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VICTORIA C. WOODHULL & TENNIE C. CLAFLIN

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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In 1872.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL

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THE CLUBS OF NEW YORK.

THE CENTURY CLUB.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

[CONTINUED.]

BIERSTADT'S BIG PICTURES.

Mr. Bierstadt's recent pictures—pictures, that is to say, produced within the last decade—do certainly give evidence of an unusually careful study of the art of manipulation. He has mastered also the trick of imitating some of the most ultra effects of light and shadow in his landscapes, and his physical portraitures are often bold, massive and striking; but it is equally clear that the study is all outside, and concerns the furniture and varied drapery, the objective fashioning and equipment of nature, and has nothing whatever to do with the spirituality of all this matchless archimage of form and color which she displays upon the mighty theatres of her creative power. Indeed, for anything shown to the contrary in his late colossal representation of the "Rocky Mountain" scenery, for example, or in that of his "Yo Semite Valley" picture, nature might just as well have been herself all outside, like the Elle-women of Scandinavian romance, who wore the frontal masks of a woman—the face, the neck, the bust, and the lower limbs—but had no interiors, not so much as a backbone, but were mere hollow concaves and semi-carcasses.

But the progression in smoothness, finish and "harmonious pigmentation," as a friend of ours, who is a witty, satirical wag, expresses himself when he desires, in a manner most sententious, to convey the idea of harmonious coloring—these signs of progression, we say, are very infallibly demonstrated in the pictures just alluded to. But, after all, this is a kind of praise that does not amount to much. For if the early pictures gave evidence of the painter's skill in sign painting—which is about the sum total of their quality—the later ones do but show the same order of skill advanced to the unwrinkled perfection of tea-board painting. We do not feel, while gazing upon the works in question, as if we were in the presence of nature, such as we know her spirit and attributes to be—in the dread silences of the wilderness and the forest, in the awful fastnesses of the primeval rocks, or in the sublime grandeurs of the mountains. It is a similirude, not a natural representation, like the portraits of juvenile aspirants who are clever at catching the features, but lack the genius to inform them with the mind and characte of the "sitter," and, therefore, so far as art goes, are mere daubs. Mr. Bierstadt's works go no deeper than this; and, notwithstanding his better handling, method, experience and talent, a true and just criticism will place them in the same category with that of the juvenile doer of the human faces. Indeed, as we have attempted to show, the only difference between them lies in the mechanical superiority of the one over the other. They are both dealers in the outer forms and semblances of things, and not in the ideas and spiritualities which the things stand for.

HIS ATTEMPTS TO DAZZLE US.

Mr. Bierstadt attempts to dazzle and surprise us by working on a large canvas. His pictures are as big as a small American continent, and he is well aware that Leviathan is king of the beasts with the majority of our people. They like some immense thing to look at, and their eyes delight in occupied space. Were they careful to inquire what a painter puts into his space, and did they criticise with the same common sense which they display in the purchase of their horses and dogs and household furniture, there were an end to Mr. Bierstadt's reputation as a great painter, a very great painter, forever! But they have neither the time, the will, nor the wit to do it. They are content to see a great, big show, and vastly prefer the trickery of the charlatan's glamour to the pure, warm, effulgent sunlight of the genuine artist.

FICTITIOUS PRICES.

Mr. Bierstadt has been a very successful manufacturer of big canvases, although, as we learn from what should be the the best authority, he has never realized more than a tithe of the fabulous prices which he set upon them as their commercial value. When a man comes before his superiors, or even his peers, he cannot hide himself, but is judged according to his real merits. It is only when his judges are people ignorant alike of his craft and his performances that he can successfully play the quack and the impostor, and pass off his dross for gold.

The misery of picture judgment in this country, and many others, is, that not one man in ten thousand knows a good picture when he sees it. The procenium of a theatre is a greater work of art with them than a Kensett or a James Hart; and the reason is, that its glaring color and vulgarity reach the high-water mark of their appreciation. They are just ignorant enough to admire it; one step more and they would be out of their element. Neither have they wit

enough nor culture enough to see the real beauty and genius of any higher performances. It is the codfishes, therefore, who give high prices for bad pictures, because they know no better, and are easily humbugged by tinsel and the showman's spangles. But the cultivated, rich people, who are said to have bought some of Mr. Bierstadt's works, know very well the relative value of a Bierstadt and a Turner, and while they would not scruple to give twenty, or even fifty thousand, for the latter, they would look twice at five thousand, or even at three, before they let the money pass out of their hands for a Bierstadt. We vastly doubt, indeed, if any Dusseldorf picture were ever worth five thousand dollars, and it is certain that the best and most accredited artist of that school would think long over his tobacco pipe before he would refuse to let his best picture go for that large sum of money, and send it a begging to try and get itself invested in some other artist's picture.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

But, as we said, picture sales are not effected at large prices according to picture-merit, but, in Mr. Bierdstadt's case at least, chiefly in consequence of their large size and meritricious glare. They take the eye wonderfully, and are wonderful pieces of magic and samples of the simulacra. We are not at all surprised at the sensation produced by his "Rocky Mountains." It was manufactured for that purpose, and it tickled the American taste for spectacular representation. Moreover, as another element in the popularity of this and his early pictures of Rocky Mountain scenery, we must reckon that this scenery was comparatively a *terra incognito*, and was, moreover, owned by Uncle Sam, and a magnificently wild, beautiful and sublime portion of his vast possessions and dominions. We have seen what those early things amounted to—what drabs and scullions of the paint-pot they were; and even the big canvas itself—his *chef d' œuvre*—is no more a work of art in the sense that any performance of any great artist in this or any other country is, than the figure-head of a ship is a Macdonald sculpture. The trickery is very effective; but we feel that it is a trick, and not honest painting—a reflex of the body and soul of nature. Neither does the scenery belong to the Rocky Mountains; it is not in any wise characteristic of that rugged and sublime portraiture. Those mountains might have been—and, if rumor be true, were—drawn in Vermont. We miss the shaggy-bearded rocks—the thick scrub and brush—the vastness, the awe and terror and majesty of the Rocky Mountains which, like mighty and tremendous gods, seem to be slumbering there, one above another, among the ruins of a world which they have demolished. There are trees in the middle distance, to be sure; but, as we remember, there are generally trees in every landscape—but Mr. Bierstadt's trees never grew in that region. Where are the tall red cedars that challenge the stars and make battle-music with the redundant greenery of their branches to the stormy winds of heaven? Or, if this pugnacious fellow be a little too poetical to gain admission in Mr. Bierstadt's pictures, where are the mighty maples whose leaves swell to the self-same winds like the music voices of some grand harmonious organ? Where are the cotton-wood and the fir and the almost infinitely varied trees of these regions? Not in this picture, certainly. There is a grove of nondescripts without distinctive form or character, but that is all. The entire Flora is absent.

The rich mauve and purple blossoms of the family of the *leguminaceæ*, so abundant on the plains between the Big and Little Laramie, and also on the banks of these rivers to the mountains, have no representative here. The deep blue, shaded larkspur and flowers by the shores which grow in ever-living glory and most varied colors—expressive of the highest tones in nature's floral gamut—are all "gone a hunting," for anything that Mr. Bierdstadt has to record concerning them, and instead of the grease and sage shrub which are the natural carpet of this wilderness, we are treated to a green meadow-land, full of long grass, quite orthodox in the Eastern States, and bits of scenery which were evidently sketched there long ago, and now made use of in the composition of this picture. We could almost swear to the originals of some of the rocky and moorland bite in the foreground, for the wild marshes in the neighborhood of Boston abound with patches whereof these are as nearly literal transcripts as they can very well be. The same negatives are "observable" in the fauna of the picture. With the exception of a group of prairie dogs, there is no other animal to speak for the geography of the scene. Even the "Bighorn," or Rocky Mountain sheep, does not put in an appearance for the sake of natural history, although his grayish brown color, with that dark line running down his back as if to indicate the direction of the spinal marrow, is capable of rendering such good service to the picture by "carrying off" the objects which lie beyond it, a trick well known and much practiced by tricksters. No antelope gives life to the exquisite smoothness of the mountain side, and no mountain lion, or panther, or black bear of the jungle flashes his contrasting color amid the emerald green of the valley. Nor do we remember the ghost of a single bird—nor so much as a sage hen to enliven the landscape. There is some careful painting in the foreground, but the fault is that it is too careful, the grass being well educated and not savage grass, and therefore out of all character and harmony with nature in those parts of Uncle Sam's property.

VICIOUSNESS OF HIS STYLE.

We have already so much exceeded the space we originally designed for Mr. Bierstadt that we have no room to speak of his Yo Semite Valley and his other pictures. They are all, however, of the same breed, and have a wonderful family likeness. A deep, ingrained viciousness pervades them. It is a style that debases and degrades art and the popular taste. Bread-and-butter schoolgirls admire it vastly, and so do ignorant countrymen and counter-jumpers and codfishes who know no better. "How fine! how sublime! how miraculous is that vast sweep of light, bathing half the snowy mountains on one side and throwing into a deep shade the mountains on the other side, as it comes down from heaven through that deep gully, canon, ravine, gorge, or what d'ye call it?"—say the very poetical young ladies—"and how sweetly the sunlight lies under the trees and on the grass, where the Indians are moving off with their piccaninnies and their little, darling ponies," respond the bread-and-butter schoolgirls—whilst the sensible, sturdy critic, even though he be an amateur, says it is all darned rubbish and the trick of a scene-painter, not the conscientious painting of an artist, who knows and obeys the law of his art, and puts nothing that is meretricious in his picture merely for effect, but gets his effects out of the genuine harmonies of his work; effects which are the results of his gradual and orderly creations and spring from real, not assumed causes; inasmuch as he works from the heart of nature outward to her rinds and robes and ornamentations, and does not, as Mr. Bierstadt does, stick them on to his canvass as absolute outward decorations, imitative of nature, whilst he, poor man, is utterly ignorant that there is such a mighty existence at all as nature apart from these showings.

DEBASES THE POPULAR TASTE.

The worst of popularity of this sort of illusive picture-making is that, by begetting and fostering a false and evil taste for the frost-work and filagree—the magic and the glamour of art—it strikes at the very soul of art itself, and puts the true artist at a disadvantage in the market. Bierstadt is a sensationalist, and loves art for the dollars that it brings him. But the genuine artist will never descend to such hypocrisy and falsehood. Believing with Wordsworth, the English lake poet, that "nature never yet betrayed the heart that loved her," he will work on among her most sacred mysteries and highest concords to the end of the chapter, and, when he reaches it, he will be amply rewarded by the cheering and consolotary words of the final judgment (*sic*), "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joys of thy Lord!" Very pleasant for the true artist! How much pleasanter than the stern judgment on the deliberate and knowing quack, who forswears himself upon the book of nature, like a perjurer upon the Book of God (*sic*), "Depart from me ye cursed; I never knew you!"

DARLEY AS ARTIST.

To return, however, to the general history of the Century Club, from which Mr. Bierstadt has so long taken us, we found among others of importance, as contributors to the gallery of the club, the honored names of Cropsey, McEntee, Hicks, Darley and Gignoux. Rossiter gave better pictures to the gallery at this early period than any that he has since painted, proving thereby that the right stuff was in him if he would only have developed it. We should very much like to speak about the manner of these various artists, as we go along, but in so doing we should anticipate our original design, and be apt, moreover, to do the artists, unwittingly, an injustice by hasty criticism. All the artists we have just named deserve, and in all probability will receive at our hand, a more or less extended notice further on in these pages. Cropsey is especially a marked versatile and strong man of genius, who deserves more honors and reward than he has yet received; and we have seen pictures by Gignoux and McEntee of which any gallery might be proud. Darley is a many-sided man; not great in the "tall" meaning of the word—like a Raphael or a Rubens—but a long way above mediocrity in all his departments. He is, moreover, a man of talent in contradistinction to a man of genius. He lacks imagination and the glory and color of poetry. There is no passion nor warmth in his pictures, but he is always good; never descends below a certain level, often rises far above it; and is, *par excellence*, the most respectable of artists. He excels in drawing, and has a very lively fancy, which enables him to seize, as if by inspiration, the leading ideas of any author whose work he may be called upon to illustrate. His perception of dramatic character is instinctive. He knows his man at a glance, and his presentation of the same in pencil work is always happy and according to the archetype in the book. His interiors, whether rustic or palatial, he is equally at home in, and his human groups are full of life and character. We have seen landscapes of his which give the idea of perpetual summer, where, as Tennyson says, "it is always afternoon." He loves woodland scenes, and rich, green meadows, and calm Brahminical cows, and flocks of white sheep. He possesses, moreover, a large constructive intellect, and his highest compositions are the very architectures of art—broad, and sometimes massive, always well-balanced and beautiful with ornamentations.

Moreover, there is a great blood rush of healthy life running all through his works. He loves nature dearly, and has studied her in her moods of storm and sunshine, calm and moonlight. He is a great realist, and nothing that steps beyond the domain of the actual has any magnetism for his spirit. Mysticism, so-called, would with him be fanaticism and folly. We do not know nor care much, what his religious ideas are; but, judging him by his works, we should say that he is an Episcopalian, and goes to church with the regularity of the parson, and thinks within himself what a respectable old humbug it is. We can even fancy him with his prayer-book under his arm, wearing gold spectacles or carrying a gold-headed cane. His pictures suggest to us precisely such a character—not a Puritan, not a Praise-God Bare-bones, and least of all a humbug of any sort, but rather after his orderly dinner, a man who enjoys his "materials" and his cigar, with his friends, and under certain inspirations, a fellow of some jest and much jollity. His pictures prove him to be a hard-working, industrious, laborious man, and we dare say he is rich also in dollars. We have no means of knowing whether this be so or not; but the thought that it is so radiates from his character. It seems to us that he breathes in an atmosphere of gold, and if he don't we are not a true clairvoyant, which is most likely. We shall perhaps have more to say about this artist presently, and in the meanwhile we will return to the more orderly current of this history, which begins to be a very pleasant one to us.

INTRODUCTION OF DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS.

As might have been expected from the nature and character of the club and its associates, the latter desired—since they represented in their own persons all the existing professions—that they would stand also for civilization, and hold a court of the highest manners, refinements, intellectualities and courtesies, whereat any foreigner or distinguished citizen of our own country, paying a visit to New York, might be introduced, and find agreeable companionship, and have extended to him during his sojourn in the city such privileges of books, lectures, soirees, or perhaps concerts, as the club at that time afforded. The idea was beautiful and generous, and worthy of the cultivated source from which it sprang. Nor are we surprised to find that it was to a considerable extent successful. The first man of distinction who was introduced to the hospitality and symposia of the club was the renowned statesman, the Hon. J. R. Poinsett, whose reputation still survives, and to whom the Century Club was forever after an institution of God's grace, and man's special favor. Fitz-Greene Halleck, Major Brown and many others were subsequently made lions of by our courtly friends of the Century, who, with a wide and varied culture and scholarship, were not ashamed of being American gentlemen.

MONTHLY GATHERING FOR LADIES.

Not content with the introduction of this new social feature into the club, the members aspired to give it a still more cosmopolitan character, by initiating a certain class of friendly gatherings, to which ladies should be admitted. This was the happiest idea of all, and the most fitting to an association which claimed to absorb, within the circulation of its own body and members, all the refinement, art, and poetry of the city. They were not selfish by any means, and did not want to have all the good things to themselves. They knew also that women would set off their rooms, even better than their idolized paintings; for in them all the highest professions are united, under the rulership of living souls. Poetry, painting and music were the main triad, which they embodied and represented—and it is the brightest and most loving feature in the club's history that made women their periodical guests. Accordingly they organized two meetings of the kind during the year, and called them semi-annual. Their object was confessedly to make clever people known to each other, and as a supplement to the introduction—to give them a chance of corner conversations—card-playing and chess-playing—and of dancing to music of their own composing. These meetings were inaugurated during the first year of the Century's existence, and have continued with more or less regularity from that time to the present, and are always brilliant and even magnificent affairs.

TWELFTH-NIGHT FESTIVITY.

They were determined to get as much amusement, pleasure and profit from their society as they could put into the programme for the year. And we soon find them, on Twelfth-night, celebrating the history and the mystery of that remarkable Christmas episode in songs, poems, speeches and rejoicings. We do not know precisely the year in which these festivities commenced, but they began quite early and are even continued now and then in these hard, stern days of increased work and more rugged reality. The entertainment, as we are informed, for we are compelled to speak at second-hand in this matter, consisted of the ushering of an immense Christmas-tree or trees into the hall of the building, the branches of which were illuminated with a bewildering number of wax candles or variegated lamps, interspersed with bon-bons for the ladies, and stuck about with poems, prose pieces, musical compositions and even small cabinet pictures, being the contributions of the different members of the club to the evening's entertainment. They had now got into the Greek era of their existence—were very obedient to what Schiller, in his *Philosophical Letters*, calls the "Play-Impulse"—and delighted in Æsthetical pleasures and enjoyments. These were the times which reflected, in caricature and, on a low and rather small scale, the days of Alcibides—that prince of refined sensuality and intellectual demonstrations!—the most brilliant personage on the platform of Greek history—the friend of Socrates and Plato—the life and soul of Plato's banquets—art-lover and patron—gymnast—strong swimmer—mighty drinker and drainer of Mediterranean seas out of

[illegible] of Hetaire—great lover of all beautiful [illegible] the companion of the witty, accom[illegible] philosophers, the Hetaire of [illegible] Grecians, one of whom [illegible] the Emperor offering to rebuild a vast [illegible] expense, if he would graciously permit her [illegible] at the gates thereof bearing an inscrip[illegible] she built it—"One of the Hetaire or F[illegible] Greece."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BLACK CROOK FROM THE CEILING TO THE FLOOR.

Fifty Cent, Dollar, and Dollar and a-half Morality.

NIBLO'S GARDEN AS A REFLEX OF HUMAN NATURE.

We have made three visits to Niblo's Garden Theatre, for [illegible] criticising the audience as well as the play [illegible] reply to the so often repeated question of "What is the Black Crook?" we say, "Just exactly what you like to make it. You may peep through the crevices of your fingers and say fie, but that merely demonstrates the fact that *you* feel "fie," and that the verdure of juvenility still predominates [illegible]. To say that there is aught to shock one's susceptibilities in the contemplation of the human form divine, is merely setting forth that *you* make an "Oh! for shame," of a spectacle that merely realizes all the beauties in the graceful outline of the human figure, which inspire the chisel of the sculptor and the brush of the painter. We unhesitatingly aver that the clamor and denunciation hurled at this spectacular feast are competely baseless, and were in each case a simple publication of the fact that the writers didn't know much of the world. It is high time this "ain't you awful" kind of morality was discountenanced, and for matured knowledge to assert itself and sweep aside the mamby pamby frivolities of the "bo peep" order, that decries this entertainment, which draws, nevertheless, a full house night after night, month in and month out. Every one goes to see it, and laughs, giggles, jokes, philosophizes, or admires according to his *penchant* all admit its spectacular beauty; all who have any self-reliance know that there is absolutely nothing in the exhibition that would jar upon a mind unwilling to receive or create an *"oh shocking"* impression.

If the ballet troupe could be transfixed in its most startling postures, and presented to the world as the work of an *Angelo*, people would go into ecstacies, and sing pæans of praise to so marvellous a work of art; hence the imputed crime of the play is that it *is* that which it represents itself to be, and is *not* counterfeit; but looking to the assumed morality proclaimed by some *who have been to see it* we think this implied defect was abundantly supplied in their exalted persons. We complain not of this, but let us place things in their proper places and not visit the weaknesses of *their* untutored *minds* upon the entertainment; but remember that,

> "In vulgar bosoms vulgar wishes move;
> Nature guides choice, and as men think they love."

The patronage given to Niblo's, Fisk's Opera House and other theatres; testify nightly that the ballot is an institution duly appreciated by the public. To the cry of "legs" we answer, yes legs and arms, delicate colors and blended lights, curves and graceful lines, gyrations of "woven paces and of waving arms," enchanting enough to weave a magic spell over a hundred "*merlins*," and all potent enough to awaken the purest admiration. Yes, right here is the true secret of the "Crooks" success; the ballet is a *living kaleidoscope*, grouping and blending the colors of the dresses to their most artistic arrangement, in innumerable and every-varying forms and figures; add to this the blending and changes of the colored lights, which seem to cast a soft halo of additional beauty over the scene; and the graceful terpischorean movements of the "*nymphae*" to the strains of a superior orchestra, and we have a feast sufficient at once to satisfy the most epicurean of tastes. The figures formed by the ballet troupe and their processes of formation are a geometrical study which the eye delights to follow, and yet is seduced from the pleasure by the other attractions, wherein waving symmetrical limbs run riot with all that is beautiful in tint and light, beating in unison with all that is elevating in the human mind. We took our place among the "gods in the gallery" in order to ascertain the quality of morality represented by fifty cents, and, ensconced near a group of "happy go lucky" individuals, listen to the "ohs" and "ahs" drawn forth by the *entre* of the ballet troupe, varied by "Hallelujah, Pete, how's that for high?" answered by "Go for 'em, Mose." "Say, look at the galoot that wanted to go home; he wants to help 'em dance, but old Belzebub in the corner has got him fixed." "Say, Jake, what makes you so quiet, are you cutting your eyeteeth? Look here, pass them candies, don't eat 'em all." "Say, Jake, wouldn't you like to lend 'em a hand to cut up down there?" Jake made no reply, so another chimed in with, "Let Jake alone, he's getting his idees waked up, don't yer know what he's thinking of?" "No, I don't." "Why, he's thinking he'd like to be one of them big bugs down there; ye see, they've got tother end of the picture to what we have, and Jake feels kinder euchered, that's what's the matter." Here Jake answered, "Pshaw, what do they want them two fellers there for, they spoil it;" and received the reply, "Look here, young man, do you want all the fun to yourself, there's women among this aujence as well as men." The conversation of this gang seemed to annoy those in their immediate vicinity, several of whom moved to other seats. When the Majiltons came on the stage, we heard the ejaculation, "Thunderation! Doc, look at that galoot, the varmint's all legs and wings." Then for the first time noticing that we were taking notes, he said, "Say, Boss, going to put us in the paper?" "Guess so," we replied. "What paper?" he asked. "The *Police Gazette*," we responded. "I'll put a head on yer, if yer do," he rejoined; whereupon his companions jeered him, saying, "That's where the laugh comes in, now shut up and give us a rest." We then changed our seat, and got reseated just in time to hear the plot of "The Crook" explained as follows: "The feller's name what was chained in the dungeon is Gerthers Forst, who sold his soul to the devil to get a girl and as much money as he wanted. Gerthers Forst was a Dutchman who lived some years ago. Our groceryman is a Dutchman, and he's got the book with it all in. He says that in his country they make a song of it and call it an opera. The curtain rising cut short this lucid (?) explanation, and the audience seemed wrapped in mute attention. Next to us sat a personage whose appearance was too striking [illegible]. It did not appear as though his coat was too small for him; no sir, it was simply that he was too long for the coat—that's what's the matter. His paper collar has been made to do double service by being turned; but it is none the worse for that, certainly not. The sides of his face are somewhat flat; his arms are not only perpendicular, but parallel; every joint in his body looks acute and angular, as though they had been ground up on a grindstone. There was something in his general appearance that seemed to stick out and say "Barber's clerk." In order to make his acquaintance we request the loan of his *The Lorgnette*. On returning it we observe, referring to the stage, "It is a beautiful scene, is it not?" He replied, "Yes, it is very good, but this is the fifth time I've seen it and it hasn't the charm for me that it has on those who have not seen it before." We wince under our implied misfortune, and apologetically remark that we have only seen it once previously and modestly ask our sagacious friend's opinion as to how long the entertainment will run. He says: "The fact is the thing is good, it takes; any man to know anything of the world must see 'the Crook.' Look at the country visitors; they will run it for a year, because, you see, for a man to visit the city and not see it, why, they might as well stay at home." Then looking towards the other group he said: "Of course there are always some 'yahoos' who blow kisses to the girls and use phrases of not the most dignified order; but what do they know (smiling contemptuously)? However, these little annoyances don't trouble one if he takes an orchestra chair, as I usually do. I came up here for the novelty of the thing, but I am quite cured of my curiosity." We were on the point of saying that that was precisely our case, but the thought occurred that it would sound to our important friend very much like a flagrant plagiarism and "too thin," so we meekly said that we should not come so near the roof again.

The curtain fell and we bade our communicative friend adieu, and thus ended our search for "fifty-cent morality."

The next visit we raised our standard fifty cents and "went for" the dollar seats, getting a seat next to a Frenchman, who ever and anon exploded with "*nom de tonnere, sacre bleu, que c'est belle.*" His lady replying, "*Restez tranquille doucon vous regard,*" "*Ve parle pas si haut, Pierre.*" Immediately in front of us sat a stout lady, escorted by a tall gentleman, who incessantly inclined his head and whispered; receiving in return sundry pinches and thumps from her elbow. Next to them sat several young men, apparently clerks, who listlessly surveyed the ballet dancing with an abandon which betokened the "Crook" to be no novelty to them. They conversed audibly upon the changes effected since they last saw it, one saying: "The long and short of it is that it isn't meant for boys or simpering misses, but for live men and women." His companion on his right said: "That's just where you are wrong, Gus. To men and women it is merely a very enjoyable evening; to boys and simpering misses, as you call them, it is also an educator, giving them self-reliance and confidence; it takes the giggle out of them." "That's so," said Gus; "it does make them practical men and women and takes the nonsense out of them." At the entrance of the ballet troupe we noticed some who were biting their lower lips, others turned and looked each other in the face, while many seemed slightly embarrassed, all of which premonitated verdancy, and we thought that if some one were to whisper "Fie" into their ears how they would blush, and that when they knew a little more of our every-day world the expression of that very same "Fie" would make them indignantly demand an explanation and apology. In beautiful contrast to this proneness to assume unnecesssary and inapplicable bashfulness, a gentleman, lady, and two little girls, all attired in the height of fashion, sat evidently pleased with the dancing, the gentleman adjusting the opera glass, and, as he handed it to the little girls, he apparently pointed out Bonfanti, Pagani and Adrienne to the delight of the children, who, we presume, marvelled at this realization of the fairy stories of which they had read. We next took a vacant chair in close proximity to a party of young folks whose conversation disclosed them to be from Lancaster, Pa. One of them said, "The Black Crook we saw was not to be compared to this, either in scenery or grandeur; I confess I didn't anticipate so gorgeous a display. We'll bring mother next time. I wish Eveline was here; I am sure all her prejudices would vanish." Another observed, "Do look at Pauline Markham, how ethereal she looks; so does the one on the right (Pagani). Laura, look through your glass and see how plainly you can distinguish the French danseuses by their long eyelashes and peculiar cast of countenance, so remarkable in the Latin races." The curtain fell for the last time that evening, and, as we descended the staircase, we overheard the sentence, "I don't regret that dollar's worth; it is all Maggie said it was.

On the third evening we thought that our success warranted us in going the premeditated *fifty cents better*, and duly invested our "one fifty," getting a chair close to the orchestra, and being somewhat early, we glanced around, and found the theatre rapidly filling. Near us were costly silks and Indian poplins, trimmed with lace and satin, all of the latest style. As the curtain rose, we failed to notice a vacant chair in our vicinity. Silence reigned supreme, being at length broken by the following remark, made by a gentleman: "We are rather too close; we should have engaged seats four or five rows further back." The curtain fell on the first act, when a friend who accompanied us suggested that "the dollar-and-a-half morality seems very reserved and dignified; I suppose they take it as a matter of course." A gentleman immediately behind us said, "You see what a difference tutoring makes. I'll undertake to say that those ballet dancers would resent it as a flagrant insult were one to imply their costume was unbecoming." "They're able to take care of themselves," was the reply, "and think no more of it than some here would of a *bal masque*, a ball room costume; in fact, that's all it is, after all; the motive makes the difference; simple-minded people make a great fuss over nothing; it all depends on how much you know. A Turkish lady would feel thoroughly ashamed to walk abroad unveiled, but that don't make it necessarily immodest except to themselves, and it is just the same in this case, people breathe in their own atmospheres. A third remarked, as the ballet made their *debut* in the second act, "Observe that astonished Englishman; isn't he a living personification of the French pictures of a 'Jean Bool' as he appears in the 'Jardin Mabille' at Paris? Now he will write home a long account of the 'loudness' of the 'Yankee' stage. I would like to pin a handkerchief to the fool's coat-tails." The second and third act concluded; and as we rose to depart our friend said, "Exactly what I thought; a mountain made of a molehill. People say the play is cut up; but I take notice that they vociferously applaud the innovations that cut it up. The truth is the "Crook" is bent to public taste, and Jarrett & Palmer simply supply a demand,"

The audience slowly departed amid a buzz of conversation; and we left musing—"the 'Black Crook' calls together an audience that holds up to our gaze a true picture of our every day morality, and, be it good, bad or indifferent, it is, nevertheless, perfect." Then occurred to our mind Byron's lines:

> "He pored upon the leaves and on the flowers
> And heard a voice in all the winds, and then
> He thought of wood-nymphs and immortal bowers
> And how the goddesses came down to men."

But emerging into the night air recalled us to earth, and we hurried home, pleased, satisfied and an advocate of the ballet as an enlightening institution. J. R.

JEWELERS AND WATCHMAKERS AS ARTISTS.

The jewelers and watchmakers of this country are at the "top of the tree." They are first and foremost of all the great workers and fashioners of their time. They have introduced a new art among us—new ideas of the beautiful—exquisite in color, in form and in all the varieties of grouping which belong to the profession in its perfected state. We are accustomed to praise our painters and sculptors, and the workers in metals—of iron and of copper—the bronzers, the grainers, the fresco artists and all the rest of the high priests of beauty who contribute to the adornment of human life and the enjoyment and happiness of mankind. And this is no more than an act of justice done to the choicest orders of our nobility, although it is the noble only who render it to them.

But we are too apt to forget what we owe in the direction and actual attainment of beauty to the jewelers and watchmakers. They continually deal with the most costly materials of beauty and of art. Their hands drop with the music of color, and the perpetual sunlight of gold, and the glorious moonlight of silver, and they make a banquet of things exquisite and lovely wherever they go. Of course all this is mere glamor and "moonshine," but it is somehow or other true, as every poetical representation is, and must be, from the very nature of it, and vastly more true than what our very common-sense people call the "practicalities" of every-day life.

The debt we owe to the artists in jewelry and watchmaking is beyond all calculation. In the first-named brand of workmanship they have literally sown the highways of the world with gems of matchless brightness and most passionate colors, so that not a clodhopper nor the meanest ignoramus but arrays himself in their glory. And in the second-named department, what tongue or pen can tell what we owe to the delicate, sensitive-fingered artists who construct the wheels, levers, balances and adjustments of that cunning piece of mechanism called a watch or a clock, that gives to us an idea of time and its comings and goings—of time as a mighty pulse beat in the throbbing blood of eternity—which we could never have got without it? Think what a vast gulf exists between the miserable invention of the hour glass, with its sixty minutes' dose of sand, and the beautiful, almost intelligent and living creature which we call a timepiece in these modern days! What is the ancient sundial even compared with the watch or clock of to-day? Sam Slick knew what he was about when he peddled his wooden clocks through the country, and left one at every respectable-looking farm-house on trial, with the provision reserved that if it was not liked when he called again he would take it back. Of course it was liked. The good old farmer and his wife, having once known the pleasure of its company and its friendly "tick, tick," would have parted with their best "bibs and tuckers," and have gone without dinner any four days of the week, rather than have let Sam carry it away with him. How often has its pleasant face and comfortable music cheered the lonely watcher in the night time, and made him feel that he was not alone, nor utterly forsaken, although every human being was out of the house. What a pride also is there in the young man's first watch! and how nice the pretty young lady feels when papa—or, perhaps, her sweetheart, on the road to matrimony with her—present her with her first gold watch and chain.

Moreover, no one can tell what an improvenrent in the popular taste has come out of watches and jewelry. Silly peeple think it is a sin to love such things, and that the adornment of jewels and watches is a device of the old chap that lives below, and wants company. But it is not only a mistake, but it is a crime to think so and talk so. Whatever refines the taste improves the mind, and makes a man better, wiser and happier. Besides that, read the Revelations, and you will find that heaven itself is all ablaze with jewels—and there would be watches there, too, no doubt, only there is no such thing as *time* there.

We have much to be proud of in our manufactures both of jewelry and of watches. In the former we are far more solid in workmanship than the French. The French jewerry is too tawdry for American taste, the English is too massive and clumsy, whilst the American comes between the two, and hits the happy medium of a supremely beautiful manufacture, which everybody likes and buys.

And with respect to watches, our importers have brought into this country the best in the world; and they defy competition. Even the extra duty of five per cent imposed upon watches and watch materials will not much damage us; although it is a great wrong done to the trade. What we want is FREE TRADE; and we have a right to demand it. Give us free trade and we will beat the world.

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.—We have received several numbers of this, the only able advocate of the woman question we have yet seen. Though published by ladies in the special interest of ladies, it is not exclusively devoted to this question, but discusses freely and fully all current topics. Its editorials are forcible and well written, and we do not hesitate in saying that it tells more sound truth than any other paper published in America. Its boldness in this direction may offend the ladies themselves, as it berates their follies in unstinted terms. In this the WEEKLY is sound, for until women is educated beyond the mere capacity for attracting the opposite sex—until she can tear herself from her ever-changing idol of fashion [illegible] enough to take one good, square look at the world [illegible] until she looks at herself rather than at her reflect[illegible] she need not expect to inspire men with large faith in her [illegible]fications as a voter or a legislator. It is a very [illegible] printed paper, published at New York by Victoria C. Woodhull and Tennie C. Claflin at $4 per year, [illegible] well worth the money, especially to ladies.—[illegible] *Prairie du Chien, Wis.*

[CONTINUED FROM NINTH PAGE.]

even in the *life* business, where the laws of mortality and the ordinary interest on money are only asking for common honesty to prove that the yearly premiums on proper risks are sufficient to pay every dollar insured. As a business, there is not under the canopy of Heaven a surer, safer, nobler pursuit in the abstract than life insurance; no outside aids or kite-flying expedients are needed for its stability. Based on mathematical certainties, on the laws of life and death established by the Almighty, it should stand immutable as Time itself. But, alas, when thieves steal from it its essence of safety, when its foundations are silently and surely undermined, when its assets are wasted away and its income recklessly and extravagantly squandered, when brokers in league with officers carry off forty to sixty per cent. of the premiums, and expenses eat up the balance, what remains for widows and orphans?

Why don't Mr. Superintendent Miller, now that he has found out at last that the security promised by the Farmers' and Mechanics' and Great Western Companies was like the thin outer crust which covered the hollow and rotten Southern rebellion, pursue his task as Grant did, only to end the campaign in an insurance Appomattox, in the final and complete collapse of such frauds. He has lately examined the New Jersey Mutual Life Insurance Company and pronounced it all right. It may be so, but an insurance journal has boldly stated what we before did and more, viz.: that according to the Massachusetts reports, its capital was impaired $36,698; that it attempted to call $52,561 it had in premium notes and credits *cash;* that its income had fallen off one-half; that its ratio of loss on new business was four times as great as that of a company twenty years older. But Mr. Miller says this is all right; now let us hear what he thinks of the Popular Life?

After all one of the worst features presented in all these life insurance troubles has been the exposed venality of the public press. An examination of the accounts of the Farmers' and Mechanics', and of their check-book on their bankers, Turner Bros., shows policies to have been issued in payment for advertising! and to parties, too, to whom the newspaper publishers were indebted, as payment of such indebtedness. It seems to us these sufferers have a remedy against the publishers, as the latter must have known a company thus paying its advertising debts to be worthless. It is surely time some responsibility could be attached somewhere in insurance. Here we have had the Home of New Haven, publishing year after year a deliberate lie, a rank perjury, as to its assets, which were not one-half of the sworn statements; but when it does fail its real assets are made liable for the payment of losses under policies whose very existence even was unrecorded, unknown, and nowhere appearing on the company's books!

Weeks ago we predicted that the effects of competition, low rates and heavy losses would be felt severely before spring among the fire insurance companies. The returns recently made in Massachusetts, where this class of companies are comparatively very sound and conservative, quite bear us out in our prediction. Out of thirty-three companies fourteen show an impairment of surplus, and whatever profit has been made by any seems to have been made more from investments than from business!

A recent decision by a Californian Court, which has decided that all persons, corporations or associates, insuring against loss by death in any manner, are amenable to the laws regulating insurance, and, as a consequence, expelling from the State another of those infamous co-operative frauds (The United States Mutual Benefit of New York), besides heavily fining its pretended agents, has led us to the consideration of a subject which we would like to see thoroughly probed, that of the "Lloyds" for marine insurance. One o these concerns, hailing from Boston but represented in thisf city by a firm of insurance adjusters, that is, public accountants for making up losses, at 56 Wall street, has recently failed. Its name was the Boston Lloyds; a Mr. Havens was manager, and the organization was effected by a number of merchants paying in $200 a piece in cash and giving notes of $1,000 each, and authorizing Mr. Havens and his agents to transact the business of insurance for their account. Therefore this concern, like the others in this city, such as the "United States Lloyds" and "National Lloyds," had a corporate name, and a principle and practice of business very similar to that of a mutual insurance company. Yet these "Lloyds" utterly deny being subject to taxation or examination, or to any control whatever, claiming to be a private affair, exempt from all meddling. A Californian Court in New York might let a little of the daylight of common sense into this logic.

Some of our readers may remember how in the old days of bogus Philadelphia Insurance Companies, their projectors not only fleeced the public by gathering in premiums for worthless policies but also by trading off the stock of such companies just before they collapsed, for any kind of real or personal property they could get hold of. In the present condition of insurance such a course may be again attempted, and it will be well for all parties to be on their guard against such attempts. We hear of offers of shares of the "Guardian Fire and Marine" of Philadelphia, and also of one or two other similar concerns, in "trades." ! !

New Church for a Rev. Miss.—The new church for Rev Miss Chapin, at Iowa City, is to cost $45,000.

INTRODUCTORY SPEECH AT LINCOLN HALL, WASHINGTON, D. C., FEB. 16, 1871.

BY PAULINE WRIGHT DAVIS.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

The time has now arrived for calling your attention to the specific object of this meeting, which is to present to you concisely the legal and moral argument in favor of enfranchising one-half the citizens of the United States.

The question of bringing in any new class of voters has always been deemed a difficult and complex one to deal with; hence, when two millions of men were to be enfranchised, it was needful to make amendments to the Constitution; at least so thought the interpreters of that instrument.

Women have asked for a Sixteenth Amendment, to enfranchise twenty millions of citizens, and have been told to go to their respective States. The States bid them again to the Federal Government, and again your judiciary remands them to the courts. How long shall this humiliating treatment continue toward the tax-paying, law-abiding mothers of this nation? and that, too, gentlemen, while we and you know that the ægis of the Constitution is broad enough for all.

A Sixteenth Amendment might gratify a pride which demands special favors, but, for myself, I prefer simply justice, which is a far higher attribute than pride, far better than gifts. Nor do I desire to see that noble instrument weakened by any more amendments. It is like mending an old garment with new cloth.

Let the Gordian knot, which seems so complex, be cut by a wise, liberal and just construction of the XIV. Amendment, which so clearly defines a citizen's rights and functions, and the vexed question will be settled, and the danger over of your party foundering on this rock which cannot be escaped. The progress of civilization demands it. Corruption and vice are running riot, and you cannot stay it till a purifying element is brought into your Government. Justice claims its final adjudication now, after more than twenty years of agitation, and if you fail to see it there are thousands and tens of thousands who do see it and will seize the opportunity. If neither of the parties existing now are ready to take this issue, which is the only live one of the day, a new one will spring up that will grind these to powder. The elements are ready and the combining power at hand. The spirit roused will not down for any bidding save that of right.

Our country's moral safety depends upon the settlement of this claim for justice and humanity. It is the *finale* of the reorganization of the States and society which has so tasked and eluded your power and grasp of comprehension. Never before in the history of nations has a question so vital, so far-reaching, so humanizing, been presented for consideration. It may well be called, as it is, the uprising of womanhood throughout the world, calm, strong, earnest womanhood. Her weapons are not carnal but spiritual, which are mighty. Her prayers have ascended heavenward, and forces are gathering for the right which you do not see, but which she feels and trusts in.

Every voice from on high claims from man justice; the very atmosphere is filled with it from ocean to ocean, the one demand is for equal justice; not reformed laws, not crumbs and favors, but equal justice. In one form or another this appeal will be constantly before you. There is no escape from it. Scoffs, sneers and jibes are not arguments. We meet on the plain of reason, and must be answered by sound logical arguments, which no man has yet offered against our claim for the ballot.

This Congress has now the opportunity of creating a name for itself nobler than has ever brightened the pages of history, one that through all time would be revered and over which angels would rejoice. Shall this be its work or shall the recording angel write, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting" in all which constitutes wise legislators. "For he who disregards the rights of the poorest and humblest subject is an unworthy ruler." I shall now have the pleasure of introducing to you Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull—the first woman to see clearly and present persistently the demand for suffrage as a right plainly guaranteed by the Constitution and its Amendments.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

Mesdames Woodhull & Claflin:

The proportion of those persons who live in the world, content to glide along on the human tide, as compared with those who zealously seek to know more than they do of the world's origin, the changes it has undergone, and the relation it bears to other worlds, is probably not more than one in a thousand. They are not usually men who mingle most with the thoughtless herd, but who have their hours of sober reasoning and research; men who make the object of their investigations speak to them, as it were, in their own language, and who, when they give the result of their life, amaze by the perspicuity of their thoughts, the grandeur of their conceptions and the boldness and force of their expressions. This class of persons unfortunately, form an infinitessimally small proportion to those who lead a life of frivolity—floating idly on the stream—content with a limited intercourse with men and things, and, while they thus glide toward their graves, are pleased to prattle of beauties they do not comprehend, and to criticize subjects they have never thought to acquaint themselves with.

This latter class of philosophers arrogate to themselves that the world they live in was made for them—that the light and the darkness—the divisions of night and day—the moon and the "heavenly host" of stars were made by a capricious Deity in one day for them—in short, that He did prepare the world they live in for them, with everything they could possibly require; and, having prepared it, made them in His own image *that they* might enjoy His work.

Such teachings are still popular, and will, doubtless, continue to be promoted while there are youth and institutions wherein they may be trained and educated to accept only what is known as the "*written word of God*" and nothing else; and, being firmly convinced of this dogmatical tuition, will endeavor to spread the complicated ecclesiastical scheme of salvation, through the pharasaic Doctor who was crucified by Roman authority, not for being the Messiah, but for patriotic devotion to His country, attempting under this cover to rescue His country from despotism.

This, however, is the age of investigation and research, and a slight acquaintance with the writings of those who have labored long to show that the world we live in is only one of a myriad, will educate their minds to receive the, to them, unpleasant hypothesis that robs them of that grandeur which might otherwise remain, viz., that they are not made in God's image, but are merely the consequence of a grand progression from inanimate matter to animate form, conducted under pre-existent laws and conditions that have been in operation since the world we live in *was cold enough* to admit of their development.

It is my intention to send you a series of papers treating on this subject, to which I hope you will give a place in your unique paper.

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New Jersey, Feb. 21, 1871.

THE BLACK AND WHITE WAMPUM.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

At Finny Fort the warrior Shawanese,
Three hundred strong, came in their paint and plumes
To hold a council with commissioners
Designed to end the war in the Nor'west.
Long time had raged a furious enmity
Between the red men and the conquering white;
An enmity which swept the settlements
And strewed the prairies with promiscuous dead;
So that no spot of earth, on hill or dale,
Or river bank, or in the lonely wood,
For miles around the haunts of civil men,
But sealed a crime or marked a bloody grave.

The Shawanese, of all the Western tribes,
Were savagest, and fiercely bent on war.
Already the great chiefs, whose names o'erawed
Surrounding nations, and whose will was law,
Had met the famous men of Washington
And signed a Treaty that there might be peace.
But these bold Indians, conscious of their strength,
Suspicious of the whites, and insolent,
Came laggard through the woods, and occupied
Three days in traveling but a score of miles,
To show the country round their mighty men,
And let their fame, thro' eager scouts, go forth,
Long ere their coming to the council-fire,
Where Colonel Clark and his commissioners
Waited them with patience, undisturbed.

The Fort stood near the mouths of Miame,
A river famous in those Indian wars,
And with a garrison of seventy men
Long time had held the savages in check.
The British wars were over, but the spies
And agents of that Government contrived
To keep the Indians armed to harass us,
And desolate the homes of peaceful men
Remote from aid or succor, or redress.
But after many conquests and defeats,
Which thinned their numbers, whilst their fields were left
Uncultivated, and the winters came
And found their villages destroyed, their food
All gone, and they, their children, and their wives,
Driven to starve amongst the windy hills,
Or in the woods to wait for ghastly death,
Wrapped piteous in a windlug-sheet of snow.
After this sorrow and experience dire,
They not unwilling were to sue for peace,
All, save the Shawanese, who, though they came,
Were saucy, proud, and insolent of men;
But he with whom they had to deal knew well
The inmost secrets, passages and springs
Of Indian mind and character—had been
Their frequent guest far off within the wilds,
On business of the government—and sat
With them at many a council-fire, and smoked
The pipe of friendship and of peace—and slept
Within their wigwams; always just and true
To them and the commission which he held,
Hence they esteemed him highly—whilst they feared,
As such men fear the dread mysterious power
Of intellect which soars beyond their ken,
And in great moments flashes like a fire
From Heaven, and withers up the mind and will
Of natures its inferior, till they yield,
Submissive, without drawing of a sword.

Such intellect was Clark's; oft brought to bear
In fascinations terrible and strange
On these and such as these—the Shawanese,
Whose mob of warriors lingered now without
The fort at Finney, where he waiting sat
To treat with them or not, as was their mood.
An old log fort it was, and every beam
And plank and rafter was together held
Without a nail, or piece of iron work,
But strong, and bullet-proof; its walls and roof
Built of the solid trunks of mighty trees.
The Council chamber was the common room—
Not lofty, but capacious, long and broad—
Where all the garrison made hearty meals,
And talked and laughed before the blazing hearth,
On winter nights when all the heavens were bare,
And the cold stars looked on a world of snow.
The Colonel and Commissioners were ranged,
So that they faced the door, which open stood,
And all were seated at an ample board
Whereon were pens and ink and parchment deeds,
With ancient treaties and those newly made
With other tribes, the testaments of peace!
But the great Chieftain Clark sat all alone
In chair of state, which, with a table, stood
Within the middle of the spacious hall;
Whilst round them ranged the soldiers of the Fort—
And all wore side-arms, as the custom was.

The Shawanese, intent on insult, kept
In groups outside, regardless of the time
And purpose of assembly, tho' they knew
What famous warrior they had to meet;
And their own tribe had named him for his deeds
To them so terrible in by-gone wars,

The Chieftain of the Long Knives—fiery Clark,
That brave Virginian, whose dark eyes of flame
Flashed terror into every Indian's heart;
Whose single-handed prowess won for him
A fame that sounded thro' the Western wilds,
And made him dreaded, reverenced and admired.
But with premeditated malice, they
Conspired to mock him as he proudly sat
Regardless of their insolence and jeers.
They knew the number of his retinue,
Too small, they thought, to cope with their strong band,
And as they laughed and jeered outside the Fort;
Whilst thro' the open door their terrible forms,
Arrayed and painted in a warlike trim
And armed with rifles, tomahawks and knives,
Showed grim and threatening 'gainst the calm, blue sky.
No parley treated these redoubtable chiefs!
But, bent on provocation, they remained
Long time in high discourse; and, intermixed
With laughs like yells and mockeries of the damned,
Some bolder than the rest, would thrust their heads
Into the hall, and, grinning thro' their paint,
Shake the black plumes o'er each horrible face
With insult hard to bear; but, nothing moved,
The Colonel and his friends talked at their ease,
As if they knew not what these gestures meant.

Anon, when they were weary of their sport,
Finding or sport or earnest 'twas the same
To these high, imperturbable whites,
They—ignoring the fine courtesy their wont
In former times to use at treaty scenes—
Rushed, tumbling, jostling, pellmell thro' the door
And filled the hall with their wild savage forms;
Some squatting on the floor, some standing—all
Boisterous and violent, with insulting mien,
And eyes like wolves fierce glaring on their prey.

But, as before, the brave commissioners
Looked on as though they saw not—talking still,
At ease, with pleasant faces, as men talk
At feasts, with happy guests and music sweet.
But calmest there, impassable as fate,
The central figure at his table sat
Alone, within the middle of the hall,
That iron man! the Chief of the "Long Knives!"
And fearful scourge of these same Shawanese,
Whose ravenous eyes devoured his compact form;
But when he looked at them did shrink abashed,
As with grave face and stern, but not severe,
He took the lighted peace-pipe in his hand,
And smoking for awhile in silence, passed
It to the chiefs, who by his presence awed,
And the magnetic lightning of his eyes,
As with good-will received and smoked it; when
This terribly calm man, all self possessed
And, unembarrassed, like to one who feels
Secure and safe with his confiding friends,
Opened the council in due form, and spake:—
"Brave Shawanese! We come to you as friends;
We know each other, and few words are best.
This war is neither good for you nor us,
Our young men fall before it like leaves
Of autumn, stained with blood and fire, and die.
Your lodges are made desolate by its wrath,
And ours are lonely too, and we are sad;
But we are many and at most you're few.
If it continue but a little while,
What will become of all your noble braves?
Of these great warriors now before my face,
How many through the next campaign will live?
I speak in friendship your great Father's words,
Who loves you well, and wishes peace with all.
Your brothers, the brave Delawares, you know,
Have, with the Wyandots, and many more,
Signed with us treaties of perpetual peace.
Why should we not all be friends, and live
Like children of one loving family?
It is your interest as well as ours.
'Tis true, there have been grievances, but these
Have passed away like summer clouds in heaven.
Or, if there any be which yet remain,
Speak them right out and they shall be redressed!
I speak my Father's thoughts, and he is yours;
He will not see you wronged, but will avenge
Your wrongs upon the wrongers to the end.
So let us be at peace and close this war.
We know your influence with the nations round;
Use it for peace, and we shall all be friends.
Why should we not? You long suspected us—
Thought we had come with evil purpose here,
To do you harm instead of lasting good.
What then? We know who stirred you up
To such dark thoughts against us and our hopes.
We are not in your counsels, but we know.
You cannot hide from us the thoughts you think,
The deeds you do, or the designs you have.
Our enemies are yours, as you will find,
As the Six Nations found out to their cost.
Who, having suffered by this British war
More terribly than any Indians round,
Trusting the promises of those they served,
Were left to perish till my Father sent
Relief to them and to their famishing tribes.
Nay, in the treaty with the British King,
They and their lands were signed away to us.
You trust such treacherous broken reeds as this,
Broken and driven forever from the land,
Tho' here his agents and his spies remain,
To keep alive the wrath twixt you and us.
What benefit accrues to you from this?
Some extra blankets, ammunition, knives!
And for these things you give your blood and peace;
And hurry all your people to the grave,
That they may write "Poor Fools!" for epitaph
Upon the stone that points out where they lie?
Whereas with us you'd have true friends, and trade,
The interchanges of commodity,
Money, or blankets, powder, knives for skins,
And yearly payments, your annuities
For lands restored, by treaty long since ours,
Tho' long suspended of your sole accord,
Thro' your alliance with our enemies,
Who try their best to make you think us foes,
We do not speak "outside the lips" to you,
But from our hearts; our words mean what they say.
It was of our own will we asked to come here
And judge if we were enemies or friends.
You took us at our words and sent wise men,
Great braves who stayed eight days within the fort,
And told us they were satisfied that we
Designed to be their friends and not their foes.
Perhaps they are here; if so, let them speak.
I say again I come to offer peace,
And you can have it upon easy terms,
And you must judge if peace or war be best.

So saying, he sat down, and it was clear
That what he'd said had tamed the savage beast
In some of these wild hearts and softened them.
Then rose an aged warrior, a chief
And council sachem, full of years, and gray,
Of venerable aspect and of features mild:
"I hear the voice of the great chief!" he said,
"My nation knows him well, and he is brave.
His warrior deeds are in the winds of heaven!
And he is just, and tells no lies, as we
Who have held many counsels with him, know!
I, too, am a man! I, too, am just!
An old, old man! too old to tell a lie.
There have been grievances, he says, I say
There will be always! they belong to man.
But the Great Chief comes here to offer peace,
In the Great Father's name at Washington.
Him too we know and think he means us good."
Then turning round towards his braves, he said:
"My children, you have heard me plead for war,
In many a council—now I plead for peace.
And let us do a thing most hard to do—
Forget old grievances and live in peace.
I have seen many wars and have not found
They bring us what we need—the good of life!
What have we gained by taking up our side?
What have we lost? I ask my braves to speak.
Our young men swept like the tall forest trees
Beneath the woodman's axe may answer them!
They cry aloud from the far hunting grounds
As knowing what is best for us their friends,
And for the women and the children, who
Ask us for corn, when we have none to give.
They cry to us to heal these broken wounds,
And live once more in peace. If hate dies hard,
Why we can kill it with a harder blow!
Our Father, thro' his Chief, holds out the hand
Of brotherhood to us, and my voice is for peace,
And happy lodges, and great fields of corn,
And troops of papooses to make brave men
When we are gone to the Great Spirit home."
He sat him down, this venerable old man,
Who wore no paint, but only plumes of war,
And there ran round the council-hall a hum
As of the murmur of a distant sea.
The speech had told and changed the general face.
But one, a wily savage, tall and gaunt,
With fierce, red eyes that were athirst for blood,
Sprang to his feet: "What! are we boys?" he cried;
"And has it come to this, that my young men
Are frightened at the name and fame of war?
What is this mighty chief and his white men,
That my young braves should tremble at their face
And shrink to meet them in the war-path more?
Have we not done great deeds, as great as they?
We hear of their big cities, and their men,
As many as the leaves upon the tree.
Where are they? Look around this hall and see
How many men these mighty Chiefs can boast!
Have you not often on the battle-field
Slain twice the number that they put in front
To face three hundred warrior Shawanese,
And brought their scalps to toss amid the smoke
Of dancing fires within your lodge at home?
See what a train of warriors the Chief
Of the Long Knives boasts! and judge what fear
We need to have of him in war or peace!"
He finished, and the blood in each man's heart
That sat within those walls, or white or red,
Ran wild and high—the one with inmost dread
Yet firm that what must come to meet it well;
The other, with a wolfish, mad desire
To fall upon and slay them as they sat.

Meanwhile, the brave, indomitable Clark
Looked on without a sign that he was moved,
As one who waiteth for the next to speak;
And as the murmur rose to tumult dire,
Another chief sprang up with mocking face
And horrible eyes, who, when the rest beheld,
They sank to silence, like a windless lake.
Then throbbed afresh the white men's surging hearts,
Who saw that laughing devil in the eyes
Of the grim savage that now had the floor.
Not long had they to wait ere he revealed
The purpose of his mind. Deliberately
He stalked up to the table where Clark sat
Alone, within the middle of the hall,
And throwing on it from his red right hand
Two belts of different colored wampum—one
The sacred black, which symbol was of war,
The other, the more sacred white, the sign of peace.

"We come to offer you, renowned chief,"
He said, "two belts of different wampum,
And of two different colors, black and white.
You know well what these different pieces mean,
And this from us. Take up which piece you like."
All this was preconcerted: they resolved
To offer insult to the Long Knife Chief,
Which he, they thought, dare not resent on them;
And they would sit and laugh and mock at him,
To see him chafe and fret in harmless rage.
And so the warriors seated, every chief
Drew up his form to height, and silent sat,
To see and hear what the great chief would do.

Meanwhile the fever of disquiet raged
In each American heart; an awful time
It was, and dreadful scene to those who saw;
For not a man there present but believed
That the next move would be for massacre.
But Captain Clark, the bravest of the brave!
With fortitude, that giant of the heart,
Sustaining him, and his most steadfast will,
Without a muscle in his face astir,
But just a sudden flash within his eyes,
And not a haughty or defiant word
Upon his tongue, so powerful in its pleas;
But calculating, with consummate skill,
The balances which sway the red man's breast,
Put forth a little cane within his hand,
And carelessly entwining it around
The sacred wampum, flung it in the midst
Of the astounded and wide-gaping chiefs.
Up sprang, on both sides, each man to his feet;
Electric was the move and its effects,
And every hand its weapon sought for use,
Whilst the grim savages in dumb amaze
Stood paralysed, not knowing what to do.
But Clark knew well, nor gave them time to think.
He, in that company alone unawed,
Sat in his chair; whilst o'er his calm, cold face
Came the dread scowl his enemies did fear,
And changed it to a wild ferocity;
And both his eyes flamed out like orbs of fire
Set in an immortality of hate.
Then up he sprang, dilated all his form
Into the height and grandeur of a god;
And raising his right arm, he waved his hand,
And pointing to the door with haughty mien,
He cried, in tones of thunder thro' the hall,
"Dogs! you may go," and down his scornful foot
Came crashing on the floor, and out they went,
Tumultuous rushing as they had come in.

It was the grandest triumph of the mind
O'er sheer brute strength and brutal insolence
Which stands on record in the Western scrolls.
One of the many strokes of character
Which do illustrate bravery of soul
And ready wit and haughty self-command
In the romantic annals of the West.
And when the hall was of these ruffians clear,
Then coursed the blood of all in peaceful streams
Once more, and round the hero of the hour
They gathered, clasping both his hands and neck,
And blessing him who, by his wit and will
And sublime courage, had saved all their lives.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 8, 1871.

DEAR "WEEKLY:"

In the midst of many and varied occupations and interests, I have found time for some hearty laughter, mingled with many an honest blush of mortification, for the "lame and impotent conclusions" of the "Cornelia" letters, over which the handful of anti-suffragists have so glorified. So far removed from true courtesy, and even Christian feeling, in denominating as "fallen ones" some of the best and brightest women of our land, so devoid of sense or reasoning, for what is more illogical than clamoring against the right of woman to be heard, and yet trying to raise her feeble wail above the mighty roar of truth and justice? Surely, if inconsistency be woman's stronghold, "Cornelia" has an impregnable fortress, from behind whose protecting walls she can safely send her blunted arrows without the slightest danger of hitting any one in a vital part. "Cornelia" has "looked on that picture," not on this; consequently, her views partake of that moral obliquity which has so often proved fatal to the opposers of a public movement. When called on to prove her case, she falls back on the old Paul-ian doctrine, and rings the changes on those threadbare utterances, till one is tempted to admire the stolidity of an intellect that can go round and round so long without becoming dizzy! We don't go quite as far as H. W. B., perhaps, but we will declare, in a true spirit of reverence, that Paul's opinions on that head, seems to us, from their concise framing, to have been wrung from the Apostle somewhat unwillingly, for, remember, in his era there was but a faint interest in woman's welfare, although there was already stirring the feeble spark which the tenderness and partiality of the Saviour were to fan into flame. If the Marys were the representatives of true womanhood, see the favor which he bestowed even on "a fallen one," and even though the Apostle's mind was set in an entirely different groove, and the time was yet unripe for a move in that direction, note the even balance he strikes when he says: "Let the husband render unto the wife due benevolence." And again: "The wife hath not power of her own body, but the husband; and likewise, also, the husband hath not power of his own body, but the wife." Again, the anti-suffragists, with "Cornelia" at their head, point constantly to the fitness and *happiness* (?) of woman's dependence on man, his chivalric tenderness toward her weakness! Now, does "Cornelia" ever come down from her mental exaltation, and look into those homes where not even the law as it now stands can shield woman from worse than blows, curses and deprivation of every right, even of that of running away? There are thousands of such, where the moral atmosphere is daily polluted, and the moral system undergoing a swift and sure decay. She might, if she would, tell of other degradations than that of the victims of wretched marriages; she has probably heard of cases where fathers have acted as executioners to their daughter's happiness and honor. With insane obstinacy opposing a sincere passion, till, finding in the woman's nature some of his own fierce determination, has turned the fair young daughter over to the tender mercies of a world, if possible, more cruel than himself. And when the child returned, worn and weary, to die under the shelter of a father's forgiveness, think you the fatted calf was killed, and the wanderer received with tears of joy? Not so; there is no One on earth now to whisper, "Neither do I condemn thee;" but the door was shut in sham virtuous horror, and the despair of that soul, if not the death of the poor, polluted body. Do not their curse lie at man's door? Every one knows of such stories, only they seem almost too frightful in their ending to be spoken of but with tears and prayers!

I would suggest that "Cornelia," before she takes upon herself the arduous task of censorship, that she go into the world a little more, not that infinitely circumscribed circle of fashion and folly in which she finds none but the apocryphal woman of her communications, but into the world of sin and sorrow and ignorance and despair, that rises, on all sides, like a dim, horrible vapor, filling the air with a fatal miasma. Let her go into *this* world for a year only, and her ideas will become somewhat modified, and then she may truly sign herself with that name which represents her ideal of womanhood, and whose character, she, with many others, seems to have misinterpreted, for Cornelia was not the worthless abject slave of her lord, but a fond wife, a devoted mother, and *a proud, self-reliant woman!*

ELIZABETH DE ZOWIA.

ENGLISH PATRIOTISM, AND WHAT MAKES IT

Perhaps of all the countries of the world, England can boast the most of the spirit of patriotism. This is so, because there the law, overlooking nothing, has taken a deeper hold upon the people; and there is no interest, however small, which has not some direct connection with the government. So fully does every interest there hinge upon the government, that when the government is in any trouble every household feels it. This deep connection between people and government is there the work of the law, which is ubiquitous, and gives a better guarantee of the defense of the government by its people than any other country of the earth has. The value of this element is so great that, perhaps, it could scarce be estimated by any ordinary measure of physical force in ascertaining the military strength of a people. Where a government and a people are, as there, an equal and common part of the machinery by which the daily bread of every family is procured, the smooth and even working in peace of the government machinery becomes almost a matter of life and death to every family in England; and, hence, in a war between that government and any other, the English government would fairly have in her defense the strength which would proceed from the life of almost every man, woman and child of the Empire being at stake. It is only through the wonderful powers of the English government in times past, that her people, pent up in so small a territory, have been able to acquire that degree of force and develop the extraordinary strength by which that nation is characterized. Their situation has made them commercial, and in following the ventures of the seas nothing has tended so much to their success as the strength of their government, carried, as it has been, in their favor into every commercial port and country of the world. The sagacity of her statesmen has procured them treaties, while their armies and navies have ever been used, when occasion required, for the enforcement of those treaties. Thus the people of Great Britain have sustained for a long series of years, a policy of combining their industrial force with their military strength, not possessed, to the same extent, by any other people; and this intimate union between the forces of the people and their government has this day made the British government dearer to its people than any other government is to its people. We do not state these facts in any spirit of boasting for the English people. There are other things in which our people will compass them. But we know them to be facts, and so being, we state them because we intend, before we get through, to endeavor to make a profitable use of them in defending the cause of peace.

While this union of the forces of the Government and the people exists, as we have already described, and has undoubtedly had its influence in developing in the British people extraordinary strength, still we believe it would have been better for them in many respects if they had possessed the large extent of territory possessed in the United States. In such a case there would have been a less marked connection between the interest of the people and the Government, and the people of Britain in that case would have had to maintain war less frequently than they have been compelled to do in pushing the exploits of their labor from a small centre out to a circumferance large enough to maintain well so large a population. But the times in which these things were done were times of war; and as the century has now drifted into a much more secure anchorage of peace, those enormous and wonderful exploits of the arts and energies of the inhabitants of Britain so necessary to maintain a powerful and numerous people may now be carried on, the world over, by them without the need almost of novice to back them; and the British man may now, through well secured commerce at home, enjoy in peace the fruits of his arduous labors of the past, without being forced by crowded population to abandon his soil and hunt for a home amongst strangers and in a foreign land. But what is the most valuable lesson taught both by the past and present condition of the English people? It teaches that the arts of peace have ever been their aim in war. With a policy of industry to maintain at home it would never have been wise in them to maintain war and an agency of reprisals for wrongs and injuries done them, which wrongs and injuries, no matter how great their immediate value in money, were not to have a future and prospective operation *against* their commercial rights. In other words, the British man has not often fought for mere revenge, or merely to make a neighbor pay him the full amount of some fancied wrong; but he has fought mainly to uphold a system that would give him a full commercial sweep, and thereby enable him to maintain his otherwise starving millions at home. Or, to put it more tersely still, he has oftenest fought merely as a choice between immediate death on the battle-field and slow starvation at home. This valuable aid rendered the British people by their Government in procuring for them their daily bread, has endorsed the Government to the people, and they are now better prepared in their hearts to make sacrifices for their Government than any other people of the globe are. This example has merely shown us the great aid of a Government, by war, to its people in procuring for them their bread where they had to go to a distance from home to seek it. We see that even in this situation, offering almost constant temptations of war to a people to enable them to broaden their boundaries, the thought of a secure and profitable market for what they might produce at home has been the consideration in the British mind for war much oftener than were military fame, or even the possession of large tracts of territory, unless the possession of such territory was to have some most direct effect upon those commercial enterprises which the British people sustained at home. Such in brief is the undoubted history of one of the most prosperous nations of the earth in sustaining war. With their sagacity equally as shrewd, we may assume that the same nation of people so situated that they could have found a sure market for the productions of their labor without war, would not have gone to war at all; for their mathematics in war seems to have been that it was too costly to maintain, except for any other purpose than to give each man a sure and profitable market for what, *in all the future*, he might at home produce. This, it will readily be seen, is a much broader basis upon which to found war than the *damages* that might arise from any mere little hindrances to the enterprises of a people for a few years only, we will say. We question whether any wise people in this day would maintain war (which is always bad) upon any such trifling basis as mere compensation for past injuries. We are quite sure that the British people would never, at any time, have maintained war *solely* for any such purpose; and if, differently situated as they have ever been (always having to rely upon an overdue strain of their minds and muscles for a living), it would not have suited *them* to so jealously guard the prerogative of war (living by it in great part, as they did) as to make compensation for past damages a cause of it, it certainly will not suit any nation of people so fortunately situated as to be able to overlook such a cause of war, to make it on any such grounds. For example, we will say that it would not suit the United States to make war from any such cause, let the money grievances be as large as the most Utopian dreamer of fancied wrongs might feel disposed to place it. It is only for the purpose of averting some heavy impending danger to the well set and lawful enterprises of *a whole people for the future*, that war in these days is justifiable at all. And even in that case, in order to make it justifiable, the danger must be so natural and so direct, and must move against the solid enterprises of an entire people with such unavoidable *certainty*, that unless met in a heroic spirit and overcome their enterprises would *certainly* be destroyed. We think that nothing less than this would justify war in these days; nor would anything less be held to be sound cause of war on the part of a people so situated (as the people of the United States are) as to be able to live and prosper without holding to too severe a reckoning those who may chance to offend them. In these views we have not attempted to express, even in the least degree, our opinion of the merits of any differences that may exist at present between the United States and any other nation of people; but have merely laid down what, for the times, we consider a good rule of war for nations in general, and—fortunately situated as she is—for the United States in particular. No cause of war short of this would, in our opinion, give satisfaction to the American people; nor could their strength be united in a war in which the interests at stake were less just and valuable than those indicated by *future benefits* rather than by *past injuries*—for the tendency of the whole human mind is in this day rather to pass by the errors that are behind us, and only to look for benefits to the sound and rich harvests of the blooming future. This quality of the national mind must be carried into its councils. It is a sentence of the times, and rulers and people will obey it alike.

J. M. Peters.

PROPHECIES AND THEIR FULFILLMENT.

The love of the marvelous seems inherent in human nature, and from the days of Pharaoh's Egyptian magicians, down to the present time, there has always been a credulous crowd to believe in any one who claims to see beyond the veil which heaven has so kindly dropped between us and the future. A writer in the Cincinnati *Chronicle* gives some interesting facts on this subject, from which we quote: In the year 1602 there was born near the town of Dover, in England, a farmer's son named William Lilly. This man was a most successful predictor of human events. Unlike most of the prophets who flourished before and after him, he claimed for his allies neither magic nor inspiration. The fixed stars were his principal guides, though he did not disdain to take occasional advice of the planets, or even of the sun and moon. In a book printed fifteen years before the great fire by which London was almost entirely consumed, in the year 1666, he foretells that event with such exactness that when it really occurred he was summoned to appear before a committee appointed by the House of Commons to tell what he knew of the cause of the great disaster. The plague, of which thousands had died a year before the fire, was also foretold in the same book. He has left a work on astrology, in which he endeavors to reduce his theories to a science, and by the study of which, he says, any one may become as successful an oracle as himself. We commend it to the attention of our John Bishop, who may, perhaps, with its assistance, be able to make better guesses next year than he has this.

Nostradamus, who published his first book of prophecies a hundred years before Lilly, was perhaps the most wonderfully successful seer of modern times. His book was first written in prose, but was afterward turned into verse. The violent death of Charles I. of England, the banishment of Napoleon, and his wars, so disastrous to Europe, are all set forth in very respectable French doggerel. He also foretold the great fire, and intimated that it was to be sent on London as a punishment for shedding the innocent blood of an anointed king. Nostradamus was sent for by the superstitious Catharine de Medici, and received large sums of money from more than one of her royal sons. Indeed, Charles I. went so far as to issue an edict declaring himself the enemy to all who failed in respect to the great necromancer. He was believed in most faithfully by his own age, and time, by fulfilling his own prophecies, has added to his fame. He died an old man, honored and beloved, and a monument was erected to his memory, on which was inscribed an epitaph asserting in the most pompous Latin his prophetic power.

Count de Cagliostro, whose real name was Joseph Balsamo, was a native of Palermo, and is principally known by his famous predictions regarding the French revolution. Social life in Paris during the reign of Louis XVI., like an unquiet sea, tossed to the surface many strange characters, and none among them was more extraordinary than this man. We find him the friend of criminals and princes, counted not only as a seer, but as a man of fashion, believed in as a prophet, and dined with as a friend. He was a man of profound learning, and claimed to have the power of turning the baser metals into gold. One of the many marvelous stories told of him is that, when Marie Antoinette was Dauphiness, he showed her in a glass of water an image of the fated guillotine, then uninvented, on which she was to die. He was in some way implicated with Cardinal de Bohan in the celebrated diamond necklace affair which did so much to overthrow the prestige of the unfortunate queen of Louis XVI., and was imprisoned in consequence in the Bastile, and afterward banished from France. He then went to Rome, and was arrested there for being a freemason, and after a long trial was condemned to death. The sentence was afterward commuted to imprisonment for life in the fortress of San Leo, where he ended his strange career in 1795.

NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

In our issue of Dec. 17, 1870, we copied an article from the Boston *Post* regarding this Company, which, it is alleged, surreptitiously found its way into that paper, and also that the *Post* has editorially made the *amende honorable*.

We made the following editorial comment upon the article from the *Post*:

We invite the attention of our readers to an article from the Boston *Post* which we re-publish in another column. It is time something was done to check the unbounded assumptions of Life Insurance Companies. The Northwestern Mutual Life, of Milwaukee, has long claimed a superiority over Eastern companies on account of the larger rate of interest it receives in the West. As the peculiar merits of life insurance arise in the compounding of interest, this was a matter of no small consequence, and particularly so as it has since been put forward by other Western companies. The *Post* completely exposes the falsity of the claim, and adds a new illustration of the deceits and mysteries of life insurance.

An officer of the company soon after called upon us, and made his statement of the case, offering all facilities possible for us to learn the true condition of its affairs. The frankness of this person impressed us that he was honest, and we have availed ourselves of the offer made and are justified in copying and indorsing the following article from the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, of Thursday, Feb. 9:

THE NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

A MOST CHEERING EXHIBIT—FLATTERING PROSPECTS FOR THEFUTURE—$9,000,000 OF ASSETS.

To such grand proportions has the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company grown that its annual elections are events which attract attention in nearly every State in the Union. And since its headquarters are in this city, it is quite natural that the policy holders, who are to be found throughout the country, should look to the press here for some details in reference to an institution of such magnitude.

We have before us a synopsis of the annual report of the Company. From this it appears it has over 35,000 policies in force, with assets of nearly $9,000,000. When we consider the fact that this Company has little more than passed its first decade these results are truly astonishing. Nor does the wonder diminish when it is remembered that this organization had its origin in a comparatively new section of country, and in this brief space of time has grown to be a representative institution of the land. It is but another evidence of western enterprise, and that its headquarters are located in Milwaukee, should be a matter of just pride to its citizens.

It appears further from the report that notwithstanding the stringency of the money market and a partial failure of crops in many localities, 7,781 policies were issued in the year 1870, covering insurance to the amount of $16,-594,033.23. The receipts for the same time were $3,670,-370.07. Of this amount $1,400,000 has been invested upon bond and mortgage with real estate security at 10 per cent. interest.

It is a notable fact that eastern people are appreciating the advantages offered by this Company, for its work has been extended into almost every one of the older States, and each one of them has a fine showing of insurance business with the "Northwestern." Particularly is this the case with Pennsylvania, which makes the handsome showing of one million dollars in risks taken during the past year.

The most ample opportunities are afforded policy holders and the public generally by the management of the Company to become acquainted with its workings. Detailed statements are put forth from time to time, in order to enlighten to th fullest extent all who take an interest in insurance matters, in regard to the Company's business, and especially that policy holders may know the grounds of confidence they enjoy in the institution. If other similar organizations are chary of the information they impart, it is the boast of the "Northwestern" that it invites the closest scrutiny into all matters pertaining to its management.

Inasmuch as no one has a lease of life, and as it becomes all to make provision for the family which may be left in the event of death, it is a question of vital importance to those who insure to ascertain what company has the most to pay a dollar with. The exhibit of the "Northwestern" is that its great capital is so admirably invested, and the reserve is so ample, that should the time come that but four per cent. interest could be realized for its investments, there would still be an abundance wherewith to pay their losses. Could anything speak more eloquently in favor of the management of this Company?

The old adage that "no physician takes his own prescriptions," probably contains as much truth as any of its class of sayings, but for once it appears to have been thoroughly disproved; for immediately after the last annual election the general and special agents of this Company took $115,000 of additional insurance on their lives. Certainly no men ought to be more thoroughly informed as to the staunchness of the "Northwestern" than they, and they show their faith by their works.

The career of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company has been a splendid one hitherto, and the promise for the future seems to be still more flattering.

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

FRANK CLAY;

OR,

HUMAN NATURE IN A NUTSHELL.

BY JOSHUA ROSE.

[CONTINUED.]

The letter, yes, I may as well peruse,
It can't shall not affect the path I choose;
Naught he can say can influence me now,
His power is gone by promise or by vow.
Pete Gray, I tell you nought can bring about
A change from the new course I have marked out;
And now I'll read your letter calmly through,
For 'tis the last I'll ever read from you."

"DEAR ELLA—
Will you heed me once again?
Since last we met the anguish and the pain
I've caused you by my cruel waywardness,
Have plunged me in the deepest of distress.
O take me back to your esteem once more;
Forget my harshness, love me as before,
And help me all my backward steps retrace,
And all the sad and bitter past efface.
Do help me, Ella! help me! you alone
Can lead me back, and teach me to atone
For all the wicked errors I have made;
For every cruel word that I have said.
Forgive the past, dear Ella, if you can,
And aid me to become a better man.
I plead once more your favor at your feet,
Your sad, repentant, supplicating
PETE."

She clutched the letter tightly in her hand
And said, "O, no, I do not dare withstand
This last appeal, he never spoke so yet;
If he has changed I gladly will forget
The wretched past; if he will only alter.
It is not I will be the one to falter,
Once more from my matured resolve I'll part,
Though in the end it break my aching heart."

"Can he be deceiving me, I wonder;
I'll take to-day before I write, and ponder,
And make one steadfast, settled, firm resolve;
But there my heart even now proceeds to solve
The question to its liking in its favor,
In spite of all his heartless past behavior,
There is no wisdom in one's firmly making
Sage resolutions which the heart keeps breaking."

She then resumed her walk at measured pace,
And turning down the lane, met face to face,
Pete, who had learned, as Frank returned again,
That he had met Miss Ella in the lane;
And Pete at once set off to meet her there,
By earnest protestations to declare
His firm intention straightway to perform
Each promise, and sincerely to reform.

He stood before with one hand extended,
Saying, in tones where hope and fear are blended,
"O Ella, is it thus at last we meet,
As cold as merest strangers in the street?"
She answers, "Mr. Gray, I can't forget
The past, I tell you plainly, I regret
That duty now forbids my ever greeting
You as I have done at each former meeting."

"To your own conscience I will leave the task
Of solving why this is so; all I ask
Of you is to remember that henceforth
We're sundered widely as the south from north;
I've learned a lesson in the bitter school
Of sad experience, I am not a fool;
You to reproach me with expostulation,
But yesterday you threatened degradation."

"I am not angry. I am cool and calm,
Now listen, sir, as to the dreaded harm
You wilely promised, here I scorn the threat,
I tell you, sir, you do not know me yet;
And while I thought you good and pure and just,
Poor, foolish girl, I gave you all my trust,
If some imprudence you have led me to
To tempt to sin, is more than you can do."

"E'en when I find you were not what I thought,
I hoped by my persuason you'd be brought
To better paths, and every means I've taken
And failed; my faith in you is rudely shaken;
No more my heart shall fondly, blindly lead,
In place of words I'll judge alone by deed,
The time of deaf infatuation's dead,
I have transferred you from my heart to head."

"And yet not I, 'tis you have done this thing,
The breast that loved you when you tried to sting,
Look on me now and see what you have done
By proving recreant to the faith you won;
You found me loving, earnest, gentle, kind,
To every wile and base deception blind;
And now I stagger 'neath your coward blow,
A prey to dark suspicion; leave me, go."

Pete answered, "Can you speak thus, Ella Gray?
Is all the past entirely swept away,
And is there no forgiveness in your heart?
My faults are buried, henceforrh let them rest;
My faithlessness I came not to defend,
I came in penitence my head to bend;
Most meekly will I bear your just decree,
Be you the judge, pass sentence upon me."

She said, "The promises you now would make
Before to-morrow's sunset you would break.
I cannot cast away the haunting fears
Which I have learned in bitterness and tears,
Yet still my heart pleads loudly for you, Pete;
Am I again ingratitude to meet?
Will you reform? forever now cast off
Your base companions, who revile and scoff?

"You know I would not wound you. Ah, you know
Full well the thoughts that in my bosom glow;
But there let all the silent past repose,
'Twere well for both it did so, heaven knows:
This bitter lesson I'll obliterate,
And meet you as your future acts dictate;
But mark me, if you don't begin anew
I will not even speak again to you."

Pete took her hand and said, "I promise you
Whate'er you bid I faithfully will do;
I'm heartily ashamed of what I said,
Sometimes I fairly wish that I was dead;
It is so very easy to transgress,
And when once wrong a struggle to repress;
But now your influence shall be my guide,
From all my errors I will turn aside."

They parted; she tripped lightly as a feather,
Perhaps you'd like at once to fathom whether
Her new resolve was wisely taken; well,
The next half hundred verses p'raps may tell;
It often happens when a lover courts
His words don't chime exactly with his thoughts.
But there we will discard all reticence,
And tell what he did think to end suspense.

He turned and chuckled, "I'm a lucky 'feller,'
I didn't think so easily to sell her,
And yet her pretty little head is level,
If in a rage she'd be a perfect devil;
And so she thinks that I don't know her yet,
Ha! ha! 'tis she who don't know me, you bet.
How grand she looked, and how her dark eyes flashed,
Upon my soul, it made me feel abashed."

"I'll bring her down if it takes half my life,
By thunder, she would make a splendid wife;
A wife? I marry? That's too good a joke,
The softest sentence that I ever spoke;
But let it go, 'twill pass among the rest,
I'm but a mad-brained fellow at the best,
I'd make a healthy husband, I suspect,
My wife (see Fra Diavolo) would object.

"However, that is neither here nor there,
No doubt we'll make a very cosy pair.
She'll get the old man's fortune, he is rich;
Once in my hands, I'll teach the little witch
Another lesson that she has not learned;
She'll soon find out how much the tide has turned,
And that her anger won't amount to much
When once I get her safely in my clutch.

"I want the old man's stamps, that's all about it,
'Tis wealth I want and cannot live without it;
That's all that people want in our day,
And each one seeks it in the easiest way.
Respect and love are scarcely worth a thought,
For anything with money can be bought,
And if a feller has a pile of chink,
Do what he will, society will wink."

"We have not heard of noble lords of late,
Whose porters help the needy at their gate;
The latter find said gate clanged in their faces,
And bulldogs take the ancient porter's places,
And if you deal with Dukes in our day,
By Jove, you're lucky if you get your pay;
The falcony now practiced in the State,
Is hawking notes at hand, at six months' date."

Strong-minded man, the Lord of the creation,
Who sticks his feet upon the window-sill,
And in between the lulls of conversation,
Proceeds in pride the stained spittoon to fill;
And wakes his wits by sipping a libation,
Of which three-fourths has never seen a still,
Will prate that selfishness prompts every act,
Himself a living witness of the fact.

'Tis said, "When poverty comes in the door
Love flies out of the window;" but before
Our very eyes we see the fact revealed,
That as mankind get rich, they get congealed,
And life is spent in servitude to fashion,
A prey to every vulgar, envious passion,
And morning calls are merely an excuse
To hash up scandals and repeat abuse.

"Miss Kate's quite new to wealth and dresses dowdy,
Augustus got that cut from a coarse rowdy;
Proud Mrs. Beauchamp quarrels with her lord,
Whose wealth's admired, but temper much abhorred.
Young Mr. Hatton quite neglects his wife—
In fact, the poor girl leads a dismal life,
Her husband absent almost every night.
"The stuck-up thing, I'm sure it serves her right."

These are the fruits of love of gold and glitter,
The joys of they who obstinately fritter
Their time away in haughtiness and pride,
Wealth and austerity march side by side.
School well all outward feelings, crush them down,
Meet warmth and cordiality with a frown,
Stalk as a statue, every feeling dead,
And soulless men will say you are well-bred.

Man has made wealth a test of human worth,
A veritable God throughout the earth;
Associated it with proud formality,
A foe to generous, heartfelt geniality;
The millionaire, his millions in his hand,
Will lock them up and make a stubborn stand
To lessen still the small pittance of he
Who toils to feed a wife and family.

Wealth to a wearied mind from toil released,
Means love and joy and earnestness increased,
A helping hand to others in distress.
A bounding heart that in its deep recess
Can turn to all that's good and true and just,
And feels it has its riches as a trust,
Will let its generous impulse have full sway,
And sweep distrust and penury away.

Gold has no special virtue which, *per se*,
Must steel one's heart against the good and pure,
Yet look arond, how many do we see
Who sudden rise to fortune can endure—
Remaining still as they were won't to be?
Whose friendships can withstand the tempting lure
Of prouder, vainer paths of loftier station,
Not feeling their old friends a degradation?

The means that gives us lovely walks and bowers,
A villa girded with the sweetest flowers,
Where curling vines the rustic porch entwine,
Is wealth that makes its presence feel sublime.
Where choicest volumes deck the study's walls
And children's laughter echoes through the halls,
Denotes a heart by riches doubly blest,
A haven of deserved and nurtured rest.

'Tis half-past ten P. M., and there Pete stands,
A billiard cue and whisky in his hands;
He holds the glass before the brilliant light
To see the liquor's clearness, though his sight
Is swimming in a haze of stupefaction;
And thus holds forth in drunken satisfaction:
"Now drinks all round, here's fortune fellers, say,
I made it up with Ella Paine to-day."

"You don't say," then, said one, "You have been lucky,
All things are possible to he who's plucky;
Now, Pete, suppose you mount the billiard-table
And tell the yarn as nearly as you're able."
"I only made," said Pete, "a long oration,
And meekly promised instant reformation;
In fact, sat down on a repentant stool."
Here one remarked, "Just see that cussed fool."

"The fellow absolutely thinks he's smart;
Perhaps he may be, but for my own part
I think he is as green as any grass;
In fact, to speak my mind, a perfect ass,
I'm bad enough, I know; but curse it all,
I have sufficient sense left not to bawl
At such a time and place, a good girl's name,
The blatant fool, it is a downright shame."

There's little need to tell the sequel here,
How the bartender came to interfere,
What violent language rent the air of night,
The oaths, the scuffle and the brawling fight
Are all too dark for recapitulation.
Such scenes are but an every-day narration.
Pete staggered home beneath the waning moon,
And by mistake went into Frank Clay's room.

The morning air had sobered him somewhat,
And loosed the tongue of the degraded sot.
He wakened Frank and put him in a fright
By saying, "Youngster, here's a pretty plight
I'm in; now just you take a look at me
And see what a big fool I've come to be;
This half repentence, too, is all my eye,
My motto is pluck up and don't say die."

His voice was lowered and began to falter;
He muttered, "Curse it, shall I never alter?
Now, what on earth of pleasure do I find?
A restless and a discontented mind.
Don't look so scared; there, I'm a fool to tell
You this, but may be it is quite as well.
Give me your hand, Frank; there now just see
What my debased career has made of me."

Frank said, "Come, Pete, lay down upon the bed,
I'll get some water then and cool your head;
Your eyes look wild and very vacant, too,
Please try to go to sleep. What shall I do?"
"Why, hold your tongue," said Pete, "and go to sleep,
And when you rise be careful that you keep
Your tongue between your teeth; you know 'tis said
By some, "A still tongue maketh a wise head."

"I hope that Ella Paine will never hear
Of this fracas. It does seem very queer,
And puzzles me how she can get to know
Whate'er I do, wherever I may go.
None in the house knew I was out to-night,
Except the servants; I made them all right,
And yet she sometimes hears; it won't be well
For them if I discover who does tell.

"What do you think of Ella, Frank? I say
A prettier girl ne'er saw the light of day,
Or roamed as we have 'neath the soft moonlight.
O, yes, my boy, we've walked at dead of night,
When every living soul was fast asleep;
Now, that's a little secret you may keep,
At last I tried to come it rather strong,
But soon found out I'd calculated wrong.

"You ought to see how fierce she sprang away,
And stood like a caged lioness at bay;
And hear the scathing sentences she spake,
And see her pretty arms with threat'nings shake,
Her heightened color and her flashing eyes;
I tell you, sir, she took me by surprise,
And how she dared me then to see her home,
But walked two miles at midnight all alone:

"And wouldn't see or speak to me at all,
Said, 'Not at home,' whenever I would call;
That 'Not at home' 's deliberately lying:
And when you know they are, it's awful trying.
However, I came out at last all right,
Although I own it took a precious sight
Of promises, vows, penitence, persuasion,
Of which I have a large stock on occasion."

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WILL DELIVER HER GREAT ARGUMENT ON

CONSTITUTIONAL EQUALITY,

AT

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ALSO AT

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

BROOKLYN,

ON FRIDAY, MARCH 3, AT THE SAME HOUR.

CONSTITUTIONAL EQUALITY.

Victoria C. Woodhull delivered her great argument for Constitutional Equality to a most enthusiastic and select audience in Lincoln Hall, Washington, D. C., on the evening of the 16th inst. It has been pronounced by many who heard it and some of the greatest legal minds in Congress as unanswerable.

In the short space of an hour, it is not to be expected that anything amounting to nearly an exhaustive argument of his vast subject could be made, but the principles examined and elucidated if it were sufficient to suggest to thoughtful minds all the various involvements not directly mentioned. Of this argument the *Washington Chronicle* speaks as follows:

EQUAL SUFFRAGE.

IMMENSE MEETING LAST NIGHT AT LINCOLN HALL—THE RIGHT OF WOMAN TO VOTE DISCUSSED—MRS. VICTORIA WOODHULL AND MRS ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER ARGUE FROM A CONSTITUTIONAL STAND POINT—GEN BUTLER'S REMARKS.

A vast concourse of intelligent men and women sat in Lincoln Hall last evening, and listened with rapt attention to the masterly argument delivered by Mrs. Woodhull upon the legal aspects of female suffrage. Long before the commencement of the lecture the ushers were busy in procuring chairs for those who could not find other seats, and with all that men and women stood by scores all around the sides of the room.

At 8 o'clock Mrs. Paulina Davis advanced to the foot-lights and stated the object of the lecture in a few clear, earnest words, and then introduced Mrs. Woodhull.

This was her first attempt at public speaking. During the remarks of Mrs. Davis she had sat with perfect external composure, but those who knew her face saw at a glance that nothing but a tremendous effort of will enabled her to maintain that demeanor. When she commenced to speak her voice was clear, distinct, and without the least tremor. She said, in opening, that while she had invited the people to listen to an argument, she must acknowledge that their speaker made no pretension to oratory. The lecture was based upon the same points which have more than once been stated in these columns, and need not, therefore, be restated. They were brought out more fully and sustained by more extended citations of precedent; they had also the force of a woman speaking with the unconscious power and earnestness of irrevocable conviction of a just and soon to be triumphant cause. Mrs. Woodhull discussed fully the principles of government, and the circumstances out of which it sprung from the tyranny of George III., and applied them to the question in discussion. Then the days of reconstruction were passed in review; laws, declarations and speeches were quoted; some of them from men who oppose female suffrage, and contrasted with the position assumed by the majority of the Judiciary Committee. It was said that the Constitution did not give woman the right of suffrage—no more does it give it to the men. Where, then, do they get it? They inherit it from their God!

When Mrs. Woodhull commenced speaking her face was perfectly colorless, and she was obliged to stop an instant between each sentence to gain strength to utter the next. It was a grand exhibition of will. But as she progressed and became warmed in her argument, much of the fire and freedom of her ordinary conversation returned, her face flushed, and she was heaself. The lecture was a triumph, and she has demonstrated the fact that, with a little experience, Mrs. Woodhull will be as strong upon the rostrum as she is with the pen.

After the conclusion of this argument, Isabella Beecher Hooker, a sister of Henry Ward Beecher, spoke upon the moral view of the question. And if there were anything wanting to prove that a legal right should not be abridged, Mrs. Hooker most emphatically presented it. (We hope to present our readers Mrs. Hooker's address in full.)

General Butler was loudly called for after Mrs. Hooker retired, and in answer thereto gave, in his peculiarly terse and vivid manner, his reasons for joining in the Minority Report of the Judiciary Committee on the "Woodhull Memorial." Coming from one who is everywhere acknowledged as one of the first judges of Constitutional Law, it must forever silence that insane ignorance which denominates Equal Suffrage "an abomination" and its advocates as "Unsexed Women Shriekers." The time is not very distant when these very foolish persons will regret their foolishness as much as Mesdames Sherman, Dahlgren & Co. do theirs.

The following is a brief synopsis of General Butler's remarks, which we copy from the Washington *Chronicle*:

A lady had petitioned Congress for the protection of her rights. The petition required a change of laws and, therefore, had been referred to the Judiciary Committee, of which he was a member. He had examined the question coolly and deliberately, as a lawyer, and had not asked whether it was best to grant the franchise or not. He must learn first if women were citizens. None but citizens of the United States could register a ship at our ports, none others could pre-empt, or receive passports; but from time immemorial in this country women had registered ships, pre-empted lands and secured passports, without question. Mrs. Woodhull's first point was, therefore, sustained. She was a citizen. The right of a citizen to vote for his rulers was a right outside of all constitutions and laws; it was an inherent right of every citizen, as he understood the principles of the government.

The second point was, therefore, established, and the third, that she was denied the right to vote in New York, was conceded. He had, therefore, signed the minority report. The majority of the Commitee held that the right to vote could only be obtained through State laws, and in that they lost the distinction between voting for a State and a United States officer. He held that all the States' rights which interfered with Congress in enforcing the rights of citizens of the United States were buried forever in the red sea of blood which flowed south of the Potomac. If the Committee were right, how could Congress pass the bill enforcing the right of citizens to vote in the several States yesterday?

But they ask why minors can't vote if women may? If all citizens may vote, how can we exclude the minor citizen, the pauper, the idiot, the criminal, being citizens? There was a difference here. All minors were excluded, so all minors were equal. All idiots were excluded, so there was no distinction among idiots. This objection was the slimest he ever heard. Qualifying and guarding the right was quite different from abridging it. The right to vote anywhere may be guarded, for the protection of the ballot-box, but could not be abridged.

There is a class of persons in Congress who oppose a "Declaratory Act" for women based upon the XIV. and XV. Amendments, because, as they affirm, it is sought by "a trick." What consistency there is in this we are at a loss to imagine. Is it a trick to attempt to secure to ourselves the rights of citizenship by the same means the negro has secured his? Neither of these Amendments create any rights. They simply declare what the rights of citizens are, and prevent their abridgement. A Constitution of a free people cannot grant those who framed it anything. The Constitution of the United States cannot grant anything to any of the citizens of the United States or of the States. These citizens are they who permit the Constitution to exist and who, through it, express their idea of the principles upon which a people should combine to secure the greatest freedom compatible with public order. The Constitution is the creation of the people, and it is the height of absurdity for "learned legislators" to contend that it permits them to abridge or deny to any citizen the perfect equality which they enjoy. A trick, forsooth! What is the trick? Simply that a part of the citizens of the United States, who have been previously utterly ignored, attempt to attain to the exercise of their rights as citizens through the protection of the laws which were enacted for the benefit of another class of citizens who were equally deprived of the just exercise of their rights. Those who framed these laws saw the inconsistency of so wording them as to plainly designate those whom they intended to benefit thereby. In their caution upon this point they entirely lost sight of the opposite extreme. Now that women come forward and assert that they are citizens, and entitled to all the rights which any citizen exercises, these legislators turn upon them and call them tricksters and all of us who advocate this movement.

We contend that we are citizens, and that by the Constitution and laws of the United States, and the States, that we are entitled to representation in making the laws which we are accountable to: That the laws already existing definitely recognize that this is our right. Who are the "tricksters," then, we who demand or those who deny?

It seems to us that these "denyers" read the laws they have made with very imperfect understanding. They say a person may be a citizen of the United States and not of the State wherein he resides. How can that be, when 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, "mark you," of the State wherein they reside." How then can a person be a citizen of the United States and not of the State wherein he resides? Suppose a States laws do provide terms of citizenship, can they be paramount to those which the States jointly have made "the supreme laws of the land?"

What right have the States to prescribe the qualifications of citizens for themselves separately, when the Constitution of the United States declares that citizens of the United States are also citizens of the State wherein they reside? The States can only provide what shall constitute residence, and other necessary qualifications for suffrage. They can *regulate it*, but cannot *prohibit it*. Can persons distinguish between these two terms? Regulations mean rules by which all can attain to what is regulated; these can never amount to prohibition. Regulations which exclude citizens from the exercise of common rights, who are possessed of all the other qualifications, which entitle other citizens to their exercise, are not regulations in any sense of the word, or in the intent of the law. General Butler has made this quite clear; we need not enlarge upon it here.

Therefore, the States cannot require more of one class of citizens to entitle them to the right of suffrage than they require of other classes of citizens. Anything that really disqualifies a citizen from being a proper person and a useful member of society may very properly disqualify him from voting. But to say that a woman, being a resident of a State and possessed of all the qualifications which entitled men to vote, shall not vote, is downright tyranny. We do not see how it is possible for this absurd idea to prevail among consistent and enlightened minds.

The facts of the case are that there are very many who oppose "a declaratory act" who are in favor of equality from the fact that they, or some of their friends, did not ask or propose it. To all such we would say: You are not in Congress to make any such invidious distinctions; you are there as representatives of the people (unduly elected however) to support and give vitality to the Constitution. If there are rights existing under the Constitution which have never before been demanded and now are, you have no right to stop to inquire who demands them. It is for you simply to inquire if they exist. Were Congress to inquire into the antecedents of some of its members, or even into their present practices, and make them the standard of disqualification, they would show some regard for the principle they act so squarely up to when they attempt to make such the rule to be guided by in their interpretation of the Constitution and the dispensing of its guaranteed rights. A little more consistency would be quite becoming; but then we know that men make one set of rules for themselves and quite a different set for women in all things. The right of suffrage is no exception to this general assumption of authority to dictate to women.

Resist the demand we have made, and in which we are sustained by some of the noblest and ablest men in Congress, and they will surely "have their reward." The demand has gone up and it is daily being repeated by thousands of voices which echo and re-echo from every city, village and hamlet in the Union. This demand never will be withdrawn. Deny it, and it will be repeated and will continue to be repeated until it shall be granted.

THE TENNESSEE.

A very humiliating spectacle has that been to the Nation which was lately exhibited in the case of the Tennessee—the want of public confidence in naval vessels or in those who manage them.

Here we have had a selected ship—one, too, built in a navy-yard, and costing, all told, very nearly two millions of dollars—going on a voyage to San Domingo with public officers, under circumstances of preparation which ought to have insured absolute safety, the weather known to have been, for this season of the year and on her course, remarkably favorable; yet the ship was scarcely two weeks out of port before the whole country was alarmed and excited with apprehensions of her loss. Reports were circulated of her past performances as a sea boat, in which she had proved herself to be one of the worst that was ever launched, "shipping water in quantities greater than she could get rid of, and evincing such an inclination to pitch head-foremost into the waves instead of riding over them, that the naval officers on board lost all hope of saving her, and in despair awaited the fate that seemed so near and inevitable. And in all probability she would have rested at the bottom of the ocean but for the skill and experience, the coolness and fertility in expedients of the pilot, better accustomed than the naval officers to the management of sailing vessels in storms on our dangerous coast." Finally, after ten days of agitation, the arrival of the Brazil packet North America has given the gratifying intelligence of the safety of the Tennessee at San Domingo, and the reason for the delay in not having earlier news, viz.: her *slowness*.

Grateful for the safety of the vessel and those in her, we yet submit with all respect that the country has been fooled long enough in the matter of its national ships, and that it is time some change was made that would substitute efficiency for inefficiency—and if expense must be incurred in establishing and supporting a navy that the expense should stand

for something sensible and practical, and not for a navy that would, as to its ships, almost disgrace Sandwich Islands.

We have immense, costly navy-yards—what are they worth? Do they build better vessels than private yards properly supported would? No, the experience of Great Britain answers that question at once. Well, do they build cheaper than private yards under government inspection would? Cheaper! Good Heavens! It is but the other day that a Committee of Congress the cost of building two ships, of precisely the same tonage and both owned by this Government, was stated, one was built in a navy-yard, and cost.....$1,673,900

The other in a private yard, and cost..... 950,000

Difference..... $720,000

Perhaps the unsophisticated reader may think these navy-yards afford some assistance, moral or material, by advice, example, even, to our merchant service. Not a bit of it. The merchant, the ship-owner or ship-builder, who copied anything in these yards would soon find himself on the road to ruin.

Then what are they good for? For very little except as storage places, and for the creation of voters by employing numbers of men a few days before an election and discharging them a few days after, leaving the tax-payers in the country at large to pay the bills so incurred to perhaps create a swarm of voters against them!

These considerations, while we watch over our navy of about fifty poor vessels, are not pleasant, nor do they gain pleasantness before the important spectacle presented to us of the deliberate preparation to arms of Great Britain. In that list of private iron ship-yards, which her Government has so carefully fostered, and which in turn have created her commercial marine—her source of real prosperity in peace, and in war furnishing her troop and supply vessels—we may search, but we find them all now engaged in active work on some man of war—whether a turreted monitor, a broadside iron-clad or a gunboat is immaterial—the aggregate shows formidably and tells of the power she quietly holds in these iron-ship yards, yet no one yard is a monopoly or can presume on excessive influence or support. The inspection is thorough, the workmanship perfect, the economy self-evident; nothing is idle, nothing wasted in this great system, which in peace or war makes, to-day, England's bulwark. Twenty thousand tons of new naval vessels are required to be built yearly, and by law, at least one-fifth of this work must be done in private yards under inspection. Nor is this all. A plan is on foot, so to harmonize the merchant and naval services, as to get trained seamen at once in emergency, besides the 60,850 enlisted seamen now in the British navy, 32,850 of which are afloat and 28,000 reserved.

Ah, we are wofully behindhand, and what is worse than all, we are paying very dearly for a very inferior thing, and no better exemplification of the fact is needed than all this hue and cry about the Tennessee.

But our private ship-yards amount to nothing, as we have shown, when in former numbers of this paper we gave details of the miserable work they had done for our New York merchants.

Why can't Congress take up this whole subject, be guided by the experience of England and do away with the navy-yard jobs, establish or encourage iron ship-building in some feasible way that will give an impetus to merchants and mechanics, ship-owners and miners, open our mineral resources, make us independent in fact as well as name, and break up, at last, that combination of foreign steamships which are eating up all profits on trade which should come to us.

It is all very well for "100 of the richest South-street merchants" to petition Congress to admit foreign vessels to American registry, and so ruin all our internal productions and our miners and mechanics.

But how many of these South-street merchants are largely interested in the stock of the Guion or other British steam companies; and is not one of these very merchants celebrated for the brutalities committed on ships belonging to him? Do they deserve to be considered exponents of the wishes of the American people, or have they the actual welfare of the country at heart?

A GRAND INTERNATIONAL TRIBUNAL.

The Joint High Commission, which is to assemble at Washington, representing the United States and Great Britain, and which is expected to settle all the possible points of disagreement between the two countries, gives force to the proposition which has been put forth in these columns from time to time, for a still more extended commission, in which all the nations of the world might be represented, and which would be in continual session.

We believe the time has arrived, and that the great nations are sufficiently enlightened to entrust the peace of the world to such a tribunal. At least, there are quite enough of the great nations who would join in such a movement to virtually control the remainder. Why should not this question be brought before the Joint High Commission for discussion?

The moment such a step should be joined in by the principal nations the immense standing armies of the world would be disbanded and returned to productive industrial pursuits. Fifteen millions of men are now withdrawn from industry and must be supported by those still remaining therein. It requires but little consideration to see the vast importance of such a movement; and we hope that those who are in a position to influence this subject may get it discussed by the coming Commission.

WHY WALL STREET IS DULL.

Signs of the Times—Pennsylvania Coal Railroads—A Plot by Jay Cooke to Ruin New York—The State Treasurer of Georgia.

A great deal of regret is being expressed among Wall-street brokers at the absence of speculation and the withdrawal of that dear outside public which for so long a time has furnished delight and substantial prey to the *habitues* of the Stock Exchange. But the public has at last discovered the folly of playing against loaded dice. It has finally realized that stocks now are in the hands of cliques who manipulate them without the slightest regard to their actual value. The best evidence of all this is that the recent exposures of frauds both in the construction and management of the great railroad lines, though openly and severely commented on, have had no effect in depreciating the QUOTED prices of their securities, not even though it has been proved in the case of some of these affairs that the only source to look to for dividends is in borrowed money. It seems evident then that all or nearly all of these securities have passed into the ownership of "rings," composed of the same men who have been guilty of the very sins of omission and commission, in the capacity of trustees, which have destroyed public confidence, and they are now afraid, absolutely afraid, to sell out the shares they have engineered to a high quotation, lest the attempt to do so should involve a fall and a crash that would ruin them. This is the condition of things. The first part the public has learned by a sad experience, the last they have yet to understand, but day by day light is breaking on all these subjects, the corruptions of corporations, the effects of special legislation, the designs of robber capitalists, are all beginning to be comprehended by the people, even down to such minutiæ of trickery as that by which, for instance, some great land grant railroad seeking funds for construction and advertising its bonds "for sale at par only with accrued interest," may actually keep offering them confidentially and *sub rosa* at ninety per cent; a piece of trickery which of course only recoils on itself in the end, and instead of selling bonds, even after making the most laborious and costly efforts, the projectors will find almost every door shut to them, and meet only derision instead of sympathy and assistance from that "outside public," who, after all, in spite of the airs and presumptions of our would-be "financiers," are the mainstay and support of such enterprises, when they believe in them, and cause their downfall when they turn from them in distrust and disgust.

It is almost safe to say that it would take but the unloading of a single clique in some one of the great stocks to produce a break in the market that would swamp all values for the next five years. Such is the general and wide-spread want of confidence.

In the meantime, all over the country are other causes operating steadily toward a change and disenthrallment from the iniquities, oppression and example of monopolies, monied oligarchies, and the concentration of capital under extraordinary privileges and exemptions. Some time since we spoke of that piece of legislative folly in the neighboring State of Pennsylvania, which granted corporations the rights both of building and operating railroads, and of being also mine owners and coal producers, thereby enabling them to crush out of existence small miners or proprietors, by seeking no profit on the coal the corporations might mine, but making all the profit on transportation, so that other coal owners are completely driven off, to the injury of individual rights, private enterprises and public morals. Lately a forcible example is presented to us in the action of these companies. A strike having occurred, the price of coal having advanced, the companies not having come to an arrangement with their employes, have deliberately put an embargo on the production of private mines, which stand ready and anxious to make shipments, by raising the price of coal transportation from $2 to $7 a ton! The companies may have grievances to complain of from their employes, they claim that they have, we do not contradict the story, we even believe it; but what an arbitrary, despotic, dictatorial way have they adopted to right their interests as coal producers, by using their franchises as railroad carriers to oppress rival coal mining interests! Before such broad usurpations as these, all minor questions of dollars and cents sink into insignificance, and the people stand face to face with the monied powers they themselves have created, and Wendell Phillips, re-echoing our account of that railroad which boasts of owning a State judiciary, solemnly declares that, if these things go on, a new revolution looms up in the not very distant future, for the rights of the masses of the people are sacred, and are not to be taken from them, either by unconstitutional acts of incorporation by Congress nor by the flagrant misdoings of the artificial creations of State Legislatures. The question has often been asked why have not the bituminous coal lands of Pennsylvania increased in value as have the anthracite? The answer is that they have been at the mercy of that railroad chartered by the State for the benefit of the citizens of the State, but which now needs all the cash to be derived from tolls, that its officers may go down to Virginia to own railroads or apply for privileges at Richmond from the Virginia Legislature, or lease 4,300 miles of Western railroad, or figure in the Northern Pacific scheme, whose terminus, Duluth, so much excites the *Superior City Times*, that it warns the New York *Herald*, *Times*, *Tribune* and Commodore Vanderbilt that Jay Cooke and the Pennsylvania Railroad have been for three years plotting the destruction of the commerce of New York. Well, let them plot. Mrs. Partington tried to mop up the Atlantic, but we never heard she had succeeded, and better laid plots than the one the *Times* has caught Mr. Cooke in, have served as traps to catch the plotters.

As both one of the signs of and reasons for the want of confidence we have spoken of, we notice a very remarkable report of the State Treasurer of the the State of Georgia, a copy of which has been sent to us by him. In it he gives a list of thirty-two railroads for which the State has guaranteed the sum of $30,000,000, "which sum added to the old bonded indebtedness and new bonds issued will make something over $40,000,000, being one-fifth of the returned taxable value of all the property in the State, exclusive of railroads, banking, express and insurance companies." He also says that "reckless, pillaging hands" have run up the State disbursements to double the estimated and ample amount for the year, and "a large amount of new State bonds have been issued under circumstances that lead to the belief that the bonds have been issued for private purposes. With an excessively prodigal, unscrupulous Chief Executive in the use of the public funds, throwing them broadcast, with the hope of buying influence, and usurping power for corrupt purposes, with a venal crowd to respond to his mercenary, sordid ends, over four and a half millions of new State bonds have been issued, which the Governor, in his anxiety to keep the matter concealed from the Treasury Department, failed to have executed and registered as the law requires. * * Our final hope is a great improvement in the Legislative Department, so as to correct the abuses of the Executive." All this unseemly language, be it remembered, is from the Treasurer of a State addressing the Chief Executive of the State, its Governor, on official business, with the report of the year!!! But the Treasurer does not stop here. He, in almost as many words, directly charges Governor Bullock with having stolen or squandered the earnings of the Western and Atlantic Railroad, the property of the State, and of which the Governor was *ex-officio* president, and demands, "What has become of the money?"

INSURANCE.

Perhaps one of the coolest performances which has been witnessed, even in this very cool winter, has been the recent advertisement of certain of the directors of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Life Insurance Company, to the effect that they had nothing to do with the affair.

There are some elementary books on moral philosophy which are simple and easily understood, and can be supplied at almost any bookseller's. We earnestly recommend their perusal to these ex-directors. Do they actually believe that after baiting the infamous co-operative trap with their names of "eminent respectability," they are at liberty to wait until the trap-door is about to fall on the gullible public, and then, after withdrawing to a safe distance, loudly proclaim that "they had nothing to do with it"? Legally, they may escape consequences. From the safe standpoint they have thus engineered themselves into—backed up by the "eminent respectability" of firms whose reputation certainly was not acquired by such practices or evasions, they may sleek their faces, commisserate the victims, and evade all liability. Well, we have this opinion of the founder of the house of Brown Bros. & Co.—that if he were now present and this affair had occurred under his eyes, he would, after satisfying himself that the name of any member of his firm had been the means of deceiving the poor holders of these worthless co-operative policies, have used his last dollar to make good every just claim under them. Unfortunately such men, who represented men and not dollars, who valued integrity more than their fortunes, are of the past, and are succeeded by a race who represent dollars and not men, and who are not above such paltry, disingenuous equivocations, as, after allowing their names, month after month, day after day, to go on parade in advertisements as directors, and therefore endorsers of the fraudulent co-operative system of a fraudulent company, to declare, when the inevitable exposure and end can no longer be deferred, that they had "nothing to do with it!"

After this Mr. "Brethart," who is now here, need have no trouble in finding an Atlantic illustration to the great Pacific prototype, Ah! Sin "in the ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

As we long since explained, these co-operative policies which were issued amongst the poorer class of people and were, therefore, the harder to bear the loss from, could not be recognized by the insurance law of the State, nor could they participate in the benefits from the State deposit of one hundred thousand dollars as regular insurance policies will, both as to liquidation of claims and re-insurance.

Truly we have fallen in evil days as to insurance matters, when such exposures as have lately taken place can occur

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

MAN AND WOMAN.

THE CONTRAST.

BY A GENERAL OF THE REGULAR ARMY.

Man in his rage ne'er stops to think,
But wages on destruction's brink
Wars that engulf in remed'less woe
Millions of his race. Friend and foe
He hurls alike in the abyss below—
And builds for himself a throne:
There he exalts his god-like self—
There he counts as so much pelf,
The agony of millions. And alone
He views the agonizing throes
Of humanity; and recks not the woes
His mad ambition brings. And alone
He eats the human pottage. The bone
He gnaws a few brief clays. At last
He, too, is reckoned with the past,
His memory a hated thing—a blot
On humanity, is soon forgot;
Or, if in life, one redeeming spot
Is marked to retrieve his guilty lot
And heritage of sin and crime
Against his race, 'tis lost with time—
So much more he's worked of ill,
His virtues fail to reach the heart, to thrill
The world he strove in vain to kill.
Perchance he made himself a name,
The bauble that the world calls fame.
An empire he has won or lost,
And blood and tears have been the cost.
Time runs on. A few short days, he's not,
And throne and name and grave forgot.
But woman builds another throne,
Humanity's home. On this we own
Her right to reign. She sits a queen,
As bright as Luna in her summer sheen;
Her ear is quick to hear the sigh
From every form of God's humanity.
Her feet are swift to tread the path
Of man's destruction in his wrath,
And to heal the bruised and broken heart
Has been her sphere. Ah, well she plays her part!
Hers is not the desolating car
That plows the gory fields of war;
And yet through battle's fiercest fray
Her fragile form will find its way
When duty calls her forth. In offices of love
She fears no ill. And high above
The whirlwinds shock and battle's storm
Is seen pure woman's angel form.
Hers is mercy's mission—love divine;
In charity she lives, and makes her shrine
For worship. The world's great heart
She essays to cure. Divine the art
She practices, and bears the load of ills
That make life's burden heavy. She wills
To do the good that man would shun,
And works of love begins when man's is done.
Where e'er a voice of human woe is heard
She finds her way. A sympathising word,
A kindly hand, a hope, a prayer
In charity she gently offers. There,
In lanes where chilling cold and biting blasts,
And vice and hunger hold their grim repasts,
And death's carnival in loathsome forms
Riots on humanity, and sensuous storms
Of misspent life are ebbing low,
And faith and hope departed, and slow
The soul is perishing, and despair
Is stifling nature's strife with 'tempted prayer.
Woman's voice—as healing as the summer rain
To the scorched earth in its scathing pain
Of drought and famine on the field,
Made barren of its harvests yield—
Is heard; her supplicating upturned eyes
Robs death of half its agony.
She tells of mercy, holds up the leaf
That shriv'd of sin the penitent thief.
She tells of woman condemned by man,
And of the love that forgave her, when
The Pharasee in his pride had sought
To entangle him, whose blood had bought
The ransom for sin, whate'er its dye
Of crime, through many thousand on high.
Time rolls on. She, too, is lost to earth,
But in paradise an angel-birth
Is entered. And there is scrolled, that time
Cannot efface her deeds and name. The chime
Of heaven's voices that chant angelic worth,
Make chorus of her deeds whene'er they sing of earth.
Her remembrance book God's angels keep,
And o'er her wrongs God's angels weep.

The following able article from the pen of Isabelul Beecher Hooker having been refused by the *Independent*, we gladly present it:

Washington, Feb. 11, 1871.

To the Editor of the Independent:

Sir—I send the Majority and Minority Reports of the House Judiciary Committee on Woman's Suffrage, congratulating myself and all interested in this great reform upon the fact that two such able documents should have been secured from such a source within this short session of Congress. At last we have met with respectful treatment, and our memorial, after reciving fair consideration, is recommended to be laid upon the table, for certain Constitutional reasons, given in their full strength, we must conclude, and the committee ask to be discharged from further consideration of the subject. Further still, Mr. Loughridge and Mr. Butler present in a report, seventeen pages long, most weighty reasons why the House should not lay the memorial upon the table, but on the contrary should pass the following resolutions:

"*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 1 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."

Herein we see, Mr. Editor, the beginning of the end having gone thus far there is no retracing of steps; and if women, already pledged in their own way to work for the public welfare as for the welfare of their own families, will only be true to themselves, courageous and outspoken, the battle will soon be over—the vexed question settled the polls made decent voting places for both men and women, and the work of moral and political education so well inaugurated that no one can find excuse for not taking part according to his or her ability. In this view the work of the committee just organized, to be called "The Central Woman Suffrage and Educational Committee," has greater importance than was at first anticipated, and I beg again to call attention to it through your columns. Already signers to the "Declaration and Pledge" are coming in to our secretary at the rate of from ten to twenty a day, and most of them accompanied by the welcome dollar; but we wish it fully understood that although money is greatly needed for our work signers are needed as well, and no woman must withhold her name because of her slender purse. There are many laboring women, who have learned by hard experience how sensibly their political disabilities have affected them in their business relations and the control of their earnings, who are yet unable, in justice to themselves and their families, to put a cent into this treasury. They are, however, the bone and sinew of the movement, and they should send their names without delay; they should, moreover, get themselves together and send many signatures in one envelope, thus saving postage, which must of course be prepaid. This volume of autographs will be a great power of itself; for, although every Congressman ought to know that the Constitutional rights of citizens are not dependent upon their proposed use or non-use of these rights, and that the decision of the Constitutional question now before them should be made without reference to the wishes and intentions of women citizens, expressed or unexpressed, in regard to voting; yet human beings are subject to prejudice, and Congressmen are human, and they will certainly be stimulated to give earnest attention to arguments that are backed by the names of thousands and thousands of their intelligent country-women. And, once more, these signatures will do away with the whole work of circulating petitions, which has proved so burdensome and humiliating in the past.

But to those who are above want we would say, Friends, do not limit your contributions to one dollar. By the middle of March we hope to have our first tract printed and ready for distribution, but the number which we shall be able to apportion to each State must depend upon the funds furnished or promised. In Connecticut we find fifty thousand copies of our tract none too many to supply the real demand; yet this is one of the very smallest States. To put fifty thousand copies a month into every State and Territory of the Union would cost twenty-five thousand dollars a month, yet there are many States that would eagerly distribute twice that number, putting them directly into families, and not scattering one by the wayside in the old-time, undiscriminating fashion. We need, then, subscriptions of a thousand dollars, five hundred and one hundred, and all these larger sums will be promptly acknowledged in leading newspapers, and all smaller sums in the annual report of the committee.

The committee, consisting of five members only, is a compact, united body, pledged to hard work in two directions, viz.: the securing immediate action by Congress for the enfranchisement of the women citizens of the Republic, and the publishing and free distribution of tracts for the political education of women, and through them of the whole population of the United States. They expect to secure the services of one efficient woman in each State, who will act as receiver and agent for her State, and apportion the tracts equally to all parts of her State, according to the general plan laid down by the committee, and who will, by faithful correspondence, keep the committee informed of the condition of the movement in her State, and the special work to be done there. Letters of suggestion and sympathy should be addressed to these resident agents, whose names will be announced in due time in a general circular, and also, when preferred, to the President of the Committee, Mrs. J. B. Hooker, Hartford, Conn.

Lest the reasons should not be fully understood which have induced the committee to recommend pressure upon Congress in favor of declaratory resolutions rather than a XVI. Amendment, permit me to state the substance of an interview with the distinguished chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate the latter part of the week before the memorial was called up in the House Committee. Not knowing that such memorial had been offered, nor that the subject was before Congress in any other shape than by petitions for an Amendment already referred to the Senate Judiciary, and knowing that such petitions had heretofore been allowed to sleep the sleep of death before that committee, we asked the chairman that woman might plead her cause in person before his committee on those petitions. The honorable gentleman replied that only in writing could man or women be heard before his committee, and adduced past usage as sufficient authority. "But have there been no exceptions," we said; "nothing that might serve as a precedent?" "There have been exceptions," he replied. "In two or three instances, within my knowledge, gentlemen have been permitted to appear before the committee; but they have usually been cases where the right of a sovereign State were involved—as in the case of a contested election, lately, where the delegate to Congress was in the city and was allowed to state the case in person." "And here," we said, "are twenty million sovereigns, who have never yet been represented in Congress, asking that their constitutional rights should be recognized, and desiring to speak for themselves because their personal interest in the matter has been doubted no less than their capacity to handle political questions with judgment amd ability."

Further on the honorable gentleman declared that he was opposed to the enfranchisement of women through the passage of another amendment, and added that the two just passed furnished a dangerous precedent; their intimation that the States had a right to meddle with the original right to the elective franchise was pregnant with mischief and he would never advocate or vote for another such amendment. "How then, sir," we said, "are women to come into possession of this right, which you admit belongs to them, and which they must some day exercise as a duty?" "Only through their State Legislatures," he replied, "I see no other way," and the interview being cut short by the opening of the Senate we were left to our own reflections, which ran thus: Citizens of the United States must then implore State authority for the use of a Constitutional right. Federal rights are to be interpreted and enforced by State Legislatures only. Yet we fought one whole war out on the opposite doctrine. Have State Rights risen from the dead to begin a new life? If so, God help us. And he did help, for within three days he memorial of a courageous woman, of whom we had not then heard in this connection, and who had not heard of us, was called up in the House Judiciary, and woman was permitted to make her own plea and argument, and the subject was fairly launched into Congress for debate and for final settlement. There is no help for it, Mr. Editor, those amendments cost the country dear, and I will venture to say that every member of Congress with brains in his head and patriotism in his heart is beginning to feel this. The Constitution, fairly interpreted, would have given the black man his rights in due time; but the interests of the great Republican party could not wait this slow consummation. Mr. Sumner planted himself on this ground in the best speeches of his life, and voted for the amendments under protest. Reading his speech of March, 1869, one is filled with admiration of the wisdom and prescience of the doctrines there enunciated, and, substituting the word sex for color, we have the whole argument for the proposed resolutions of the minority in a nut-shell. Could you feel the atmosphere of this city, this Congress, to-day, you would not doubt what the end must be, nor that it will be very soon. When women of mind, culture and position give themselves to the work of their own political emancipation, as women here are doing every day, Congress may as well resolve itself into a Committee of Ways and Means at once, and the day of final adjustment is close at hand.

Highwood Park, Tenafly, N. J., Feb. 20.

Mrs. Victoria Woodhull:

Dear Madame—I have watched the grand work inaugurated by you in Washington this winter with the deepest interest, and fully agree with the position you have so eloquently and logically maintained in your demand for "a declaratory act."

At first I was afraid that it was a mere Republican dodge, suggested to you by some wily Republican politician, to get rid of a XVI. Amendment and Congressional action, by sending us to the courts, where our rights might hang by the eye-lids a quarter of a century. But my mind was set at rest on that point by the able minority report on your memorial by Wm. Loughbridge and Benjamin F. Butler, in which they declare that it is the right and duty of Congress to decide who are voters, and "to judge of the election return and qualifications of its own members."

I am glad that our national committee have pitched their tents with you right under the star spangled banner and the dome of the capitol, and determined to stay there until the 15,000,000 women in this country are crowned with all the rights, privileges and immunities of citizenship.

We have petitioned and reasoned with our sires and sons long enough. I am in favor of stronger action and decided measures to seize the reins of government if need be, and, as we have the ablest men in the nation with us, that could easily be done. For all such offensive movements we have now an able champion in Benjamin F. Butler, who could tell us how to marshal our forces and where to place our batteries.

In a letter to him, I have just suggested, that as he has been looking for some new "vital issue" to cement the broken ranks of the Republican party, I think he has found one, in "Woman's Suffrage," far better and less expensive than a war with England on the Alabama claims.

These Republicans, in looking for "vital issues," are like a man searching for his spectacles when they are on his own nose. Look, for example, at the Hon. John Bigelow's letter to the Hon. Roscoe Conkling, wandering all over creation to find some fitting way to celebrate our first centennial birthday, while your "declaratory act" was before the eyes of the nation. What more fitting way could he celebrate this grand event in history than by doing justice to the mothers of this Republic—by carrying the divine principles of equality into political life, enfranchising all our citizens.

Look, again, at those Republicans who assembled in the Philadelphia convention to press another amendment to the Federal Constitution, recognizing God, when you had just shown that the XIV. and XV. Amendments, in recognizing all humanity, had already done so.

God is justice, mercy and love; woman is the next being in order in the Constitution. We might, with great propriety, say to these gentlemen: "If you love not your sisters, whom you have seen, how can you love God, whom you have not seen?"

I read your journal with great pleasure. It is the ablest woman's journal we have yet had, discussing, as it does, the great questions of national life, in which it will be necessary for us, one and all, soon to have clear and pronounced opinions.

Respectfully yours,
Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

New York, Feb. 6, 1871.

Mesdames Woodhull & Claflin:

In the *Tribune* of the 4th inst. there is a letter of its special correspondent, J. S. P., which is wanting that tact and common sense generally found in his communications.

It is not at all surprising that citizens of the United States should apply to Government for aid, in one way and another, to establish steamship lines that would revive our commerce and advantage our ship-building interests. On the other hand, all sensible men admit that something in this direction must be done to enable our citizens to compete successfully with ship-builders on the Clyde, who have been liberally subsidized by the English government at the very time the United States was struggling for national existence. This was England's opportunity to outstrip us, and the change from wooden to iron steamships, which supervened at the same time, aided by her royal subsidies, gave her ship-builders an advantage from which it will be hard to dislodge them without similar aid from Congress.

It is folly to suppose, because we entered into successful competition with England after the Revolution, and within the period of half a century became her commercial rival, that we can do the same now, under the altered state of things—our depressed commerce and the substitution of iron for wooden ships. But, if we could do this, shall we be content to struggle on for an indefinite period against such odds, rather than, by immediate and liberal subsidies, lift up our crushed commerce and become as we were in 1859, the competitor of Great Britain for the supremacy of the ocean?

There is something in the word "subsidy" which seems to

frighten J. S. P., and, in his excited imagination, all capitalists who are willing to use their money in conjunction with the Government are "plunderers" and "monopolists," and the steamship lines thus established would be "puffy, bloated enterprises, composed of steamboats running hither and thither, for the sole benefit of those who own and run them."

This is simply empty gasconade. Will J. S. P. apply such obnoxious epithets and this impotent abuse to the powerful foreign lines, which are doing, at an immense profit, all our carrying trade upon the Atlantic, and which have grown to opulence by the wise and liberal subsidies of their respective Governments?

If by such carping, he could dissuade Congress from subsidizing, in any way, American steamship lines, he would render our foreign rivals a most valuable service, and should be richly rewarded by them.

One would suppose that J. S. P. imagines that steamship lines should be established and run by our citizens, *pro bono publico*, and not for the "sole benefit of those who own and run them." When he sees capitalists establish steamship lines or build railroads, for any other object than their own emolument, he will be older than he is now.

All great enterprises promote private emolument and the public good in perfect accord with each other. J. S. P. inquires what are "half a dozen artificially created private steamship lines, maintained by appropriations from the public money raised by general taxation, in comparison with a prosperous, self-sustaining marine, of 5,000,000 tons—such as we had before the war, and can again possess by virtue of a Congressional enactment of a dozen lines—which will not take a dollar from the Treasury."

Now, we suppose that all steamship lines are *artificial creations;* and that rather than continue a long period, as we did formerly, in our contest with England for commercial supremacy, it would be far better, by judicious subsidies, under such regulations as Congress, in its wisdom, should impose, to enter at once into successful competition to regain our commercial prestige, and become the carriers of our own mails and merchandise.

We think American steamship lines could be thus established; which, even J. S. P., having recovered a little from his dread of subsidies, would not denounce as "beggarly squads of steamships, running at public expense to gratify private greed," and that unless Americans have lost all energy and nautical skill, he would in a short time see that such subsidized lines would have "inherent sinews of vitality" in them. Does he suppose that his Congressional enactment of twelve lines, by taking off all duties upon articles used in the construction of ships, would, like the touch of Ithuril's spear, give vitality to "these drooping, wide-spread maritime industries of the country?"

This policy of J. S. P.'s, to be embraced in the Congressional enactment of twelve lines, would have some advantages, but would be liable to grave objections, and would fail to meet the wants of our commerce. These great commercial interests of the country should be nurtured for a while by the wise aid of Congress, and not be left "to grow, as a tree grows, from the root, by slow, constant, self-matured accretion."

This old fogy course of J. S. P. would be a little too slow for the present steam-propelling age. It would be the stage-coach again, instead of the locomotive—the old sailing vessel instead of the majestic steamships of modern commerce.

We advise J. S. P. to exercise a little sound common sense, and calm his excited imagination on the subject of "plunderers," "monopolists," of "puffy, bloated steamship companies," and of the ghost of subsidies, and give the benefit of his able pen in aiding Congress to follow the wise example of England, France and Germany; and, by well guarded legislation, in the speediest way possible come to the rescue of our crushed and almost ruined commerce, and talk no more about "the army of plunderers who are burrowing under the pretext of working in our maritime interests."

CIVIS.

OFFICE OF THE NATIONAL LABOR UNION, FISHER BLOCK, WOODWARD AVENUE, DETROIT, MICH., February 14, 1871.

Mesdames Woodhull & Claflin:

I am thankful indeed that our country's metropolis has one paper that dare speak the truth, and that paper is the WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY. There never was a time in the history of this nation that we wanted a bold, truthful, outspoken paper as badly as at the present time, and nothing but bold, outspoken papers can possibly stop the atrocious frauds that are being forced upon us. We want papers that will state the truth on all questions that enter into the welfare of the public. The question has often arisen in my mind of late, What is the matter? How is it that so many are out of employment? I have received scores of letters within the last two months from Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Boston, New York and San Francisco, asking where work can be obtained, and to-day from Nashville, Memphis and New Orleans. I find one-fourth of the mechanics and laborers out of work, and twenty-five per cent. of the balance working on short time, thousands of families wanting bread, and thousands of our merchants on the very verge of bankruptcy. Even in this city our merchants look as if there was a cloud of gloom settled over them. They are bitterly complaining that business is dull and money tight. Some hoped that the war in Europe would help us; others are praying that the coming spring will make better times, but I fear that your prayers and hopes will be in vain. The cause of all this trouble is Washington. It is in the House and Senate. It is with the Executive and the Secretary of the Treasury. It is from there this cause of want of employment comes. It is in the stupid recommendation of the Executive and the still more stupid policy adopted by the Treasury Department. Why is it that at every corner you hear men say money is tight and business dull? Is it true that money is tight? If so, why let it be tight to the injury of the nation and the people? If it is that that is stopping business, why not do as the Dutchman did by his dog, chain him loose? Have we not the power? Are we not a sovereign people, holding the power in our own hands? Can we not create the medium of exchange to carry on business under our own flag? And have we not the material and bullion to settle balances with all nations? What, then, is the matter? What is the reason that thousands of merchants and business men should be thus driven to almost despair and hundreds of thousands of our working people to want and misery? We have the iron, the coal, the timber, the cattle, the cotton, the wool and the laborer. Then why all this distress? Is it possible that the policy adopted by our Government is brewing this trouble? However sad it may look it is a fact, and our Government is directly chargeable with the state of things we find to-day. Why did not the Government pay off its debt as it agreed to do? Why pay gold when the legal tender was promised? Why did the President assume the authority of promising gold for a debt that he well knew was payable in the legal tender of the nation? There can be only two reasons given why he did it, or why the Congress allowed it to be done, and those reasons are—that he and they did not know the facts, or that they did know, but were determined to rob the toiling people. If they did not know the facts in the case, then the people should, as soon as possible, put them out of office for their ignorance. If they did know them, the people ought to put them out for their assisting to rob the masses and build up banking corporations, which are crushing out the very life of the nation and the people.

Had the Government done her duty, money could not have been tight or business dull. She would have paid the debt as it became due, as was promised and expected, in the legal tender of the nation, under the law of February 25, 1862, authorizing the issue of the five-twenty bonds. The law is plain and cannot be misunderstood. The interest and duty on imports are made payable in coin, but the principle is payable in legal tender notes. The law distinctly says that such United States notes shall be received the same as coin at their par value in payment for any loans that may be negotiated by the Secretary of the Treasury, and all the five-twenty bonds were created after the passing of this law. Had the Secretary of the Treasury acted in good faith toward the people it would have been impossible for money to have become tight or business dull, for he would have paid off the debt as it became due in the legal tender. Then if the holder of the money did not want it, he could have given them a bond, bearing three per cent., allowing them the right to take the money or the bond. This would have placed the Secretary of the Treasury in a position where he could have made his own terms, instead of going on his knees, as he is to-day, to the money-sharks of Europe and America, and begging them to take our bonds at a lower rate of interest. By this means the money market could never have been tight, and the banks would not have been the masters of the people. This would have brought interest down to three and one-half per cent. in business, and have saved in interest alone $800,000,000 per year. This would have put our manufacturers on a footing with the manufacturers of the old world and stopped the everlasting quarrel over high protection. A tariff for revenue would have given us all the protection we could possibly have needed; for as it costs twelve days' labor to produce a ton of pig-iron in Great Britain, it only cost eight in Missouri; this would have enabled us to have built up a lost commerce without the fearful swindles that are proposed now before Congress. Our ship-yards, in which now grass grows, would have become alive with industry, and in commerce would again take our place among the nations of the world; business would have been plenty; those that are now idle would be profitably employed. They in turn would have had the means to purchase the goods for sale, and business in every department would have been good. The banks would have been the servants of the people, and not their masters as now. Why has this not been done? The only answer that can be given is, that the control of the government is in the hands of bankers and their agents to the destruction of all healthful business, and endangering the very life of the Government itself.—Yours, respectfully,

R. F. TREVELLICK.

The Root of the Matter, or the Bible in the Role of the Old Mythologies

BY C. B. P.

No. IX.

When Gog and Magog, or night and chaos, gathered themselves with Satan to battle, they went up on the breadth of the earth and compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city; and fire came down from God, out of heaven, and devoured them, the devil finding himself vehemently scorched in this strange fire from the Lord, or lake of fire and brimstone. What were all the hosts of night, the number of whom as the sands of the sea, against the Sun-God of Israel with his sharp sword and consuming fire, nostrils smoking and mouth fire-breathing, furnishing Levethian and piercing the serpent? "Son of Man set thy face against Gog the land of Magog, the chief prince of Mespect and Tubal, and prophecy against him. Thus saith the Lord God, I am against thee, O Gog, and I will turn thee back and put hooks into thy jaws, and I will bring thee forth and all thine army, horses and horsemen, all of them clothed with all sorts of armour, a great company with bucklers and shields, and all of them handling swords." This is rather a free handling of Gog and Magog, with Persia, Ethiopia and Lybia with them, at the same time coming out of the north parts, thou, and many people with thee, all of them riding upon horses, to come up against my people of Israel as a cloud to cover the land. "And it shall come to pass at the same time when Gog shall come up against the land of Israel, saith the Lord God, my fury shall come up in my face."

This is the same Lord God, or the Sun, who put a hook in the jaws of Leviathan and drew him out, as also Massaroth, in his season; for God, in his fury, was the Burning Bush, or the Sun, and in the wrath of the Lamb, or Almighty God, kindled a fire that burnt to lowest hell, besides setting on fire the foundations of the mountains.

Muller finds the Sun in India to be the original of the god of love in Greece, and that the horses, *i. e.*, the rays of the Sun, are called not only "haritas" but "voitas," etc., meaning red, bright and brown; nor was the black horse wanting to draw the car of night, or the pale horse with death and hell following. "God is love," says St. John, and by finding the Sun to have been the God of love, we may see why, in all the ancient religions, or mysteries of heaven, the phallus corresponded to the angel in the Sun—why circumcision was a covenant with God, and why none could enter into the congregation of the Lord but such as were well bottomed on the foundations of Israel, as per XXIII. Deuteronomy.

Says Mr. Cox: "We do but find out the things that exist; but only they who search patiently and truthfully can find them out."

St. John was conservative of the old order of things, and had somewhat against the church for leaving its first love. Some of the apertees, as tried by the lankmarks, are declared to be liars, which say they are Jews and are not, but *are* the synagogue of Satan; but John, with all his conservatism of the old Mosaic work, was not slow to swamp the Old Jerusalem and transform it into the New, that both Moses and the Lamb might be sung in the same meter—the new song evolved out of the old nature melody.

The red, bright horses bringing to us the brilliant Dawn, came in the name of the Sun, as the only name under heaven whereby we must be saved. As per Muller: "He who fills heaven and earth with light, who moves across the darkness along the sky, who is seen among the black cows of the night is the bright hero." In St. John's solar Alpha and Omega, he is the beginning and the end, saith the Lord, or "was, is and is to come." As the mighty God of Jacob, he ruled the nations with a rod of iron, and broke them in shivers, but the morning star was in reserve for such as had ears to hear and to overcome.

"But this bright solar hero, whether Agni or Surja, is in the Veda, as in Greek mythology, represented as a child." So, too, is the solar hero whose star the wise men discover in the East, and who saw the same "young child," as born King of the Jews and the ruler of all nations. Agni, the fire of God, is almost suggestive of Agnus, the Lamb of God, who was as the sun shineth in his strength, and who saved as by fire, or took away the sins of the world, while the "child" was set for the falling and rising again of many in Israel. The Heathen "bright sun, with beautiful wings," was the same as the biblical "Sun of Righteousness, with healing in his wings." If coming in the clouds of heaven, then over all the sky his cloudy wings expand. The devil may depart for a season, and angels may minister unto him, but no less may the Prince of the Air discourse his music from the under world. No less the Lord was in the wind to raise a breeze—could whisper through the mulberry trees for David, or whirl Elijah into heaven, dumping him on some mountain or in some valley. Coming up among the cattle of the Lord are the "black crows of night," while in the distance, and by change of base, Mother Goose's cow may be seen to jump over the moon.

"Let us worship Agni, the child of Dyaus, the son of strength, Amsha, the bright light of the sacrifice."

Not so very great is the difference in this from the Strength of Israel in God the Saviour, one God the consuming fire, and the Shekinah, or light that abode in a cloud, or God in love, or in wrath treading the wine-press in his fury. There is one passage in the Veda where "Kana" love is clearly applied to the rising Sun. The whole hymn is addressed to Savitar the Sun. It is said, "He rises as a mighty flame, He stretches out his wide arms, He is even like the wind. His light is powerful, and his mother, the Dawn, gives him the best share, the first worship among men.

The God of Israel led his children with an outstretched arm, and Briareus was the hundred-handed son of heaven and earth who gathered all things into his garner. Says Muller, "the original solar character of the God of love was the beloved Dawn." In Jeur, the son of man, interchangeable with the sun of heaven, was the beloved son in whom the voice from heaven was well pleased. David is in garment of many colors of mythologic drapery. His name signifies "well-beloved, dear." Natural enough that he should have been "the darling of the songs of Israel," and that the later Saviour should have a root and offspring in the name, and in the bright and morning star.

The Hebrew metaphors are often of great strength and beauty, and even their skeletons may be clothed in all the paraphernalia of the Sun, or Lord God of heaven. Upon the dry bones his spirit could be brought, so that bone to bone could live, and the ten thousand warrior-saints rise up, as the Lord rose up from Seir and shined from Mount Pasan, the Dragon's teeth turning to armed men, when Satan led the embattled seraphim to war. The wisdom of the East, being justified of all her children, was never slow in doing God and the Devil in every variety of ways—precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little, and the lines were cast in pleasant places for such as knew how to draw out Leviathan with a hook and bring forth Maszaroth in his season, "The Lord shall go forth as a mighty man; he shall stir up jealousy like a man of war; he shall cry, yea, war, and prevail against his enemies." The Lord, or Sun, was chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely. As the Hero of Israel, he drew largely upon the imagination for all the facts in the making up of God's word. David, as the "lion's whelp," was in the sign of Leo, and, as the man after God's own heart, he slung from the middle of a sling the souls of his enemies.

The same lion had roared against Samson, the name of the Hero-Sun, who rent the lion as he would a kid. The story of Saul and David has a warp and woof of solar mysteries. When the Lord departed from Saul in the declining Sun, an evil spirit sat upon him, and he went below to look for Korah, Dathan and Abiram. Yet he clothed the daughters of Israel in scarlet, or sunset hues, as each one drew her drapery round, and pinned it with the evening star. Saul was the sign for the falling of many in Israel, and the Lord chose David, in the sign of the rising Sun, from the sheepfolds of Aries—"from following the ewes great with young he brought him to feed Jacob, his people, and Israel,

his inheritance," at the same time refusing the older tabernacle of Joseph, or the Bull, or still more over the left, the "backsliding heifer," as the older Israel had become by precession of the equinoxes. Now, the Lord would feed his people as a Lamb in a large place, and, as a rod out of the stem of Jesse, he would rule the nations with a rod of iron. In departing from Saul the Lord took a higher flight with David on the wings of the wind, and rode upon the sky in his name Jah.

The beloved Son, in whom God and the mother were well pleased, was "born at the beginning of days," and was thus the "I am" or "Ancient of Days" before Abraham was; and yet he was the "young child" in the horoscope of the astrologers and the myth-makers of the world. He was the Son of Love, and constantly appeared in the fullness of time. Says Muller: "Mythology is only a dialect, an ancient form of language. Mythology, though chiefly concerned with nature, and here again mostly with those manifestations which bear the character of law, order, power and wisdom impressed upon them, was applicable to all things. Nothing is excluded from mythological expression, neither morals nor philosophy, neither history nor religion have escaped the spell of that ancient sybil. It is something formal, not something substantial, and like poetry, sculpture and painting, applicable to nearly all that the ancient world could admire or adore."

Exactly so—completely embracing God's word as written with his finger, or spoken by them of old time. Need we wonder then that Joseph's coat was of many colors, or that when Mrs. Potiphar seized him by the skirts to make him backslide, he fled from her as from the wrath to come, like the other Sun heroes fleeing from the scarlet woman up from Gog and the land of Magog, with the long trail of the serpent? Need we wonder that Jezebel painted her face and tired her head and looked out at the morning window on such a scene as this? or that the Lamb and his Wife, with the saints of the New Jerusalem, were clothed in pure linen, clean and white? Even St. John himself wondered with great admiration as he saw that woman Jezebel, sitting upon a scarlet-colored beast, and he, in spirit, on the Lord's Day, with open vision, trying to discover a hole in a' her coat, that she might tent it, while he was ready to make a note, and faith, to prent it. How she swore by all the Gods, as fiercely as the loud-swearing God of Israel, that so the Gods might do to her, and more also, if she failed to do Elijah, "the Strong God," or "Lord of hair," by to-morrow about this time.

When all shall learn to open the Bible with the mythological key, we shall see how liable the letter is to rile, and we may learn, too, how much we have been bamboozled through all the ages, from the bamboo cradle of Moses to the golden fleece which clothed the Ancient of Days, or Patriarchal Ram of God, who took away the sins of the world, and how, as the Redeemer, he lived in the latter days upon the earth, with his Wife and the family of saints, in the New Jerusalem, as signed and sealed with the mark of our God in their foreheads. This mark was the cross. In Egypt where "our God" was spiritually crucified, the cross was the sign of life and was so fashioned as to symbolize the masculine and feminine principle significant in grove and phallus as in the Alpha and Omega, or the sky damsel and Son of Man, and was significant of the bi-sexed Jehovah as well as the Lamb and his wife—nor less in the Isis and Osiris of the Egyptian crucifixion. The *name* or *sign* must embrace the essence of the thing *signified* to be the name under heaven whereby we must be saved, and so to the cross was the symbol of the world's Saviour. It was in this wise our Lord was crucified in Egypt, as per St. John, and the early Christians of Egypt adopted the Egyptian cross as the properly significant one of the double gender of the mystic Lord with whom abode the virgin and the Bride; and the Spirit and the Bride say, come.

God is a spirit to be worshiped in spirit, but the emblematic word signifies which way went the spirit of the Lord In Egypt "some of the sacred boats or arks contained the emblems of life and stability which, when the vail was drawn aside, were practically seen; others the Divine Spirit, Nef or Non; and some presented the sacred beetle of the sun, overshadowed by the wings of two figures of the goddess Thmei and Truth, which call to mind the cherubim of the Jews."

When the ark of the Lord was in the land of the Philistines seven months, and the priests anddivines showed how the Lord must be placated in the number five with two milch kine to carry the trespass offering by the way of his own coast to Bethshemesh, or "house of the Sun," the too curious, who would draw aside the vail or "penetrate into dark corners and disembowel sacred mysteries," were smote hip and thigh for looking into the ark of the Lord. The *Deus ex machena*, who abode in the ark as well as in the cloud, refused to be interviewed by the general gender, and he had already warned them, where Sinai was altogether on a smoke, to keep at the foot of the hill, lest the Lord break forth upon them and many of them perish.

In Jewry, as in Egypt, the cherubimic figures with wings across the mercy-seat, symbolized Truth and Justice in abdominoscopia as well as in the sky of living creatures, moving wheel within wheel to the adjustment of all the Godhead bodily. In Egypt, as well as in Jewry, there were the sacred twelve to bear the shrine, the sacred four and other numbers with two scribes instructed into the kingdom of Heaven to note that all was done on earth as in the Jerusalem above the firmament.

In those days of open vision there was no need of telescope or optic glass to descry new lands with their fresh fields and pastures new. From the full udders of the sacred cows, as from the bosom of the Virgin, flowed the milky way, feeding all the babes in Christ, and when, with euphrasy and me, was purged the visual nerve, they might see how to suck honey out of the rock, and "strike ile" out of the flinty rock. Of such was the kingdom of heaven, and the nebulous theory to the Ancient of Days whose clothes waxed not old nor the shoe upon his foot.

In one aspect, the name of the Godhead was Amun-Kh m, equivalent to the Amen. Amun-Re was the generator, and generated the heavens and the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens in the mystic order of the seven. In this respect, the phallus, or cross, could be the sacred emblem, and the oath with the hand under the thigh, as per Abraham and Jacob, was significant of the Father of all living, the *Pater omnium viventium* of Dungleson's Medical Dictionary. In this mode of doing the word, there was the reciprocal relation between the "God of heaven," or his angel in the sun, "and the God of the earth," or his angel in the phallus; and hence to enter into the congregation of the Lord, one must be sound from foundation to coping, as per xxiii. Deuteronomy.

FROM THE POTOMAC TO THE PACIFIC.

BY ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE.

V.

PERU TO SACRAMENTO.

January 6, 1871.

Last night two fires were made in our car as we passed over the Sierra Nevada, and we nearly suffocated. In the middle of the night I awoke; the moon was shining brightly and a fairy scene met my glad eyes, in strong contrast to what we had passed through, which made it seem as if the devil had made *that* world. But now we were on another; we were among the pines; high mountains covered with snow, little cots against them, the tall pines and the moonlight, all conspired to impart a weird, fanciful appearance to the scene. Emerson's poem on the pine tree came to my mind, for often had I read it over; now every line was dwelt on and a fuller, deeper meaning pictured there than I ever previously realized. This poem was now *illustrated* by a master hand! Through snow sheds, O, so long and so dark! cold, very cold! A gentleman brought us some snow to eat; how nice it was to our parched lips, but it was our last. From snow twenty-five feet in depth, as it was on the summit, we reached in two hours a beautiful, magnificent country, balmy air; fires extinguished as being unnecessary. We rode along delighted, enraptured with the grand pines and mountains, the small houses and gardens that thrift and enterprise are cutting out of the woods. Oh, what lovely valleys, what secluded walks along the mountain or between mountains I have seen! We are already in line with California; we begin to feel very hopeful. All is in order for reaching San Francisco to-night; the air is delightful, the sky is clear.

A gentleman from Greeley, Cal., says the thermometer a few days ago fell to 35° below zero at that place and the snow laid two feet in depth on the ground!

THOUSANDS OF SHEEP.

Now a pretty home, with goats, chickens and a garden; all, with a lady therein, make a pretty picture. The younger children have received small silver coins as presents; they eagerly enquire, "Is this money?" Both were born some time after the suspension of specie payments.

One peculiarity of the country we have passed through is timbered land without underbrush—just like a park.

VI.

SAN FRANCISCO TO THE "PROMISED LAND."

Arriving at San Francisco late at night we were met at the cars by one of the earliest pioneers of Spiritualism in Massachusetts, Herman Snow, once a Unitarian clergyman, now proprietor of a liberal book store in San Francisco. Fortune so far favored us that the steamboat for Wilmington, which only leaves once about six days, left on the next morning, and in a fog at that; so San Francisco must remain undelineated for the present. Two days afterwards, at daybreak, we were at San Pedro and Wilmington, from which a short railroad ride through a flat country brought us to Los Angeles, on nearing which we saw a few shanty houses and orange trees laden with oranges. Los Angeles is a one-story house city, black, barren hills looking solemnly down, and the few green orange trees and a few houses with gardens. Think what raptures people have gone into over the beauties of Los Angeles. Certainly if you climb a hill there is an extended view of many miles; but no woods, nothing except here and there orange groves, until within a few miles of San Bernardino. Hills and mountains here are invariably treeless, staring bare against the sky. My eyes ache with looking at the nakedness of this land, there having been scarcely any rain, I am told, for two years. For fifty-four miles from Los Angeles to San Bernardino the country is quite a level waste, and by reason of non-irrability must ever remain so—treeless, grassless, nothing but sage brush and cactusses*—a desert, no lakes, no streams, except perhaps one or two ditch-like places. We had, however, mountain scenery.

* I have just been informed by a gentleman here (in Washington) acquainted with the section, that the stage road from Los Angeles to San Bernardino is over a table-land, but that the country a short distance off on either side is susceptible of cultivation and to some extent cultivated. A. C.

On entering San Bernardino our eyes were gladdened by the sight of a few willows, and I pitied them from the bottom of my heart; I could have fancied that Jesus had been there and cursed them (as he is reported to have cursed the fig tree), or that they were endowed with the knowledge that they had no business to have grown there, and were ashamed of themselves. We had been told by some native Californians that near San Bernardino we should behold some of the finest country—indeed, *the* finest country—in all that part of California. Night folded her dark curtains, and my eyes were rested. On the next morning the sun showed us how grand were the mountains, the snow-capped summits of which were set off with red and purple.

9 A. M. Stop for "Riverside" ("Southern California Colony"), and alas, alas! the same absence of foliage, of trees; not one, not one! San Bernardino, I think, has found a tender spot in my heart, because there a few trees were planted that set off the mountains a little to my satisfaction.

But here we are at the Santa Anna River, broad, and some water. The commencement of the main ditch (for irrigating the company's land) was pointed out to us; then with a rush, and a plunge, and a vigorous struggle on the part of the horses, we hurried across the river. The horses stood still to rest after so desperate an effort, and the driver descended from his perch, observing, "Thar is quicksand thar, and we must go over quick or we don't go over at all."

But now we near Riverside. There certainly we shall find beauty. Here are willows by the riverside. Now for the land—the beautiful land of the Pacific slope—land of orange groves, magnolias and flowers. But alas, alas! the same nakedness, not one tree! The valley is, but for the absence of any green thing, beautiful and grand. I stand at my door and can see fifty miles in one direction, the valley being, from north to south, twenty miles wide, but not a tree is visible. O, for one glimpse of Eastern landscape! I shut my eyes and visit Vermont and her glorious mountains, Belvidere, the Delaware Water Gap, and Rock Creek, D. C., on whose banks I linger. How I sit down in the woods, winter though it be, turn over dead leaves, and lo! a thousand beautiful vines meet my eyes. I gather mosses—but the curtain falls, the reality presses, and lo! I am in a land where trees are not to be found but by the most careful hunting.

Riverside, Jan. 13–15, 1871.

The whole of the ditches are expected to be completed in about six weeks. The nights are cool—nay, very cold for this climate. There are beautiful sunrises, clear atmosphere, and lovely, warm days; oh, such delightful days! doors open, windows open, no fires, and yet no feeling whatever of languor, as in warm winter days in Washington; Oh, no! one feels as clear as the glorious atmosphere. If rain had come this year, I am told the grass would have been knee-deep and beautifully green; but the windows of heaven were closed two years ago, and no one has remembered to open them since.

To-day, from the top of the mountain, just on the edge of our land, I did see some green trees on the side of the river; but my sister declared that they were only drooping willows which could neither grow high nor thick.

This is a most delightful, charming valley, or rather it is set in a most magnificent framework of mountains, got up regardless of cost; and when irrigation is secured and the orange trees, lemons, limes, walnuts, etc., have attained some growth, there will not, I suppose, be a fairer spot on the face of the earth; but at present I could almost fancy that I had passed a bridge and landed on the moon, which, according to recent theories, once opened her mouth and swallowed her own water as well at atmosphere. In the case of this place the water seems to have been swallowed up, but the delicious atmosphere remaining does its best to atone for the loss.

Yesterday, Jessie and Ernest went off rambling toward "our mountain;" by-and-by they came rushing in delighted: "Flowers, flowers! mamma, aunty!" I looked up. A few sickly yellow-green flowers—weeds evidently—were held up and called bouquets, and appropriately disposed of in vases. Then I looked at their faces, smiling over the flowers, and thought how much braver than we had been those little darlings Had we not told them of the oranges they were to get in California, of the flowers—the beautiful flowers—in the greatest profusion and variety they would find there; of the trees, green even in winter? and how they had smiled and scarcely ever complained when we had pulled long faces—O dear! so long and so sad!

I am told, on authority I believe reliable, that three years ago a gentleman named to me came here from the East; he purchased land and irrigated it; he has now beautiful trees, five to six inches in diameter, grown from seed he brought from the East, and has grapes in abundance that yield him a good income.

We are all well, very well; I never felt better. Denton (boy of eleven years of age) is improving daily. I have no fear of his lungs while we remain here.

I ought to say that, while there are here some fine, progressive people, the orthodox are also well represented. The Doctor's office is the meeting-house, where different ministers present their wares. A Methodist to-day talked an hour.

"You go to meeting?" said two gentlemen to me last night. "No," I replied, "I shall never go." One gentlemen opened his eyes in astonishment. "Freedom for all," he said. "Certainly," I replied, "hence my freedom never to go."

January 18, 1871.

It is so dry, so very dry here, that nothing spoils or decays. Fresh meat does not go bad, it only dries; we can keep meat a week, though it is so warm. Eggs are twenty-five cents per dozen. A one-roomed house, with two doors and two windows, costs sixty-five dollars. Lumber, for building, twenty-five dollars per thousand.

The ditches are rapidly progressing; seventy-five men are at work on them beside the settlers, who have turned out *en masse* and are pushing it forward with zeal.

We sometimes hear wolves in the night, but they are quite small and afraid of human beings; ground-mice visit us in the night.

Two crops can be grown yearly when there is irrigation.

Company land is five to thirty-five dollars per acre, all equally good, but price dependent mainly on distance from village.

REMARKS BY ALFRED CRIDGE.

Washington, D. C., Feb., 1871.

From all that has come to me hitherto respecting this region generally, and the "colony" in particular, I infer that nothing has been overstated in reference to her capabilities in the circular issued by the company and published in this journal on October 15. So far as I am concerned, I regard the operations a financial and sanitary success—particularly sanitary. I previously knew of the liability of this region to long droughts, rain not being liable in the rainy season. Hence, and hence only, all the defects hereinbefore mentioned. Nature has supplied a climate at once bracing and delicious; a soil that is rich, but not miasmatic. Twenty-five dollars per acre for land (*including* irrigation, as I understand), that will yield two crops annually (to say nothing of fruit) where there is a good market and an Eden climate, to me imply a combination of advantages seldom equalled in *one* place. I think it well, however, that disadvantages should be as fully and faithfully presented as has been done in the preceding extracts.

As to trees, the fact that lumber is only twenty-five dollars per thousand indicates abundance of trees within a day's travel.

Of all things in which parents should take interest [illegible] of so great importance as that of education. [illegible] sufficient deliberation is seldom [illegible] whole future of a child's life may be dark[illegible] step in early years. There are com[illegible] people who are fitted for having charge [illegible]. It requires the most exquisite tact, the most comprehensive grasp of characteristics, as well as an almost infinite adaptation to circumstances. The instincts of childhood are always pure and true. [illegible] should never be stunted and bleared by an un[illegible] curbing. They should simply be directed [illegible] avoid the quicksands and shoals which cer[illegible] conditions might drift them toward. True [illegible] is not so much the stuffing process as it is the weeding or eliminating process, by which the whole mental strength may be exerted in producing a [illegible] capable of the highest and noblest purposes of [illegible]. Most of our boarding schools teach those things which relate too palpably to the external, and are therefore to be deprecated. There are, however, some whose principals have the true idea of education. Among them may be mentioned the School for Young Ladies, at No. 15 East Twenty-fourth street, under the charge of Mesdames Millard & Carrier, whose advertisement appears in another column.

THE NEW WORLD.—A weekly newspaper devoted to temperance, universal suffrage and the emancipation of woman. Edited by Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis and Miss Kate Stanton. Published in quarto-form by L. A. Carpenter, Providence, R. I. It will be the object of this paper to treat all subjects of vital interest to the American people with fairness and independence; and while its columns are open to the discussion of those great questions to which it is devoted, the editors reserve to themselves the right to be judged only by their editorials. Terms invariably in advance.

One copy to one address	$2 00 per annum
Ten copies "	17 50 "
Twenty "	30 00 "

A liberal discount made to lodges and societies.

BEEBE & Co., Hatters, 160 Broadway, have recently added a new department to their old and regular business, consisting of a large stock of gentlemen's furnishing goods of the very best quality, and all of their own manufacture, from recent and choicest styles. These styles have been selected with great care from late importations, and will bear comparison with any offered in this city. Their shirt department is a specialty, being under the supervision of one of the most experienced artists in the city. Gentlemen may rely upon obtaining the best of everything, for Beebe & Co. neither make nor offer any second quality goods. The public will take notice that with the exception of Beebe & Co. all other first-class houses have removed up-town, which they have not found it necessary to do to retain their long-standing custom.

John Gault's Billiard Rooms, 69 and 71 Broadway, are the most popular resort of the denizens of Wall street and vicinity. "Phelan tables" and "pure drinks" are the attractions.

WE take special pleasure in calling the attention of all our readers who need dental service to Dr. Koonz, at No. 1 Great Jones street, New York, who is both judicious and scientific in all departments of dentistry. His rooms are fitted tastefully and elegantly, and being constantly filled with the *elite* of the city, testifies that his practice is successful. He administers the nitrous oxide gas with perfect success in all cases.

There have been many attempts made to combine the usefulness of a sofa and a bed in one article of household furniture, but it may be said they have been total failures, and it had come to be thought that nothing could be invented which would present the elegance of a first class parlor sofa and also possess all the convenience and comfort of the best bed. All the difficulties, however, have at last been overcome in the combined Sofa Bed, manufactured by WM. S. HUMPHREYS, 634 Broadway, who presents the public with an article of furniture which no critic could detect was anything more than a sofa when closed, and which no one would ever suppose could be converted into a sofa when in its bed form, and yet the conversion is made instantaneously. It is the *desideratum* long sought but never before attained.

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold regular Sunday sessions, morning and evening, at Apollo Hall, in 28th street, near Broadway. The following talent is engaged for the current season: Miss Lizzie Doten, Professor Wm. Dento and N. Frank White.

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.

Nothing marks the character of a man more distinctly than his dress. It is not necessary that a person should have a two hundred dollar suit of clothes to be well dressed. Dressing does not consist so much of the material worn as it does in the style of its make up. Few people are adapted to conduct a Ready-Made Gents' Clothing Emporium. It is a difficult task to have clothing to suit and to fit all customers. But if there is one who more than any other has overcome all these difficulties it is Randolph, at his Clothing Emporium, corner of Great Jones street and Broadway. He not only sells to everybody, but he fits everybody to whom he sells. If you want to be "fitted" instead of "sold," go to Randolph's. If you want to be sold instead of fitted go to some one who will force bad fits upon you if he can't fit you well.

"WILLARD'S," at Washington, is still the favorite resort of all who visit the capital. If a stranger is in the city he can always be found by going to "Willard's." The immense popularity this hotel has gained may be traced directly to its talented and obliging proprietors, Messrs. Sykes, Chadwick & Gardiner. Though the two latter gentlemen have now retired from the management, Mr. Sykes is a host within himself, in more senses than one, and fully sustains the very enviable reputation of this far-famed hotel, than which none in the world is more widely known.

For Photographs go to Hecker's in 14th street, between Broadway and University place. See advertisement in next number.

A BEAUTIFUL

SET OF TEETH,

With plumpers to set out the cheeks and restore the face to its natural appearance. Movable plumpers adjusted to old sets, weighted Lower Sets, fillings of Gold, Amalgam, Bone, etc.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN,

With Nitrous Oxide Gas.

No extra charge when others are inserted.

SPLENDID SETS, $10 to $20.

L. BERNHARD, No. 216 Sixth Avenue,

Between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets, east side.

WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & CO.,

Bankers and Brokers,

No. 44 BROAD STREET,

New York.

THE

LOANERS' BANK

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

(ORGANIZED UNDER STATE CHARTER,)

"Continental Life" Building,

32 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

CAPITAL	$500,000
Subject to increase to	1,000,000

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

WILLIAM M. TWEED, SHEPHERD F. KNAPP,
A. F. WILMARTH, EDGAR F. BROWN,
EDGAR W. CROWELL, ARCHIBALD M. BLISS,
DORR RUSSELL.

This Bank negotiates LOANS, makes COLLECTIONS, advances on SECURITIES, and receives DEPOSITS.

Accounts of Bankers, Manufacturers and Merchants will receive special attention.

☞ FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST paid on CURRENT BALANCES, and liberal facilities offered to our CUSTOMERS.

DORR RUSSELL, President.

A. F. WILLMARTH, Vice-President.

KENDRICK & COMPANY,

BROKERS

IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES, AND ALL CLASSES OF RAILROAD BONDS AND STOCKS.

TOWN, CITY AND COUNTY BONDS of the Northern and Northwestern States largely dealt in. Orders promptly executed and information given, personally, by letter or by the wires. No. 9 New street. P. O. Box No. 2,910, New York.

THE UNDERSIGNED BEG TO INform their friends that they have opened a Branch office at

No. 365 Broadway, cor. Franklin Street,

connected by telegraph with their principal office,

No. 46 EXCHANGE PLACE,

and solicit orders for Foreign Exchange, Gold, Government Securities and Stocks, which will be promptly attended to.

CHAS. UNGER & CO.

January 3, 1871.

B. C. KURTZ & CO.,

OFFICE, 85 WALL STREET,

NEW YORK,

Dealers in only the Best Qualities of

COAL.

Always deliver 2,000 lbs. to the Ton.

Metropolitan Coal Yard,

138 and 140 MONROE STREET.

Constantly in Yard—Franklin, Lehigh, English Cannel, etc.

THE

Central Railroad Co.,

OF IOWA,

Have built and equipped 180 miles of the new road through the richest portion of Iowa, thus opening the first through route across the State from North to South. Parties desiring to invest in

FIRST MORTGAGE 7 PER CENT. GOLD BONDS, upon a finished railroad, issued at the rate of only $16,000 to the mile, and offered at 90 and accrued interest in currency, are invited to send to this office and obtain pamphlet, with full particulars.

Parties exchanging Governments for these Bonds will receive about one-third more interest upon the investment.

W. B. SHATTUCK, Treasurer,

32 Pine Street, New York.

MIDLAND BONDS

IN DENOMINATIONS OF

$100, $500 and $1,000.

These favorite SEVEN PER CENT. BONDS are secured by a First Mortgage on the great Midland Railroad of New York, and their issue is strictly limited to $20,000 per mile of finished road, costing about $40,000 per mile. Entire length of road, 345 miles, of which 220 have been completed, and much progress made in grading the remainder.

RESOURCES OF THE COMPANY.

Full paid stock subscriptions, about	$6,500,000
Subscriptions to convertible bonds	600,000
Mortgage bonds, $20,000 per mile, on 345 miles	6,900,000
Total	$14,000,000

Equal to $40,000 per mile.

The road is built in the most thorough manner, and at the lowest attainable cost for cash.

The liberal subscriptions to the Convertible Bonds of the Company, added to its other resources, give the most encouraging assurance of the early completion of the road. The portion already finished, as will be seen by the following letter from the President of the Company, is doing a profitable local business:

NEW YORK, Dec. 2, 1870.

Messrs. GEORGE OPDYKE & Co., New York:

GENTLEMEN—Your favor of the 1st inst., asking for a statement of last month's earnings of the New York and Oswego Midland Railroad, is at hand. I have not yet received a report of the earnings for November.

The earnings for the month of October, from all sources, were $43,709 17, equal to $524 510 04 per annum on the 147 miles of road, viz.: Main line from Sidney to Oswego, 125 miles; New Berlin Branch, 22 miles.

The road commenced to transport coal from Sidney under a contract with the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company in the latter part of November. The best informed on the subject estimate the quantity to be transported the first year at not less than 250,000 tons, while some estimate the quantity at 300,000 tons. This will yield an income of from $375,000 to $450,000 rom coal alone on that part of the road.

Taking the lowest of these estimates, it gives for the 147 miles a total annual earning of $899,510 04. The total operating expenses will not exceed fifty per cent., which leaves the net annual earnings $449,755 02, which is $214,555 02 in excess of interest of the bonds issued thereon.

I should add that the earnings from passengers and freight are steadily increasing, and that, too, without any through business to New York. Y rs truly,

D. C. LITTLEJOHN, President

N. Y. and O. Midland Railroad Co.

The very favorable exhibit presented in the foregoing letter shows that this road, when finished, with its unequaled advantages for both local and through business, must prove to be one of the most profitable rail road enterprises in the United States, and that its First Mortgage Bonds constitute one of the safest and most inviting railroad securities ever offered to investors.

For sale, or exchanged for Government and other current securities, by

GEORGE OPDYKE & CO.,

25 Nassau Street.

JOHN J. CISCO & SON,

BANKERS,

No. 59 Wall Street, New York.

Gold and Currency received on deposit, subject to check at sight.

Interest allowed on Currency Accounts at the rate of Four per Cent. per annum, credited at the end of each month.

ALL CHECKS DRAWN ON US PASS THROUGH THE CLEARING-HOUSE, AND ARE RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT BY ALL THE CITY BANKS.

Certificates of Deposit issued, payable on demand, bearing Four per Cent. interest.

Loans negotiated.

Orders promptly executed for the Purchase and Sale of Governments, Gold, Stocks and Bonds on commission.

Collections made on all parts of the United States and Canadas.

8 Per Cent. Interest

First Mortgage Bonds!

OF THE

ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD COMPANY.

Principal and Interest Payable in Gold.

105 MILES COMPLETED and in operation, the earnings on which are in excess of interest on the total issue. Grading finished, and ONLY 6 MILES OF TRACK ARE TO BE LAID TO COMPLETE THE ROAD.

Mortgage at the rate of $13,500 per mile.

Price 97½ and accrued interest.

We unhesitatingly recommend them, and will furnish maps and pamphlets upon application.

W. P. CONVERSE & CO.,

54 PINE STREET.

TANNER & CO.,

11 WALL STREET

Elizabethtown & Paducah Railroad

OF KENTUCKY.

First Mortgage 8 per cent. Bonds.

This road, connecting the important points of Louisville and Paducah, is 185 miles long and passes through a rich agricultural and mineral section of the State of Kentucky, the traffic of which, it is believed will be abundantly remunerative.

Fifty-nine miles of the road are already completed and in successful operation, and work on other sections is rapidly progressing.

The stock subscriptions (of which the city of Louisville subscribed $1,000,000) amount to $3,095,000.

To lay the rails and completely equip the entire road

THREE MILLION DOLLARS

of First Mortgage convertible bonds have been authorized, bearing 8 per cent. interest payable semi-annually at the Bank of America, in the city of New York, on the first of March and first of September. They are now offered by the undersigned at 87½ and accrued interest.

NORTON, SLAUGHTER & CO.,
41 Broad Street.

WM. ALEXANDER SMITH & CO.,
40 Wall Street.

HALLGARTEN & CO.,
28 Broad Street.

HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH.

OFFICE OF

FISK & HATCH.

BANKERS,

AND

DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,

No. 5 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.,

Opposite U. S. Sub-Treasury.

We receive the accounts of Banks, Bankers, Corporations and others, subject to check at sight, and allow interest on balances.

We make special arrangements for interest on deposits of specific sums for fixed periods.

We make collections on all points in the United States and Canada, and issue Certificates of Deposit available in all parts of the Union.

We buy and sell, at current rates, all classes of Government Securities, and the Bonds of the Central Pacific Railroad Company; also, Gold and Silver Coin and Gold Coupons.

We buy and sell, at the Stock Exchange, miscellaneous Stocks and Bonds, on commission, for cash.

Communications and inquiries by mail or telegraph, will receive careful attention.

FISK & HATCH.

MAXWELL & CO.,

Bankers and Brokers.

No. 11 BROAD STREET.

NEW YORK.

BANKING HOUSE
OF
HENRY CLEWS & Co.,
No. 32 Wall Street.

Interest allowed on all daily balances of Currency or Gold.

Persons depositing with us can check at sight in the same manner as with National Banks.

Certificates of Deposit issued, payable on demand or at fixed date, bearing interest at current rate, an available in all parts of the United States.

Advances made to our dealers at all times, on approved collaterals, at market rates of interest.

We buy, sell and exchange all issues of Government Bonds at current market prices; also Coin and Coupons, and execute orders for the purchase and sale of gold, and all first class securities, on commission.

Gold Banking Accounts may be opened with us upon the same conditions as Currency Accounts.

Railroad, State, City and other Corporate Loan negotiated.

Collections made everywhere in the United States, Canada and Europe.

Dividends and Coupons collected.

C. J. OSBORN. ADDISON CAMMACK.

OSBORN & CAMMACK,

BANKERS,

No. 34 BROAD STREET.

STOCKS, STATE BONDS, GOLD AND FEDERAL SECURITIES, bought and sold on Commission.

BANKING HOUSE
OF
KOUNTZE BROTHERS,
NEW YORK,
52 WALL STREET.

Four per cent. interest allowed on all deposits.

Collections made everywhere.

Orders for Gold, Government and other securities executed.

SAM'L BARTON. HENRY ALLEN.

BARTON & ALLEN,
BANKERS AND BROKERS,
No. 40 BROAD STREET.

Socks, Bonds and Gold bought and sold on commission.

RAILROAD IRON,
FOR SALE BY
S. W. HOPKINS & CO.,
71 BROADWAY.

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO,
CARL HECKER & CO.,
46 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET,
Union Square, New York.

CARL HECKER.

MISS SIBIE O'HARA,
Ladies' Hair Dresser
AND
CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTER,
(Late with J. Hanney, of Baltimore.)
No. 1302 F STREET, 2d door from Thirteenth,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Braids, Curls and Fashionable Hair Work for Ladies constantly on hand.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH INSTITUTE.
YEAR 1870-71.
BOARDING & DAY SCHOOL
FOR
YOUNG LADIES,
No. 15 East 24th Street, near Madison Park,
NEW YORK.

PRINCIPALS—MADAME MALLARD AND MADAME CARRIER.

Madame Carrier, with whom she has associated herself after a co-operation of six years, is a niece of the late Sir David Brewster. From her early training and a thorough education, received in Scotland, together with several years' experience in tuition, she is in every respect qualified to take charge of the English Department of the Institute.

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.

For particulars, send for Circular.

NEW JERSEY RAILROAD—FROM FOOT OF CORTLANDT ST.—For West Philadelphia, at 8:30 and 9:30 A. M., 12:30, 5*, 7*, 9:20* 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 9:20* P. M. For the south and southwest, 8:30 A. M., 9:20* P. M. Silver Palace cars are attached to the 9:20 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, 944 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.

Louisville in 29½ hours.

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.

Avoid all dangerous ferry transfers by crossing the great Ohio River Suspension Bridge, and reach Louisville hours in advance of all other lines. Save many miles in going to Nashville, Memphis, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Savannah, Mobile and New Orleans

The only line running four daily trains from Cincinnati to Louisville.

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. 87 Washington street, Boston; No. 229 Broadway, office New Jersey R. R., foot of Cortlandt street, New York; Continental Hotel, 828 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, Tukhannock, Towanda, Waverly, etc.
7:30 A. M.—For Easton.
12 M.—For Flemington, Easton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Wilkesbarre, Reading, Columbia, Lancaster, Ephrata, Litiz, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg, etc.
2 P. M.—For Easton, Allentown, etc.
3:30 P. M.—For Easton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, and Belvidere.
4:30 P. M.—For Somerville and Flemington.
5:15 P. M.—For Somerville.
6 P. M.—For Easton.
7 P. M.—For Somerville.
7:45 P. M.—For Easton.
9 P. M.—For Plainfield.
12 P. M.—For Plainfield on Sundays only.

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

FOR THE WEST.

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

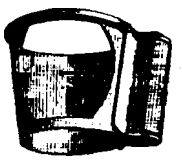
5:00 P. M.—CINCINNATI EXPRESS, daily, for Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Reading, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, Chicago and Cincinnati. Sleeping cars to Pittsburgh and Chicago. Connects at Junction with D., L. and W. R. R. for Scranton.

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.
H. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

AGENTS WANTED
EVERYWHERE.



LARGE PROFITS,

To sell a little article, endorsed by every lady using it. It keeps the needle from perforating the finger and thumb while sewing with it. It will sew one-third faster.

Sample and circular mailed free, on receipt of 35 cents; or call and examine at

777 BROADWAY,
NATIONAL FINGER-GUARD COMPANY.

SYPHER & CO.,
(Successors to D. Marley,)
No. 557 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
Dealers in
MODERN AND ANTIQUE
Furniture, Bronzes,
CHINA, ARTICLES OF VERTU.
Established 1826.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,
Broadway and Eleventh street,
On Monday, February 13,
will offer a splendid stock of
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.
Linen Sheetings.
10-4 Barnsley sheetings at 85c.
11-4 Barnsley Sheetings at 90c.
Several cases of very fine Sheetings,
2½ and 3 yards wide.
Damasks.
9-4 Bleached Barnsley Damask, $1, from $1 30.
9-4 and 10-4 Damask, new designs, in very fine Goods.
Also, a few pieces of
Richardson's 8-4 Striped Damasks.
A large lot of
Damask Table Cloths,
from two yards to six yards each, with
Napkin en suite,
under gold cost.
Crash and Towelings.
Crash, from 9 cents per yard upward.
A large stock of Towels of every description,
from $1 50 per dozen.
Blankets, Flannels, etc.
Our stock of Blankets, Flannels, Marseilles Quilts,
Counterpanes, etc., etc.,
we are selling out at great bargains.
Domestics.
An immense stock of Domestic Goods,
Shirtings and Sheetings,
in every well known brand,
at manufacturers' prices.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,
Broadway and Eleventh street,
Will open, on Monday, February 13,
A fresh assortment of
NEW FRENCH CHINTZES AND PERCALES.
English Calicos in a new shade of purple,
a specialty with us.
Tycoon Reps, Ginghams, Delaines, etc.
Also, a large stock of American Prints,
in all the most popular makes,
at very low prices.

"THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST."

STANDARD
AMERICAN BILLIARD TABLES

Being constructed with regard to scientific accuracy, are used in all tests of skill by the best players in the country, and in all first-class clubs and hotels. Illustrated catalogue of everything relating to billiards sent by mail.

PHELAN & COLLENDER
788 BROADWAY, New York City.

CALISTOGA COGNAC.

This pure Brandy has now an established reputation, and is very desirable to all who use a stimulant medicinally or otherwise.

Analyses made by the distinguished Chemists, J. G. Pohle, M. D., and Professor S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer, Massachusetts, prove that it is a purely grape product, containing no other qualities.

For Sale in quantities to suit the demand.

California Wines and
Fine Domestic Cigars.
S. BRANNAN & CO.,
66 BROAD STREET,
NEW YORK.

J. R. TERRY,
IMPORTER, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
HATS & FURS,
19 UNION SQUARE,
NEW YORK.

THE
United States Tea Company
26, 28, & 30 VESEY STREET,
Astor House Block,

Supply families with absolutely PURE TEAS AND COFFEES, at LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

Parcels of five pounds and upward, delivered FREE to any part of the city.

Country orders, accompanied by check on New York, promptly attended to.

BOOTS & SHOES.
PORTER & BLISS,
LADIES', GENTS' AND MISSES'
BOOTS & SHOES,
No. 1,255 Broadway,
Corner of Thirty-first street, New York
(Opposite Grand Hotel and Clifford House.)
BOYS' AND YOUTHS'
BOOTS AND SHOES
A SPECIALTY.

American Patent Sponge Co.

T. E. ROSBINS, ESQ. *President.* W. R. HORTON, ESQ. *Treasurer.*

MANUFACTURES OF

Elastic Sponge Goods.

ELASTIC SPONGE

Mattresses, Pillows.

AND

Church, Chair, Car and Carriage Cushions.

ELASTIC SPONGE

A SUBSTITUTE FOR CURLED HAIR,

For all Upholstery Purposes.

CHEAPER than Feathers or Hair, and FAR SUPERIOR.

It is the Healthiest, Lightest, Softest, most Elastic, most Durable and BEST Material known for

MATTRESSES, PILLOWS, CUSHIONS, &c.

ELASTIC SPONGE

Makes the most LUXURIOUS and DURABLE BEDS, MATTRESSES, PILLOWS and CUSHIONS of any material known.

ELASTIC SPONGE

Does not PACK and become MATTED like Curled Hair.

ELASTIC SPONGE

is REPELLANT TO, and PROOF against, BUGS and INSECTS.

ELASTIC SPONGE

Is the VERY BEST ARTICLE ever discovered for STEAMBOAT and RAIL CAR UPHOLSTERY.

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Determine Fortune in her second cause.
These are a book wherein we all may read,
And all should know who would in life succeed,
What correspondent signs in man display
His future actions—point his devious way;—
Thus, in the heavens, his future fate to learn,
The present, past and future to discern,
Correct his steps, improve the hours of life,
And, shunning error, live devoid of strife.

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Dr. Spear can be consulted at his office, 713 Washington street, Boston, or by letter, with stamp, free of charge, upon ALL diseases. Those who have failed to be cured by other physicians are respectfully invited to call on Dr. Spear.

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CORPORATION NOTICE.—PUBLIC notice is hereby given to the owner or owners, occupant or occupants of all Houses and Lots, improved 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 Broadway.

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 Lexington 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 Broadway 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 Macdougal 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 Hundred 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 Hundred 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 Hundred 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 Hundred 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 Eleventh street to One Hundred and Thirteenth 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, Chairman of the Board of Assessors, at their office, No. 19 Chatham street, within thirty days from the date of this notice.

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

OFFICE BOARD OF ASSESSORS,
New York, Jan. 16, 1871.

THE THEATRES.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

This popular theatre is still drawing large houses to witness "Barbe Bleue," "La Perichole," "La Grande Duchesse," and "Les Brigands." The place formerly occupied by Montaland is now occupied by Persini, a young and rising actress, who is gaining largely in public favor and gathering well-merited laurels. Her appearance on Wednesday evening elicited quite an outburst of public applause. The plan of introducing Aimee, Persini and Gausins in an act each of three different plays, meets with approbation, and enables the admirers of these star actresses an opportunity in one evening of comparing their merits. Persini's "Dites lui" is exceedingly well executed, and received much favor. The new *can can* introduced at this theatre is certainly appreciated, being usually recalled; it appears a very ocean of "floating draperies." "Les Georgiennes" will be given on Monday next for the first time in this country.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

The "Black Crook" still holds triumphant sway. The grand ballet still holds its position, notwithstanding the attractions of the Majiltons, Rizarelli Brothers, and the Segrist Midgets, who receive rounds of well-earned applause. The Majiltons alone are an attraction of the very first order. We notice a decided improvement in the conversation of "Zimmerman's dog." In the ballet, Pagani is the more prominent rising star, receiving, with Bonfanti and Adrienne, a large share of pleasing attention. Pauline Markham retires in consequence of having to undergo a surgical operation in consequence of an accident received by a "spill" some time back from a buggy. Miss Lizzie Kelsey is to take her place. Miss Lizzie came out for the "Crook" on its first production with the two Miss Maddoxes, and has filled several engagements, gaining in public appreciation from her first appearance, and she is well worthy to fill the place of Miss Markham, who has received a large share of public admiration.

LINA EDWIN'S THEATRE.

"Hunted Down" continues to "draw," and will be continued to the end of Miss Keene's engagement. Her Mary Leigh has been a success of the first order. She has thrown much soul into the emotional parts of the character, and the result cannot but be eminently satisfactory to this accomplished artiste, who will be succeeded on March 6th by Lingard and Miss Dunning.

BOOK NOTICES.

"Cruel as the Grave" is the name of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth's new novel, now in press, and to be published on Saturday, March 11, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. It will command a large sale, as it is one of Mrs. Southworth's most powerfully written efforts, exciting and sensational, and is fully equal, if not superior, to "The Maiden Widow," "The Family Doom," "The Changed Brides," "The Bride's Fate," "Fair Play," and "How he won Her," which have proved to be six of the best novels ever published, and which are having unprecedented sales, for Mrs. Southworth, as a novelist, stands at the head of all female writers. Her conceptions are marked by originality, and there is a purity and sweetness about her language which gives a peculiar charm to her writings. Her characters are powerfully and touchingly drawn, and we learn to love them because they are more natural than affected. "Cruel as the Grave" will be issued in a large duodecimo volume, and sold at the low price of $1 75 in cloth, or $1 50 in paper cover, or copies will be sent by mail to any place, post-paid, by the publishers, on receipt of the price of the work in a letter to them.

An edition of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood; and Master Humphrey's Clock" is the last volume of a new edition of Charles Dickens' Works, just completed by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, which is called "The People's Duodecimo Edition. Illustrated." Each volume of this edition is printed on the finest white paper, from large clear type, leaded Long Primer in size, that all can read, uniform with the type in this volume of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood: and Master Humphrey's Clock," and is handsomely bound in cloth, with a new illustrative back in gilt, and is sold at $1 50 a volume, making this the only complete, as well as the best and cheapest, edition of Charles Dicken's Works published in the world at this price, as it contains all of Dickens' short stories, complete and unabridged, which no other edition does. The following volumes complete this edition: "The Mystery of Edwin Drood; and Master Humphrey's Clock," "The Pickwick Papers," "Dombey and Son," "Tale of Two Cities," "David Copperfield," "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Barnaby Rudge," "Our Mutual Friend," "Christmas Stories," "Nicholas Nickelby," "Oliver Twist," "Bleak House," "Little Dorrit," "Dickens' New Stories," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Great Expectations," "Sketches by 'Boz,'" "The Uncommercial Traveler," and "American Notes," "Hunted Down and Other Reprinted Pieces," and "The Holly Tree Inn and Other Stories." Price $1 50 each, or $30 for the complete set of twenty volumes, which will be sent, free of postage or cost of transportation, to any place in this country, on receipt of the price by the publishers.

Without an Enemy.—Heaven help the man who imagines he can dodge enemies by trying to please everybody. If such an individual ever succeeded, we should be glad of it—not that any one should be going through the world trying to find beams to knock and thump his head against, disputing every man's opinion fighting, and elbowing, and crowding, all who differ from him. That again, is another extreme. Other people have their opinions—so have you; don't fall into the error of supposing they will respect you more for turning your coat every day, to match the color of theirs. Wear your own colors in spite of winds and weather, storms and sunshine. It costs the vacillating and irresolute ten times the trouble to wind and shuffle and twist, than it does honest, manly independence to stand his ground.

A Dead Mother Visits Her Living Child, Sits at its Cradle and Caresses it.

[Richmond Correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial.]

A strange story is current in certain circles here. About two years ago Mr. A. married. In due time he became a father; but his wife died when the child was a few months old. On her death-bed she exhibited intense anxiety as to the fate of the little one she was to leave behind her, and earnestly besought her husband to confide it, after her death, to the care of one of her relatives. He promised, and, I believe, did for a while let the child stay in charge of the person whom the mother had designated. Some weeks ago, however, Mr. A. again married, and at once reclaimed the child, who, as yet, had never learned to speak a word, and was unable even to crawl. One day this child was left alone for a few moments in its stepmother's bedroom, lying in a crib or cradle some distance from the bed. When Mrs. A. returned she was amazed to see the child smiling and crowing upon the middle of the bed. In her astonishment she involuntarily asked:

"Who put you there, baby?"

"Mamma!" responded distinctly the child that had never spoken a word before.

On a strict inquiry throughout the household it was found that none of the family had been in the room during Mrs. A.'s brief absence from it. This, it is solemnly averred, was but the beginning of a series of spiritual visits from the dead mother. Whenever the child was left alone it could be heard to laugh and crow as if delighted by the fondlings and endearments of some one, and on these occasions it was frequently found to have changed its dress, positions, etc., in a manner quite beyond its unaided capacity. Finally, as the account is, the first Mrs. A. appeared one night recently at the bedside of Mr. A. and his second wife and earnestly entreated that her darling should be restored to the relative whom she had indicated as the guardian of the child on her deathbed. The apparition, which, it is declared, was distinctly seen and heard by both Mr. A. and his wife, promised to haunt them no more if her wish was complied with. Both Mr. A. and his wife were too much awe-stricken to reply; but the next day the child was carried back as directed by the ghostly visitant. Such is the story as seriously vouched by the principal parties concerned, who are most respectable and intelligent people, and no spiritualists.

A Remarkable Vision. A Train of Cars in the Air.

[From the Mount Vernon (Ohio) Banner.]

Some time before his death, the late Robert Ewalt was returning home to Mount Vernon, in the dusk of the evening, on the Delaware road, on foot, and when he reached the "white bridge," about a mile west of town, he heard the shrill whistle of a locomotive, accompanied by that peculiar rattling noise that always heralds an approaching train of cars. He was startled by the sounds, and more especially from the fact that he was partially deaf, and could only hear the whistle of a locomotive and the noise of a train when very close to him. He suddenly paused and looked around him, but saw nothing unusual; but the sounds becoming more distinct, he looked up and very clearly beheld a train of cars passing through the air at a remarkable speed, going in the direction of Mount Vernon. The train was crowded with passengers, who appeared to be as happy as birds on the wing, and waved their handkerchiefs to Mr. Ewalt from the windows as they passed by him. Mr. E. hastened home and related what he saw to his family; and as the vision gave him great trouble his family endeavored to persuade him that he was mistaken, and that he should give himself no uneasiness on the subject. But he declared he could not be mistaken; that he was wide awake, and that his mind was clear and his body clear from sickness at the time.

We have given the facts as they have been reported to us, but shall leave all comment for those who believe in "spiritual manifestations" and supernatural occurrences.

How a Whole Family Became Blind.—There lives a family in Dorchester County, says a Cambridge, Mass., paper, every dark-eyed male member of which, for the past fifty years, has gone blind at the age of twenty to twenty-five years. Those with blue eyes escape the terrible affliction. There is a tradition about this singular circumstance which we lay before our readers as we heard it. Some sixty years since, so goes the story, a beautiful black-eyed girl of twenty, from some cause or other lost her eyesight. Her misfortune brought penury and want with it. Being reduced to beggary, she was wont to go about asking alms. During one of her journeys she visited the neighborhood in which resided the ancestors of those who are now sightless. Instead of her helpless condition exciting, as it should have done, a feeling of sympathy, she was treated with ridicule by some of the younger members of the house her evil star had led her into. Two of the boys, as a matter of mere deviltry, took her out, promising to conduct her to a place where plenty awaited. Instead of giving her a safe conduct, they carried her into a swamp and left her. It is said that she cried out, beseeching them to put her on the public road but they heeded not her lamentations. Finding herself about to be deserted among the tangled brushwood, she turned her prayer to a curse, asking her Maker, in her revengeful anguish, to punish her betrayers by making their offspring for seven generations as helpless as she was. It is said that she was found dead in the swamp, having perished from hunger and cold. This may appear somewhat romantic, but whether the traditionary part of it be false or true, it is assuredly a fact that the male offspring of the family referred to lose their sight as indicated. Hundreds of persons in Dorchester County will verify it.

Sleeping Together.—The "Laws of Life" says: More quarrels arise between brothers, between sisters, between hired girls, between school girls, between clerks in stores, between apprentices, between hired men, between husbands and wives, owing to electrical changes through which their nervous systems go by lodging together night after night under the same bed-clothes, than by any other disturbing cause. There is nothing that will derange the nervous system of a person who is eliminative in nervous force like lying all night in bed with another person who is almost absorbent in nervous force. The absorber will go to sleep and rest all night, while the eliminator will be tossing and tumbling, restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful, peevish and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive and one will lose. This is the law, and in married life it is defied almost universally.

Prospectus of the New Nation, a weekly newspaper, devoted to art, politics, science, mechanics, literature, agriculture, national expansion and development, and the general interests of freedom, progression and civilization.

To prevent the final success of conservatism and reaction; to carry into effect the popular determination respecting the States recently in insurrection, and save all the fruits of victories won for Freedom over slavery and rebellion on the field of battle; to secure the perfect triumph of a pure and enlightened Republicanism, and prepare the national mind for bolder and grander advances in the direction of universal Democracy, it is necessary for the Radical elements of the Republic to immediately enter upon the work of educating and agitating the Republican party organization (now the only party organization in the land possessing sufficiently the confidence of the loyal, freedom-loving people to enable it to conduct the nation in safety through coming centuries of expansion and development) up to that high standard of politics that recognizes as the true end and aim of all political action the establishment of the "Universal Republic, founded on universal suffrage and universal education;" that requires it to regard the absolute equality of all men before the law; the inherent and inalienable right of every citizen unconvicted of crime and grown up to the age of manhood and maturity, regardless of race, sex, color or creed, to vote and be voted for, to fill any office in the gift of the people, and obtain any position he or she has the heart and brain to win; free speech, free press; the right of habeas corpus and trial by jury; the duty of the State to furnish, without money and without price, every person within its jurisdiction the means of an education amply sufficient to fit it for an efficient and intelligent discharge of all the duties of a citizen of a great and powerful commonwealth, and to fill any office or position in it; the democratizing our State and National Constitutions and Laws, so as to make all offices, executive, judicial and legislative, as far as practicable, elective for short terms by the people: the yearly election of State officers and both branches of the State Legislatures and annual sessions, so that the laws will at all times fully reflect the popular will: an active and aggressive Republicanism, sympathizing with republican insurrections, and recognizing republican insurrectionary governments in all monarchical countries, and looking to the final uniting under the flag of the American Republic all nations and kindreds of earth as the foreign policy of the Federal Administration, as cardinal principles of its political faith, commanding, at all times and under all circumstances, an earnest, intelligent and willing support. In no other way, and on no other principles, can the Republican party of the nation prevent the triumph of Conservatism, and win the grand battle of 1872.

The most successful and almost the only instrumentality Radicalism can use in educating and forcing the Republican party boldly forward in the right direction is the public Press. That, unfortunately, generally lacks courage to lead in the advocacy of the Radical and sweeping social, political, religious and moral reforms necessary to secure on earth the full and perfect reign of Freedom, Justice and Equality. With few exceptions, the public journals of the Republic are more conservative than radical in tendency, and studiously avoid speaking out boldly the language of a pure and enlightened Democracy. Throughout the great West there is not a single journal, weekly or daily, daring to refuse feeling for a public opinion ready formed and attempt the educating and forming one up to a higher plane of public morals.

To remedy that defect and provide means of influencing the public mind of Missouri and the Southwestern States during the coming years of agitation and political strife, in the direction of an enlightened Radicalism, the American Publishing Company will commence, on the first Saturday in March, A. D. 1871, at the city of St. Louis, Missouri, the publication of a large first-class quarto weekly newspaper, denominated The New Nation, devoted to the agitation of Radical ideas indicated in this prospectus. It will number among its contributors some of the ablest male and female writers and reformers in the Republic, and each number contain, in addition to the matter usually found in first-class weekly journals, a speech or lecture on the agitating topics of the day, from Wendell Phillips or some other gifted male or female reformer.

Regarding the questions of female suffrage, woman's wages, woman's social, legal and political status, land reform, land limitation, labor reform, protection, co-operation and the relation of capital to labor, among the most pressing and important of the time, a large share of attention and space will be devoted to their agitation. Woman, in all her struggles for elevation and position, will find in The New Nation a friend and zealous advocate.

Believing the success of the Republican party and the best interests of the nation require the re-nomination of General U. S. Grant, and his re-election by the people in 1872, The New Nation will labor to bring about that result. While it will at all times support the Republican organization nominees for office, it will not hesitate to point out the mistakes of that organization and warn it of the danger of hesitation and lack of courage in meeting the requirements of the hour. It will march with true and well-tried soldiers in the advance guard of the army of Radicalism and progress rather than with cowards and camp followers in the rear.

The New Nation will be published every Saturday morning on fine paper, and furnished to single mail subscribers at the rate of $2 50 per annum. To clubs of ten or more at the rate of $2 per annum, payable in all cases in advance. Sold by news agents and news boys for five cents per copy. The edition for the city of St. Louis will be published on Sundays.

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of ten cents per line for each insertion. Special notices at the rate of twenty cents per line. Special arrangements made for monthly, quarterly and yearly advertisements. An edition of 10,000 copies will be circulated outside of the city of St. Louis, making it peculiary valuable as an advertising medium.

In April, 1871, the American Publishing Company will commence the publication of weekly newspapers of the size and form of The New Nation, as follows: *The Weekly Standard*, at Desoto; *The Southeast Missourian*, at Bloomfield; *The Ste. Genevieve Courier*, at Ste. Genevieve; *The Weekly Tribune*, at Fredericktown.

Letters and communications should, until March next, be directed to Charles E. Moss, President of the American Publishing Company, Missouri avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 31, 1870.

Franklin.—Mrs. Stiff delivered an address on Woman's Rights in the Congregationalist Church, at Franklin, Monday evening, to a full house, comprising the most intelligent classes of both sexes in the town. She spoke nearly two hours, and her address was marked with very great force and ability. The audience was greatly gratified with her manner of presenting the subject, and she left a decidedly good impression, both as to her skill and discretion in presenting her cause, and as to the subject-matter of her arguments. Dr. Savage introduced her to the audience with appropriate remarks.

Dr. Helmbold in Philadelphia—Serenade at the Continental.

Philadelphia, Feb. 2.—Dr. H. T. Hembold was the recepient 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 something 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 "Hail" them down, the noble bird would flutter. To hand them down to posterity is every American's duty.

True Love and Love of Love.—Many women suppose that they love when, unfortunately, they have not the beginning of an idea what love is. Let me explain it to you, my dear lady. Loving to be admired by a man, loving to be petted by him, and loving to be caressed by him, loving to be praised by him, is not loving a man. All these may be when a woman has no power of loving at all—they may all be simply because she loves herself, and loves to be flattered, praised, caressed, coaxed, as a cat likes to be coaxed and stroked, and fed with cream, and have a warm corner.

But all this is not love. It may exist, to be sure, where there is love; it generally does. But it may also exist where there is no love. Love, my dear ladies, is self-sacrifice; it is a life out of self and in another. Its very essence is the preferring of the comfort, the ease, the wishes of another to one's own, for the love we bear them. Love is giving, and not receiving. Love is not a sheet of blotting-paper or sponge, sucking in everything to itself; it is an outspringing fountain, giving from itself. Love's motto has been dropped in this world as a chance gem of great price by the loveliest, the fairest, the purest, the strongest of lovers that ever trod this mortal earth, of whom it is recorded that He said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Now, in love, there are ten receivers to one giver. There are ten persons in this world who like to be loved and love love, where there is one who knows how to love. That, oh, my dear ladies, is a nobler attainment than all your French and music and dancing. You may lose the very power of it by smothering it under a load of early self-indulgence. By living just as you are all wanting to live—living to be petted, to be flattered, to be admired, to be praised, to have your own way, and to do only that which is easy and agreeable—you may lose the power of self-denial and self-sacrifice; you may lose the power of loving nobly and worthily, and become a mere sheet of blotting paper all your life.—*Pink and White Tyranny.*

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.