the nerves trembling with the cold insensibility of resolution implacable! And with what tender effusion, melting into tears at the sacred idea of the country, she knelt down, as it were, lost in the voluminous folds of the symbolic "tricolor." At this sublime posture the house re-echoed with transports of enthusiasm. Bravos, clapping of hands and stamping came up in one continuous thunder roll.

The Marseillaise is the hymn of France. The revolution bequeathed it to the Empire. It led the fourteen armies of the republic on to victory, repulsing the foreign invaders. The finest verses of the greatest of poets, set to music by the most renowned composer, could never replace it. These immortal things are created by the conjoint action of a whole people. At the right moment unknown lips throw off a song that the people catch up with joy. The one universal thought has found its expression. It groans, it rages, it summons to arms, and all follow it with their swords.

**FALLING IN LOVE.**—Life is infinitely too delightful a thing to allow all its freshness and gaiety to be washed out of it by a flood of romantic and monotonous twaddle. Let poets sing as they will, every summer will bring its "free love" back again. It is only in the sunshine that one can really fall in love. Winter and the fireside and the necessity of conversation give love-making a serious, practical air, which robs it of all joy and geniality. The sunshine pours around it its own bright, indistinct, vivifying haze. Sport with Amoryllis in the shade, and the sport ends with proposals and calculations of the prosaic order; but pure poetry broods over that nest in the deep fern where the sun-gleam glances from tress after tress as one toys with the tangles of Neera's hair. It is difficult to be at once serious and hot. With the thermometer at 70 it is physically impossible to be impassioned or to lavish vows of ardent affection. "Forever and forever" loses any absurd definiteness. What is really possible is to lie in sunny blissfulness and to break out's Nirvana of enjoyment now and then by a whisper of delight. Then "to enjoy is all the art we know." Old things have passed away—the governor's gown over our Oxbridge bills, mamma's lecture over that waltz with young Prodigal—and all things have become new. It is amazing to think that we were bored by old Twaddle at breakfast. It is hard to believe that one will be bored again by him at dinner. Here in the terra-leaves, with the sun overhead and Neera half dozing over *Lothair*, boredom seems impossible. It is this transformation of life, this banishment of its ugliness and its bother, which gives such a zest to falling in love. Love is simply vulgarized when it stoops to entangle itself with puzzles about papa's consent and problems about butchers' bills. Its true life is the life of pure fancy. One knows that to assert Neera's red hair to be "golden" is an absolute defiance of fact; but then half the charm of love-making lies in the defiance of fact. One knows amid all one's protestations of constancy that Clarissa's golden hair will be red to-morrow, but in the sunshine there is no to-morrow. It is the light of human enjoyment to get rid of the trammels of fact and time to assert the impossible, to believe the incredible. For love is perfectly insolent in the challenge it huris at common sense. Major Pendennis wonders how the boy can love a woman old enough to be his mother; but Arthur flings himself just as ardently at Miss Costigan's feet. What are his years to him! Sue is ever young, ever fair. Is it possible to see crow's-feet round eyes at which one gazes with the ardor of a first affection? She is as old as one's elder sister, and one's elder sister is an old maid, but she—she is Phyllis, and age flies from her. She is the standing exception to arithmetic and the calendar. When the inevitable break comes, what tears we shed over that match which we have so elaborately planned! It is true that Phyllis is over thirty, and no planning can bring the match nearer than five or six years; but we have all the sublime satisfaction of flinging ourselves into our pocket-handkerchief, and sobbing our heart out. Only let us sob in the sunshine. It is the sunshine that gives sweetness to our tears, as it gives an Arcadian innocence to the Platonic friendship we swear to the pretty hand on whose finger lies a marriage ring. One does not want social facts to disappear, but sunshine throws a charming haze around them. The ring is present, but it ceases to be oppressive. One is free to sentimentalize on the happiness that might have been, and to sketch lightly the perfect blankness of the life that is; but it is too hot to push the thesis beyond the realm of sentiment. It is in remaining within the limits of that realm that we can alone taste the bliss of "falling in love." People of a sober, practical sort can walk into love as sensibly and unpoe-

calt as they can walk out of it. People of an ardent, impassioned sort can fling themselves into ecstasies that pass our understanding. But to fall in love without prose and without ecstasy, to get all the beauty and grace and variety of affection out of life without passion, and without boredom, and without entanglement, is an art reserved for golden spirits who know the virtue of moderation, and how to let it alone.—Saturday Review.

## POISONOUS HAIR DYES AND COSMETICS.

Several cases of lead palsy having been traced to the use of a cosmetic called the "Bloom of Youth," the Board of Health recently directed Dr. C. F. Chandler, its chemist, to make an analysis of the various toilet preparations in use. He gives an analysis of sixteen varying hair dyes, all but one of which contain lead in different proportions. The following statement from the official report shows the grains of lead contained in one fluid ounce of each:

Clark's Distilled Restorative for the Hair.....	0.11
Chavaler's Life for the Hair.....	1.62
Circassian Hair Revivifier.....	2.71
Ayer's Hair Vigor.....	2.89
Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative.....	3.48
Dr. J. J. O'Brien's Hair Restorative of America.....	3.28
Gray's Celebrated Hair Restorative.....	3.39
Phalon's Vitalis.....	4.49
Ring's Vegetable Ambrosia.....	5.09
Mrs. L. A. Allen's World Hair Restorer.....	5.57
L. Kettl's Indian Hair Tonic.....	6.89
Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.....	7.13
Dr. Tabbott's Physiological Hair Regenerator.....	7.44
Maria Washington Hair Restorative.....	9.80
Singer's Hair Restorative.....	16.39

Six lotions or complexion washes were analyzed, in none of which poisonous metals were found, excepting Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, which contained both mercury and zinc. Three enamels for the skin contained carbonate of lead, or white lead. These were "Eugenie's Favorite," "Snow-white Enamel" and "Snow-white Oriental Cream." Seven white skin powders were as harmless as any other dirt. The report concludes as follows:

"The hair tonics, washes and restoratives contain lead in considerable quantities, and are consequently highly dangerous to health. With the single exception of Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, which contains corrosive sublimate, the lotions for the skin are free from injurious metals. The enamels are composed of either carbonate of lime, oxide of zinc or carbonate of lead suspended in water. The first two are harmless as any other white dirt, when plastered over the skin to close its pores and prevent its healthy action. Those composed of carbonate of lead are highly dangerous. The white powders for the skin are harmless, except in so far as they may interfere with its healthy action."

**HOW TO ACT IN CASE OF BURGLARY.**—1. Lie very still and draw the bed-clothes over your head. 2. Sit up and listen. 3. Pinch your wife and tell her she ought to be ashamed of herself. 4. Tell her to go down-stairs and see what is the matter. 5. Call out to the servant girl and tell her to order the robbers off the premises. 6. Go on the landing and ask them if they know what they are about. 7. Make your wife tell them they are wicked men, and that you have a great mind to be angry. 8. Say you are very dangerous when once aroused. 9. Beg them to leave quietly, and so obviate a disturbance in the house. 10. Ask them if they wouldn't like something to eat. 11. Let them have what they like, and do what they like, and give them all the money you have besides. 12. When they are gone, go to bed again, and tell your wife that the reason you didn't go down stairs at first, punch their heads and shoot them, was, that you didn't want to disturb the neighbors.

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SEPT. 3, 1870.

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Silver Palace cars through from New York to Chicago.

**SPRING ARRANGEMENT.** Commencing May 10, 1870—Leave New York as follows:

5:30 A. M.—For Plainfield.

6:00 A. M.—For Easton, Bethlehem, Mauch Chunk, Williamsport, Wilkesbarre, Mahanoy City, Tunkhannock, Towanda, Waverly, etc.

7:30 A. M.—For Easton.

12 M.—For Flemington, Easton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Wilkesbarre, Reading, Columbia, Lancaster, Ephrata, Litz, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg, etc.

2 P. M.—For Easton, Allentown, etc.

3:30 P. M.—For Easton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, and Belvidere.

4:30 P. M.—For Somerville and Flemington.

5:15 P. M.—For Somerville.

6 P. M.—For Easton.

7 P. M.—For Somerville.

7:45 P. M.—For Easton.

9 P. M.—For Plainfield.

12 P. M.—For Plainfield on Sundays only.

Trains leave for Elizabeth at 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:00, 9:20, 10:30, 11:40 A. M., 12:00 M., 1:00, 2:00, 2:15, 3:15, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30, 4:45, 5:15, 5:45, 6:00, 6:20, 7:00, 7:45, 9:00, 10:45, 12:00 P. M.

**FOR THE WEST.**

9 A. M.—WESTERN EXPRESS, daily (except Sundays) —For Easton, Allentown, Harrisburg and the West, without change of cars to Cincinnati or Chicago, and but one change to St. Louis. Connects at Harrisburg for Erie and the Oil Regions. Connects at Somerville for Flemington. Connects at Junction for Stroudsburg, Water Gap, Scranton, etc. Connects at Phillipsburg for Mauch Chunk, Wilkesbarre, etc.

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Tickets for the West can be obtained at the office of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, foot of Liberty street, N. Y.; at No. 1 Astor House; Nos. 254, 271, 586 Broadway, at No. 10 Greenwich street, and at the principal hotels.

R. E. RICKER, Superintendent.

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**DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN RAILROAD, MORRIS AND ESSEX DIVISION.** Depots, foot of Barclay and Christopher streets.

**SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.**—Commencing on April 11, 1870:

8:00 A. M.—Through Express Mail, connecting with train at Denville for Boonton, at Dover with Chester Railroad, at Waterloo with Sussex Railroad, at Washington with Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad for Water Gap, Stroudsburg, Scranton, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Carbondale, Great Bend, Binghamton, Syracuse, Oswego, &c.

11:40 A. M.—Lehigh Val. Ex., stopping at Newark, Morristown, Dover, Hackettstown and Washington, and connecting at Easton with Lehigh Valley Railroad for Bethlehem, Mauch Chunk, Wilkesbarre and all stations on the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

4:10 P. M.—Scranton Express for all principal stations, connecting at Washington with D. L. and W. R. R. for Water Gap, Stroudsburg, and Scranton.

3:30 P. M.—Hackettstown Mail connects with Boonton, Chester and Sussex Railroad.

11:20 A. M., 2:30 and 6:40 P. M. Accom. and 5:30 P. M. Express for Morristown and intermediate stations.

6:30, 7:30 and 10:00 A. M., 2:30, 4:20 and 6:00 P. M. to Summit and intermediate stations.

6:30, 7:30, 9:00, 10:00 and 11:20 A. M., 1:00, 2:30, 3:40, 4:20, 4:50, 6:00, 6:40, 9:00 and 11:45 P. M., for South Orange and intermediate stations.

For Newark at 6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:20 and 11:40 A. M.; 1:00, 2:00, 2:30, 3:30, 3:40, 3:50, 4:10, 4:30, 4:50, 5:10, 5:30, 5:30, 6:00, 6:20, 6:40, 7:45, 9:00, and 11:45 P. M. Trains marked \* stop at East Newark.

For Bloomfield and Montclair, at 8:30 and 11 A. M., and 2:00, 3:50, 5:10, 6:20, and 7:45 P. M.

B. SCHOCH, Superintendent.

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AT WAREHOUSES OF CALVIN WITTY,  
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**ERIE RAILWAY.—TRAINS LEAVE**  
depots, foot of Chambers street, and foot of Twenty-third street as follows:—

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

For Port Jervis and Way, \*11:30 A. M. and 4:30 P. M. (Twenty-third street, \*11:15 A. M. and 4:15 P. M.) For Middletown and Way, at 3:30 P. M. (Twenty-third street, 3:15 P. M.); and, Sundays only, 8:30 A. M. (Twenty-third street 8:15 A. M.) For Graycourt and Way, at \*8:30 A. M. (Twenty-third street, \*8:15 A. M.)

For Newburgh and Way, at 8 A. M., 3:30 and 4:30 P. M. (Twenty-third street 7:45 A. M., 3:15 and 4:15 P. M.) For Suffern and Way, 5 and 6 P. M. (Twenty-third street, 4:45 and 5:45 P. M.) Theatre train, \*11:30 P. M. (Twenty-third street \*11:15 P. M.)

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

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

For Piermont, Nyack, Monsey and Way, from Twenty-third street depot at 9:15 A. M.; \*12:45, 1:15, 4:15, 4:45, and 7:15 P. M., and, Saturdays only, \*11:45 P. M. From Chambers street depot at 9:30 A. M.; \*1, 1:30, 4:15, 4:30, 5 and 7:30 P. M.; Saturdays only, \*12 midnight.

Tickets for passage and for Apartments in Drawing Room and Sleeping Coaches can be obtained, and orders for the checking and transfer of Baggage may be left at the Company's offices—241, 529 and 957 Broadway; 205 Chambers street; 38 Greenwich street; corner 135th street and Third avenue, Harlem; 338 Fulton street, Brooklyn; depots foot of Chambers street and foot of Twenty-third street, New York; No. 3 Exchange Place and Long Dock Depot, Jersey City, and of the Agents at the principal hotels.

L. D. RUCKER, June 13, WM. R. BARR, Gen'l Sup't 1870. G'l Pass'g Ag't.

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

**NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA RAIL ROAD.**—FROM NEW JERSEY RAIL ROAD DEPOT, Foot of Courtlandt street. Change of Hours, May 9, 1870.

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

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

**THROUGH TRAINS.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

9:20 P. M., Daily Express for Baltimore and Washington, and the Southwest and South via Washington, with Reclining Chair Car and Sleeping Car attached.

**FOR NEWARK (Market Street Station).**

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

**FOR ELIZABETH.**

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

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

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

**NEW YORK CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.**—Trains leave Thirtieth street as follows:

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

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

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

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

7 P. M., Pacific Express, with Sleeping cars through to Chicago without change, via M. C. R. R. Also L. S. and M. S. R. (Daily).

11 P. M., Night Express, Sleeping cars attached.

2 P. M., Hudson train.

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

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

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

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

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

WM. H. VANDERBILT, Vice Pres't.

New York, May 2, 1870.

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

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

C. W. DOUGLAS, Superintendent.

## THE CONNECTICUT AIR LINE ROAD

IS NOW

COMPLETED BETWEEN

New Haven &amp; Middletown.

The section between Middletown and Willimantic, 28 miles in length, is all that remains unfinished, and of this portion 20 miles are already graded.

The Connecticut River Bridge is in a forward state of completion, and will be, when finished, the finest work of the kind in this country.

The Bonds of the Company are secured by a First Mortgage on all the property and franchises of a road, 52 miles in length, running through the centre of the State of Connecticut, forming with its connections the shortest and quickest route between Boston and New York. They present a form of investment of undoubted security and liberal interest.

The State of Connecticut is Trustee for the bondholders.

The Comptroller of the State countersigns every bond issued.

The Bonds are issued only as the work progresses. The Bonds are issued for only one-half of the amount expended.

They are free from Government tax.

They are free from State and local taxes in Connecticut.

They pay seven per cent. interest.

They are of the denominations of \$500 and \$1,000.

They are issued in either registered or coupon bonds.

The price is par and interest.

They can be obtained of any Bank or Banker, or by sending to

HATCH & FOOTE,  
Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities,  
No. 12 Wall Street, N. Y.

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## DR. ROBERT HAMILTON'S Medical Institute,

FOR

**The Cure of**  
**Female Lung and Chronic Diseases,**

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

Send for a Circular containing an account of its Advantages, Certificates of Remarkable Cures, Testimonials, etc.

## HOMES IN BROOKLYN.

Full Lots 25x100 feet,

\$350 and upward.

Horse cars every five minutes from three ferries, taking you home in thirty-five minutes.

Cheapest Lots within ten miles of New York.

A prominent real-estate dealer of New York says of these Lots:

"They will double in value in four years."

Terms very easy.

Can build at once. No restriction as to style of house.

It is high gravelly ground, and perfectly healthy.

No low, swampy ground in the vicinity.

Improvements are more rapid here than in any other part of Brooklyn.

You can buy these lots, right in the City of Brooklyn, as cheap as at Jamaica, West Flushing, Woodside or any other country village.

There are no trains to miss if you are delayed by your business a few minutes later than usual.

There is a ferry chartered to run within six blocks of them.

We don't ask you to go on any certain day by excursion train at increased speed to make the distance seem short, but any day, or any time in the day.

The office is always open, corner of Fourth avenue and Thirty eighth street, Brooklyn.

Cross at Hamilton Ferry and take the Fort Hamilton cars. The conductor will let you off at the place.

**THE**

**JERSEY CITY TIMES**

is the

**ONLY MORNING DAILY**

in the

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**JERSEY CITY.**

With a population of nearly

One Hundred Thousand

its circulation has been doubled during the last

month since its change from an

**EVENING**

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**MORNING ISSUE.**

Advertising rates low.

## WORKINGMEN, ATTENTION.

**THE**

**"MANUFACTURER**

**AND**

**BUILDER,"**

a Monthly Magazine devoted to the interests of the

industrial classes. Now in its second year.

The "MANUFACTURER AND BUILDER," an

elegantly-printed and richly-illustrated magazine,

filled with matter of the utmost importance to every

## THE SHOP GIRL.

Little feet, a pity 'tis  
Neater boots should not incase you;  
Tiny hands, the daintiest gloves  
Should be happy to embrace you:  
But I know no art that could  
Make your eyes a diamond brighter,  
Make your lips a rose more red,  
Make your neck a snow-flake whiter.

Straight and strong, with gliding gait  
(Clumsy boots, I hate you so!),  
Every morning passes she,  
Rain or shine, or wind or snow:  
Not the very bronziest kid  
That trips along the busy street  
Could so lure me with its call,  
Could so make my pulses beat.

Justice done, her work should be  
Pulling petals from the rose,  
Feeding humming-birds, or else  
Fanning furies in a doze.  
Justice failing, likewise,  
She is gravely binding shoes,  
Making paper-boxes, or  
Sewing slop-work for the Jews.

## DRAMATIC.

There is little change to chronicle in the dramatic doings of the present week, except the production of "Uriella" at the Grand Opera House. It is a romantic pantomime ballet, which is fascinating both in its scenery and dances.

**CLOSE EARLY.**—The Women's Early Closing Association is still hard at work to effect the much-needed reform of closing at 7 o'clock. Surely this is not an unreasonable request. The granting it would bring immeasurable comfort to innumerable employees, as well as to employers. The greed of gain should not work a sacrifice of every social enjoyment, nor absorb every hour of the day. There must be time for recreation, and from 7 o'clock is little enough for any one. There should be time for reading and study, else there is no advancement. One had as well work in a tread-mill all her life as to take position in a store which opens almost with the sun and closes hours after that luminary has shut up for the night. This reform must be accomplished, and it will be, like many others, secured by persistent agitation. Let the people refuse to patronize the fancy-goods and millinery establishments, at which this reform is especially aimed, which refuse to close at seven. Let those employers who will close at seven hang a placard in their windows that the people may know and patronize them. Let all the working girls interested join the association and put their shoulders to the wheel. In organization there is power, and usually ultimate success. When a few employers are brought over the rest will follow in time, and although success may not come at once persistent effort will surely bring it. —*Star*.

**THE LARGEST KITCHEN** in the world is that of the Liebig Beef Extract Company in Uruguay. It covers 20,000 square feet of ground and is divided into a number of compartments, which are all constructed with a view to their peculiar uses. You enter, first, a large, dark, cool hall, with paved floor, where the meat is weighed and conveyed through openings in the wall to the cutting machines. These are four in number, and can cut up 200 young oxen in an hour. From the cutting machines the meat goes into twelve iron receivers, where it is pressed by steam power of seventy-five pounds to the square inch. These twelve receivers are capable of containing 12,000 pounds of meat each. From these the meat, or rather the liquid now, runs through pipes into receptacles constructed for the purpose of separating the fatty substance from the extract and to clear it. Lastly, it is raised by steam air-pumps into large coolers, filtered, and subequently packed for transportation. The butcher of the Company is a scientific executioner, who can, with ease and grace, kill eighty oxen in an hour by skillfully separating the vertebrae.

**M. e. Morlacchi**, the noted premiere danseuse, is a practical woman. A well known manager of one of our theatres, accompanied by a gentleman in the profession, visited Morlacchi at her farm in Bedford, Middlesex County, a day or two since, for the purpose of securing her services for the Adelphi. They rang the bell at the door, but getting no answer, made bold to enter the house. She was not to be found. The servant girl, however, at last appeared and stated that her mistress was somewhere on the farm. The gentlemen at once proceeded to navigate the same, and in course of time found Morlacchi in a field digging potatoes for dinner. She was not exactly arrayed in a ballet dress, but in a much more appropriate one for the place, having the protection of a huge summer hat. The business of the visit was made known, and the terms were soon arranged. Morlacchi then finished digging the required quantity of potatoes, and subsequently proceeded to the house, where hospitalities were served. These included a dinner, of which the potatoes she had dug served an humble part. Morlacchi is happily situated in a home of her own, which is supplied with all the comforts and not a few of the luxuries of life.

The Queen, it is well known, has for some years taken a personal interest in the contents of the Stuart papers, a very large mass of which is in the Royal Library at Windsor, and which was being catalogued and arranged by her Majesty's late librarian at the time of his death. One day not many years ago, the Queen came into the library and inquired of her then librarian what progress he was making with the Stuart papers, adding, with much naïveté, "You must know, Mr. —, I am a devoted supporter of the House of Stuart." "Madam, your majesty will pardon me," was the ready reply, "if I say that I am an equally devoted supporter of the House of Hanover."

**TO OUR FAT FRIENDS.**—Bromide of ammonium is recommended to those who suffer from the excess of fat. When taken in small doses it is said to absorb adipose matter and diminish the weight of the body with greater certainty than any other known remedy.

**REGULATING LICENTIOUSNESS.**—The new system for the regulation of the "social evil" is now in practical operation, although a few weeks are still necessary to make everything work with the smoothness which experience and familiarity with detail alone impart. It is impossible to fairly estimate, at present, what effect the new regime will have as to the increase or diminution of the evil which it is sought to regulate. One result of the new order of things is to increase materially the clerical work at the office of the chief of police. A feature of the regulation is, that all cyprians are required to obtain a permit whenever they wish to change their residences. It would appear, from the frequency of applications of this character, that the unfortunate class of women are exceedingly restless as to their habitations. Ten or fifteen applications are made each day, and not unfrequently a woman to whom a permit was issued a day or two before will apply again for a fresh one to authorize another change of residence. In case a change is made without a permit having been applied for and granted, the girl or woman is liable to arrest. There have been a few arrests of this character, but the prisoners have been released after confinement in the calaboose for a night or so, a promise being exacted that a closer conformity to the requirements of the law will be observed for the future. No prosecutions before court have yet taken place in any cases of this kind, but such will probably occur before long. Not a few members of the legal profession are anxious to see if they cannot demonstrate a flaw in the validity of the new bill. One ground on which it is claimed the measure can be successfully attacked is, that particular legislation for certain localities, in reference to an offence of the character of prostitution, is contrary to the spirit of criminal law and of the constitution of the State. The point may be illustrated by stating, that in other cities of the State prostitution is still subject to prosecution and penalty, while in St. Louis these are virtually done away with, so long as a woman of this class observes the regulations prescribed by the Board of Health. In this way it is claimed there is an inequality in the legislation on the subject which the high courts will regard as vitiating the bill. The new system can hardly continue to operate very long without some case arising under it coming before the courts, when this question will probably be fully argued and decided. —*St. Louis Republican*.

**SOUTHERN CANNED GOODS.**—There should be a large amount of all kinds of canned fruits, vegetables, fish and meats put up throughout the Southern States. From Baltimore to Galveston, along the sea coast and in the interior, may be found innumerable varieties of animal and vegetable products, suitable for food, which would pay a handsome profit to those who would engage in the business of preparing them for market. While large capital and the latest improvements would secure, in this as in other kinds of business, the quickest and most profitable results, a beginning may be made with very little means. In many places the materials may be had almost for the labor of gathering them. Tin cans are cheap, and if not to be had easily there, may be ordered from here, and sent in packages of tops, bottoms and sides, to be put together at the place of destination. Labels of any style, pattern or cost may be had here in any quantity. The process of canning is simple and easily practiced after some experience. The products could be easily disposed of through the large houses that deal in this class of goods. In this way many new and elegant varieties of canned goods might be added to the present list. What the South needs is a variety of industries to develop all its resources. In none is it richer than the bounteous yield of its soil, its rivers and bays. Texas beef should be as widely known as that of Australia or South America; Savannah shad should have a reputation equal to California salmon; Bon Secour oysters should stand alongside saddle rocks or Chesapeake Bays. Southern roasting ears should be as highly esteemed above Portland green corn as Southern meal is above that of Northern. Southern dried figs should be as eagerly inquired for as those from Smyrna. Southern desiccated sweet potatoes should form a part of the ship's stores of every vessel that leaves this port. The people of the South must awake to a full realization of these wonderful gifts.

**ARRIVAL OF CELESTIALS.**—The St. Louis *Republican* of Tuesday says: The influx of Chinamen engaged to work on Southern railroads still continues, and is growing in proportion. Yesterday five car-loads came by the North Missouri Railroad. There were 160 men in the party, and they were sent from San Francisco by Koopmanschap & Co., who had made a contract for furnishing them to the Selma and Gulf Railroad Company. They are to be employed as laborers in the construction of this railroad, and have contracted to work three years. Each laborer is to receive \$16, in gold, monthly, free board, lodging, water and fuel. The contract stipulates that the working hours shall be ten hours per day, six days in the week: that there shall be five cooks; that a sufficient quantity of rice, pork, fish, beef and vegetables shall be furnished; that when a man falls sick, he shall receive no wages, but provisions, and guarantees free return to San Francisco after a term of service. There is one interpreter who has to receive seventy-five dollars a month, and there are four foremen who will be paid forty dollars per month.

The men were small in stature, but apparently robust and intelligent. There was one female, the wife of the interpreter, in the party. The whole were under the charge of Mr. F. Croen, agent of Koopmanschap & Co. They left San Francisco on the night of the 12th inst., and came overland by the Central and Union Pacific Railroad, the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad, and the North Missouri Railroad, and arrived yesterday morning. They left at five o'clock by the Iron Mountain Railroad for Selma, Alabama. Most of them have lived in California from five to fourteen years. The route by railroad is preferred more than that by river.

**THE INTERNATIONAL WORKINGMEN'S ASSOCIATION.**—The fifth annual Congress of the above Association was announced by the Council in London to be held at Mayence on the 5th of September next, but, owing to the war, the Council has under its consideration the propriety of holding it in another place, in either Belgium or Switzerland. The following are the subjects set down for consideration and discussion: 1. Abolition of public debts with an equitable compensation. 2. On the connection between the political action and the social movement of the working class. 3. Practical ways and means of converting land into common property. 4. Conversions of all note-issuing banks into national banks. 5. On the conditions of co-operative production on a national scale. 6. Necessity of carrying the resolutions of the Geneva Congress of 1866 respecting the statistics of labor. 7. Reconsideration by the Congress of the means to suppress war.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS

**A French war-cry.**—"Vo Metz ze enemy and vo is zere." Walt Whitman is in Brooklyn working at a book of prose. "Johnny, my boy, what makes the sea salt?" "Codfish, sir." The horses killed in battle are served to the French soldiers as merritations.

"Jenny, you're like the Prussian army." "Why, Sam?" "You're winning!"

An impassioned lover to his mistress: "Would you were an exclamation point and I a parenthesis (!)"

"Sergeant," said a French conscript, "how far is it to Berlin?" "850,000 Prussians off," was the reply.

A Java grandee is coming to this country with his eighty-one children, and wants to secure board in some quiet family.

Keep your dog free from fleas by giving him fresh pine shavings to lie upon. Please do not like the smell of the turpentine and resin, and make tracks.

The Earl of Shaftesbury, noted for his orthodoxy, said lately that if the Pope had a wife she would not allow him for an hour to remain in the belief that he was infallible.

A Jolly Texan painted and disguised himself as an Indian, went to his house, scared his wife into a fit, set the dogs howling, and caused his child to jump into a cistern.

A New York clergyman preached recently that "ecience must stop or religion could not go on." The *Newark Advertiser* suggests that he should stop and give place to a wiser man in his pulpit.

A young Kansan, who had fallen in love with a colored girl, was so much troubled by the ridicule with which his companions loaded him that he shot himself, after leaving all his money to the object of his affection.

Barry, the actor and rival of Garrick, was said to have a voice of such wonderful sweetness that he could allure a bird from a tree. The ladies of his day remarked that, as Juliet, they would at once have invited Garrick's Romeo up to the balcony, but to that of Barry they would have jumped down.

**CHEAP MOSQUITO BANE.**—There is a cheap mosquito bane which answers every purpose of the mosquito bar. It is common petroleum. A small quantity is dropped on a piece of cotton and then squeezed out dry, after which the cotton is rubbed over the face and hands. No mosquito will alight where the scent has been left.

The English Church is moving in favor of female education. The Bishop of Carlisle recently said, in a public meeting that "as regards the general principle of doing what we can to improve the minds of women as well as men, it would be a monstrous shame that men should arrogate to themselves things which, if good at all, are as good for women as men."

An odd little poem, called "How to Replenish the Church Treasury," contains a lesson of saving for charitable purposes. The first verse is a sample of the whole:

Let Annie buy one ribbon less,	\$4 00
And Fanny give up one ring;	5 00
Grace sacrifice one change of dress,	50 00
One sash and fancy string,	3 00

An enterprising young man in Milwaukee undertook to "interview" the Bengal tiger at a menagerie. The tiger was extremely cordial and pressed him to stay, and while he hesitated the noble animal stuck its paw out between the bars and snatched all the meat off the young man's arm. He is not enthusiastic on the subject of tigers now as he was. He says he likes a tiger to be sociable and hospitable, but he thinks this one runs the thing into the ground.

A cruel way of cooking turtles appears in a Chinese cookery book. The turtle is placed in a vessel of water on the fire, with a lid over it having an aperture so arranged that the turtle can get his head out, and within reach of highly-spiced wine. As the temperature of the water increases so does his thirst, and he gradually goes on drinking the seasoned fluid until the heat kills him, by which time his whole system is impregnated with the vino-aromatic seasoning, and a flavor described as delicious is imparted to the flesh.

The withdrawal of men from agricultural and other pursuits by the war between France and Prussia will not produce as much loss as might be supposed, as in both countries out-door labor is, to a great extent, performed by women. In Prussia, at the present time, not only peasant women but those of the middle classes are gathering in the harvests, guarding the flocks and doing field work. For many years women have been employed in Prussia as station agents and signal officers on the railroads; and, if necessity required, they could act as conductors on the trains.

**PETROLEUM FUEL.**—A practical method of utilizing petroleum as fuel for the generation of steam has been discovered and tested. The petroleum is first vaporized and then mixed with super-heated steam, forming a hydro-carbonic gas, which is the most perfectly combustible substance known. The principal advantages of this new fuel consist in its relative cheapness, in a greater heating power, compared with coal, and in the less space occupied on shipboard. There are other advantages to be derived from its use, such as greater cleanliness and the ability to make longer voyages by steam than at present.

**VIVIAN REAM'S STUDIO.**—Miss Vivian Ream's studio is by far the most tasteful in Rome. Upon the wall on one side hangs the American flag; upon the other, two small French flags are arched over a portrait of Gustave Dore and a sketch of "Judith" made by him for the artist. In one corner is a pile of stones mossed and laved over, upon which a pair of ringdoves coo. All around are baskets and bouquets of flowers. We found Miss Ream, a little lady, in her short blue frock, and figured apron with sleeves, a blue veil folded like a turban around her head, with the ends hanging loosely behind, from beneath which a few rich brown curls drop out. Her eyes are large, dark brown, with an interestingly sorrowful expression, when not lit up with smiles. Her figure is quite petite, but full of activity and energy. She is childlike in the frankness and simplicity of her manners, and wins every person who meets her by her gentle vivacity and accomplishments. To-day's visit to her studio is doubly interesting, for it affords us an opportunity of seeing one of the world's celebrities, the great musical composer, Liszt, who is sitting for his bust. He is an elegant looking old gentleman, with a head very much like Henry Clay's, one that would command attention amidst a thousand. He takes a wonderful interest in our little American sculptress, and as she rapidly moulds the pliant clay more and more into a striking likeness, the great composer bursts out in rhapsodies of compliment, jumps up, and pats her on the head with the most parental approbation.

Now don't eat any sausages for the next week. At Greenpoint, a man at work on a sausage machine had all the meat on his arm taken off by the machine while cutting up dog. People generally don't object to canine sausages, but they are not cannibals. Dickens must have had some doubtful experience like the above when he made Samivel Veller to say, "Weal pies is werry good if you only know the roman wot makes em."

Mark Twain can well afford to laugh. His wife has just fallen heir to a quarter of a million from her father's estate, while to Mark is left the hum, in the shape of the business, that laid the golden egg.