

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT! UNTRAMMELED LIVES!

BELAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

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VICTORIA C. WOODHULL & TENNIE C. CLAFLIN

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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TO

NEWSMEN AND POSTMASTERS

THROUGHOUT

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VITAL INTEREST
TO THE
COMMON PEOPLE,

It will, in the broadest sense, be

A FREE PAPER

FOR A FREE PEOPLE,

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

Here, then, is a free platform upon which

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

MAY MEET IN A

COMMON EQUALITY AND BROTHERHOOD,

which we believe comes from the fact that

GOD IS THE FATHER OF THEM ALL

THE Cosmo-Political Party.

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

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL

SUBJECT TO

RATIFICATION BY THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

THE CLUBS OF NEW YORK.

THE CENTURY CLUB.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

[CONTINUED.]

Ambrosia was drunk out of big-bellied punch-bowls, and more or less divine discourses upon love and matrimony and the contrasts of these, upon art and poetry and music and literature, were delivered to the mutual delectation of the members—who loved each other so much that in the bountiful benevolence of their hearts they praised each the other's performance without stint or measure, until every person who wrote "M. C. C." to his name really believed that he was a great man—which was not exactly so!

At these Twelfth-nights' entertainments, for example, after the ladies had become extra sweet through the saccharine influence of the *bon bons*, Mr. Jones would say to Mr. Schnider, "Schnider, where's that new song of yours? It's the divinest melody I have listened to for years. Pray do us the honor to sing it to the company."

Whereupon Schnider replies: "I'm so glad you like it. But it isn't half so good as your sublime ode to 'Christian Charity at Yule Time.' Do you know I think it is quite equal—in its way, of course—to Wordsworth's Ode on 'Immortality.' You will read it, of course; and if you will promise to do so I'll sing my poor little song—that is if it would be agreeable;" and the modest Schnider hangs down his head to hide his blushes, and wait for his friend Jones' rejoinder, who, assuring him that it would be quite agreeable, marches up to the piano, while Schnider marches up to the Christmas-tree and carefully unpins his manuscript music from one of the branches, and then carries it off with the 'umbleness of Uriah Heep to the awaiting instrument. "Now, my dear Schnider," says Jones to himself, as he sits down to accompany his friend in the song, "shriek, scream, bellow and roar! squeak like a cracked fiddle and make what hubbub of hurdy-gurdies and infernal discords you please, my dear Schnider! I have my foot on the fortissimo pedal and I thunder myself deaf!" And so Jones comforts himself under the infliction put upon him by the dear Schnider, whose melody awhile ago he thought finer than anything he had listened to for years!

This is the real state of the case behind the scenes with all "Mutual Admiration" societies. We do not mean it to

be inferred, however, that the Century had now become a mere *bal masque* and that every member was a sham; for we know better, and have the profoundest esteem for the club, as a whole, and its aims at that time. Surely, too, it was a pleasant and a poetical thought to decorate the Christmas-tree with poems and music and brilliant essays, that they might be read aloud by the authors. It was—barring the tree—precisely what happened at the banquet of Plato, and if somebody belonging to the club wrote and spoke a discourse upon Love—sensual, æsthetical and divine—it was no more than what somebody did at the Greek banquet.

It is certain, at all events, that although cynics denounced the idea and its performance as utterly childish, it gave much pleasure to all who were present at the festival. One met there also nearly everybody in the city who was worth knowing, either as members or as invited guests; and the women, in their magnificent attires, blazing with jewels—which, however, were, of course, no match for their own personal loveliness—gave warmth, color, brightness and beauty to the scene, and astonished the rooms and the bachelors' pictures on the walls, which were altogether unaccustomed to nice female society and weak tea.

These were times of general unbending and jollity, and like the Greek soldiers described by Zephophon, the members rolled about in large, overgrown, school-boy fashion, and were as happy and merry as crickets on the hearth in winter. There happened, however, a great sell at the last celebration of Twelfth-night. One of the oldest and most experienced of the members, and a man of considerable attainments and ability, had prepared a very elaborate address, and proposed to read it as a part of the Twelfth-night programme. The member was none other than the genial and kindly John A. Gourlie, and everybody was expecting a great treat, and Mr. Gourlie himself was in a fever of perturbation as the time grew nearer and nearer for him to deliver himself of his well-matured baby. His friends exhorted him to keep up his courage and compel his nerves to be quiet, under pain and penalty of getting no more toddy that night if he didn't. He screwed himself up at last to a pitch of courage which enabled him to defy the members as if they were so many cabbages, and the ladies as if they were so many cauliflowers—and the time had now come for him to take the reader's desk—stand and deliver! Behold him! Ecce Homo! There he is, with his pleasant

face suffused with perspiration, and great beads dropping from his fine forehead as if his whole brain and body were in tears. His manuscript is in his hand. He gives one defiant look at his audience, as who should say, "Wait a bit, boys and girls. This emotion is physical! I will show you a thing or two, by-and-by, that will tickle you into vociferations of applause!" He is on the very verge of speech, having already cleared his throat, wiped his face and blown out his nose.

When—"Hold on there, if you please, Mr. Gourlie! A gentleman desires to speak with you." "What is it? What does the man want? What does the man want to disturb thus my equanimity in the eleventh hour, within one second of being the twelfth, for me to address this formidable audience?" quoth Mr. Gourlie.

"Pardon me!" says the intrusive, officious and confounding gentlemen in question; "but if you would be so good as yield the desk for a very short time, while my friend, Judge Daly, speaks a speech which he has taken a great deal of pains to prepare for delivery this evening, entirely ignorant that his esteemed friend, John H. Gourlie, was to be the orator of the evening—you will confer, sir, a very great favor both upon the Judge and his numerous friends. His address will be very brief!" "Unfortunate," John Gourlie! Hapless John! what wilt thou do in this distressing dilemma? He was completely taken aback by the insinuating manner of the gentleman who played Jackall on this occasion to his Lion Daly. So much so, indeed, that he did not, at first glance, take in the immense insolence of the request, nor the gross unheard of insult which it conveyed to him personally; so, being a good-natured man, and a gentleman to boot, and utterly incapable himself of any trick or fraud, he bowed acquiescence, and made room for the great Daly.

Never was before heard such an address in these halls as that which the learned Judge delivered. It abounded in stupidity and sleepiness. The rhetoric was clumsy, unwieldy, vulgar—and as the great London critic said of "Paradise Lost"—"It was remarkable for nothing but its extreme length." It sprawled along for more than half an hour before the audience—out of respect for Mr. Daly as a "Judge of the Land"—showed many signs of weariness. But presently they began to yawn, then to laugh aloud, then to make whispered comments—then to applaud with prodigious irony in their feet. And then, as the hour went past, and they were threatened with the sore infliction for another hour, they grew so angry as to give dreadful signs of approaching dissolution, and of vanishing without waiting for the cock-crow. At this crisis Judge Daly's friend pulled his coat-skirts, but he paid no heed to it at first; so he pulled again, and kept pulling until he brought him up to a stand-still, much to the Judge's chagrin, who, all along kept thinking within himself: "What a fine fellow I am. Guess I'm astonishing their weak nerves. I shall be in all the papers to-morrow morning. Great speech of Judge Daly last night at the Century Club. The Judge is the most eloquent man in the United States. His address will make his name immortal as long as the English language is spoken, etc., etc. All which was vanity, and the address was nothing but "vexation of spirit" to the benumbed and semi-paralyzed audience.

When the Judge left the stand, his courteous and affable jackall turned to Mr. Gourlie, as he sat in his chair close to the desk, grimly gnashing his teeth, and smashing pardonable oaths like fire-crackers between them, until his poor jaws ached with the unnecessarily inflicted pain—"Mr. Gourlie, my boy," quoth he, "now it's your turn. Go at it manfully. Splendid address, that of the Judge, wasn't it? I wish I could stop to hear you, old fellow, but I've an engagement with the Judge at a big party. So good-bye, and good luck be with you."

But John H. Gourlie couldn't see it in that light, nor treat it in that off-hand spirit. He had been sold, and he didn't like it, but felt sore over it and as savage as a great chained-up mastiff who sees a little poodle dog run away with his bone, and can't help himself. In vain his friends gathered around him and offered consolatory words. John H. would not be comforted, and went home in high dudgeon, with his tongue perpetually wagging like a silly magpie's, the one sole sentence, "I've been sold; I've been sold cheap." And so he had, very cheap according to all the accounts which we have heard of Judge Daly's address.

Our ambitious club men were not even yet satisfied with their rooms. They must keep up the dignities—they must extol their profession as the conservators of literature and art. If they had possessed the wealth of A. T. Stewart—who was never known, by the way, to do a good deed in his life, or anything approaching to such, apart from a selfish consideration, with the hope of ulterior gain, or the getting of himself blown big in the newspapers—if they had, however, possessed this man's wealth, they would have builded themselves a temple to meet and discourse, and read poems and prose writings, and hold festivals and Twelfth-nights' entertainments in. They were quite Greek enough for this beautiful extravagance; and we heartily wish they had the money, and that Stewart had secured a new lease of his old life, solely on condition that he should be the galley slave of these good men, so long as they were good, and devoted to the uses of mankind, through literature and art, and loving-kindness and charity to all poor people, founding schools for the indigent youth of the city, and homes for the desolate and forsaken and the aged; for the widow, also,

and for the fatherless. Stewart was bound by his own immense incomes, and by his infamous chafferings with his employees to compel them to work for him at starvation prices—rarely or never paying any one in his employ wages large enough to enable them to live as Americans, but rather as Spartan Helots and Athenian slaves—he was bound, we say, by these considerations and by his low peddler dealing with large merchants and manufacturers, whereby he obtained their commodities and goods at ruinous prices to them, and then turned upon them, as they stood transfixed at his side, and demanded ten per cent. off for cash! we say he was bound by these tricks and, as we think them treacheries, to have disbursed millions during his life-time in the direction of the benevolence hinted at above, if it were only to keep the balances of compensation and of justice from toppling over pell-mell into extortion and a rank injustice. But Stewart couldn't have been persuaded, even a dozen years ago, to spend a dime for the public good, and although he has lately, in imitation of his immense superiors, built a fine house for poor women, it was neither honesty nor truth, justice nor benevolence, love nor charity, religion nor God, which made him do it, but his own ugly and soul-destroying vanity.

Poor Dives! he is greatly to be pitied, for unless a man really do good deeds from the highest motive of charity, he cannot have the smallest conception of the delight and glory of life. He is not a man but a beast, and influenced by the ruling love of bessts. This man's heaven is his gold, and if he were suddenly introduced through the gates of Death into the heaven of the Lord and his angels, he would be in hell, and suffer its torments, until they let him return to his own natural love, whence comes his only delight.

The century people not being possessed, however, of Mr. Stewart's wealth, had to give—a good many of them out of their comparative poverty—what we may call large sums, by taxing themselves to sustain its dignity. They had barely been occupants of the Broadway rooms for two years before they conceived the idea of amalgamating with the National Gallery just before it was removed to Broadway, in its new building. The project, however, was found infeasible, but the club shifted its quarters, nevertheless, to 435 Broome street, and sojourned there one year. A very fever of going up and down and to and fro upon the earth—like that vicious old devil of the Idumeans who plays a part in the wonderful drama of Job, his book—seems to have taken possession of them; for in 1850 it roamed back again into Broadway and made house 575 immortal by the indwelling of its members. In two years time, however, they had had enough of Broadway forever, remembering that the way to destruction is the broad way, and that many walk therein, especially during the fashion-afternoon hours; so they sought the narrow way of Clinton place, No. 24, which seems at last to have led them to a happy and permanent, if not an eternal life; and as we all know, there be very few that find either the one or the other.

Henry L. Pierson was the Moses of this Exodus, and a capital Moses he proved to be; for he converted the large and stately rooms of the mansion, which were sadly dilapidated, into luxurious suits fit only for artists and men of letters to enjoy themselves in, these being the accredited princes of all good and jolly fellows. Mr. Unnewehr had in his keeping the casts from most of the original marbles of Thorwaldsen, and these were procured for the club gallery by that smart and indefatigable Moses aforesaid. These and some pretty pieces of statuary presented by Ogden Haggerty and Andrew Binnering, were the nucleus of the present superb collection owned by the Century and on exhibition in its gallery, all of which were presented by the generous members of their beloved Alma Mater, as they now began to regard the club.

David D. Colden deserves honorable mention, more than he has yet received at our hands, as being not only the first President of the club, but one of the six commissioners of emigration, whose names are incorporated in the act which organized the commission. He was a shrewd, indefatigable, benevolent man, and through his exertions and those of his colleagues, a vast number of the enormous frauds, seductions, deceptions, robberies and wrongs to which emigrants were subject, have been done away with. This gentleman affected painting, and had a real love for it, but nature had not given him the genius for practical execution and success. He would far rather have his pictures praised than be called a good commissioner. And yet the work of the one was journeyman work, while the work of the other was beautiful, divine and holy—the visible proceeding of heavenly charity and good-will to man. So Charles Dickens would rather have been called a good actor—which he certainly was—than a great novelist.

Mr. Colden's friend, Verplanck, was associated with him both as a commissioner and a member of the Century. He was an excellent, good man, and quite a character. His brains were always wool-gathering or idea-hunting, so that very often he was absent-minded or half unconscious of what he was doing. He had no appreciation of the delicate handling either of engravings, works of vertu or of books. It was the striking inconsistency of his character, that with all his love of beauty he had not a particle of respect for it. He would smear with dirty fingers a valuable copperplate engraving or crumple it up in his ungainly fist; and as for books, he treated them as savagely as Wordsworth, the great English poet, whom Southey hauls over the red hot coals of his wrath for cutting open the leaves of some new and

costly edition of Gibbon or Bacon with the butter knife on his breakfast table. Mr. Verplanck would not wait even to pick up a putter knife, he would scorn to waste so much time over a trifle, but would dash asunder the pages with his open hand. He once upon a time entered the large bookstore of Mr. Blanchard and his eye was attracted by the elegant binding of some book which had just been imported from England. In an instant he made a desperate grab at it, and opening it in the middle and finding the pages rather stiff and tenacious of the sowing he deliberately forced the covers back until they met on the outside, "point to point, hilt to hilt, heel to heel," splitting the back of the book into a great rent, and of course spoiling it for sale. In sublime ignorance of the damage he had done, he began to read the contents, and when he was tired—which very soon happened—he flung it down upon the counter and left the store, without saying "Good-bye, and God bless you and help you to take care of your books until you sell them." Presently Mr. Blanchard came into the store, and as nearly always happens in such cases, he spied the maimed and ruined cover of the book the moment he entered, and asked for an explanation, which he quickly got; and being of a hasty and violent temper, and an ungovernable torrent of oaths, curses and hard words in general ready to burst from his mouth on the least occasion of mishap, he began to abuse the absent Verplanck with the eloquence of the Five Points, and swore he would take it out of his hide the very next time he entered the store. Three days afterward Verplanck put in a gay and festive appearance, entirely unconscious that he had done a wrong thing either to books or men. Not so Mr. Blanchard, however. He was Vesuvius impersonate in an instant, and without condescending a word of explanation, he took Mynheer Verplanck by his Dutch shoulders, and put him out of doors. He wanted no hogs in his china shop, he muttered—"And that man is a very large hog," he added, quite loud enough for his manager to hear him. Poor Verplanck! He is dead now, after living a good and useful life. We may readily gather up the clews to his character from the various works of benevolence in which he was engaged. Besides being one of the six Emigration Commissioners aforesaid, he was a trustee of the House of Refuge, and was never weary of well-doing. As a member of the Century he was active and zealous during the three years that he spent in its service, and died in June, 1850. What matters it now, how many books and pictures he spoiled? Death has spoiled all his chances of "root-hog" and mar-book for the future. He will never do it again; and he lies there in winding-sheet and ashes on the floor of his windowless house, roofed with long grass, inlaid with "daisies fresh and violets blue." Who shall say that his death is not penitential. He was the originator and conductor of the ceremonies of the last Twelfth-night which the club celebrated. This was in 1858, twelve years ago, and was the occasion when Judge Daly—the sober, solemn, affable, learned and eloquent master of jurisprudence and dullness, impudence and long-windedness—beat to windward of friend Gourlie, and made his sails collapse like a burst bladder. "Sir Harry Vane! Sir Harry Vane! the Lord keep me from Sir Harry Vane!" said Cromwell, in contempt of Sir Harry: and so say we—but not at all in contempt, in dread and unspeakable fear, rather—of the "grave and courteous Judge Daly," whom we should really be afraid to meet, lest he should suddenly extinguish us by the blast of his nostrils, holding on to us by a coat button lest by any chance we should get away before he could put his evil design into execution, well knowing as a sound lawyer, that to kill a man by the wind of speech is no murder—at least not in the first degree—and as for any judgment against him in any other degree, he is well aware, also, that he can readily, though illegally, commute the same, as the Anglo-Saxons did, both readily and legally, by the payment of his thrymasas.

The portrait department of the Art Gallery of this club is good so far as it goes; but, with so many genuine portrait painters as members, it is by no means so creditable, either in the number or the excellence of its examples, as it ought to be. Most of those which were presented with such kindly motives by Paul P. Duggan are not up to the mark, although they are better than none. Daniel Seymour's, presented by C. M. Leapp, and Elliott's beautiful portrait of Henry Inman, are perhaps the best in the collection. This admirable work of Elliott was evidently painted *en ames*. Inman is a man of genius and his pictures are suffused with it, like the all-pervading light through immensity. He is a fine colorist, and we hold that color, in its highest expression, is to painting what genius is to poetry. It is the divine aroma of the words, and the exquisite choice of them, so that they shall express the most subtle shades of thought and tones of feeling, in a melody which is their very birth-cry. It is this that constitutes poetry, and it is this also which, like the inspiration for color in painting, must be native born, and come with the spirit of a man into the world of time and space, form and beauty, and can never be acquired by education nor the most inward acquaintance with the works of the great masters. Rubens, with his sunbursts of color, cannot teach it. It is in his pictures, but even an excellent colorist in these days looks upon them in utter and hopeless despair of ever approaching their depth, passion and brilliance; and the same may be said of the mighty Titian known to mankind as Titian. Schools can do naught here; and even were it possible for a Correggio, a Palma or a

Leonardo da Vinci, to admit a modern student of real talent into his studio and show him how he wrought in solid colors from first to last and carefully prepared the tints by which all the miracles of light and shade and semi-shade—the magic of his effects and the harmony of his countless tones—were produced, binding together the chief masses of light and shade—as the discords and semi-discords, the flats and sharps and minims in some grand harmony—like the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, for example—bind together in one mighty diapason all the varied tones and members of the harmony; if, we say, any modern student could be admitted into the sanctuary of the artists named, and were instructed in all the secrets whereby they produced their pictures, it would simply avail them nothing at all unless the native-born genius for color were in them. Color, like poetry, is a special gift of God, and few there be to whom he has ever given it. We can very nearly count them upon the digits of the two hands. We do not know of one pre-eminently great, modern example. There was Allston, to be sure, whose apotheosis has been written so admirably well and with such fine appreciation and high analytical power in the lecture of William Ware, delivered in 1852, upon this painter's mind, character, genius and works. Allston stands alone upon this Continent, and, as Emerson says of the master-mind of any given age, "He has no contemporary." He nods—this babe-like Jupiter—with grand recognitions to his peers across the ages, and they return the salutation in a spirit of the same simplicity, "Jove nods to Jove." It is almost a pity that he was a born Bostonian, for the fact somewhat shamefully cripples his reputation and hinders the love of American artists for his transcendent genius. In our judgment he was as great as Titian in his inspirations for and manipulations of color; and in the passionate expression thereof upon the canvas he ranks as high as Rubens and in respect to the subtle spirituality which pervades his objective expression, even higher than that superb master. We are very proud of him—proud to claim him as an American—the first great painter yet born out of the masculine loins of the Republic of the United States.

To return, however, to the portrait gallery; it is a suggestion worthy of consideration whether the portraits of at least all the Chiefs of the Century—those, we mean, who have most contributed by their services, gifts and reputations in the various professions which they represent, to its thorough efficiency and success—whether the portraits of these gentlemen should not, upon public grounds, be added to those already in existence. No more interesting record of the club could possibly be made, since their names will certainly pass into the local, and many of them into the national history. Among their early members it would surely be pleasant to have portraits, reliable and well executed, of R. Cary Long, whose name will always be identified with American architecture; of C. Mayr, an artist of real ability, whose pictures gave a new impetus to art in this city and elsewhere; George C. Smith, Mayor Thompson S. Brown, the well-remembered engineer, and Daniel Seymour, already honorably named as a man of great executive ability and usefulness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WOMAN'S VIEW.

DIFFERENT PHASES OF SOCIAL AND POLITICAL LIFE OF WOMEN AS DEVELOPED IN WASHINGTON.

"The period has arrived when human welfare demands that intellectual conviction of the truth of woman should take the place, not only in her own bosom, but in that of man and society, of the substantial acknowledgment of it."—ELIZA W. FARNHAM.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 25, 1871.

Social habits present more varied forms and enter more deeply into relations of life in Washington than in any other place in this country.

The surface fashionable life, including the social-political element, develops a deeper meaning than is apparent to the casual observer in its rounds of receptions, calls and visitings. It is here that woman has exerted her greatest, and perhaps it may be truthfully said, her only power, heretofore. It is within these charmed circles her intrigues are entered into, and from this, the centre of her power, she issues her edicts, softly spoken, deferentially suggested, it may be, but potential nevertheless. That this power has been or is at all times exerted for the public good, we can hardly hope to make apparent. The aristocratic element, so essentially inherent in the female organization, renders a public spirit, a sense of duty toward the public good, of all virtues as women has been situated and educated, the most rarely to be found among them. Men do not, cannot escape the deterioration of such influences. Many a man, whom no consideration of personal gain could move, has bartered his political opinions for social advancement for his wife. In this sphere of life her influence is generally on the illiberal and anti-popular side, for this is generally the gaining one for personal interest and vanity. In the social world she is queen; here she rules and feels the sweet intoxication of her power. But she is ostentatious in disclaiming all desire for equality or citizenship, and in proclaiming her complete satisfaction with the place which society has assigned her, exercising in this as in many other respects a most noxious influence over the feelings and opinions of men—

LOVING POWER BUT SHIRKING ITS RESPONSIBILITIES.

The last few months has developed a spirit of intolerant and aggressive crusading among this class, against the so-called "woman movement," which has been organized here for the purpose of influencing Congress to pass a declaratory act in regard to "woman suffrage." They ask to be defended from having the responsibilities of the ballot thrust upon them, and so have memorialized Congress. The secret spring of this action lies in the fact, that in holding women to the responsibilities as well as to the enjoyment of the privileges of her position, they will lose that fictitious chivalrous devotion and atmosphere of adulation and falsehood which they have breathed so long. They see in the new order proposed a lessening of the power of mere personal attractions, and a wider, broader base upon which it is to be reared, the new monument to be dedicated to liberty and social democracy. Not that woman's personal attractions will ever cease to weigh in making up the grand estimate of her power, but that it will cease to be the prominent promoter of her wishes, and a larger culture and deeper life will be demanded of her. The agitation of the question of suffrage which has occupied so much notice here for the past few months is on the increase. Are women equal citizens of this Republic, and ought therefore to have the right of suffrage? has become a question which enters into the deepest problems connected with her welfare. It has had the effect to bring out the thoughts and purposes of the social and political female element, in that it exerts them to action, and in the protest of Mesdames Sherman and Dahlgren we find the admission that many of the existing evils in regard to women ought to be mitigated. They demand equal pay for equal labor. This is a fact worthy of notice, and is one of the first principles of the reform, and it only resolves itself into a question of means to attend an end. They do not see this, and do not realize that the admission is wrung from them by a fixed public opinion, against which they have the shrewdness to see they cannot plant themselves. In their desire to preserve their realm of rule intact, they are gaining as great a notoriety as the strong-minded; indeed, are proving a strong claim to the appellation of agitators themselves.

On this question of equal pay, the writer proposes in subsequent letters to give some interesting facts which show how the anti-suffrage advocates have impeded their own just rule in the management of our civil service. It is another claim for consideration that this city presents to the social philosopher, that in its midst has been inaugurated the first comparatively fair attempt to give woman that much needed boon of industrial freedom and independence.

WHO ARE OUR FRIENDS—NOW AND COMING?

We find, however, among the middle classes of society, including the labor element and a semi-literary class—women who read some, think some, and who have no great interests to peril—a growing thought upon this subject. The meetings at the capital, called together from time to time to discuss and canvass these matters, disclose this fact, and whether the ballot is the result of the agitation or not, a large field of thought, a deeper sense of life's responsibilities will take hold on the life of woman. When we look back upon the results accomplished for her, and in which the race must and do rejoice, may not the most conservative of us yield an ear to the new claims set forth, for none will deny the work, and result belongs to these agitators? If the laws upon our statute books are written in brighter lines—if the poor laboring women whose days are spent in toil can collect and control her wages—if a married woman can own her own after marriage, and elect how and when her patrimony may be disposed of—if a fallen woman find the way to repentance more easy and the joys of chastity still within her reach, it is because of the labors of these self-sacrificing women.

PALLAS, ATHENE AND HEBE—ONE SYMPOSIUM.

Now that the way is growing more easy their ranks are fast filling. The evidences of this fact are manifold. Proof of it may be found any day on visiting the committee room at the capitol, which, by the courtesy of the gentlemen, has been allowed them. The grouping of the faces here would prove a study for the artist or philosopher. "Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker" is the central figure, and, with her sweet face and winning manners, acts the apostle of the new faith. She has proved a host within herself in this, to her, fresh field of labor. Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis, one of the oldest, as she is one of the brightest, advocates of this cause, has a countenance as gentle as it is full of character. Her noble life has left its impress in lines of beauty upon a face already past maturity; but whose ripening powers of mind and rounded life has grown rich in giving to others of the wealth of her own prodigal nature; she is what one of our best writers has called a "mature siren"—a woman of beauty, culture and fine acquirements; she has devoted her life to a cause which, however misdirected it may seem to others, to her has been conceived in a conscientious conviction, and carried out through a life misunderstood in its aims and objects, and subject to censorious criticisms. As this is eminently an age of culminations she may live to see the fulfillment of her hopes, for she is one of the pioneers in this cause. In looking on Mrs. Davis, one cannot help recalling the wonderful "Myth of Una," from which ever beautiful and subtle type of womanly power and wisdom, she called the paper, edited by herself, in the earliest gray of this movement, almost before the faintest flush of sunrise had tinted the dim sky of woman's yearning life.

Then we have Victoria C. Woodhull, the young, brave spirit

whose untrammelled nature draws inspiration from a cause to her more sacred than life itself. Her face is one of the most marked among the many we meet there, and whose presence and position in the movement has lifted it from the attitude of a petitioner to that of an equal—a very Minerva, full armed, demanding all the rights of citizenship which belongs to our democratic Jove.

There we see the earnest look out of so many eyes, windows of souls, just thinking upon this subject. And young, fresh, beaming countenances before whom life is opening; and the maturer matrons, the wine of whose nature has soured under the hard necessity of self support, but, which escaping, yet sparkles under the inspiration of the hopes the hour brings. Then the full happy faces which we instinctively feel belong to successful lives, whom fortune has left with few unsatisfied longings and buried hopes. It has been a favorite objection with the opposition to this cause that the women engaged in it have been disappointed in life and are unhappy in their married relations, and thus view the cause of woman from a false standpoint. There is much that might be said with profit upon this point; but, for our present purpose, we wish to say, however the ranks may have been recruited from this class in the past, it can no longer be said, with the daily tableaux seen in the committee room of young, brave, beautiful women, who are at least showing a great interest in the subject. Are these women to be satisfactorily disposed of by the jests of the fashionable butterfly, or the contemptuous flings of the believers in the vested rights of an aristocracy of class and castes.

THE GRAVEST PROBLEM OF ALL—HOW SHALL WE MEET IT?

There is one question assuming large proportions, entering subtly, and in a thousand ways we hardly dare breathe to ourselves, the most secret and pervading of life's necessities—the discussion of which is the strongest proof yet given of the intensity and earnestness with which woman is taking hold of the real problems of human existences. Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker is the Apostle John of this discussion. Following in the path of Mrs. Josephine Butler, of England, and the noble women who, upon free platforms and with unclosed doors, have entered their protest before the men and women of their country against legislation which seems to be wholly unjust, because, in its results, bringing degradation only to one set of victims to vices which it takes two to consummate. We refer to the "Contagious Diseases Act" passed in England and imitated, at least, in one of our largest Western cities—St. Louis, and which it is sought to recommend to other communities. Mrs. Hooker takes the extreme point of opposition to the policy involved from the standpoint of woman's degradation, leaving out the view of male humanitarians, that of protecting our sons and brothers from the evils of their own bad practices. There is scarcely any other pretext given by the most philanthropic of the advocates of the so-called protective legislation. Both of these views are the outgrowths of unequal conditions, and the conceptions of life growing therefrom. It is rare, at best, to find a man, however noble, generous and magnanimous his character may be, who, when he analyzes his conception of woman's nature and position to the final ultimates he is able to see, believes that she is given to him for any purpose but that of service, though noble and sweet that service may be. It is equally as rare to find a woman who holds in her brain and cherishes in her heart a conception of life and its higher attributes that does not draw its coloring solely from the lifeless marble-white of mere physical chastity. Trace these two conceptions all along through history and it will be found that discord only is the result of all attempts to bring social order therefrom. The first thing necessary is equality—a removal of the idea of service as applied to woman from the soul of man. When woman is free these problems will be met and solved by the equal aspiration of both man and woman to harmonize and make beautiful the earth. Until that time comes, however, with Mrs. Hooker, we believe it to be our duty to oppose legislation which is impure in its source and atrociously unjust in its results. Such resistance is the best preparation for equality.

H. M. BARNARD.

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

SECRET TENDERNESS.

BY JULIETTE T. BURTON.

We meet and smile where others tread
The same great thoroughfares,
And with a careless glance we read
The look the other wears.

We clothe the face in cold attire,
Nor let the eyes reveal
The language which the heart's desire
Would prompt it to unveil.

One loves the other, ah! so well,
With silent, strong appeal,
Which love it pains us not to tell,
Yet pleases us to feel.

And for that joy we'll willing bear
The anguish in the bliss
Of secret tenderness, nor care
That anguish to demise.

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

SAPPHO TO THE POETS.

From Ida's many fountained hill,
Whence Paris came with love serene—
How many thoughts, and actions fill
The Book of Time that lies between.

From Homer's day to Shakespeare's lyre;
And thence to Byron's haughty muse;
And thence to Tennyson's soft fire,
My soul again would I infuse.

Is human love less ardent now
Than when that classic steep I walked,
And face to face, and brow to brow,
With Jove himself in passion talked?

Oh, no! the muse of Sappho lives
Immortal in its virgin fire;
And still its inspiration gives,
Wherever sounds the poet's lyre.

The soul of Poesy on high,
Unbroken holds its hallow'd reign;
It speaks the same from yon pure sky,
As when I trod th' Arcadian plain.

The fountains here do murmur still
As erst they sang in Paris' day—
'Tis not in Time the muse to kill,
Nor clog with vile, degenerate clay.

No, no! 'tis not in vain I leave
My Ida's steep for purer air—
Nor will I longer weep and grieve—
The world doth still my spirit share.

My wild, strong spirit here that first
In notes of madness rent the sky;
The soul of poetry hath nursed,
And poets are my progeny.

Divine Apollo! hear this voice,
Nor think thy classic shades are gone;
If not within thy land of choice,
The world still echoes round thy song.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FREDERICK A. AIKEN.

EXPERIENCE IS THE GREAT AND UNERRING
TEACHER.MESDAMES SHERRMAN, DAHLGREN & CO., PLEASE TAKE
NOTICE.

As an effectual answer to the inconsistent and foolish asseverations of the terrible effects that will be sure to follow political equality, we present the following testimony, which we declare unanswerable, and we ask those who are attempting to cast obloquy upon constitutional equality to either disprove this evidence or to acknowledge themselves in error and cease their efforts to mislead the people:

[From the Laramie Sentinel.]

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN WYOMING.

At last the cause of woman suffrage has become respectable, and, we know, a success. The telegraph informs us that that preponderous, grave, sedate and owl-like body, the Committee on Judiciary in the Senate of the United States, has consented—nay invited, the distinguished advocates of this doctrine to come before them and present their case. We cannot look upon this matter with indifference. Our own Territory has been the first political power on earth to try this experiment fairly, both in the enactment of law and in carrying it into effect. We don't make it as a boast, but merely state as a fact, which probably every member of the Legislature here would admit, that it was due entirely to the course pursued by this paper, and the individual exertions of its editor, that the woman suffrage bill was passed in this Territory. It was also the course pursued by the *Sentinel* which secured a fair and candid trial of this experiment in this Territory.

Yet, strange as it may seem, we have never been considered a woman's rights organ; we very seldom allude to the subject, and then only just at some critical time in the progress of events. We here have tried the experiment fairly and practically. We have tested it in what were supposed to have been its most vulnerable points. Without giving her time to fit herself for the new duties and responsibilities conferred upon her, we have placed woman in all the most trying positions incident to the political franchise. We have placed her upon the judicial bench and in the jury box, in official positions, and at the polls during the heat of the most exciting political canvass we have ever known. We did not simply confer upon woman the right to occupy such official positions as might be suited to her taste, but we required her to also bear all the burdens of her new sphere, even to the payment of the poll tax. Looking back at the history of the affair, it seems scarcely gallant—nay, scarcely just, and yet we are glad the principle has been subjected to this trying ordeal, because its triumph is so much more satisfactory.

Every one who has studied it knows the large element of conservatism in human nature—knows how strong are the prejudices of pre-conceived opinions and the influences of early education. We here had a fair share of it, and the woman suffrage law had this to encounter among us.

The result has proved two things greatly to the credit of the male portion of our section of country. First, that we had enough love of justice to try the experiment fairly—to give our wives, mothers and sisters some little show for their lives in the trying position in which we had placed them, and secondly, that we were not too great fools to learn.

We assume the latter because we do not know of an individual in our city now, who will not cheerfully acknowledge that the experiment has proved a success. We do not know of a single man who would say he wished the election privilege taken away from the ladies of our Territory. All the nightmare visions conjured up by feverish imaginations about women "usurping themselves," neglecting their domestic duties, and falling from their native modesty and purity, have vanished from our minds. No such results have ever

been apparent in the slightest degree. They were predicated upon hypothesis that man's legal enactments were capable of perverting the order of nature, and disarranging and defeating the plans and purposes of the Almighty.

The success of the woman suffrage movement is assured. Ten years from now we shall look back and smile at our folly in ever having opposed a measure founded upon such obvious principles of justice, and fraught with so much benefit to mankind.

Wyoming—the youngest of the political family—enjoys the proud distinction of having led the van in this march of equal rights and universal equality before the law.

HIGHWOOD PARK, Tenafly, N. J.

VICTORIA WOODHULL:

Dear Madame.—The majority report presented by Mr. Bingham against your memorial to Congress is really one of the feeblest public documents I ever perused.

Well, well, it is pitiful that the record of the Republican party in the question of women's freedom should be so dark and inconsistent.

When the XV. Amendment was before the nation, I made my earnest protest against it, in season and out of season, because I saw in that the establishment of an aristocracy of sex on this continent and deeper degradation for womanhood. I then prophesied new insults and persecutions such as we had never known before. In what shape it was coming I did not clearly see, but I saw it must come logically and philosophically, and at the hands of the party in power.

When the women in Boston sold out to the Republican party and declared themselves Republicans in the Massachusetts State Convention, I blushed for my sex, for that party introduced the word "male" into the Federal Constitution where it had never been before: that party made every lord and lackey that treads this continent, foreign and native, our rulers, judges and jurors by the XV. Amendment, and they have now damned their deeds of darkness by declaring that women are not "citizens," but "members" of the nation!—mere appendages to the State, the Church and the home, the individual man being the true representative in all cases. If this, indeed, be woman's normal condition, may God grant us a wiser, nobler type of manhood as our prefix than John Bingham, of Ohio. Again, simultaneous with our political degradation, comes new social humiliations, and with the same class of politicians in the several States.

No sooner was the XV. Amendment declared the law of the land, making all men sovereigns, all women slaves, than propositions were made in several of our Legislatures to license prostitution by the State. Many of the sections of these bills are a disgrace to the decency of the nineteenth century. Similar legislation in England aroused the indignation of the entire womanhood of that nation to white heat, while here it has scarce created a ripple on the surface.

In the last year, too, we have had our Dred Scott decision. The verdict in the McFarland case practically declared that a man's property in his wife could not be alienated by cruelty and abuse any more than his right to his horse and his dog.

All these things are the natural outgrowths of woman's political degradation.

In view of these monstrous wrongs of our sex, patience and calmness, and a willingness to wait—in those of us who can speak and write and work—are not virtues, but crimes. We have waited 6,000 years, and the time has fully come to seize the bull by the horns, as you are doing in Washington and Wall street, and show the John Bingham that we who pay millions of taxes every year propose to be something more than "members of the State."

Yours, respectfully,

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

ENGLISH PATRIOTISM AND WHAT MAKES IT.

MESDAMES WOODHULL & CLAFLIN:

As my eye caught the above heading to a letter in your last issue, signed by G. M. Peters, I laughed at the (as I then considered it) huge joke. The impression that it was a jocose satire was, however, befogged by the perusal of the letter which left me in the following quandary, Was the letter really a jest on English Patriotism? if so, why clothe it from end to end in sober language? If, on the other hand, Mr. Peters really penned this letter as a review of English Patriotism, that fact rather than the letter, becomes a jest of the first magnitude.

Mr. P. starts out with the statement that "perhaps of all countries in the world England can boast the most of the spirit of patriotism." Certainly: look at the numbers whose patriotism induces them to leave her shores and to stay away. The foolish French people, leave "La belle France" and, on making a fortune abroad, return to their native country. Pretty patriotism this to pit against English patriotism which induces her patriots not only to go away, but to stay away! Sir E. Bulwer Lytton once had a few words to say on "English patriotism," as follows: "The Englishman is vain of his country! Wherefore? Because of the public buildings? He never enters them. The laws? He abuses them eternally. The public men? They squawks. The writers? He knows nothing about them. He is vain of his country for an excellent reason: It produced him." Mr. Hunt, M. P., once said: "You speak of the mob of demagogues whom the Reform Bill will send to Parliament; be not afraid; you have one sure method of curing the wildest of them. Choose your man, catch him, place

him on the Treasury bench, and be assured you will never hear him accused of being a demagogue again."

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, on political sentiment, gave the following conversation as an illustration: "Good Heavens!" cried the member, "What? you say this—you insinuate that I am actuated by my own interest! Why not have said at once the truth, that I voted according to my conscience?" "Because—because I really did not think you such a fool." And E. Bulwer Lytton also says: "In many boroughs a man may be bribed and no disgrace to him," and "a man professing very exalted motives is a very ridiculous animal with us. . . . We do not laugh at vulgar lords half so much as at the generosity of patriots or the devotion of philosophers." So much for English "patriotism." Mr. P. proceeds to explain the secret cause of said patriotism to be the intimate connection between the people and Government, which connection is the work of English law, no doubt of it. An English lord may contract as many debts as he likes, but you cannot sell, mortgage, or level an inch of his entailed property for the debt, though he can sell the laborer's bed from under him for a debt of five shillings. Over one-half of said population are debarred from taking certain degrees at the universities because they do not agree with certain religious doctrines.

In the case of an intestate his real estate goes to the eldest son, the other children being disinherited by law. (This is in order to preserve a land monopoly.) Those who attend the national schools are compelled to learn the doctrines of religion promulgated by the State as the only orthodox ones. The right to preach the gospel in the parish churches is bought and sold by and to the highest bidder, the people having no voice in the matter. Commissions in the army and navy are bought and sold; men cannot rise from the ranks to be even a captain. Thirty-three families own all the House of Lords and two-thirds of the House of Commons. If these facts don't cement the people and Government, and "give a better guarantee of the defence of the Government by its people than any other country of the earth," as Mr. P. says, egad, it is difficult to know what would do so. But there, no doubt, the Government and people of England are as happy as turtle doves, and all the tales of reform agitations, tearing down rails in Hyde Park, and cries of "Reform or Revolution," hisses for the Queen, cries of "Down with the House of Lords"—are mere imaginations of those newspaper men to mislead people.

Now we come to the grandest discovery of all. Future ages will stand aghast at the abstruseness of the foolish philosophers who have written long dissertations connecting the flourishing of commerce with peace. Misguided men, listen to Mr. P., who tells you that "the arts of peace have ever been their aim in war." You understand, the English have always gone to war to foster the arts of peace. What a comfortable fact for her adversaries! what a comfortable fact for her neighbors, for English politicians to say, "We don't fight you because you have wronged us, oh no; we fight you to sell our wares!" At the same time shall I admit this statement to be perfectly true, yet I cannot allow Mr. P. to claim any originality in calling them to notice. Mr. Cobden proclaimed the same facts when England tried to introduce opium into China at the point of the bayonet; but Mr. Cobden declaimed at such a policy while Mr. P. applauds it—laissez aller.

Mr. P. says: "Their (the English) 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 more little hindrances to the enterprises of a people, for a few years only, we will say." Exactly, Mr. P., some foolish nations go to war because another nation has damaged them or interfered with their commercial enterprises. They are not educated up to the political standard that teaches that war is too costly for any purpose except to extend one's trade forever. The bare idea of the United States talking of going to war because England interfered with America's commercial marine for a year or two, when such a course was to benefit England forever—isn't it preposterous? What right has the United States to protect her existing trade that should for one moment be allowed to clash with England's future trade? England having invented, the idea of going to war to protect and increase her commercial pursuits, is America to pirate the patent by doing likewise?

Mr. P. continues: "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." Unfortunate Mr. P., on the same day that this opinion of his was published, came in the *Herald* a speech of Mr. Disraeli as follows: "He then proceeded to warn the House that the pursuit of wealth and commerce was not the only duty of this generation." Then again we have the Abyssinian war staring us in the face, and the darned thing won't be hid in a corner—it keeps sticking out, as also does the seizure by England of six Brazilian ships for a fancied injury which the king of the Belgians, in his capacity of umpire, decided was an unjustifiable act, as no injury was intended or proffered. Then there is the Trent affair, a threat for an injury—and the bombardment of Kagosima in consequence of an assumed injury; also a Chinese war for a pro-

pective injury. Dear me! one cannot help thinking of the Frenchman who wrote a book advancing certain theories which some facts, afterward developed, proved were erroneous; upon being so informed he replied: "So much the worse for the facts; the book will stand."

After all there may be some truth in this assertion of patriotism of Englishmen which has been so ably discovered by Mr. P.; for England always depends upon it—in fact buys Germans with it to fight her battles, votes money to Prussia and Holland, and at one time or other to almost every petty German State in and out of existence. Oh! it is all patriotism; they don't mind paying if others will face the music.

Mr. P., in the early portion of his letter, says: "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 among strangers in a foreign land." The paper to every thirty of the population of London is proof of this assertion, and the rapid depopulation of Ireland, together with the returns of our immigration for the last decade or two, make Mr. P.'s whole statement and his deductions therefrom as clear as mud.

Yours truly, ENGLISH PATRIOT.

A HINT TO OUR MYTHOLOGIST.

MRS. WOODHULL AND CLAFFLIN:

I have read with a good deal of interest the Mythological Apocalypse by your correspondent "C. B. P.," and if, having not given us a good taste of that ancient learning, he would undescend to interpret it for us, so that a way-faring man, though a fool, should not err therein, he would render a very timely service to his readers. As the Runic writing now stands, 'tis impossible even for good mythological scholars to do more than catch the hem of the garment of its meaning. Why not elucidate and make plain the symbolism and analogies existing between the ancient myths of Egypt, India, Greece and Rome, and those of the Bible? At present they lie *disiecta membra*, and have no intelligent ligatures to combine them into a body "corporate," and invest them with a human interest. "C. B. P." is evidently well and thoroughly posted—who ver he may be—on these most interesting of all the languages of man, viz.: the mythological or symbolical languages. We can see that it is an old study with him, and that he has it all at his "finger-ends." So has Muller—but so have not the vulgar commons—the *oi polloi* who sit outside the guild of that learning. "C. B. P." has evidently got a long way into the secrets of symbolism—so far as he is concerned—but he writes to the *Clerus*, not to, nor for, the antipodes of this class. "An ounce of civit," good apothecary, would do wonders here, in the way of opening up the readers' spiritual eyesight. C. B. P. sees plainly enough, for example, that the Bible is a bi-sexed book—a book of dual nature, corresponding to that of man, possessing a literal and a spiritual significance, and that this last is of infinitely the greatest importance. He speaks of the time when we shall "learn to open the Bible with the mythological key," etc. But the fact is only interesting to him as scientific knowledge, not as spiritual knowledge for human guidance, regeneration and eternal life. There are tens of thousands belonging to the New Church, however—that Church which is founded on the spiritual meanings of the Bible—who do regard it in the spiritual sense above spoken of, and perhaps our friend C. B. P. would find that his rhetoric would be improved, and not a whit the less convincing where it is understood at all if he were less flippant, and more mindful of people's feelings when dealing with these themes.

There is no more interesting subject in all the ranges of human intelligence than this of mythology. And, moreover, it is a vastly more profound subject than superficial readers of Lempriere's Dictionary have any notion of. Swedenborg, the great seer and revealer of spiritual truth in symbolism, and of the spiritual world itself, says that originally men thought and spoke in symbols, according to a strict and absolute science, which he called "Correspondence"—each symbol having always the same meaning and shades of meaning wherever it may occur. Thus the symbolism employed in the opening chapters of Genesis, has the same exact meaning when it is used in the Psalms, the prophetic writings, the Gospels and the Apocalypse of St. John. "C. B. P." calls this science of correspondence the science of mythology—and mythology proper is written and pictured in obedience to the laws of correspondence; and what is singular, all the great mythological stories can be unlocked and their spiritual significance revealed, by and through the Bible symbolism. That is to say, the spiritual key which unlocks the letter of the Bible also unlocks the letter and picture of the mythologies. When the era of intelligent communication between man and man, and man and the angels of heaven—through the beautiful science of correspondence—ceased, in consequence of human wickedness, the spiritual meaning of symbolism was lost, and the imagery was worshipped in place of the sacred truth which it represented. Such is the averment of Swedenborg, and it is proved to be truth by the existence of the stone symbolism in Egypt and India, and by the literary symbolism of Greece and Rome, as manifested in their mythologies. The old Sophi, were well instructed in these arcane matters, and the early Christian fathers' Origin, to-wit: were well acquainted with the double meaning of the Bible stories—the Bible

being a commentary upon the spiritual nature of man; not a mere history of the wars of the "bloody Jews," etc., etc. Swedenborg has restored to human learning the long-lost Sciences of correspondence, whereof these patches of mythology, quoted by our pagan friend aforesaid, are but the ruins—*disiecta membra*, as I said.

I, for one, am, nevertheless, much interested in his investigations, and shall be pleased if, instead of running over the whole vast mythological field with the nimbleness of a lamp-lighter, he would hang out the lamp of his intelligence over some one particular part of it, and let it hang there until all that is in it shall be revealed.

I am glad to find that your paper has increased to such an unprecedented extent in the short space of two months, and that your circulation now reaches—as it must, judging from the given data—the great number of thirty thousand per week. I find, too, that the prejudice against you as "female innovators" is dying away, and that it is becoming fashionable with your rich patrons in speaking of you to say, "Those earnest women, who threaten to revolutionize society!" while your true friends have never ceased to love and honor you, and to rejoice in your success. G. S. P.

LIFE INSURANCE FOR WOMEN.

A PAPER ON

THE STATISTICS OF LIFE AND MATERNITY,

READ AT PLYMPTON HALL, NEW YORK,

FEBRUARY 24, 1871,

BY HON. ALEXANDER DELMAR,

Late Director of the United States Bureau of Statistics.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Several years ago, and before the cause of Woman's Rights could be called a cause at all, I proudly and fully committed myself to its justice.* At the same time I felt, and I feel still, that the practical recognition of the rights depended upon the interest which women should succeed in obtaining in pecuniary affairs. For it is upon pecuniary interests, rather than upon natural rights, that political arrangements are based. Hence it has always been my aim to open new fields of employment and industrial activity for women, confident that this course, if successfully carried out, will do more than logic or argument to bring about the glorious result which every serious student of American politics must see is eventually inevitable.

I am here to-night for the purpose of advocating the organization, by women, of an insurance company, which shall insure the lives of women—not necessarily by women only or for women only, for that would be to follow the proscriptive policy which is now pursued by the insurance companies controlled by men. I would admit gentlemen to the management; I would have male physicians; I would insure male lives—as many of them as could be procured; but the management should be in the hands of women mainly; the male physicians should be associated with properly qualified female physicians; and it should be made a point to influence women to insure their lives—I mean all women by whose death parent, sister, brother, husband, children, partner, creditor or other interested person would sustain pecuniary loss.

A WOMAN CANNOT NOW INSURE HER LIFE.

I assert it as a fact that among the hundreds of life insurance companies in this country very few will insure a woman's life at all; and that such as will, do charge an extra premium therefor, or subject the applicant for insurance to conditions of unnecessary and repelling harshness not applied to men; not because of any organic circumstances peculiar to women, but by reason of incorrect views which prevail among insurance men with regard to the relative value of male and female life, particularly between the ages of twenty and forty-five.

DO WOMEN DESIRE TO INSURE THEIR LIVES?

I heard it asserted that women do not wish to insure their lives; that not being the heads of families, there are none who would suffer pecuniary loss by their death, and that, therefore, they have no motive to insure themselves; in short, that there is not a sufficient basis of insurable interest in the lives of women to furnish the foundation for a female life insurance organization. To a certain limited extent this is true. I have already admitted that women have fewer pecuniary interests than men, and it is that very defect which the success of the present enterprise is intended in part to remove. But already women have in this country very numerous and important pecuniary interests, and they are multiplying every day.

PECUNIARY INTERESTS IN THE LIVES OF WOMEN.

Every child under age has a pecuniary interest in the life of its mother. The death of its mother may cause an entire destruction of its prospects in life. The father, if there be one, may marry again, and, in the warmth of new affections, grow indifferent to the claims of his children by the former marriage. The life of a child is of pecuniary interest to a parent, and more particularly when that child is of the expensive sex. A considerable amount of capital has been expended upon her support, her education and her preparation for life. He insures his house, his merchandise and his horse. Why should he not insure his child? Many women are the heads of families. We have female property-owners, bankers, brokers, merchants, manufacturers, editors, authors, artists, agents, managers, hotel and boarding-house keepers, clerks, postmistresses, telegraph operators and working-women. These persons are generally heads of families in the sense that the family depends upon them for support. Their relatives, parents, brothers, sisters, children, nay even husbands, depend upon them for support; and both they and their partners in business and creditors have a pecuniary interest in their lives.

If we extend this survey to women not heads of families, yet possessing property, to women having life estates, to annuitants, to widows and to the many other classes of women in whose lives pecuniary interests are involved, we shall

have not only a basis sufficiently broad for the organization of one female life insurance company but of many.

OBJECTIONS TO INSURING THE LIVES OF WOMEN.

The principal objection that insurance companies now have to insuring the lives of women is the belief that the value of female life is less than that of males, particularly between the ages 20 to 45. This belief is founded mainly on the Old Actuaries' Table; partly on the confirmation of these values expounded in the New Actuaries' Table; partly on the unexplained relinquishment of the practice of insuring the lives of females by one of our oldest and wealthiest life insurance companies; and, so far as the City of New York is concerned, upon our unfounded prejudice relative to the perils of maternity in the metropolis.

OBJECTIONS ALLEGED.

I know that it is alleged that these are not the real ground of objection, but that the reason why female life insurance is not practised is because there is not to be found among females a sufficient number in whose lives pecuniary interests are involved to furnish a fair average of mortality for the ground-work of insurance; or that sufficiently perfect medical examinations cannot be obtained. Or, again, that women are so difficult of approach as to render it unremunerative to solicit life insurance from them. These two last allegations I must dismiss as frivolous. If male physicians cannot ascertain, as precisely as in the case of men, the health of a female applicant for insurance, let the companies obtain the co-operation of competent female physicians, and so remedy the difficulty. There are plenty of them, and they would be glad to render their assistance on the same terms as men. If male solicitors cannot penetrate the arena of women's offices and women's homes, let the companies employ female solicitors who can. As to the first allegation, that there is not a sufficient number of females in whose lives an insurable interest exists, I have anticipated it by showing that such a number and far more than such a number does exist.

No. Twist it and turn it as you may, the real ground of objection is the actuaries' table. And this is proved by the fact that among the few companies who do underwrite female lives at all, the practice is to refuse them altogether unless they are past the age of 45, or to charge an extra hazardous rate of premium. Some of these companies go so far as to charge a discount of 10 per cent. from the sum of the policy, in case the insured dies during the period of pregnancy, or from causes, however remote, connected with the phenomenon of child-bearing.

LIFE EXPECTANCY TABLES.

The tables of life expectancy mainly used by life insurance companies in this country are the Carlisle, the Old Actuaries, the English National, and the American Experience—chiefly the Carlisle. Of these tables, but two show the value of female life separately from male, viz., the Actuaries' and the English Life. When it is remembered that once a table of life expectancy is adopted by an insurance company, it cannot be changed without infinite trouble, danger and expense; the significance of this fact, in connection with the question under discussion, is overwhelming. It amounts in substance to this: that not only cannot an insurance company, unless it uses either the Actuaries' or the English National tables, safely insure a female life, but it cannot even determine its supposed value without reference to tables of expectancy other than its own.

THE ENGLISH LIFE TABLES.

The English Life Table No. 1 is based upon the English national census of 1841 and the total mortality of England and Wales during the previous year. The English Life Table No. 2 is based on the same data, but the observations on deaths extend over a period of seven years—1838 to 1844. The English Life Table No. 3 is based upon the same data, together with the English National Census of 1851 and ten more years of death registries. These tables were compiled by Dr. William Farr, of London. Together they form the most elaborate tables of mortality ever constructed. They show a more favorable expectancy for female than for male life; yet, as they are based, not upon American, but upon English data, and not upon assured lives, but on the lives of a whole kingdom—upon the rich, the poor, the affluent, the indigent, the pampered, the starving, the healthy, the sick, the virtuous, the temperate and the dissipated alike—they are not deemed safe guides to the value of selected lives in this country, and are but little used by American insurance companies; while such companies as do use them are much influenced as well by the overpowering evidence as to the value of female assured life furnished by the Actuaries' table.

THE ACTUARIES' TABLE.

This table of life expectancy was compiled in 1837 by a committee of London Actuaries, at the head of which was Mr. Jenkin Jones, from the combined recorded experience of seventeen English life offices, during a period extending to eight and a half years, and carrying insured lives to the number of 83,905.

Although the area of observation should be regarded as too small* to render this table conclusive as to the relative value of female life, yet it is, nevertheless, regarded as the best exponent we have of that value, and upon it rests the whole fabric of illusions which surround the subject of female life insurance. It proves, for example, that while the male expectation of life at 20 is 39.8 years, the female expectation is but 35.9 years. In brief it assigns a lower rank to female life than to male at most of the ages, 20 to 45. I should say it degrades female life—but I anticipate.

The new Actuaries' tables, which embrace observations on assured lives in certain English life offices down to the year 1869, substantially confirms the results of the old table. But the new Actuary table is not at all used in the United States, and the impressions on the relative value of female assured life which have gained ground in this country are due altogether to the old table, since they existed prior to the publication of the new. It is, therefore, with the old table, and not at all with the new that I shall deal in this paper.

OTHER LIFE TABLES ON FEMALE LIFE.

The results shown in the Actuaries' table are directly opposed to those shown in all other life tables that exhibit the value of male and female selected lives separately. Kersboom's Dutch table, De Parrieux's French table and Tinslason's English Government table, all of which were based on selected lives, show that the value of female life, including the period most disputed, is greater than that of male. But it is objected to these tables that they are all based on the mortality of government annuitants, which is the fact, and that as government annuitants live longer than other

*An essay on "Negro Suffrage," in Newport Social Review, for 1865, p. 249.

*Walford, of the London Stat. Soc., in Insurance Guide, p. 161.

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

HYMN OF LOVE.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

There is no heaven but love.
All things that live and move
Are upheld by its breath,
And it is master of the bands of death.

It makes the weak heart strong;
The songless gush with song!
And spreads the earth with flowers,
And builds enchanted palaces and bowers.

It claimeth for its own
Each lovely tint and tone,
And maketh Beauty seem
The semblance of its own delighted dream.

And vocal to its ear,
Dumb stars and solar sphere—
Their muffled music comes
In grandeur rushing like the roll of drums.

It hears the angels sing,
And their glad voices ring
Through all the azure aisles
And domes of heaven's illuminated piles.

It sees a mystic sense—
A language deep, intense—
In the grass-blades and weeds,
And floods of glory o'er the silent meads.

It maketh women's eyes
Star-blossoms, mysteries!
And in celestial sheen
Arrays their loveliness of form and mien.

It decks the virgin-bride,
Paining her balmy side
With odorous pangs, which start
To blissful music all her throbbing heart.

The infant on the breast
Doth like a cherub rest;
And heavenly halos spread,
Like God's protecting breath—around his head.

All things full well it knows;
And wheresoe'er it goes
Music and flowers attend;
And dark brute forms rejoice, and call it friend.

It makes the darkness light,
And light more grand and bright;
The wilderness doth bloom;
And at its call the dead come from the tomb.

All the great works of man
Are built upon its plan;
It paints and carves the stone,
And the high realms of Phantasy doth own.

The poet in his dreams,
Transfigured by love's beams,
Sings his golden song,
Borne on his fiery wings the heavens along.

It breathes thro' every prayer,
And makes the sufferer bear—
The noble martyr die;
And conquers, like a God, their agony.

Religion, holy-eyed,
God's Vestal glorified!
Looking thro' faith to Him
In solemn temples and cathedrals dim;

Or in the secret heart,
Worshipping apart,
Is love's divinest child,
By the deep mysteries of heaven beguiled.

And love alone—when life
Shuffles its mortal strife—
Unlocks the gates of time,
And opens the eternities sublime,

And all the wonders grand,
And glories of God's land,
To every righteous soul,
That, living, made the truth its only goal.

For love is all in all,
Pervading great and small;
Giver of truth and light,
The sun to rule man's day, the stars his night.

And as the mighty air,
Which passeth everywhere—
Infinite its place—
Resteth forever in etherial space,

So all things in God's breast
Of burning love do rest:
And man, his darling pride,
If he love well, shall ever with him bide.

And, oh! this glorious earth,
Teeming with wondrous birth,
So beautiful and good,
Rolling with raptures through the lover's blood;

Will one day be as heaven
Crowned with the stellar seven,
For all things tend to love,
All vice and falsehood that men's hearts do move;

And war and wrong and strife,
And every evil life,
Thro' all Time's march and throes,
Are subtle helpers of that sweet repose.

And love one day shall reign
Over hill and dale and plain;
And all the land and sea
Shall own the triumph of his sovereignty.

UP THE MOUNTAIN.

BY ANNE DENTON CRIDGE.

RIVERSIDE, NEAR SAN BERNARDINO, Cal., Jan. 1871.

Yesterday we went to the mountains west of us; from our house they appear quite near, but they are about four miles distant; nor do they appear to be any great height until their immediate vicinity is reached. Into a pretty corner the doctor drove the wagon, landed us, and then took out the horse. A spring of water from the mountain heights was sending down a clear, cool stream which was passed along a wooden gutter for six or seven hundred yards to a patch of landing that had been cleared and probably seeded. There some one had built a small cabin about four feet in height. Query—was he a Lilliputian? Who could tell? I looked along the ledges and into the deep shadows between the high mountains, that my eye might, perhaps, obtain a glimpse of the little creature who had built that wee cabin; but my fancies were all put to flight by the remark of our matter-of-fact Doctor, that the cabin was large enough for the man to lie down, and that was all he wanted in this warm climate; that he had gone to the settlement to spend Sunday; that he had seen him before we started, and that his name was Albright. Ah, what was the use of dreaming of a race of Lilliputians after that, or of hoping to see any one more diminutive than ourselves! But there stood the little bit of a house, like "Sweet Kitty Clover," four feet high, with a real bit of stove-pipe peeping out *a la* soldier, camp-life style, and there was a veritable iron kettle for cooking on the outside, and there was a padlock on the door! Perhaps, after all, that was the house of the three bears, "the big bear, the middling bear, and the little wee bear!"

Let us climb to the top of one of these mountains, said we to each other, and see what is on the other side. Wanted knowledge, you see, as did Mother Eve, dear old soul! Ah, we are her true children! So we left lunch-basket, children and the blue-eyed belle of seven months to the good doctor—yes, and another doctor—for doctors seem to be about the only natural production of the country, or else they gravitate to it, there being five in our little settlement—a singular instance of iron adaptability, seeing there is nothing *professionally* for them to do, unless of a surgical nature, in view of the invigorating and ever recuperative climate.

Well, to return to the mountain; we went up, up, up, passing rapidly between burned sage-brush and bits of wild pea (a green plant with a dead yellow flower), over thousands of holes in the ground, varying from an inch to seven or eight inches in diameter; on, on, over falling rocks of granite, until all at once I remembered having been told that those holes were not only the homes of rabbits, squirrels and other harmless animals, but also of lizards, scorpions and snakes. Dear, dear! why did I think of that! At first I stood still, resolved to wait for the others, as I was far ahead, but then some of the snakes might crawl out of their holes. Up the face of the mountain I had thought to climb, but found that impossible; had to retrace my steps and was then joined by others of the party. Finally, on hands and knees, after some dangerous climbing, at last, at last, we were safely perched on the top. But, oh, despair! Beyond and far above was a higher range of mountains, and beyond those another range. We must give it up. No, it is not given to us to be carried up into a mountain to see all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, though at that moment we should have been glad had his Satanic majesty been present to have made himself as useful as in days of yore.

Down, down, we come. Ah, good! We have found a narrow path, as if made on purpose for us. Over lizards we go. Dear me, how rapidly they move, as if they flew! Their fear of us takes away our fear. We never thought of grizzlies or wolves while there. It was well that I did not think of either at the same time as lizards or snakes. I am told that there are some bears, and I have heard wolves sharply yelping at dead of night. It is said they are not dangerous, but I am not certain whether that is the exact fact or whether it is merely considered expedient that we should think so.

At any rate we arrived safely in the valley, with a few sun-flowers, to prove that flowers can and do grow here. We had also seen spots where real green grass grew, and this we reported and tried to rejoice over. We had, moreover, seen a really beautiful tree, about nine feet in height, and a few willows had once evidently grown there, for on the dry sand were their roots burned black.

The doctor seemed annoyed at my mirthfulness over the verdure of this prolific land, but forgave all when, with real delight, I dwelt on the charms of the snug green valley between the mountains, where we had made our headquarters *pro tem*. Willows were green, leafy and abundant, and half a dozen purple, bell-shaped flowers were joyfully transferred to the gentlemen's button-holes or presented by them to the ladies. Then we drank of the clear mountain-spring water that came trickling down the crevice that separated two huge mountains. We dressed and curled our hair, too, in the selfsame stream, and were glad that our good old mother, Nature, would not scold us for drinking and curling out of the same dish.

I should have told you that cactus and prickly pear grow everywhere, and that the poor birds, not being able to find trees in which to build their nests, use the cactuses instead; or, perhaps they never saw a tree, and sigh not for that of which they know not. Be that as it may, my Denton secured two beautiful birds' nests minus bird or egg, with a small hole in the side, and lined with moss and feathers.

While we were eating a lunch of bread, butter and grapes, the Doctor said we must leave for home, as he had to fix the seats in his office for the Methodists, who were going to have service there.

In vain we tried to induce the Doctor to stay and worship in nature's temple. We must be tolerant to all he said. In vain did we ask for a number of *soi-disant* philosophers or astronomers who were teaching a false theory of the universe, such as we knew to be false, as we had powerful telescopes. While their system altogether ante-dated tele-

scopes or modern science, and ignored utterly the discoveries of three centuries, would it be toleration to fit up a place for them to teach long-explored doctrines? His only reply was, "Toleration." So we quickly got into the wagon with babies, baskets, etc., and jogged along among cactuses, and sap brush, and flocks of sheep, over the plain, the burning sun shining over our heads. House gained at last; a hasty lunch, the horse and wagon waiting at the door, and then to the House of God (?) goes our Doctor to practice patience and toleration!

A WORD TO AMERICAN GIRLS.

What I am going to say to you shall be said in real sincerity, and in a soberer manner than is my wont to speak, and with a view to make you feel how beautiful it is to be a woman—full of womanly virtues, and those nameless graces, also, which enhance virtue itself, and crown their possessor with a glory which carries all good hearts captive.

And to be a woman in this sense, and with these high moral adornments, will be the aim of every one of you, if you reverence your own nature, and the divine mission of your sex, as the purifier and ennobler of man. Be quite sure that you cannot ennoble man by any mere outward beauty you may possess, however great it may be, nor will such beauty alone ennoble yourselves. All men, it is true, love to see a pretty face, and all women who have it to show love to show it; but love founded merely upon a pretty face does not last long—cannot last—and the homely girl, whose eyes make no conquests, but whose heart is full of goodness and love, and whose mind is full of noble and elevated thoughts, will always carry away the best prize in the market; and what is greatest of all, will be most revered by her husband.

Now you must not think that I want to preach to you, or that I am a sour Puritan moralist, who would have young girls always prim, and pulling long faces. Nothing of the sort. I do not pretend to be a saint, and fear I am very much of a sinner; but I have very high notions of what a woman should be, and may be, and I want you all to realize my ideal in your lives. You cannot do this without setting your inward house in order, and taking care of the furniture. I am not now speaking of chairs and tables—these things can very well take care of themselves. But I allude to your inward faculties, and the development and ornamentation of these. You are to look after these things for your own sakes first of all; and because the good God has made you so beautiful, and has been so lavish of His beneficence in your case, that it would be the highest crime to let all that affluence of gifts go to waste and ruin; and you are to look after them, in the second place, because, in proportion to your own internal worth and beauty, will be your influence upon your own sex, and upon mine.

Now, do you know what a good woman can do for a very indifferently good man? She can make him like herself; root all that is bad out of him; nourish all that is good in him; and so irradiate him with her own glory that God himself shall thank her, and give her a glad welcome at last, to all the good things and good folks in heaven. Don't laugh; for exaggerated as it may look to you, I have a full faith in it, and in your power—every one of you—to accomplish it.

This is not a small thing to do; and not one of you must think herself too small to do it. First be good, pure, noble women yourselves; and take my word for it that not a jot nor tittle of what you are shall be lost; and that, though you never spoke a word, you shall reap a golden harvest of the very highest usefulness and beauty.

You see, by these sayings of mine, what a high estimate I make of you; and it is not a bit too high, if you will only do your best to grow up to it. Perhaps you think it is very queer talk, and that I might set you to aim at more compassable things. Perhaps you would rather try what accomplishments would do for womanhood, seeing that any body who has ordinary industry can acquire accomplishments, and that accomplishments have great weight in society. But as I really love you, and am a sort of father to you for the time being, I could not substitute accomplishments for the aims I would have you to strive after. Accomplishments are very good in their ways and I don't care how accomplished a woman is; the more so the better. But accomplishments are small change after all, and not of very much account except in very fashionable society, where moral excellence is voted a bore, and brains are a nuisance. I think a pair of educated legs that can dance well are not of so much value as an educated head and heart, although I respect the educated legs nevertheless; and wouldn't mind taking off my shoes to them, as being more cultivated than my own legs, which do not affect dancing.

I observe, however, with sorrow, that too much attention is paid to accomplishments, and, indeed, that the whole aim of education here is too outward and intellectual; that it does not proceed from the soul, but, so to speak, from the memory and the understanding. I find that our women know much, are well posted in knowledge of facts and figures, and the like; but I do not find them richly cultivated in feeling and imagination. I think this is a great wrong done to them—that it gives a hardness to their characters and minds which is not natural, and that it takes a good deal away from their loveableness.

Perhaps you will think this, too, a hard saying; but I do not mean it as such, and I do not speak it as a reproach, but as a thing to be mended—nay, to be utterly avoided. A woman's mind—as well as a man's—should be open on all sides to the infinite, should be plastic to all tender and sweet emotions, and her heart should be in unison with the sorrow and joy of all earthly and heavenly music. But this can only be done by developing her spiritual nature; by awaking within her the deep religion, the purity and holiness which lie deep in her heart and soul; and when this is done, the circle of education, including the sphere of knowledge, will be complete.

Manners, indeed, are the flower of character, and it is of the highest importance to cultivate them. Fine manners will grow naturally out of a well-cultivated and well-behaved person, and there is no putting them on without the counterfeit being detected. I know a lady the moment I see her, and want no announcement of her. She announces herself, and speaks to me by infallible magnetisms. By the same signs I know also a vulgar person, nor can she hide herself, no matter how many fine things she may have on, how many servants attend her, or how many chariots await her bidding. I can pardon a thief who steals my pocket-handkerchief, or takes away my purse, but I cannot pardon ill-breeding in a lady; for her bad manner and vulgar style profane the sex—not her alone, but the sex—which is, in my eyes, the last profanity.

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

FRANK CLAY;
OR,
HUMAN NATURE IN A NUTSHELL.

BY JOSHUA ROSE.

[CONTINUED.]

"Then all went 'merry as a marriage bell,'
Till two months back we had another spell.
I thought that everything again was right,
And asked her to walk out that very night—
I'd meet her at the garden-gate at ten,
When she let out at awful rate again.
She scolded, cried, besought and raved alternate,
Said I was turning all her love to hate."

"Then some fool told her I was a disgrace,
That she had no idea how I went on;
And then she slammed the door right in my face:
I don't give up when once I have begun.
As to the rest not much has taken place;
I'll fetch her yet before the game is done—
You bet your boots on that, my little feller,
I've not lost, by a long shot, pet Miss Ella."

Frank, who till now quite carelessly had lain,
Upright in bed now quickly rose again,
Then said, in anger: "I cannot refrain
From telling you the sorrow and the pain
I feel for having taken her that letter;
I take the warning and I shall know better
Next time. You'll please not make me an abettor
In aiding you with temptings to beset her."

O, man! how perfect are thy moral laws,
How based on justice and a due regard
To weigh with even hand the victim's cause
Who innocently once believed your word,
And found its pledges cast aside as straws—
Faith, justice, honor, all alike unheard
By he who as a victor is arrayed
And helps revile the trusting girl betrayed.

Who frames the code of modernized morality?
Who tempts to cast its influence aside?
Who woos and plots with terrible reality?
Each art and heartless wife is freely plied;
His lying tongue, smooth with the false urbanity,
Cajoles, deceives, and is received with pride
'Mongst fellows whose base minds applaud the toast,
That they've disgraced, debauched themselves the most.

This is the age of questions, there's no doubt,
Which everybody asks with pertinacity,
Some for amusement, others quite without
Expecting to assuage their curiosity;
Of course we like to see the last thing out,
Be it a lord, a lady or monstrosity,
The public mind is skeptical, and, therefore,
Of everything must know the why and wherefore.

We know why Mr. Johnson went to London;
We also know why he came back again,
His head becoming, like his stomach, undone
By John Bull's beef, plum-pudding and champagne,
"Old Andy" fired him as the very one gun
To settle naval questions, in the main.
Hesitated in the "bon ton" mind quite fast,
And, getting muddled, settled himself at last.

In fact the public mind is getting "knowing,"
A truth so plain 'tis hardly worth the showing,
For every one you meet knows this or that,
And has the question at his fingers, pat;
One knows the country's going to the dogs,
Because its head and front once hauled at logs—
Our foreign policy a muddled dish,
Spoiled by a taint of antiquated fish.

Another knows the taxes will soon crush us,
To bankruptcy and dire destruction rush us;
Protection ruins us beyond redemption,
From its influence there is no exemption.
Then, what with negroes, Indians and Chinese,
Our threatened fate most makes one's life-blood freeze.
The Capital and Labor question, too,
Is to blaze up the country through and through.

As in all cases, some are right, some wrong,
'Tis wise to heed all warning, on the whole;
The people will not bend their necks for long:
Monopolies are ruin—look at coal
To-day. Think you, however great or strong
The moneyed scamps may be, the final goal
Will not be at the last just retribution,
Perhaps by means of sudden revolution?

I think I hear the reader saying stop,
And so these knotty questions I will drop,
Which I ran into somewhat unawares;
Still, every other man you meet declares
He knows exactly what ought to be done,
And in what course the ship of State to run;
But, mark my words, the taxes and protection
Will not long hold the people in subjection.

At last the time arrived for Frank to part
From Cora, and 'twas with a heavy heart
He bade adieu to Mrs., Mr. Grey,
Who said they'd like him very much to stay
And spend with them at least the next week through
(Miss Cora thought she'd rather like that too);
But Mrs. Clay, who came a week ago,
In kindly and polite terms answered, "No."

And so his mother (Cora and her aunt
Went also, as 'twas "but a pleasant jaunt")
Stepped in the carriage and drove down the vale,
Alighting at the depot at Grovedale,
And now young Frank and pretty Cora stand,
Too full to speak, but grasp each other's hand,
And as the time approached adieu to say,
Miss Cora first, then Master Frank, gave way.

And Cora sobbed aloud, and hid her face
In auntie's neck and clasped her in embrace
While Frank stood somewhat shyly by her side,
And turned his face away, his grief to hide.
"Why, bless the child!" Frank's wondering mother said,
While Cora's aunt most wisely shook her head,
Yet clasped her little ward more closely to her—
She understood the case you may be sure.

She then mused, "Well, now what is to be done?
I didn't quite expect this, bless her heart!
It does beat all, and how it e'er begun
I can't imagine; 'tis as well they part.
His mother must be proud of such a son;
I feel quite sorry he is going to start.
And, dear me, don't they make a lovely pair?
I never saw their equal, I declare."

The bell rang and the train came in at last,
And just as he was leaving, Frank had clasped
Miss Cora in his arms, and held her there;
And as he kissed her, her fine silken hair
Lay on his shoulders. 'Twas a lovely sight
To see them as she clung to him so tight.
They parted with a loving, lingering look,
And Cora slipped into his hand a book.

And thus his visit to his friends, the Greys,
Which o'er his mind had shed such various rays,
Was terminated, and he left at last,
And ruminated much upon the past;
He thought, with sorrow, on the fate of Pete,
And then when next Miss Cora he would meet;
His agitated mind became quiescent
As he perused Moore's poems (Cora's present).

Arrived at College, Frank was introduced
'Mid much remark and some hostile comment.
"He'll soon get some of that disdain reduced,"
Said one, some mischief clearly his intent.
Frank, from some observations, soon deduced
That some unpleasantness was evident:
He clenched his fist and then determined fully
To lick the first who should attempt to bully.

He won his first fight, henceforth and forever
Became a hero. Boys, like men, who wins
Applaud; until you force your way, endeavor
To push you back by every active means;
But one success becomes a giant lever,
And helps to hide a host of other sins—
The stronger was the vanquished opposition
The more secure the victor's new position.

Frank soon worked his way into their good graces,
Leaving his private mark on several faces—
Although it is but justice here to say,
He never sought to enter an affray;
The mischief was he would defend the weak,
Nor stopped one moment his plain thoughts to speak,
And when some friend was ruthlessly oppressed,
He went to Frank and got his wrongs redressed.

His school-days passed, as school-days always do,
With all the pleasure, joys and small vexations;
When, having run his course of studies through,
His father gave him a six-months' vacation.
Meantime the problem, was he to pursue
A trade or a professional vocation,
Was daily argued at the breakfast table—
I'll give the words as nearly as I'm able:

Papa said: "Frank, you know, my dear, is smart,
And I confess to having set my heart
On making him a lawyer, and I know
He'll make his mark if once he gets a show.
A dirty trade—pray, pardon the expression—
Is far too vulgar: give him a profession.
However, it is no use what I say,
You seem resolved on having your own way."

"And pray what trade would you prefer, my dear?"
"Mechanical and civil engineer.
He'd better go to England to be taught,
For there the most experience can be bought;
In two or three years no doubt he will learn
Sufficient, so that he may then return."
"Well, well," replied Papa, "I won't object;
'Twill break one boyhood's friendship, I expect."

"What! Frank's attachment to Miss Cora Grey?
I'm sure, my dear, I hope it never may;
She's such a sweet and amiable child;
'Tis such a pity that her brother's wild.
For Frank to visit them I didn't care
During the time her brother Pete was there;
But Cora's influence will far outweigh
Anything which he might have to say."

Here Mr. Clay most wisely shook his head:
"You ladies are a curious set," he said;
"For my part, I can readily surmise
There's far more danger in Miss Cora's eyes;
Pete's age is so much more advanced than Frank's;
He'll scarcely want Frank to observe his pranks,
Who's but sixteen, while Pete has twenty years—
And, so far as Pete goes, have no fears."

Had they seen Frank that very moment when
He strolled with Cora in a cosy glen,
And sat beneath the shadow of a bush,
Listening to the warblings of a thrush,
He, weaving in the curls of Cora's hair
The Jessamine they gathered sitting there,
Frank's mother would have pressed them in her arms;
His father had a thousand sage alarms.

Mamma continued: "Oft have you repeated
This or that lawyer, so-and-so, had cheated;
That honesty and justice in the law
Were myths—in fact, you said not worth a straw;
That law and justice were opposing things
(The first hard cash, the second nothing brings).
How oft I've heard you angrily declare
An honest lawyer couldn't live a year.

"You now portray them righting every wrong,
A staff to help the weak against the strong,
I've heard you loudly rail at the disgrace
Of lawyers taking any villain's case,
No matter what great rascal he may be,
He must defend with all ability,
And take advantage of each legal flaw
To help his client to escape the law.

"You've told me lawyers badger at a witness,
And works him into such an agitation,
That in confusion, anger and distress,
He cannot give the simplest narration
To get at the whole truth, while they profess
They won't allow the slightest explanation;
For right or wrong they did not care a pin,
Their only thought was how the case to win.

"Last week you said you'd like to see, forsooth,
The lawyers keep the oath which they impose,
To speak the whole and nothing but the truth,
Defending a Jack Sheppard, or suppose,
To come to much more recent times, a Booth,
You'd like to hear him once the truth disclose,
By saying, 'Yes, your honor, I am willing
To own my client is a perfect villain.'"

"He would deserve the direst indignation
For violating that most sacred trust,
His client's interest, which, by stipulation,
Right or wrong, defend, of course, he must.
No matter what his virtuous inclination,
Such feelings must be trampled in the dust;
He's paid to get the arrant scoundrel off,
Hence at all other thoughts may justly scoff."

"There, that will do," responded Mr. Clay;
"I won't attempt another word to say.
When I was angry at some escapade,
I didn't think you pondered all I said;
Tho' lawyers are no worse than other folk,
They're lawful game for every one to croak
At who imagines he is victimized,
And then, of course, much evil is surmised.

"I merely thought, as lawyers always take
The very best positions in the State,
That Frank could in that way attain position,
And he would make a rising politician.
This old idea of fighting one's own way
Is perfect nonsense in the present day;
Ability is nothing—all depends
On a good cheek and influential friends.

"But, now it's settled, let the matter rest;
I hope that it will turn out for the best.
His visit to the Greys is nearly over:
He'd better go to Havre, thence to Dover.
I'll send to Mr. Black at once a letter,
The sooner it is over now the better;
So get his outfit ready in three days,
I'll send for him to come from Mr. Grey's."

Pete Grey, the morning after his debauch,
Awoke; he thought his parching throat would scorch;
His temples throbbed; his languid frame distraught
With restlessness. In pain he lay and thought
Of mother, father, Ella, Cora, Frank;
Then to his pillow half-distracted sank,
His memory wandered to the past afar,
He drew a heavy sigh and muttered "Ah!"

Then thus communed: "Yes, here am I once more,
As I have been a dozen times before.
I'm sorry Frank saw me in such a state,
Yet every one must know it, soon or late;
Be e'er so smart or wideawake and clever,
Such doings can't be kept, I know, forever.
If I could always feel as I do now,
I think that I could keep the oft-made vow.

"Now, let me face this question like a man—
What have I been since first when I began
This downward path, and shall I ever mend?
This cannot last—it must come to an end;
There's nothing to prevent the reformation
I promise after every dissipation.
And yet I'm going headlong down to ruin,
With no excuse—'tis all of my own doing.

"Now what do my companions care for me?
Do they think I'm so stupid I can't see
Their nods and winks and smiles and jeers and nudges,
And how the cowards think to pay off grudges
By making game of me behind my back?
Ah, well, when my turn comes I shall not lack;
If Pete's the fool to-day, it's Hank to-morrow,
And so we merely pay back what we borrow.

"Who has most cash is captain of the day,
And holds the place as long as he can pay,
And feels quite big in paying for the drink;
Although he knows the others slyly wink
On every side, yet there the fool will stand
And take each hollow buffoon by the hand,
While one declares, 'I tell you, he's a brick,'
While in your ribs his thumb he'll slyly stick.

"And when next day he hasn't got a penny,
He joins the crowd, and laughs as much as any,
And thinks the captain of that day a fool,
Though yesterday he quite forgot the rule,
And each takes turns at being fool or fooled,
And in the game of cringe or pay is schooled,
Or laugh who wins may be a better name;
Through all the world the sentiment's the same.

"Can this be me, Pete Gray, philosophizing?
Ha, ha! to-morrow I'll be moralizing;
But, after all, we are no worse than others,
At cant and humbug all the world are brothers;
Send missionaries to other lands and skies,
With plenty work for them before their eyes;
They'd better let the savages alone,
There's plenty need their help much nearer home."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

TO THE LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

CONSTITUTIONAL EQUALITY, STATE AND NATIONAL.

No Accountability to Law Unless Represented in it.

In No 40 of this journal it was asserted that women citizens of the State of New York could not rightfully be denied suffrage under the Constitution and laws, and a brief statement was made to support the assertion. We now propose to make a more extended examination, and to prove conclusively what was merely stated then. The preamble to the State Constitution recites: "We, the people of the State of New York, grateful to Almighty God for our freedom, in order to secure its blessings, do establish this Constitution." Article I., Section 1 of which provides as follows: "No member of this State shall be disfranchised or deprived of the rights and privileges secured to any citizen thereof, unless by the law of the land or the judgment of his peers." And Article II., Section 1, provides that every male citizen, twenty-one years of age, having been an inhabitant of the State one year, a resident of the county four months, and of the district thirty days, and a citizen ten days, shall be entitled to vote." But it goes on to say that "No man of color, unless he shall have been for three years a citizen of this State, and for one year next preceding any election, shall have been seized and possessed of a freehold estate of the value of two hundred and fifty dollars, over and above all debts and incumbrances charged thereon, and shall have been actually rated and paid a tax thereon, shall be entitled to vote at such election. And no person of color shall be subject to direct taxation, unless he shall be seized and possessed of such real estate as aforesaid."

"SECTION 2. Laws may be passed excluding from the right of suffrage all persons who have been, or may be, convicted of bribery, larceny, or of any infamous crime."

"SECTION 4. Laws may be made for ascertaining, by proper proofs, the citizens who shall be entitled to the right of suffrage hereby established."

These are the constitutional provisions regarding the rights of citizens of the State of New York and of suffrage, and they teach us that "we, the people," of the State of New York, do declare that no one of us shall be disfranchised or deprived of the rights or privileges secured to any citizen thereof, unless by law or by judgment. All the members of the State then are of equal right. Who constitutes the members of the State? We have searched the Constitution carefully and fail to find that it defines who are members of the State, therefore we have the right to conclude that "We, the people," are all members of the State, and being such, that none of them can be disfranchised or deprived of the rights or privileges which are secured to any citizen.

But to a more critical examination of the full meaning of the language of Article I., Section 1: to be disfranchised presupposes previous enfranchisement, which, having, no member of a State can be deprived of except by law or by a judgment. These are the only means by which members of this State can be disfranchised. The only law

which can possibly be brought to support the construction of the Constitution which deprives women citizens of the right of suffrage is the above section, which provides what shall be the qualifications of male voters. Is that a law disfranchising women? Not by any means. To disfranchise women there must be a special law passed in positive terms stating the disfranchisement and its reasons. It cannot be left to mere inference. Are there any members of the State disfranchised as provided by the section in question? Most certainly there are. How were they disfranchised? By being convicted of bribery, larceny or some other infamous crime. This is perfectly proper; it includes all who should be disfranchised. Such as trespass upon the rights of others in such a manner as to become public enemies the public has a perfect inherent right to dispossess of the right to govern themselves.

But have women thus trespassed? Have women as a sex been convicted of bribery, larceny or of some other infamous crime? No one will pretend that they have. Or is it a self-evident infamous crime, which requires no conviction, to be a woman? We fail to find it thus set down in the Constitution, or thus provided for by any law framed under the authority of the Constitution.

We find, then, first, that women form a constituent part of "We the people" who thank Almighty God for freedom and who established the Constitution in order to secure its blessings; that they are members of the State, no one of whom shall be disfranchised or deprived of any right or privilege secured to any citizen except by the law of the land or by the judgment of their peers; and that there is no law of the land which disfranchises them, with the exception of such as have been convicted of some infamous crime. But we also find that women are denied the right of suffrage and are deprived of political rights secured to other citizens.

Is it not plain, then, that men hold that women form no part of "We the people," that they are not citizens and that they cannot exercise the rights of citizens? What is the excuse for this discrimination against women? Men say they are not disfranchised because they were never enfranchised. Such small escape is worthy of those who make it. Shame upon them for such Lilliputianism! But mark you—do you stop to think where this leads? If women are not enfranchised and have no political rights how are they held accountable to your laws which have been formed under the exercise of political rights? If the words man, men, male, he, his, him, are not used generically in the construction of law how can women be held accountable to the law which only provides for accountability under these words? Be careful, then, that you do not overreach yourselves in your eagerness to deprive women of the rights secured to yourselves.

Let us turn to the Statutes at Large of the State of New York, page 361, article I., paragraph 1, which provides that "every person shall be assessed in the town or ward where he resides, when the assessment is made, for all lands then owned by him within such town or ward, and occupied by him or wholly unoccupied." If the words he and him in this section do not include both men and women what right has government to tax woman?

Article I., paragraph 2, is as follows: "Every collector shall call at least once on the person taxed, or at his usual place of residence, and shall demand payment of the taxes charged to him."

Paragraph 2. "In case any person shall refuse or neglect to pay the tax imposed on him the collector shall levy the same by distress and sale of any of his property."

Page 365, paragraph 20, provides that "any person feeling himself aggrieved in assessment may complain," etc.

Page 413, paragraph 2, provides: "In each year immediately following a year in which a census of the population of this State shall have been taken," etc.

Page 422, paragraph 37, provides that "the town superintendent of common schools may annul any certificate given to a teacher by first giving him ten days previous notice."

Page 461, paragraph 6, recites that "Whenever any number of inhabitants of any town shall give ten days' notice that they desire to apply their highway labor upon certain roads," etc.

Page 466, paragraph 27: "Whenever any non-resident shall conceive himself aggrieved," etc.

Page 467, paragraph 31: "Whenever any tenant shall actually perform work, he shall be entitled to a deduction, and his landlord," etc.

Page 532, paragraph 1: "No person shall be authorized to travel as a peddler unless he shall have obtained a license."

Page 533, paragraph 6: "Every person who shall travel and trade contrary to laws, the license granted to him," etc.

Page 581, paragraph 59: "The pauper so removed shall be maintained by the county where he may be. Commissioners shall give notice to the town from which he was brought and which is liable for support," etc.

Page 588, paragraph 10: "The expense of sending any lunatic to the asylum shall be defrayed by the town to which he may be chargeable," etc.

Page 589, paragraph 2: "If any person shall sell liquor to a drunkard after notice, he shall forfeit," etc.

Page 626, paragraph 63: "If the offender do not forthwith pay the penalties, he shall be committed by warrant to the common jail of the county for every such offence whereof he was convicted," etc.

Page 632, paragraph 8. "Every keeper of an inn or tavern shall keep in his house at least two spare beds, and provender for four horses more than his own." Paragraph 9. "Every tavern-keeper shall, within thirty days after obtaining his license, put up a sign with his name thereon. Neglecting which he shall forfeit, etc."

Page 635, paragraph 23. "The courts may cause the persons convicted to appear and show cause why the license granted to him should not be revoked," etc.

Page 667, paragraph 8. "Every citizen of the United States is capable of holding lands within this State and of taking the same by descent, devise or purchase." Paragraph 9. "No claim or title of any citizen of this State who was in actual possession of lands shall be defeated or prejudiced on account of the alienism of any person from whom his title may have been derived," etc. Paragraph 10. "Every person capable of holding lands, except idiots, persons of unsound minds and infants, may alienate such estate at his pleasure," etc.

Page 669, paragraph 19. "If any alien shall sell and dispose of any real estate which he is entitled by law to hold and dispose of, he, his heirs and assigns," etc.

Page 681, paragraph 66. "No person who shall actually and in good faith pay a sum of money to a trustee shall be held responsible for it, nor shall any right derived by him from such trustee," etc.

Page 685, paragraph 105. "The grantor in any conveyance may reserve to himself any power which he might lawfully grant to another," etc.

Hundreds of other citations might be made, but the above are sufficiently numerous and of sufficient range to establish beyond question, either that each and all of these terms apply equally to men and women, or that there are no laws to which women are responsible. That this general construction was intended is evident from observing the exceptions to the general rule, where the subject includes questions of issue between people as men and women. In these the words woman, she and her are used. These exceptions prove the general rule beyond the shadow of a doubt.

We now come to the point at issue. It is contended that women have never been enfranchised and, therefore, that no law disfranchising them is required to prevent them from voting. If by general consent, custom and practice the words "man," "men," "he," "his," "himself," include not only men but women, what warrant have men to assume that the word "male" in Article II., Section 1, does not also include women. There cannot be two forms of construction for general law when special law provides for a special construction. If, in matters of property, taxation, residence, citizenship and responsibility, all of which are general conditions, men and women are included in words of male gender, shall it longer be assumed to declare that women are not enfranchised under the provision of the Constitution cited above?

Passing by all considerations flowing from the Constitution and laws of the State of New York, we make the positive declaration, that whatever construction men may desire to place upon them, the Constitution of the United States—which is the supreme law of the land, including the State of New York—positively prohibits all such construction. If men fly from all points of State law, we will bar any further flight by the supreme law of the land. The Constitution of the United States, Article XIV. of Amendments to which 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.

All persons, then, who were born or who have been naturalized in the United States, and who are subject to the jurisdiction thereof, who reside in the State of New York, are citizens of the State.

Now turn to Article I., Section 1, of the Constitution of the State, and learn that "No member of the State shall be disfranchised or deprived of any rights or privileges secured to any citizen thereof, unless by the law of the land or the judgment of his peers."

Have words any definite meaning by which we can learn what they should convey? Most certainly they have, and no wording could be plainer than this of the XIV. Amendment of the Federal Constitution, and Section 1, of Article I. of the State Constitution. In these it is most forcibly set forth who are citizens, and that no citizen shall be deprived of any right or privilege secured to any other citizen. Women, then, are citizens of the State of New York, and men resident therein have no power to deprive

them of the right to vote, which is a right they assume they have secured only to themselves.

When we consider that portion of Article II., Section 1, which relates to negroes, and compare its provisions with the tyranny exercised over our own sex, an indignation is aroused in our souls which carries us nearly beyond the boundary of courtesy. Negroes possessing a freehold of \$250 were made voters; women possessing thousands were denied that right. What generous, just and amiable creatures men were to be sure, to set up such distinctions, making negroes possessed of \$250 of property superior in privileges to women possessed of as many thousands.

Thank heaven these, to women, debasing provisions stand in the State Constitution *dead*—killed by the XV. Amendment, and all male negroes may vote; but women, so much beneath them in the consideration of men, still remain the debarred citizens, while the "Binghams" of Congress complacently tell us it is none of their business. The State legislature has been memorialized; and we hereby demand that such action be taken upon said memorial as it is the bounden-by-oath duty of legislators to take to secure to all citizens of the State of New York the exercise of equal rights and privileges.

It is nothing less than sheer folly for men to longer assume the power to lord it over women. They have no Constitutional right to do so. To continue in this course, now that this assumption is shown to be wholly without authority, is to earn the name of tyrants who usurp power, and by it deprive citizens of their Constitutional rights. If men think such government can stand they will find themselves mistaken. No government ever trampled the rights of any portion of its citizens in the dust and long survived the act. The spirit of revolt is even now abroad in the land, and well may those who have usurped the rights of the people, and who assume to distribute them to only such as they shall elect, stop in their mad and blind career to consider whether it is not full time that the Constitutional rights of all citizens—women as well as men—be secured to them and they protected in their exercise.

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AN INTERVIEW WITH THE SURVEYING PARTY

Results.

Day before yesterday, from the windows of our banking house, we discerned an immense crowd of "Wall-street Bulls." Like Proctor Knott's buffalo bulls, they went shooting along with their heads down, their eyes glaring, their nostrils dilated, their tongues out and their coat-tails curled over their backs, yelling, bellowing, ripping and tearing along to disappear in the capacious office of a well-known broker.

We sent out our messenger to investigate, and in a few moments he returned, trembling with excitement, to tell us that a new road had been commenced to the Pacific; that the rush we had witnessed was to purchase the bonds, which had already risen from *par* in cash to 1.10, the last price to be paid in *wild lands*!

With our usual unselfish, prompt attention to all railroad matters which, ventilated in our columns, might serve or instruct our readers, we forthwith hastened to examine the affair.

Arrived at the broker's office, we introduced ourselves and our errand, and an intelligent clerk, rejoicing in the name of Rabbit, was detailed to enlighten us.

Mr. Rabbit produced a map, around which and all over which were beautiful wavy lines, destined to serve as an illustration of the corrals for the land grants.

He also produced a piece of ice, a Flathead papoose, a fox-tail and a seal's skin, specimens of the productions of the country.

After we had admired these to his content, he brought forward a circular, headed, in immense letters, **SAFE! PROFITABLE!! PERMANENT!!!** and from this he explained to us all the advantages of the enterprise. Ah, we mistake; all the advantages to the enterprise, of selling its bonds, which, being founded on "a partial want of principle," he assured us thus offered a guarantee that the interest would be promptly paid as long as any sale continued of them. Besides this, the bonds were a first and only lien (excepting about \$600,000 existing before the mortgage was executed) upon a land grant, which, after the snow was removed by the company, would be found to lie in alternate sections of "gold mines, coal lands, timbered tracts and dairy farms," and, in fact, including every inch of available dirt west of

the Alleghenies, and all the fishes in Lake Superior and "Punch him Sound," the Pacific terminus of the projected 'road, which road—started last July in its construction from Don't Luth and having no grades—is rapidly proceeding *down hill* all the way. Mr. Rabbit assured us that Bill Nye and a force of Heathen Chinese had been telegraphed to to commence work from the Pacific side, and then the road would be *down hill* both ways, and would soon be ended, upon which happy event a second mortgage would be made, the interest on which was to be guaranteed by the Piegan Indians, from the proceeds of freight charges on the scalps of their friends, the Creeks.

Mr. Rabbit then took us to the bank vault and exhibited an immense pile of twenty-five hundred millions of nickel cents, reserved by the company to pay the accruing interest on the bonds, until such time as the bondholders may conclude to allow the interest to "A Crew" to be named by the company, all of which plan was explained in the circular he held out to us. He then, taking us confidentially behind the vault door, showed us a bond of the "Nor' Nor' West by North Pacific" road and whispered to us that it had been engraved in that style so that the Dutch could not distinguish it from a 7-30 "National Blessing." And the plan was highly approved of by the surveying party now in town.

Surveying party in town! whereabouts? Good Gracious! that's the place to go to for information, said we, and "Rabbit" had no sooner muttered "Astor House, Room No. 4001," than hailing a hack we were off.

Solemnly we approached the abode of engineering wisdom. Timidly we rapped at the door of No. 4001. Slowly we entered and found ourselves welcomed by an old friend.

Professor Pilnor Boberts, Chief Engineer, who introduced us to the Chief Promoter, a tall, lanky gentleman, his hair not sable silvered but a yaller gilded, and sticking out all around his hat and face. His name was Day Booke. His occupation, shaking thermometers, was resumed as soon as he had shaken hands with us and put our "Alpine hat" on a peg.

Mr. Boberts then introduced us to Mr. Ah. W. Shave'em, a gentleman of gigantic proportions, little ferret, twinkling eyes, a nose all run into a little lump at the base, and a voice whose insincerity, hidden under a kind of "hurrah boy" tone, we instantly recognized.

We had heard it as we entered, talking of John Minor Bots and promising somebody the Presidency of the United States. We had also caught snatches of it professing for Woodhull & Claflin "as much love as the law allows."

Mr. Shave'em was, it appeared, the general agent.

We were evidently in luck; we had met the Chief Engineer—the chief promoter—the general agent.

We should get valuable details. We should beat the broker, who had charge of the bond sales, all hollow, when we had HATCHED the news from the surveying party!

"Rufus" would be nowhere! We might even drop our paper and take to an opposition selling of the bonds of the "Nor' Nor' West by North Pacific," and run the price up to 150, payable in wild lands!

We gazed around the room with an awful reverence.

On the walls were hung thermometers of various sizes and shapes. These Mr. Day Booke, as we said, was engaged in shaking hourly. They were to be used in measuring heights, and Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, had imparted to him, in a general way, the theory of horary oscillation.

Only, as Mr. Boberts remarked, Day Booke, having been accustomed in early life to the energetic mixing of gin-slings, had so shaken the thermometer, that the mercury as a rule, stood in both ends!

However, that was immaterial to the accuracy of this way of measurement of heights.

A fryingpan and an old clock were tied together. We learned that the first was intended for an artificial horizon, and the last, being set *daily* to Greenwich time, and kept going until noon by diligent rapping, served, with the artificial horizon and an old opera glass, for measuring longitudinal distances in the vast wilderness through which "the road" was to be located.

In one corner a gridiron was leaning against the wall. Mr. Boberts assured us that the importance, in an astronomical sense, of this little instrument, was only equaled by that of Day Booke's thermometers. By adjusting it in the plane of the true meridian, and watching the sun's transit across its bars, some of the most important points of the land grants had been located. The invention was really due to a celebrated engineer, a friend of T—thf—I J—s, but its application in this manner, by which the great cost of a transit instrument had been saved and the money applied to advertising the Company's bonds, was due entirely to the economy and scientific knowledge of Mr. Day Booke.

Concerning one instrument, a theodolite tripod, there was unfortunately a quarrel between Booke and Shave'em, Day Booke insisting that it was to hang a camp kettle on, while Shave'em resolutely argued that it was a French arrangement of tent poles, "as the French are very small men."

However, what we wanted was information of the country and road, and we are gratified at the zeal manifested to enlighten us. Shave'em was enthusiastic. He said the liberal, enlightened and progressive ideas of the inhabitants make it an honor to live and a pleasure to die among them. It is so healthy there that, as a rule, people live long enough to be born over again. The inhabitants are

of the race known as the "missing link," so named by the great scientist, Darwin. The "wheat fields," hundreds of miles from the outermost verge of civilization and never gazed on by the eye of mortal man, are regularly and industriously plowed and sowed by intelligent buffalo bulls preparatory to the advent of the heathen who are to populate the country and build churches when the road is finished. "All this," said Shave'em, who is a religious man and would not tell a lie if he could help it, "I have been convinced of by an erudite Piegan Indian."

Mr. Boberts declared that the country was not at all volcanic—not subject to the accidents of Mr. Seward's island of St. Thomas—in fact, the geological formation was all that could be wished—he had only observed one specimen of trap. This was a small Philadelphia trap to revive commerce, and had a big jay in it.

Mr. Shave'em spoke of the charming intelligence of the people, and their veneration for the chief promoter of the road. Their knowledge of Shakspeare, particularly of Hamlet, who was mad "north-northwest" only, but when the wind went to the Southern Pacific Railroad scheme could tell a "hawk from a hand-saw." He instanced this by a feeling allusion to one of the aboriginal Methodist hymns:

When we die we'll go to Day Booke
Whup! Whoo, haw!
The greatest man that e'er land saw
Gee!
Who this little airth was sent on
Whup! Whoo, haw!
To tell a "hawk from a hand-saw!"
Gee!

Mr. Day Booke, who was shaking a thermometer like a bottle of patent medicine and humming something about "one thousand feet elevation to every three degrees," whatever that may mean, here suddenly paused and asked us if our own common sense could not assure us as well as the company's circular did, that the bond of an unsurveyed and unfinished railroad must of necessity be very much more valuable than the best bond ever issued by the best government under the sun?

We meekly responded that it did.

Mr. Boberts mentioned one advantage which he thought had hitherto been overlooked, viz.: that in the high latitudes where the road was to be you are never troubled by the perpendicular rays of the sun. The sun, in fact, always looked at you very slantindicularly. In this way he thought the present climate, so closely resembling that of Southern France, would be preserved and improved upon. He also said that as soon as the public would take no more of the first mortgage bonds, the second mortgage bonds would be issued, being a lien upon all the property—available, inavailable, finished and never to be finished—of the Company, the proceeds to be used for the purpose of equipment with rolling stock, capital stock, watered stock, bogus stock and live stock, as particularly set forth in the circular we had received from Mr. Rabbit. Concerning the live stock, he explained that locomotives were not to be used; the trains, when the road was finished, would be drawn by buffalo bulls!

We rejoiced that we had thus got a point above Mr. Rufus Hatch.

We were satisfied.

We said good-by.

Mr. Day Booke followed us out quietly. He went down stairs. He cunningly insinuated that he could sell us the bonds of the "North-Northwest by North Pacific" at a *sub rosa* reduction in price. He wanted to sell badly and secretly at a sacrifice.

Just then Shave'em appeared. Day Booke "shut up." We heard Shave'em quote poetry to him, and distinctly promise to make him President of the United States!

We made no mistake this time. We felt bad. We thought of "Victoria's" chances for 1872 against such a combination. We believed no longer in that road.

We mentally likened its first bonds to bonds on the tower of Babel.

We quit.

Infamous conduct of Shave'em! promising the Presidency to everybody—he doesn't care a — who! Oh, that he could be put upon a diet, suiting his complexion, of "soft squash, strained through a cane-bottomed chair!" But Nemesis will pursue the traitor! Never, oh never, will he be able to label the bundle of "Nor' Nor'west by North Pacific" bonds, entrusted to his care for sale or hypothecation (ten per cent. to be used in church building)

"TAKEN"

by any one but himself, ahem! We can wish Shave'em no worse punishment, for he did not live in the blessed times when the promise, "Ask and ye shall receive," was fulfilled; and, therefore, Shave'em says he is poor! He is too modest by half. Isn't he in the "Nor' Nor'west by North Pacific" Railroad now! Won't he, by that *promised* rail—

"Soon be thar,
In the land of gold,
Through the forest old,
O'er the mounting cold,
With spirit bold!"

With a lot of little Piegan Indian papooses singing to him for he loves poetry—

"Of thy propensity
And great immensity,
Now then we sing:
Beholding in gratitude
Thee in this latitude.
Curious thing."

THE PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.

WHAT IS SAID OF IT BY THE PRESS

What Virginian Senators Think of it.

WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY AGAIN VINDICATED.

We have taken the trouble to collect and string together during the past week extracts from the daily press and from the speeches of members of the Legislature of Virginia, referring to the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, though it is not much more than two months since we gave a detailed history of the corporation, which, by the way, had never before been assailed.

The great wrong which is being perpetrated on the people of Virginia in allowing this corporation a standing in their State and before their Legislature, will bear its legitimate fruit in due time, just as the usurpations permitted to it in Pennsylvania came very near to debauching the Legislature of that State and rendering its judiciary a mockery of justice.

Meanwhile, it seems well to put on record the public opinion concerning the Company, and the expressed views of those individual members of the Virginia Legislature whose voices were at least heard in the defence of their own State. For the time is coming when a reference to all these matters in a complete examination of the whole acts and aims of the Pennsylvania "ring" will be useful.

In the Virginia Legislature at Richmond, February 20, Hon. Mr. Hensley said the question was whether a Virginia Legislature should surrender the State railroad system to an outside power which would yield that system up to outside interests.

Hon. Mr. Arnett solemnly gave warning that a welcome was being extended to a monster that now dominated Pennsylvania, the very State that had called it into existence, and had fallen a victim to it. In that State the Legislature was the mere tool of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad. The supreme court was said to sit in its back office and decide all cases in its favor against State and people, and the Press was so subsidized or intimidated that no paper in the State dared to raise a voice against the road or give a true account of an accident on its line or branches.

Hon. Mr. Stubbs then made an *expose* of the fraudulent pretexts by which the "Pennsylvania Central" sought to come into Virginia.

Later in the day, the House, its officers, reporters and lobbyists, we learn, were treated by the friends of the Pennsylvania Railroad to a collation! If a Virginia legislature has so fallen from its old time dignity as this would imply, we are not greatly surprised to find in the *Lynchburg Republican* the "change in the mind of the Senate in favor of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad bill" is said to have been wrought by unbounded promise to Senators along the line of the Norfolk and Great Western Railroad, in behalf of that road. It is said that the 'Pennsylvania Central' undertakes to pledge \$15,000 for every mile of the road, if Senators will put the 'Pennsylvania Central' bill through successfully. Extraordinary influences are at work for the Pennsylvania people, and the most active lobbying in progress."

The *Richmond Dispatch*, after reviewing the history of the fast freight lines established in 1863 on the Pennsylvania Central for the benefit of "rings," which have been so beneficial to the "rings" as to have made millionaires of every man of them, and so prejudicial to the corporation proper that, if we are correctly informed, out of nearly \$18,000,000 of gross yearly revenue it has only earned net for its shareholders something like one-ninth of that sum, goes on to say that the president of the company admitted the wrong doing, "but, although the principle was 'wrong,' it was found to be profitable to somebody, and the Pennsylvania Company continues to this day to perpetrate the wrong, notwithstanding an effort on the part of other roads to abolish it. It is now the 'settled policy' of the Pennsylvania railroad to interpose these transportation companies between itself and individual shippers, thus compelling them to pay a rate which, it is plain, must afford a profit to both the road and the transportation company."

The *Richmond Dispatch* does not know half the story. Let it tell the history of the organization of that transportation company! Let it search the court records at Pittsburgh and in this city of New York. Here will be found some evidences which are gradually unfolding and which will yet see the light of day and be exhibited to a wondering public.

But the *Dispatch* proceeds: "It is the 'settled policy' of the Pennsylvania company to introduce this system of ex-

tortion upon all roads controlled by them, and the 'principle,' though wrong, would govern them here in Virginia as it does now in the West and North. For, says their vice-president, 'the results from these lines have given us better rates than we get from individuals on similar traffic.' The wrong was profitable to somebody and was sustained, notwithstanding that it was believed 'contrary to the best interests of the public and contrary to the interests of the stockholders, involving unnecessarily the payment of these extra agents, and also a very large amount to pay the heavy dividends which these transportation companies are earning, all of which is taken either from the stockholders or the community.'"

The *Dispatch* then refers to an article on the Pennsylvania Central, which appeared originally in the *New York Herald*, and which we reproduce below, and exclaims:

"How long this monster corporation will be allowed to pursue successfully its audacious and reckless designs, either directly in its corporate capacity or through the various combinations of its speculating officials, and what will be the true future value of any guarantees undertaken by it, may be inferred from the following statistics, taken from *Poor's Railroad Manual for 1870-1*: In this it will appear that while the net income of this company was in 1863 five millions one hundred and eleven thousand, four hundred and thirteen dollars from an investment of thirty-eight millions two hundred and ninety-five thousand six hundred and sixty-eight dollars, its income for 1869 was only five millions and forty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-four dollars, from an investment of sixty-five millions and thirty thousand three hundred and two dollars; or about sixty-four thousand dollars less from an investment increased by nearly twenty-seven millions of dollars!

Add to this the fact that the annual report of that company for 1870 shows that, while its capital stock and liabilities were during the last year increased by nearly twelve millions of dollars, its income during the same period was increased only eighteen thousand dollars. From what resource, then, unless it be from the sale of this increase of liabilities, are its dividends paid?

The *Herald* article is as follows:

The Air-Line Railroad—From Washington to New York—No Intention on the Part of its Corporators to build it—A Pennsylvania Central Job—The National Railway—Philadelphia, January 20, 1871.—While the Pennsylvania Central Railroad is ostensibly fighting the Air-Line Railroad bill now before Congress it yet controls every movement now made by the parties having the matter in charge. The Pennsylvania Road proposes to get the charter in their hands and hold it against any future roads for which charters may be asked; and this is the way they will do it!

"A provision in the bill says that of all the commissioners chosen for the government of the road fifteen shall be a quorum; of this fifteen eight shall be a majority. These eight men are already in the pay of the Pennsylvania Central, two of whose names I give that the public may know the kind of men who have been chosen to represent their interests in this scheme: Columbus B. Guthrie and Joseph T. Potts, of New Jersey. The other six are from Delaware and Maryland.

"The Pennsylvania Road will get possession of the charter for the air-line, and the road will never be built. They wish it simply to keep others out of the field. The Camden and Amboy will probably be controlled by the Pennsylvania Central before many months. Does it look at all likely that they will stand idly by and see a road built to take passengers and freight who cannot but choose to go by the Camden and Amboy route? It will be enough for them to fight the National Railway and Baltimore and Ohio, which latter road will build a double track from Baltimore to Philadelphia to connect with the National. The Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore route will be to all intents and purposes 'left out in the cold.' An earnest undercurrent fight is in progress, and the end is not yet. If cheap fares and rapid transit are brought out of the chaos the public may smile at the struggles of the of the railroad giants. The Air-Line will never exist except on paper."

At the shareholders' meeting of the Pennsylvania Central, in Philadelphia, on the 21st of February, the following comments were made:

Mr. John Hume said the shareholders had just heard read a mass of figures that no one could understand or comprehend on the simple hearing. The shareholders had been a mutual admiration company long enough. The time had come when they should investigate the actions of their officers. He demanded a balance-sheet of the assets and liabilities of the company, with its guarantees, and an account of the salaries paid its officers. He went into a detailed statement of the prodigious increase of capital stock in seven years, the increase in expenses, the falling-off in receipts, and the outrage of farming out the privileges of the road to car companies.

An attorney of the company present attempted to shut Mr. Hume up, upon which Mr. Hume said that he (Mr. H.) had been for ten years a director in the road and declared the figures of the company's reports false!

Mr. Kennedy then said if such a detailed report as Mr. Hume asked for was made, he could not understand it, and that it would not be policy to let the general public or the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad know the working of the road.

Mr. Hume here loudly demanded "What he was afraid of?"

Mr. Cliff, of New York, a shareholder, here inquired as to

the rumors of the company's having stock of the Union Pacific Railroad and of the spoken-of purchase of the Camden and Amboy Railroad?

Thomas A. Scott, Vice-President, rather flippantly replied that the company had no interest in the Union Pacific, and that its extensions are now limited to Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati and as from these centres other lines to New Orleans and the Pacific coast!!!! Is there any other inquiry?

Mr. CLIFF. Yes, regarding the Camden and Amboy Railroad.

Mr. SCOTT. Oh, that is such a small matter that I overlooked it. Yes, there are pending negotiations for the lease of that road!!!!

MESSRS. SOUTTER & CO.

THEIR AGENCY FOR THE STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA "ALTOGETHER SATISFACTORY TO THEM."

Some time ago we published a full account of the strange financial operations in North Carolina, by which that State has been bankrupted. We had occasion to refer to Soutter & Co., of this city, in connection with these transactions, and for the exposure we made we have since been thanked by investors and by persons of high official position, and we have also been denounced by others who were participants in the frauds. Time rolled on, and finally, at this day, the schemes of carpet-bag politicians, their close alliance with New York brokers, the modes by which the resources of the old North State have been, between them, drained away, are patent to all men. New York firms find it desirable to cease operations in the capital of North Carolina. Soutter & Co., as their letter states, have withdrawn, but have found their former connection there "altogether satisfactory" to them (which perhaps encourages them to go to Alabama in quest of the financial agency of that State). Governor Holden, as we predicted, is impeached, and Littlefield and Swepson are wanderers—the first with a price offered by the State to his captors! Thus we stand vindicated by "the inexorable logic of events."

Soutter & Co. have found it necessary to break through their dignified silence, and as there is no use here in affecting innocence of those facts, still less virtuous indignation at them, they go off to Alabama, where they fondly imagine, most likely, that the sound of their words will never reach us, and publish a tremendous letter, devoted, as far as we can see, to whitewashing themselves and abusing Woodhull & Claflin. Well, we published facts, very strong facts—the results have shown them to be insurmountable facts; and it may be natural in Soutter & Co., therefore, even if their business in North Carolina has been so "satisfactory" to them, to decry us. As Messrs. Soutter & Co. do not approve the opinions we have expressed of the infamous manner in which, by a conspiracy, the people of a whole State have been impoverished and the State credit ruined, are they to be understood as approving of the facts first published by us and now pretty well known in all business circles here? We will at least do them the kindness of publishing their letter, as written by them for the *Montgomery (Alabama) Mail and Advertiser*. It cannot hurt us and we doubt if it will benefit them; but we are charitable and will give it all the circulation they wish, notwithstanding its silly spitefulness, its absurdities and bad grammar.

In one point they certainly are mistaken, besides in many more we don't speak of. By inspecting the files of exchanges in our office, they will find our articles have been copied, in many instances, by papers of influence all over the South and Southwest; and they themselves, in their letter, are inadvertently UNWILLING WITNESSES of the good effect, in the present caution of the State authorities of Alabama and the watchful care of the *Mail*, to prevent, in that State, a recurrence of the late scenes in North Carolina.

We think those who take the trouble to read Soutter & Co.'s letter, remembering all the circumstances of the Littlefield and Swepson North Carolina bond affair, will agree with us that the precious production only brings forcibly to remembrance the speech of Pistol's boy in Henry V.

"I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart; but the saying is true, 'the empty vessel makes the greatest sound.' Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valor than this roaring devil in the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal anything adventurously."

To the Editors of the *Advertiser*:

Please have the kindness to publish the subjoined letter sent by us also to the *Mail*, in explanation of certain remarks in the latter paper, and oblige

Yours, very truly,

SOUTTER & CO.

To the Editors of the *Mail*:

An editorial in your paper to-day, headed "Soutter & Co.," accompanied by an extract from WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, of New York, have attracted the attention of one of the members of the firm referred to, now in this city, and warrant the request that you will publish this note in the ensuing number of your paper.

It is due to ourselves to say that the article which you copy from Woodhull & Claflin's paper in regard to the connection of our house with the affairs of North Carolina, al-

though as old as last November, has not been copied, as far as we know, in the papers of New York or North Carolina, and it has not been customary with the many respectable bankers, corporations and others who have been repeatedly assailed in that journal, to notice or answer its statements, or for the papers of New York or the country to predicate their information or accusations against character on its authority. It is the paper of the notorious women brokers of New York, and its statements are regarded as rather ridiculous than injurious. The article you copy was preceded by a note to our house from Madames Woodhull & Claflin, requesting us to visit them in regard to the affairs of the State of North Carolina, which note and invitation, it is needless to say, were unanswered and disregarded. In a few days their note was followed by an article threatening to implicate unfavorably certain unnamed bankers in the affairs of North Carolina, which was also disregarded, and then followed the article you are pleased to endorse and circulate, which has passed with like want of notice until the present time. It is your editorial approbation which gives it the dignity to be answered now, which we do by stating that so far as it relates to us it is untrue. The facts in regard to our agency for the State of North Carolina, altogether satisfactory to ourselves and to the public interested in investigating them, are compiled and partly printed in the proceedings of the present Conservative Legislature of the State and of its Committee of Settlement, constituted of able and upright men, conspicuous as lawyers and citizens in the period before the war, and who were connected with its deservedly high credit at that time. We had long ago relinquished the agency of the State when we could not lend ourselves to the course it pursued on financial questions. If you are disposed to assail character we assume that both your principle and sense of propriety will lead you to do so after consulting the best evidence rather than on the authority of the worst and most ignorant.

As a leader of public opinion in your State, you hastily accuse gentlemen of an infamous fraud in the management of the difficult and complicated affairs of another State, upon the evidence of Woodhull & Claflin, having, we kindly assume, little knowledge of the subject yourself and relying on them who have no information that is reliable, and perhaps no motive which you are capable of espousing. It is of more importance, however, that on this foundation you have based your accusations of our having done or intended some fraud against Alabama—just what you do not state.

The levity with which you have picked up and adopted the opinions of young women on questions of character and State policy, and parade them as proper and becoming policy and sentiment for State adoption here, relieves us of the obligation to feel indignant to answer comprehensively or in detail the statements resulting in our utter condemnation in the judgment of Madames Woodhull & Claflin and yourselves. If, however, we must be hopeless of convincing these ladies and yourselves, we will rest under your censure, but will say, if you permit, through you, to your readers, that the real interest we feel in the question of State credit is only the same interest which every thinking man in the State feels, viz.: one of character. We, with other associates, respectable in the business world, have circulated many of your State and of your State endorsed bonds. We, as well as you, are interested first in their integrity and then in their payment.

It gratifies us to see the caution of the State on the first point and its honorable intentions on the last, and the adoption of none of the plans on the subject, including that advocated by the *Mail*, will disappoint the conviction we have of the soundness of the State credit of Alabama.

We deem it more becoming to discuss our business character and relation with this subject with such committee or agents of the Government of Alabama as may be charged with that duty. To them we will show no reluctance or reservation—indeed, will aid them to the best of our ability. And, meantime, we will, with this explanation, hold ourselves excused from replying to the gossip of women, even if repeated in print or adopted as the foundation of judgment by its circulators.

SOUTTER & CO.

—Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

THE RIGHT OF REVOLUTION AND OUR NEW MOVEMENT.

Ah, this is one of the vexed questions of our day, and, strange to say, although it looms up in various shapes and forms, at all seasons, yet no principle seems to be either agreed upon, or even advanced, whereon to found a theory as to what constitutes a justifiable or unjustifiable revolution. It continually enters into our foreign policy, as in the cases of Cuba and our claims against England. In the latter case it assumes the garb of premature recognition of the so-called Confederate States, inasmuch as, had their resistance to the authority of our Government been based upon the acknowledged and universal law of right, instant recognition would be no cause of complaint, as witness the late recognition of the French Republic by our Government. But we claim that it was not so based, hence the recognition of it, even to the amount of belligerency, becomes an offence not only against international morals, but one for which this Government is justified in demanding restitution in some form or other. Lord Palmerston stated that seven millions of people, with an organized government and army, were entitled to such recognition. This would make the principle appear to be merely a matter of the amount of population and their ability to maintain a fixed seat of government; but this test will not bear scrutinizing by precedent, which takes the place of written law in international law, hence the dogma is valueless. We hold the true principle to be this: Any people have a revolutionary right that suffer national oppression at the hands of their governing body, always providing said people have exhausted every constitutional and legal means within their power to remove said just grievances. It will be argued, "but every revolutionary body thinks it has a just cause of revolt." We answer that it matters not what they think, their convictions, if wrong, may be taken into consideration in mitigation of punishment, but cannot affect the question as to whether the causes of their revolution were in the selves

either right or wrong. The results are generally taken as a guide in after years, but at the outburst of an internecine war, outside nations have to practically decide as to whether they consider it as justifiable or not by the amount of countenance or discountenance which they accord to it. If they palpably err—as in the case of England during our conflict, wherein she abandoned all her own traditional principles and policy—then reparation must be eventually made to the injured Government, because the action they take in the premises increases the task of repressing the revolution by the facilities accorded to the revolutionists to maintain their resistance; for example, without a recognition of belligerency, the capture on the high seas of vessels would be an act of piracy, and no armed vessel of the unrecognized party could enter a neutral port; neither would a neutral vessel be entitled to any consideration if captured attempting to enter a closed port; the shipment of arms to a closed port would be likewise an offence. From this it is apparent that by unreasonable recognition of an internal revolt, the previously recognized Government may receive injury at the hands of a neutral. English jurists have held that the injured government have not only no redress but no cause of complaint. We hold differently. The very fact of a cause of complaint, a receipt of an injury, carries with it a demand for a method of reparation. And if it even be that the U. S. Government is the first to demand such, so be it; it is only one more instance in which our Government has reformed the evil practices and unjustifiable usages of the world. Where the international law, formed by European precedent, is just and founded on reason, it behooves us to acquiesce in and support it; but where it is not so, no matter how much it may be sanctioned by usage, we must stand boldly forth and reform it.

The rule we have promulgated of taking the justice of a cause and the exhaustion of every legal means of redress before resorting to force, when applied to any uprising or revolution of the past, will be found to accord with the verdict of mankind; for whatever passions or interests may sway governments for the time being, future generations bring the principles we have promulgated to bear as the standards whereby to measure the justice of each case.

Our Government is founded upon ideas comparatively new to the world, and not perhaps in harmony with the feudal prerogatives and notions of old and comparatively stagnant nations. We have risen; we progress by taking the lead in new and just ideas; our great men have always been innovators, startling the world of their day, but commanding the admiration of the future great minds of the world. It is just so with the new movement of the emancipation of women. It may be an innovation; it may startle the stupidly conservative, and hence incur their opposition. We expect this; it is one of the prices one has to pay for being a public teacher—a public enlightener. We therefore meet it as a matter of course, and, furthermore, as a proof that our doctrine is taking hold and root.

We do not justify our innovation, because it needs no justification. We do not act on the defensive, because ours is not a position sufficiently weak to require defence. No, we stand forth as champions of a new idea that is based on justice, common sense and morality, and we carry our ideas into the enemy's camp as a step in advance of the existing state of things. Our opponents are now on their defence and so far beaten as to begin to have foolishly alarming visions of what they imagine would happen if we carried our point (to use their own language). That is encouraging to us. We are pleased, gentlemen, that the shadows of coming events are sufficiently defined and developed to cause you to consider the results of our coming success. If you are needlessly alarmed and weave nonsensical visions of the results of our coming emancipation, we can afford to smile, well knowing that the day is near at hand when we can afford to overlook your past opposition and smile with you at the "foolish figure" you are now making. You, gentlemen, are fast on the road to conversion; the day of ridicule is past, the day of alarm has come, the day of our triumph is at hand. The great minds of the country are falling in line. Those who slept on unconcernedly are now ejaculating, "This is getting a serious matter." The halls of Congress have rung with our cry for justice, thousands are now reading the announcements of our campaign lectures; and in answer to the question now on every lip, "When will they stop?" we reply, "On the accomplishment of Constitutional equality."

And just as sure as those words are now staring you in the face on our announcements in the public places of this great city—so sure shall we triumph. There are no half-way measures in this matter. We intend to persevere and to conquer a full and complete victory. Let those who oppose "stand from under." To the weak of heart we say, be strong. To the reluctant we say, stand aside. To the faithful we say, be of good cheer. The light is dawning; day is breaking; the justice of our cause ensures its success. Millions who have stood unconcernedly by are now thinking. Thought means conversion to our principles. We have struck the chord that is vibrating in the hearts of our people, and as we look upon the sea of eager faces who throng our lecture-halls, we feel inspired with the conviction of approaching, fast approaching, victory, which we shall attain peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must. But the force we shall use will be agitation. We shall invade by intellectuality, by force of reason, by making our voices heard throughout the length and breadth of these fair United States, and reverberate across the Atlan-

tic to distant shores. Right and might will be our motto. Right, the object we are seeking; might—that is, the might of reason and justice—the means to obtain this right. We are going to walk with you to the ballot box, expecting you to accompany us as you would to church; and if you fail to behave as on such an occasion, we are going to make enactments to enforce the observance of public decorum. You cannot stand in our way. You know this; you cannot depend upon the license of unrestrained men to carry corrupt men and measures when we are present. You know that, too. You do not fear that we shall win. You only fear the power of self-aggrandizement at the expense of the State that you are to lose.

Not that we wish to taunt you with the corruption that will soon be a matter of the past. No, we would have that rent in oblivion; we would say, "Oh! it is all gone now; never mind, let us walk side by side and forget it." In the hour of your regeneration we will stand, as it were, at the end of a long journey, wherein you took a wrong path, but both arriving safely at the end at last, we can let our new joy bury past errors; we shall not say "I told you so;" we shall not turn in triumph when the day is won; we shall help you gather up your wounded and bury your dead, letting our silence attest our sympathy; and if your voices falter as you say "forgive," ours will quiver as we reply you are forgiven. In that day we shall feel rewarded for all our labors, and proud that the flag of our country will at last cover and protect a people free, happy and contented.

OPPRESSIVE MONOPOLIES.

The fruits of the concentration of capital into the hands of a few monopolists are now coming home to the people as we have warned them they would do; we are suffering from the very evils we have so often pointed out as the unavoidable consequence of the grasping of immense interests into the hands of vast corporations. Coal, which should be obtainable at \$5 a ton, is now \$12 to the retail consumer in this city, which is as it were within stone's throw of thousands of tons of it, the owners of which are anxious to put the same on our markets, but are prevented by the cupidity of combined coal-mine owners and railroad companies, who raise their rates for the freight of coal to a ruinously high figure in order to cast public opprobrium upon the miners by making it appear that a strike is the cause of the extortionate price of coal. The true secret lies just here: Railroad companies are also coal miners, and when their miners strike, in order to obtain a living rate of wages, these railroad coal mining companies raise their rates of freight, in order to prevent other mines from supplying the market.

We call upon Congress to take this matter in hand. We demand that companies incorporated as railroad companies be prevented by law from entering into and grasping other businesses. The power vested in their hands as the great highways—which should be a public benefit—becomes a public curse when used as a means of "cornering markets" at will. Gentlemen at Washington, do you see what we are coming to? do you see that the largest city in this Union is becoming merely a convenience for a few unscrupulous men to crush the people? do you mark in this coal swindle a finger of warning that points to the tendencies of much of our late legislation? do you wish to see in these United States the inauguration of a contention of classes? for you are working to that direct end. The mass of the people are beginning to murmur; the first undertone of a threat that will sweep away more than they as yet complain of is being now heard.

"At first it grumbles, then it swears, and then,
Like David, throws smooth pebbles 'gainst a giant.
At last it takes to weapons such as men
Snatch when despair makes human hearts less pliant;
Then comes the tug of war—'twill come again."

We point out to you once again the evils attendant upon the placing of facilities in the hands of these rapacious associations. We demand that legislation fixes the rate of transportation over railroads and canals, and forbids them from owning or carrying or other business, in order to prevent them from becoming a curse instead of a blessing to the people. We would avoid a struggle between classes by preventing any one class from possessing the power to oppress the general community.

It only needs a law of primogeniture now to place our people under a thralldom equal to the worst of European monarchies; all existing dividing lines will vanish before this new dividing one of capital versus the mass of the people. In addition to the regulation by law of the rate of railroad freights we demand free trade in coal. We cannot, we must not, we will not, stand silently by and see our population, in the midst of a bitterly severe winter, suffering all the miseries attendant upon a coal famine at the caprice of, and to satiate the greed of, a few vampires. Their almighty dollar must be taught to respect the mighty people.

Patience has ceased to be a virtue, and ere popular impatience merges into popular excesses, we demand that our public servants, both Congressional and State, take this matter in hand, and, by wise and timely legislation, save our country from the looming convulsion. We are no alarmists; we are only as Mr. Bright said in England on a similar occasion, "More willing to learn than others," and, in pointing out the threatening dangers of to-day, we are doing good public service. We are rapidly drifting into serious times; beware, then, in time. As President Grant once said: "I know of no method so effective to abolish a

bad law as its rigid enforcement." So we now say, we know of no method so sure of abolishing these monopoly evils as the suffering the people experience at their hands; but the danger lies in the fact that when the people are goaded to that point, which will band them together as a body against capital, an upheaval will occur that must derange all our business, depreciate government credit, paralyze trade, and commit irreparable injury to the entire country at large. The Elgar Thompsons must be taught that the people have rights that they are bound to respect, and it is better for them that they be so taught ere an outraged public, in their anger at oppression, take it into their heads that the Elgar Thompsons have no right which they (the people) are bound to respect; and it is to this latter era we are striding: the coal corner will lead to wheat and flour corners. For years our merchants have shipped grain to Europe, paying all costs of transportation, insurance, commissions, etc., and that grain reaches the consumer in England at a less cost than does the grain sold to the New York consumer. Can anything be more preposterous than this? Is there any one question of so much national importance as this one—of the extortion at the hands of monopolists? Of what import are funding bills, the appreciating the national credit, paying off the national debt, etc., when compared to this overshadowing question that beards every laborer at his own fire-side, gradually breeding a discontent that will shake the very foundations of our Government? The old States' Right question, now in its last struggles, is being fast replaced by the rights of the people to subsistence. Legislation, in accord with the principles and spirit of our Constitution, will remove these evils ere they assume a magnitude beyond easily effected legislation; and we call attention to them in the hope that our voice may avert the certain consequences attendant upon a continuation of the present unchecked license of oppressive monopolists.

THE COAL QUESTION.

The *Herald* and some very hasty people who jump at conclusions, are appealing to Congress to have the duty on coal abolished, so that the British coal of Nova Scotia can be landed in this city at a low price, and the Pennsylvania monopolies be taught a lesson.

Cannot the *Herald* see that there is no question of bituminous coal, only of anthracite: that our bituminous coal mines of Cumberland and Broad Top have not altered the prices of their coal, but stand ready to supply the markets at the usual price with any amount.

The British mines don't produce a pound of anthracite coal. Why, then, invite them to come into competition with our bituminous coal miners who have done no wrong, and who from Cumberland and Broad Top will to-day gladly furnish all the bituminous coal New York will take, at a cost not one cent higher than last fall.

Why punish these poor bituminous coal-men for the sin of the great anthracite monopolies whom they are separate entirely from, and hate as heartily as the people at large do?

No; this idea of the *Herald* is all wrong. The evil lies just where we pointed it out two months ago, in the granting by State legislatures of franchises permitting corporations to carry on two different occupations. Thus these great anthracite companies own mines, and mine coal, and also own railroads, and transport coal to market. When they want to break down other coal mines they simply do as they have just done—raise the price of freight, and under all circumstances, they look for profit from transportation, and not to mining—thus breaking down rival mines and becoming owners of them at low prices. There are plenty of anthracite mines which would be at work to-day did not the companies owning the lines of transportation resolutely prevent the passage of any products to market.

Let the State legislature pass a law forbidding railroad or canal companies to have any interest whatever in mines, and disfranchising to that extent existing corporations, and also fixing a maximum rate of toll, common to all mine-owners on the line of transportation. Let them also forbid any mining company from owning or working more than so many collieries at a time, whether in fee or in lease on royalty. When this is done the public will not be much disturbed in the future, by the arrogance of these monopolists who, to take care of their own interests, don't hesitate to shut off private mines from market by advancing tolls from \$2 to \$7 at one time.

ADMIRAL PORTER'S VISITOR.

A GOOD STORY, ANYHOW.

We find somewhere or other this story, true or not.

The Chinese visiting etiquette is, that the rank of the caller is denoted by the size of his card. Thus the visiting card of a high mandarin would be an immense roll of paper nicely tied up.

Admiral Porter lately engaged a full-blooded Chinese servant, and Mrs. Porter immediately thereafter held a "reception," whether to commemorate the employment of the "yellow boy" or not is not known.

John Chinaman attended the door, and received with great disgust the small pasteboards of the visitors, and, evidently with an opinion of his own of the low condition of the Admiral's friends, pitched the cards into a basket, and,

with scant ceremony, showed their owners into the drawing-room.

But presently the gasman called with a bill on a big piece of cream-colored paper. That card satisfied John. With deep reverence he received it. With low salaams he ushered the bearer not only into the drawing-room, but, with profound genuflections, to the dismay of the gasman and horror of Mrs. Porter, clear up to the centre of the room, where that lady was receiving her distinguished guests; and then John, with another humble reverence, meekly retired, doubtless supposing that the owner of that card could be no less than the great "Ulysses."

Poor Mrs. Porter!

RELIGION FROM A NEW QUARTER.—Every Saturday afternoon, in a little saloon between Ann and Fulton streets, not far from Broadway, two gentlemen may be found sitting together in "close communion" over their glass of Lochingoa, after various nodding of heads and taking of notes. The Rev. Mr. M——l having given Mr. W——n the tips or points, the latter duly dresses them up and they appear in one of the leading city papers in the garb of those Sunday religious articles that have lately been so much talked of. Lochingoa is said to be all potent as an inspirator, and when a more than usually good article appears, it can safely be attributed to a more than ordinary abundance of Lochingoa. We have heard of churches being converted to many peculiar uses, but to get up sermons in a basement liquor saloon is one step in advance of all our previous experience—next.

ERRATA.—In an article on "English Patriotism and What Makes It," in our last issue, several errors crept in, which its author desires should be noticed. In 5th line above the end of the 1st paragraph, read surpass for "compass." In 19th line of 2d paragraph, read navies for "novice;" in 29th line of same, read as for "and," and in 43d, read endeared for "endorsed." In 12th line of 2d column, read difficulty for "differently," and in 22d line, read grievance for "grievances."

RUFUS HATCH'S CIRCULAR, No. 4.

Frauds in Railroad Management and Their Remedies.

MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILROAD COMPANY.

The managers of railroads have a great many different ways of robbing the people. Commodore Vanderbilt does not build railroads, he buys them, doubles, by his waterings, their share capital, and doubles in the same way his profits—provided, always, he can make the people pay dividends on his watered stock. This is the scope of his wonderful genius as a railroad man. In the Chicago and Northwestern there was a different role.

Contractors and speculators (outsiders mainly), made the money here. They found pliant and subtle directors to take the shells and give them back the oyster. The public, unfortunately, has to pay for the shells the full price of the bivalve, in the increased charge upon whatever they eat, drink or wear. For every blunder, for every act of unfaithfulness or fraud, the people pay the penalty. It may be all the same to the parties building or owning a road whether it cost \$50,000 or \$100,000 per mile. To the public the difference is that between the amount of dividends paid on these sums.

The method with the Milwaukee and St. Paul managers has been different from those named. The money made here is by an inside "ring," who build and buy railroads, and sell them, at their own price, to the one they control. This is a safe and easy way, but contrasts poorly with the brilliant effrontery of Commodore Vanderbilt, who despises and defies public opinion. Everybody feels it to be a mean and sneaking thing for A B, as contractor, to sell his wares to A B, as railroad director, because the offender can so easily cover his trail that detection or punishment—removal from office, which is the penalty most feared, because it removes from opportunities to plunder—is impossible.

The Milwaukee and St. Paul Road is a patchwork, made up of all kinds of material and taken in at prices which best suited its managers. What the several portions cost it is impossible to tell, as they are all lumped together in one mass. It is equally impossible to tell what the several pieces earn, or what they are worth. One of these, the McGregor and Yankton line, which had a land grant of 1,536,000 acres, is now being built by a "ring," controlled by Milwaukee and St. Paul directors, and as fast as built turned over, without equipment, to this Company, minus the lands and at twice its cost. Already 126 miles have been built. The land that will in this way be secured to the "ring" will be worth, probably, \$10,000,000! The road is being built through a country almost destitute of population, and cannot, for a long time, pay much, if any, more than running expenses.

Another land-grant line, which now composes a portion of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Road, was the Minnesota Central. The land grant calls for 643,503 acres. This link was put into the consolidated company at the price demanded by the "ring" who built it, and after they had severed from it the lands, to be confiscated for their own benefit and use.

Another land-grant road which the Milwaukee and St. Paul Ring have got hold of, is the Hastings and Dacotah, which is entitled to a grant of 550,000 acres. Of this line, fifty miles are built. It is fair to presume that this road is to be built and put upon the Milwaukee and St. Paul in the same manner as have been the other land-grant lines already named.

Another, or the same, "ring" are building a direct line of road upon the banks of the Mississippi, from St. Paul to La Crosse, to be sold to the Milwaukee and St. Paul Company when the rails are laid. This is a rival line to one already in operation, and belonging to the same Company. The two are parallel to each other, and will compete mainly for the same traffic. A third road, the West Wisconsin, now being built by another railroad company, will also be parallel to the two named. When completed, which it speedily will be, there will be three roads competing for a business only sufficient to support one.

Another magnificent operation, and in which vast genius for railroad-ing was shown, was the leasing of the Western Union Railroad to the Milwaukee and St. Paul. The former was a thoroughly broken-down concern, never having paid a dollar, either in interest or dividends. By the last annual report of this Company, made for 1868, its share capital

was put down at \$3,397,693, its funded debt at \$4,000,000, and its floating debt at \$1,296,446. The gross and net earnings for four years after its opening were as follows:

	Gross Earnings.	Net Earnings.
1865.....	\$288,347	\$87,432
1866.....	815,904	142,790
1867.....	775,073	128,639
1868.....	738,786	149,150

The net earnings for the four years averaged \$127,008 annually. But with these earnings the Company became each year all the more involved. It is not probable that a single dollar was earned that could be made applicable, either to interest or dividends. The road might literally be said to start from nowhere, and to run to nowhere. It was growing worse and worse every year, being ground to powder by the Chicago and Northwestern, and other rival lines. But this was just the field for a grand display of railroad skill. A portion of the Milwaukee and St. Paul ring bought up a controlling interest in its stock, and sold it to their Company—or, rather, exchanged stock for stock, to the amount of \$1,507,500, whereby said Company became possessed of this wonderful property. I believe that, as a part of the transaction, the bondholders consented to reduce their bonds to \$1,500,000.

Upon this sum the Milwaukee and St. Paul is to pay at the rate of 7 per cent., \$245,000 annually. In addition, it pays dividends upon the stock issued in exchange for that of the Western Union, at the rate of 7 per cent., and amounting to \$145,525 annually. The total rental paid for the Western Union Road, assuming that the Milwaukee and St. Paul continues to pay dividends, amounts to \$345,525 annually; and all this for a property, the net earnings of which were not sufficient to keep the Company on its legs. But even with the net earnings claimed (of \$127,008), the annual balance against the Milwaukee and St. Paul, resulting from the transaction, amounts to \$218,517. No portion of the lines of the two roads came within twenty miles of each other. They run, in fact, in opposite directions. Their eastern terminus, on Lake Michigan, were more than twenty miles apart; their western, on the Mississippi River, were 200 miles apart. The interests of the two Companies were neither mutual nor antagonistic. The St. Paul, as far as any benefit was to be derived, might as well have leased the Hoosac Tunnel or the road of the Boston, Hartford and Erie.

Is it to be wondered at that scrip dividends are the order of the day, with the Milwaukee and St. Paul, in spite of the boast of its directors in their report of 1869, that, "having completed their improvements and paid therefor from the earnings of the road for 1866, the policy of the directors in future will be to divide the net earning in cash to the shareholders." The next dividend made was a proper commentary upon all these high-sounding but hollow promises. The net earnings of the Company, instead of being applied to cash dividends, have been, and must be used to sustain the worthless railway property which the managers of this Company have purchased and sold to it. When dividends are earned and paid in cash on the common stock of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, by the present management, the Millennium will not be far off.

By the declaration of dividends in stock all the losses resulting from misconduct and frauds are sought to be thrown upon the people in increased charges for transportation. The only way to meet and correct such abuses is by a law which shall, by the severest penalties, prohibit, altogether, scrip dividends. Those already declared by the Milwaukee and St. Paul amount to \$3,152,847—to pay 7 per cent. on which the people are to be taxed \$230,695 annually. To this fictitious capital is to be added the sum of \$1,575,000 of capital issued to the Western Union, making a total watered capital of \$4,760,347, in addition to that paid in the purchase of land-grant lines. I judge, however, that such dividends are about played out, even in the Milwaukee and St. Paul, as the last one of the kind caused a fall of some 10 per cent. in its stock. It was a transaction too barefaced for even a credulous public—it was a further watering of that which before had neither consistency nor color left.

The Company opened last year 100 miles of new road. It increased its share capital in the meantime \$5,238,409, and its funded debt \$1,050,932. The aggregate of these, for 1869, was \$24,664,213; for 1870 it was \$40,553,554. The increase was \$6,389,341, or nearly 20 per cent. The increase of earnings was from \$7,250,688 to \$7,420,061, or at the rate of a little over 2 per cent. This is the way watering works: Increase of capital, 20 per cent.; of earnings, 2 per cent. Nor is this the only way watering works. On those roads whose capital stock has been largely watered by the issue of additional stock and scrip dividends, everything is made subservient to the one necessity of securing sufficient net earnings to pay the promised 8 per cent. on these illegal issues. Not only are the charges of transportation advanced, but the expenses of the road are curtailed, and an economy practiced, profitable, no doubt, to the holders of the fraudulent stock, but perilous to the traveling public.

First-class men, unwilling to give their services at less than their fair market value, are replaced by ignorant and inferior workmen who contract to do double duty for half wages; a brakeman discharged here and a flagman there; passenger trains are permitted to make up lost time by running at full speed over drawbridges—no matter how dark and frosty the night—and to meet heavy freight trains while they are crossing the same structure. The worn-out running gear yields to the frost; an axle snaps; oil cars jump the track and block the way of a late and rapidly approaching express; there is no one to haul down the white signal light which proclaims all right; a fearful collision is the result—the oil is ignited and in turn fires the passenger cars; the bridge—a weak wooden structure unable to stand the weight and jar—gives way, and five and twenty roasting human beings are dashed on and under the ice that covers the river below. But these are unavoidable accidents. These companies keep as many employees as they can consistent with their dividend obligations, and as these obligations increase expensive safeguards must be dispensed with, even though a frightful increase of the dangers attending railway travel be the result.

Of all the varieties of fraud and mismanagement there is none so dangerous and fatal as for directors of railroads to engage in the construction or purchase of these works for the purpose of foisting them, at their own price upon those they control. The only question considered in such cases is the ability of the companies to take and pay for them. Now, no road should be built (except as a private enterprise) where there is not the promise of a fair return upon its cost. Where the parties building are responsible to themselves alone, for their blunders and losses, no others will be undertaken. Such as are built will be economically constructed and managed. But, where parties are relieved of all such responsibility utter disaster and ruin are the certain result. They never stop until compelled to do so by the poverty or bankruptcy of their victims. The "ring" in the Milwaukee and St. Paul are fast getting to the end of their tether. A few more additions of unproductive and competing lines, a few more dividends in scrip, and all will be up with this concern.

The diversion of land grants from the purposes for which they were made has already become a colossal evil, and should immediately engage the attention of Congress. There are three great lines in Iowa alone from which the land grants have been severed, to wit: That made to the Cedar Rapids and Missouri Railroad, of 1,492,109 acres; that made to the McGregor and Yankton Railroad, of 1,536,000 acres; and that to the Dubuque and Sioux City Railroad, of 1,226,163 acres. These grants included 4,184,270 acres—an area equal to that of the State of Massachusetts, or about 7,000 square miles. This immense domain is now held by absentees, on speculation—a most odious and injurious mode of holding our wild lands. All these three lines have been leased. The owners of the lands, consequently, have no motive but to get the most they can for their land grants, which have been wholly diverted from the objects for

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7:30 A. M.—For Easton.

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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.

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W. B. SHATTUCK, Treasurer,
Pine Street, New York.

CORPORATION NOTICE.—PUBLIC

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

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

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

1. Both sides of Seventh avenue, from Fourteenth
to Fifty-ninth street, to the extent of half the block
on the intersecting streets.
2. Both sides of Fifteenth street, from Seventh to
Eighth avenues, to the extent of half the block on the
intersecting streets.
3. Both sides of Fifty-seventh street, from Lexing-
ton to Sixth avenue, to the extent of half the block
on the intersecting streets.
4. Both sides of Thirty-ninth street, from Seventh
to Eighth avenue, to the extent of half the block on
the intersecting streets.
5. Both sides of South street, from Catharine to
Montgomery street, to the extent of half the block on
the intersecting streets.
6. Both sides of Twenty-eighth street, from Broad
way to Eighth avenue, to the extent of half the block
on the intersecting streets.
7. Both sides of Forty-sixth street, from Fourth to
Fifth avenue, to the extent of half the block on the
intersecting streets.
8. The easterly side of Varick street, commencing
at King street, and running easterly and southerly
half the block therefrom.
9. The northerly side of King street, commencing
at Varick street, and running northerly and westerly
half the block therefrom.
10. The westerly side of Varick street, commencing
at King street, and running northerly and southerly
half the block therefrom.
11. The southerly side of King street, commencing
at Varick street, and running easterly and westerly
half the block therefrom.
12. Both sides of Vandam street, from Varick to
Macdougall street, and the easterly side of Varick
street, from Spring to Charlton street.
13. Both sides of One Hundred and Tenth street,
commencing at First avenue, and running easterly
half the block therefrom, and the easterly side of First
avenue, from One Hundred and Ninth to One Hun-
dred and Eleventh street.
14. Both sides of One Hundred and Tenth street,
commencing at First avenue, and running westerly
half the block therefrom, and the westerly side of First
avenue, from One Hundred and Ninth to One Hun-
dred and Eleventh street.
15. Both sides of One Hundred and Eleventh street,
commencing at First avenue, and running westerly
half the block therefrom, and the westerly side of
First avenue, from One Hundred and Tenth to One
Hundred and Twelfth street.
16. Both sides of One Hundred and Eleventh street,
commencing at First avenue, and running easterly
half the block therefrom, and the easterly side of First
avenue, from One Hundred and Tenth to One Hun-
dred and Twelfth street.
17. Both sides of One Hundred and Twelfth street,
commencing at First avenue and running easterly half
the block therefrom, and the easterly side of First
avenue, from One Hundred and Eleventh to One Hun-
dred and Thirteenth street.
18. Both sides of One Hundred and Twelfth street,
commencing at First avenue and running westerly
half the block therefrom, and the westerly side of
First avenue, from One Hundred and 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, Chair-
man of the Board of Assessors, at their office, No. 19
Chatham street, within thirty days from the date of
this notice.

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

OFFICE BOARD OF ASSESSORS,
NEW YORK, JAN. 18, 1871.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

People, which is not the fact, they furnish no reliable guide to the value of female asured life.

THE ACTUARIES' TABLE AGAIN.

Hence it follows that the actuaries' table stands unimpeached as to the relative values of male and female asured life; and it is to the actuaries' table that I will address myself.

I conceive it a sufficient answer to the pretensions of this table as a safe guide for female life insurance in the United States to point out, first, the fact before alluded to, that it acts upon too limited data, and, particularly, upon too limited a number of female lives, to furnish a proper basis for female life insurance; and, second, the fact that its data relates to a country in which, among all the countries of modern progress, woman is most harshly subordinated to the will of man. The laws of primogeniture, the laws of descent, the laws concerning marriage and the lack of laws concerning divorce, the laws relating to the rights of married women which to-day prevail in England—to say nothing of the condition of affairs forty years ago, when this table was compiled—are a disgrace to any community of persons who owe their birth, their education and their support to the physical suffering, the tender solicitude and the anxious cares of women. The life of a woman amid such circumstances as surround the women of England, and particularly women of the insuring class, is happily no criterion by which to measure the life of an American woman. And I protest against its being regarded any longer in such a light.

It is a practice for college students, freed from the thralldom of mathematical studies, to solemnly bury the book of Euclid. I trust I shall live to see the day when the women of America, freed from the conjugal and social subordination reflected in the English actuaries' table, shall bury that table as solemnly as college students do the tabulated tortures of the Alexandrian sage.

Whatever the case may be in England, in this country there is little temptation and little opportunity for a man to kill his wife, either by poison or the slower but equally efficacious method of breaking her heart. For, mark you, this is the practical implication of the actuaries' table. Assassins and brute husbands are in all countries; but here the woman has a social status which she has not in England, and she is better taken care of and better able to take care of herself. In England there are more women than men; while in this country there are more men than women. The latter are therefore scarcer, and they are valued in due proportion. It is, however, not only on this account, but on many other and higher accounts, familiar to man, that woman in America is much less subordinated to man than in England, and for these reasons her life is more secure.

So much for conjugal brutality. It does not and it cannot exist here to anything like the extent to which it may prevail in England. As to secret crime by poison, the opportunities which a woman has of secretly poisoning her husband, are a thousand times more numerous than a man's of poisoning the wife. And as to the pecuniary interest to commit these crimes, they cannot be stronger in a man upon the life of an insured woman than they are already in a woman upon the life of an insured man.

Happily these secret crimes are of rare occurrence in this country, and, whatever may be the case in England, as is inferred by our insurance men from the actuaries' table, they furnish, to the extent that they do occur, and for the reason just stated, a stronger argument against the expectation of male life than they do against that of female.

A SMALL EXPERIENCE AND A GREAT PREJUDICE.

Here I might well rest my case.

The enemies to female life insurance mainly depend and must mainly depend, for there is no other plausible support for them, upon the evidence of the English actuaries' life table. Unless I much overrate the value of the considerations adduced, this support must now give away. But an old prejudice dies hard; and there remain still other, though much less plausible grounds, upon which the prejudice against female life insurance is made to stand.

The extra risk to female life during the child-bearing age established by the actuaries' table is believed to be corroborated by the actual mortality of females in this country. It were an easy task to stifle this fanciful notion by showing that it has no support in any collection or tabulation of authenticated facts, and is due altogether to the prejudice established by the actuaries' table; but I prefer to meet it as presented and confute it with facts not only well authenticated, but facts brought home to our very doors—facts gathered from a careful digest of the mortality records of this city during the past five years.

MORTALITY OF MOTHERS IN NEW YORK.

The conditions relative to child-bearing are conceded on all hands to be more unfavorable in New York than anywhere else in this country. It is the largest city in this country, and it gives birth to numbers of illegitimate children, born of women whose usual residence is in the rural districts, but who come to the city to be confined, privately, and away from the prying eyes of village gossips. Others come here at that anxious juncture to avail themselves of the better or more conveniently located physicians which the city affords. Others again come into our hospitals and lying-in asylums to avail themselves of the proverbial bounty of this great metropolis. No woman living in the city and liable to be confined will go out of it; so that in the long run the city gains in infantile population more than its own proper gain. If maternity is a fatal complaint, the city should show a more than common mortality of women from the perils of child-birth.

New York, too, is noted for the facilities it affords for the commission of feticide. Quack doctors and abortionists are permitted to live here unmolested; to flaunt their signs in our most fashionable neighborhoods, and even to use the columns of public newspapers as the means of announcing their disgusting crimes to the public.

FURTHER REASONS WHY NEW YORK SHOULD SHOW A LARGE MORTALITY FROM CAUSES CONNECTED WITH CHILD-BIRTH.

Furthermore, New York has the densest and the most indigent population in the United States. The Registrar of Vital Statistics of this city, under whose superintendence a thorough census of the tenement houses is made from time to time, states (Report 1868, p. 410) that one-half of the total population of the city lives in tenement houses. By a tenement house is meant "every house, building, or portion thereof which is occupied as the residence of more than three families living independently of another and doing their cooking upon the premises, or by more than two families upon a floor so living and cooking, but having a common right in the halls, stairway, yards, closets, etc., or some of them."

In 1868 and 1869, together, there were, in all, 50,000 deaths in New York. Of this number, 36,000, or 72 per cent., occurred in tenement houses and public institutions, chiefly resorted to by the tenement-house population, while but 14,000 deaths, or 28 per cent., occurred in private houses, hotels and boarding houses!

Let a woman be so unfortunate as to bear children in these dense abodes, shut out from the light and air, and reeking with filth and foul odors, and what are her chances of life? I say nothing of the child's chance. They are not the subject of the present discussion, and, if they were, they would not be worth speaking about, they are so small.

The results of tenement house mortality, as given by the accomplished physicians of the health department, are, however, so astounding as to cause me to hesitate about accepting them. There may be some error about 50 per cent. of the population living in

these houses. Yet, the reports affect to give the precise location of the houses, the number of tenants in each house, and the separate mortality of each, so that the evidence appears to be very strong.

However, one becomes better able to credit this extraordinary mortality—two and a-half times that of the most favored class of the population—after he has read the following passage from the Registrar's tenth annual report:

"As the matter now stands, in some parts of the Sixth, Fourteenth, Eleventh, Seventeenth, Eighteenth and Twentieth wards, the living have very little more ground space than is appropriated to the dead."

IMMIGRATION

Finally, consider the foreign immigration into and through this city of from 200,000 to 300,000 persons a year. During the past year ended June 30 last there were 256,354 immigrant passengers landed at this port. Of this number there were 153,347 males and 103,006 females; and of persons between the ages of 15 and 40 years there were 107,466 males and 62,601 females. A larger proportion of the immigrants were females, and a larger proportion of the females mothers—mothers exposed to the slave ship horrors of a Liverpool packet ship, and the risk of mortality which might reasonably be supposed to flow from such circumstances. Of the 256,354 immigrants mentioned, 299 died upon the voyage—16 males and 139 females. How many died afterward, from the perils of the voyage, we cannot tell. How many mothers died of Liverpool packets, whose deaths were falsely ascribed to miscarriage (miscarriage, in one sense, indeed!) we are not informed; but we can readily imagine.

Under all these circumstances relating to the peculiarly unfavorable conditions of female life, permanent as well as transient, in New York, it is admitted that the mortality records of the city ought to show for females of the child-bearing ages the most frightful mortality conceivable.

STATISTICS OF FEMALE MORTALITY IN NEW YORK CITY.

Now, let us see what, in fact, this mortality is. I have here a digest (Appendix) compiled from the carefully inspected certificates of the deaths of 127,253 persons, the total number who died in this city during the quinquennial period ended with the 31st of December last. These statistics are based on data, which, I am advised, are "more nearly perfect than that of any other city in the world." (Dr. Russell's letter, Appendix). The burial permits are issued by the Bureau that records the certificate of death, and a burial is almost impossible without its knowledge. Failure to report is made a felony; so is the issue of a permit without a report; so is a burial without a permit. In short, no deaths can fail to appear on the reports, except those of the victims of murders and feticide that remain undiscovered.

Now, then, of the 127,000 persons who died in this city in 1866-'7-'8-'9 and '70, 68,000 were males and 59,000 females. Mark this extraordinary disproportion—68,000 males to 59,000 females. The aggregate population for the whole period of five years was 2,119,459 males and 2,268,794 females, as estimated in the tables appended. The average death-rate for males was 32 in a thousand of population, while that for females was but little over 26. (Appendix.)

Of the 59,000 females, 34,000 died before they were 20 years of age—that is, before the usual child-bearing period, and before the age at which insurance companies usually ever insure anybody, male or female. Of the remainder of the 59,000 there died 11,000 between the ages of 45 and the extreme end of life; so that the total number who died during the child-bearing age was but 14,000. mark you, this was the total number of females who died during the age of 20 to 45, without respect to what they died of; whether it was child-bearing, or the pangs of single-blessedness; whether it was from quack doctors, tenement houses or Liverpool packets, from the sewing needle, from consumption, from broken hearts, or starvation.

Now, turn to the other side of the account and let us see how many men died during the same age. If 11,000 women, between 20 and 45, died in a city uncommonly filled with perils to maternity, how many men died during the same age, 10,000? 8,000? 5,000? Many less than women of course; the only question of interest is, how many less? Well, the death record says nearly 16,000 men—nearly 2,000 more men than women; and the death record is right; and it agrees with all other death records, except that of the few debilitated ladies who 40 years ago insured their lives in the London offices, upon the "recorded experience" of which the English actuaries' table is based.

RISK OF MATERNITY.

Let us look at these mortality records still closer. In the nomenclature used by the Board of Health, which follows that of Dr. Wm. Farr, now sanctioned by a generation of experience and the approbation of the learned world, the immediate causes of deaths connected with the phenomenon of maternity are arranged under the head of "Developmental. Order Two, of Woman." They are principally childbirth, puerperal metritis, puerperal convulsions, puerperal mania, miscarriage, abortion and phlegmasia-dolens. Under the same head (of "Developmental, Order Two, of Woman") are included, also, the comparatively few deaths that occur at this age from chlorosis, from asthenia or debility, and from atrophy.

In order to ascertain what proportion of the fourteen thousand female deaths between the ages of twenty and forty-five resulted from causes in any way connected with maternity, I have only to sum up those who died from the specified causes mentioned. But lest it might be claimed that—and especially in cases of women who died because they were unwilling to become mothers—the true source of death may not always be communicated, even though the penalty be the State prison. I am willing to ascribe to the perils of maternity all the deaths of females between the ages of twenty and forty-five arranged under the head of "Developmental," including not only those who died from the causes specified, but also those who died from a number of other complaints.

I find the whole number during the five years in question to be 746.

As, during the same period of time and the same ages of life, 331 women and 1,756 men, a majority of 1,425 men, died from violence—accidents, homicides and suicides—and the total number of males and females living at those ages was substantially equal, it follows that the so much dreaded perils to women of maternity are just half as great as the actual peril to men of being burnt, stabbed, poisoned, tired of life or struck by lightning!

FALSE CERTIFICATES OF DEATH.

I anticipate further objection. It has been asserted that the death certificates returned to the Board of Health by the physicians are not reliable as to the causes of mortality. I hear an eminent physician in the audience say, "That's so; coffin plates are engraved with a good many lies." I care not what may be the practice of individuals. I am now speaking of the profession generally, and I cannot credit the aspersion. I believe that no more honorable body of men exists than the physicians of this city, and I cannot believe them to be capable of such delinquency. Besides, the requirement of the law, and of the form of certificate, is definite and the penalty severe. But I will admit the allegation. Now, in what respect does it affect the subject under discussion? It is said that when women die from causes connected with maternity, the doctors, either from ignorance or design, charitable or criminal, certify to causes of death not connected with maternity. Very good. These false causes of death are deemed to be, most likely, enteritis, peritonitis, metritis (not puerperal), metro-peritonitis (not puerperal), and uterine tumor.

I have not had time to collate the statistics of deaths from these causes for the whole of the period under examination; but I have completed the work for the years 1868 and 1869. These statistics show

that 435 deaths occurred during the two years from these causes combined. Of these deaths 114 were male and 321 female, a majority of 207 female. As, during the same period, the combined deaths from sunstroke, the effects of heat and alcoholism, were 419—of which 109 were female and 310 male, a majority of 201 male—it follows that the risk of death to women from causes even possibly connected with maternity, is no greater than that to males from causes to which the latter are peculiarly and constantly exposed. (Appendix.)

MORTALITY FROM INTemperance.

Indeed, if we took account of all the immediate causes of death resulting from that pernicious habit of tipping, into which over-work has driven our best men when formerly only our worst men indulged in it, the case would look still worse for the male expectation of life. How much worse, I leave you to judge from the following brief statement:

Mr. Nelson, an eminent actuary of London, addressed a circular to physicians, making very thorough inquiries concerning persons in the higher walks in life who were in the habit, not of getting drunk, but merely of drinking. The replies to his circular cover 6,111 cases. Of these, according to the English life table, there ought to have died, during the period covered, 110 men. But there did die 357 men, or three times the normal proportion. The grouping of the immediate causes is very interesting. (Nelson, pp. 204 and 221.) Fifty per cent. were certified to have died of diseases of the head and digestive organs, the normal proportion of these deaths to all deaths, in all England, being 16 per cent., and among selected lives 30 per cent. Suppose we apply these results to the subject under investigation, where would then stand the mortality relations between maturity and rum?

An eminent obstetrician lately told me that women were much less liable, not only to accident, but to death from any cause during the child-bearing age, than men, during the corresponding age; but, much as I respected his authority, and much as I felt predisposed to accept it, I could not believe it until the examination I gave to the mortality records of this city established it, as you have had it established beyond all and any kind of doubt.

FEMALE AND MALE LIFE IN NEW YORK.

And now a word as to the general subject of the respective longevity of females and males in New York.

I will not trouble you with the details, but the mortality records of this city during the past five years—and I do not go further back, because previous to that time—the completeness of the records is open to suspicion, establish the fact, that the mortality of males is greater than that of females at nearly all ages—from birth to 20, from 20 to 45, and from 45 to the end of life. Separating those persons who died at 70, and over, from all the rest, the females preponderate—the most convincing of all proofs, of their superior longevity.

REAL CAUSES OF MORTALITY IN NEW YORK.

If we turn away from the absurdities which these well established facts expose and seek to know the real immediate causes of death among us, we shall find that it is not maternity but consumption. I have not had time to arrange the very valuable mortality records of this city so as to determine the number and proportion of deaths from this cause as I could wish, namely, during the ages from 20 to 45, and among males and females respectively, and not from phthisis pulmonalis alone, but also from pneumonia and other diseases of the respiratory organs combined. But one-third of all the deaths in England (after deducting the mortality of infancy) was estimated by Sir James Clark to have been caused by tuberculous diseases. From one-third to one-sixth of all the deaths in all large towns in civilized countries are due also to this cause. According to the United States census of 1860, thirteen specified diseases of the respiratory organs took off nearly 29 per cent. of all the decedents to the United States during the previous year. According to the same authority they took off 31½ per cent. of all the decedents in this State. According to the New York State Census of 1865 they took off 34½ per cent. of all the decedents in the State, and 31 per cent. of all in the city of New York in 1864-5.

In every instance the mortality of females from these diseases of the throat and lungs—was greater than that of males—more particularly in adults between the ages of 20 and 45, though still more particularly between the ages of 20 and 25. (Appendix.)

MATERNITY NOT A DISEASE.

Maternity is not a disease. In England, twenty years ago, when 10,000 living children were born, but forty-two mothers died in consequence. And as to those who, dreading the ills of maternity, fly to others they know not of, the evidence of our mortality records teaches us that their numbers and the consequences of their acts are, happily, much exaggerated in popular estimation.

Debut of Miss Vienna Demorest at Chickering Hall.

A very charming and unique affair came off at Chickering Hall on Saturday evening, that deserves something more than a passing notice. It was the occasion of the debut of Miss Vienna Demorest, the daughter of our well-known fellow-citizen and publisher, Mr. W. J. Demorest, before a New York audience. The young aspirant for musical honors had sung in Brooklyn with great success, and her appearance in this city had been anticipated with pleasure and no little curiosity. Members of the press, musical artists and amateurs, and literary and fashionable people to the number of about two hundred and fifty—the capacity of the hall—were invited to welcome, hear and criticize the young lady. The audience was select, enthusiastic and eminently stylish, many elegant toilets being displayed. Miss Vienna, who is lovely and fresh as only a young girl can be, was faultlessly attired in a very rich, though simple, white silk, made and trimmed very becomingly. She was assisted in her entertainment by the Brothers Poznanski, who discoursed sweet music on their respective instruments; Mr. Gustavus F. Hall, who, notwithstanding a severe cold, sang very delightfully, and Mr. George W. Colby as conductor. The first piece Miss Demorest attempted, "I will extol Thee, O Lord," from "Eli," was hardly well selected, as it is extremely difficult and needs great repose of manner to be rendered effectively; but she managed the intricacies of the score wonderfully, in spite of very evident nervousness. An encore was loudly demanded and a portion of the piece was repeated. "Come unto Him," from the "Messiah," was next in order, and was feelingly rendered, though we think Miss Demorest's forte is not, as yet, oratorio music. The Ardit waltz, and a very sweet ballad that followed for an encore, showed her voice to much greater advantage than the first two pieces, and she seemed perfectly at home in the bright, arch music. Her voice is pure, sweet and high, and her execution smooth and sure. When time and practice have rounded and perfected her really fine organ we see no reason why she should not rank among our first artists, and we hope the promise she gives of future excellence will be realized. During the evening Miss D. was the recipient of very elegant floral favors, pre-eminent among which was a superb mammoth bouquet sent by the editors of *Our Society*. On one side of it appeared the fair lady's monogram in red and violet letters on a white ground; on the opposite side a crimson star shone resplendent from a bed of white camellias—a heart and an anchor in red camellias were the devices on the remaining sides, and a crown, made of hyacinths, rose from the centre and completed the emblematic offering. The whole affair was managed with the utmost good taste and liberality. On entering the hall every lady was presented with a bouquet, and every gentleman with a very pretty

picture of Miss Demorest. Among those present we noticed the white haired philosopher of the *Tribune*, who looked placid and sublime; James Wehli, the pianist; Mrs. Jenny Kempton, who looked as happy and smiling as usual, and her handsome husband; Mrs. Jennie June Croly; Mrs. Clara Brinkerhoff, who was elegantly dressed in blue silk and point lace; Mrs. and Miss Smith, of the Grand Central Hotel; Mrs. Batty, the fashion editress of *Our Society*; Dr. J. B. Fuller Walker, who was faultlessly arrayed in evening dress; Mr. Geo. W. Hows, of the Lotus Club; Mr. Jas. H. Todd, of the Church Music Association; Mr. W. F. Williams, of the *Poe*; Mr. J. O. Twitchell; Mr. Albert Weber, the popular pianoforte manufacturer, and many others well known in the musical, literary and fashionable world. At the conclusion of the concert a favored few were invited to the residence of Mr. Demorest, where the successful young cantatrice was presented to her numerous admirers, and was congratulated upon her artistic triumphs. She very sweetly and modestly replied, "I thank you, and only hope I deserve your praise." Miss D.'s manners are very pleasing and unaffected, and she has hosts of friends. A bountiful supper, presided over by Madame Demorest, who wore a very rich black velvet in her usual unapproachable style, was ready for the guests soon after their arrival, and it is needless to say that ample justice was awarded its many tempting items. The party did not adjourn until quite late, and every one went home pleased and delighted with Mr., Madame and Miss Demorest.

LAND GRABBING.—Hon. George W. Julian, Chairman of the House Committee on Public Lands, has made an estimate of the amount of Government land demanded by subsidy jobbers of the present Congress, in the principal bills that have passed or are now pending.

He enumerates twenty-three bills, which have passed the Senate, containing grants of 75,006,320 acres. Of these, two, the Oregon Branch Pacific Road, for 4,750,000, and the supplemental gift to the North Pacific Road of 11,000,000 acres, have also passed the House.

Besides these there are thirty-two bills pending in the Senate, with aggregate grants of 115,218,600 acres, the greater number of which it is supposed will be passed. Thus, it will be seen, that by means of fifty-five bills, it is proposed to rob the people of 189,224,920 acres of the public lands, for the sole benefit of private monopolies. This added to the amount heretofore donated to the various Pacific roads and other schemes, gives the enormous aggregate of over Four Hundred Millions acres, which have been diverted from public to private use—equal to about 640,000 square miles. "The subject is too immense to do justice to it."

THE THEATRES.

BOOTH'S.

"Richelieu" is still on the boards at this splendid theatre; it has been brought out in a manner reflecting credit upon the management. We consider Cardinal Richelieu one of Mr. Edwin Booth's finest impersonifications. Mr. Lawrence Barrett appears to advantage as De Mauprat, displaying fine powers of acting in his sudden and earnest changes from foe to friend and friend to foe. Mr. Sheridan also shone to advantage as the traitor De Baradas; we would, however, advise him to speak a little less rapidly, so as to be more distinctly heard. Miss Pateman exhibits some fine natural acting as Julia De Mortimer. Great preparations are being made to bring out "Much Ado About Nothing." Mr. Booth playing Benedict and Miss Pateman appearing as Beatrice. It is not intended to run this latter play long. As usual, other of Shakespeare's plays will be brought on the stage, as Othello, Hamlet, etc.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Miss Lizzie Kelsey appears in the part formerly taken by Pauline Markham, otherwise there is no new feature to chronicle with regard to this theatre. Miss Kelsey is a beautiful blonde of pleasing and engaging manners, and is appreciated by the frequenters of Niblo's. The "Crook" runs until the middle of April. The Philadelphians have a treat in store that they wot not of, inasmuch as the entire company, scenery and all are to appear there in the Academy. "Richard III." succeeds the "Crook" at Niblo's.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Benefits are the order of the day at this theatre—this evening in favor of Mr. Varlet, "La Penchole" being the piece. "La Grand Duchesse," "Barbe Bleue" and "Les Brigands" are still holding full sway. "Les Georghiennes" will be brought out on the 6th, and, from the preparations going on, something more than usually attractive may be looked for. "Les Georghiennes" is probably Offenbach's best production in opera bouffe. The music is said to be fully equal to anything produced by this famous composer. The costumes are promised as more than usually gorgeous. It is a sign of the tastes of the day when opera bouffe can run for such a length of time as it has done at this theatre, with every prospect of continuing indefinitely.

A Chinese laundryman at Kansas City has got an editor there, who is a bachelor, down on him. The editor had his washing returned to him as follows: "They sent home with our washing yesterday a thing that branches off in two ways a little below the top, like a railroad junction, and has puckered frills edged with 'tetting' on each end of the divide. We don't know what it is, and we're a poor, friendless man, with only our virtue, and none but villains would seek to injure that."

When we reflect on the condition of women and their relation to society, we cannot help perceiving the immense influence they possess and exert in all civilized nations. "Men make laws, but women make manners," has long since become an adage, and if it is true that laws are ineffectual, where the manners and customs of a people are opposed to them, we shall see the high value we should set on female education.

An honest old darkey down South says: "Dey told us dar was pervisions in the Constitution for we culled folks, but dat's a lie; dem pervisions didn't cum. Dis nigger ain't seed the fast mouthful."

Phebe Hauber, ninety-five years old, residing at Hornellsville, N. Y., has lived with her husband sixty-eight years, and counts up 145 living descendants.

The Antioch *Ledger* says Agnes Lewis, a girl of sixteen summers, has plowed one hundred acres on her father's ranch near Antioch, driving six horses attached to a three-gang plow.

Beecher's church has seventeen hundred and eighty-nine members, of whom twelve hundred and ten are females.

The champion "knittist" of Vermont is Mrs. L. H. Orcutt, of South Barton, who knit, in nine hours, nine double mittens, men's size—one an hour.

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