

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT! UNTRAMMELED LIVES!

BE MAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

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VICTORIA C. WOODHULL & TENNIE C. CLAFLIN

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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TO

NEWSMEN AND POSTMASTERS

THROUGHOUT!

The United States, Canada and Europe.

On account of the very extraordinary and widespread demand which has sprung up for THE WEEKLY since the exposure of the frauds and villainies which are practiced upon the people by iniquitous corporations having no souls, was commenced, which demand is evidenced by the daily receipt of numerous letters—too numerous for us to answer individually—from all parts of the country, we now offer the following liberal CASH TERMS to all who are disposed to avail themselves of them:

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This journal will always treat upon all those subjects which are of

VITAL INTEREST
TO THE
COMMON PEOPLE,

It will, in the broadest sense, be

A FREE PAPER

FOR A FREE PEOPLE,

in which all sides of all subjects may be presented to the public, we only reserving the right to make such editorial comment on communications as we may deem proper.

Here, then, is a free platform upon which

THE REPUBLICAN AND THE DEMOCRAT,
THE RADICAL AND THE CONSERVATIVE,
THE CHRISTIAN AND THE INFIDEL,
THE ROMAN CATHOLIC AND THE PROTESTANT,
THE JEW AND THE PAGAN,
AND THE MATERIALIST AND THE SPIRITUALIST

MAY MEET IN A

COMMON EQUALITY AND BROTHERHOOD,

which we believe comes from the fact that

GOD IS THE FATHER OF THEM ALL

THE Cosmo - Political Party.

NOMINATION FOR PRESIDENT OF THE U. S.,
In 1872.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL

SUBJECT TO

RATIFICATION BY THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

THE RIGHT OF WOMEN TO VOTE GUARANTEED BY THE CONSTITUTION.

MEMORIAL OF BELVA A. LOCKWOOD AND OTHERS, WITH THE MORAL AND CONSTITUTIONAL ARGUMENT IN SUPPORT OF THE SAME: INTRODUCED INTO THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES WITH THE TERRITORIAL BILL (S. 594) FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA BY THE HON. S. C. POMEROY, OF KANSAS, AND REFERRED TO THE COMMITTEE OF CONFERENCE, JAN. 23, 1871.

To the honorable the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled, respectfully sheweth:

That they were born in the United States and are above the age of twenty-one years; that they have been for more than three years residents of the District of Columbia; that they are still residents thereof, and that they are citizens of the United States as declared by the Fourteenth Article of Amendments to the Constitution of the United States:

That since the adoption of the Fifteenth Article of Amendments to the Constitution, Congress has passed no law abridging the right of any citizen of the District of Columbia to vote, as established by said article, on account of sex or otherwise.

That the bill designed to provide a government for the district of Columbia, (S. 594,) which passed the House of Representatives January 21, 1871, contains in section 8 the word "male," and therefore does and will abridge the right of more than one half of the citizens of the District;

And whereas the enforcement of said local government, denying and abridging the right of citizens to vote on account of sex, is a grievance to your memorialists and many other persons, citizens of the United States, being women; your memorialists would most respectfully petition your honorable bodies that the word "male" be stricken from Senate Bill 594 before its final passage.

And your memorialists will ever pray.

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD, A. M.
CAROLINE B. WINSLOW, M. D.
SUSAN A. EDSON, M. D.

CITY OF WASHINGTON, January 21, 1871.

These memorialists having most respectfully memorialized your honorable bodies to so amend the Territorial Bill now pending, that their right as citizens may not be abridged thereby; beg leave to submit the following argument in favor of their prayer which has been referred to your committee.

MORAL ARGUMENT.

Civil Government is a conventional organism, demanded by human necessity, and existing only by the consent of the

governed, and for their benefit. It is based on the sovereignty of the individual, which comprehends his inherent right to, and capacity for, self government, and therefore the right to empower another to act.

Human rights are predicated of natural necessity, and not of sex.

Protection and allegiance are the reciprocal bonds between the sovereignty of the individual and that sovereignty represented in the Government. "The right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Freedom is essential to the development and perfection of our powers, as well as to the responsibilities of the individual for their exercise, because constrained action cannot be responsible action.

Woman has a distinct and perfect individuality, recognized by all Governments as to allegiance and obedience. She is a producer, tax-payer, criminal, witness—may be loyal or commit and be punished for treason. She produces her full share of all material wealth, besides the responsibilities and dangers of maternity, and yet in this civilized country, with its boasted liberty, equality, fraternity, justice, she is in the eye of the law a mere chattel, and has no voice in making that to which she must submit.

In her sphere she is as complete as man is in his. She is his companion in all of the trials of life, and in all of the evils of imperfect legislation. The exercise of a faculty is necessary to its growth. Woman possesses the faculty of government, and cannot be deprived of its advantages without damage to the body politic. Man, deprived of female society, degenerates rapidly, as may be seen in all communities composed of men alone. Doubtless the same would be true of woman. A perfect Government can only come of a perfect manhood and womanhood with their efforts united for the common good.

It, therefore, becomes man's duty to recognize woman as an integral part of the body politic, and woman's duty to rise to the responsibility of her position.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

The intention in bills of rights, constitutions and laws for human government enters as a fundamental principle in their construction, and is so recognized by their executors and interpreters. But as the intention can only be derived from the language employed, at least by those who are subsequently affected thereby, it follows that they must be construed in accordance with their most obvious wording.

Our Government, a representative democracy, was organized for the purpose of guaranteeing to every individual the largest liberty compatible with the public good. Under this Government the sovereignty is vested in the individual, temporarily transferred by voluntary act, and subject to withdrawal at the will of the parties. Any ambiguity or indefiniteness should be construed in accordance with fundamental principles, and the natural rights of those interested.

Any failure to declare negatively that civil rights are denied to any particular class, leaves those rights to be en-

joyed at the pleasure of the parties. All rights not granted or transferred, are necessarily retained.

The Constitution fails to declare that the male element alone shall enter into the Government. It also fails to declare that the female element shall not enter into the Government.

A constitution once adopted, passes out of the hands of the parties constructing it. The opinions of contemporaneous courts, and still less of subsequent courts, cannot be substituted for the palpable doctrines of the document itself.

If such document, so adopted, contains by implication, and without negation, privileges not intended to be conferred, and the exercise of which is not subversive of natural or civil rights, the parties so included are entitled to its benefits.

We are therefore to be governed by the document itself, more than by the intentions of its framers, which we cannot know. If they have said or done more than they intended, we are not entitled to construe against the obvious meaning of the language employed. The law must be construed in accordance with its wording, and not in accordance with the judgment of its expositors. The syllogistic reasoning is, "does this case come under the law specified?"

The framers of the Constitution intended the gradual and certain extinction of slavery. Public opinion, practice, and expediency in later times worked the opposite. The Constitution was silent on the question of new territory, and made no provisions for it—contemplated no new slave territory, and no slavery in any territory, except for crime, (see ordinance of 1787), and yet all of these things came at the demand of public opinion.

The Constitution reserved the right to coin money and regulate the value thereof; and makes no provision for banks, State or National, and yet we have these, sanctioned by courts and legislatures; and this in the face of fact, that it forbids any State to coin money or issue bills of credit.

It also provides that private property shall not be taken for public use without compensation. We here find five important cases where the intention has not been the rule of interpretation, nor even the obvious meaning of the language employed.

But we will not stoop to claim a bad precedent for our demands.

Article I, sec. 2, in defining what shall constitute the House of Representatives, uses the term "people," a generic term, a noun of common gender; the qualification of electors being left exclusively to State law. After "people" comes another noun of similar significance and equally comprehensive, viz., "persons."

The pronouns "he" and "his" are used only in connection with the office of president, but are also like the term "man" used generically. There are in the Constitution no negative declarations. There are no positive declarations as to who shall vote. It does not assert that even men shall vote.

In the apportionment of representation all classes are included.

In the Declaration of Independence natural rights are affirmed of the race or type. It is a principal of that Declaration "that governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed."

"That whenever any form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it. That taxation without representation is tyranny."

Thus much for the original document. In the amendments we find an unmistakable definition of citizen: "Persons naturalized or born in the country."

The XV. Amendment declares that "the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous conditions of servitude."

Language could not well be more definite; but it may be urged that the second section of Article XIV defines differently.

The term "male inhabitant" was intended to apply to the black man alone. The punishment provided is also specific, and the terms employed in expressing it may not be applied to the interpretation of the intention of the original document. If the fathers intended a limited application of the franchise, the amendments interpret and construe it differently, and persons affected thereby are clearly entitled to its benefits. The object of amendments is repeal, the addition of new matter, or their explanation.

Article 9. The enumeration of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

Article 10. Powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

As before declared, the regulation of voting was originally left with the States. They had then, and have now, the exclusive jurisdiction within the Constitution. In that document the right to vote was not affirmed or denied, but the manner of voting was prescribed.

It is well known that the Constitution of New Jersey, when admitted as a State, did not deny to women the right to vote, and that they exercised this privilege for several years. As a colony her citizens had derived this right from the Crown of England as subjects who were declared "to have and possess all liberties, franchises, and immunities or said Crown as if born and abiding within her realm." [See Story on the Constitution.] In England women holding tenures in times past and present are permitted to vote. [See Blackstone, vol. ii., chaps. 5 and 6.]

But to return. The only office to which a term indicating gender is applied in the Constitution is to the President, until the addition of the Fourteenth Amendment.

If this is not enough, then if any State or Territory shall positively declare that women shall vote, then it becomes the duty of Congress to compel all other States to conform to that condition, in accordance with Article Fourth, sections 2 and 4.

The Territory of Wyoming, existing by legal consent as a government *de facto* and *de jure*, has all of the essence of a State, and having by Statute enfranchised female citizens of the United States in strict harmony with the Constitution, as has also the Territory of Utah, it follows that the women of Colorado are citizens of the United States, and so with all other places within their jurisdiction, as in the District of Columbia, and that as citizens they are entitled to vote.

Now, as the principle is established that both States and Territories may, under the Constitution, enfranchise women, and as this District is wholly under the jurisdiction of Congress, we ask that in your legislative capacity you will at least recognize by law, that those women who ask it, are entitled to all of the franchises of a complete citizenship of the United States.

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

ROOM IN ANGEL LAND.

[MRS. DANES WOODHULL & CLAFLIN.—The following lines are tendered in answer to a poem entitled "Is there Room in Angel Land," published in No. 12 of your valuable paper, dated Feb. 4.—J. KELL.]

Yes, there's room for you, dear Mary,
In the kingdom of our Lord;
"Suffer children to come to me,"
Is the loving Saviour's word.
His tender heart's the same, dear Mary,
And ever watchful is his care;
He calls you now to come to glory,
And all his heavenly bounty share.
Angel hands shall soon conduct you
To your home in heaven above;
Jesus and the saints will greet you,
Where all is peace and joy and love.

I have been unkind, dear Mary,
My words were harsh, my heart was blind,
Your childish ways would not have grieved me;
But sin had blighted heart and mind.
Jesus calls me now, dear Mary,
And chides me for my erring ways
O, may he pardon all my errors,
And give grace to mend my ways;
In his love and peace rejoicing,
Trusting in his atoning blood;
Feeling all my sins forgiven,
Believing in a pardoning God.

O! forgive your erring mother;
I am sorry we must part;
Jesus calls and I surrender,
Both my child and erring heart;
Take them, Jesus, loving Saviour,
Thine they are by purchase sure,
Redeem'd by blood and resurrection,
In thee we find a double cure.
There's room in heaven for me and Mary,
There we'll meet to part no more;
Farewell, my darling, Jesus calls you,
We'll meet on yon celestial shore.

JANUARY 27, 1871.

PETER COOPER AND HIS "INSTITUTE."

Mr. Peabody and Peter Cooper are about the only wise rich men we have heard of in these modern times that are confessedly addicted to the practice of benevolence and philanthropy. In the vast majority of cases where people have had money to spare for charities, or in any way to benefit the human estate, they have followed the old traditions in the dispensing of it, and, instead of seeing it properly invested during their lifetime, they have exercised the religious patience of waiting for death before they would let a dollar pass out of their hands, and have bequeathed to others the duty of administering their largesse to the poor and needy, when they might have reaped a high and beautiful satisfaction and delight in performing this duty for themselves.

The gentlemen above alluded to have set a most notable example—well worthy of imitation—in this respect, and have reversed the ancient order and custom of society in the distribution of their enormous fortunes. Instead of waiting to do good until after they have passed over to the "great majority," thereby shuffling, as it were, the responsibilities of their wealth, and, as a consequence, losing the chance of their own spiritual enlargement and the necessary and inevitable reward which comes to all hereafter who have done good to the "least of these little ones"—they seized hold of the present day and hour, and put into them all the practical charity and love of their great and generous hearts. Instead of postponing their opportunity, they have done good in their lifetime, and have seen to it that their moneys faithfully represented their own ideas of benevolence and good will to men.

One is glad to think, too, that these gentlemen have, to a large extent, revived the charity and uses of the old European times by building colleges for the people, hospitals, model dwelling houses and public libraries. There are aims in the right direction, and cannot be sufficiently praised. We regard the Cooper Institute, for example, as a most noble and useful association, and as the great centre of popular civilization in this city. In so promiscuous a society as ours, where thousands of young men—for the most part very imperfectly educated—come to us every year from all parts of Europe, it must be an immense and incalculable boon. Our public school system cannot reach them. They are beyond its pale when they arrive here. Hence the value of the Cooper Institute to them, and to all such everywhere who choose to avail themselves of its privileges.

It is not so generally known as it ought to be that good old Peter Cooper built, furnished, and to a large extent endowed these admirable schools, so that they might render the greater amount of practical service to the working classes, whom he hoped chiefly to benefit. In his youth Mr. Cooper had a hard struggle with fortune, and knew the extreme of poverty, if not of absolute privation. His education, as was too often the case well over a hundred years ago—he is, we believe, more than eighty years of age, though still a comparative young man in health, and best of all in the true, fresh feelings of his heart—was very much neglected, and when he was a grown man, he chanced to be interested in a young mechanic, whose whole life was threatened with blight and desolation, because he was too poor to pay for an education that would qualify him for success. Good old Peter resolved from that moment, that if he were successful in business, he would found precisely such a seat of education as the Cooper Institute really is. It is free to all comers. There are no fees; and the curriculum of instruction is so liberal and comprehensive that a passed graduate of the college would be qualified for any commercial, and for many artistic, and even scientific situations.

Within the past year and a half, as we understand, the generous old man, so simple and childlike in his nature and manners, so genial and so joyous, whose grand old head is covered with the snows of more than eighty winters, a lot of them happy ones, because crowded with good and virtuous deeds, whose face is always sunny and beautiful, and like dear old Clark's, says to every body he meets, "God bless you, my friend!"—this patron of the education of the people and friend of man, has, within the last year and a half—as we were going to say above—made two more endowments to the Institute at a cost of twenty thousand each, for the benefit of men actually engaged in practical science. The one is in mechanics, and the other in chemistry. A professor is attached to each of these departments, whose duty it is to be in attendance all day long, and ready to confer with and advise any mechanic or chemist in problems of pith and difficulty, which they may not be able to deal with alone and unaided.

It is out of all sight the greatest and most efficient popular establishment for education in the United States, perhaps in the world, although England possesses one or two of marked importance and fame. Who can calculate the good that this

college is capable of yielding to students? Think of the thousands of brilliant intellects run to seed, or but imperfectly developed for want of just such advantages as are offered here, "without money and without price." Think of poor John Clare, the Northamptonshire poet, and let him stand for similar thousands—think of him with his heart full of poetry and music, of the happiest thoughts and the sweetest and choicest fancies—unable to write down his own beautiful songs and imaginations, because his father was a pauper, and the schoolmaster did not get his living by teaching for nothing. Think of his same brave, indomitable poet, whose earnings did not amount to more than seven or eight shillings a week at that time—think of his laying by a penny or two every Saturday night for four or five months, that he might save money enough to go to "night school," and learn his pokers and potbooks, as a preliminary to the art and mystery of writing!—think, we say, of the struggles of this singing man of genius and how gladly he would have welcomed the Cooper Institute, if such a bountiful school system had been at his command—and then, all you young men and women, who are still deficient in knowledge—and which of us all is not?—learn to prize the magnificent advantages, the offerings of learning, of art and of science, which the Cooper Institute so graciously holds out to you.

We should not forget to say in this connection that it is a sort of home as well as college for those who choose to occupy its halls and class-rooms. Students, and even literary men who need a quiet and peaceful atmosphere to work in, could hardly find a more congenial place. The reading-room is an immense hall, and the library runs, or did run, all along its walls. It is supplied by a greater variety of newspapers and magazines, perhaps, both foreign and domestic, than any similar institution in the city; and the library, although it might be better, and better arranged, contains many valuable books, but chiefly of a promiscuous character. The time is at hand when all this will probably be revised and a new selection made, so that a student can read up any subject, historic or otherwise, thoroughly and consecutively, in the books which he will find there. There is also a free lecture system during the winter for the benefit of the members and their friends, and occasionally Abraham Hewitt, Esq., Mr. Cooper's son-in-law, and the honorary secretary of the Institute—a gentleman of great practical ability, scholarship and culture, who is devoted, heart and soul, to popular education, and to the efficiency and success of this institution—occasionally Mr. Hewitt gets up an exhibition of oil paintings from the studios of the greatest masters in New York, where with delight and educate the members. This is good as a supplement to the art studies, which flourish so abundantly here; and, indeed, no stranger, at all interested in artistic education and pursuits, should fail to inspect the large drawing classes which exist in this institution, and are an honor to the city. Free hand drawing, drawing from the round, perspective, architectural and mechanical drawing, and wood engraving are, as we learn, the chief departments studied, unless water-color drawing has been introduced of late, as it was proposed to be. Our lady readers will be especially interested to learn that large numbers of their own sex are constant students in the art classes, and that many have qualified themselves to become teachers of drawing, and are making a good living by the profession. We need hardly repeat that there is no charge of any sort made for this, or any other branch of study, in the Cooper Institute. And yet, having once before written a brief account of this college for a New York paper, we were flooded for some time afterwards with letters from young women who were anxious to study drawing, but sadly wanted to know what would be the cost of the enterprise. Once for all, therefore, let the statement suffice, that there are no fees at the Cooper Institute.

We would call the especial attention of every young woman to the wood engraving department as a branch of art in every way suited to their delicate manipulation, and exceedingly profitable as a profession to one who is really skilled in it. There is a chance for them just now, which we can hardly expect they will appreciate, it is true, because one must be educated to the art to value a real workman at his dues and rank. But here is the fact—Mr. W. J. Linton, the greatest wood engraver in the world, and recognized as such by all his brethren, both in this country and in Europe, is now teaching this art gratuitously to the young women who attend his classes, and he is open to receive all comers. The generosity of this act will be the more appreciated when it is known that Mr. Linton's hours are each equal in value to much refined gold, and that if he could be induced to give private lessons at all—which is quite out of the question—he could not afford to do it for less than fifty dollars per hour, reckoning his time at its commercial value. Mr. Linton has executed all the great wood engraving—that is to say, all the very best work, for he will touch nothing else—that has been done in England during the last fifteen or twenty years; and he is now engaged upon a book which, if he had done nothing else, would be sufficient to secure for him immortal honors. The book in question is Henry Ward Beecher's "Life of Christ."

Now, we think the reader will agree with us that Mr. Cooper has acted in the wisest and best manner possible by erecting this Institute during his lifetime, as an expression of his good will to men, rather than leaving the same to be attempted to be done, and ruined, by his executors. For year he has had the supreme joy and satisfaction of seeing the good fruits of his self-denial and benevolence. Hundreds of young men and women have been educated there, and are now occupying respectable positions in life, who, but for him, would, in all probability, have been mere waifs upon the surface of society, aimless, hopeless and homeless. We alluded above, *en passant*, to Mr. Cooper's self-denial in the erection of this building; and it is not generally known to what extent this self-denial reached. But we happen to know that when he had completed this building, and given the last thirty thousand dollars to furnish it just before he gave it to the people, he had not more than ten thousand dollars left in the world. He didn't expect to be so hardly pushed for means, it is true; but this fact never made him waver for a moment. There was his public-life-work before him, and complete it he would and must, even though it deprived him of his last dime. Things had gone awry with him during that great and memorable year when he finished his Institute; but he has never looked back since. On the contrary, he has prospered abundantly every subsequent year; and so keen an insight is he, and of such far-reaching commercial ability, that when the Atlantic Cable broke down, and everybody said, "Ah, we told you how it would be; it is all a humbug; it never did act, and it never will!" he took hold of the "humbug" himself, and put his money in it, and during the next year made a clear hundred thousand out of it.

A very good specimen of humbug!

J. S.

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

THE SNOW.

BY JULIETTE T. BURTON.

Noiselessly the snow falls,
Whitening the bare ground,
Shriving in its soft palls,
Everything around;
Carefully it crowds, weaving winding shrouds,
Wrapping in kind folds all of earth's holds.

Cooling every chimney-spark,
Hiding every patch,
Covering every tiny mark
On the sooty thatch,
Settling on my window sill, calm, still and chill,
Silently the snow-king kisses everything.

Filling up the furrows,
Where the rabbit burrows,
Sifting in the little nest,
Where the sparrows rest.
Rounding angels all about, smoothing every crinkle out,
Piling every hollow, as the mute flakes follow.

Taking to its sheltering breast,
Graves where mothers' first-born rest,
Sheltering 'neath its vestal hood,
Many a form once brave and good,
Keeping warm the daisies' bed, screening from the frost they dread,
And wanton feet each blade of wheat.

THE CONSPIRACY OF TRADE STRIKES.

DETIMENTAL TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF WORKMEN—THE
STATE OF THE PRESENT LAW—THE REMEDY.

I believe it has never yet happened in the United States that the working classes demanded "bread or blood," or marched through the populous streets of great cities with banners of such strange device, threatening their rulers and their employers. Nor has it been found necessary here (except with regard to niggers) to erect a bureau to support any particular class of the industrial population. Nor has it ever been deemed expedient here (as in France in 1848) to nominate a ministry for the express purpose of finding employment for the working, or rather unskilled laboring classes.

Nevertheless, it has been provided by the statutes of this State that it is a misdemeanor to conspire or commit any act injurious to trade or commerce. Under this statute strikers and those who obstruct the trade of employers have been frequently indicted.

In all such cases so great has been the sympathy of the Justices with the workmen; so difficult has it been proved to obtain evidence for the prosecution except from those who are under the direct influence of their brother workmen, that convictions scarcely ever follow. Thus those ruinous strikes proceed interminably, except in one country where there is a special proceeding adopted, effectually disposing of such disputes—that is, France!

Previous to stating how they manage these things better in France let me show how very detrimental such trade strikes are—in the first place to the trade; secondly, to the workmen.

Suppose trade is going on briskly, and both employers and workmen seem contented. A large manufacturer takes an order for a million pairs of boots, pieces of stuff or spindles, as the case may be. He has made his bargain (founded on the then present rate of wages and materials), named his price, and contracted for the supply within a given date.

But the workmen meet and say "trade" is on the increase. Let us conspire to increase our wages. They do so. If they remain out "on strike" the order cannot be fulfilled; the manufacturer loses his order and his customer, and is cast in damages besides for breach of contract. Next, what happens? Those who had given the order seek another market, and the trade leaves its original locality, and in the greater number of cases never returns.

So far for the loss of the employer. Now as regards the workmen and their families. We read that at present the working shoemakers resist the demands of their employers, and that they have over \$200,000 funds to carry on the war. Then count the number of men and women out of employment—the average weekly wages of each for one month—and what a loss to those "on strike!"

Again we read of two thousand five hundred men employed by the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company who, by reason of workmen's leagues, may at any moment be commanded to join in a "strike." Heavens! what misery may be the result to the families of those workmen, and what injury to trade in every sense. Nay, conceive what injury to moral pride to see good workmen walking idle about and living on the scanty allowance from a common fund.

When the demands of the workmen will have been partly acceded to, or their strike ends without success, in what pitiable state will they find themselves! Trade decreased—orders gone elsewhere—chattels in pawn—children ill-clad—wives groaning under the frowns of poverty—masters' sympathies no more existing. No word of kindness to each as they arrive at the store, foundry or factory to resume their business, or take their place *en queue*, seeking to re-enter the works; confidence has been destroyed between the parties, and each believes himself injured by the other, and enmity, instead of friendship, reigns around. Friendship!

"They stand aloof—the scars remaining."

The importance of this subject is apparent to every reader: little study of the principles of political economy is necessary to understand it: the home of the workman silent and cheerless; the store or the factory equally silent and deserted, speak volumes.

Now, instead of inventing a remedy for this monstrous evil, let us see what they have done in France on the matter, and whether our legislators here may not, by adoption of the French plan, apply an immediate salve to the wounds suffered from such wars of *ouvriers* as incessantly prevail in every manufacturing State of our Union.

LES CONSEILS DES PRUD'HOMMES

is a special tribunal, having a paternal jurisdiction, where the judges, being elected by their fellows, act gratuitously, or with excessively small expenses, in deciding contests between workmen and manufacturers. These tribunals had their origin in the mercantile injuries which in ancient corporations settled commercial quarrels. They can be traced to the time of King René in 1452. Such a council was formed

in Lyons in 1805 to conciliate differences between masters and workmen and apprentices.

With this organization—which is formed to conciliate the reciprocal independence of the master and workman (which latter would fain substitute free conventions instead of that obedience which should reign in a factory)—there are settled many disputes, which, though they concern matters small in themselves, are yet interminable if undecided, and which, by reason of their small importance, are unfitted to support the costs and delay of ordinary lawsuits.

About seventy of these institutions are established in the cities and towns of France. Their principal end is, as before stated—conciliation. The tribunal, formed of a manufacturer and a workman, sits permanently. If this council fail to conciliate, another bureau, composed of many members, takes cognizance of the matter in dispute; and if the decision of these latter be appealed from, the matter goes before the Tribunal of Commerce. But such appeals are rare. We may understand this when it is stated that, in nine years, out of 135,730 cases submitted to the *Conseil des Prud'hommes*, 128,349 were amicably arranged by the minor bureau. The judgments rendered by the other bureaus were appealed from in 155 cases only—about one in a thousand!

The services of lawyers are not permitted in these tribunals. No counsellors, no attorneys, no bailiffs, no sheriff's deputies, no marshals, to grind the poor or oppress the rich. What a blessing!

When it is taken into consideration that the annual expenses of law in French courts amount to three hundred millions of francs, we can appreciate the beneficial arrangement of a judicature so economical as that of the *C. des P'h.*

THE JURISDICTION OF THESE COUNCILS.

By the law of 1806 the decrees of 1809 and 1810 is extended—first, to enforce regularity and preservation of trade-marks; secondly, to enforce commercial and industrial statistics, and becomes a useful auxiliary in execution of the laws which regulate the employment of children in factories. The jurisdiction is divided into two parts; the first tribunal, a true arbiter of peace, is called the Bureau of Conciliation, and is composed of two men, as before stated. Those who cannot be reconciled by this tribunal are sent to the judge's office, where many members of the Council compose the court. These Councils can punish, by imprisonment for a period not exceeding three days, and misconduct of apprentices, and all acts intended to trouble the well-being and discipline of the workshops.

The first Council is called the Council Concerning Metals, and is formed into five divisions.

The second Council, concerning weavers, is formed into six divisions.

The third Council, concerning chemical productions, has six divisions.

The fourth Council has grouped around it all other industrial pursuits which do not come within the three first classifications, and is named the "Council Concerning Divers Industrial Pursuits" and has six divisions.

Each of these four Councils is composed of fifteen members, of whom eight are chosen from the manufacturers and even from journeymen and workmen who have served full apprenticeships. There are besides twelve additional members chosen in equal number among the masters and workmen. Each division elects two, three or four Councilmen, according to the importance of the industry represented. In fact, the sixty Councilmen and forty-eight additional members are chosen by about five millions of electors belonging to workers in metals, tissues, chemicals and other industrial pursuits.

Would not such a system of arbitration well besit this free country? If so, would it not be a blessing? Let the workmen choose; for "one of the two paths before them leads down to perdition." If the workmen have no true representative in the Legislature let them elect one; otherwise let the employers take the good work in hand, and may a blessing rest on it in either case.

With regard to the Knights of St. Crispin, I may conclude with a toast once given by an Irish wit at a feast of a cordwainer's guild: "May your manufactures be trampled on by the entire world!"

JOHN T. ROWLAND.

ST. LOUIS.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN MISSOURI—THE "SOCIAL EVIL" IN
ST. LOUIS UNDER THE NEW LAW.

St. Louis, Feb. 6, 1871.

DEAR WEEKLY—The leading spirits of the woman suffrage movement in this State, assembled at Jefferson City, on Thursday last, presented a memorial to the Legislature and interviewed the Governor. Mr. B. Gratz Brown has already won for himself some local notoriety as an accomplished acrobatic performer, but this interview must completely prove his right to the proud title already conferred upon him of "the modern sphinx." Such an amount of turning and twisting and dodging a question has seldom been seen, even in these degenerate political days when such action is by no means uncommon, especially in regard to the important subject of female suffrage. That the Governor was destitute of sufficient moral courage to place himself in direct opposition to this movement, which has already become such a power in the land, must be patent to all who have read the report of the interview, but that he is also unwilling to express his real convictions on the subject and boldly proclaim himself in its favor is no less true. During the interview, allusion was made to his speech on the suffrage question in the United States Senate three years ago, which led to the formation of the suffrage association in St. Louis, but the Governor seemed, just at this juncture, to be possessed of a conveniently bad memory, and nothing the fair interviewers could say was sufficient to recall the subject to his mind. In reply to some allusions to Mrs. Gov. Brown's opinions, the Governor said he had an abundance of women's rights in his house: we may, therefore, fairly presume the future course of that gentleman will depend upon the amount of influence his good lady may have over him. Mrs. Minor said:

"We women of Missouri are wives and mothers whose husbands stand by our side. The husband, I believe, of every woman of this suffrage association—every officer—stands with them to-day, asking just what we ask. They will give us credit for attending faithfully to our duties as mothers and housekeepers. We ask that we shall be equally represented as citizens. We are tax-payers; give us equal representation."

A remark from Miss Cozins caused the Governor to ask if she was not a little prejudiced against the marriage relation. She replied in the negative and said, although not married, she had been surrounded by the happiest associations all her

life, and would not advocate anything which would tend to disrupt family relations. She might say, in the words of Gail Hamilton, "a molecule of oxygen roaming lonely through space, seeking for its mate but finding none, when of a sudden in some hideous nook it discovers a molecule of hydrogen, when lo! there is a rush, an embrace and there is neither any more oxygen nor hydrogen, but a diamond drop of dew reposing on the white bosom of the lily." She was a molecule of hydrogen.

This created considerable merriment, which was increased when Governor Brown replied that he should immediately advertise for some oxygen round here. Miss Cozins is young and exceedingly attractive.

Mr. Birch presented the petition in the Senate, signed by 2,000 ladies, and praying that a joint resolution may be passed urging upon the Missouri delegation in Congress the passage of a sixteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, recognizing woman's suffrage. Mr. Birch had the poor taste to remark that he presented it not because he believed one iota in the doctrine, but because he was a ladies' man, and had been requested to do so by some of the fair ones.

The matter was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, who have not yet made their report.

Having given considerable attention to the result of the new law lately enacted by this city for the regulation of the social evil, we are convinced that it is a move in the right direction. The only reason for the opinion, generally entertained throughout the country, that it has been without adequate results, is due to the fact that the prosecutions under the rules and regulations adopted by the Board of Health, under authority conferred upon them by the ordinance, have not been sustained, and the Board require further enactments to enable them to enforce these regulations. The matter is now before the City Council, and it is believed it will grant all the Board of Health require. They desire specially to confine bawdy-houses to certain prescribed districts, so that respectable citizens may be protected from their encroachments. In our own goodly city, even our best locations have been invaded by them, and the subject is worthy of the careful consideration of its authorities.

The evil is one which, in the present condition of society, cannot possibly be eradicated, and consequently it is infinitely better to take "the bull by the horns," and use every effort to relieve it of some of its horrors—and, God knows, it can never be freed from them—than to in vain fold one's hands and preach against "legalizing immorality." One noticeable effect of the new ordinance is the total absence from the streets of prostitutes, and one may even walk through Seventh or Green streets without being accosted from behind half-closed shutters. Yet St. Louis was formerly noted for the boldness with which its prostitutes plied their vocations! The effect of this feature alone upon the morals of the community—especially the young men—can hardly be overrated. Another result, directly attributable to the records which the authorities are now enabled to keep, has been the return of nearly one hundred prostitutes to their parents within the short period of six months. Does not this fact alone call out, in trumpet tones, to the executive departments of every city in the Union to go and do likewise? That the sanitary condition of the city is vastly improved is also an undeniable fact. No radical change can attain immediate perfection, and there is doubtless plenty of room for improvement in many respects. The ordinance now in force here enacts that every keeper of a bawdy-house or house of prostitution shall pay to the Board of Health the sum of ten dollars per month, and each inmate the additional sum of one dollar and fifty cents per week, every penny of which is to be placed to the credit of a fund for erecting and maintaining a hospital and house of industry for prostitutes. Although the ordinance was only passed in July last, the sum of nineteen thousand dollars has already been received from this source. Contemplate for a moment the result of such an enactment in New York, with its thousands upon thousands of dissolute women! With the enormous amount of funds so collected, buildings might be erected, and the horrors of the "social evil" thereby mitigated to an extent which would awaken the admiration of the entire civilized world.

We shall, doubtless, shock the tender sensibilities of many of our readers when we assert that the total extinction of prostitution at the present time would be one of the greatest evils which could befall us—but such we firmly believe to be the case. Seductions would increase to an alarming extent; our homes would be invaded and our wives and daughters exposed to temptations not before dreamed of. In proof of this assertion, there is not a village in New England—where the food, mode of living and surroundings are not of a character to inspire lust—in which the standard of morality, could it be thoroughly probed, would not be found to be of the lowest order.

We find affairs here in a very prosperous state. Business is generally good, money plenty, and failures are almost unknown. The new bridge is progressing favorably and will be completed within a year. The Southern Hotel, under the management of Messrs. Laveille, Warner & Co., continues to maintain its position as the leading hotel in the city. Our friend, Major Geo. W. Gilson, who has lately been united in the "holy bonds" to an estimable lady, is now city editor of the *Democrat*, of which Mr. McKee continues to be the head. I find new evidence daily that St. Louis is not behind other cities in its appreciation of the WEEKLY, and it reaches her best citizens.

Much as we appreciate the many courtesies we have received during our visit here, we do not propose to forget you at No. 44, and shall ere long again be among you.

T. C. L.

Miss Kate Field made an odd mistake at Providence, R. I., the other night. A full house greeted her to hear her lecture upon "Charles Dickens." She had committed, she said, the stupidest action of her life; she had brought the wrong lecture! It was not that upon Charles Dickens, but a lecture they had already heard, she was sorry to say—that upon the *Acirondacks*. Miss Kate is the daughter of Mr. Field, the actor, who often appeared on the boards of the old Third Street Theatre at Cincinnati. He was a man of literary culture, and a sparkling journalist. Her mother was an actress.

BEHIND THE AGE.—The California State Medical Society refuses to admit female members. Very well. We can wait. The old fogies and dry bones, of which the faculty is made up, in the nature of things, will soon pass away, and then new ideas will prevail.

[CONTINUED FROM NINTH PAGE.]

straddle that foolish breakwater—a mockery of the New Zealander on London Bridge; untethered buffalo bulls may wander in vain searching for Proctor Knott's stock yards; from the sandy plains gaunt pine trees may rear their heads, seeking, like their speculative owners, nourishment in air, and disdaining to send sap roots down to look for that "rich alluvial ground" which, not being able to read a railroad prospectus, they are unable to believe in for want of that evidence of things unseen and unfelt. And for these miscomings, not the horrors of secession and reconstruction will be again upon us, but a growing pile of nickels—an aggregation of the *two cents* per day promised in flaring advertisements to fortunate bondholders in the Pacific Railroad—will spread *weighty* dismay on Wall-street brokers.

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE.

A further examination of the "Farmers and Mechanics' Life Insurance Company" shows that hundreds of *fictitious* policies were entered on the company's books, so as to exhibit a large amount of business. On all of these fictitious as well as real policies commissions and expenses were charged, and the money therefor withdrawn! The last report made by the company showed an excess of income over expenditures of \$41,845, and this, with an additional sum of \$187,280, is now swept away, showing an expenditure over receipts for the past year of \$229,126 08!

And yet this company had a list of directors of very eminent and respectable men. Among them was a Mr. Brown, a member of a banking firm second to none in Wall street in standing and capital, and which a few years ago held its reputation so highly as to make it a rule never to give a letter of introduction, under any circumstances! Now this name has served to introduce swindlers to the insuring public!

We would like to be informed by the "World" how the policies, particularly the co-operative policies, of this defunct fraud are going to be re-insured, as the "World" in a manner promised, and out of which fund? We guess very little means for re-insurance in this case will be found by Mr. Superintendent Miller; but when the "World" gives this information, we will speak of two or three other companies in this city, whom Mr. Miller would do well to pay a "shut-ting-up" visit to also, in spite of the "World's" "quasi" protest.

The Monitor Mutual Insurance Company of Boston has followed the example of the "Great Western" of this city, and has been closed by the Insurance Commissioners of Massachusetts. Its assets are said to be about a million of dollars, and its liabilities are very greatly in excess of that sum.

Mr. Senator Chandler lately thanked God that no "Republican" had ever raised a gun against the country. The "Republicans," he said, had put down the rebellion—thrown open the broad lands of the nation to the operation of a homestead policy, repressed the first manifestation of repudiation, and were honestly engaged in the redemption of the national debt; and Mr. Chandler claimed that his integrity of purpose and action had led the young men of the United States to link their fortunes with that of the political party adopting it, and whom Mr. Chandler represented.

We wish that Mr. Chandler could also claim that his "party" had not encouraged "special legislation" to such an extent as to create improper and illegal corporations, whose existence is an anomaly on the statute books, and, legal or illegal, has made a record there of precedents by which many an error will creep into the fabric of the Government. What right, under the Constitution, is reserved to Congress to specially enact a law putting in existence, with very unusual and extraordinary privileges, opposed alike to public policy and to State laws, a life insurance company, to transact in the various States the business of life insurance—to affect a superiority, it may be, to State companies, organized and conducted in strict compliance with carefully framed and properly administered general laws—to even attempt, in the outset, to claim exemption from the operation of State laws or control under the plea of its "national" origin! That the plea was not admitted or further urged, we may perhaps thank, not the corporators of such a company, but the independent and correct attitude of State authorities.

Meantime the act of incorporation of such a company remains on the national statute books—and the company itself is organized and in close affiliation with national banks and bankers, transacts the business of life insurance throughout the country under a charter therefor from Congress! Although, since we casually mentioned the circumstance, it has been commented on in various quarters, and the constitutionality, in other words, the legality of such a charter denied, the example has not been without its effects already, for, from all parts petitions are sent to Congress for INCORPORATING, as well as subsidizing, steamship and other enterprises.

No one measure could have been more prejudicial to the best interests of the country—to the authority of the States in their own territories—to the advance of material prosperity—to the inculcation of commercial and financial honesty than this wide opening of the door to all acts by Congress for special legislation in the interests of private parties, and the best hope we can express for the common weal is that such acts of incorporation may be rescinded by Con-

gress or declared by a court of supreme jurisdiction unconstitutional and void, and so expunged from their present position of example and precedent. The last course is not only the most eminently proper, as entirely settling the question, but would also render the officers and shareholders of such a corporation personally liable for its debts.

If Congress has a right to charter the "National Life Insurance Company," why has it not also a right to charter a company with the privilege of building street railroads in Washington and New York? If it has the right to incorporate such affairs as John Roach's steamship project or the American and European Steamship Company, it most certainly has a right to incorporate a company to supply New York with gas or water—and this being so, State or municipal rights are only a delusion, and "centralization" stands an accomplished fact in the presence of such an usurpation.

Infringements on a restriction of one kind lead to an infringement on another, the example spreads like ripples on water from a falling stone—a general laxity is brought on—the question becomes not what are the requirements of the law, but how can these same requirements be obeyed to the letter and evaded in the spirit? Here in New York we find life insurance companies holding millions of dollars worth of real estate. By what authority do they do this? Chartered rights which are not clearly related in the charter are not implied—that is the law. What does the general law from which New York life insurance institutions derive their charters prescribe? That real estate taken by a company in satisfaction of a debt or mortgage shall be sold from the company's possession within five years, and the same provision applies to property which the company may have been forced to bid in at any foreclosure sale. The company is restricted to the ownership, if any, of only such real estate as is absolutely necessary for its office accommodation.

Are such buildings as we now see in the possession of our life companies, the cost of erecting of which alone cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, and two-thirds of which are occupied by tenants, necessary for the office accommodation of the companies? If so, by parity of reasoning, a company might buy an entire block, put its office in one corner, and claim that the whole estate was held for its office accommodations. When we contrast the modest, conservative, reliable system of other days with that which these encroachments on time-honored precedents are fixing upon us, and see life insurance companies erecting buildings for offices costing two and a half millions of dollars, and sure to depreciate in value besides, we cannot be too guarded in avoidance of the last. Already the example of the "Home" in watering its capital stock, Pennsylvania railroad fashion, is spreading among fire insurance companies. The next step will probably be another imitation of railroad financiering and the issuing of watered stock to meet current expenses and losses. When it reaches that point people may recognize the wisdom of our advice.

The bursting of the real estate "bubble" in San Francisco is graphically set forth in figures:

In 1868 there were 6,724 sales covering	\$27,217,026
" 1869 " " 6,908 " "	29,937,717
" 1870 " " 4,670 " "	15,230,272

If the excitement of 1868-'9 had continued, all productive industry would have been stopped in the wild rage for real estate speculation, by which persons, spending but an hour a day in business and the rest of the time in horse-racing and dissipation, were yet fast becoming millionaires. Fortunately this unhealthy state of affairs has ceased. Real estate in San Francisco, as here, has become a drug at speculative prices. "Homestead shares" are unsaleable, and the depreciation, even on business property, is fully twenty-five per cent., which, however, is less than in New York. How rapidly, all over the country, fictitious prices have fallen may be seen by contrasting the sales of the past two years.

New York in 1869....	\$148,308,878	In 1870....	\$105,283,383
Chicago " "	40,478,185	" "	37,558,458
St. Louis " " (no record)	"	" "	11,073,426

The record of St. Louis for 1869 is wanting, but any one who was there in that year will remember the large sales and high values.

STRATEGY AND SUFFRAGE.—Whether the champions of female suffrage who are now beleaguering Congress, subduing gallant Representatives and fascinating staid Senators, will at once succeed in their object is, perhaps, a little doubtful. If our wary legislators could only be induced to listen collectively and long enough to their eloquence, submission would be merely a question of time and endurance. But this concession our law-givers, conscious of their weakness, refuse to make. The House of Representatives even turned a deaf ear to the attractive proposition of Mrs. Woodhull and Mrs. Hooker to talk at it for two hours of any evening it might fix. If Congress thus deliberately declines to be enlightened, it is hard to see in what way conviction is to reach it or the political emancipation of the sex to be finally secured.

But, though temporarily baffled, the cause of progressive womanhood still marches onward. Its advocates have certainly no reason to despair in view of the recent triumph won for it by Miss Anna Ella Carroll, of Maryland. This lady has been reported by the Senate Committee on Military Affairs as entitled to an appropriation of five thousand dollars for important military services during the rebellion. Colonel Thomas Scott, who was assistant Secretary of War at the time, testifies that it was at her suggestion the first Tennessee campaign was begun, and, substantially on plans furnished by her, successfully carried out. He adds that thereafter Miss Carroll continued to act as a sort of confidential military adviser to the War Department, and from time to time prepared other valuable documents for its use.

This is certainly a curious addition to the secret history of the rebellion, and makes a stronger argument for the woman suffragists than all the speeches they might deliver from now till doomsday. When a woman thus shows the ability to plan battles and win them, it is difficult to deny her the trifling privilege of voting. Miss Carroll, for aught we know to the contrary, may have been the hidden, unknown Von

Moltke of our great struggle. Her generalship it may have been that rolled back the tide of invasion at Gettysburg; her heroic and invisible spirit may have really led the historic march to the sea, and procured the success of Sheridan's brilliant campaign in the Valley. There are, indeed, absolutely no limits to what may have been Miss Carroll's achievements. And considering her actual and contingent services, the amount appropriated to her seems slightly out of proportion.

But great as are the obligations of the country to her, those imposed upon her sex exceed them. For Miss Carroll has given a most practical and undeniable proof of woman's equality with man by doing well a thing which very few men could do at all. She has shown, too, that women can achieve something else than talk, and so has furnished a useful hint to the clamorous reformers, who would aim at a victory by the Chinese method of making more noise than their opponents. When women cease to assert, and more generally prove their fitness to mingle in public affairs, they will be nearer being admitted to take part in them than they are at present.—N. Y. Times.

A person who merely writes to make an article with no regard for principles or facts, is a "scribbler," and such is the person who penned the above. The attempt to belittle the movement for political equality now taking place before Congress, and to cast ridicule upon those engaged in it, which is not any more conspicuous in the above article than in many which have appeared in the other "big dailies" is one which all who write thus will be glad to disown not many years hence. But they will not be permitted so to do. They are upon the record and the record shall stand.

We are neither "beleaguering Congress," "subduing gallant representatives," nor "fascinating staid Senators;" we are simply endeavoring to convince Senators and Representatives that by their oaths to support the Constitution it is their duty to protect us in the exercise of a right which is as much ours as it is the "scribblers" of the above from the Times. Nor is it merely a question of "political emancipation;" but it is a grave question of political tyranny. We are asking Congress for no grant of privilege or right; we are demanding to be allowed to exercise a right possessed already. We are much mistaken if all the "scribblers" who are paid to write what they know is untrue and against their own convictions of truth and right, would not desire to "talk" to those who should assume to deprive them of inalienable rights of citizenship, to say nothing of the "trifling right to vote." And it is very well for those who do not suffer this intolerable thing to sit easily back and laugh at the struggles of those who do. Some men—we fear most men—look upon women as simply capable of making themselves a power through their power to fascinate as females, and we are glad to again have the opportunity of entering our protest against such "damnable" imputations. Because this has been nearly the only way men have permitted women to approach them, it must not be taken for granted that they are not capable of other things. Women have intellect as well as men, and they will prove it too right soon.

The case cited in the above article sounds strangely, mixed with such puerility as it is. If Miss Carroll performed the services hinted at, as we have no doubt she did, besides much greater, the payment of five thousand dollars is more than slightly out of proportion, it is simply contemptible.

Have all men stood the test this "scribbler" would exact of women? We would ask persons of this ilk how women are ever going to "prove their fitness to mingle in public affairs" when men debar them from entering into public affairs? Consistency, however, is a jewel, we should not expect to find in such soil. Of one little fact, however, we can assure this class of persons, and that is, that shortly women will show that the corruption which festers in nearly all public office can no longer hold high revel at the expense of the workingmen and workingwomen of this country. They will show themselves fitted to do this "little job" and do it cleanly too. And we now warn all those who have assumed to rule us without our consent, and who do now rule us against our wish and will, "to make hay while the sun shines," for the storm-cloud even now hangs over to wash away all plundering schemers such as infest the halls of legislation, and which could only find footing there through the connivance of Male Legislators.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION OF THE CITY
OF NEW YORK, CLINTON HALL, ASTOR PLACE,
NEW YORK, February 3, 1871.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL:

Dear Madam—The question of Constitutional Equality having assumed an attitude of national importance, and, as this Association is desirous of spreading knowledge upon all new subjects which involve the interests of the people and the national welfare, you are invited to deliver your Constitutional Argument before us at such time as will accord with your engagements.

Very respectfully,

CHAS. F. ALLEN, President.

NEW YORK, February 9, 1871.

CHARLES F. ALLEN, Esq., PRESIDENT OF THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK:

Dear Sir—I am in receipt of your favor of the 3d inst., inviting me to deliver my argument on "Constitutional Equality" before your Association. Much as it would please me to at once comply with your request, present engagements will not permit it.

No question now before the public approaches the magnitude of this one of political equality among the common citizens of the country.

Many make the mistake of supposing that women are

asking for preferments, which they wish, but have not. This is a mistake. The best Judges of Constitutional law, are decided in the opinion that women equally with other citizens are entitled to all the rights of citizenship, under the "Supreme Law of the Land."

If this is so the public should be made conscious of it, and I can but admire the spirit manifested in your note, which shows that your Association is above the common prejudice so much as to be able to invite an argument on this momentous subject.

Grateful for the honor you have conferred on me, and hoping I may, at some future time, be able to respond affirmatively to your invitation,

I am, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

A CHARACTERISTIC LETTER FROM SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

The following letter, addressed to Mrs. Woodhull, tells its own story.

KANSAS CITY, MO., February, 4, 1871.

Bravo! My Dear Woodhull: Your letter is here, via Leavenworth, and the telegrams of the majority and minority reports. Glorious "Old Ben!" He is surely going to pronounce the word that will settle the woman question, just as he did the word "contraband," that so summarily settled the negro question. It will be a great triumph if you get the Representative house. And so Mrs. Grant has filed in. Will, let them come; the day is near when all will wish they had come sooner.

Everybody here chimes in with the new conclusion that we are free here already. But how absolutely dead, dead, are the Woman's Journal and the Revolution. One would think them in the midnight of a "Rip Van Winkle" sleep. It is beyond my comprehension how anybody can be so dull, so behind the times.

Mrs. Livermore, in her speech here in this city, said: "Some able lawyers have said"—not Victoria C. Woodhull had petitioned, and all Congress and the National Woman Suffrage Committee had chimed in, with an amen—"that the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments enfranchised women; but she preferred the surer process of education to this short cut. She could afford to wait." I wish I had the report. I sent it to the Revolution. But all of them are "dead as door-nails" to this new and living gospel, and we live fellers must leave them to be buried by the dead.

I have never in the whole twenty years' good fight felt so full of life and hope. I know now that Mr. Train's prophesy—nay, assertion—three years ago, in the Kansas campaign, that "the women would vote for the next President," is to be realized. I am sure you and I and all women who shall wish to will vote for somebody, if not for George F. Train or Victoria C. Woodhull.

Go ahead! bright, glorious, young and strong spirit, and believe in the best love and hope and faith of

S. B. ANTHONY.

Washington Chronicle, Feb. 9, 1871.

LAND JOBBERY IN CONGRESS.

Our lively neighbor, the Jersey City Times, has found "the trail" of the "Duluth humbug," and follows it thus:

If the honorable members of both Houses of Congress will examine minutely the thirty-seven bills now pending for subsidy in land and money, they cannot fail to discover the cunningly devised and carefully concealed plans for fastening upon government lands, dispossessing the people of the patrimony and robbing the public treasury.

The framers of these bills have the effrontery to set forth, usually in a lengthy preamble, that in seeking governmental aid they are moved by patriotic motives.

One of the measures before Congress that should meet the severest reprobation is the "American and European Steamship Company." It is engineered in the interests of the Northern Pacific Railroad monopolists, who have the temerity to publish in almost every paper in New York and out of it that they possess a territory in area larger than the combined area of the New England States and Maryland—a belt, in short, of land twenty-two miles wide and 2,000 miles in extent.

Messrs. Jay Cooke, of Philadelphia, and Jay Edgar Thompson, President of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company, figure conspicuously in this last land-grabbing scheme.

The plan proposed by the bill is to monopolize the carrying trade between America and Europe. The North Pacific Railroad to traverse the continent is to have a line of steamers on the lakes, with Duluth as a harbor.

A glance at the coast survey maps will show the impracticability of Duluth becoming a port. The depth of water for two miles before reaching Duluth averages one to one-and-a-half fathoms. Why they go to Duluth rather than to Superior City is a question that the promoters can best answer. The route from Superior is shorter to Fon du Lac by nine miles and with a thirty-foot grade, while by way of Duluth the grade is sixty-three feet per mile.

But why build a road that will require \$100,000,000, an annual outlay of \$8,000,000 to pay the interest on its bonds, and an average earning of \$4,000 per mile with which to meet it? There are not buffaloes, nor any other merchandise, either in hides or tallow, nor grain, that will pay this interest. The Union Pacific already owes \$6,000,000, and if it cannot pay this sum now surely it requires no stretch of vision to see that double that sum will be more difficult to raise twelve months hence.

It was stated that Miss Logan, who died in Hartford, Conn., some days ago, aged 108 years, was the lecturer, Miss Olive Logan. We can deny the assertion from our own personal knowledge. Miss Olive has not yet seen that number of years, although we hope she may; and, notwithstanding her late severe illness, she is now once more on the war path. She lectured in Cincinnati on the 18th ult.

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

SHALL WOMAN VOTE?

The question is, "Shall woman vote?"

Why not? pray let me ask:
Is she not free? and don't she bear
Her part in every task?

Who bore the toils and hardships when
Across the ocean's foam
Our fathers came to this wild land,
To seek a freeman's home?

And when oppression sought to bind
Her chains upon them here,
Who urged and helped them to defend
That freedom prized so dear?

Who took the gun at Monmouth field,
And help'd to win the day?
'Twas Molly Pitcher, and who'll dare
The woman's right gainsay.

When war and bloodshed raged throughout
Our broad and glorious land,
What soothed the soldier's aching brow?
'Twas woman's tender hand.

And now that peace and plenty reigns
Triumphant, in the land,
Why can't the woman cast her vote
With that same tender hand?

Are statesmen vain enough to think
That they would have been free,
If woman had not lent her hand
And fought for liberty?

Around Columbia gather men
Of every type and hue,
She crowns them all with liberty
And bids them all be true.

But in that vast and motley crowd
That gather round their queen,
The dearest thing to man's left out—
The woman's face serene.

Oh! shame upon the man who would
Withhold from her that right
For which she suffered, prayed and toiled
With all her feeble might.

Oh! woman, may this glad new year
Bring your emancipation,
And may it prove the brightest year
Of this, our glorious nation.

GEO. A. BOWEN, St. John's College.

MIDDLEMEN AND COMMISSIONS.

We are literally swarmed with these pests; it is getting almost impossible to transact business without suffering at the hands of these leeches, whose ramifications are so elaborate and extensive that one knows not where to look for either their most minute or most extensive operations, and the purchaser of an article knows not how many go-betweens he has unconsciously to fee; while the manufacturer does not know his own selling price because, when you ask it, he does not know if given but that you are going to turn and ask him for a commission on the order.

This system works most perniciously in many ways and is the incentive to a deal of petty dishonesty. Employes get a commission "sub rosa," and recommend the article of that firm who have most satisfactorily approached them. Worthless inventions are often palmed off by the recommendations given on account of a commission to be received. Employers are induced by their employes to use this particular oil, or that particular paint, because those whose judgment they rely upon have been seen in the matter of commission. The result is that which should naturally be expected: the article is inferior in proportion to the amount of bleeding the manufacturer has undergone, and a vast amount of labor that would otherwise be productive is employed in seducing men from that little amount of honesty the money-grabbing system of the age happens to have left them; while the purchaser cannot get the article he may require at what would be a satisfactory price to the manufacturer because of these commission harpies.

A case in point came under our notice the other day: A printer wanted to purchase a printing press, the advertised price being \$380; this amount allowed \$25' commission. Our purchaser innocently thought that as there was no one else entitled to the commission that he could get it deducted from the price of the press. "Not much," said the salaried salesman; "if we were to do that we should bring our agents about our ears for not giving them a 'show,' and they would recommend other presses." Then turning confidentially, he remarked, "But I'll tell you what I will do: I'll sell that press through a third person, you and I to divide the commission." Here is a fair sample of the workings of this system, which is neither more or less than putting a premium on commercial dishonesty that is getting to be looked upon as almost as legitimate as political dishonesty.

Look, again, at the book trade. Is it not a fact that the commission paid to the peddlers, canvassers or self-styled agents, averages, at least, twenty-five per cent., and yet you cannot purchase the same book from the publisher for any less than from the peddler, although the publisher saves the peddler's commission. The fact is, this whole system is bogus and illegitimate, except in the case of consignments, wherein it is merely a device to create an incentive to push

business on the part of the consignee, and on the part of the consignor to pay the consignee only for such wares as he succeeds in selling. We are perfectly well aware that these are the inducements which move the aforesaid publishers and peddlers, but the result to the purchaser is far different; in the case of the latter, the purchaser is "fleeced," not only by an excessive commission, but by a sub-commission, inasmuch as he has to pay the peddler's commission, even if he purchase direct from the publisher, which is not so in the former case. It is our intention at some future day to give an expose of the commissions paid by insurance companies to their canvassers, and to consider what effect this has upon the working expenses of these institutions, and how much it enhances the rates of their policies. Even railroad fares are affected by a commission monopoly. If you go into a Broadway railway office and ask for a through ticket to Topeka, Kansas, the clerk hands you one, smiles blandly and says, "Forty-one eighty;" you reply, "Oh! but I can get one for thirty-seven dollars." He studies a moment, and replies, "Very well, sir, you can have it for thirty-seven." While, if you travel three or four hundred miles on your journey and step out of the cars, say at Pittsburgh, and ask for a ticket to Topeka, Kansas, the clerk says, "Forty-one eighty." You answer that is just as much as it is from New York. He replies, "Can't help it, sir; that's our price." On the other hand, at Topeka, you enter the R. R. Depot, step up to the desk and demand, "Through ticket to New York." "Forty-one dollars," says Mr. Clerk; next to you comes a gentleman who demands "One to Boston." "Thirty-five," says the clerk. The gentleman turns and remarks, "Are you going to New York?" You reply, "Yes." He says, "So am I. You should have taken a ticket to Boston for thirty-five dollars, stop in New York and sell that portion of your ticket beyond for four dollars, and thus have saved ten dollars. I suppose you haven't traveled." You answer, "N—no," and ruminate upon the exactitude with which R. R. companies proportion their fares to the distances traveled.

Of course part of this state of affairs is attributed to competition; but when, as in the case of taking tickets from New York to Topeka, and from Pittsburg to Topeka, both by "pan handle" route, you find the cost alike in both cases, although Pittsburg is some 500 miles nearer to Topeka than New York; and when also you find that in New York city the fare to said place is "forty-one eighty"—if you will give what is advertised as the rate and demanded by the clerk—but that "thirty-seven" is the rate if you will not give any more, you cannot help pondering on the beauties of the commission system that allows so accommodating a margin. But don't labor under the hallucination that their is any deduction from "forty-one eighty," at Pittsburg,—"not much." You may say, "Well, but that makes the fare from Pittsburg absolutely greater than from New York City!" Even so, but you must grin and bear it.

J. C.

HAPPY MARRIAGES.

The Cameron (Pa.) Herald has the following sensible remarks. We are glad to find arguments like these gradually coming before the public through other mediums than these columns:

Marriages are happy where they take place from pure love, between two persons who are already thoroughly acquainted with each other, and who are quite content with each other as they then are.

First, love must be the motive. Marriages of convenience, as they are called, almost always turn out to be anything but convenient, and, on the contrary, exceedingly inconvenient.

If people marry for money, even if the money be obtained, the husband or wife who is taken with it, is, of course, and necessarily, regarded merely as an incumbrance, to be endured for the sake of the more highly prized pecuniary acquisition. Then, if it chance that the coveted money be not received, or that it be subsequently lost, the situation is still more deplorable, for the incumbrance alone remains without the compensation calculated upon for its endurance, and becomes all the more unendurable.

If people marry for what is called position, they marry for something which cannot be obtained in that way. A sound title to position can only be got by merit, never by matrimony.

Secondly, happy marriages can only take place between people who are well acquainted and who are satisfied with each other as they are.

Young persons who are so blinded by love that their judgment is rendered torpid, who are unable to perceive each other's faults, and who marry, in real form, an imaginary character, are soon and sadly undeceived by the experience of married life; and such matches are most miserable.

So of those who marry, not because they are satisfied with each other as they now are, but who are quite confident of their ability to change the character of the person they wed. Such hopes prove delusive. Do not be deceived by the idea that you can re-mould a character already cast, in consequence of assuming the matrimonial relation. The probability is, that the objectionable or disagreeable qualities which you already perceive will increase, and not diminish, after marriage, while the possibility of discovering new ones always exists.

These suggestions may be heeded with advantage by the endless procession continually moving toward the gates of matrimony.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—I can inform any one interested of hundreds of Wheeler & Wilson Machines of twelve years' wear, that to-day are in better working condition than one entirely new. I have often driven one of them at a speed of eleven hundred stitches a minute. I have repaired fifteen different kinds of Sewing Machines, and I have found yours to wear better than any others. With ten years' experience in Sewing Machines of different kinds, yours has stood the most and severest test for durability and simplicity.

LYNDENVILLE, N. Y.

GEO. L. CLARK.

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]
THE SLANG OF OUR DAY.

BY JOSHUA ROSE.

The slang of our day is a puzzle,
Invented by—ah, who can tell?
A drink is a "smile," or a "guzzle;"
A swindle is merely a "se l."
One tells you a tale you can't "swaller,"
He tells you, "by thunder," 'tis true;
You bet him your last "bottom dollar,"
"By thunder," that's all you can do.

They ask you "How goes it?" on meeting,
"Take care of yourself" is adieu;
They substitute "beating" for cheating,
And sometimes combine both the two.
If foolish, your "head isn't level,"
Or, may be, your "head isn't clear;"
Instead of saying, "Go to the devil,"
They tell you, "walk off on your ear."

To praise you they say "You are bully;"
For honest they nickname you "square"—
Although please to understand fully,
There's not many that way, "I swear"—
While robbing they call "going through you,"
And "go for him" means an attack.
When financial troubles come to you
They say, "Oh, he's up on his back."

"Fuss oil" is the new name for whisky,
"Spoudulix" cognomen for pelf,
"You've been there," when charged as too frisky;
Well, "You know how it is yourself."
And if a reproof you should offer,
They tell that "game is quite played,"
Say, walk off you "big, dirty loafer,"
Or a large "Mansard roof" will be made.

Then sometimes you're "cornered," or "euchered,"
That is, if you get in a "fix;"
They call you "galoot" if untutored,
In every galoot's knavish tricks.
There are "That's what the matter with Hannah's,"
And "dead beats" on every side,
If the "skunks" will not alter their manners,
I don't care a "cuss," "let 'em slide."

RE-INCARNATION.

The Banner of Light, the oldest and chief organ of spiritualism, and deemed to be a true and safe exponent of its principles, has published an editorial article accepting as true the teachings of Kardec, and alleging the Nazarene to have taught the same philosophy; it brings a leader under the title, "The Spirit and its Future," so fallacious in its philosophy and erroneous in its citation of the authority introduced to sustain its allegations, that it seems to me necessary and proper to use means to correct or counteract the evil which may result from such an essay, and more especially since its doctrine comes not of a casual correspondent, but, *ex cathedra*, from the editorial adytum itself.

Nowhere is it seen that the Nazarene teaches a second, third, etc., *ad infinitum*, continuous incarnate life of every man once individualized on earth. This, it is alleged, He has done; and what purports to be His words in that behalf, is given as proof. We shall see. His language, uttered on occasion of the call upon Him by Nicodemus, is badly and abominably translated, and calculated to mislead, as will be shown; but the danger to the reader of the article ends not here, for the false version is itself falsified in quotation—confusion worse confounded! The Banner puts it as from the mouth of Jesus, thus: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye be born again, ye cannot inherit eternal life." There is no such language in either of the Gospels; but in the Gospel according to John, as rendered by the king's commandment, it is reported that Jesus said: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." The discrepancy here is glaring and will mislead. An inheritance of eternal life, in the hereafter, and seeing the kingdom of God, here in the flesh life, are not identical, and are not synonymous terms.

I confess to much surprise at this cast and new use of the quoted Scripture, at best a bad translation, brought into the service of an absurd and bad belief! Hence it is proposed to consider the subject for a moment, giving a brief exegesis of the Scripture and a better and truer translation thereof. I apprehend that the supposed authority of Jesus will fail to support the editorial dogma; and this alone, in the light of a vision, showing that the language, *be born, and be born again*, misleads and does not convey the meaning of the Great Teacher. The idea of nascence, is the pivot upon which rests the lever that lifts the mighty weight of the Banner's argument for Re-incarnation.

An observation here, in passing, concerning the common version—the authorized Scripture of Protestant Christianity—that "appointed to be read in churches."

The translation given to the world by the King's Commission, dedicated in language of sycophantic address, and which for so long time has given direction to the thought and faith of the people, has come to be no longer considered a safe text in the treatment of questions arising under the teachings of physical and psychical science in this our age. The illuminations of to-day have exposed the deformities and falsities of the old systems of theology, whose currents have swelled into those floods which for so many generations have inundated the earth with error, and left upon so much of its fair face a Dead Sea of sorrow and superstition. These systems have been sustained, it not caused, in great measure, by the faulty, if not false, version of the Greek into English. The men who executed the task of translation committed to them by their ruler, as well as the people of their age, were ignorant of the spiritual phenomena mentioned and often described in the books put into their hands to prepare for the English reader. Profoundly stupid and unknowing touching the facts and philosophy of the spiritual manifestations found in the records before them—nothing in their experiences, nothing in the literature with which they were familiar having furnished them antecedents or precedents of such description—they failed to discern the thoughts in the minds of the writers. But Hebrew

and Greek words and language were before them, and they must be made to have, at all events, some significance in the English tongue, whether they conveyed the thought truly or otherwise.

By the aid of supposed analogies, by the use of figures in rhetoric, by such appliances as they were able to summon—they turned out the text row in common use in language which, in many places, distorts the thought of the writer, presents monstrous effigies having no antitypes in the world of mind or of matter, and clouding over the idea which was visible in the original. Had they not been ignorant of spirit life and its laws, of the spirit-world and its phenomena, we should have had a truer version, and the incongruous and inconsistent statements, the erroneous and false teachings found in many passages of the so-called sacred Scriptures, would never have occurred. When the ignorance of a man works woe and evil to himself alone, we are sad to see him suffer; but how much deeper our sadness to see whole generations of men suffering from his ignorance!

The proposition desirable from the imperfectly quoted Scripture adopted by the Banner in its argument, is this: That except a man be born again, and be continued on and onward in a constant recurrence of being born again and again, over and over again, the infancy and longevity of the same personality playing their eternal rounds with his life, now in the spirit-world for a space, now in this world of flesh, alternately being young, then old; old, and then young—and except he shall experience such a *borning*, he cannot inherit eternal life, he cannot have being, nor exist otherwise than in these eternal processes of being born and dying, of dying and being born.

Well, then, place us under the exception, for such an eternal life, we think, will not contribute to eternal happiness, which we are disposed to believe, is the ultimate of our being. Paul was too fast when he thought a man might get beyond the reach and grapple of death—too enthusiastic, when, in the belief of possible victory over such foe, he exclaimed, in the language of an old scripture:

Death was worsted in the fight!
Where, then, Death, is thy conflict?
Where, indeed, Death, is thy goad?

(I. Cor., XV., 55.)

In the colloquy of Jesus with his night visitor are used several times the words *be born*, and *be born again*. The Greek words for *be born again*, as used in the common version, are *genethenai anothēn*: these words should be rendered, *to be begotten from above*—the former of which when spoken of men, signifies to beget, to generate; when spoken of women, it signifies to bring forth, to bear, give birth to, etc. It would seem that Nicodemus received the language used by his teacher in the *fe-mine* sense, and literally also; and not in a spiritual and figurative sense as intended he should receive it. Well might the listener to such teachings, understanding them in the case indicated by his interrogatory, be astonished and give expression to his feelings in the language of wonder and astonishment—this would be mer by words corresponding with such conditions of mind, hence the answer, *me thaumases*—be not astonished.

Both these high interlunars were Jews, and, no doubt, spoke to each other in Hebrew, though the report of their conversation comes to us clothed in the Greek. Whatever may have been the words used, it is clear that they were not understood by the visitor of Jesus. *Anothēn*, meaning *from above*, instead of *again*, never could carry the idea of a birth, whatsoever might be its relation to *genethenai*; besides, chronologically, begetment is before birth.

Jesus meant to teach, and He did teach, that there must be in man, in order to the existence of a divine harmony in him, not a new birth or another birth in any sense—not a *re-construction*, *re-generation* or *re-creation* of him in physical life; but that into the very essence of him—into the elemental life of him, just as he is found in nature really and substantially, without distinction of anything to him belonging as a natural entity, perfect, as such, in all the physical bestowments of the Creator, these must come in addition to all else, an influx of the spiritual, the divine, setting in motion and bringing into action already existing powers; but which aforesaid had remained barren and unproductive, and which of themselves, without the juxtaposition of a quickening element, would forever remain unfruitful. The spiritual and divine elements which are *from above*, must find their way into man, to perfect him and fit him for the harmonies that will be enjoyed in his pathway of an eternal advancement in his incarnate life here on earth, and this incarnate life in the spirit-spheres beyond. A union of the divine with the natural ever inaugurates the kingdom of heaven in man.

But, however preposterous the notion advanced by the advocates of a second, etc., continuous *re-incarnation*—and however absurd their reasoning may be, and deficient in any support derivable from the sayings of Jesus in the memorable interview with Him had by the cautious rabbi, still, in that interview, are enumerated the facts and philosophy of a certain other most reasonable and satisfactory incarnation, possible to all who ever inhabited the earth. Jesus teaches the spirit's return, but only through its incarnation of itself in the body of another person, to remain only for a limited period and for temporary purpose—a return through the flesh of another still animate in earthly life, and borrowed only for the occasion. In the conversation with Nicodemus, while explaining entrance into the kingdom of God, as not a passing away from or out of the flesh, but the coming into spiritual states or conditions of blessedness while in this life of flesh, this life of animal condition, Jesus likened the process of entry into those states of feeling, or kingdom of heaven, unto the transit of an inhabitant of the spirit realms, into the borrowed body of a medium—which entrance is accomplished invisibly, silently and mysteriously as the distillation of the dew that descends on the steep of Hemoas. No other incarnation or *re-incarnation* was ever taught by the Great Galilean. His words in that behalf, we translate below, as decisive of what sort of *re-incarnation* He taught.

The transit of a spirit to the earth-life, by means of its taking control of a borrowed animate body, referred to above, as a fact recognized by Jesus and used by him to illustrate his doctrine of entrance into the Kingdom of God, is indicated by this erroneously translated and misunderstood Greek sentence, namely: *To pneuma opou thelei pnei, kai ten phonen autou akoueis, alla ouk oidus pothen erchetai, kai pou upagei; outos esti pas gegennemenos ek tou pneumatos*, being the eighth verse of the III. chapter of the Gospel according to John. Who has not listened to a windy and incongruous sermon on this text? the preacher always supposing the word *wind* was the properly translated word, and truly meant a wind from some one of the cardinal points—east, west, north, south. Let this class of preachers cease to traduce the faith of Spiritualism, to vilify its professors. The Master, whose disciples they pretend to be, taught the great and central fact of Spiritualism in the above Greek text, to

wit: the spirit's return and communion with mortals. This is the corner-stone of the temple of Spiritualism. Let us examine this text as seen above, in the original, and see whether we are safe in our averments.

The text shows that Jesus sought to indoctrinate Nicodemus concerning the operations and influences of a spirit—the spirit of a person who had departed his life—upon a person still dwelling in the natural world and being in his natural body. Nowhere else in the New Testament, where it is so constantly translated *spirit* or *ghost*, are we able to find *pneuma* rendered *wind*. The proper Greek word for wind is *anemos*, and by no usage whatever of Greek writers can the common version of the words *to pneuma* be justified. Even in the Gospel according to Matthew, sections 25 and 27 of chapter VII., where it is said, "The winds blew," the word *anemos* is used. What evidence is here of the ignorance of the Commissioners of James concerning spiritual phenomena, and to what bad translation hath it led! The whole context shows that the word *pneuma* was spoken of the soul or spirit of a man. It had been properly translated *spirit* by them just before, in verses 5 and 6, and, to be at all consistent, they should have rendered it *wind*, wherever used in the same immediate connection; or *spirit*, one or the other, all along through the dialogue. To use all along the word *wind*, how absurd and ridiculous would be the rendering may be seen thus: "Except a man be born of water and of wind he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God! That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the wind is wind!"

Nicodemus, no doubt, had seen cases of entrancement, etc., which, to him, were inexplicable, and by him were set down as miracles. Jesus told him that a spirit was the producing cause of the phenomena which he had witnessed. *Pne*, from which comes *pnei*, primarily signifies to breathe, whether it be in a case of common respiration or of some peculiar inspiration or expiration—and the idea of Jesus, no doubt, was this: the spirit breathes into, or inspires, *opou thei*, whatsoever person it will or chooses to inspire—such seems to be the case nowadays with all susceptible media in our midst.

Whatever, indeed, may have been the act of the spirit, whether entrancing or controlling in some other manner the person upon whom it chose to exercise its power, the result certainly was to make itself heard; *akoueis*, thou hearest—and what is heard?—*ten phonen*, its voice, its word, its language, its speech, its discourse. Has the wind the attribute of language?

The spirit is not visible to the natural eye, and what is here affirmed of it is in harmony with its laws. We discern not its ingress or egress; *ouk oidus*, thou dost not behold—*pothen*, in what manner—*erchetai*, it enters—*non, pou*, to what place—*upagei*, it departs. All this is plain to any one familiar with spirit phenomena.

In like manner with the invisible and mysterious agencies and operations of spiritual beings, who visit us and sometimes speak of the things of another life, to understand and solve which, are so difficult problems—are the beginnings, transitions and completions of that state or condition of man in the earth-life, which brings him into harmonious relations with this world, with the life to come and with the Deity Himself. These operations of spirits and of the Divine Universal Spirit alike lie hidden from the vision of the outer eye—we observe only the phenomena. He who is begotten from above, or has received the divine effluence, manifests it, but is unable to explain it any more than he can the cases of spirit visitation and manifestation referred to in the text before us. We render, therefore, *outos, esti pas o gegennemenos*, in like manner is the case of every one who is begotten of the Spirit (from on High), or, in other words, who is quickened by the divine afflatus.

The reader has seen that the same word in the Greek text above quoted, and now under consideration, begins and ends the section. If *to pneuma*, at the beginning, must be rendered wind, then *ton pneumatos*, at the end, should also be rendered wind. It would seem surely that there can be no good reason for a different use of it in the same sentence. We will, therefore, end the sentence with the same word with which the common version begins it, to show how ridiculously absurd and improper is that version; such is the case of every one who is begotten of the wind.

Consolidating the above items of interpretation, criticism and explanation, we present the following as our reading of the Greek of the celebrated wind text of the King's commissioners. "A spirit inspires whomsoever it will, and thou hearest its voice, but thou dost not behold in what manner it enters, nor to what place it departs—so is the case of every one who is begotten of the spirit" (from on High). This is the lesson sought to be inculcated by the Great Teacher—nothing more—nothing less.

This contribution of evidence, by Jesus, to the support of the grand idea of spiritualism, the occasional and temporary reincarnation of a spirit, in a borrowed mortal body, as in case of entrancement, is no less the less weighty or valuable, because it appears incidentally and by way of illustration, in an argument upon a collateral question; should be none the less conclusive against the constant denial of churchmen that spirits even return and speak concerning matters of spirit life, etc.; none the less conclusive upon spiritualists that incarnation or reincarnation reaches no further than that a spirit, once individualized by an earth life, may incarnate itself in the animate body of a person yet dwelling upon earth.

It is only by bad translation—torture of quotation—misapplication and perversion of doctrine, that any portion of the celebrated dialogue of Jesus and the Jewish Rabbi can be made to support the bold nonsense of that kind of reincarnation accepted by the Banner of Light—an endless rotation of life and death. O! Pythagoras, Pythagoras! behold a revival of thy system of *me-empychois*!

HORACE DRESSER.

MRS. LIVERMORE IN THE PULPIT.—Mrs. Mary A. Livermore spoke before the Universalists at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 15th ult., and was met by very large and attentive audiences. In the evening the hall was completely jammed, every inch of standing, as well as sitting, room being occupied. When the preliminary exercises, conducted by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Eaton, were concluded, Mrs. Livermore, dressed in plain black silk, lace collar and cuffs, with gold collar pin, and chain at her belt, walked to the desk, read her text, and advancing to the extreme edge of the platform spoke for an hour and five minutes in a manner that held her auditors spell-bound, notwithstanding the fact that one-third of them were on their feet. Mrs. Livermore is a very strong woman's rights advocate.

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

FRANK CLAY;

OR,

HUMAN NATURE IN A NUTSHELL.

BY JOSHUA ROSE.

[CONTINUED.]

Now to our travelers: they stood helpless there,
In abject, wretched, desolate despair;
The women gathered closely round the dead,
Their cloaks and shawls had made the maimed a bed;
The rough old leader said, "Our work's not done,
The owl-train passes here at half-past one,
And there's that car to freight in just two hours,
There's not much time to lose now, by the powers."

"Now, ladies, to the car you'd best repair
To fix the wounded as we bring them there;
Turn every other seat and make a bed,
Those farthest from the fire will suit the dead;
Make up a roaring fire and dry the clothes,
There's plenty need for that just now, God knows,
We'll bring the ladies first and then the men;
By George, the car will be a slaughter-pen."

Then one by one they took the wounded in,
The dead and living drenched unto the skin,
A wounded man begged, "Let me, let me lie;
Leave me in peace. I feel that I must die."
They left him to the last, and when they came,
The breath, indeed, had left his mangled frame.
He bled to death, and dripped with reeking gore;
They placed him in the car upon the floor.

Here's Grovedale depot, what's the matter here?
Suppose we ask that peasant standing there,
Pray tell me what is all this fuss about?
"Why, that is what I'm waiting to find out,
I guess they've had a grand mash-up somewhere,
The bodies of the dead are all in there,
They say they sent to fetch the inquest down,
And that he lives half a mile from town."

"Allow me to remove that false impression;"
Remarked another, "They are now in session,
Two days ago an accident occurred,
The worst smash up of which you ever heard,
To-day the workmen are all to appear
To prove the engine was in good repair,
That no one can be in the least to blame,
And 'twas quite proper, 'tis about the same."

We step inside, ah, there's the engineer
Upon the stand, from what he says it's clear
That "everything was perfectly correct, sir."
Why it should happen no one can conjecture:
"All at once I felt an awful thumping,
And then the engine she commenced a jumping,
I thought it wasn't quite safe where I stood,
So jumped right off as quickly as I could."

One juror had resolved that he, by dint
Of asking questions, should get into print,
Had pondered well upon the sage propriety
Of cross-examining, for notoriety.
He put some awkward questions; here is one:
"Now, engineer, when that thumping begun,
Did you signal down brakes?" "Of course I did."
"And then what?" "Then, sir, why, she slid."

The juror, irate at the general titter
Among the audience, said, in tones more bitter,
"What do you mean by saying that she slid?"
"I mean she slid right off, and so she did;
There's no going back on that there, I do know,
I stood right there myself, and saw her go;
I ain't a standing here a telling lies,
I do know what I saw with my own eyes."

The coroner replied, "On these occasions
We must have truth, and won't permit evasions,
Reply to what is asked, no conversations
Can enter into our investigations,
We are not here to hear your slang orations
Which only hinder our deliberations,
The court decrees, by way of an example,
The witness makes apology most ample."

"Well then, sir, when I said the engine slid,
I merely meant to tell you what she did;
I'm sorry I said so, and take it back,
But on my word she really jumped the track;
And why, of course, is more than I can know.
I s'pose she couldn't stop, so had to go."
The coroner began at once to frown,
Remarked, "That's quite enough, you may stand down."

The brakeman was the next to testify;
The coroner requested him to try
To answer all he could, by no or yes,
As that would make his arduous duties less.
"George Cushman Holden is, I think, your name,
The brakeman of the seven-thirty train,
Had you held that position long before
This accident?" "Yes, seven years or more."

"Now, on your oath, sir, do you really know,
Were you on time or running fast or slow?"
"As to our time I really did not heed,
But think we ran at just the proper speed."
"We don't want thoughts, but merely what you know;
Of your own knowledge what speed did you go?"
"Well, if I'm bound to answer in that way,
Not having timed her, why, I cannot say."

"At what time did the accident befall?"
"I didn't see an accident at all;
I felt a jerk and then heard something crack,
And found my car alone upon the track.
I saw some others in the field below,
But then, of course, I did not see them go,
I missed part of our train, but couldn't swear
That that was it I saw crushed up down there."

The inquest o'er, the verdict we all know
Was "accidental death," no proof to show
That any one was in the least to blame;
Such verdicts always read about the same.
Things will wear out and then at last they break,
And those that travel all such risk must take;
Besides you know there is one consolation,
There's accident insurance at each station.

Young Master Frank was most severely shaken,
With Cora Gray (our heroine) was taken
To their abode, as her papa desired,
Where Frank had the attention he required;
Became a favorite with her friends and brother,
Who telegraphed a message to Frank's mother;
Miss Cora and her aunt not hurt worth mention,
Both paid to him the greatest of attention.

Our hero and our heroine became
Fast friends indeed, in something more than name;
She sat beside his couch and whiled away
The tedious hours by reading half the day.
What joys are there in our maturer age
Like reading for the first time Crusoe's page?
The parrots, goats, grapes, savages, and "Friday,"
And how he kept his hut so snug and tidy.

They sat at open windows gazing out
Upon the busy passers in the street;
A childhood's friendship had commenced without
One sage thought if it were wise or discreet.
Frank took Miss Cora's hand in his, no doubt
Unconsciously—it made the scene complete;
She also placed one hand upon his shoulder,
Her aunt a puzzled, half amused beholder.

At eventide they wandered in the fields,
And hand in hand experienced the thrills
Which o'er the heart in silent rapture steals
At every lovely feathered songster's trills;
Their souls inhaled the generous, sweet appeals
With which love, gentleness and fondness fills
The breast of those who feel the inspiration
Of nature's power, in silent admiration.

They sit them down beside the rippling brooks,
And watch the scarlet tints of sunset's glow;
Then casting pebbles in the placid nooks,
They watch the startled fish dart to and fro;
Then mock the caw of the returning rooks
As to the chestnut knoll to roost they go;
Upon the water's face, which sweetly babbled,
O'er the o'erhanging banks, their feet they dabbled.

'Twas thus they sat whilst twilight cast around
Her lovely shadows, lulling all to rest;
Such joy was theirs as only can be found,
When by cool breezes, sweet perfumes caressed,
One feels the heart with warmest impulse bound,
And every fibre thrilling in the breast,
Makes earth an Eden to all true humanity,
And yet the sages say that all is vanity.

The master-spirit of the world is love,
If you will only listen to its lay,
From mother earth to open skies above,
It calls invitingly from day to day,
Smiling from every hill and vale and grove,
Beckoning with earnest tones away.
If callous hearts will spurn the exhortation,
Then will the spirit quaff the vain vexation.

The love of gold and pomp is close allied
With vanity and egotism and pride,
The love of power is but another name
For self-esteem; the love of gaudy fame,
Of rank, birth, glitter, flattery and lust,
Are baubles worthy groveling human dust;
The victims nauseate with such frail inanity,
May well exclaim that all the world is vanity.

Go ask the matron sage, demure and fifty,
What mate to choose; she'll counsel one who's thrifty,
And tell you life may be as sweet as honey,
If one allies it with a man of money;
And as for love, it is a theme for laughter—
Marry the gold, the love will follow after;
In two years time you get divorced and she
Declares things are not as they used to be.

A splendid house, fast horses and fine carriage,
A spacious lawn, fine grounds, and a front pew,
An opera box, a dashing wife by marriage,
With a young belle, if from Fifth avenue,
Can all be had, and who would dare disparage
Such happiness. The fancy oft runs through
These empty dreams, which mean no more than this;
To empty heads and hearts, display is bliss.

Hearts will bow down and heads will humbly nod
In meek obeisance to the golden god;
The rustle of the silk, and flout of lace
Will all proclaim the devotee's disgrace;
While envious tongues will openly applaud,
In silence covet what they glibly laud,
And prate with secret joy and fond avidity,
Of Eva's debts, or Clarence's stupidity.

I grant this running off is tantalizing:
We left Young Frank and Cora by the stream,
Whilst I commenced this sage philosophizing.
Upon my word I really did not mean
To keep you waiting while soliloquizing.
They both were hid behind this golden screen,
Which after all is not at all surprising,
For gold with love is oft a go-between.

The white dew marked the windings of the stream
As Frank arose, and with a saddened mien
Stood silent, pensive, on the sloping bank.
Miss Cora took his hand and said, "Why, Frank,
Pray what has made you suddenly so sad?
Just now you were so buoyant and so glad,"
Then raised her eyes to his as if to chide
Him with reproachful looks ere he replied.

Frank wreathed his fingers in her waving hair,
Then answered: "Cora, are you not aware

I leave for college at to-morrow's dawn?
I only wondered if when I am gone
Your memory will wander back to me,
And if each other we shall ever see;
And whether, Cora—whether—perhaps I might
Get your permission now and then to write."

"Frank, we will be for life friends to each other;
I always will think of you as a brother,
If you will take me as your little sister."
"Yes, yes," he said, as thankfully he kissed her,
The tears were stealing fast into his eyes,
To hide their presence quite in vain he tries,
When Cora drew him on and bade him come,
'Twas "getting damp and time that we were home."

Her aunt had missed and sought them in each spot
They frequented, at eve, but found them not.
Her puzzled head with half displeasure rife,
"I never saw the like in all my life,"
She said, as calling, "Frank," and then "Miss Cora,"
She turned about and saw them both before her,
And meant to scold, discerned their happy look,
Then to her arms her little ward she took.

And Cora threw her arms round aunt's neck,
Trying in vain the choking sobs to check;
Her little heart in a tumultuous flutter,
Nor single word her quivering lips could utter.
Her aunt said: "Bless you, loving little pet,
I will not scold; come, come, my dear, don't fret,
You precious darling, priceless little pearl;
There, be a good and quiet little girl."

That night Frank's bedroom door was half ajar,
When he walked Pete and offered a cigar
Which Frank declined by saying, "Thank you, no,
I do not smoke." Pete answered, "Don't you, though?"
Well, that's quite right, I'm really glad you don't,
And if you'll take a fool's advice, you won't.
I'd like to drop the habit if I could."
Frank answered, "Pete, if I were you I would."

"Ah, Frank," said Pete, "I'm not so good as you,
And feel ashamed of many things I do.
But there, confound this everlasting whining,
A fellow cannot always be repining.
I know that I'm none of the very best,
And yet, perhaps, as good as all the rest.
I often swear this recklessness to drop
And break the wise resolve upon the spot."

"But hang it, Frank, I didn't come in here
To preach a sermon on my wild career,
Which won't make you more wise or me much better;
I came to ask you if you'll take a letter,
To-morrow morning, to Miss Ella Paine—
It isn't far, you'll soon be back again—
The one who came to visit with her brother.
Mind don't deliver it before her mother."

"Why hide," said Frank, "it from her mother's sight?"
"O, never mind," Pete answered, "that's all right;
If you don't want to take it, just say so,
I'll find some friend who won't object to go."
"I won't object to take your letter, Pete.
Shall I give it to her brother if I meet
Him?" Pete responded quickly, "Gracious, no,
None must know what you carry where you go."

Next morning Frank sped quickly down the lane;
When near her house he met Miss Ella Paine
And handed her the letter, saying, "Pete
Sent this." She paled and dropped it at her feet,
Then said in saddened tones, "Why does he write,
And still persist to urge me on in spite
Of all—he knows while I resist his pleading
My heart is broken, shattered, crushed and bleeding."

Frank bade "Good-morning then turned to depart,"
A sense of wrong pervading in his heart;
He stands and then these earnest words he spake;
"The first, the last that ever I will take;
I'm sorry that I promised him to go.
I wonder what could make her tremble so,
That sad, reproachful look upon her face,
Which from my mind I cannot yet efface."

Miss Ella picked the letter up and gazed
Upon the superscription on its face.
That very morn she thought she had erased
His memory from out its hallowed place;
And now the burning tears her sight have dazed,
At every step she slackens now her pace,
Then turning quickly to the shady bank,
She sobbed and slowly to the flowers sank.

She calmed and muttered, "Why, why did I take it?
But now 'tis here I can't resist to break it,
Open and peruse once more the vow:
I conquered once and I will conquer now.
And yet, O heavens, that it were otherwise,
That I might dare to send him the replies
My weak heart prompts, I would be blest indeed,
But as it is I must not, will not heed."

"Why does he tempt me? O, 'tis cruel, base
To threaten with exposure and disgrace
The fatal step he led me on to take,
My darling mother's heart would well-nigh break;
But I will dare him to his very worst,
Then let him spread his slanders if he durst.
And yet there's much I dare not to deny,
Would make the world in anger pass me by."

"And he who lured me on to thus betray
The love he won, 'tis thus he would repay
The heart that erred through loving him too well.
O, let me see him once again to tell
Him that come now whatever can or may,
In spite of all that he can do or say,
I am resolved his power to defy.
He thinks to conquer—never, if I die!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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STUPIDITY OR IMBECILITY, WHICH?

The Consistencies of the Great Legal Authority of the Congress of the United States.

From the manner in which the subject of a common equality for all citizens is treated, by advocates as well as opposers, we are constrained to ask the above question. None seem to comprehend that the Constitution of the United States has been recently amended in the grave and formal manner by which it can alone be changed. Nor do any seem to fully realize what the requirements are by which amendments are added to the supreme law of the land. They seem to have forgotten that it was the States themselves and not Congress which made these amendments. The Congress merely proposed the amendments and asked the States to ratify what they proposed. The States—three-fourths of all the States—did what Congress asked them to do, and thus the XIV. and XV. Amendments became a part of the Constitution, binding upon all the States in the Union.

What do these amendments amount to or do they amount to a mere mass of verbiage, without signification, or to only such signification as the male citizens of the United States deem fit to determine, from time to time, as such may suit their purposes? The XIV. Amendment declares that: "All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside." Every person then is a citizen. Even Mr. Bingham is compelled to swallow his own words upon this immaterial (?) point. But this is not all; it goes on to say that "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States." Therefore no State can abridge the privileges and immunities of any, who, by the previous sentence, are declared to be citizens.

The States themselves legislated upon these provisions and adopted them, and they are not only a part of the Constitution of the United States but also a part of the supreme law of every State in the Union. Nor can it be said, as some attempt to say, seeing no other escape, that the provision, citizens of the United States, does not cover citizens of the State; or that a person may be a citizen of the United States and not of the State, for it previously declares that a citizen of the United States, born or naturalized therein, is also a citizen of the State wherein he resides. People have not awakened to the momentous rights of freedom this amendment defines. They are such as give all the life and vitality a republican government can possess. They make all persons citizens and them equal.

If it be doubted from the XIV. Amendment that the right to vote is one of the privileges or immunities which no State shall abridge, that doubt must be forever removed by a consideration of the XV. Amendment, which declares that "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not

be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude." All citizens of the United States then are possessed of the right to vote, for how could a right be abridged if it were not first possessed? If the male negro possessed a right which was abridged, and which this Amendment was necessary to remove, who will have the temerity to declare that any other citizen of the United States is not possessed of the same right? And did this XV. Amendment only cover male negroes? How can a right possessed equally by all citizens of the United States be abridged when the XV. Amendment declares so pointedly that it shall not be done?

The condition of the case is similar to that of General Taylor at the battle of Buena Vista, about the time he ordered "A little more grape, Captain Bragg," which was declared by Santa Anna to be that "*el fue batido pero tan necio que no se dio cuenta de ello!*" But men need not think that by continuing in their ignorance they will finally conquer as General Taylor did, for in this instance they have defeated themselves. They voluntarily abandoned the position they held, but did not know at the time that it was of any importance, except an immediate advantage to themselves in the shape of enfranchised male negro citizens. They got the negro citizens for whom they bargained, but they also got a great deal more for whom they did not bargain. And "that's what's the matter," for they have an elephant on their hands they cannot manage. We are not quite certain but "the elephant" may be able to manage them instead.

But what do these majority men say? After being compelled to admit that women are citizens, they attempt to argue themselves out of the inevitable conclusions such an admission carries, that citizens have the right to vote, the Constitutions and laws of States to the contrary notwithstanding. (As stated before, there are no valid laws denying or abridging this right, for the States, by the adoption of this Amendment, repealed all such laws.) They may have succeeded, like the ostrich, in burying their own heads in the sand, so as not to be able to see the "danger," but in this position they are becoming the laughing-stock of all who keep their heads free from sand and dust and have the moral courage to look facts squarely in the face.

But this committee, after getting their heads well in the sand, continue thus: We are of opinion that it is not competent for Congress to establish the right to vote without regard to sex in the several States of this Union, without the consent of the people of such States, "and against their constitutions and laws." Was there ever a stupidity equal to this, which should not be rather be called Imbecility. Why, men! the States have already legislated on this very question by the adoption of the Amendments and put it entirely in the hands of Congress. Do you ask how? If you will permit yourselves to be capable of comprehending a plain proposition we will show you. The Constitution of the State of New York provides, and all other States hold, that, "No member of this State shall be disfranchised or deprived of the rights or privileges secured to any citizen thereof, unless by the law of the land or the judgment of his peers." The male citizens of the State of New York were enfranchised as follows: "Every male citizen of the age of twenty-one who shall have been a citizen for ten days, etc., shall be entitled to vote," which left the female "members" of the State unenfranchised. But then came the XIV. Amendment, which was ratified and made a part of the law of the State of New York, which declares that all women are citizens, and thus by the plain provisions of the section first quoted they cannot be disfranchised or deprived of the rights or privileges secured to any citizen. Can language be plainer than this, and yet you would send us back to the States for the enforcement of the Amendments when the States themselves have provided that Congress shall have the power to enforce these Amendments by appropriate legislation.

There is no provision in these Amendments by which the courts can enforce them; that power and duty is expressly invested in Congress, and Congress has only provided by an Act to enforce the rights of citizens of the United States to vote in the several States of this Union and for other purposes, approved May 31, 1870, as follows:

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That whenever, by or under the authority of the constitution or laws of any State, or the laws of any Territory, any act is or shall be required to be done as a prerequisite or qualification for voting, and by such constitution or laws persons or officers are or shall be charged with the performance of duties in furnishing to citizens an opportunity to perform such prerequisite, or to become qualified to vote, it shall be the duty of every such person and officer to give to all citizens of the United States the same and equal opportunity to perform such prerequisite, and to become qualified to vote without distinction of race, color or previous condition of servitude; and if any such person or officer shall refuse or knowingly omit to give full effect to this section, he shall, for every such offence, forfeit and pay the sum of five hundred dollars to the person aggrieved thereby, to be recovered by an action on the case, with full costs and such allowance for counsel fees as the court shall deem just; and shall also, for every such offence, be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, on conviction thereof, be fined not less than five hundred dollars, or be imprisoned not less than one month and not more than one year, or both, at the discretion of the court.

SEC. 3. And be it further enacted, That whenever, by or under the authority of the constitution or laws of any State, or the laws of any Territory, any act is or shall be required to [be] done by any citizen as a prerequisite to qualify or entitle him to vote, the offer of any such citizen to perform the act required to be done as aforesaid shall, if it fail to be carried into execution by reason of the wrongful

act or omission aforesaid of the person or officer charged with the duty of receiving or permitting such performance or offer to perform or acting thereon, be deemed and held as a performance in law of such act; and the person so offering and failing as aforesaid, and being otherwise qualified, shall be entitled to vote in the same manner and to the same extent as if he had in fact performed such act; and any judge, inspector or other officer of election whose duty it is or shall be to receive, count, certify, register, report or give effect to the vote of such citizen who shall wrongfully refuse or omit to receive, count, certify, register, report or give effect to the vote of such citizen upon the presentation by him of his affidavit stating such offer and the time and place thereof, and the name of the officer or person whose duty it was to act thereon, and that he was wrongfully prevented by such person or officer from performing such act, shall for every such offence forfeit and pay the sum of five hundred dollars to the person aggrieved thereby, to be recovered by an action on the case, with full costs and such allowance for counsel fees as the court shall deem just; and shall also for every such offence be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, on conviction thereof, be fined not less than five hundred dollars, or be imprisoned not less than one month and not more than one year, or both, at the discretion of the court.

SEC. 16. And be it further enacted, That all persons within the jurisdiction of the United States shall have the same right in every State and Territory in the United States to make and enforce contracts, to sue, be parties, give evidence, and to the full and equal benefit of all laws and proceedings for the security of person and property as is enjoyed by white citizens, and shall be subject to like punishment, pains, penalties, taxes, licenses and exactions of every kind, and none other, any law, statute, ordinance, regulation or custom to the contrary notwithstanding. No tax or charge shall be imposed or enforced by any State upon any person immigrating thereto from a foreign country which is not equally imposed and enforced upon every person immigrating to such State from any other foreign country; and any law of any State in conflict with this provision is hereby declared null and void.

It was entirely competent for Congress to pass this "Act." So thought Mr. Bingham, who drew it, but there was so much "wool" in Congress at that time, the fact that it included "all citizens" was hidden thereby from his eyes. Mr. Bingham appears to feel this, for he is "very sore" over dragging the negro into this question as an authority, for him to extend the same legislation to women that was extended to them.

It was competent in 1870 for Congress to establish the right to vote, as Mr. Bingham assumes, without the consent of the citizens of the States, but as we have shown by their direct consent—against their constitutions and laws, as he again assumes, but, as we have shown, against no constitution or law, for such as could conflict had been repealed by the States themselves, for the male negro; but it is not competent, in his opinion, to do this when the citizens asking it are women instead of negroes. Again we ask: Is this stupidity or is it imbecility, or, rather, is it not tyranny? At another time we propose to arrange the consistencies (?) of Mr. Bingham in order, so that the people of the United States may see how the Great Impeacher has impeached himself.

Even the sagacious Butler and astute Loughbridge seem not quite clear upon this matter. Is not the "wool" entirely cleared from their vision?

After minutely and completely proving beyond doubt that women have the right to vote, they close in the following "watered" language:

And it is therefore perfectly proper, in our opinion, for the House to pass a declaratory resolution, which would be an index to the action of the House, should the question be brought before it by a contest for a seat.

We, therefore, recommend to the House the adoption of the following resolution:

Resolved, by the House of Representatives, That the right of suffrage is one of the inalienable rights of citizens of the United States, subject to regulation by the States, through equal and just laws.

That this right is included in the "privileges of citizens of the United States," which are guaranteed by section I. of article 14 of Amendments to the Constitution of the United States; and that women citizens, who are otherwise qualified by the laws of the State where they reside, are competent voters for Representatives in Congress.

This is not the "strong meat" of rights enforced, but the "watered wine" of rights abridged. Suppose the States, instead of regulating the inalienable rights of citizens by "equal and just laws," prohibit them, without any law at all, what would Messrs. Butler and Loughbridge have Congress do? And what would they have Congress do if women citizens, who are otherwise qualified, by the laws of the State, and thus competent voters for Representatives to Congress, are denied or abridged in the performance of what they have, first, the right to do, and secondly, are qualified to perform?

Congress and the State Legislatures had better at once accept the situation they have provided, and gracefully receive women citizens as of equal right with themselves, for to this they must at last come. We commend a careful consideration of this matter to the present Congress; because if their plain duty is neglected, the women citizens of the country will be obliged to resort to the only redress: Suits against the officers of election, not one of whom in the United States will be able to escape such liability, under the plain provisions of the Act of May 31, 1870.

SENSIBLE AND LOGICAL.—Jean Paul Richter says: "To insure modesty I would advise the educating of the sexes together; for two boys will preserve twelve girls, or two girls twelve boys, innocent, amid winks, jokes and improprieties, merely by that instinctive sense which is the forerunner of matured modesty. But I will guarantee nothing in a school where girls are alone together, and still less where boys are."

A CHAMELEON CHARTER FOR THE NORTH PACIFIC.

THE STEILACOOM CITY COMMERCIAL AND MANUFACTURING ASSOCIATION ON PUGET SOUND, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

IT HANGS AROUND LOOSE AND DOES AS IT PLEASES.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

DULUTH AND THE LAKE SUPERIOR AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD.

We had occasion, in an article published on the 11th February, alluding to the threat of Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co.'s agent to "crush" us out for telling the truth, to make some very pointed observations on the evils of "special legislation," which, after having, by its results, roused a determined opposition from State Legislatures, has, seemingly under the particular care of that clique of men who believe a "national debt is a national blessing," betaken itself to appeal to Congress for unconstitutional acts of incorporation and barefaced begging for subsidies and land grants, to be robbed from the people's property.

In the attempted lobby schemes of the "American and European," the "American and Ocean Mail" steamship projects, the St. Croix Railroad land grant, all of which have fortunately failed; in the Northern Pacific Railroad, the "Jay Cooke" Life Insurance Company and kindred affairs, we have instances of attempted or successful bids for special legislation by Congress, the fruits of which we are yet to see. But the climax so far has been reached in a petition to pass an act of incorporation for the benefit of "northern Pacific" citizens, giving to them privileges which, we will take it upon ourselves to say, in their impudent extent, are scarcely to be surpassed in the annals of any legislation.

A bill has been introduced by the Hon. Mr. Upson, to charter the "Steilacoom City Commercial and Manufacturing Association on Puget Sound, Washington Territory."

A perpetual monopoly in a territory is one of the most unwise acts a governing power can grant, as it tends to restrict the growth of the territory, and always retards individual exertion and enterprise.

But this act of incorporation goes even further, for it authorizes the incorporators and their successors to change the name of the company whenever it suits their pleasure or convenience!!!

Surely the national delight at having a national debt and blessing is demoting us, when such a proposition is gravely entertained by Congress.

However, the modest adventurers don't stop here, they ask the privilege of holding and owning all manner of property, without even stating the purposes for which it is to be held or owned!!!

Section 3 of the bill attempts to make the "Articles of Association" the real charter, and to conceal from Congress what these articles of association really contain, thus opening the widest possible door for fraud, not even excepting the Erie bill in the New York Legislature "to legalize the issue of counterfeit money."

Section 5 of the bill provides that "the said corporation shall have power, from time to time, to make, amend, alter or repeal all by-laws, ordinances and constitutions for the interest of said corporation, but not to annul or abrogate the rights vested in individuals by this charter."

"ORDINANCES!" "CONSTITUTIONS!" Have the corporators got so wild that they contemplate a partnership in the Northern Pacific Railroad land grant, and organizing counties, states, etc., under their unlimited land and property powers? Or is it designed to gobble up Alaska, to the eternal shame of Seward?

Section 7 gives in fact to this wonderful "artificial creation" "power and authority" to construct railroads and roads from their wharves, docks, quays, etc., to any part of the world, and "propel" the same by horse or steam power. In fact it is to be a sort of general railroad law, extending even to condemnation of land by jury where the right of way is required, created wholly in the interest of this corporation. If it were not from the danger of such extensive privileges they might be worth granting, that the unenlightened world might learn how to "propel" railroads, as well as docks, quays, etc., from Puget Sound to—anywhere else!

Section 9 authorizes the employment of any number of men; the borrowing of money on the credit of the franchise, and limits the liability of shareholders to the amount of the shares held.

Before Congress grants power to employ hosts of men to "consummate the purposes" of an association, it might be as well to have such purposes fully stated.

Section 10 is calculated to leave us in doubt as to the entire sanity of the man who, with the prospect of such another "national blessing" before him, concocted it. There really would seem no end to the dodges of the steamship-subsidy men; if they can't get into the public treasury one way they will try another. This section, after providing most graciously for obedience to the laws of the United States regulating commerce and navigation, and for all the privileges, benefits and protections on the high seas which the

corporation could get, proceeds, "and said company may in their corporate capacity, by their duly authorized agents, contract with the proper authorities of the United States to carry the United States mails from Steilacoom City, on Puget Sound, to any destination on sea or land and back."

After reading this in connection with the rest of the bill, it surely requires no great stretch of imagination to fancy this Puget Sound Association—perhaps with a London office next door to Jay Cooke, McCullough & Co.—stepping into the post-offices of London, Paris, Brussels or Berlin and saying: "The United States has given us power to contract to carry mails around the world. Have them ready!" or into the Post-Office Department in Washington, and addressing Mr. Postmaster-General Cresswell, "We have authority from Congress to take all your mails on sea and land. We ask a contract therefor; but be careful not to let such a flaw as the Chorpensing claim into our matters."

A company to open mines, erect mills, do all manner of business on sea and land, construct and manage railroads and other roads, steamship lines, and hold any quantity or kind of property that can be got together! These are a few of the powers expected to be received BY ACT OF CONGRESS, for the benefit of half a dozen men, and when Congress can pass such an act as that incorporating the Jay Cooke Life Insurance Company, it is almost a legitimate deduction to expect them to pass this one.

The whole idea of special legislation of this character by Congress is wrong—wrong in theory and fact, and outrageous on the community at large. It originated in the shallow brains of second-rate lawyers and brokers whom the Government loan dignified for a time with the name of "bankers." The thing once driven to its true, logical conclusion, is so palpably incorrect that its end cannot be far off, and its originators, overwhelmed with the "greatness of their conceptions," are probably already in the condition of the man described by Mark Twain, who bought a new Jurgenson watch and started in the trans-atlantic steamer for a European trip; but, confound that watch! it wouldn't keep even with the ship's time—gaining about an hour a day—and strange to say, it kept correct daily until about 11 o'clock, when there was somehow suddenly made up all the difference! and when the fellow had pushed the regulator ahead as far as it would go and found the ship still gained on the watch, he was at the end of his mental resources and ALTOGETHER MYSTIFIED.

When we read, in the prospectus of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, of Mr. Jay Cooke's great discovery of the measurement of heights by the mercury level in the thermometer, we were forcibly reminded of this watch and of the old woman's account of her thermometer, whose silvery thread could raise itself up and make the weather hot, or fall and make it cold, and we confessed to a feeling of apprehension that some of these gigantic schemes had been put on the carpet by people who didn't really understand what they were about. That Northern Pacific Railroad, for instance, with its much-talked-of "isothermal line," in the abstract a very elegant parade of scientific knowledge, of course, and a very pretty way to transport to our American steppes the climate, in imagination at least, of Venice, or Paris, or it may be of Cairo. But do people really comprehend how the "isothermal line" is got at? It is by taking the mean of temperatures, and depends therefore not upon the existence there, real or supposed, of any such climate as that of Southern France or Lombardy (vide Northern Pacific Railroad prospectus), but upon extremes of the worst kind. It may be a climate whose wintry severities surpass Greenland's icy frosts, alternating with summers which, from those topographical causes which offer no obstacles to the advance and concentration of the sun's rays in its passage northward, may quite outdo the most exalted conceptions of a New Yorker as to "heated terms," and yet this deceitful isothermal line, carefully sticking in the middle between the extremes, unblushingly talks to us of the climate of Southern France!

Take this Northern Pacific Railroad line and examine it cursorily, "d'nu bout a l'autre." Its so-called terminus, Duluth, is, from the best information, partly a morass; it is exposed to the full sweep of wind and sea from an extent of four hundred miles over the waters of Lake Superior. The only protection is to be a breakwater at right-angles to the waves. What this amounts to may be seen in WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY of February 11, where the effects of an ordinary storm are given. The country around the town is unproductive, and there is scarcely any life or industry to be seen on the shores of Lake Superior. Take away the laborers and their dependents now employed on that curious production, the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad, or on the Northern Pacific Railroad work, and what remains of Duluth? But admitting, for argument's sake, that its situation on the lake is unsurpassed, that its population is large, happy and contented, and that the Piegan Indians and their buffaloes are amazed at its greatness, what is to become of it for the seven months out of twelve during which it is inaccessible? For it is a melancholy fact that, although, as Jay Cooke joyfully says, "Lake Superior never freezes," still its only outlet at Sault Sainte Marie does freeze, and, moreover, freezes very early in the season and stays frozen very long, leaving Duluth only accessible for five months in the year.

(If that old woman could only take her thermometer to the Sault canal, and the mercury would but rise to produce an eternal spring.)

But this is not the worst of all. The Red River lands are

magnificent and well worth having; but how about the rest of the grant? On portions of it the snow never disappears. Washington Territory does not now support, we think, more than 30,000 inhabitants. Pine lands may furnish good timber; but do they promise a rich agricultural soil? Should the road be completed, on what is it to rely for income? Is the way traffic to be made up by Piegan Indians and their friends visiting one another? or is the locomotive to be chartered for a war-path, and hung around with braves glittering with tomahawks and vermillion? If the road is to depend on through traffic for income, how many travelers and how much freight will pass over it to Washington Territory, and seek that roundabout way, by the Cascade Mountains, to be supplemented by a dismal, foggy sea-voyage, to the metropolis of our Pacific coast, San Francisco? The Union Pacific Railroad seems to have trouble enough to stagger along, and yet possesses advantages this road never can have by any possibility. The Southern Pacific railroad, if ever built, will pass through a comparatively opened, mining and grazing country, and will certainly connect two rich and growing sections. But this Northern Pacific road, like a young bear, seems to have all its troubles before it. Time only can tell if it will ever be finished, and time only can tell what its sufferings or benefits will be if it is finished, but we doubt very much if the people of the country will come forward to sustain its projectors, in a purely private undertaking, as they did when, from public and patriotic motives, and with besides, a firm conviction of the value of the promises of the United States, they subscribed so freely to the government loans, through the house of Jay, Cook, & Co., during the war. The same motive is wanting—the risk, notwithstanding the flattering tales of advertisements, seems too great. Yet whether the road be completed or not, the contribution to physical science it has been the means of making public in Mr. Cooke's sweeping dogma, that "every 1,000 feet of elevation causes a fall of mercury in the thermometer of 3 degrees!" will remain to smiling scientists an enduring monument of the credit the world owes as a debt to such a great mind.

One curious and interesting inquiry at the present stage is whether the Northern Pacific Railroad people really contemplate making Duluth their terminus. The question, in view of all the outward and exuberant manifestations of such a design, paraded before the admiring public, seems superfluous. Nevertheless, there are reasons to doubt whether Duluth will ever be a terminus to anything at all, excepting "lot speculation." We have stated its topographical features in former articles. The only feasible railroad access to the town is that adopted by the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad, which crosses the St. Louis River at the Dalles of the St. Louis, distant twenty-two miles from Duluth, and borders the western river bank to the town. The road profile from the Dalles to Fond du Lac, is about as difficult as any work on this continent. The grade is said to be 69 feet to the mile, the curves frequent and sharp—some of them $7\frac{1}{2}$ degrees.

It passes over six long high trestles, one of them 110 feet high and 900 feet long. The cost of the 22 miles of road is said to have been about \$102,000 per mile, or over two millions of dollars. Now, from the junction of the Northern Pacific Railroad with this road, at a point 25 miles from Duluth, the route to Superior City is direct, only one small bridge is required over the Pegagama River, and the grades do not exceed 30 feet. Superior City, in Wisconsin, is one of the finest natural sites for a town on the whole lake, whilst Duluth is one of the most absurd that could be imagined.

Why, then, the attempt to injure the prestige of the new Pacific road by forcing Duluth on it as a terminus? The answer is that the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad, a chartered land grant railroad, is compelled by the Legislature of Minnesota to have its terminus in that State. The parties controlling that road obtained most of the land at Duluth, expecting to make a large profit, but the unlooked-for cost of putting the railroad there, compelled an issue of some two millions of dollars or second mortgage bonds, which, being to the extent of one and a quarter millions saddled on Pacific Railroad financiers, cause them to make these tremendous exertions to support Duluth and their own interests. And six millions of dollars were raised to inaugurate work on the Northern Pacific Railroad, with the express understanding that the road should not be extended eastward from its point of junction with the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad until it had been constructed westward some six hundred miles, or to the Red River lands.

It is evident that it is desired to convey the impression on the public mind that Duluth is to be the Northern Pacific Railroad terminus. Such an impression, fully established, would enable speculators to sell off, at enormous profits, town lots at Duluth, and to get rid of Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad securities at agreeable rates. The effort and the motive for it is very apparent on examination; but will Duluth be made the terminus when work on the Pacific road is commenced to the eastward of the point of junction we have spoken of? Either Superior city, Bayfield or Montreal River are far more likely. That Duluth should be, is very improbable, and if it is not, what will become of investors who are now being tempted into these things by newspaper advertisements of glittering generalities?

The Piegan Indian may, by and by, come to Duluth and

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

DEATH CANNOT DIVIDE US.

BY W. S. K.

In my heart of hearts lies hidden
 A secret, sacred drawer,
 Where my life's most precious jewels
 Its sweetest memories are.
 Here are pearls of childhood's laughter,
 Here are diamonds of sighs,
 Which came from hearts as pure and true
 As the people in the skies.
 Here are bars of golden music,
 Snatched from Sorrow's saddest hymn,
 And priceless gems of glittering tears
 Time can never, never dim.
 Here wreaths of warming welcome smile
 Which adorned the college prize;
 Here are sparks which made the love-light
 Bless and cheer the sad good-byes;
 Here are rubies from the wine-cup,
 Where the lips gave but the click
 Of telegraph which spoke from hearts
 That were throbbing warm and quick;
 Here are drops of holy water,
 Which were once my mother's tears,
 Still perfumed by her hallowing love
 And her consecrating prayers.
 And in this drawer an inner drawer
 Far more sacred yet than all,
 Where my life is ever lingering,
 Waiting, waiting for its call.
 Here are smiles made up of God's smiles,
 Light of pure and holy love;
 Here are sighs and tears to teach me
 That she was not from above.
 Here is trust and truth and beauty—
 Music, mirth and gentle grace;
 Every feature speaks the goodness
 That irradiates her face.
 And her form its lithe and lamb-like;
 Rarest gifts by God were given—
 Human love and holy living—
 She clings to man and climbs to Heaven.
 Angels took her up one morning
 From my clinging arms to God,
 And my heart was racked with anguish,
 Broken, broken by the rod.
 But I heard within this drawer,
 Like the voice of Sinner's friend,
 "Love, your own is with you always,
 Always, even to the end."
 And I looked and saw her smiling,
 And I listened to her prayer.
 "Patience, darling! wait a little;
 Where I am thou shalt be there."
 God, whose care is e'er beside us,
 Tells me "Death shall not divide us."
 —Evening Mail.

THE CLUBS OF NEW YORK.

THE CENTURY CLUB.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

A genuine history of the Century Club would, to a very large extent, be the history of literature and art in this city. It would include also, as a sort of episode to the main body of the work, nearly all the learned professions, both secular and sacred. For among its members are to be found the representative men of New York in divinity, medicine and law—which are the great trine of the intellectual faculties of all modern civilization. And besides these, and confronting them with a kingly majesty, like Joves confronting Joves, there are the inspiring and refined professions of music and the drama, with their wondrous spiritualities and cultures, the former, as Jean Paul Richter says, "speaking to us of things which in all our endless lives we have not found and shall never find," and the latter appealing alike to the mind and the conscience by its visible presentments and interpretations of subtle characters and embodied passions, which we all know, more or less, although it takes the profoundest study to elucidate their innermost significances, and the highest creative genius to give them life upon the stage and stamp them with the form and pressure of their times.

Nor does the Century leave the physical sciences entirely out in the cold, or spurn the great heart of philanthropy. They all have their representatives in given members of this club, so that it is hardly too much to say of it, that it keeps the keys of all the courts of civilization; indeed there is no art or science belonging to the higher culture of mankind which does not claim some one or other of these members as its oracle and exponent.

The Century is the oldest club of any importance in the city, and has undoubtedly exercised a very healthy and cheering influence both upon literature and art. It was started, too, at a time when there was little or no æsthetic taste or education in the city. We remember the time when Page was the greatest known name among us, or at all events, the greatest with which we, then in our early teens, were acquainted. Mr. Page was also a young man, bravely struggling upward and onward, but with very imperfect and inadequate means and appliances. He began, too, unfortunately for him, at the top, instead of at the bottom of the sacred hill of art, and with a most vicious idea of color, to say nothing about his drawing. He was ambitious to a fault, and wanted to be a great man before his genius was so much as fledged. He lacked knowledge and experience, but he was in earnest and loved painting for its own sake. It happened that when he ought to have been studying the rudiments of his art, he was conceiving and bringing forth his Venuses and Hebes, and his ideals of the distinguished women of the Bible, at a rate which, had they been real, would have made Parson Malthus tremble in terror, lest the world's population—already treading so fast upon the heels of subsistence—should be furnished and destroyed with all these new mouths to be filled at nature's table, and where no poor man, he says, ought to be allowed to sit, however honest and deserving of his daily bread the poor fellow might be in the estimation of all other people. It was enough for Malthus that he was poor, and he proclaimed, with America and the Mississippi Valley before his eyes, the infernal gospel, that there was no

room left for such as he at the stingy table aforesaid, and that he was an interloper and a supernumerary, and the devourer of better men's bread, who could afford to pay for what they ate.

Luckily for the "population," the contributions which Master Page made to it were a long way too refined and spiritual to descend to so great a vulgarity as eating, even though the viands were as delicate and poetical as the "limb of a lark," which, as we all know, the proverb insists on as being quite "enough for a fair lady."

We remember Mr. Page's Madonnas with a memory of dingy green, smudged with yellow, for the color of their long enrobements. And oh! such faces—such divine faces, expressed by large, deep black eyes, and roses and lilies upon the cheeks. No divine sorrow about any of these females, but beautiful were they as Houris and exceedingly well adapted for the Harem, either on earth or in Paradise. If any reader of ours has seen, in the picture gallery of the Philosophical Society at Boston, this gentleman's original painting of the Venus risen from the sea, and sailing thereafter upon the top of the foaming brine in a shell shallop, he will get some notion of the kind of flesh and blood which Mr. Page dealt in at that time, and of which he made his Madonnas. It is long ago since we saw these latter beauties as he painted them in the "perfection of their loveliness" and in the marvel of their beauty, so that we may possibly have misjudged them, through a partial forgetfulness of their merits, although we think we have not; but, at all events, there is no such good chance of our casting the Venus first alluded to into oblivion. It will live in our picture gallery forever, we are afraid, and that, too, in the unenviable immortality of its licentious character and its utter failure as a work of art. Of all the ideal representations of Greece, this of the Venus rising from the sea is the most chaste and beautiful. The Greeks called her Anadyomene, and the great painter, Apelles, made a very different picture of her to that of Mr. Page, devoting his highest moments to his conception of her character and loveliness, and representing her as issuing from the fond bosom of the enraptured sea and wringing her pale golden hair on her shoulders. This picture, the most famous in Greek history, was very clearly produced from the innermost adytum of the painter's soul, and he put all his power and genius into it, while Mr. Page, who is a great realist and lover of sensuous beauty, as clearly copied his Venus from the nude figure of some lascivious courtesan. He was, and to all appearance is, incapable of making any spiritual presentment in his works. In the later Venus—the Venus of the public exhibitions—he has shown himself to be a superb colorist, but beyond that, as to the sources of his production and his faculty of idealization, he is in *statu quo*.

Such was the condition of art at the time we are speaking of, with Mr. Page as its highest representative. True it is that there were numerous young men, more or less in earnest, who were doing their best, almost unaided, to make artists of themselves; and although these straws indicated the direction of the stream, they were all, so far as we knew them, swept away by it, to be heard and seen no more. The difficulties in the pathway of success, except with those who had a decided bent of genius for the pursuit, were immense; and to us of the present day, with the bountiful aids and advantages which public and private drawing-schools and schools of design, such as good Peter Cooper has incorporated, with the rest of the educational classes in the Cooper Institute, and which persons of both sexes can attend free of cost, are altogether unappreciable. There was then no practical help for any one, and no instruction, unless it were private, and so costly as to be out of the ordinary reach of students. Not that there was any great lack of galleries to which they might have free access. This was not the chief difficulty; the trouble was of an elementary character. They wanted instruction in free-hand drawing, in perspective, and in "drawing from the round" from the actual marbles. The attempts at oil paintings, so full of ambitious motive at the first, soon fell through, owing to the student's disgust at his own handiwork and also to his lack of perseverance; for, after all, this is the rock of success. Like fortitude, perseverance is also one of the great giants of the heart, continually impelling a man onward and urging him to victory.

We well remember the "New York Gallery of Fine Arts"—so called—and if we further remember rightly, it was the first institution of the sort founded in the city. There was an ancient Knickerbocker, it is true, who had a great love for pictures, sometime before the year 1836, and who used to import them from the European dealers and sell them at public auction. He had a rude dwelling and store upon the site now occupied by the stately and palatial mansion called the "Astor House;" and if tradition do not lie, as usual, he brought the first genuine Correggio into this country, and sold it finally at a loss, for the astonishing sum of twenty dollars, while the late Earl of Carlisle's father gave six thousand pounds, or thirty thousand dollars, for the "Three Marias," by the same painter. There was a man too, well known by the name of Guy Bryan—which, by the way, would make a capital *nom de plume*—who built himself a sort of hermitage in those early times at the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth street, where he managed to get together a respectable gallery of paintings. The more permanent institutions were the old Dusseldorf Gallery, subsequently located under Dr. Chapin's Church, on Broadway, the old New York Art Union, and the Historical Society, whose

paintings were for the most part of more interest as local memorials than as artistic examples.

The old park inclosure, or the City Hall square, is now almost as much of a myth as the New York Gallery of Fine Arts itself, and we dare say that there are comparatively few of our citizens who remember either of them. The park was a great gala place, and we still retain vivid pictures of its history. During the Martin Van Buren election it was often dark, so to speak, at midday with the vast crowds of the popular sovereigns, who were assembled before the Court House, and on the grassy lawns, and in and under the trees, to hear some stump orators expound the issues of the hour. One of these meetings was broken up suddenly by an unexpected row, occasioned by a jangling between one of the speakers and a gang of roughs, who took, or pretended to take, umbrage at something which he had uttered. It was soon plain, however, that they went there on purpose to have a "high old time" and general "shindy," for they pitched in pell-mell with bludgeons and knives and brick-bats, and were soon joined by a numerous company of the same "kidney," who sprang as if by magic from a dozen different places, and the fight soon became general. Then followed broken heads, and bloody faces, and black eyes, and bruised bodies, and endless cuttings and maimings, and shoutings and yellings, and the cries of the injured and the shrieks of the women and children, until at last the police came up in a body and stopped the hubbub, the riot and the bloodshed, by arresting quite a gang of the ring-leaders and dispersing the vast and motley crowd to their homes. We recall the faces both of the speakers and of some of the chief rioters, and remember how a certain colored gentleman, with his leg-of-mutton fist, knocked clear off his legs a gigantic bully, who had himself just pounded a slim, weak youth almost into a mummy. Very comical it was to see the expression of the black man's face as he performed the feat aforesaid by a direct, swift and thundering blow, delivered straight from the shoulder, directly under the bully's jaw. He did it so easily that it was evidently play to him, and he smiled a grim smile over the prostrate brute he had felled, and rolled his white-livered eyes in infinite satisfaction and with a guttural, chuckling laugh as he saw the huge man, with his bullock strength, try helplessly to pick himself up. Through the darkness and turmoil and ceaseless battle of thirty-five years do these pictures of reality come to us with the freshness of yesterday.

The New York Gallery of Fine Arts was located in an ancient, wierd-looking, Dutch building in the Court House group, which has been demolished during the course of the improvements now going on within its precincts. There was a large rotunda in the building, where public meetings and meetings for the transaction of municipal business and political cliques met to adjust their swindling arrangements. It was an old, central and favorite place with the citizens, as the Park itself was; and what a treat to the eyes were the green grass and trees on that tiny bit of genuine nature! When we first remember it it was left to grow riot in its rank grass and weeds. Lines of old, worm-eaten posts, with chains attached to them, were the sole guardians of this little city sanctum. The Post-office was close at hand, too—and a sorry building it was, and quite as much a disgrace to the city then as the present Post-office is now. We remember, too, that in the red sandstone slabs before the Court House there were the footprints of three-clawed antediluvians plainly visible, which attracted the attention of the savans and called forth various theories of explanation. When the animal that made these tracks was walking over the soft mud by the river's shore on that bright sunny morning, we dare be sworn that it never entered into its pate how long these tracks would last, and how nature herself, hundreds of thousands of years afterward, would show the secret to modern curiosity-mongers in the fossil line of business. Nay, as we also remember, man himself was yet an idea in the creative brain of God and had no objective existence—not appearing upon the theatre of time until innumerable centuries had subsequently passed away; which is very curious considering the circumstances and condition under which they are finally brought together—this animal through its tracks, and this man through his civilization. It is really, when one comes to look at it with a philosopher's eye and a thoughtsman's head, a very strange, startling and big theme—as so many are, indeed, only they are so numerous and common that we don't think it worth our while to stoop low enough to examine them.

It appears from several authorities that the New York Gallery of Fine Arts had an art ancestry, and that it succeeded its immediate "parent" in a direct line, taking possession instantaneously—and with an heir's greediness and selfishness—of all that it could lay its hands on, and then, as if ashamed of its family antecedents, changing its name into that aristocratic appellation, "Gallery of Fine Arts." We must speak a good word for this and all the rest of the art places at that time; and they deserve it because they threw open wide their doors to all students, who were permitted to remain there as long as they pleased and copy what they liked. Nobody can tell how many young and enthusiastic hearts were encouraged and comforted by this bounty and its provisions.

But there were men of large, liberal minds in New York then, as now—men of real culture, who loved both literature and art for their own sakes, and desired to make all the citizens, high and low, rich and poor, acquainted more or

less with their priceless riches, and with the blessings unspeakable which they confer upon every hearty and sincere lover of them. These men were about equally balanced as litterateurs and artists. They were fully aware of the intellectual and æsthetic needs of the city, and how the rage for money-making, through the mighty channels of trade and commerce, had hitherto precluded them from literary and artistic culture and association. They determined, therefore, if possible, to get a hundred men, whether connoisseurs or professionals, or a mixture of both, to form a club, the object of which should be the encouragement of literature and art. To this end they invited authors, journalists, artists, physicians, actors, musicians and men of science and theology to meet in the old Rotunda, and then and there organize the society, being well persuaded that the existence of such a clerical association could not fail to influence the society of New York in all the directions of human knowledge, improvement and refinement. A hundred of the chiefs of the community banded together with such high spiritual aims, would, they believed, gradually change its face, and make it sunny and beautiful, instead of gloomy, savage and morose. It would be, in short, a "great fact," as the *London Times*, after abusing it for years, suddenly proclaimed the Anti-Corn law agitation to be. A "great fact," which would reach the ears, hearts and homes of every person in the city, from the boss to the employee, who made the smallest pretensions to education and general knowledge.

The response to the invitation was prompt and warm, and on the 13th of January, 1847, they held a meeting in the rotunda of the New York Gallery of Fine Arts, before spoken of as the pioneer art gallery of the city. The chief originators of the proposed club were Henry T. Tuckerman, the well known author and art critic, who combines, in the style of his later books, the chasteness of Addison with the sweetness and beauty, and the vivacity and brilliance of Leigh Hunt—this gentleman, with A. D. Durant and others, whose names have escaped us, took the initiative, we say, in the propounding and organization of the club. The idea was not new to them, inasmuch as they already met together for a similar purpose and object. They belonged to a sort of embryo club, never fully developed, called the Sketch Club, of which Washington Irving and S. F. B. Morse were members, and, though private and nearly altogether unknown beyond their own immediate circle, it had been productive of much good, not only to them as members, but to their families and friends, who came more or less under their influence. It conferred immense benefit, also, by bringing men of like tastes and pursuits together, who, in the absence of this medium, might have lived in the same city all their lives without so much as having a common acquaintance with each other.

The first meeting was merely preliminary and informal, and the circular adopted then and there, and sent abroad over the city to gentlemen of various tastes and culture, inviting them to join an association in the interest of letters and art, was signed by John G. Chapman, A. B. Durant, C. C. Ingham, A. M. Cozzens—the author, subsequently, of the "Sparrowgrass Papers," and very lately transplanted from the earth, and made a full member of the Angelic Club in the spiritual world—F. W. Edmonds and H. T. Tuckerman.

There was a good attendance at the meeting, and its importance was recognized by all. It was pretty clear, however, from the beginning, that art was to be the central attraction and the main object of the association. Literature, it was probably thought, could take care of itself, but art required a long nurture, training and experience before it could go alone. There was much truth in this proposition; but who would have dreamed that in the short space of twenty-five years, dating from this meeting, it would have been possible for art to have made such wonderful progress as it has made in this city? Thanks to the club which was organized on that 9th day of January, 1847—just twenty-four years ago to-day, the 9th of January, 1871—under the name of the "Century." David C. Colden was elected the President, Daniel Seymour the Secretary, and Thos. S. Cummings, Treasurer. Mr. Colden proved an active, vigorous and enthusiastic officer, and his large hope magnetized all the rest of the members and woke within them the sureties of a great success.

The constitution which was presently drawn up and adopted declared that the Century should be composed of authors, artists, amateurs of letters and the fine arts, residents of the city of New York and vicinity, and that its objects should be the cultivation of a taste for letters and the arts, and social enjoyment. Nothing could be better or more stimulating to the intellect and the social affections. Beauty and learning were herein married to the highest human uses, and no man raised the anti-Mormon cry of "No Polygamy!" Moreover, as it turned out, there were very few, if any, discordant elements in the club—no jealousy, envy, and the uncharitableness which thinketh or doeth evil to a brother because of his mental or artistic superiority.

The club was christened the "Century," at the suggestion of Elgar S. Van Winkle, and as it cannot fail to be generally interesting to educated New Yorkers to learn under whose executive auspices it was conducted during the first few years of its existence, we subjoin the names of its members, promising that, in obedience to the constitution, the said executive was composed of two authors, two artists and two amateurs. The names are these: Gulian C. Verplanck, John L. Stephens, A. B. Durant, John G. Chapman, David C. Colden, Charles M. Leupp. The President was the first man who spoke in the Century Club, and was very eloquent in

urging upon each member the performance of the sacred duties which he had assumed as a promoter and patron of literature and art. The old Rotunda, where several of the earliest meetings were held, was astonished in its semi-steeples and its clerical sedateness, to hear such new and strange doctrines proclaimed in its auditorium as that "art was the great mediator which led men from the brute empire of materiality to the mysteries of the divine and the holy"—"the stepping-stone through the ideal region of beauty to the gates of Heaven"—"the most elevating and refining of all the agents and influences of civilization," etc., etc. These were H. T. Tuckerman's teachings, it is true, and not Mr. Colden's, although he and all the more cultivated of the members endorsed them. Indeed, Mr. Tuckerman has been all along a very considerable, but, comparatively, unrecognized, benefactor to the rising generation by his ceaseless advocacy of art and by the beautiful humane sentiments which pervade his literary performances. He has his imperfections as an author, like the rest of us, and these consist mainly in the superabundances of his rhetoric and the crowding in of too much illustration to his ideas; but, as we said above, his later style is pure, simple and powerful, as all so-called Saxon writing must be from the wondrous vividness of its monosyllabic words and the directness through its downright simplicity of all the appeals which it makes to the mind and conscience.

The Rotunda was soon found to be too small for the purposes of the club. A great programme of gradual development began also to assume shape and character in the minds of some of the leading members, and it was impossible to accomplish this within the present limits of the club. So rooms were obtained at No. 495 Broadway, and from that time to this, although it changed its residence again and again before it finally settled in the present magnificent palace which goes by its name, the Century has been both prosperous and useful—and we should like to think that its usefulness had been commensurate with its prosperity. Having now secured a comfortable residence the artists took a laudable pride in rendering the rooms attractive and beautiful by decorating the walls with their best productions. A reading-room was established and the nucleus of a library. But in the meanwhile authorship was not represented, and to supply this deficiency it was proposed and carried that a journal should be issued periodically, to be called the *Century Journal*, and that the authors, whether poets or prose-writers, journalists or amateurs, should unite with the artists in making contributions to it. It was a decided success; and many very admirable poems, sketches, stories and pretty literary trifles adorned its pages. This could hardly have been otherwise when we consider what a splendid array of more or less celebrated and luminous names lighted up the beautiful firmament of the Century. There was William Cullen Bryant, now President of the Club, and then the acknowledged poet of America—intrinsically that, as not being ashamed of his country, as one having a boundless faith in it, looking to its measureless woods and illimitable prairies, its vast water systems and mountain chains, for his inspiration, and not sneaking off to Europe; like a lickspittle and a toady, to become the pander to old aristocratic ideas and the singer of old feudal traditions and the glory of kings and priests in their palaces and old monastic houses—because, forsooth, America is not old enough for song, and is altogether too plebeian and vulgar in its life and attributes and surroundings for a recognized poet to touch save with gloved hands, amid the smoke of burning aromatic woods in a hundred censurs. Bryant shall have mighty meeds of praise for this his manliness and insight into realities, and his long foreseeing into the future of America, as well as for his belief in its present greatness and grandeur, when the lack-a-daisical pups of poetry—so very popular just now because so imitative and reminiscent of English song, and so abounding in nice European manners and un-American sentiments—shall be given over to the worms in contemptuous neglect.

The other members were the Rev. Dr. Bellows—that fire-breathing, bellowing bull of prayer and praise!—the most cultivated man, nevertheless, in the denomination to which he belongs, but a great plagiarist, as we shall show when we come to speak of him at full length, and a sensationalist, whose talent is quite equal to that of any cent newspaper in New York City, who delights, indeed, in thunder and earthquakes, having matriculated, as the joke goes, in that University of fire known as Mount Etna. A man, however, with real eyes in his head and great unction in his heart, and a lover and quick discoverer of the beautiful in all things, and, as a writer, often of incomparable eloquence and power, with a style that drops with the aroma of true genius and poetry, and is suffused with exquisite color, like the glory of the morning skies at the first appearance of the sun.

Henry K. Brown, John G. Chapman and A. M. Cozzens were also among the first members. Poor Cozzens! he will never more prepare "Sparrowgrass" banquets for the delectation of our appetites! He will make us laugh and be glad and merry no more. No more will his humor tickle our diaphragms, nor his sudden wit flash like sunshine over our quick perceptions! The genial and social companion, the true friend, the delightful writer, is no more a sojourner in this pleasant world, with its sweets and flower blooms—in this sorrowful world, with its trials, temptations, struggles—but he is gone home to live forever in his Father's House of many mansions.

"All heads must come
To the cold tomb!
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

The remainder of the Century aborigines are David C. Colden, the first President, as we have seen, J. D. Campbell, L. G. Clarke, T. L. Cummings, A. B. Durant, Rev. Orville Dewey, a great, liberal thinker, a wise man and eloquent preacher—greater than the much bragged-of Channing—and as big, indeed, as—well, himself; and that is enough; T. W. Edmonds, C. L. Elliott, Thomas Addis Emmet, Dudley B. Fuller, Thomas H. Faile, George Folsom, Allen Goldsmith, John H. Gourlie, a gentleman of extensive knowledge and a wide acquaintance with men and books, who from the opening of the Club to the present time has been an indefatigable and valuable member, worthy of much honor and distinction; Henry Peters Gray, Daniel Huntingdon, Ogden Haggarty, W. J. Hoppin, Charles C. Ingham, Governor Kemble, Shepherd Knapp, Robert Kelley, Charles M. Leupp, Samuel E. Lyon, Christian Mayr, Dr. McNevin, Eleazer Parmly, T. S. Rossiter, the painter, a man of real genius, who has never done justice to it, who is always in a terrible hurry, forgetful of Goethe's admonition:

"Making no haste,
Taking no rest,
Ever fulfilling
Thy God-given best."

We are more than half ashamed, for art's sake, to say that Mr. Rossiter's "best" is gold, and his work shows the motive power that produces it. It is a fatal, suicidal course for any man, either of art or letters, to pursue, and as we said, the motive will not hide. No man ever did a great thing with selfishness and avarice guiding his hand. And we are sorry for Mr. Rossiter. If he were a hodman he might go his ways for us, and carry his mortar whithersoever he listed. But he is a man of genuine faculty, and can do the true, and ought to do it. All that trumpery of the "Adam and Eve" pictures and of the "Jeremiah" scenes, with their impudent trickeries and falsehoods, so damaging to art and so destructive of reputation, when judged by sensible and practiced men, it would be well for Mr. Rossiter if he consigned them to the flames, and resolved henceforth to do his best in love, waiting for the inspirations and the holy overshadowings. Hitherto he has wasted his life, the life of his soul, and stands attainted before God and man as the producer and interpreter of falsehood, and the debaucher thereby of the public taste, giving them meretricious pictures for real paintings, conceived in the dewy freshness and beauty of the imagination, when fullest of the divine influx and imagery. Let him now begin to pick up his years, let him "pick the pretty" out of them—that is, the very best things that they are now, at the lag end of his days, capable of yielding to his regenerated pencil. If he try this experiment he will find at last how solid the old earth is—how terribly in earnest, how absolutely sincere and true—and his old house of falsehood will vanish away in its ruins like a baleful enchantment, and he will soon find a new house in its stead, fit for the indwelling of the mighty gods.

Daniel Seymour, Joseph Trench, H. T. Tuckerman, H. C. Tappan, Gulian C. Verplanck and Edward S. Van Winkle, the club's godfather, bring up the rear of these notable names, which include among them the pick of the various professions and of the students of art and literature at that time, as well as some of the chief merchants.

The club was a success from the beginning; and Russel H. Nevins, Thomas S. Officer, J. W. Glass and Charles S. Roe were elected members at the second monthly meeting, and at the third Major T. S. Brown, the celebrated engineer, and an honor even to the Century, was elected. This gentleman had the charge of the Engineering Department of the New York and Erie Railroad, and was subsequently appointed to an important railroad office by the Emperor of all the Russias.

The financial department was in a satisfactory condition at the close of the first year, the annual meeting being held January 13, 1848. The Treasurer reported a balance in favor of the Club of some three hundred dollars. A very strict eye was kept upon the expenditures, and the rules are stringent enough in this respect, forbidding all outlays of more than two hundred and fifty dollars, no matter for what object, except the same be sanctioned at a meeting where sixty members shall be present, two-thirds of whom shall vote for it, and even then the outlay shall not take place until all the members' votes be ratified by the Board of Management.

When the business of this annual meeting was concluded, Daniel S. Seymour startled the members by making a proposition quite within the scope and meaning of the club, to the effect that the litterateurs and artists should jointly produce and issue a volume of their own performances, the artists to illustrate the literature. It fell through, however, although for what practical reason we cannot imagine, as it would assuredly have been of interest both to the members of the club and to the public. The journal, however, remained, and the literary affairs of the club were intrusted in 1851 to its editors, Frederic S. Cozzens and John H. Gourlie.

It is interesting to know that Mr. Cozzens made his reputation by his contributions to this journal—the best of which, in prose and verse, were collected by him and published in a volume which he styled "Prismatics." His is a sort of fame that the people will not willingly let die. Almost every one, whether educated up to the razor-edge of wit, or to the smiles and sunshine of a pleasant humor, or not, can feel the general spirit of his pieces quite enough to make him enjoy them with a hearty relish; and we hope soon to be able to welcome a complete edition of his works

from some one of our great publishing houses. We knew him well in old times, Horatio! and the last time we saw him was on a moonlight excursion up the Hudson. He was full of fun and frolic, merriment and wit, and he set the tables in a roar when we dived down into the cabin "to see how the youths and maidens were getting on," as he said. He had a pleasant humorous word for all who approached him, and everybody seemed to know him on board and to claim his acquaintance. Some one invited us to a mint julep and a cigar—and he was so hilarious and was possessed by so absorbing a spirit that night that he seemed to take the bar of the julep dispensation by storm. "Make way!" said his friend, "and let me come to the counter and see that you get the real thing and no sham. Make way, I say! I'm of more value than many 'sparrows.'" "That may be, Bub!" replied Cozzens, "but you ain't of more value than this sparrow. 'Many' don't mean 'all,' old fellow! and I happen, in this case, to be the respectable exception, do you see?" And he did see, and we all laughed heartily at the pretty turn that he gave to the Scripture quotation. "This julep was never coined in a mint, I dare swear!" he said, after drinking the same with a wry face. "It's a darned counterfeit, and it ought to be condemned as a feat of felony to pass it over the counter!"

He was full of such things, and much better ones—and they dropped flashing from his lips like a rain of pearls, and he altogether unconscious, as it seemed, of their quality or value. We have a broken memory of several other witticisms uttered by him on this memorable occasion, but it is so long ago that we fear to spoil by repeating them, and more than half regret that we have quoted him at all, because the glint and brilliance which they possessed, as they came from him, are lost to us.

Among the chief writers of the journal were Peter A. Porter and C. P. Cranch. The latter had a club reputation for his poems on "Vesuvius," and the "Graces of Art," and the former wrote a humorous, and, on the whole, clever poem called the "Spirit of Beauty," which set him up as one of the Century's Oracles. They did not amount to much, however, and, so far as we know, they lie buried in the dusty grave of the old numbers of the journal which originally gave them birth.

Perhaps no club ever attained to such popularity in so short a time as the Century. It was well known in every respectable household, and was always spoken of with commendations, although we think that even in the blood-rush of its youthful existence it did not half develop its resources and capabilities of usefulness. From the first, too, Art has ridden rough-shod over literature, whereas there ought to have been, and to be, an equal fair play for both. We are too glad, however, for what we have got out of it, to pick a quarrel about its shortcomings. It was necessary for the popular good, and for the growth of civilization, that Art should speak in all her eloquence and loveliness to the people, and this club existed for the encouragement of Art, and has confessedly helped its development and progress. Mr. Paul P. Duggan was the originator of the club's "Gallery of Art," and contributed a number of valuable portraits of deceased members as a nucleus for the same. It was a touching and most loving benefaction, and well worthy of imitation, for portraits not only belong to the highest Art, but they are affectionate memorials of dear friends, or celebrated and noteworthy persons, whose faces we shall see no more in the world of time. If they belong to the latter class, they are of inestimable value, both as history and biography, so to speak; and if to the former, they are dear to us for more personal considerations, and belong to the affections and to the soul. Mr. Duggan, therefore, did a generous and good work in thus embalming the memory of the old departed members of the Club. It is a department of art, too, which ought to have more masters; but the misery is that young aspirants are so enamored of color, and the apparent success which attends their efforts at landscape—although it is merely apparent, the masters of landscape being very few and very choice—that they cannot be persuaded to take up the sacred burden of art labors, and study religiously so dry and comparatively colorless a work as God's supremest masterpiece—the living portrait of a man. It is the hardest and most difficult of all art enterprises. One must almost undergo metempsychosis with his subject before he can be intimate and inward enough with him to work from his spirit outward, and represent the subtle lineaments of his mind and character. But we may say in this connection that a Historical Portrait Gallery, even though confined exclusively to American celebrities, would be one of the grandest triumphs of native Art, and invaluable to the future historian, painter, statesman and poet; and we hope some wealthy Cræsus will immortalize himself by founding such a gallery and presenting it to the people.

The Art Gallery has been vastly enriched of late years by some noble contributions from the studios of our great painters. Gifford is well represented, as he deserves to be for where is there a more truthful, trustful, and conscientious painter? His landscapes are on fire with nature's own color and sunshine, and there is such a beautiful harmony in them, they are so well composed and balanced, with such a breadth and vastness to the scenery—especially in his sublime mountain pieces—and the atmosphere is so clear and living, and all-pervading, and makes such a sweet melody in the tremulous leaves of the trees, that the whole picture absorbs us like the perfection of glorious music. His Green Mountain scenes are very embodiments of nature

in her grandest moods; and his more quiet pictures affect us like a beautiful poem by Wordsworth, composed as he usually composed his poetry, in the fields and woods. Ken-sett, too, who finds beauty everywhere, and knows so well how to enhance it by his matchless genius, the veriest poet of painting, who seems to have been transfigured by the spirits of two great painters, who shall be nameless for the nonce has liberally endowed the club with his valuable pictures; and there are others by Gignoux, and by the mighty hand of Cropsey, by McEntee, and by Bierstadt. Of the last artist we are almost afraid to speak, because our judgment of his faculty as a painter is so directly opposed to that of the common crier. He has not a tithe of the real ability of Gifford, who is all conscience and trust, and would spurn a trick of art as he would a lie. But Mr. Bierstadt has been a trickster from the beginning. He began as a villainous draughtsman, and has so continued with very little improvement to the present day. His earlier pictures, even after he had attained a reputation which enabled him to command high prices, for very trumpery because very false performances, were many of them despicable, considered, we mean, as art, and there were such shocking discords in the coloring as jarred the nerves like dreadful dissonances in music. We saw some years ago a picture of Rocky Mountain scenery from his brush, which was as coarse and vulgar as the work of a sign painter; and this, too, after he had had the advantage of studying from nature herself on the spot. The foreground was a mass of broken rocks, and ineradicable scrub, with patches of long grass and scattered groups of flowers, with the mountains in the background shutting in the scene. These mountains were supposed to be miles off, but the perspective was so vicious that they looked close to. There was no air in the picture, and if the "artist" had given the true key to it, as a landscape without atmosphere, he would have painted a litter of prairie dogs lying on the grass, suffocated and dead. As it was he did his best to this end. Arid and dry as if a simoom had swept it lay most of the foreground and all the middle distance; a dingy yellow looked up from the blurred face of the earth, and a more leathery piece of work could not well be imagined. A friend of ours in Boston paid him eight hundred dollars for a large canvas, which no cultivated man would allow to enter his house. He was green then at picture buying, but he told us that his disgust for this eight hundred dollar trash was so great since he had learned what genuine art is, that he has transferred it to the cloacum.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

PRINCIPLES OF THE NATIONAL REFORM PARTY.

A LETTER TO PRESIDENT GRANT.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 6, 1871.

To His Excellency U. S. Grant, President of the United States:

SIR—On the 10th day of February, 1869, the then President of the National Labor Union organization, Wm. H. Sylvius, made a written request that before you delivered your inaugural as chief magistrate of the nation, the principles and objects of the National Labor Reform party be laid before you, and accordingly, on the 17th February of that year, a letter was placed in your hands briefly stating some of the evils the producing classes complain of, especially the burdens they have to bear in producing the amount necessary to be handed over to those who hold the bonds of the United States and collect by taxation a semi-annual interest, and in addition thereto are obliged to pay a rate of interest for the use of money necessary to transact the business which absorbs all its profits. In that letter the mode was pointed out whereby the debt could be liquidated, and the nation not only relieved from the heavy burdens of taxation to pay interest, but furnished with a sufficient amount of lawful American money to carry on their business at as low rate of interest as is paid in Europe.

The principles of the National Labor Reform party are comprised in two propositions, namely: the soil and the currency—a sufficiency of the former to every citizen as his right to save him from being a pauper; and a sufficiency of the currency issued on the security of his wealth to every citizen needing it, without cost, in order to enable him to transact his business without the burthen of usury. I herewith have the honor to inclose to you an address delivered in the city of St. Louis in 1870, indicative of these views, which I respectfully suggest as being incontrovertible. Your Excellency has in your late message to the Congress fully vindicated one of these great principles, namely, the land question, and if, during the term of office, you shall have rendered no other service to your country than this signal one, you will nevertheless have established your reputation as a national benefactor. You have correctly stated that the granting of the public lands to corporations is unconstitutional, and herein you have excelled in public service any of your predecessors. Upon the other momentous question I have the honor to make to you the following suggestions, which, if correct, inexorably demand that you withhold your approval of the funding bill lately enacted by the Congress.

The scheme of funding a debt due by a nation is essentially monarchical—one of those resorts to which that form of government has recourse in order to enhance the interests of its aristocracy—moneyed, commercial or landed—at the expense of the great body of the people; and a very specious form of tyranny it is—outwardly fair, but subtle and undermining. How easy to exclaim, the debt is as much as all its substance is worth and the nation will therefore be compelled to bequeath the payment of at least a portion of the debt to posterity, who will reap the advantage of the occasion which created it equally with ourselves, in the same manner as if one of its citizens owed an amount equal to his property, and therefore craves for time to pay his obligations. If an individual is indebted to an amount more than he can pay, he is insolvent; and so of a community of individuals called a nation or a people. There is herein an essential difference, however, between an individual and a community: the one

may become bankrupt, even though his affairs are guided with prudence and economy—a people can never reach that condition except through the inauguration of usury or interest, the payment whereof is made the pretence of preserving their credit by funding their indebtedness. The true funding bill for the American debt is to issue a national currency equal to the amount due in currency wherewith to pay it, as the true mode at the outset of the debt would have been to issue a national currency in lieu of borrowing from the citizens a currency which was only local: and to pay the gold debt, issue the national currency to an amount equal to the purchase of its gold commodity when due, just as you buy cotton, corn, hemp, tobacco, houses and lands with the national issue now.

But men flare up and say, What! do as the French did with their assignats and Americans with their continental paper; issue money that is not redeemable in gold and silver until it becomes not worth the paper it is made of? If the American people issue no more currency than is needed to pay the debt, they will want every dollar of it to transact their commerce with; there will be no depreciation of its value, but it will necessarily close and wind up the issue to national banks, which they dole out to the commercial wants of the country at a discount that eats out the heart of the enterprise and industry of the nation. Here is the stumbling block, and here is the difficulty: it is the usurers that seek to beguile the people and raise an outcry against a system that is pure and practical, and above all, honest.

If President Grant will veto the atrocious funding bill, which imposes upon the people a burden for the benefit of our moneyed aristocracy they must in time bend and fall under, he will effect what President Jackson aimed at, and only temporarily accomplished, viz.: the overthrow of the only enemy of American institutions, to wit—the consuming and subtle system of usury established on a grade in this republic so high as would overthrow any monarchy in old Europe.

JOHN MAGUIRE.

Executive of the National Labor Reform party for the State of Missouri.

FROM THE POTOMAC TO THE PACIFIC.

BY ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE.

IV.

OGDEN TO RENO.

RENO, NEV., January 5, 1871.

Through the desert we are going; not a tree or bush to be seen. There are mountains, but they are all the time so far away, all of the same height and pattern; never have we come near them until this moment. On our left we are quite close, but we never wind among them. At Reno the Shawnee Indians gathered around the train begging, some with painted faces, all in old blankets. The squaws carried their papooses on their backs. One had her baby fixed in a sort of case, so that nothing could be seen but its head, and that only when she turned around. An old miner, who understood the language, asked her to let us see her babies. She laughed and said, "Yes, for two bits." There was Yankee smartness. Two of the girls, apparently about sixteen years of age, were quite pretty. Denton (my son) went out among them and distributed candy and cakes. Jessie called them ladies and gentlemen, and gave them all the apples, candy and cakes she could get.

We are told that we shall pass through the finest scenery in the night. That is too bad.

Behold the city of Carlin—Ellison House restaurant. "O, here come Indians!" cries Jessie; "see a little Indian girl with her face painted red." I move to the window. There she is, her face as red as blood, her mother's too. They are dressed up for the occasion. Here come more, men and women. Ah, there is a pretty-faced girl! We brought with us some cheap jewelry; so I hastened to my basket, took out a bracelet, called her to our car, which was the last, and I stepped down and fastened it on her wrist. The squaw with her said something; then, with a sort of bashful smile, looked in my face, then at her bracelet with evident delight. We have laughed at their red, painted faces; but is there not here a something akin to ambition, an element that might be made the means of developing them into a condition far superior to their present one of semi-beggary? Another papoose, all done up in cotton batting and fixed in its box, nothing visible but the head, and scarcely that, for a sort of pouch shelters it from the weather. Jessie amuses us by saying: "See that lady with her face painted! See another little lady," etc., reminding us of many a fine white lady that paints her face also, only not with such strong colors. Do not both originate from the same source?

"What a pretty dog! Come, mamma, and see the prettiest dog you ever saw!" Of course I went; the dog had a wolf-like head. "An Indian dog," says our miner.

So far it would seem that no railroad ever had less engineering difficulties with which to contend—a level prairie, level mountain tops (so to speak) or rather table lands, to which the ascent is very gradual. Not a tunnel, I believe, except two or three very small ones; but few bridges.

Our miner belongs to the silver mines. Men, he says, get \$20 and \$30 per day; they will save their money for awhile and then go on a spree. One old miner who owned a good claim would occasionally shut up his work and go off and have a good time, drinking and gambling until he had spent his all, \$30,000 or \$40,000; then he would resume his mining most industriously.

O, for a sight of a tree, a bush, or a bit of green grass! I could fancy myself on the planet Mercury.

Pahsades! More painted Indian "ladies." They talk to the children at the back of the car. "You talk Dutch!" says our little Ernest to a squaw who had a papoose sewed up in its cap on her back. "Why does that girl paint her face so red?" asked Ernest again. At my request the papoose is lifted from the back and laid on the ground, and by stooping down we get a peep of its face; fat and jolly it looked. A Yankee invention for babies, I should call it, were it not peculiarly Indian.

ANOTHER STEP ONWARD.—Mrs. Ross was last week unanimously elected to succeed Judge Woodward in the Board of Directors of the Wyoming National Bank at Wilkesbarre Pa., and signifies her intention to regularly attend their weekly meetings.

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The Principals hope, by devotion to the mental, moral and physical training of their pupils, to secure their improvement and the encouraging approbation of parents and guardians.

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NEW JERSEY RAILROAD—FROM FOOT OF CORTLANDT ST.—For West Philadelphia, at 8:30 and 9:30 A. M., 12:30, 5*, 7*, 9:30* P. M., 12 night. For Philadelphia via Camden, 7 A. M., 1 and 4 P. M. For Baltimore and Washington and the West, via Baltimore, 8:30 A. M., 12:30 and 9:30* P. M. For the south and southwest, 8:30 A. M., 9:30* P. M. Silver Palace cars are attached to the 9:30 P. M. train daily, and run through to Lynchburg without change. For the West, via Pennsylvania Railroad—9:30 A. M., and 7* P. M. Silver Palace cars are attached to the 9:30 A. M., and run through from New York to Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago without change. Silver Palace cars are attached to the 7* P. M., daily, and run through to Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis and Chicago without change. Tickets for sale at foot of Cortlandt St., and Dodd's Express, 94½ Broadway. (*Daily.) F. W. JACKSON, Gen. Supt.

November 1, 1870.

THE BALTIMORE & OHIO R. R.

Is an Air-Line Route from Baltimore and Washington to Cincinnati, and is the only line running Pullman's Palace Day and Sleeping Cars through from Washington and Baltimore to Cincinnati without change.

Passengers by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad have choice of routes, either via Columbus or Parkersburg. From Cincinnati, take the Louisville and Cincinnati Short Line Railroad.

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Silver Palace Sleeping Coaches at night, and splendid Smoking Cars, with revolving arm chairs, on day trains.

Remember! lower fare by no other route. To secure the advantages offered by this great through route of Quick Time, Short Distance and Low Fare, ask for tickets, and be sure they read, via Louisville and Cincinnati Short Line R. R.

Get your tickets—No. 57 Washington street, Boston; No. 229 Broadway, office New Jersey R. R., foot of Cortlandt street, New York; Continental Hotel, 628 Chestnut street, 44 South Fifth street, and at the depot corner Broad and Prime streets, Philadelphia; S. E. corner Baltimore and Calvert streets, or at Camden Station, Baltimore; 485 Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, D. C.; and at all the principal railroad Offices in the East.

SAM. GILL,

General Supt., Louisville, Ky.

HENRY STEFFE,

Gen. Ticket Agent, Louisville, Ky.

SIDNEY B. JONES,

Gen. Pass. Agent, Louisville, Ky.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF NEW JERSEY.—Passenger and Freight Depot in New York, foot of Liberty street; connects at Hampton Junction with the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, and at Easton with the Lehigh Valley Railroad and its connections, forming a direct line to Pittsburgh and the West without change of cars.

ALLENTOWN LINE TO THE WEST. Sixty miles and three hours saved by this line to Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, etc., with but one change of cars. 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, Lititz, 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, 9:30, 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, 6:30, 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 O. Regions. Connects at Somerville for Flemington. Connects at Junction for Stroudsburg, Water Gap, Scranton, etc. Connects at Phillipsburg for Mauch Chunk, Wilkesbarre, etc.

5:00 P. M.—CINCINNATI EXPRESS, daily, for Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Reading, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, Chicago and Cincinnati. Sleeping cars to Pittsburgh and Chicago. Connects at Junction with D., L. and W. R. R. for Scranton.

Sleeping Cars through from Jersey City to Pittsburgh every evening.

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, 526 Broadway, at No. 10 Greenwich street, and at the principal hotels.

R. E. RICKER, Superintendent.

M. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

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Housekeeping Linen Goods,

selected with great care for our retail trade, at extremely low prices.

Richardson's Irish Linens,

In every make and number, at gold prices.

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10-4 Barnsley sheetings at 85c.

11-4 Barnsley Sheetings at 90c.

Several cases of very fine Sheetings,

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9-4 Bleached Barnsley Damask, \$1, from \$1 80.

9-4 and 10-4 Damask, new designs, in very fine Goods.

Also, a few pieces of

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A large lot of

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Napkin en suite,

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Crash, from 9 cents per yard upward.

A large stock of Towels of every description,

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Our stock of Blankets, Flannels, Marseilles Quilts,

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English Calicos in a new shade of purple,

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Is greater than to fill the seats of State;
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CORPORATION NOTICE.—PUBLIC
notice is hereby given to the owner or owners,
occupant or occupants of all Houses and Lots, im-
proved or unimproved Lands, affected thereby, that
the following Assessments have been completed, and
are lodged in the office of the Board of Assessors for
examination by all persons interested, viz.:

1. For laying Stafford pavement in Seventh avenue,
from Fourteenth to Fifty-ninth street.
2. For laying Stafford pavement in Fifteenth street,
from Seventh to Eighth avenue.
3. For laying Stafford pavement in Fifty-seventh
street, from Lexington to Sixth avenue.
4. For laying Belgian pavement in Thirty-ninth
street, from Seventh to Eighth avenue.
5. For laying Belgian pavement in South street
from Catharine to Montgomery street.
6. For laying Belgian pavement in Twenty-eighth
street, from Broadway to Eighth avenue.
7. For laying Hamar wood pavement in Forty sixth
street, from Fourth to Fifth avenue.
8. For laying crosswalk at easterly intersection of
Varick and King streets.
9. For laying crosswalk at northerly intersection of
Varick and King streets.
10. For laying crosswalk at westerly intersection of
Varick and King streets.
11. For laying crosswalk at southerly intersection
of Varick and King streets.
12. For laying crosswalk corner Vandam and Varick
streets.
13. For laying crosswalk at easterly intersection of
One Hundred and Tenth street and First avenue.
14. For laying crosswalk at westerly intersection of
One Hundred and Tenth street and First avenue.
15. For laying crosswalk at westerly intersection of
One Hundred and Eleventh street and First avenue.
16. For laying crosswalk at easterly intersection of
One Hundred and Eleventh street and First avenue.
17. For laying crosswalk at easterly intersection of
One Hundred and Twelfth street and First avenue.
18. For laying crosswalk at westerly intersection of
One Hundred and Twelfth street and First avenue.
19. For laying crosswalk at westerly intersection of
One Hundred and Thirteenth street and First avenue.
20. For laying crosswalk at easterly intersection of
One Hundred and Thirteenth street and First avenue.
21. For laying crosswalk opposite No. 1,160 Broad-
way.

The limits embraced by such assessments include
all the several houses and lots of ground, vacant lots,
pieces and parcels of land situated on—

1. Both sides of Seventh avenue, from Fourteenth
to Fifty-ninth street, to the extent of half the block
on the intersecting streets.
2. Both sides of Fifteenth street, from Seventh to
Eighth avenues, to the extent of half the block on the
intersecting streets.
3. Both sides of Fifty-seventh street, from Lexing-
ton to Sixth avenue, to the extent of half the block
on the intersecting streets.
4. Both sides of Thirty-ninth street, from Seventh
to Eighth avenue, to the extent of half the block on
the intersecting streets.
5. Both sides of South street, from Catharine to
Montgomery street, to the extent of half the block on
the intersecting streets.
6. Both sides of Twenty-eighth street, from Broad-
way to Eighth avenue, to the extent of half the block
on the intersecting streets.
7. Both sides of Forty-sixth street, from Fourth to
Fifth avenue, to the extent of half the block on the
intersecting streets.
8. The easterly side of Varick street, commencing
at King street, and running easterly and southerly
half the block therefrom.
9. The northerly side of King street, commencing
at Varick street, and running northerly and westerly
half the block therefrom.
10. The westerly side of Varick street, commencing
at King street, and running northerly and southerly
half the block therefrom.
11. The southerly side of King street, commencing
at Varick street, and running easterly and westerly
half the block therefrom.
12. Both sides of Vandam street, from Varick to
Macdougall street, and the easterly side of Varick
street, from Spring to Charlton street.
13. Both sides of One Hundred and Tenth street,
commencing at First avenue, and running easterly
half the block therefrom, and the easterly side of First
avenue, from One Hundred and Ninth to One Hun-
dred and Eleventh street.
14. Both sides of One Hundred and Tenth street,
commencing at First avenue, and running westerly
half the block therefrom, and the westerly side of First
avenue, from One Hundred and Ninth to One Hun-
dred and Eleventh street.
15. Both sides of One Hundred and Eleventh street,
commencing at First avenue, and running westerly
half the block therefrom, and the westerly side of
First avenue, from One Hundred and Tenth to One
Hundred and Twelfth street.
16. Both sides of One Hundred and Eleventh street,
commencing at First avenue, and running easterly
half the block therefrom, and the easterly side of First
avenue, from One Hundred and Tenth to One Hun-
dred and Twelfth street.
17. Both sides of One Hundred and Twelfth street,
commencing at First avenue and running easterly half
the block therefrom, and the easterly side of First
avenue, from One Hundred and Eleventh to One Hun-
dred and Thirteenth street.
18. Both sides of One Hundred and Twelfth street,
commencing at First avenue and running westerly
half the block therefrom, and the westerly side of
First avenue, from One Hundred and Twelfth to One
Hundred and Fourteenth street.
19. Both sides of One Hundred and Thirteenth street,
commencing at First avenue, and running westerly
half the block therefrom, and the westerly side of
First avenue, from One Hundred and Twelfth to One
Hundred and Fourteenth street.
20. Both sides of One Hundred and Thirteenth
street, commencing at First avenue, and running
easterly half the block therefrom, and the easterly
side of First avenue, from One Hundred and Twelfth
to One Hundred and Fourteenth street.
21. Both sides of Broadway, from Twenty-seventh
to Twenty-eighth street.

All persons whose interests are affected by the
above-named assessments, and who are opposed to the
same or either of them, are requested to present
their objections in writing to Richard Tweed, Chair-
man of the Board of Assessors, at their office, No. 19
Chatham street, within thirty days from the date of
this notice.

RICHARD TWEED,
THOMAS B. ASTEN,
MYER MYERS,
FRANCIS A. SANDS,
Board of Assessors.

OFFICE BOARD OF ASSESSORS,
NEW YORK, Jan. 16, 1871.

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

SANDWICHES.

Said Sam unto Bob, while at dinner one day,
Just as Bob was proceeding to carve,
"Come, tell me the reason, old fellow, I pray,
Why the African race cannot starve?"

"Can't starve," echoed Bob, and he made a grimace
As he looked up at Sam with a stare;
"Why," said Sam, "'tis as plain as the nose on your
face;
'Tis because of the sand which is there!"

"But how came the sandwiches there, Mr. Sam?
Ah, ha! tell me that, mufin-head!"
Sam, smiling, replied, "'Tis the country of Ham,
Where his children were mustered and bred."

S. F. N.

PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

LANGUAGE—ITS ORIGIN.

The mother of language we consider to be necessity—said to be, indeed, the mother of invention. And is not language a great invention, the first greatest invention of the race's genius? Its origin is vastly remote, though we can easily imagine the drear period when man savage walked with beasts, joint tenant, as Pope has it, of the shade; when man, indeed, possessed no pre-eminence above the beast; all mutes together, their only means of communication was by mutual sighs and signs, until man, differing from the beast in his functions of articulation, gradually and very slowly muttered and systematized a few signs and anon formed them into words of a single syllable, which, from the crude origin of a few incoherent grunts and distorted grimaces eddied and merged at length into a very crude system of language. But like the globe we inhabit, language has required vast and innumerable cycles of varied transformations to gain its present condition of comparative improvement. And even when Moses found his inexperienced way, through the compassionate patronage of Pharaoh's daughter, from the rushes of the Nile into the learned society of Egypt's proud court, language and letters had reached a high degree of polish and refinement. Yet civilization and the adornments of science and the useful arts do not gain the zenith of glory, at which the Jewish leader and legislator found them at his birth, in a few years. The hieroglyphics of Egypt, crude and unfinished as they are compared with the present system of perfectness of our language, formed the system of word signs which exhibits the accumulated perfection of many thousands of years of the races' slow progress.

The miraculous power possessed by Adam of talking and calling by their rightful names the thousands of animals, not to attempt the enumeration of the millions of creeping things presented to him for the purpose on the day of his birth, is truly astounding, for miracle it certainly was, if, indeed, it ever occurred at all; and we think it rightfully takes precedence of anything of the kind that has ever happened to man, scarce excepting that of his Biblical birth. And sad, sad indeed, are we when we note the painful perplexity and tenacious struggling of moderns to master only a few words, and we sigh as we think that the days of miracles in language are forever past.

REICHNER.

BOOK NOTICES.

The American Lloyd's Register of American and Foreign Shipping for 1871 has been received by us. This work is entirely impartial in the rating of shipping, being presided over by committees, representing ship-owners, underwriters and ship-builders, with Jacob A. Westervelt, ex-Mayor, as president. It is published by Hartshorne & King, whose long experience is a guarantee of its reliability. Its sphere of usefulness is increasing from year to year, and it is now accepted as the standard reference for the classification and rating of shipping. It has received the approval of the United States Government for its Rules of Iron Ship Building, and the Peruvian Government for the Selection of Vessels for Guano Carriages, a number of American and Foreign Boards of Underwriters, and most of the Insurance Companies in the United States and Canada. It has agencies and surveyors in the principal seaports at home and abroad. We commend it as a very useful work to all parties connected with our commerce. We call special attention to its plan to have every vessel reported by signal numbers; the small cost and great value of conveying intelligence of positions of vessels at sea no doubt will commend it to all interested in vessels, particularly to those having friends on shipboard.

THE SEALED PACKET. By T. Adolphus Trollope. Author of "Garsang Grange," "Gemma, A Tale of Love and Jealousy," "Beppo, The Conscript," "Marietta, or Life in Tuscany," "Leonora Cassaloni, or The Marriage Secret," "Dream Numbers," etc., etc. Price \$1 75 in cloth, or \$1 50 in paper cover.

Read what R. Shelton Mackenzie, Esq., literary editor of the Philadelphia Daily Press, says of it:

"T. Adolphus Trollope, who has lived in or near Florence for the last thirty years, has a more intimate knowledge of the Italian people, with their manners, customs, modes of living, superstitions, religious feeling, passions and weakness, than any other English writer. Now and then (as with 'Garsang Grange') he produces a thoroughly striking English story; but his power as a novelist is most fully manifested in his Italian tales, of which 'Gemma,' 'Marietta,' 'Dream Numbers,' 'Leonora Cassaloni,' and 'Beppo, The Conscript,' have been republished here by T. B. Peterson & Brothers. They now publish the 'Sealed Packet,' the hero of which is a certain Giulio Malatesta, who struggles into a captaincy in the Sardinian army, in the Italian war of 1848-1849, and finally inherits high rank and an ample fortune. This is the best constructed of Mr. Trollope's Italian novels, and contains some novel characters. The Countess Zenobia and her satellite, and her cavalier servant, the Marquis Florimond, are new creations. So, in a higher sense, is Pietro Verani. There is a heroine, too, named Stella, who has some individuality—her scenes with the new Abbess at Montepulciano are truthful as well as dramatic. Indeed, the entire plot is very skillfully, yet naturally, developed. It is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, in handsome style. Price \$1 75 in cloth, or \$1 50 in paper cover, and is for sale by all booksellers."

THE UPLAND SUMAC.

[See Rhus Glabrum in the U. S. Dispensatory, p. 710.]

It is the ignorance of man that makes anything in nature's growths useless. Science is constantly proving the truths of this proposition. In all the States and Territories of America there is an abundant growth of the Rhus Glabrum, or Upland Sumac; and, hitherto, the fruit of this shrub, which has amounted to millions of tons annually, has not been utilized, except in a very small way by druggists and apothecaries, who have laid in a small quantity of it, for Sore Throat, Febrile Diseases and for certain other difficulties requiring astringent and refrigerant qualities. Though in the southern parts of Europe, where the Sumac grows abundantly, its qualities have long been used as an astringent, tonic and styptic, it is but within a few years that the Fructus Rhus Glabrum has been made an article of commerce, for sanitary purposes, in the form of the "Vinum Rhus Glabrum," or "Rhus Wine," which, as the learned Dr. Griscom, in several medical journals, has observed, preserves in an agreeable flavor and form all the qualities of the fruit from which it is made. The Medical Chemists long since gave the following analysis of this Sumac fruit: 1. malic acid, in combination with lime; 2. free malic acid; 3. tannic acid; 4. gallic acid; 5. oil, fixed and volatile; 6. red coloring matter. With these ingredients (the tannic acid being always predominant) it is impossible that the wine should be otherwise than medicinal for diseased mucous surfaces and for nervous prostration or general debility, as well as for dyspepsia and diarrhoea.

The inhabitants of the rural districts deserve to be informed that the Sumac shrub which has so long been the object of horticultural persecution may yet become a source of revenue to those who have it on their lands, as sixty dollars per ton has been paid for it in New York city since the "Rhus Wine" was invented by Dr. Ely Holland. The permanence of this benefit to farmers of course must depend on the importance of the sanitary qualities contained in the wine, and these medical scholars may determine from the chemical analysis of the fruit already given, and others may learn them from the opinions, given after two or three years of careful experience, of eminent physicians and other persons of well-known integrity.

Dr. E. Guernsey, No. 18 West Twenty-third street, declares that in cases "of nervous debility" he has used the "Rhus Wine with marked effect;" also in several "cases of diphtheria," he "found decided benefit from it, not only as a gargle but as a general tonic and stimulant." He also says that "in scorbutic troubles," and "in all cases indicating rhus tox," he "should have great confidence in its remedial power."

The learned Dr. John F. Gray, who seldom gives his name to any new medical preparation, said, "I am much pleased with the Rhus Wine as a beverage for invalids who need vinous stimulation. It has proved very useful as a part of the diet in cases of exhaustion from habitual losses in bleeding piles. It does not embarrass the curative action of homoeopathic remedies, nor does it, so far as I have been able to judge, aggravate feverish conditions."

The well-known Dr. John H. Griscom, of No. 42 East Twenty-ninth street, has elaborately written his views on the Rhus Wine in several medical journals; has spoken of its utility in cases of bronchial and laryngeal catarrh, asthma, dyspepsia, diarrhoea and hemorrhage. On two different occasions he speedily relieved a patient of hemorrhage by no other agent than Rhus Wine.

The invention is being inaugurated, and in time the immense crop of Sumac growing in the United States will be used in the manufacture of vinegar and Rhus Wine. The depot of this article is 62 Varick street, New York.

Horoscope of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States.

[Boston Sunday Herald, Oct. 2, 1864.]

Reader, our only motive in penning the following remarks upon our worthy President, is to see how far astrological rules would be borne out in his case with regard to the coming election.

According to statements made by the Press (and we believe them to be correct), his birth took place Feb. 12, 1809; but we are not in possession of the hour of the day or night when the birth took place, though very often a tolerable correct judgment may be formed from one's stature, complexion, etc. Under these circumstances, we are led to the conclusion that the birth must have taken place very early in the morning of that day. From this fact, his personal appearance would correspond well with having the celestial sign Sagittary, rising somewhere during the first five degrees. Hence, the good, benevolent planet Jupiter becomes the ruler of the horoscope.

Saturn was just above the ascendant; Venus formed a good aspect with the ascendant. The moon was leaving a sextile of Jupiter, and was within orbs of being in square—an evil aspect to Mars. The Sun was in good aspect with Mars, and Mercury in good aspect with the eccentric Herschel. Jupiter is the ruler, and the most prominent planet, that is, better dignified than any other planet. Hence, the principal ruler of the disposition and qualities, Jupiter makes him magnanimous, faithful, honorably aspiring at high matters. In all actions, a lover of fair dealing, desiring to benefit all men—affable in conversation, liberal and hating all sordid actions; just, wise, prudent, grateful and virtuous.

The place of the Moon in a cardinal point renders the mind eager to manage in public affairs. Fond of distinction, ingenious, acute and capable of great learning, though the Moon's aspect to Mars makes him sometimes rash and blunt in remarks. The aspect of Herschel makes him very odd, original, eccentric and rather romantic—fond of things out of the track of custom. Inwardly despises many of the outward forms of society, and having intense, acute and powerful feelings, hard to find out.

Persons born under Jupiter are ever destined to be fortunate. We believe that the finger of God points to Abraham Lincoln, as the right man in the right place, to put down this wicked rebellion; and, further, we believe that he will be elected at the coming election, on the 8th of November next, from the fact that Jupiter, his ruling planet, will be transiting over his ascendant in his own house, astrologically speaking.

The transit of the evil planet, Mars, in opposition with his ascendant, plainly shows that the struggle will last until the month of April, 1865, about which time the foes to the Union cause will be compelled to lay down their arms. In December of '64, and again in January, '65, some deep, base plot will be got up against the person of the President, shown by the transit of Mars; and that planet shows danger by pistol shot or by some infernal machine. During these months more than ordinary caution and watchfulness are highly necessary. After February that evil transit will have passed away.

We could increase our remarks in regard to the personal danger, but believe that forbearance in this case would be a virtue.

THOMAS LISTER.

Boston, Sept. 29, 1864.

STATUTE DIVORCE LAWS TOO SLOW.—A woman in Albany, N. Y., a few days since, after being brutally beaten by her drunken husband, divorced herself from him by scalding him to death.

A LEARNED JUDGE.—When Judge Dean, of Edingham, Ill., granted a license to Mrs. Ada H. Kepley to practice in his court, he said that he thought this proceeding was proper and in accordance with the spirit of the age. Mrs. Kepley graduated at the Chicago law school last winter.

Dr. Helmbold in Philadelphia—Serenade at the Continental.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 2.—Dr. H. T. Helmbold was the recipient of a serenade, last evening, from the citizens of Philadelphia, his native city, in honor of the opening of his Gem of Pharmacy in the Continental Hotel blocks. The Philadelphia Band was engaged by the druggists, his high-school companions. The citizens assembled in thousands. The doctor was called to the balcony of the hotel, and addressed his numerous friends in very appropriate remarks, closing with the following:

However humble the man or the place which gave him birth, there existed an innate feeling that he owed a debt. He should do something, but that high compliment, the presence of so many of his companions, left him a debt which he could not discharge. It was a debt of gratitude, only to be discharged by proving himself worthy of their presence, and some thing to make life dear and sweet to him by shaping his course hereafter to prove himself a man and reflect credit on all. As they had also paid to the Madam a high complement of playing the Helmbold Galop, dedicated to her by Ellsworth's Band, he was now ready for the "Anvil Chorus." Good-night. [Immense applause.]

Afterward the participants were invited to a collation by Mr. Kingsley, the proprietor. Wine and toasts were the order of the night. No business man ever had a finer reception.

Grant's Neutrality Expounded.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

Americans, study. "Daunter" means defiant. The yacht "Daunter" collects the Alabama Claims in 1872. Tea-drinkers will not collect them before. The South and West want the money with interest, and the nation's honor demands a thirty-day draft in the hand of "a good Yankee collector"—Benj. F. Butler, if you please. But the debt must be paid—France congratulated on the establishment of a Republic—means right. The Cuban flag is lettered as follows: "Spain, your orders for munitions and vessels of war solicited," which means oppression, and is a direct contradiction of congratulation to France, and antagonistic to our republican form of government and freedom. Our forefathers, Washington or Jackson, never intended that it should be so. The "Daunter" is the name of a vessel, a model of which floats from Henry T. Helmbold's Chemical Warehouse, No. 594 Broadway, decked with the flags of all nations, and containing the above remark. As these words were handed down by the high ordinance of heaven, and they being emblematic of the American Eagle, should any patriot "Hall" them down, the noble bird would flutter. To hand them down to posterity is every American's duty.

INDIANANA ALL RIGHT.

THE STATE SENATE VOTES THIRTY-SEVEN TO THREE IN FAVOR OF WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

The Legislature of Indiana convened in joint sessions on the 20th January to receive a petition signed by a multitude of persons who desire to exclude the distinction of sex in rights both natural and civil—a distinction kept up until now by all civilized governments except that of Wyoming. Lieutenant-Governor Cumbach presided over this convention with dignity, and apparently with great self-complacency and pride.

At ten minutes to 4 o'clock, the doorkeeper and his assistants, having made the needful arrangements, and senators and representatives, and the delegation of ladies being seated and standing, the speaker opened the business, to wit: The memorial of the ladies on the question of female suffrage, and called for the action of those having the matter in charge, whereupon Miss Amanda Way, of Marion County, advanced to the dais of the speaker's table, and read the following memorial:

"Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Representatives: We come before you as a committee, appointed by the Woman's Suffrage Association, to memorialize this honorable body in behalf of the women of Indiana, to petition you to take steps to amend the Constitution of the State, so as to give the right of suffrage to women. We, your petitioners, believe that the extension of the full rights of citizenship to all the people of the State, is in accordance with the genius of our republic, and with the principles of honor, equality and justice. We believe that as woman has an equal interest with man in all public questions, she should therefore have an equal voice with him in deciding these questions, that as woman's life, property and happiness is equally dependent upon the maintenance of public order and morality, women should therefore have an equal voice in the laws which aim to maintain the order and morals of society. We believe that as woman is held equally responsible to the law, she should therefore have an equal voice in electing those who make the laws. We believe that, as woman is human, she has also all human needs, responsibilities and rights. We, your petitioners, believe that in this question of equality before the law for woman lies other grave interests of equality before the public mind in other departments of life, and that this first step of justice for woman must be taken before any important progress can be made in awarding woman justice in wages, work and education. We believe that the interest of both men and women are deeply involved in the recognition of equality of rights in all departments of human industry, and that, in the progress of civilization, we have come to a time when we can no longer brand women with inferiority of rights and nature, without grave injury to all the interests of humanity and Christianity. We, your petitioners, therefore ask you, our law-givers, to aid in giving woman her rightful position with you in the humane work and human interests of the world."

After reading the petition Miss Way made a strong speech in defence of the reform demanded. She then introduced Miss E. B. Swank, who held honorable law-makers and the spectators in close attention for an hour or more. She was eloquent and logical.

In adjourning the convention Lieut.-Gov. Cumbach said:

As for myself, I beg leave to express the opinion that the demand so ably presented in this memorial is just, and in regard to the propriety of granting the same I have no doubt; and while my relation to the Legislature does not ordinarily allow me the right to vote, yet, if the Senate of Indiana be equally divided on this question, it will then afford me great pleasure to cast my vote in favor of the rights of woman.

LADIES IN THE MICHIGAN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—President Abbott, of the Michigan Agricultural College of Lansing, in his annual report to the Legislature, refers to the ladies in that institution as follows:

Applications for admission of ladies have been and still are frequent and urgent. The Faculty admitted a few who occupy rooms on the floor of the steward's family, or in private houses. They study chemistry, botany, horticulture, floriculture, trigonometry, surveying, entomology, book-keeping and other branches. Their progress in study was rapid, and their improvement marked.

Work was furnished them when it could be, they prepared seed for the ground, cut potatoes, transplanted tomatoes and flowering plants, pruned shrubbery, gathered small fruit, did some work in the green-house, and many other kinds of work.

The experiment of having women as students has worked so successfully that there would be no hesitation in admitting them if there were a hall for them.

Should provision be made for them they should occupy the present new hall, as it contains kitchen, dining-room, washing and ironing rooms, etc., and should do the work of the hall. Another hall, without dining-room, etc., being merely a building of students' rooms, could be built for the young men.

Many ladies would find our course of study agreeable and useful. They would find a knowledge of scientific principles comprising as much additional interest and delight to them in the practice of floriculture, the care of gardens, ornamental shrubs and orchards, in the operations of the kitchen and in their general reading, as it does to men. Women are frequently left in circumstances where they would highly prize some knowledge of agriculture.

The applications of chemistry to woman's work are so many that a half year's course of daily lectures would not be too long a one. Among these applications are cooking, preserving of fruits, utilization of materials usually wasted, cleansing by acids and soaps, bleaching, manufacture of soaps of different kinds, disinfection, prevention and neutralization of poisons. A course of lectures on dairying is now given every year.

Women are turning their attention more and more to studies such as are taught here. Some would like the out-of-door labor, some the aid which the compensation for their labor would afford them in acquiring an education, and it is to be regretted that they cannot avail themselves of the same privileges here that is offered the young men.

WILL THE WOMEN OF THE STATE GO TO WORK AND ROLL UP A LIST OF NAMES SUCH AS HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN SENT IN TO THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES? Not as a humble petition, but as a right of which we have been defrauded, do we now claim the use of the ballot. In the name of right and justice we demand that Congress shall, during its present session, pass a declaratory act of the enfranchisement of the women of the United States. Friends of suffrage, copy the above from the *World*, and send us, if possible, before the 15th of February, a thousand names from Rhode Island. Send your names to Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, Secretary of the National Woman's Suffrage Committee, Washington, D. C.—*The New World*.

A SMART MISS.—Miss Smart, of Pontiac, Illinois, has recovered ten thousand dollars from a man named B.oughton for breach of promise. Mr. Broughton, as he does not wish to marry, has, no doubt, by this time learned to let the girls alone.

GIVE THEM ENCOURAGEMENT.—A petition is before the Legislature of Massachusetts asking for an Act of Incorporation for "The Young Women's Apprentice Association" of Boston. They should have it by all means, and all large cities should give encouragement to similar organizations.

SENSIBLE.—Most of the Western journals refuse to publish "Left-my-Bed-and-Board" notices, which cowardly husbands often desire to see in print to annoy their wives and cloak their own defections.

A GOOD COOK.—Mrs. Cook, M.D., of Buffalo, last year put nine thousand dollars in her purse by her medical practice. This year her services are still more in demand.

A FEEBLE VOICE.—One Mrs. O. H. Adlum—she as was, so it is said, a Miss O'Flanagan—has been relieving herself of four ideas against woman suffrage. We have been unable to discover any one who could inform us what the four ideas were, or whether they were brilliant or dull; but we will give the lady the benefit of the bright side, and permit her to make her exit. Adieu, Mrs. O. H. A.

FEMALES PREPARING FOR WAR.—If girls are not handy in shouldering a musket and marching off to the glorious gory field of battle, they can do the next best thing—that is, preparing the death dealing missiles. As evidence of the fact, we see it reported that three hundred girls are employed at Newhallville, Conn., in making rifle cartridges.

COULDN'T BE BEAT.—A Jersey girl and her lover were out horseback-riding recently, when a race was proposed, which ended in a victory for the firmly-seated young man. But the girl would not give it up so, and demanded a renewal of the trial, with a change of saddles. The change was made, and soon they were off again—the lad sidewise and the girl otherwise: the heat resulting in a complete triumph for the lady.

MUSICAL.—The art of vocalization is the most important branch of the education of a singer; as a perfect enunciation is the main-spring of expression. Miss Anna Ballard, teacher of singing in Vassar College, and who sang at the Beethoven festival there, has published "Fifteen vocalizes, to give execution and equalize the voice." They will be found admirably adapted to the use of pupils, giving rare practice to the voice.

A PRACTICAL WIFE.—Mrs. C. H. Slocum has assumed the management of the St. Charles, Minnesota, *Herald*, in consequence of the absence of her husband, who was elected assistant clerk in the Legislature.

Everybody wanting anything in the line of "dressing for the feet," are referred to the advertisement of Porter & Bliss, in another column.

HILMAN & THORN have just opened a first-class dining-saloon at 98 Cedar street, a few steps west of Broadway. They supply, by their arrangement of private dining-rooms, a need, long felt in that vicinity. Gentlemen who have private business to arrange can attend to it there while discussing their lunches and dinners. It is also a most desirable acquisition to the accommodation of ladies who must dine down town, and who have an aversion to public dining-rooms. Everything is served up in splendid style and at about one-half the price of many other places. They also keep a choice selection of wines, liquors and cigars. General entrance as above. Private entrance next door below 98.

MADAME RALLINGS, Importer, 779 Broadway, has a rich and elegant assortment of Bonnets and Round Hats, the most exquisite novelties imported; all the new colors.

E. HOWARD & CO., No. 15 Maiden Lane, New York make the best Stem-Winding Watch in the country. Ask for it at all the dealers. Every watch guaranteed.