

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

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BEAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

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VICTORIA C. WOODHULL & TENNIE C. CLAFLIN
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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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.

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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.]

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

It is possible that some of these portraits may already exist, if not in the Club Gallery, then as a sort of heirloom in the possession of friends, and could readily be obtained for copying. All these members "died"—that is to say, went into the spiritual world—during the first ten years of the club's existence, and these mementoes ought to be preserved. Mr. George C. Smith was one of the fated company on board the Arctic who went down with that hapless vessel; and Mrs. Sigourney has written some weak imitative verses upon this "tragedy of the brine" which are unworthy of her reputation, as all imitative verses must be, because they can never get beyond their model and very rarely reach its height.

AMERICAN POETS IMITATIVE.

If our American poets must imitate, let them cut Europe, at least, adrift, and imitate nature upon this Continent. Let them interpret for us the meaning of our own natural symbolism and tell us what the spirits of the forest and the prairie are talking about, and what they think of the back-woodsmen as the fog ends of one civilization and the founders of another. Have the mountains and river systems of the Continent, the birds and beasts, no special language of their own waiting to be translated from inarticulate to articulate speech? Is there no poetry, beauty nor high humanity in the Western settlements, the pioneer farms, the vast network of Western railroad and telegraph lines connecting two oceans and all the towns and cities on their routes, and making the most distant people very near neighbors?

We sincerely pity the poor chap calling himself a poet who cannot find materials for infinite tragedies, comedies and screaming farces at any hour in New York streets by day, and under New York roofs, as well as in the streets, by night; and there is no excuse for Mrs. Sigourney, although her nephew, that astonishing elocutionist, has done his best to make her lines popular by his sensational delivery of them.

THE CLUB BECOMES "CORPORATE."

Early in the year 1857, the Century found itself such an important aristocratic institution that it was deemed necessary to the sustenance of its dignity to get it recognized as a corporate body by an act of the Legislature. Seven members are named in the said act as the Century Club, they being old members from the commencement of it, and the rest, the rank and file, are included in the words "other persons." So Gulian C. Verplanck, William Cullen Bryant, C. M. Leupp, Asher B. Durant, John F. Kensett, William Kemble, William Appleton and other persons, do now constitute the "Century Association," as the act denominates it. The objects of its embodiment are set forth in the legal instrument as the promotion of art and literature, by establishing and maintaining a library, reading-room and gallery of art.

The act says that "the seven persons named in the first section of it, shall constitute the trustees and managers until others are elected in their places." It gave them power also to purchase and hold or lease any real or personal estate, provided that they shall not hold any real estate the value of which shall exceed the sum of fifty thousand dollars.

NEW CLUB HOUSE ON FIFTEENTH STREET.

The Century now began to look about it for a property of its own, to be acquired by purchase, and suited to the grandeur of its position and the wealth and aristocratic manners and habits of the members. They soon, therefore, left Broadway forever and bought the splendid mansion in Fifteenth street, just two doors east of Union Square. Here ended the nomadic life of the Club, and now began the settled life of its present permanent abiding-place, with that large accumulation of pictures, conveniences, comforts and luxuries which distinguish it as the home of the aristocracy, both of the intellect and of art.

Nothing of importance enough to make it worthy of record occurred in the history of the club from that time until the year 1870. It progressed, however, "swimmingly" and proudly within that period, and its members had so largely increased that a wag suggested it should change its name, and be called henceforth the Six Century Club instead of the Century, the original design being to limit the members to one hundred, although at this moment they exceed six hundred. In consequence of the motley and miscellaneous character of the members, it was found neces-

sary to frame a new constitution, and add to and recast the by-laws. The first article of this constitution sets forth the class of persons who shall be eligible for membership, as "authors, artists and amateurs of letters and the fine arts."

TRUSTEES AND OFFICERS.

Seven Trustees are appointed instead of six, as a Board of Management in conjunction with the President, and two Vice-Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer. "Of the Trustees two shall be authors, two artists, and three amateurs."

All officers are chosen at the annual meetings, and the President is Chairman of the Board of Management, and, with the Secretary, signs all written contracts and engagements; but the Board of Management may assign him the performance of any duties which they may deem essential to the well-being of the society.

FEES OF ENTRANCE.

An entrance fee of \$100 is paid by each new member. The annual dues are \$36, payable half-yearly in advance, that is to say, on the first of May and the first of November in each year. The non-payment of dues for three months brings the Treasurer down upon the defaulting member, to whom he gives a month's grace, after notifying him of his indebtedness, and if he neglect then to pay he is "struck off the rolls," like an attorney who has been engaged in naughty practices. But a member meaning to be absent from the city twelve months or more, who shall inform the Treasurer of the fact, is exempt from the payment of his dues during that time, and still remains a member. If two black balls are cast against a candidate for membership he is excluded, and members may be expelled or suspended for misconduct. Gambling of all sorts is excluded from the rooms and so are card-playing and betting; although why card-playing is put under the ban we cannot imagine, unless some of the Boston Puritanism has crept into the club and so spoiled its catholic character. This narrowness has a bad odor to it, and is unworthy of men of letters and artists, who of all others ought to be most harmlessly liberal and cosmopolitan.

MONTHLY MEETINGS.

The monthly meetings are the great social feature, and throw the annual blowing meetings into the shade. They are held on the "first Saturday of each month—except January, July and August—at 8 P. M." Jolly meetings are these, when everybody unbends, and anybody being a member may introduce a friend to see the fun and partake of the wines and viands. We have attended these meetings and found them full of grace and unction of the right sort, with a very agreeable mixture of creature comforts. To a stranger it cannot fail to be a genuine treat to get inside the walls on these occasions. He meets the best and choicest spirits of the city—men of letters, artists, actors, journalists, clergymen, judges, physicians, etc. Here we saw Bryant for the first time, with his grand Homeric head, even then covered with the snows of many winters, but with a heart as fresh and young as ever, and a face full of good humor and good fellowship, despite the mingled firmness and sternness into which a long and tough wrestling with the world had long ago cast his features. Kensett was there, too, and Eastman Johnson, the great realistic painter, the Fielding of art; and Le Clear the Smollet of art; and Elliot and Cropsey, Darley and Durant, and the great Church, who made such a splurge with his *Heart of the Andes*, and caused it to be so egregiously lauded that there was, at last, plenty of people in the world, who thought it was really a "big thing," and a genuine work of art—and we are sorry to say they were a good deal deceived and mistaken. A smooth, not an unpleasant face, capped by a semi-bald head, if we remember rightly, and lighted up by a pair of sleepy blue eyes, the mouth and chin expressive of weakness; the forehead bold and tolerably large, but not broad, with a strange mixture of secretiveness, trick and brag in him, but, withal, a jolly companion when the mood possessed him. Such is Church in the outer presentation of him. Here, too, we met Stedman, a sort of minor Aristophanes—a pretty pleasant singer, a satirist often of the keenest, with an edge to his wit like that of a razor, and a genial fellow to hob-a-nob with. But, as we well remember, the sensation man of the evening, who cast a deep, almost extinguishing, shadow upon such small fry as Bryant, Curtis, Youmans, Bellows and Park Godwin—who used to be "some" in our time—was George Bancroft, the Historian of America.

He carried in his left hand a small field chair, developed from a bamboo cane, or, perhaps, from a tough hickory stick, into which he presently ensconced himself, and was soon deep into the learned mysteries of oyster patty, which he lubricated with champagne. A "long and lank and brown" man in his bodily dimensions and fashioning, with an ancient and most venerable gray beard, and a large nose, which, as Robert Herrick, the lyric poet, says of his love "Juliet's,"

Was the grace
And proscenium of his face.

Notwithstanding his years there was the unmistakable fire of genius in his eye—like the luminous red glare which, in dark garrets, we have seen glassed in the large and well-rounded orbs of a "harmless and necessary cat." He was not quite so handsome, it is true, as he was when a young man for, alas! "hoar antiquity" had breathed its yellow breath over the once sweet and musical lineaments of his expressive countenance, and blotted the roses from his cheeks and the

almost maiden lily whiteness from his skin, and covered the entire face as with a mask of shriveled parchment. But these devastations of inexorable time had not in any way impaired his youthfulness of feeling or affected the vast and all comprehensive reaches of his mind, whereby he takes in at a glance all the facts, circumstances, events, phases and epochs of these United States, and putting them, pell-mell, into the invisible crucibles of his intellect, recasts them with the skill of an accomplished moulder, and reproduces them with the sublime egotism of one who knows his power—knows that he is, within the poorest fraction of an inch, the very Demiurgus of all creative energy and reality, and finally, gives his wondrous achievements to the world, stamped with the impressive and worshipful name of George Dullman Bancroft.

WHAT THE LITERATS THINK OF BANCROFT.

We are glad to find that, although out of sheer envy and jealousy, and in utter despair of ever rivaling his matchless performances, our own American scholars and men of letters do not by any means set him at so high a rate as he sets himself, and have come to pass his name about in society as the current counter expressive of all dullness, prosiness, bad English, clumsy sentences, crude thinkings, imperfect analysis and castrated philosophy. In spite of this ill-natured judgment respecting the great Bancroft and his works, we are glad to say that our "indefatigable bore" as the American cynics call him, is esteemed far more highly abroad than he is at home, although there may be some truth in the allegation, which the cynics aforesaid prefer as the reason why foreigners like him more than Americans do—namely, that they are not generally so well acquainted with the English language as we are, and cannot distinguish, therefore, between the aroma, as of posies from Eden, which breathes from the brave, manly and poetical style of Motley or Prescott and the effluvia, as of old and venerable cesspools, which issues from the writings of George Bancroft.

GEORGE RECEIVES A ROYAL GIFT.

The reader will be pleased to bear in mind that we must not by any means be expected to indorse this invidious comparison as thus set forth in such questionable language by these cynics; and we repeat that we are glad to find there are people abroad who believe in hero-worship—who regard Mr. Bancroft as a hero and a great man, and do not think it idolatry to pay him reverence and homage. So late even as during the last three months, a beautiful lady of royal lineage, in Berlin, presented him with a wreath of roses, or of orange blossoms—we really forget which it was—expressive of the delight she felt in being thus able to honor the "great historian of America," as she said, upon the thirtieth anniversary of his literary career. She compared his history books to the Tower of Babel, and hoped he would go on writing until they did what the other Babel did not—namely, reach up to the highest heaven, that the blessed angels, as well as the inhabitants of the earth, might enjoy the supreme felicity of reading themselves to sleep out of his inspired and inspiring pages.

THE HISTORIAN IN HIS LIBRARY.

So, putting this and that together, Mr. Bancroft comes, at last, by his rights and dues as an author. He has his faults, it is true—and which of us has not?—but they are all human; he being, in some sort at least, a man, and therefore pardonable. Perhaps the most glaring of these are his enormous conceit and vanity, which overshadow his entire character. We once paid him a visit, accompanied by a friend, with the desire—but we cannot say the hope—of securing his influence on behalf of a great historical illustrated work upon which the services of some of the best litterateurs and artists in the country had been engaged. We were ushered into the library, where the great man was seen in all the frenzy of inspired composition, dictating to a very respectable-looking secretary. This library was his workshop, or, to be classical, the Delphos, whereof he was the oracle, and where he delivered his revelations to the keeping of immortality. Time wasn't long enough for him to live in, although it was quite long enough for Tacitus and Gibbon. George wanted eternity to speak for him, and thought he was in all respects worthy of that honor.

GENERAL ASPECT OF LIBRARY.

We remember the general aspect of the library well, although it is many years ago since we offered unto it and its owner the profanity of our presence. It consisted of a suite of rooms on the first floor, the chief of which was lighted by a large window in front, looking out upon the aristocratic street. It was a long, narrow room, and had a working aspect; very clearly it was not the "den" of the dilettante; for there was no pretension anywhere to luxury nor to refinement even, other than that which radiates from books and pictures. It was overcrowded with tables, laden with papers and scattered volumes and heavy history tomes for reference. The walls were hung toward the main window with maps and diagrams, and here were a sort of easels for portfolios of engravings. On a pillar at the end of the room opposite the window were hung three or four large-sized portraits of the historical "Egomet;" and about two feet from the ceiling ran a single shelf all along one side of the wall, where the fire-place was, full of books. Estimated by measurement, we should say that there was at least forty feet of literature, mostly old tattered demaleon books, as if they had been bought cheap at second-hand, and were hung up there for show. Of course, this could not be the case in a

historian's library, but this is the impression which the whole barbaric horde left upon our unsophisticated mind. There were minor sanctums, or, perhaps, there was a minor sanctum, just behind this major-domo, and in it might have been more orderly books, systematically arranged for systematic study; but, if so, we did not see them, and to us, therefore they were *non est*.

GEORGE'S PIE-CRUST PROMISES.

But George was there in the big room, as we said, and at work. We explained our business with him, and to all appearance he was delighted with the prospect, and promised to render it all the help he could—especially as his own illustrious portrait was to adorn the pages as one of the heroes. There would have been at least a thousand engravings of various sorts in the book, which was to have been commemorative of a great historic event, its executive officers and pageants. The thing, however, was distasteful, unfortunately, to some of George's rich friends, and, being particularly addicted to toadyism, our friend, to gratify them, professed to be converted to their particular way of thinking, and afterward became as zealous an opponent of the enterprise as he had previously declared himself in favor of it. A hundred George Bancrofts and twice that number of his aristocratic patrons would not, however, have prevented the execution and publication of the book, which would certainly have appeared in due time, if the dreadful war between us and our blind brothers of the South had not so suddenly come down upon us "forty thousand strong when nobody thought of such a thing," as Waller said of Denham's horse. The war absorbed the hearts and souls of all the people, and extinguished our big book and certain big expectations, which, in our mind, were associated with it, although during a very limited canvass we had a subscription-list amounting to some thirty thousand dollars.

EGOTISM AND THE HISTORIAN'S PORTRAITS.

Mr. Bancroft's egotism shone very conspicuously during the interview we had with him upon the occasion alluded to above. He was, as already intimated, quite enthusiastic about the book, and particularly about the portrait department, which would have connected him with royal gentlemen and much better company in general than he was ever accustomed to associate with in real life, had we proceeded with it. But he could not make up his mind which of the portraits, if any of them, should be the one chosen to appear in the big gallery. He got his secretary to take them down from their "residences" on the pillar, and having made an art clinic over them himself, pondering their several beauties as reflexes of his own "human countenance divine," he submitted them to our judgment as a final decision. "I don't like this quite so well as this," he said, pointing to two of the pictures. "One, you see," he continued, "is rather too heavy, and the pictures are not so finely delineated as they might be. Besides, it is a full face, and that rarely looks so handsome as a side or three-quarter face. By the way, do you like the arrangement of the hair over the forehead? It strikes me as being very effective." Taking up a three-quarter picture, he placed it before us; but the light did not suit him, so he got the secretary to cozen the light with a newspaper suspended from the gas-burner. "There now," he said, "that is really a striking picture, very handsome and full of character, but hardly the portrait I should like to represent me to posterity. Then, turning round once more to the secretary, he said, "By the way, where is that ideal head which Elliott (we think it was Elliott, but are not quite sure of the name) painted for me in water colors? Will you find it?" And when it was brought he lighted up all over like a farthing rushlight, which was the highest luminous pitch he could ever reach, being an opaque man naturally, and incapable of any strong sunlight of emotion: "This is my sacred picture," he said, "and I only bring it out on state occasions. I fancy the artist has 'got me' here. It is George Bancroft in ideas, although not in flesh and blood exactly, as you well observe. Now, tell me how you like it, and which you like best among them all?"

THE THEATRICAL LIKENESS.

It was a clever picture, very theatrically poetical—if that characterization of it may be allowed to pass as criticism—and represented a man of some forty years of age, with Bancroft's nose, which Lavater would have said "was worth a kingdom," and which he has said of a certain class of noses in his book on Physiognomy. The eyes were large and "in a fine frenzy rolling," and the forehead was broad and high—what the phrenologists would call a mathematical forehead, with "causality" large, as the entire head was; with self-esteem protruding almost impudently from the rest of the faculties, which it seemed to protect with its wings like an old mother-hen her chicks. The hair was tossed about like a storm, and altogether it was a memorable extravagance. We told him it was a pretty, poetical picture—a little inflamed, perhaps, but evidently done by a practiced hand. But we hardly thought it would pass as his portrait—for the truth was that, although with the inspiration of genius, the artist had infused a weak, but character stic, dilution of George Bancroft into it, a sort of half-washed-out shadow of him, yet it might have passed for "any other man" quite as well as for the person it professed to resemble. He didn't think so, at all events, but regarded it as "Bancroft in ideas," Bancroft "spiritualized" and potted up in poetry. He took it up tenderly, and gazed upon it long and lovingly, and finally

declared that this should be the portrait to go into the book. "It is classical, you see," he exclaimed, "and none the worse for that. If I don't go into the street or attend the opera, just as I am therein represented, what does it matter? The best part of me is in the picture and the highest part; and as for costume, who ever saw the great men of the world, the famous men, whose portraits are as 'familiar as household words'—who ever saw them in public with bare necks, and turned-down collars, and half-open shirt-bosoms, and that everlasting hum-drum cloak, with its fur collar and dangling tassels?"

We confessed that the impeachment was true, and that our objection to his own portrait, on the ground of its excessive idealism and "intangibility" was overruled. So, promising to get Anthony to take a copy of it and send the same to us, he bade us a mild and courteous good-morrow, to which we as courteously and mildly responded, and saw him no more until we met him at the Century Club. But this great historian turned traitor to us and our enterprise of the big book, through the influence of the aristocratic friends we have before alluded to. Worse still, he point blank denied—and in writing too—although we had a friend with us during the entire interview who can vouch for the truth of this record—he denied that he had ever promised to render us any aid or personal influence whatsoever—which wasn't exactly the thing even for George Bancroft to do.

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

BY JULIETTE T. BURTON.

'Tis a day in mid-winter, clear, dazzling and chill,
The snow 'cases deep every valley and hill;
The frost-king triumphs in the face of the sun,
And the bitter air bites in its pitiless run.

The river caught fast as it worked its device,
Lies chained in a glittering circlet of ice;
And it seems, as its surface with glintings is specked,
Like a monstrous serpent with diamonds bedecked.

The skeleton forest stands patient and lets
The grizzly rime paint its bald forehead, and gets
The look of a giant for festival dress'd,
With Vesta clasped close to his sinewy breast.

Save the tiny snow-birdlings that trip to the winds,
No life is stir, and the landscape reminds
Of the picture which Solitude's pencil might mean,
For the absence of man—God alone on the scene.

The mountains so white, lying nearly to heaven,
Give the idea of brides for sepulture shaven;
And as nothing of earth than a bride should be dearer,
So their entrance to heaven must seem to be nearer.

By the magic of time these shrouds will be lift,
And in places of petrified figures, the gift
Of beauty and blushes and music and scent
Will burst o'er the scene in a lively advent.

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

BY C. B. P.

How much clap-trap we have had about the better status of the one God in Jewry, though he stands in the same relation as God of gods, as did the Supremes of other nations. Credworth's "Intellectual System," as we have already said, had shown this long ago; still Credworth has been ignored, and the God of Israel been exalted above the same essential Being, in other name, upon Gentile ground. Muller, on "Meleker's Mythology," says: "When we ascend with him to the most distant heights of Greek history, the idea of God as the Supreme Being stands before us as a simple fact. Next to this adoration of One God, the Father of heaven, the Father of men, we find in Greece a worship of Nature. The powers of nature, originally worshiped as such, were afterward changed into a family of gods, of which Zeus became the king and father."

In accordance with this, Philo Judeus declares that the Mosaic worship of his nation was based on nature, in operation of all her parts to a whole, or fulness of the Godhead bodily, and in harmony with the strictest principles of natural philosophy. The hierophant, or high priest, standing in God's place, was God, or the Lord, to furnish bread from heaven, with strong meat for men and milk for babes.

"Thou shalt not revile the gods," says Moses, or the official in that name. It was the *Elohim*, or gods, who were the co-makers of heaven and earth, or the comers up to the help of the Lord. "God standeth in the congregation of the mighty and judgeth among the gods. . . . I have said ye are gods and all of ye are children of the most high. . . . Who maketh His angels spirits, His ministers a flaming fire." As, per Philo, the Hebrew angels are the same as the Gentile gods, and as, per Bible, the law was given by the disposition of angels. Instead of having their lodgings on the cold, cold ground, there was ample room and verge enough in the mansions of the skies, each sign of the Zodiac being a temple of the Lord. "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts. . . . Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house; they will be still praising Thee." Yes, in the house not made with hands, eternal and on high. How the stars sing praises and God's sons shout for joy; each sign an angel, having eyes before and behind, and singing holy, holy, holy. How amiable were thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts, except when night, or the Ethiopian woman, with Satan among the sons of God, made a muss in the tabernacles, or the stormy Orion vexed the Red Sea coast and damped the Memphian

chivalry in the midst of the sea. How the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy, as they looked through a window, or from the pillar of a cloud, and saw Pharaoh and his host—his chariots, horses and horsemen all tumbled into the bottomless pit together, where abode Korah, Dathan and Abiram. What a fall was there for the stars not pure in the sight of God, but prone to free love when skirted by that woman Jezebel, who walked, *en pènier*, along the morning and evening horizon, trying to seduce the true worshipers from the Sun or Lord of heaven, even when the Bridegroom was coming out of His chamber, to whom Syrian damsels and Zion's daughters sang amorous ditties all a summer's day, from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve.

E'en Job's Jemima, handsome as the day,
Must circumspectly walk the milky way,
As on the mount she comes with graceful feet,
Drap'd as the saints in linen, pure and neat—
An angel of the Sun, glad tidings bringing—
With other handmaids hallelujahs singing—
Tripping along on light, fantastic toe,
The Lamb, to follow wheresoe'er he go.
And Keren—happier with her plenteous horn—
Is no less lovely in the rosy morn;
And Kesla, sweetest Queen of all the South,
With Sabaeen odors breathing from her mouth.
Who could not in this Summer Land find rest,
While pillow'd on sweet Araby the blest?

The Hero Gods of the skies, and their incarnations on earth, as clothed with the Sun, were always the darlings of the women. Saul, as the setting Sun or the Lord departing from him, was sang by the women for his thousands slain; but David, the rising Sun, was "the darling of the songs of Israel" for his ten thousand slain. How gloriously did David get himself honor among the women by dancing before the Lord with all his might, and dealing to each a good piece of flesh and a flagon of wine. But even Saul, in the sunset of the Lord, was not without the women to pipe him down and to mourn with him lamenting; for the beauty of Israel was slain upon the high places, and the mighty fallen. Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet and appareled you in gold. Jonathan, the son, or "gift of the Lord," had a love for the darling newly up in Israel, passing the love of women.

Dionysus, the Sun-Man-God, in Greece, was "followed everywhere by crowds of women, who worshiped him with wild cries and songs." In India, Jezeus Christna had no lack of women to do the beloved Son in whom the voice of heaven was well pleased—nor less the Jesus of Bethlehem, or "house of bread," where the women in various ways greeted him in due order, from the angel Gabriel and Mary, blessed among women and highly favored, her soul magnifying the Lord and her spirit rejoicing in God her Saviour. She was the same woman who was barren and yet hath borne seven, and the Sun, born in the "house of bread," "hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away." So Heracles, the God of heaven, was born "to help the weak and suffering . . . and as one continued sacrifice for the good of others." As the legend of the man-god or man-child whom the serpent would devour, it sprung from old phrases which had spoken of the Sun as toiling for so poor and weak a creature as man. My father hitherto works, and I work. Heracles is said to have smitten the hundred-headed hydra, or water-snake, the same who poured out many waters to carry away St. John's woman in the flood.

"All the heroes who represent the Sun are always parted from their first love, just as the Sun leaves the beautiful dawn behind him as he rises higher into the heavens," as per Cox. So Samson loved a woman in Timnath, whom a companion took over the left, and then he loved a woman in the valley of Sorek, whose name, Delilah, signifies "head of hair," which may have been the same as that with which the Dawn tired her head, when, with rosy cheeks and loving lips, she ushered in the morn. So Jesus loved Martha and her sister, and was for a time separated from them, while "our friend Lazarus sleepeth," or was mystically dead in the tomb of night, or passing through the underworld; the answer of Jesus being significant of the same, as representative of the mystic wisdom—"Are there not twelve hours in the day? If any man walk in the day he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world. But if a man walk in the night he stumbleth, because there was no light in him." But when the Sun is the resurrection and the life, Lazarus will be sure to come forth again, when the Sun or Lord awaketh as one out of sleep, like a mighty man that shouteth by reason of wine, and cries with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth." He that was dead comes forth, as did the saints which slept come out of their graves and go up to the holy city.

"Is Heracles a hero peculiar to Greek mythology? No. Under the same or other names we find a hero of this kind in the mythical legends of almost every country; but in all we have precisely the same kind of incidents, pointing to the old phrases which detailed the course of the Sun from his rising to his setting." It was the Sun as the Lord of heaven on Sinai, on Seir and Mount Paran, followed by ten thousand saints, and more or less of women, to garnish the tomb and weep for the Lamb slain, yet liveth again from the foundation of the world.

Heracles married Dejanira of the morning wine-press but loved Iole, the beautiful sunset maiden, who bears the same relation to the scarlet damsel of the morning as Helen to Oenone in the story of Paris. In the same way Signod

marries Gudum after forsaking Brynhild; and Achilles, Odysseus, Theseus, Kephalos are likewise parted from or abandon the women to whom they have plighted their troth. Sampson let slide the woman of Timnath and took Delilah for better or for worse. So John mystically uses the word "church" to switch from the track those who have not ears to hear, or eyes anointed with eye-salve to see how the angel of the church of Ephesus was rebuked for leaving his first love, being judged by him who holdeth the seven stars in his right hand, and who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks. Heracles gathered the golden apples from the gardens of the Hesperides; in other words, the golden-colored clouds which are grouped round the sun as he sinks in the western sky. Solomon was comforted with the same apples when he sang the mystical sky damsel whether newly up in the morning or making her evening bed in the Golden Fleece. When St. John saw the new Jerusalem come down from God out of heaven, the tree in the midst furnished the same kind of apples from among the twelve manner of fruits as set forth by him who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks. Even the apple which Eve ate in the Garden of Eden was half and half of the Lord and the Devil, or day and night, the serpent taking the first bite in the *morsus diaboli*.

Heracles, or the lord of heaven, endures "the last incident in what has been called the tragedy of nature." The seamless coat that he wears, the robe anointed with the blood of Nessus, with its love potion, made the hero's blood rush in streams over the ground. Jesus, a mystic name of the Sun personified, also sweat, as it were, great drops of blood. Judas is the night serpent, or devil, who betrays him.

"If the Sun may be spoken of as toiling for others, he may also be spoken of as enjoying in every land the fruits which he has ripened," and so went about doing good. "Hence Heracles became a person fond of eating and drinking; and thus, when in the house of Admetus, he learns that his host has just lost his wife, he regards this as no reason why he should lose his dinner." The son of man came eating and drinking in that wisdom which is justified of all her children. Even after the "Tragedy of Nature," Jesus invited his *dramatis personae* to come and dine, and then went to preach to the Spirits in prison, or in the night side of nature.

Jesus, in the beginning of his career, was taken up an exceeding high mountain to be tempted of the devil, being also led by the better spirit, as if forelaying the prayer—Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one. Heracles was tempted "by two maidens, one clad in a seemly robe of pure white, the other scantily clothed, and with a flushed face and restless eyes. The latter, who is called Kakia, or Vice, tempts him with the offer of ease and pleasures; the other, Arete, or Virtue, bids him toil manfully for a future and perhaps distant recompense. Heracles follows the counsel of Arete, and begins his toils with a brave heart."

No less bravely did Jesus put his hand to the plow as he worked with the father in the gospel drama, doing all those things anciently ascribed to the Sun as one with the Father All-Mighty in overcoming all things; his footstool, earth, and canopy, the sky; wrestling not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, and the rulers of the darkness; himself upon the right hand and satan over the left.

"He sits upon the great white throne,
The day spring He whose days go on.
He reigns above, He reigns alone;
Systems burn out and leave his throne.
Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall
Around Him, changeless amid all—
Ancient of days whose days go on."

Need we wonder, then, that Freemasonry and Christianity are as old as creation, and that by Jesus Christ the worlds were made before Abraham was? The Sun to rule the day and the Moon to rule the night were both grinders in the mills of the gods. Both used the upper and nether millstone as the stone of Israel, and ground out the other lights in the firmament of the heaven to be for signs and for seasons, and for days and years. So grand were the wheels within wheels that the *Deus ex machina* was also a light to lighten the Gentiles, though the Shekinah abode in a cloud.

What a strange compound is biblical mythology when received as literal history. True, the letter may be as a banner on the outer wall, nor less do the Freemasons hang out their banner for the children of Israel; but the inner folds are not to be read in the sight of all Israel and the Sun. Only those who are admitted to the greater mysteries can walk with open vision by sight as by faith, and see how the spirit came upon the old bones so that they lived, bone to his bone.

Dr. Oliver thinks he has so succeeded in keeping the Shekinah in a cloud that it will be luminous only to the initiated, "like the glorious Pillar which conducted the children of Israel out of Egypt without affording a single ray to assist the forbidden investigations of those who have a desire to penetrate the arcana of Masonry without submitting to the legitimate process of initiation." To these the Shekinah or Pillar of fire will prove only *lucus a non lucendo* and not a light to lighten the Gentiles, unless they have duly entered into the congregation of the Lord. But what if the law should be given by the disposition of angels, and spirits should peep about and mutter unless the wit-hes and wizzards should be put out of the land for their testimony over the left? Even Dr. Oliver has so much rent the veil from the top to the bottom as to leave Moses' seat in full view.

sary to frame a new constitution, and add to and recast the by-laws. The first article of this constitution sets forth the class of persons who shall be eligible for membership, as "authors, artists and amateurs of letters and the fine arts."

TRUSTEES AND OFFICERS.

Seven Trustees are appointed instead of six, as a Board of Management in conjunction with the President, and two Vice-Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer. "Of the Trustees two shall be authors, two artists, and three amateurs."

All officers are chosen at the annual meetings, and the President is Chairman of the Board of Management, and, with the Secretary, signs all written contracts and engagements; but the Board of Management may assign him the performance of any duties which they may deem essential to the well-being of the society.

FEES OF ENTRANCE.

An entrance fee of \$100 is paid by each new member. The annual dues are \$36, payable half-yearly in advance, that is to say, on the first of May and the first of November in each year. The non-payment of dues for three months brings the Treasurer down upon the defaulting member, to whom he gives a month's grace, after notifying him of his indebtedness, and if he neglect then to pay he is "struck off the rolls," like an attorney who has been engaged in naughty practices. But a member meaning to be absent from the city twelve months or more, who shall inform the Treasurer of the fact, is exempt from the payment of his dues during that time, and still remains a member. If two black balls are cast against a candidate for membership he is excluded, and members may be expelled or suspended for misconduct. Gambling of all sorts is excluded from the rooms and so are card-playing and betting; although why card-playing is put under the ban we cannot imagine, unless some of the Boston Puritanism has crept into the club and so spoiled its catholic character. This narrowness has a bad odor to it, and is unworthy of men of letters and artists, who of all others ought to be most harmlessly liberal and cosmopolitan.

MONTHLY MEETINGS.

The monthly meetings are the great social feature, and throw the annual blowing meetings into the shade. They are held on the "first Saturday of each month—except January, July and August—at 8 P. M." Jolly meetings are these, when everybody unbends, and anybody being a member may introduce a friend to see the fun and partake of the wines and viands. We have attended these meetings and found them full of grace and unction of the right sort, with a very agreeable mixture of creature comforts. To a stranger it cannot fail to be a genuine treat to get inside the walls on these occasions. He meets the best and choicest spirits of the city—men of letters, artists, actors, journalists, clergymen, judges, physicians, etc. Here we saw Bryant for the first time, with his grand Homeric head, even then covered with the snows of many winters, but with a heart as fresh and young as ever, and a face full of good humor and good fellowship, despite the mingled firmness and sternness into which a long and tough wrestling with the world had long ago cast his features. Kensett was there, too, and Eastman Johnson, the great realistic painter, the Fielding of art; and Le Clear the Smollet of art; and Elliot and Cropsey, Darley and Durant, and the great Church, who made such a splurge with his *Heart of the Andes*, and caused it to be so egregiously lauded that there was, at last, plenty of people in the world who thought it was really a "big thing," and a genuine work of art—and we are sorry to say they were a good deal deceived and mistaken. A smooth, not an unpleasant face, capped by a semi-bald head, if we remember rightly, and lighted up by a pair of sleepy blue eyes, the mouth and chin expressive of weakness; the forehead bold and tolerably large, but not broad, with a strange mixture of secretiveness, trick and brag in him, but, withal, a jolly companion when the mood possessed him. Such is Church in the outer presentation of him. Here, too, we met Stedman, a sort of minor Aristophanes—a pretty pleasant singer, a satirist often of the keenest, with an edge to his wit like that of a razor, and a genial fellow to hob-a-nob with. But, as we well remember, the sensation man of the evening, who cast a deep, almost extinguishing shadow upon such small fry as Bryant, Curtis, Youmans, Bellows and Park Godwin—who used to be "some" in our time—was George Bancroft, the Historian of America.

He carried in his left hand a small field chair, developed from a bamboo cane, or, perhaps, from a tough hickory stick, into which he presently ensconced himself, and was soon deep into the learned mysteries of oyster patty, which he lubricated with champagne. A "long and lank and brown" man in his bodily dimensions and fashioning, with an ancient and most venerable gray beard, and a large nose, which, as Robert Herrick, the lyric poet, says of his love "Juliet's,"

Was the grace
And proscenium of his face.

Notwithstanding his years there was the unmistakable fire of genius in his eye—like the luminous red glare which, in dark garrets, we have seen glassed in the large and well-rounded orbs of a "harmless and necessary cat." He was not quite so handsome, it is true, as he was when a young man for, alas! "hoar antiquity" had breathed its yellow breath over the once sweet and musical lineaments of his expressive countenance, and blotted the roses from his cheeks and the

almost maiden lily whiteness from his skin, and covered the entire face as with a mask of shriveled parchment. But these devastations of inexorable time had not in any way impaired his youthfulness of feeling or affected the vast and all comprehensive reaches of his mind, whereby he takes in at a glance all the facts, circumstances, events, phases and epochs of these United States, and putting them, pell-mell, into the invisible crucibles of his intellect, recasts them with the skill of an accomplished moulder, and reproduces them with the sublime egotism of one who knows his power—knows that he is, within the poorest fraction of an inch, the very Demiurgus of all creative energy and reality, and finally, gives his wondrous achievements to the world, stamped with the impressive and worshipful name of George Dullman Bancroft.

WHAT THE LITERATS THINK OF BANCROFT.

We are glad to find that, although out of sheer envy and jealousy, and in utter despair of ever rivaling his matchless performances, our own American scholars and men of letters do not by any means set him at so high a rate as he sets himself, and have come to pass his name about in society as the current counter expressive of all dullness, prosiness, bad English, clumsy sentences, crude thinkings, imperfect analysis and castrated philosophy. In spite of this ill-natured judgment respecting the great Bancroft and his works, we are glad to say that our "indefatigable bore" as the American cynics call him, is esteemed far more highly abroad than he is at home, although there may be some truth in the allegation, which the cynics aforesaid prefer as the reason why foreigners like him more than Americans do—namely, that they are not generally so well acquainted with the English language as we are, and cannot distinguish, therefore, between the aroma, as of posies from Eden, which breathes from the brave, manly and poetical style of Motley or Prescott and the effluvia, as of old and venerable cesspools, which issues from the writings of George Bancroft.

GEORGE RECEIVES A ROYAL GIFT.

The reader will be pleased to bear in mind that we must not by any means be expected to indorse this invidious comparison as thus set forth in such questionable language by these cynics; and we repeat that we are glad to find there are people abroad who believe in hero-worship—who regard Mr. Bancroft as a hero and a great man, and do not think it idolatry to pay him reverence and homage. So late even as during the last three months, a beautiful lady of royal lineage, in Berlin, presented him with a wreath of roses, or of orange blossoms—we really forget which, it was—expressive of the delight she felt in being thus able to honor the "great historian of America," as she said, upon the thirtieth anniversary of his literary career. She compared his history books to the Tower of Babel, and hoped he would go on writing until they did what the other Babel did not—namely, reach up to the highest heaven, that the blessed angels, as well as the inhabitants of the earth, might enjoy the supreme felicity of reading themselves to sleep out of his inspired and inspiring pages.

THE HISTORIAN IN HIS LIBRARY.

So, putting this and that together, Mr. Bancroft comes, at last, by his rights and dues as an author. He has his faults, it is true—and which of us has not?—but they are all human; he being, in some sort at least, a man, and therefore pardonable. Perhaps the most glaring of these are his enormous conceit and vanity, which overshadow his entire character. We once paid him a visit, accompanied by a friend, with the desire—but we cannot say the hope—of securing his influence on behalf of a great historical illustrated work upon which the services of some of the best litterateurs and artists in the country had been engaged. We were ushered into the library, where the great man was seen in all the frenzy of inspired composition, dictating to a very respectable-looking secretary. This library was his workshop, or, to be classical, the Delphos, whereof he was the oracle, and where he delivered his revelations to the keeping of immortality. Time wasn't long enough for him to live in, although it was quite long enough for Tacitus and Gibbon. George wanted eternity to speak for him, and thought he was in all respects worthy of that honor.

GENERAL ASPECT OF LIBRARY.

We remember the general aspect of the library well, although it is many years ago since we offered unto it and its owner the profanity of our presence. It consisted of a suite of rooms on the first floor, the chief of which was lighted by a large window in front, looking out upon the aristocratic street. It was a long, narrow room, and had a working aspect; very clearly it was not the "den" of the dilettante; for there was no pretension anywhere to luxury nor to refinement even, other than that which radiates from books and pictures. It was overcrowded with tables, laden with papers and scattered volumes and heavy history tomes for reference. The walls were hung toward the main window with maps and diagrams, and here were a sort of easels for portfolios of engravings. On a pillar at the end of the room opposite the window were hung three or four large-sized portraits of the historical "Egomet," and about two feet from the ceiling ran a single shelf all along one side of the wall, where the fire-place was, full of books. Estimated by measurement, we should say that there was at least forty feet of literature, mostly old tattered demaleon books, as if they had been bought cheap at second-hand, and were hung up there for show. Of course, this could not be the case in a

historian's library, but this is the impression which the whole barbaric horde left upon our unsophisticated mind. There were minor sanctums, or, perhaps, there was a minor sanctum, just behind this major-domo, and in it might have been more orderly books, systematically arranged for systematic study; but, if so, we did not see them, and to us, therefore they were *non est*.

GEORGE'S PIE-CRUST PROMISES.

But George was there in the big room, as we said, and at work. We explained our business with him, and to all appearance he was delighted with the prospect, and promised to render it all the help he could—especially as his own illustrious portrait was to adorn the pages as one of the heroes. There would have been at least a thousand engravings of various sorts in the book, which was to have been commemorative of a great historic event, its executive officers and pageants. The thing, however, was distasteful, unfortunately, to some of George's rich friends, and, being particularly addicted to toadyism, our friend, to gratify them, professed to be converted to their particular way of thinking, and afterward became as zealous an opponent of the enterprise as he had previously declared himself in favor of it. A hundred George Bancrofts and twice that number of his aristocratic patrons would not, however, have prevented the execution and publication of the book, which would certainly have appeared in due time, if the dreadful war between us and our blind brothers of the South had not so suddenly come down upon us "forty thousand strong when nobody thought of such a thing," as Waller said of Denham's horse. The war absorbed the hearts and souls of all the people, and extinguished our big book and certain big expectations, which, in our mind, were associated with it, although during a very limited canvass we had a subscription-list amounting to some thirty thousand dollars.

EGOTISM AND THE HISTORIAN'S PORTRAITS.

Mr. Bancroft's egotism shone very conspicuously during the interview we had with him upon the occasion alluded to above. He was, as already intimated, quite enthusiastic about the book, and particularly about the portrait department, which would have connected him with royal gentlemen and much better company in general than he was ever accustomed to associate with in real life, had we proceeded with it. But he could not make up his mind which of the portraits, if any of them, should be the one chosen to appear in the big gallery. He got his secretary to take them down from their "residences" on the pillar, and having made an art clinic over them himself, pondering their several beauties as reflexes of his own "human countenance divine," he submitted them to our judgment as a final decision. "I don't like this quite so well as this," he said, pointing to two of the pictures. "One, you see," he continued, "is rather too heavy, and the pictures are not so finely delineated as they might be. Besides, it is a full face, and that rarely looks so handsome as a side or three-quarter face. By the way, do you like the arrangement of the hair over the forehead? It strikes me as being very effective." Taking up a three-quarter picture, he placed it before us; but the light did not suit him, so he got the secretary to cozen the light with a newspaper suspended from the gas-burner. "There now," he said, "that is really a striking picture, very handsome and full of character, but hardly the portrait I should like to represent me to posterity. Then, turning round once more to the secretary, he said, "By the way, where is that ideal head which Elliott (we think it was Elliott, but are not quite sure of the name) painted for me in water colors? Will you find it?" And when it was brought he lighted up all over like a farthing rushlight, which was the highest luminous pitch he could ever reach, being an opaque man naturally, and incapable of any strong sunlight of emotion: "This is my sacred picture," he said, "and I only bring it out on state occasions. I fancy the artist has 'got me' here. It is George Bancroft in ideas, although not in flesh and blood exactly, as you well observe. Now, tell me how you like it, and which you like best among them all?"

THE THEATRICAL LIKENESS.

It was a clever picture, very theatrically poetical—if that characterization of it may be allowed to pass as criticism—and represented a man of some forty years of age, with Bancroft's nose, which Lavater would have said "was worth a kingdom," and which he has said of a certain class of noses in his book on Physiognomy. The eyes were large and "in a fine frenzy rolling," and the forehead was broad and high—what the phrenologists would call a mathematical forehead, with "causality" large, as the entire head was; with self-esteem protruding almost impudently from the rest of the faculties, which it seemed to protect with its wings like an old mother-hen her chicks. The hair was tossed about like a storm, and altogether it was a memorable extravagance. We told him it was a pretty, poetical picture—a little inflated, perhaps, but evidently done by a practiced hand. But we hardly thought it would pass as his portrait—for the truth was that, although with the inspiration of genius, the artist had infused a weak, but character stic, dilution of George Bancroft into it, a sort of half-washed-out shadow of him, yet it might have passed for "any other man" quite as well as for the person it professed to resemble. He didn't think so, at all events, but regarded it as "Bancroft in ideas," Bancroft "spiritualized" and potted up in poetry. He took it up tenderly, and gazed upon it long and lovingly, and finally

declared that this should be the portrait to go into the book. "It is classical, you see," he exclaimed, "and none the worse for that. If I don't go into the street or attend the opera, just as I am therein represented, what does it matter? The best part of me is in the picture and the highest part; and as for costume, who ever saw the great men of the world, the famous men, whose portraits are as 'familiar as household words'—who ever saw them in public with bare necks, and turned-down collars, and half-open shirt-bosoms, and that everlasting hum-drum cloak, with its fur collar and dangling tassels?"

We confessed that the impeachment was true, and that our objection to his own portrait, on the ground of its excessive ideality and "intangibility" was overruled. So, promising to get Anthony to take a copy of it and send the same to us, he bade us a mild and courteous good-morrow, to which we as courteously and mildly responded, and saw him no more until we met him at the Century Club. But this great historian turned traitor to us and our enterprise of the big book, through the influence of the aristocratic friends we have before alluded to. Worse still, he point blank denied—and in writing too—although we had a friend with us during the entire interview who can vouch for the truth of this record—he denied that he had ever promised to render us any aid or personal influence whatsoever—which wasn't exactly the thing even for George Bancroft to do.

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]
WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

BY JULIETTE T. BURTON.

'Tis a day in mid-winter, clear, dazzling and chill,
The snow 'cases deep every valley and hill;
The frost-king triumphs in the face of the sun,
And the bitter air bites in its pitiless run.

The river caught fast as it worked its device,
Lies chained in a glittering circlet of ice;
And it seems, as its surface with glintings is specked,
Like a monstrous serpent with diamonds bedecked.

The skeleton forest stands patient and lets
The grizzly rime paint its bald forehead, and gets
The look of a giant for festival dress'd,
With Vesta clasped close to his sinewy breast.

Save the tiny snow-birdlings that trip to the winds,
No life is astir, and the landscape reminds
Of the picture which Solitude's pencil might mean,
For the absence of man—God alone on the scene.

The mountains so white, lying nearly to heaven,
Give the idea of brides for sepulture shrun;
And as nothing of earth than a bride should be dearer,
So their entrance to heaven must seem to be nearer.

By the magic of time these shrouds will be lift,
And in places of petrified figures, the gift
Of beauty and blushes and music and scent
Will burst o'er the scene in a lively advent.

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

BY C. B. P.

How much clap-trap we have had about the better status of the one God in Jewry, though he stands in the same relation as God of gods, as did the Supremes of other nations. Credworth's "Intellectual System," as we have already said, had shown this long ago; still Credworth has been ignored, and the God of Israel been exalted above the same essential Being, in other name, upon Gentile ground. Muller, on "Meleker's Mythology," says: "When we ascend with him to the most distant heights of Greek history, the idea of God as the Supreme Being stands before us as a simple fact. Next to this adoration of One God, the Father of heaven, the Father of men, we find in Greece a worship of Nature. The powers of nature, originally worshiped as such, were afterward changed into a family of gods, of which Zeus became the king and father."

In accordance with this, Philo Judæus declares that the Mosaic worship of his nation was based on nature, in operation of all her parts to a whole, or fulness of the Godhead bodily, and in harmony with the strictest principles of natural philosophy. The hierophant, or high priest, standing in God's place, was God, or the Lord, to furnish bread from heaven, with strong meat for men and milk for babes.

"Thou shalt not revile the gods," says Moses, or the official in that name. It was the *Elohim*, or gods, who were the co-makers of heaven and earth, or the comers up to the help of the Lord. "God standeth in the congregation of the mighty and judgeth among the gods. . . . I have said ye are gods and all of ye are children of the most high. . . . Who maketh His angels spirits, His ministers a flaming fire." As, per Philo, the Hebrew angels are the same as the Gentile gods, and as, per Bible, the law was given by the disposition of angels. Instead of having their lodgings on the cold, cold ground, there was ample room and verge enough in the mansions of the skies, each sign of the Zodiac being a temple of the Lord. "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts. . . . Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house; they will be still praising Thee." Yes, in the house not made with hands, eternal and on high. How the stars sing praises and God's sons shout for joy; each sign an angel, having eyes before and behind, and singing holy, holy, holy. How amiable were thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts, except when night, or the Ethiopian woman, with Satan among the sons of God, made a muss in the tabernacles, or the stormy Orion vexed the Red Sea coast and damped the Memphian

chivalry in the midst of the sea. How the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy, as they looked through a window, or from the pillar of a cloud, and saw Pharaoh and his host—his chariots, horses and horsemen all tumbled into the bottomless pit together, where abode Korah, Dathan and Abiram. What a fall was there for the stars not pure in the sight of God, but prone to free love when skirted by that woman Jezebel, who walked, *en panier*, along the morning and evening horizon, trying to seduce the true worshipers from the Sun or Lord of heaven, even when the Bridegroom was coming out of His chamber, to whom Syrian damsels and Zion's daughters sang amorous ditties all a summer's day, from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve.

E'en Job's Jemima, handsome as the day,
Must circumspectly walk the milky way,
As on the mount she comes with graceful feet,
Drap'd as the saints in linen, pure and neat—
An angel of the Sun, glad tidings bringing—
With other handmaids hallelujahs singing—
Tripping along on light, fantastic toe,
The Lamb, to follow wheresoe'er he go.
And Keren—happier with her plenteous horn—
Is no less lovely in the rosy morn;
And Kesia, sweetest Queen of all the South,
With Sabaen odors breathing from her mouth,
Who could not in this Summer Land find rest,
While pillow'd on sweet Araby the blest?

The Hero Gods of the skies, and their incarnations on earth, as clothed with the Sun, were always the darlings of the women. Saul, as the setting Sun or the Lord departing from him, was sang by the women for his thousands slain; but David, the rising Sun, was "the darling of the songs of Israel" for his ten thousand slain. How gloriously did David get himself honor among the women by dancing before the Lord with all his might, and dealing to each a good piece of flesh and a flagon of wine. But even Saul, in the sunset of the Lord, was not without the women to pipe him down and to mourn with him lamenting; for the beauty of Israel was slain upon the high places, and the mighty fallen. Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet and appareled you in gold. Jonathan, the son, or "gift of the Lord," had a love for the darling newly up in Israel, passing the love of women.

Dionysus, the Sun-Man-God, in Greece, was "followed everywhere by crowds of women, who worshiped him with wild cries and songs." In India, Jezeus Christna had no lack of women to do the beloved Son in whom the voice of heaven was well pleased—nor less the Jesus of Bethlehem, or "house of bread," where the women in various ways greeted him in due order, from the angel Gabriel and Mary, blessed among women and highly favored, her soul magnifying the Lord and her spirit rejoicing in God her Saviour. She was the same woman who was barren and yet hath borne seven, and the Sun, born in the "house of bread," "hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away." So Heracles, the God of heaven, was born "to help the weak and suffering, . . . and as one continued sacrifice for the good of others." As the legend of the man-god or man-child whom the serpent would devour, it sprung from old phrases which had spoken of the Sun as toiling for so poor and weak a creature as man. My father hitherto works, and I work. Heracles is said to have smitten the hundred-headed hydra, or water-snake, the same who poured out many waters to carry away St. John's woman in the flood.

"All the heroes who represent the Sun are always parted from their first love, just as the Sun leaves the beautiful dawn behind him as he rises higher into the heavens," as per Cox. So Samson loved a woman in Timnath, whom a companion took over the left, and then he loved a woman in the valley of Sorek, whose name, Delilah, signifies "head of hair," which may have been the same as that with which the Dawn tied her head, when, with rosy cheeks and loving lips, she ushered in the morn. So Jesus loved Martha and her sister, and was for a time separated from them, while "our friend Lazarus sleepeth," or was mystically dead in the tomb of night, or passing through the underworld; the answer of Jesus being significant of the same, as representative of the mystic wisdom—"Are there not twelve hours in the day? If any man walk in the day he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world. But if a man walk in the night he stumbleth, because there was no light in him." But when the Sun is the resurrection and the life, Lazarus will be sure to come forth again, when the Sun or Lord awaketh as one out of sleep, like a mighty man that shouteth by reason of wine, and cries with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth." He that was dead comes forth, as did the saints which slept come out of their graves and go up to the holy city.

"Is Heracles a hero peculiar to Greek mythology? No. Under the same or other names we find a hero of this kind in the mythical legends of almost every country; but in all we have precisely the same kind of incidents, pointing to the old phrases which detailed the course of the Sun from his rising to his setting." It was the Sun as the Lord of heaven on Sinai, on Seir and Mount Paran, followed by ten thousand saints, and more or less of women, to garnish the tomb and weep for the Lamb slain, yet liveth again from the foundation of the world.

Heracles married Dejanira of the morning wine-press but loved Iole, the beautiful sunset maiden, who bears the same relation to the scarlet damsel of the morning as Helen to Oenone in the story of Paris. In the same way Signod

marries Gudum after forsaking Brynhild; and Achilles, Odysseus, Theseus, Kephalos are likewise parted from or abandon the women to whom they have plighted their troth. Sampson let slide the woman of Timnath and took Delilah for better or for worse. So John mystically uses the word "church" to switch from the track those who have not ears to hear, or eyes anointed with eye-salve to see how the angel of the church of Ephesus was rebuked for leaving his first love, being judged by him who holdeth the seven stars in his right hand, and who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks. Heracles gathered the golden apples from the gardens of the Hesperides; in other words, the golden-colored clouds which are grouped round the sun as he sinks in the western sky. Solomon was comforted with the same apples when he sang the mystical sky damsel whether newly up in the morning or making her evening bed in the Golden Fleece. When St. John saw the new Jerusalem come down from God out of heaven, the tree in the midst furnished the same kind of apples from among the twelve manner of fruits as set forth by him who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks. Even the apple which Eve ate in the Garden of Eden was half and half of the Lord and the Devil, or day and night, the serpent taking the first bite in the *morbus diaboli*.

Heracles, or the lord of heaven, endures "the last incident in what has been called the tragedy of nature." The seamless coat that he wears, the robe anointed with the blood of Nessus, with its love potion, made the hero's blood rush in streams over the ground. Jesus, a mystic name of the Sun personified, also sweat, as it were, great drops of blood. Judas is the night serpent, or devil, who betrays him.

"If the Sun may be spoken of as toiling for others, he may also be spoken of as enjoying in every land the fruits which he has ripened," and so went about doing good. "Hence Heracles became a person fond of eating and drinking; and thus, when in the house of Admetus, he learns that his host has just lost his wife, he regards this as no reason why he should lose his dinner." The son of man came eating and drinking in that wisdom which is justified of all her children. Even after the "Tragedy of Nature," Jesus invited his *dramatis personæ* to come and dine, and then went to preach to the Spirits in prison, or in the night side of nature.

Jesus, in the beginning of his career, was taken up an exceeding high mountain to be tempted of the devil, being also led by the better spirit, as if forelaying the prayer—Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one. Heracles was tempted "by two maidens, one clad in a seemly robe of pure white, the other scantily clothed, and with a flushed face and restless eyes. The latter, who is called Kakia, or Vice, tempts him with the offer of ease and pleasures; the other, Arete, or Virtue, bids him toil manfully for a future and perhaps distant recompense. Heracles follows the counsel of Arete, and begins his toils with a brave heart."

No less bravely did Jesus put his hand to the plow as he worked with the father in the gospel drama, doing all those things anciently ascribed to the Sun as one with the Father All-Mighty in overcoming all things; his footstool, earth, and canopy, the sky; wrestling not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, and the rulers of the darkness; himself upon the right hand and satan over the left.

"He sits upon the great white throne,
The day spring He whose days go on.
He reigns above, He reigns alone;
Systems burn out and leave his throne.
Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall—
Around Him, changeless amid all—
Ancient of days whose days go on."

Need we wonder, then, that Freemasonry and Christianity are as old as creation, and that by Jesus Christ the worlds were made before Abraham was? The Sun to rule the day and the Moon to rule the night were both grinders in the mills of the gods. Both used the upper and nether millstone as the stone of Israel, and ground out the other lights in the firmament of the heaven to be for signs and for seasons, and for days and years. So grand were the wheels within wheels that the *Deus ex machina* was also a light to lighten the Gentiles, though the Shekinah abode in a cloud.

What a strange compound is biblical mythology when received as literal history. True, the letter may be as a banner on the outer wall, nor less do the Freemasons hang out their banner for the children of Israel; but the inner folds are not to be read in the sight of all Israel and the Sun. Only those who are admitted to the greater mysteries can walk with open vision by sight as by faith, and see how the spirit came upon the old bones so that they lived, bone to his bone.

Dr. Oliver thinks he has so succeeded in keeping the Shekinah in a cloud that it will be luminous only to the initiated, "like the glorious Pillar which conducted the children of Israel out of Egypt without affording a single ray to assist the forbidden investigations of those who have a desire to penetrate the arcana of Masonry without submitting to the legitimate process of initiation." To these the Shekinah or Pillar of fire will prove only *lucus a non lucendo*, and not a light to lighten the Gentiles, unless they have duly entered into the congregation of the Lord. But what if the law should be given by the disposition of angels, and spirits should peep about and mutter unless the wits and wizzards should be put out of the land for their testimony over the left? Even Dr. Oliver has so much rent the veil from the top to the bottom as to leave Moses' seat in full view.

To know how the ancients studied nature, and how they personified her in whole and in parts, is to know Freemasonry, or the wisdom of God in a mystery: this wisdom being masculine and feminine, and the twain one as the Creator. In generation and regeneration the kingdom on earth blended with the kingdom in heaven, and Genesis in Alpha was the sure word of prophecy to be born again in Omega. Of an imagination all compact were Moses and the prophets, and the later scribes instructed into the kingdom of heaven brought out some new treasures with the old. Daniel, as chief of magicians, stargazers and monthly prognosticators knew how "the heavens do rule," and St. John's machinery of the Apocalypse is shown to have been borrowed from the old nature mysteries of the heathen. The *Deus ex machina* of all was the Sun, and He was one with the Father, or, in time, He was Father, Sun and the Spirit. Babylonian, Hebrew and other cherubim moved, wheel within wheel, and were strapped to the same machinery. Nor less was Egypt in the same gearing where our Lord was crucified.

In like harness, too, was Israel, hoofing it up, up, up, and down, down, down, backward and forward, and round, round, round, with clothes that waxed not old nor shoes the worse for wear—thus showing the excellent quality of ancient leather; and yet the children of Israel wept very sore that the Jordan was so hard a road to travel, and would to God they had died before the Lord in Egypt, ere they had undertaken to follow on to know him over so many stones of stumbling and rocks of offence, as if the promised land was a breach of promise of the Lord, and He that sitteth in the heavens did laugh at their calamity.

REASON AND COMMON SENSE

VS.

RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY.

JOHN FISKE, THE PHILOSOPHER,

ON

DR. M'COSH, THE THEOLOGIAN.

To the Editors of The World:

SIR: There is a well-known genus of feeling called the *odium theologicum*, of which the specific manifestations were formerly *autos da fe* and similar acts of violence, but which now seldom dictates anything more formidable than an occasional misrepresentation or inexact statement of facts. Last week we were informed by Dr. McCosh that Comte was a rabid atheist, who might have been seen in the Champs Elysees twenty years ago "foaming out his profanities in a most excited manner." This week we are told that materialism "was very agreeable to the demi-monde which ruled the manners and morals of Paris," under the second empire; and we are given to understand that materialists are "fleshy" persons, who "seduce one fair virgin after another." What next?

Being neither a materialist, nor yet a follower of Comte, I shall not be suspected of partisanship in calling Dr. McCosh to account for his statements. In the interests of historic truth it is well to suggest that the story about Comte is probably just as true as the old story—similarly dictated by the *odium theologicum*, and believed by many silly persons—that Theodore Parker publicly baptized a dog and cat in the name of the Holy Trinity before a Boston audience.

As regards materialism, Dr. McCosh is assisted by that ambiguity in the connotations of familiar terms, without which the occupation of theologians in our day would be gone. The word materialism is used in two different and unconnected senses. First, we call that person a materialist who allows his actions to be guided by the desires—usually, but not necessarily, sensual ones—of the moment, without reference to any such permanent rule of right living as is called "a high ideal of life." In this sense, persons who worship nothing but success, who care for nothing but wealth, or fashionable display, or sensual gratification, or personal celebrity, are often called materialists. In this sense, the demi-monde and the "seducers of fair virgins" are called materialists. Secondly, we call that person a materialist who maintains the metaphysical thesis that the objective reality which underlies and causes the phenomenal manifestations of consciousness is identical with the objective reality which underlies and causes the phenomenal manifestations of matter, and who, furthermore, insists upon calling this single objective reality and common cause of the two sets of phenomena by the name of matter. This is the materialism with which Dr. McCosh is professedly dealing, though in the ardor of combat he has, like Don Quixote with the windmills, forgotten to ascertain the precise nature of his antagonist.

To say that the demi-monde of Paris favors the metaphysical thesis maintained by the materialistic philosophy is to make a statement which must be extremely gratifying to all persons who desire satisfactory proof of the capacity of the female sex for abstract reasoning. But to insinuate that a philosopher who maintains this thesis may seduce as many fair virgins as he likes, without any fears of the "second death"—whatever that may be—is to take advantage of an unscientific confusion in language in order to cast upon the adherents of an unpopular system of metaphysics an imputation as groundless as it is indecent. If Dr. McCosh overlooked this verbal ambiguity, the fact speaks ill for his philosophic acuteness; if he made the remark without overlooking it, it speaks ill for his truthfulness and good breeding. It is for him to choose by which horn of the dilemma he will be gored.

Those who wish to see materialism refuted by philosophic reasoning, and not by appeals to vulgar prejudice, may be referred to the latter portion of Mr. Herbert Spencer's lately published volume on psychology. The fact that theologians in treating similar subjects seem unable to refrain from exhibitions of the *odium theologicum*, strikingly shows the weakness of their own position, and leads one to suspect that the influence of their peculiar training is not altogether conducive to habits of accurate thinking.

JOHN FISKE.

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

SOLILOQUIES.

BY JULIETTE T. BURTON.

Indeed, it seems most strange to me
That I have lived unknown to thee
Through former times, or that I cared
To have a good by thee unshared.

So strange that I should dare to think
I'd stood on love's delicious brink,
Or that I'd tasted anything
Of real joy that earth can bring;

That stars could shine with half their light,
Or heaven deem its arches bright;
That music tried a dulcet strain,
Or poet made my pulses pain;

That I could teach my mind to take
Of learning, or for heaven's sake
Aspire to good intent, or crave
My best appearances to save.

So strange that I should take up life,
And hope to be a happy wife;
Or cradle children on my knee
Who could not claim for father thee.

Yet years did come and go again,
And seasons made their changeful train,
And life endured, nor had I woke
To knowledge, 'till at last you spoke.

A stranger sad, I sat and nursed
The blank that my poor life had cursed,
And in my misery I believed,
Were death at hand I'd not be grieved.

Not dreaming that within an ace
Betwixt my sighs, the boon of grace
Lay waiting for my reaching heart,
To seize initiative start.

I had not in that twilight dim
Of curtained lamps, a single whim
That I to thee might ever be
More than just then thou wert to me.

But through electric sympathy
There came from out thy soul to me
A spark which kindled living flame,
And in it wrote love's ardent name.

Time at one round made wheels contract,
And set its score with this compact;
For if we'd wedded years before,
We'd not have loved each other more.

The tryst was sweet in those still weeks,
When silence played expressive freaks,
And soul on soul shed deeper dyes
Through mystic language of the eyes.

And though again I ne'er behold thee,
Dear to me thou still wilt be;
Nothing on this earth can part thee
From my love, or set me free.

Henceforth in my spirit deep
What thou hast been I will keep;
And if loving be a sinning,
Save me if I still keep sinning.

I am thine as full and free,
As if law had fastened me;
Code nor priest can undo Fate,
Which brings together hearts that mate.

THE FELON'S DOCK.

MACY'S ROOKERY.

New Anecdote of A. T. Stewart's Meanness—The Beautiful Sewing-girl, Her Industry and Wages—"A. T." Declares She is Paid Too Much, a Long Way: "My Clerks below don't Get Half what you Get"—The Sempstress Tells Him a Good bit of Her Mind—They Reason Together—How he Likes being put into the "Felon's Dock"—What he Thinks of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY—Goes off to Buy Last Week's Copy—The Arrests and Imprisonments of Innocent Ladies at Macy's on Charges of Sugar-stick, Soap and Match-box Stealing—Theory of the Object Thereof—The Absurdity and Wicked Malice of the Thing—Why didn't Smart Judge Dowling see Through it and Squelch Proceedings?—The Poor Wages and Fine Clothing of Macy's Waiter-girls—How they Handle all the Money that Comes in—How Easy for Them to Cheat—All Items Sold Entered in a Book at the Time—Mrs. Burnside and a Five Cent Match-box—She is Adjudged a Thief Because the Waiter-girl "Forgot" to Enter it on the Sale-bill—Mrs. Phelps, with her Millions of Dollars, Charged Stealing a Cent Sugar-stick—Fraud! Fraud! Fraud!—One of Macy's Gang Cheats a Lady out of Three Dollars—Same Lady Buys Two Articles at \$2 04 Each—Sends to get the Color Changed and they swear the Articles were Never Bought There; that They had None Higher than \$1 90—Wanted to Palm Inferior Goods upon Lady in Exchange for her Good ones—Person sent calls Them Scoundrels—Lady has to go Herself—Finds the Waiter-girl who Sold her the Goods—She is Confounded—Has Nothing to Say—Why not these Girls who Wear the Fine Clothes do the Stealing instead of the High-born Ladies?—Proofs on Proofs!

THE MEAN MERCHANT AND THE SEWING-GIRL.

We have a curious anecdote to relate of A. T. Stewart which was told to us by a gentleman who vouches for the truth of that part of the story, at all events, which relates to and is confirmatory of the great merchant's unapproachable selfishness and meanness. There is a very pretty, proud girl in his establishment who belongs to the sewing department; and as A. T. exercises a strict personal espionage over the smallest as well as the largest matters connected with the internal management and discipline of his business and makes it a point to fish out all he can catch respecting the qualifications of each person in his employ—the kind of work they do—the quantity done each day and the amount of payment which they received for the doing of it—cutting down wages where he thinks, or pretends to

think, the poor white slave is receiving more than the work justifies, but never, in any recorded instance, increasing the pay where it was clear that the employe was overtasked and under-paid; this, we say, being the habit of the cunning fox, A. T., he chanced to cast his eyes upon the beautiful, brave face of the young girl alluded to above, who was deep in the mysteries of her craft and, for some time, unconscious of his presence. A. T. watched the nimble fingers of the pretty white hand as they plied the everlasting needle and thread and concluded at once in his own mind that if this beautiful Arachne were not paid more for her work, more than the ordinary run of girls in his place, he must be a considerable gainer by her industry. Always insolent and brutal to his employes, he lacked even the manliness to pay homage or common courtesy to beauty itself, so unmistakably manifest in the sweet face of the young girl in question. Accordingly, having satisfied himself that she at least was no idler, he turned upon her like a great bear that had never seen the world, even in a menagerie, and exclaimed: "Hey! you girl there! how much wages do you get per week?" To which rude question, thus savagely put, she boldly replied, dinging all the magnetic fury which her large black eyes were capable of, upon the old dandy's withered and yellow, parchment-looking face: "I receive nine dollars, Mr. Stewart, and earn twelve at least, and having been in your employ for a year, I calculate that, if honest folks had their own, you owe me \$156; and I shall be much obliged to you for the check to that amount," she added, with a wonderfully grave face. "Stuff and nonsense, you—what do they call you?—you saucy sewing-girl," replied the great A. T., astounded at her audacity. "Nine dollars a week, do you say?" he added, with a tremor in his voice, as if the very thought of such a sum being paid to a miserable sempstress was like a sharp dagger in his heart and the presage of eternal ruin to his fortunes as a man of business. "Nine dollars! You don't mean to tell me that my manager is crazy enough to pay you nine dollars a week for stitching a few beggarly garments together! I never heard of such extravagance. I shall be ruined at this rate before the end of the year. Why, the other girls don't get more than six dollars, and I don't pay the majority of my clerks half that sum, and they are all dressed as gentlemen, you see, and live like fighting cocks as well." "I have heard some of them say," replied the saucy sewing girl, "that they don't live at all; they simply vegetate, and some of them cannot supply their families with enough even of the coarsest food, and that nearly all the money you pay them you compel them to put upon their backs to maintain the respectability and dignity of your establishment. I should not like to pay my work-people starvation wages, Mr. Stewart, if I were a merchant. Did it never strike you that it is dishonest to do so? Not according to man's law, perhaps, but certainly according to God's, who insists upon it as the first and last condition of everybody's salvation, that he shall do unto others as he would have others do unto him. Neither should I like to be the butt and scorn of the newspaper press, and a by-word of meanness and flint-skinning in every citizen's mouth; to be pointed at on the streets as Dives come back again to the earth from his place of torment on a parole, which he forfeits by doing worse this time than he did before, and enriching himself by impoverishing the needy and starving the poor in his employ! If you have not seen WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY of three weeks ago, Mr. Stewart, I would advise you to get it and read it, for your own sake. You will then see your own portrait—not as you vainly picture it in your own mind, but as it is in reality, and as other people see it."

WHAT A. T. THINKS OF WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN'S JOURNAL.

"Who has dared to put me into that vile paper, that advocate of woman's rights, and all that sort of thing, as if women had any rights or any business outside of her own scullery? I would make kitchen wenches of them all. I'd 'women's-rights' them, I would, if I were Congress. I'd send them to the right about in quick time! Who cares for Woodhull & Claflin's infidel paper? Who reads it, I should like to know?"

"They claim to have twenty-five thousand subscribers," said the pretty, tenacious girl; "and calculating that five persons read each paper, that gives them 125,000 readers, and I understand that five is a low estimate for a live paper like theirs. You had better get it, sir. You will find yourself in the 'Felon's Dock,' where I should be very sorry to be." This statement called forth an explanation, and "A. T." was given to understand what the Felon's Dock was instituted for, and was so enraged at the idea of his being put in it, that he went away, foaming, to send for it, and to prosecute it if it cost a million—that is to say, if he found anything in it that should turn out prosecutable. We ought to be terribly scared, no doubt, as in duty bound, but really there are so many fellows of loose morals and bad conduct "raised" in these New York "diggings," that we have no time to indulge in this luxury, and we have to show up what may to-day turn out to be knavery at Macy's, and explain how so many ladies came to be arrested at that store, where the pretty girls are congregated as waiters.

THE PRETTY BLONDES AT MACY'S STORE.

Our readers will remember that a number of respectable and highly connected ladies, as well as others of a lower class in society, were, some little while ago, arrested upon charges of shoplifting by the detective employed at Macy's store to look after thieves and keep order in the establishment. It was, so far as we know, the first time in the history of the city that any storekeeper had ever run the risk of arresting promiscuously a large number of ladies—some of them the wives of leading citizens of high standing and repute—at the instigation of a gang of waiter girls upon charges so miserably petty which were sustained only by the oaths of the employes, whom we have a right to regard, to a certain extent, as interested parties—that is to say, as parties who, believing, or pretending to believe, that visitors to the store had aforetime stolen goods from it; and, knowing that Mr. Macy would give a good deal to "catch the thieves," and that whose caused the first arrest to be made would be sure to get into his good graces—were very liable to deceive themselves as to the nature of certain given actions, or movements, on the part of customers at the counter, and set them down as deliberate attempts to rob, or, as downright robberies.

A LADY ARRESTED FOR STEALING A FIVE CENT MATCH-BOX.

It appears that for some time previous to these arrests Mr. Macy had lost many articles, which as a whole amounted to a large figure, and he had desired all his waiter girls, as well as the detective, to keep their "weather eyes" open. They were full of suspicions, therefore, to begin with, and quite prepared to interpret what might

in reality be an innocent desire merely to look at the merchandise into a hungry greed after it, which it was likely they would presently gratify by stealing. Nay, so keen were these pretty Arguses that they would not let a purchaser carry off her own goods which they had just sold her, without taxing her with stealing the same, and throwing her into prison. Mrs. Bryant, having bought a lot of trifling articles, and among them a trumpery five cent match box, reflects, after she has left the store a few minutes, that perhaps she had better buy a larger match-box, and returns to the waiter girl who served her, with this object in view. The girl, however, was so long occupied with other customers that the lady's patience was exhausted, and taking up her own match box, which she had set down on the counter, was about to depart with it, when the ubiquitous detective arrested her; and, notwithstanding remonstrances, imprisoned her.

THEORY OF THE ARRESTS.

Her explanation ought to have been sufficient to satisfy any reasonable person, but the suspicion of all the employees in the store was at its highest tension, and none of them would see in so simple and natural an action anything but a deliberate theft. Now, if all had been fair and above board, what would have been easier than to have confronted Mrs. Bryant with the waiter-girl who sold her the parcel of goods, and have got her to say whether the match-box was or was not included in the purchases. There could hardly have been any plea of short or bad memory in this case, for scarcely a quarter of an hour had elapsed between the original buying and the arrest of the accused person. But that was not the object. The design was to arrest customers, and the more respectable they were the better, according to the theory we are now building on, which has two sides to it—one of which is to put a stop to what Macy called the systematic robbery going on at his place; and the other to create a sensation in upper tondom and throughout New York society generally, by incarcerating as thieves and vagabonds the trusty good wives of our best citizens, with a view to put Macy in everybody's mouth, indigestible as the tough hide and lean body of the man was sure to be, and thus cause his store to be the town talk, and induce customers to cram it from morning to night.

This is our theory of these arrests. We do not positively aver that it is the correct one, but all the evidence goes—in our judgment, at least—to favor it. It is simply absurd to suppose that so many and such widely-sundered persons—in respect to social rank and distinction—should all on a sudden, and, as it were, simultaneously, convert themselves into petty thieves, and degrade and disgrace their names, families and connections by stealing pennyworths of thread and match-boxes valued at five cents, and sugar-sticks a cent a piece. Some of the newspapers at the time began to "smell a mice," and the *Sun* was, we believe, chiefly instrumental in compelling Macy, for very shame's sake, to stop his infamous proceedings.

Now there was, as we have shown above, every inducement to make the waiter girls favor these charges and arrests, and chiefly, perhaps, in the hope of pleasing their employer; and, although we by no means intend to say that they, in any instance, brought false and deliberately-made-up charges of theft against any one, it is certain that through their instrumentality and connivance many excellent ladies were subjected to the dreadful and humiliating indignity of arrest and imprisonment upon an accusation which must have been revolting to their very souls. We believe—but are not quite sure of this—that it was at Macy's store that a Jersey City lady was imprisoned for stealing a vase, as the indictment ran, and concealing the same in her pocket, when it was afterwards proved that it was far too big to go into that mysterious hiding place. This was evidently a charge got up purposely to extort money from her, or to draw public attention to the store where the arrest took place; one or the other is, we believe, the true theory.

WHY WAS SMART JUDGE DOWLING HUMBUGGED?

Nor can we understand how a clever, shrewd and long-experienced man like Judge Dowling could entertain such Baron Munchausen stories as these, so clearly made up for the occasion to serve a purpose, whatever that purpose may have been. In Mrs. Bryant's case the evidence was so lame and insufficient that it ought to have been received at least with great caution. Macy's superintendent, a Miss M. La Farge, testified that all articles sold in the store were entered into a book, and because that particular match-box, which, when arrested, Mrs. Bryant had in her hand, was not found as an item among these entries she concluded that the said Mrs. Bryant was a thief—rather a hasty conclusion, we should think, and we greatly marvel that Judge Dowling did not think so too. Did it never strike the Judge that the waiter-girl who sold Mrs. Bryant that little parcel of goods may have forgotten to include the match-box, and other similar small pieces to boot, in her bill of the effected sale, and that while she handed Miss La Farge the cooked document she put the proceeds of the extracted and unrecorded pieces into her own pocket? For anything shown to the contrary, when the case was before the Court, Mrs. Bryant's word was as good as that of the waiter-girl, or the detective who arrested her because he saw her take the box from the counter but did not see her put it down there. Nor does even he pretend that she tried to conceal it, as she would certainly have done had she stolen it. She merely carried it in her hand as she passed to another department of the store—"all square and above-board," to be seen by all who had eyes.

ABOUT THE WAITER-GIRLS.

And if this single case did not make the Judge suspicious, surely so many arrests in the same store, and for the same crime, made in such rapid succession, might have been enough to "give him pause," as Hamlet says. Waiter-girls have been thieves themselves before Macy hung out his trap on Broadway to catch ladies in and make thieves of them. These Macy girls, too—are their salaries large enough to enable them to dress as they do and put on such fine airs? Macy says he loses tens of thousands every year through these petty pilferings. Is it not strange that he should never dream of suspecting the girls, through whose hands the money passes, and who have so many opportunities every day of pocketing money, by simply omitting to set down a true list of the articles purchased and by presenting a "doctored" list to the superintendent or cashier? If the bill, for example, amounts to \$5 75, they can "forget" to set down some article that cost 50c. and keep that for themselves, paying the cashier \$5 25, and the purchaser—if \$6 in bills be given in payment, the proper change of 25c.—who, in such case, would be the wiser? How could Macy detect the fraud? And how does Judge Dowling know that precisely this "dodge" was not practiced in Mrs. Bryant's case, to her deep and damning injury?

SUPPOSE THE GIRLS DID IT?

While the character of customers is thus so completely at the mercy of these flaunting waiter-girls, and any customer may, at any time, by their wickedness or malice, in falsifying a bill of sale, be arrested for a crime they would rather die than commit, while the real thief jingles her blood-money in her pocket, and is deemed the very pink of honesty and conscientiousness, what safety, what protection for women frequenting this store is left? Clearly, none at all. They must keep away from it if they would preserve their fair and spotless names from ignominy and disgrace. Macy is cunning at trap-baiting; why don't he bait a trap for these waiters, who are his accusers of our respectable matrons and young wives and beloved sisters? Why does he not make himself sure that they are not frauds and impostors, thieves and perjurers themselves? Is it not quite as likely that they are so—nay, far more likely—seeing that they handle all the money—than that the women of our best families and the general public should sink into such a moral cesspool, all of a sudden, and forfeit the esteem and love of their best friends for a bottle of cosmetic, a five-cent match-box, or a cent stick of candy?

ARREST FOR STEALING A CENT STICK OF CANDY.

It would be very hard to make us believe that a lady like Mrs. Elizabeth Phelps, of 49 East Twenty-third street, whose life is devoted, as we learn, to deeds of practical benevolence among the poor and forsaken—against whose character the "winds of heaven," for very love, "blow not too roughly"—who has never yet been "hard up" for a ten-cent piece, or even for "twenty-two cents," said to be the commercial value of the candy she was charged before the same judge as having stolen—it would be hard to make us believe, we say, that this lady, who is the owner of millions of dollars, would be mean enough to rob Macy of "twenty-two cents" worth of sweet sticks.

But "twenty-two cents," although nothing to Mrs. Phelps, would be a good deal to a waiter-girl, who gets a wretched beggar's salary, and manages to dress like a duchess out of the fragments, after she has paid for her board, and taken her "personal expenses" out of it. And it would be especially something, and add up to a big sum if 50c., 25c., 35c. and 10c. were added to it as the result of the pretty pickings of a single day's sale of goods. And, given the well-known and accredited characters of both parties—that, namely, of Mrs. Phelps and that of her accuser—there are no twelve men that could be mustered as jurors in all the land who would give a verdict against Mrs. Phelps—knowing, as they would know—the ease with which a charge of theft can be manufactured by the thief that makes the charge—and how impossible it is to detect the criminal. We do not at all mean to say that Mrs. Phelps' accuser committed a theft herself for the express purpose of fastening it on the accused, and pleasing Mr. Macy, although, in this case also, no doubt, the books would show that Mrs. Phelps never bought the candy of the sweet waiter-girl who sold her the rest of the parcel. That was sure to be made right—and, after all, where was the candy? No sweet tooth could have tucked it away into the bottomless regions of the human kitchen in the short time between the alleged robbery and the arrest. And as it was not found on Mrs. P., where had it got to? The waiter-girl meets the little difficulty by swearing that she threw it away as she went to prison. But who saw her do that? If her accuser, why did she not stop the thieves' cart, and get out and pick it up? That would have been proof enough of her guilt. But she didn't do it. She simply swears that Mrs. P. threw it away. How did she know it? Mrs. P., whose word is as good as her bond, and was never doubted before by her worst enemy, if enemy she had, swore in God's presence and in that of man, very evidently touched by a feeling of great solemnity, sincerity and earnestness, that she did not steal the paltry 22 cent's worth of candy; and we, for one, most profoundly believe her, and share in the degradation, which must have crushed her almost to madness, of being compelled to take her oath that she was not a thief!

WIVES, SISTERS, SWEETHEARTS FORBID TO ENTER MACY'S.

Macy has done himself irreparable injury by these monstrous arrests, which are an impugment of American civilization. Formerly his store was crowded with respectable ladies all day long, and he boasts that he got nearly a million a year from them, and an enormous profit. Now, it sadly lets in the daylight, and there is elbow-room enough between any two ladies for a score of thieves to disport themselves in. Gentlemen, to our knowledge and of our acquaintance, have forbidden their wives to enter the accursed place, where, under the sanction of law, respectable women could be arrested and thrown into prison all night, and in some instances, we hear, for two or three nights and days, while their hapless families were ignorant of the calamity that had befallen them, and were plunged, in consequence, into the greatest distress and agony, such as those only know who have gone through the bitter experience.

GIRLS UP TO TRAP.

If these waiter-girls were immaculate, like the vestal virgins of old time; if they did not get such miserable wages and dress so splendidly, and go to theatres, balls and operas of an evening, like any Mrs. Phelps with her millions at her back, we should not know which to choose exactly as the more truthful—these waiter-girls or the Mrs. Phelps whom they might accuse. But they are not immaculate. They are sinners, like the rest of us; they know a thing or two; are cunning, foxy, and, as the vulgar folks on the street say, "up to trap." They are not unused to do a little cheating, and some of them a considerable amount of lying, and we are not quite sure that they do not cook the little sale-bills of their customers.

HOW A LADY WAS DONE FOR AT MACY'S.

We know a lady of the very highest character who went there to purchase some trifling articles, amounting, in all, to a couple of dollars. The girl who waited upon her was a keen individual of the hawk kind, wearing a hawk's beak and looking like that pretty pet bird when its eyes have been set on fire by the scent of bloody prey. She scanned the beautiful and very innocent face of the lady as if she thought what a delicate morsel she would be, and how tenderly she would eat; and the "scanning" was so marked that, unsuspicious as she was, the lady saw

The longings of the cannibal arise—
Although she spoke not—in her wolfish eyes.

The reader will see that the poetry has changed the metaphor, but they both mean one thing, and so it is of "no consequence," as Toodles says. The girl was an unconscionably long time over her reckoning of the bill, and the lady grew fidgety, which, the other observing, moved off toward the cashier's desk; but it was noticed that she paused

once more before she got there, and appeared to be figuring again at the bill. We have forgotten of what denomination the greenback was out of which the lady was to get her change; but whatever it was, she foolishly put it uncounted into her purse, and when she got home found that she was minus three dollars. In vain she returned to the store to try and get her money. She could not find the girl anywhere, and had to go home empty. She was exceedingly vexed and annoyed; not so much at the loss of the money as at the evident swindle that it was, and for a long time she did not darken those doors again. She heard, however, of various similar swindles, and made up her mind that Macy's was not the safest place for honorable business transactions.

PRETTY WAITER-GIRLS TRY A FRAUD.

Three weeks ago, however, she was on a visit at her father's house, which is not far from Macy's, and being in want of some miscellaneous articles she put down the rising of her gorge respecting the swindle of the three dollars, and went to the fated store where so many noble women have been ruined in character, in hope and in all practical usefulness. She bought, among other things, two beautiful articles, which, for private reasons, we will call "Indian plumes." For these she paid the sum of two dollars and two cents each—in all, four dollars and four cents—and went her way. Upon examination of the plumes they were found not to be of the exact tone of color that was required; so her sister was sent to get them changed for others of a right color. This pretty little miss had often heard her sister say how one of Macy's waiter-girls had cheated her out of three dollars, and she, being of a most uncompromisingly honest and conscientious nature, had conceived a very bad opinion of the whole establishment. We called her pretty above; but she is, indeed, possessed of a most brilliant beauty and a very *distingue* figure, although only just entered her teens. She has a knack, too, of speaking her mind in very energetic language—a qualification which has it drawbacks, by the way. Having entered the store she went up to the counter and, showing her plumes, asked which of the girls had sold them that morning to her sister. They said they didn't know, and believed, moreover, that they were not bought there at all. But the little miss insisted they were, and asked if it were possible for there to be two such men as Macy on one Broadway. They then asked what her sister gave for them, and she told them. Whereupon one of them opened a drawer and showed her some inferior samples which they offered her in exchange for those she had brought with her. "No you don't!" exclaimed the pert little birdie, "some one of your girls once swindled my sister out of three dollars, and you aint going to do it again, I can tell you."

LITTLE MISSIE TELLS THE GIRLS A BIT OF HER MIND.

They told her to shut up, but might as well have told the sea-waves not to make such a moaning as they rolled in long swells upon the sandy shore. "Those plumes of yours are not near so good as these that my sister bought," she said, "and I shan't have them." "Your sister did not buy them here at all, I tell you," was the reply. "But she did," was the rejoinder; "because she says she did, and she don't tell lies. She paid you two dollars and two cents each for them, as I said before." "No, she didn't," answered the girl. "These are the best we have, and they are marked one dollar and ninety cents. I will give you two of these, any color you want, instead of them, if you like." "Then who has pocketed the twenty-four cents which my sister paid you for these over the price you charge for those before you, I should like to know?" asked logical, analytical, persistent Missie. "Don't be saucy, Miss," responded the girl, "or it may be worse for you." "Oh!" exclaimed the other, "you want to have me arrested, as you had those ladies awhile ago, do you? You are swindlers, I tell you, in this store; but you can't swindle me, and I'm not going to give you a pair of plumes that my sister paid you two dollars and two cents for not an hour ago, in exchange for others that are only worth \$1 90." "Do as you like," said the girl; "your sister never bought those plumes here; we have not got any at so high a price." "But," said Missie, "I know she did, and I dare say you are the one that's got the balance. That's twice you've swindled her, but you shan't make me a party to swindle No. 3, by getting me to give you these handsome beauties for your vulgar Indian trumpery." And she bowed out of the store, and went home and told her sister what had happened. Her sister reproved her for using her tongue so freely, but was very angry with the waiter-girls for trying to cheat her and to make her believe the goods were not bought at Macy's. So she had to go herself, and her sister returned with her. She had the same trouble at first as aforetime over swindle No. 1 to find the girl who served her; and when she did find her, even that hard piece of unelastic metal, so dimly susceptible of feeling, blushed like a mangel-wortzel, red to the roots of her red hair. Our friend asked her why she had given her the trouble to come after the plumes herself, and why she told her sister that they were not bought there, and why she wanted to palm off two very inferior things for her good ones, and why, if \$1 90 was the highest price for such goods charged by the store, she made her pay \$2 04 for hers, and if she charged "cash" with only \$1 90 in her bill, how she could make that sum agree and balance with the money she had in hand, and, finally, what had got the money and who had got it?

The girl was utterly confounded and knew not what to say except that the lady's sister was so saucy, and that they had never heard such abuse as that wherewith she abused them. "But why did you tell such a falsehood to her as that I did not buy the plumes at your store, and why did you not exchange them for others of equal value? If you had treated her fairly and honestly she would have no grounds to abuse you; although I am sorry she so far forgot herself as to descend to so low a practice. Once before, some one of you girls, I don't know which, robbed me of three dollars. But I do not want the old game repeated upon me." The end was that she got her plumes changed for others as good as her own and of the color that she wanted. The reader may draw the moral.

J. S.

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

LYNDENVILLE, N. Y.

GEO. L. CLARK.

"WHITE AS THE SNOW."

BY CORA L. V. TAPPAN.

O! the beautiful, soft-footed snow!
The feathery, fleecy flakes,
Silently falling and falling,
Hushing, and soothing, and blessing,
Eloquent yet never calling;
The Sabbath stillness doth stiller grow
With the falling of the snow.

There will be rare raiments of white
On the brown broad bosom of earth;
Snowy vestments of dazzling light
Woven, witchingly woven, to-night,
Covering, covering all the lines
Of sorrow and traces of weary feet;
Whitely and wondrously over the pines
Throwing a mantle of snow.

Starry blossoms of summer rains,
O! beautiful, wonderful snow!
Thus do sorrows beautiful grow,
Caught up above all earthly pains,
Purer grown in the air of heaven;
Or are ye thoughts of loved ones flung
Down from the heights where they've risen?
White and silent and still they lie
Under the sheeted snow to-night,
Their white souls downward from the sky
Send starry thoughts to us below
In the lesson of the snow.

O! silence, white as the snow—
Thou unseen yet palpable soul—
Filling and thrilling all space
With thy wonderful snowy face,
With thy mystical, magic control;
On the wings of the morning light,
On the purple and gold of even,
In the silent step of starry night,
Thou art seen, thou art felt and seen,
But chiefest of all is the snow.

O! Silence, thou sister of Life!
Gems feel thee and burst into bloom;
Birds sing to thee of their delights,
Known only to thee and to them;
The lily grows pale in thy sight,
And earth thro' the long summer nights
Feels only thy passionate breath,
White silence, white, white as the snow,

Not the clamor of days nor of men,
Nor the voices that vibrate below,
Nor choirs, nor the chiming of bells,
Nor the sounding of waves and of winds,
Naught, naught, save the soft-footed snow
Can speak to the soul as can thou—
Can clothe and enfold it like Death.

O! beautiful, white mother Death!
Thou silent and shadowy soul,
Like a voiceless and snowy sea
Thou movest with white-crested arms,
Beckoning ever and luring to thee,
Thou mother with thy voiceless charms.

O! thou beautiful Angel of Death!
Sweet sister of silence and sleep;
More lovely art thou than the day
Or the night; for all sorrows and tears
Are touched by thy white lips and made
Like the snow flakes or lilies as pure—
The days cannot harm thee, nor years.

We are one with thy spirit, O Death!
The beloved are thine, are all thine;
Out into the silent realm softly
And white as the snow they are gone;
One with thee are their white spirits made;
We know thee and are not alone—
Thy children are silence and snow;
We spring to thy arms unafraid,
The white milk of thy bosom is pure,
God loves thee and calls thee His own—
We are born when we drink thy cool breath,
O! beautiful, white mother Death!

—Sunday Morning Gazette, Washington.

FREE TRADE vs. PROTECTION.

No. I.

In the discussion of this subject it is our intention to elucidate it as a matter of principle, and to expound the theories underlying it, avoiding those contentions over matters of detail that have been so freely indulged in by many of our public journals, more especially the *New York Tribune* and the *New York World*, because it is evident that no fair decision can be arrived at by argument as to what effect the raising or lowering of the tariff on any one single article would have when the cost of its home manufacture is so very much influenced by the existing protective tariff system. Take salt as an example: the abolition of the import duty on salt alone would not place our manufacturers of it on an equal footing with foreign ones; for the materials and machinery used in its home manufacture, the articles of clothing and many articles of food used by the laborers engaged in said manufacture being heavily taxed, increase the rate of wages, and, in point of fact, protection operates to the disadvantage of home manufacture, from the time the very first brick of the building was laid; hence, it will be seen that no data can be arrived at by considering what might or could result from experimenting on the merits of free trade in one or two articles, under a general system of protection. We therefore discard any such a self-evident abortive task, and proceed to consider the fundamental principles. First, however, let it be understood that we do not advance that the benefits of free trade can only be felt by a sudden revulsion from free trade to protection. We believe that the change will be made gradually, and that that is the more beneficial course to pursue. We merely urge that, in considering the benefits of a general free trade policy, we must suppose such a policy and practice to be in general use.

The theory of protection as a national policy, as advanced by its advocates, is that, as we cannot manufacture certain goods in open competition with other countries, although we have the material at hand, sufficient import taxes should be put on them to enable us to compete, and that by this means we shall develop our resources. This is a very pleasantly-sounding idea, but let us dissect it. In the first place, we have an admission that we are not able to make those goods to advantage.

In the second place, we are not shown that any advantage is to accrue by taking part of our wealth-creating labor from occupations to which they are already trained and accustomed, and transferring it to others, which they have yet to learn; neither do we gain ultimately by the transfer, as will

be clearly and distinctly shown hereafter. We have merely succeeded in abstracting a portion of our labor engaged in pursuits that are naturally remunerative, in order to transfer it to and foster others that are not so. We hold that such a change in the direction of our productiveness can only be justified when it is demonstrated that the new occupations will be more remunerative in the markets of the world than the old ones were, our proposition being that such a test demonstrates that capability to meet competition is proof positive that we are expending our energies in a direction in which we are more productive, or productive at a less cost than others are; and it will be readily seen that were all the nations of the world to adopt this policy, the annual productiveness of the earth would be the highest attainable. If we reverse this proposition, we shall see its correctness still more clearly, thus: If all nations directed their energies to the production of that in which they are least able to compete in foreign markets, the cost of everything would be greater and the amount of produce would be less.

To add anything to our national wealth at the hands of protection it must be shown to increase our labor, which is our only wealth-creating power. The mere changing of labor from one channel to another does not effect this; on the contrary, it unsettles the established pursuits, and only succeeds in creating others of a nature always liable to be unsettled, fluctuating and deranged by an alteration in the import duties, that are alone the mainstay of their existence. Values may be unsettled, business stagnated, and labor thrown out of employment at any time by the machinations of speculators, who may succeed in lobbying through congress bills, to raise or lower the duty. If such a bill has for its object the raising of the rate of duty, manufacturers will keep their stocks on hand in the hope of obtaining increased prices; the withholding from the market of such stocks, will raise the prices of the goods, the rise of their price will lessen their consumption, and hence throw numbers out of employment, absolutely losing to the country the product they ought to be producing, turning them from wealth-creators into idle consumers of the wealth others are creating. If, on the other hand, such a bill contemplates lowering the rate of import duty, manufacturers cease, or diminish operations until such time as they know what the profits of such manufacture are to be. A lowering of duty may necessitate a lowering of wages. The *Tribune* has stated that the amount of duty (speaking of wool) levied does not affect its cost in our markets. This is altogether at variance with established fact. The increasing of the amount of import duty on any goods or articles, has invariably led to an increase of its price in our markets, anything stated by the *Tribune* to the contrary, notwithstanding.

We have shown, then, that the substitution of one kind of occupation for another kind is no gain to the country at large, and is a disturber of our markets. We will now proceed to show that it is an absolute loss, both national and individual. In commencing new manufactures we have no experience to guide us. We are commencing and have all to learn. The experience of other countries may be brought into requisition, it is true, and we may obtain skilled labor from them, but there are always differences, both in material and other matters of detail, that require even experienced skill to adapt itself to the new circumstances. When the Earl of Thanet bought cows in Cheshire, and hired all his farm servants there, taking them into Kent in order to make cheese in the latter place equal to that made in the former, he found the task impossible, because, as his dairy-maids said, he had not got Cheshire grass. It is just the same with iron moulding here. An English moulder accustomed to mix Scotch and Welsh pig-iron, has no experience in mixing American grades of iron; indeed, our iron-moulders do now mix a certain quantity of Scotch pig-iron with American iron. In like manner England found that though she sent cotton seed from our Southern States to East India, the cotton produced from it in that country could not be treated in the same manner as Southern-grown cotton, and they had new experience to gain. Therefore, changing the channels of labor renders a part of it unproductive for the time being by engaging it in the discovery of what will be the most applicable method of using it. This is a loss to the country of their labor while so engaged.

The withdrawal of labor from some pursuits and training it to others which require a protective tariff, is detrimental to the mass of the people, because it increases the cost of the protected article to the consumer; and what has he gained? Nothing but the simple fact of the knowledge that his country has engaged in the manufacture of the protected articles. Very good. But has it not been at the expense of some other productiveness? Would not the labor engaged in the protected manufactures have produced something else, and if so engaged and the protective tariff was taken off, what would the result be? It would be this—the annual production would be at least equal in both cases, but the cost of subsistence would be less in the case of free trade than it would under the protective system. Furthermore, the cost of producing other products would be lessened by the fact that wages would not be so high. There is yet another phase to this part of the subject. No person will assert that any manufacture we may be enabled to engage in, by reason of a protective tariff, can be exported by us to compete in foreign markets with the very foreign manufacture we have been compelled to tax, in order to prevent it from driving ours from our own markets, therefore, we are isolating ourselves from the commerce of the world and losing our carrying business by sea; for if our labor was engaged in producing that in which we can compete in foreign markets with other nations, we should have the trade of carrying such products to those markets, and the profits of such carrying trade would accrue to us, inasmuch as the purchasers would have to pay them.

That free trade is beneficial to the people at large is demonstrated by many historical facts; prominently, the one that in times of great distress in England a remission of duties has always been admitted by all classes and resorted to as the most effectual method of alleviating the popular impoverishment. On January 14, 1846, Sir Robert Peel stated, in the House of Commons, that, "For the last three years, since the policy of acting on the principle of repealing and reducing certain duties has been adopted, there has been increased comfort, contentment and peace in the country." The reduction of duties he referred to were the lowering of the import duties on raw materials.

The aristocratic classes of England have been the great champions of protection for the reason that they considered it beneficial to the interests of the wealthy few; but, when popular suffering threatened popular convulsions, we have found even them quite agreeable to a remission of duties.

The collection of revenues, many have urged, finds em-

ployment for a large number of persons. This is no doubt true; but what is the result? These persons are merely converted from productive laborers into unproductive ones, becoming by the operation consumers of our national productiveness, whose labor gives no return; for if we epitomise our national wealth at the end of the year we shall fail to find that the result of these laborers has added anything to our national substance; while every item it has taken to sustain them has abstracted so much from our wealth; besides the expense incurred by the State in printing, offices, furniture, stationery, clerks, etc.

Turning to the effect of protective duties upon the community at large, suppose such duties to amount, in the aggregate, to \$50,000,000, the cost of their collection being nearly an additional \$50,000,000, the people are taxed \$100,000,000, and in return get—what?—a diminished national production and an increase in the number of unproductive laborers, as shown above, increased cost of the articles protected, and, in consequence, diminished consumption of them, and a loss of comfort from their restricted use, added to which a partial exclusion from the markets of the world in the matter of these productions in which we could compete, and the loss of the profits on our carrying trade. It may be urged, "But we can supply foreign markets with other products as well, for manufacturing some articles does not prevent the growth or manufacture of others." To which we reply: Every laborer taken from the production of those items in which we can compete lessens our production of them. We have only so many producing laborers, and if they are engaged in one business they cannot be engaged in another, so that the Government in effect charges the people \$100,000,000 to decrease their comforts and producing capabilities, they receiving no benefit whatever in return; for we do not consider it of any national importance whatever to become manufacturers of merchandise which we can buy more cheaply than we can make. We are aware that it is advanced that dependence upon foreign nations for many of our manufactures would place us at their mercy, to a great extent, in case of war. This is not so; England is the nation referred to by such an argument; but would it not be, on the other hand, rather a guarantee of her good behavior. She knows that we can at any time enter into the manufacture of anything she sends us, although it may be at a sacrifice to ourselves. England knows also that such sacrifice would be cheerfully made by our people should occasion require. Furthermore, the fact would be patent to her that war with us would be turning customers from her own door and stopping her own trade. She has also keenly in remembrance the distress of her population during our war, arising from the partial stoppage of her American cotton trade; add to this the total stoppage of all her American trade, and, as John Bright said, when war was considered possible in consequence of the "Trent affair," "In case of war between the United States and England, all the money in Lombard street could not buy enough wheat to supply our population with bread." But even outside of such considerations, the advancement of such a proposition assumes that in case of such a war our ports are to be closed by the enemy. Such a state of affairs has never yet been constituted, and we, for our part, have no faith that it ever will be, our adversaries' assumptions to the contrary, notwithstanding; and in any case, so remote a contingency in the future is scarcely, to us, sufficient grounds in consideration of which to perpetrate a great national wrong upon our people. If ever any such evil prognostications should assume tangible form, we will willingly go the length of advocating the granting of Government aid to private manufacturers during the term of our exclusion from trade with the outer world, and doubt not but that we shall survive the ordeal as easily as other nations have done under similar circumstances.

In looking over the past experience of other nations, we find that free trade keeps pace with the march of progress, and is identified with it; we have always found its very opponents who have prophesied national ruin as the natural result of open markets have ultimately confessed their mistake. John Bright, in one of his speeches, recounts that a member of the House of Lords, during the debates in that body upon the question of the abolition of the corn laws, came rushing into the House, and upon ascertaining that the bill for the abolition of the duties on imported corn was likely to pass, said, "We shall be but little better than dead men within an hour." The whole of the moneyed and privileged classes of England became alarmists; farms were to be idle, rents of farms to dwindle down to a mere song, and incalculable injuries to the whole of England, were to follow in the wake of free trade. Let us see how their prophecies have been fulfilled: rents are higher than ever heretofore, the country is richer and more prosperous, and in all Britain there is not now to be found a statesman of note who does not acknowledge that free trade in corn was highly beneficial, or who would reimpose the duty on it. Just so with the navigation laws.

The opponents to their repeal fought to the last ditch against this free-trade movement; yet, after it had been in operation a few years, they acknowledged its beneficial results, and a proposition to reimpose the old system would meet with the strenuous opposition of the very statesmen who resisted the removal of the restrictions on free navigation. Yet protectionists do not learn; no sooner do they abandon one position and acknowledge their error than they make a stand on the next, retreating—in England, where the great battle of free trade vs. protection has been fought, from the corn laws to the navigation laws, thence to the abolition of the taxes on newspapers, thence again to the commercial treaty with France, still again to the reduction of duties on tea and sugar, losing in each case, confessing the defeat of their principles, yet never abandoning them.

The reason is obvious. It is because protection is the father of monopoly. It is national internal monopoly, and gives rise to the concentration of trade into the hands of vast corporations, in the following manner:

When, by the imposition of a protective duty, the price in our markets of the commodity protected enhances to such a rate that its home manufacture becomes profitable, large capitalists and companies enter at once into the trade, and concentrate it into their own hands. The demand for the home production is of a mushroom growth, that gives the large capitalist an immense advantage over the small one. Were the demand of slower growth, large concentrations of capital would not be attracted to it, and the small capitalist would be enabled to work his way into the growing business. The evils of this concentration of capital are manifold. It deprives the workman of his opportunity, by thrift and industry, to better his condition by entering into business, and thus closes to him all avenues of advancement; it also gives to the wealthy an undue share of political power, by banding them together in the mutual interest of keeping up the protective tariffs.

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

FRANK CLAY;

OR,

HUMAN NATURE IN A NUTSHELL.

BY JOSHUA ROSE.

[CONTINUED.]

"If my advice were asked in such a case,
The questioner I'd look square in the face,
And say, 'My friend, I rather think if you
Would, as Quixote, phantasies pursue,
Proposing to buy virtue with your pelf,
Suppose you buy a little for yourself;
Still, if you have a surplus stock on hand,
Your neighbor there a little more can stand.'

"Yes, all the world knows what I say is true,
But are ashamed to own what people do;
The motto seems to be to preach morality,
And all the while to emulate rascality.
When with much warmth a friend your hand may take,
You 'bet your life' that he is 'on the make';
But, there, I mustn't show the world denude
Of its thin gauze, by making facts protrude.

"There may be some, as father, mother, Cora,
My gentle sister, all who know adore her—
Yes, she indeed is beautiful and pure;
And Ella, too, is truly good, I'm sure,
They're all bright gems of very highest rank,
And so is also unsuspecting Frank,
And others I can now recall to mind
Who often, to me, have been really kind.

"Ah me! it's no use trying to excuse
One's failings by bespattering abuse:
A little voice within tells how I stand,
There's many would extend a helping hand.
Not one need sin for want of knowing better,
Or lack of sympathy to break the fetter
Which binds them to the path of dissolution,
And sinks their better nature in pollution."

Yes, Pete, the knaves who violate the law
Of public morals, at the vitals gnaw
Of rectitude, splanetic ravings vent,
By shaping all mankind to their own bent;
Unblushingly the scoundrels would portray
A world composed of rogues as great as they;
Yet people say there's honor among thieves—
A contradiction no just man believes.

The path of usefulness and rectitude
Is straight enough for every one imbued
With a desire to follow virtue, truth,
Or tries against his evil to be proof;
But every villain who lets vilely loose
His passions, loads his fellows with abuse,
Would justify each escapade and revel,
Debasing all mankind down to his level.

You have a right to do as you choose, so!
'Tis false. I here deny that you have not;
And when your immorality protrudes
Upon the public sense of right intrudes,
You injure and degenerate society,
And outrage every sense of just propriety.
The public morals are a public trust,
And justly treat your croakings with disgust.

When morbid minds commit *felo de se*,
The crime affects, directly injures, me;
When your defaults the public vision meet,
And vice accosts the passer in the street,
It desecrates one's every sense of right,
And is offensive to the public sight,
Demoralizing the enforced spectator
By making him an unwilling partaker.

"Hold, stop! dear sir, you've given us enough;
It's very fine such aphorisms to puff.
But tell me," says the cynic, "is it true
That perfect honesty will take you through
The world without a balance to your credit?
And would there not be quite a lengthy debit
To your account? and after all you said,
Is't likely that it ever would be paid?"

"The world is bad, though you may call it good,
And think you it is better that you should
Hide people's faults by making them appear
Much better than they are? I rather fear
That, finding they can err, and yet be shown
As virtuous, they still would take their own
Course, and continue to just make believe
Themselves as perfect, laughing in their sleeves."

Can this be true, this sycophantic tale
Of worldliness of saddest, darkest hue,
That places all our race without the pale
Of common honesty—can this be true?
Oh, no! the very persons who so rail
Hold up a screen to view their failings through,
And try to shield themselves by a complaint
That all possess alike a common taint.

But, granting all its truth, 'twere dereliction
To prate abroad of one's own predilection
To evil as excuseable, because
The others also set aside the laws;
And were the world so bad, one need not preach it,
For that would make it an excuse to teach it,
And if one does what may be justly blamed,
He is not wholly lost who feels ashamed.

But vaunting all the ills you find detectable,
Proclaiming "all the human race is bad,"
You make the very evils seem respectable,
And every honest man blush and feel sad.

That such a course should be to you delectable,
So satisfactory that you are glad,
That men are evil, and that evil's taught,
But proves the wish is father to the thought.

That there are many so, there is no doubt,
But many also noble, good and pure;
Then why pick all the bad and worthless out—
Is that the way dishonesty to cure?
You could not take so wrong a course without
You wished the ills you prate of to endure;
And who would take you as a good adviser,
When of all evil you're an advertiser?

Frank, as some previous verses plainly show,
Had, with his ma's consent, contrived to go
To visit Cora for a week or two,
While they decided what he was to do.
He pictured Cora still a little girl,
And thought that when she heard the carriage whirl
Up to the steps, she'd meet him at the door
As merrily and girlish as before.

But when he reached the house and rang the bell,
The footman came. Frank stared and muttered "Well!"
Then gave his card, was to the parlor shown,
And thought it strange to find himself alone;
And then for the first time occurred the thought
That Cora's letters, which each month had brought,
Had lately grown quite formal, if not cold—
That is, were not so earnest as of old.

While thus engaged in silent meditation,
Miss Cora entered to his consternation,
Attired in a puce silk, trimmed with thread lace,
The dress arranged *en train*. The very grace
With which she moved and gave to him her hand
Took him aback, and then he thought how grand
She looked, and yet the unexpected change
Seemed, though so beautiful, yet somewhat strange.

And something seemed to say, "Did you forget.
That three full years have flown since first you met?"
However, when the novelty was o'er,
He thought her still more lovely than before;
When, having spent an hour in pleasant talk,
He said, "Miss Cora, will you take a walk?"
And Cora answered kindly, "Thank you, yes."
Then handing him her scrap-book, went to dress.

Alone again, Frank cannot help the chill
That *malgre* his desires and judgment fill
His heart with a slight tinge of sad regret.
He pondered, "She is far more lovely, yet
The freshness, cordiality, is gone—
At least with far more dignity is worn."
But let the lines he in the scrap-book wrote
Disclose the tenor of his thoughts (I quote):

"MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

"The memory recalls a little cot,
Reposing near an angle of a lane;
The willing heart dwells on each hallowed spot,
And whispers every cherished schoolmate's name.
No, not a shrub, or flower, or tree's forgot—
All, all is pictured now as then the same.
And where is now each childhood's friendly face?
All scattered, and cold strangers take our place.

"The old trees all cut down; the oval lawn
Is all plowed up; the rustic porch is gone;
And stumps and mangled roots are all we see
To tell us where the dear lane used to be;
And here and there a lonely violet weeps,
Or wild arbutus weakly, vainly creeps,
To seek the shade the moss was wont to yield,
It's dead companions strew the furrowed field.

"The little wren, now driven from her nest,
Has fled in grief to stranger scenes for rest;
And, perched upon the bush at close of day,
Pipes forth in mournful notes her weeping lay,
And flits in anguish now from stone to stone,
That marks the desolation of her home.
She notes the fragile blue-bell lying dead,
Through lack of shade to shield its withered head.

"Sweet is the memory of the swinging gate,
Where for my little schoolmate I would wait,
To carry to the village school her books,
And gather posies in the fragrant nooks;
And saunter 'neath the shadows of the trees,
Her flaxen curls dishevelled by the breeze.
How pleasant as we walked beneath the knoll
To hear the distant school-bell sweetly toll.

"At evening, when twilight's soft shadows fell,
We sat beneath the vine I loved so well,
Enraptured, listened to the linnet's song:
The plow-boy's whistle as he trudged along;
And maidens from the hayfields wending slow,
Sing merrily their love songs as they go;
The time, the place, the scene appeal so strong,
We joined the chorus as they passed along.

"When leaving school, and loving teacher spake
Kind words, it made our little hearts nigh break;
And fondly we recall the kindly look
With which she gave her parting gift, a book.
Around us now we see our playmates stand.
Each one a simple present in his hand.
We vowed unchanging love for years and years,
Our voices choked, our eyelids filled with tears.

"And as we reach the corner of the lane,
And turn to take a parting look again,
We see beneath the opening of the trees
Their handkerchiefs all waving in the breeze.
The tears are falling as we list to hear
The dying echoes of the parting cheer;
All past, all gone, all swept away, all dead—
The sweetest part of life forever fled.

"And have you let your childhood's friendships die?
In apathy and silence passed them by?
Are all neglected, every one forgot?
Are their last letters lying heeded not?"

Is all the sadness at your willing heart
The fruit of cold neglect on your own part?
And do you mourn in silent grief to-day
O'er friendships you yourself have thrown away?"

And as he finished, ere he closed the book,
Miss Cora gave him such a timid look,
So half-reproachful, still withal so kind
(He had not heard her as she came behind
Him, nor knew that she had been a beholder,
Though she had read the lines from o'er his shoulder).
Of course, she merely meant to warmly thank
Him, but forgot, ejaculating, "Frank!"

"How could you?" and then, blushing scarlet, smiled.
Frank felt ashamed, but these few words beguiled
Him from his sadness, brushed his fears away,
And for his life he knew not what to say;
But rose and said, "Do, pray, forgive my folly;
I sometimes get a fit of melancholy,
And then, without a momentary thought,
I give it more expression than I ought.

"But will you write an answer to it, please?
She answered, archly, "You are quite a tease."
But took the book, he handing her a chair,
As she continued, "Well, sir, I declare,
I hope you are not under the delusion
That I can answer fitly your effusion."
Then, being seated, wrote the lines below,
Which gave Frank an enthusiastic glow:

"HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

"Oh, home of my childhood, so happy, so bright!
How dear is your memory to me!
When fancy oft gave to each cavern a sprite,
And fairies tripped o'er every lea.
The soft winds that waft o'er hillock and dell,
Sing to me a song of the past,
Whose music in thrilling and tender notes dwell
On faces and scenes that have passed.

"The paths where I wandered, the meadows I strolled,
Are ringing a tender appeal;
The woods and the lake in enchantment enfold,
And echo the love that I feel;
The friendships I cherished I fondly recall,
Their beauties as blooming as sweet;
And each nook is hallowed with memories that fall
A tribute of joy at my feet.

"Dear scenes, how you whisper to me in a voice
Familiar deep down in my heart!
And how the sweet dreams you recall do rejoice
That you in each one formed a part.
They call to my mind every long-cherished form,
And greet them in pleasantest tone,
And welcome them back with affection so warm
To me and my dear childhood's home."

Then Cora quickly closed the book and rose,
And tripping to the door, remarked, "Suppose
We take our walk?" He said, "As you desire,"
Still thinking of her verses, which inspire
His heart with gratitude; and filled with pride
And ecstasy, he sauntered by her side.
They quite forgot the proper path to take,
And found themselves at length beside the lake.

They wandered on through fern and brake and sedge,
And slowly walked beside the water's edge,
Till Cora said, "Shall we return?" But Frank
Replied, "If you prefer, we will. This bank
Is very pleasant walking; we might stroll
Along it till we reach the old elm knoll,
'Tis such a quiet and a lovely spot."
Then, stooping, gathered a forget-me-not.

And here and there they lingered, gathering flowers,
Until the sun foretold the evening hours.
Frank plucked a water-lily, as they sat
Beneath a bower; he placed it in her hat,
And Cora bent her head that he might place
It in position to display its grace.
Its whiteness marked how deeply Cora blushed;
Frank found it took a long time to adjust.

'Twas duly placed at last, and Frank said, "There,
How beautiful! I never knew they were
So delicate and perfect." Cora turned
Her eyes to his; the earnest look returned
By Frank made Cora droop again in haste;
And thus they sat until the shadows chased
The fast-receding, fainting light away,
That marks the birth of eve, the close of day.

Now wending homeward, lingering betimes
And stealing glances that defy my rhymes
To quite explain or picture as I would—
And, after all, they're better understood
Than one could illustrate them;
The situation one cannot explain;
The meaning one may readily surmise
Is love just peering out from her disguise.

They gained at length the house, and Mrs. Gray
Said, "Cora, darling, what has made you stay
So long? We kept the dinner waiting, dear,
And really, Cora, I began to fear
Some accident had happened. We're to take
This evening a row-boat upon the lake."
Then Cora answered, "I'll be quickly down."
As she retired, she saw her father frown.

That evening Mr. Gray said to his wife,
"My dear, I can't imagine, for the life
Of me why Mr. Clay should ever choose
A vulgar trade for Frank. This startling news
I had from Mr. Clay himself by letter
To-day, and so I think it is far better
To speak at once upon this point to Cora,
And lay the sudden, dreadful news before her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

SEND IN THE NAMES.

Congress has been memorialized to pass a "Declaratory Act" forever settling the Constitutional equality of all persons who are made citizens by the Constitution. Two reports from the Judiciary Committee have been made upon the memorial. One admitting that women are citizens, but failing to recommend that they be protected in the exercise of the common rights as such. The other first refutes the fallacious positions of the former and recommends that Congress do pass the required act.

There is but one thing wanting to secure just the action which every lover of equality desires: this is to pour in such a mass of names as will convince them that the hearts of the people really desire and will sustain them in giving equal rights to all citizens. Every persons who reads this should at once resolve him or herself into a committee of one to obtain all the names possible as signers to the petition below, and mail the same to Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, Secretary of National Women's Suffrage Association, Washington, D. C.

To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled:

We, the undersigned, citizens of the United States, desiring to exercise the elective franchise, do humbly pray your honorable bodies to enact a declaratory law recognizing our right to vote under the Constitution, as interpreted by the XIV. Article of Amendments thereto. And your petitioners will ever pray.

INSURANCE MATTERS.

A MEAN EXCUSE—A LIFE INSURANCE CASE IN DIXIE—ANOTHER "NEW YORK COMPANY" "IN EXTREMIS"—A MODEL POLICY.

The Supreme Court of New York has lately decided the case of Lappin, administrator, against the *Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company* of Hartford. It seems that this company insured certain property against loss, by fire, on the 7th December, 1868. The insured died July 21, 1869, and the property descended to the heirs at law, and was destroyed by fire November 9, 1869. Lappin was appointed administrator on the 10th January, 1870. The policy, as usual, provided that it should not be assigned without the consent of the Company, and that any assignment, sale or transfer of the property should work forfeiture of the policy. No such consent had been indorsed upon the policy; and, upon this technicality, for it was nothing else, the property of the deceased, still belonging to the same existing, undivided estate, without any other assignment, sale or transfer than that worked by the inexorable, unanticipated hand of death, the company set up its defence, and upon this technical ground the court allowed it to escape payment.

This furnishes one more to the long list of meannesses practiced by insurance companies. It is but just to say that the New York Board of Fire Underwriters, upon having the case brought to their notice, passed resolutions that its members ought not to take such advantages, and pledging themselves that in such cases they would hold the insurances binding on themselves.

But, after all, what does this amount to? It only serves

to prove that these underwriters, in their anxiety to cumber their policies with every loop-hole of escape, have put in conditions which they themselves did not realize the legal import of, until one of these loopholes is used by a company to creep out of a claim for loss! Of a verity insurance men delight in "ways that are dark." A policy is a trap baited with the promise of indemnity to entice premiums, but armed with every possible evasion, and loaded down with clauses which few persons unacquainted with the business read or understand until too late, and which even the makers of the policies, it would seem, are not altogether acquainted with.

A new glass insurance company—unhappy idea if tested by the past—under the title of The National Glass Company, with a capital of \$50,000, has been organized in Boston.

The *Norfolk Journal*, a most respectable paper, has come out with a large sensational heading of "Important Insurance Decision. The rights of the widow maintained. Justice slow but sure." It relates to the decision of a case which has a most interesting bearing upon the rights of Southern citizens who held policies during the war, and is the more interesting from the fact of the moneyed repute of the company involved. The facts are briefly these: a Mr. Hendren's life was insured in the New York Life Insurance Company through their agent at Norfolk prior to the war. From the beginning of the war up to the time of Hendren's death, in August, 1862, the premiums were paid to the agent, who had entered the Confederate army, and Hendren himself was a clerk in the Confederate Adjutant General's office at Richmond. The widow of Hendren insisted that the payment to the agent kept the policy intact, and that even if the company had had no agent, and therefore no premiums had been paid, still she was entitled to payment of the policy, on the ground that the laws of Virginia required an agent always to be kept there; that this law was a part of the contract, and that therefore had Hendren failed to pay because no agent was to be found, such failure would not have forfeited the policy.

The pretexts on which the company declined to pay the loss were, that the war revoked the policy; that if it did not, it revoked the agency; that if it did not do that, the military service of the agent did; that Hendren's being a clerk in Richmond annulled the policy, because he was giving aid and comfort to the Rebel Government; that the payments to the agent were not valid, because he did not give in acknowledgment thereof, receipts signed by the president of the company.

The case was decided against the company, and they were condemned to pay the amount of the policy, \$5,000, with interest from February, 1870. The *Journal* remarks, however, that the company, with a persistent disregard of the rights of the widow, will endeavor to appeal the case, but that the verdict was a righteous one, meeting the approval of the entire community and of every lover of right and justice.

A few more trials like this, a few more public denunciations by the press, and the year 1871 will make even a worse statement of life insurance business than that of the one just closed, which shows that a vastly increased number of companies have done almost a less aggregate of business than was shown by the records of 1869.

We admit that a great many improper claims may be made on life insurance companies. It is, in fact, a curious instance in point, that the receiver of the Great Western Life Insurance Company is now really corresponding with a pseudo dead policy holder whose heirs claim the amount insured, and who has come to life again to enlighten the receiver and to save a further drain on the assets left "in the hands of agents." But, for all that, every contested policy shakes public faith, and with such suits as Mrs. Hendren's, followed by such decisions and public comments, added to such failures of companies as have lately been witnessed, a man has in his life-time small inclination to deprive himself to pay premiums on an insurance policy which after his death may prove worthless.

One of the oldest fire insurance companies in New York, one which, before the venerable and respected Mr. Hoxie was forced to retire from it, stood high in the underwriting world, is about to furnish another vindication of the truth of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, which, three months ago, predicted that the spring would scarcely open before the fruits of mismanagement, low rates and extravagant commissions would join with heavy losses to show weakness in quarters little suspected. The Commonwealth Insurance Company, of New York, has now, by its own statement sworn to in the Comptroller's office, exhibited a heavy impairment of capital. Its income for the past year has been \$214,909, while its expenses have been \$315,654. Not a pleasant outlook for shareholders who don't like an Irishman's dividend, viz: assessments. But this is not the worst of it—the whole statement of the company has a dense flavor of the cunning of Iago about it. What, for example, is to be thought of over \$13,000 cash in the company's office and but \$3,500 deposited in bank? "Why, 'tis hypocrisy

against the devil!" Instead of the 15 per cent. deficiency on the company's capital admitted by its officers under oath, a careful examination and valuation, asset by asset, will be more likely to show an impairment to the extent of at least a quarter of the whole capital, and reveal a new ornament for Mr. Miller, the insurance figure-head at Albany, to hang up alongside of the "Great Western Life" for the inspection of a wondering public, who, as they see such exhibitions as have been made the past few weeks and will be made this spring—witness the reports already in circulation concerning the "Merchants Life" and "Schenectady" insurance companies—cannot but appreciate justly the assurance of insurance as it is now being conducted.

We have been waiting for some expression of opinion as to the new feature of the "Mutual Life Insurance Company." What do people think, particularly after the late judicial decisions in such cases, of this company's now printing in its policies that it is not to be liable for death from the act of the insured, whether sane or insane! Supposing a man has been insured for five years and always paid his premiums and regarded his policy as the safeguard of his family; supposing this man to be attacked with fever and, in some unguarded moment, in a paroxysm of delirium, puts an end to his life—are his family to be coolly told by the company to go about their business; "There is no claim under this policy?" That is just what the company intends to do, judging by its own words! The company may call this a policy of insurance, but we don't; we call it something else.

A WORD FROM OHIO.

GOVERNMENT SUBSIDIES.

By special request, and in accordance with our rule of allowing both sides a fair hearing, we make room this week for a criticism from Ohio on the subject of Government aid to the re-establishment of American ocean commerce. We sympathize to a certain extent in the feelings of our correspondent, opposing ourselves, also on principle, any subsidy to private enterprises where these private enterprises alone are to be benefited; but the sweeping denunciation of our correspondent is too vague and dark. It puts us in mind of nothing so much as "a dark African going into a dark cellar on a dark night, without a lantern, to look for a black cat that is not there." It is scarcely necessary to say that A. T. Stewart is not a case in point by any means, that he is not now and never has been a shipping merchant, nor is it worth while to examine into the matter of plow or cotton factories. It is an undoubted fact that the history of nations has always shown that aid prudently extended to such important interests as promise benefit to the nation at large, has been aid wisely bestowed and has added to the general good. That has been the experience of England to-day before our eyes. That will be the experience of the Atlantic coast when our Government adopts, in this respect, a similar course. Private enterprise will not, without the co operation of Government, inaugurate industries that will have other than the narrowest views. Had the United States, two years ago, adopted laws that would have established and, for a time, sustained vast iron ship-building yards, these would now have been self-supporting, affording employment to thousands of laborers, and expending profitably thousands of tons of our mineral productions, causing the gradual erection of other works, and the re-habilitation of our ocean commerce.

Instead of this our iron furnaces are out of blast, our coal miners on a strike, our railroads presuming to dictate the price of freights with a view of making themselves masters not only of the roads but of the coal fields; thousands of laborers in Pennsylvania and here idle, dissatisfied and on the verge of rioting; the miners making their cause ridiculous and odious by foolish exactions and more foolish arguments, with—to cap the climax—murder and arson added, and a universal stagnation of business east of the Alleghanies. Nothing left, in fact, to bear taxation.

To jobs, legislative corruption, squandering of the people's money or landed estate, we are always bitterly opposed; Against such enterprises as the "American and European"—"American and Ocean Mail"—which we should consider, if carried into effect, neither more nor less than downright robberies, we have set our faces like flints; but we would heartily support any project to develop our shipping and ship-building interests in a manner compatible with the good of the whole nation, if we were satisfied the project would be honestly carried out, neither attempting robberies nor asking free gifts, and that the Government would simply co-operate with its moral aid, without risking a dollar not first amply and thoroughly secured.

The Union Pacific Railroad was built entirely by the Government, and without its aid it never would have been built. Unfortunately dishonest Government inspectors and legislative corruption defrauded the country in this transaction; yet, in spite of that, the whole country has

been a gainer to a vastly greater extent. Would our correspondent, however, like to go back to 1859, when our mining territory was idle, the interior of the country little known and unproductive, and mails, passengers and freights for San Francisco went the tedious roundabout way of the Isthmus?

Forty years or so ago the supply of fuel here stood in about the same condition as American commerce and ship-building do to-day, that is, there was not the proper quantity of it. Two brothers named Wurts bought for a trifle—something not over \$5,000—a large tract of coal land. They could not get private capital to develop it. Had they waited for that it might to-day have been just slowly developing, or, passed over altogether by the tides of other affairs, have been lying untouched. The State of New York stepped forward, pledged its credit, loaned its means—that tract of land to-day represents the "Delaware and Hudson" Company. Every dollar loaned has been honestly returned to the State, the whole community has benefited in one way or another, the taxable value of the property runs up to millions of dollars, and others besides the projectors have realized fortunes. Not a very long way off from here was Scranton—the little country store of Scranton & Co., a Yankee firm, whose goods were sometimes held, six weeks at a time, at the freight depot, because they could not pay the transportation bills—that little country store site is now a town of 30,000 inhabitants, surrounded by productive coal mines, to which it owes its existence.

Good Ohio friend, we could add instances, in the weaver's loom, the discovery of America, the introduction of the locomotive, but refrain. The ills you complain of come not from wise legislation, but from corruption; not from honest, cordial support to honest nation-benefiting industries, but from turning aside from these, which naturally can have no legislative profit in them, to take up such as are in the interest of overgrown, bloated monopolies—corporations which, having fulfilled their legitimate mission of development, are now in the hands of unprincipled men, seeking, by influence and bribery, to attain illegitimate, cruel and demoralizing usurpations, and to rob the nation of its lands, giving no return whatever. In how many of the shameless "land-grabbing" enactments the people so justly complain of do you think can be traced, directly or indirectly, the officials of that Pennsylvania railroad and the shoddy bankers we have so often spoken of? This is a very different thing from encouraging wisely, cautiously and not without exacting ample security for the return of every dollar pledged in credit or actually loaned, the construction of American iron steamships and the replacement, through their means, of our flag over American commerce on the ocean. This, indeed, is different from creating monopolies with unheard of privileges; from building up corporations which, like the Pennsylvania one, undertake to rule legislature and judiciary; to make away with the sinking fund of a State; to obstruct the navigation of an Ohio River against the protest of a whole delegation in Congress; to plunder, indiscriminately, States, railroads, private individuals, its own shareholders even—this, indeed, is different from scandalously giving away the territory of the nation to such a company, or to affiliated bankers who even claim to have in their pay the United States Minister to England!

THE CELESTIAL CITY OF DULUTH.

TOUCHING DEVOTION OF PHILADELPHIA BANKERS ALL THROWN AWAY.

The closing scenes of Congress had an impressive solemnity added to them, reflected from the funeral-like faces of certain Philadelphia bankers, who appeared in Washington heroically attempting to induce Congress to make an appropriation for the benefit of the heavenly city of Duluth. Alas that such devotion should have been wasted! Congress ignored the lovely spot—half in a morass and half on a hillside—and gave but \$60,000 to the poor fellows who now own that extensive elephant—"THE WHOLE NORTH-WEST." Alas, alas, if a larger appropriation had been but passed, perhaps some small slice of Government money might have been used to pay the unhappy laborers on the Lake Superior and Mississippi road, who, we are told by the *Superior Times* of 7th January, are threatened to be kicked out of the Company's office when application is made there by them for pay *three months overdue*! Perhaps this is "all right," but it seems to us that the United States is a country emphatically intended to belong to the laboring men, and we hope their representatives in Congress will not lose sight of this fact when Jay Cook and others come before them again "asking for hundreds of thousands of dollars and hundreds of thousands of acres" to enable him and his associates to "destroy a natural entry at Superior and excavate an artificial entry, to neglect a natural breakwater and construct an artificial breakwater, to disuse a harbor common by nature to two States and make a new harbor for one State" at the expense of other States, to substitute their own crude, ignorant and costly schemes for the plans of experienced, scientific,

disinterested engineers, officers of the regular army (see Ex. Doc. No. 66, Senate, 41st Congress, 2d session), to throw millions of public money away in the vain attempt to ruin Superior and to build up Duluth where the water is too shoal to allow large vessels to approach and the sea so heavy as to have already nearly washed away the ridiculous Duluth breakwater. What did the Hon. Mr. Washburn say in the House of Representatives? "Had the most ingenious man that the world ever saw been directed to seek the point on Lake Superior, from Sault Ste. Marie to Fond du Lac, that was absolutely the worst for founding a city, he certainly would have selected Duluth, where the winds and the waves have an uninterrupted sweep, and any one not a natural fool can see that to build and maintain a harbor there is simply impossible. These foolish men have poured out the money of their too credulous friends in untold thousands, but their grand breakwater was swept away by the first storm, and not much of a storm at that, as if built of fine boards. * * The city of Superior, within sight of Duluth, is the mor-decai in the king's gate, a perpetual reminder of the folly of the insane men who have attempted to build a city where God and nature have declared it to be impossible."

Not much wonder that the *Superior Times* calls upon the National Government, while these monstrous frauds are seeking its aid and countenance, to remember the report of the board of U. S. engineers, met by order, at Milwaukee, January 19, 1870.

It is much to be hoped that these schemes will be compelled in future to look only for support to the branch house of the Philadelphia brokers, and the projected one-horse National Bank to be located at the "celestial city," and keep "hands off" the people's money and their corporate names clear of lobbying histories in Washington. At any rate, this Duluth question is being understood by Congress at last, and no honest legislator will vote to squander more of the public means in that little spot of heaven dropped so exactly in the centre of the visible earth that the sky comes down evenly all around it!

A NEW TRICK.

Commend us to the men who are opposed to woman's right of suffrage for straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel! Driven from one entrenched position to another, forced dishonorably from one stand-point back to another, from one equivocation to the next suggestive subterfuge; they stand to-day the mockery and contempt of those who have watched the argument on both sides, and they are now striving to eke out the scanty rag of their defence by use of the paltriest, meanest shifts they have yet placed on record against themselves, and this is their argument: that a woman, whatever her ability, her public record, her unwearied exertions in right, cannot be adopted or admitted to a position in any political party—have any political existence—unless she can first show that her antecedents entitle her to it.

In other words, first, a woman shall not have the opportunity to make a record because she has not one *ready-made*! Second, a woman is unworthy of confidence unless the burden of proof first is put on her to show she is not a criminal or a fool, and the opportunity of so proving is at the same time denied to her! Her very existence is to be considered *prima facie* evidence of her incapacity for anything great or important, but consideration for this is not to mitigate one particle of the taxation she must pay over to the government she is to have no voice in!

Antecedents! Antecedents! There are no men in public life to-day purer in private life than the women who are now claiming those rights from which they have been so unjustly debarred, but how are they to make public antecedents when they are deprived of the opportunity of doing so? The whole of this broad country is open to them to make their "antecedents" in, the whole rights of the franchise are theirs. Nay, more than this, where are those *antecedents*, unless with state prison convicts, made a precedent condition to the exercise and enjoyment on the part of men of every prerogative of citizenship? and this being so, what right have they, by such side issues, to attempt to gag the petition for those rights which women know they are entitled to?

When an ex-printer's boy was sent by this government as its representative, to one of the proudest empires of Europe, were his antecedents made or had he been deprived of the opportunity of making them until the day the honor was conferred?

When a defaulter and forger fled from San Francisco to make a new record elsewhere, and attained the highest honors and largest fortune that any American citizen has yet done in South America, settled honorably all his past transactions and now enjoys esteem and confidence again, was the opportunity denied to him to make new "antecedents" on account of his sex?

Were the antecedents of John Morrissey, Fernando Wood, Joseph L. Morphis, Hiram R. Revels, made conditions precedent to their becoming qualified as citizens to receive the suffrages of citizens, or to exercise the rights of citizens themselves?

Ah! well, men who talk of "antecedents" in this way, relative to woman's right of suffrage, have whittled their self-stultification down to a nice point, and they had better, for their own sakes, now give up the contest and admit that

woman has a soul, an intellect, high duties, as well as man, and has an equal right with him to share in the government, by which both are ruled, and owes besides a solemn accountability to gain and act her part in the great drama of human progress—to be, in fact, something else than either a doll or a drudge, the position which these men now prating of "antecedents" wish her to be able to choose between.

THE SOCIAL EVIL.

Elsewhere we publish a letter from a highly esteemed and influential lady, who takes issue with what has at one time and another appeared in these columns upon licensing prostitution, including the Contagious Disease Act. Our Washington correspondent, in our last issue, also takes unfavorable grounds upon licensing, while we have a very considerable number of very earnest letters from valued friends and co-workers, in which we are urged to state that we do not endorse such sentiments as those advocated in the St. Louis letter signed "T. C. L."

We have several times had occasion to say that we do not necessarily indorse anything which appears in these columns over another's signature. We believe that the only way to arrive at the best thought there can be had upon a question which is experimental is to have both sides of it well considered. We knew the St. Louis letter would call forth some criticism, and we are glad that it has done so. We believe that all true workers for humanity are able to examine all sides of all questions they have interest in; that if any who call themselves humanitarians cannot do this, then they have nothing to support their claim, and that it is the duty of everybody human, and liable to be in the wrong, to admit that it is possible for them at times to be in that condition. For ourselves, we repeat what we have often said before, that we lay no claim to perfection, and that we are open to conviction, at all times, upon all subjects. At the same time, until we are convinced, we must speak what we feel to be the best thought we have upon all subjects upon which we speak.

The first question to be considered in entering upon the subject in view is, whether it is a matter which comes within the limits of governmental control, or whether it is something which an individual may pursue at personal discretion, without infringing upon the rights of others or without involving the welfare of the community.

We answer, unhesitatingly, that it cannot be pursued according to the individual's sole personal wishes, without both infringing upon the rights of others and involving the public welfare. It is just at this point where we think those who protest against legislation make their mistake. They only see the individuals immediately involved, while they are but a moiety of those who are to suffer the consequences, if such there are to suffer.

In prostitution there are a class of women who, whether there by choice or by necessity, set themselves up for sale to whoever desires to purchase. We are not now discussing the purely moral side of the question, but looking it squarely in the face. If there are those who are there from necessity, it is the fault of society. Those who are there from choice society cannot be made responsible for. As we said, they are there and for sale, and are therefore offering themselves to the public, just as any merchant offers his or her wares. Every merchant is made liable and held responsible for the character of his goods. He cannot sell poisoned sugars, or any other injurious thing, and hope to escape responsibility. If a druggist offer his medicines to the public, and one of them ask for quinine, and finds that the druggist has given him morphia instead, which endangers his life, the druggist must be made directly responsible to the purchaser, and the public, by its instituted government, is the arbiter.

Every person who deals with the public is compelled to maintain and pay for a license, to conduct his proposed business: his weights and measures are at all times made liable to inspection to see if they are what they profess to be, and that the public is not defrauded by dealing with such person. Prostitution is a business conducted for the purpose of obtaining money from all who can be induced to patronize it; and, therefore, unless all licensing and surveillance by government is wrong, it certainly comes within the proper limits and sphere of government, to protect those who make use of its opportunities.

We might as well say that government should take no cognizance of the traffic in liquor: should not license dealers nor make rules and regulations by which they are required to conduct their traffic. It seems to us that the argument is the same in both cases; and, if we mistake not, there is more damnation sold from the bar than from the brothel. Because prostitution is something which involves people in a somewhat different manner than other kinds of business, we must not lose sight of the fact that it is a business conducted for the sake of an equivalent. Neither can we ignore the fact that it exists, and that it is likely to exist, in either public or private form, until better information and practice govern the true relations of the sexes.

But there are, to us, deeper and more forcible reasons why control and surveillance should be exercised than the general principles of which we have spoken: those which specially arise from prostitution or promiscuous sexual intercourse. Medical authority tells us that a very great proportion of all scrofulous diseases in the world are of syphilitic origin, and that the sins of the fathers and mothers are visited upon the children through several generations.

Here, then, is where the community become involved by the existence of the contagious diseases aimed at, in the control of prostitution by Government. Shall we permit our sentimentality about a disgusting subject to make us attempt to ignore its existence and thereby involve unborn generations in the most loathsome consequences? We say, a thousand times, No! Rather that a hundred times more vigilance be exercised than that humanity be thus cursed. The syphilitic taint in a father or mother may render a hundred children heirs to the most dreadful conditions. The most important side of this question, then, is not touched when we simply say that legislation seems to bring "degradation only to one set of victims to vices which it takes two to consummate." Should it be inferred by this that the degradation which comes by prostitution is made so by legislation? We had always supposed that this arose from the fact itself, and that prostitution was equally degrading, whether it be public and known, or private and unknown. If the degradation arising from vice is to be calculated by the publicity given it, and thus be made a general rule, there are many other practices to which we should turn our attention which are paraded in nearly every paper of the country.

By no means would we have it inferred that we have any sympathy with those who are permitted to consummate prostitution and perhaps go scot-free, or those who form the "other set of victims." But we do assert that this whole evil arises out of the unequal conditions of the sexes; and it is unhappily too true that a majority of men regard women as but given to them to fulfill the indications of nature involved in sexual commerce. This is the bondage in which women are held by men, and it is what men most fear, the extension of suffrage to women will render inoperative. We have always said that political equality was not merely a question of voting, but it is the great key to unlock the perfection of humanity.

In considerations of reform we should rise above all distinctions of sex, the same as we ask men to do, regarding "qualifications for electors." We must not advocate and practice one set of rules in one thing for ourselves, and an entirely different set in others for men, but should advocate and endeavor to practice just such rules ourselves as we acknowledge and practice in matters wherein both sexes are equally actors. As has been already said in this matter of prostitution, it is women who offer themselves for sale, and men who purchase. Therefore, women engaged in prostitution must submit to all the rules and regulations which apply generally to others who make a business of merchandising. Nor can we conceive how laws applying to prostitutes should be considered as affecting the whole sex any more than those which the liquor dealer is obliged to conform to, affects all other members of the male sex.

Our friends who disprove of legislation for prostitution, would, no doubt, approve of legislation which should make it a penal offence for a dealer to sell impure whisky, or that which is manufactured from chemicals. That poison is sold labeled whisky is sufficient warrant for the enactment of law to provide for inspection and for responsibility if inspection is evaded. We cannot see that there is any difference between dealing in damnations, let them be under whatever name or garb, nor where the difference should be in the responsibility, when the public good is involved by those who deal. Neither would we lay ourselves liable to the imputation that we claim special immunity for our sex in anything. All we claim is the right to equality, and in the matter of prostitution just such rights, immunities and protection as we should claim were those who offer themselves for sale, men instead of women.

We are sorry to be obliged to differ upon this question with so many who are co-workers in the great equality movement, but we are always ready to express our convictions when called upon, let the question be what it may. At the same time we are not infallible, and are always anxious to be convinced of any erroneous opinions which we may entertain. If our views upon the general effect of prostitution, or rather upon the question of responsibility for spreading contagious diseases, are not correct, we shall be very glad to be set right by those who think they have arrived at the truth. All we ask is that we shall not be condemned because we have an opinion upon the subject which differs from many others' opinions, the subjects of which we respect just as highly as though their views were similar to our own.

We know of but one way to harmonize difference of opinion and that is to bring the differences in actual contact and comparison. Here, again, we think the entire policy of excluding opposite opinion from the columns of a journal is suicidal to the interest of progressive civilization. Our principal desire is to get the truth before the greatest number, not insisting that all we may say editorially, is the only truth there is, but relying upon the good sense and judgment of readers to sift the grains of wheat which always come to maturity in the husk, we give all a chance to speak their truth. This is what we mean by a free paper for a free people, and we must still say we have no valid reasons yet to change this freedom, and set ourselves up to dictate to a free people, whom we would also have free thinking, from which progress is alone attainable.

A COMBINED EFFORT, AND VICTORY IS YOURS.

There are five millions of women in the United States who desire suffrage. Let every one of them sign the necessary petition, to be found on page 8, and mail to Mrs. Josephine S. Riffing, Secretary National Women's Suffrage Association, Washington, D. C.

THE BLACK CROOK BEHIND THE SCENES.

Armed with a talismanic piece of paper bearing the signature of J. & P., we wended our way, on Saturday evening last, to the Crosby-street entrance of Niblo's Garden Theatre. We gazed on the chirography that was to be an open sesame to the mysteries of "the Black Crook behind the scenes" with a feeling akin almost to reverence. As we have passed down Broadway flaming posters and sensational pictures had often met our gaze at almost every corner, gotten up with a due regard to effect, which had naturally awakened our curiosity, and we determined to adopt the modern role of an interviewist; accordingly, half-past 7 P. M. found us just within the door where the employes of the theatre enter. One by one the scene carpenters and danseuses filed in, each of the latter presenting their checks as they entered. Most of them were neatly attired, and tripped briskly along with an elasticity and gayety to be envied. Many possessed a jaunty, pleasant appearance that betokened the possession of a more than usual amount of activity and vitality.

We first made the round of the stage above and below, which bore the appearance of a vast combined machinery and carpenter's laboratory. All seemed to us as a chaotic jumble, and we thought

Sufficient pins there were, but they were not
All stuck exactly in the proper spot.

When, however, the scene-shifting began, we were surprised at the convenience of every necessary piece; each one seemed to stand forth and say "I come next." Swarms of carpenters were hurrying hither and thither, piece after piece glided into its place as easily and uniformly as though it had learned its duty, and, when the task was complete, one seemed half puzzled to know how it all came there.

We were quite prepared for a diminution of the dazzling beauty that draws audiences filling for long successive nights, every single chair in the parquette; we had imagined that distance lent "enchantment to the view," here we were agreeably surprised, as the *corps de ballet* filed down from the dressing-room, some sitting carelessly in the green-room, others standing listlessly between the wings of the scenes. We found that proximity and inspection detracted but little from their beauty; the only defection from the attractiveness, so apparent on the stage, being that now they were not aided by the artistic arrangement of color and light. And yet the graceful forms, ignoring the presence of a stranger, leaning, in half repose, on each other's shoulders, or linked, arm in arm, in little groups here and there, conversing pleasantly, some in Italian, others in French or Spanish, gave a silvery and musical sound, which, while it called to mind the fact that they were mundane realities and not aerial sprites, nevertheless told us unmistakably that their occupation did not entail the loss of maidenly sisterhood and reserve, so erroneously ascribed to them by sensational publicists. It is true there was an air of girlish frivolity in some of them, but this very fact gave to them a grace and purity that we are pleased to chronicle, as they formed in line for the *pas des fleurs*.

With eager eyes and light but hurried tread,
And bosoms, arms and ancles glancing bare.

Their whole soul seemed absorbed in their duties. Now they are off, chatting, laughing and smiling as they go. A ringing laugh is heard; and, as they dance, word passes from lip to lip that one of the danseuses has lost one of her slippers, which came off and fell among the audience. The dance being over they glide back through the side scenes, hurrying to the dressing-room. One or two retire to the green-room. We receive an introduction and enter into conversation, the various merits of Bonfanti, Pagani, Kelsey, Adrienne, Suardi and Zimmersberg are duly discussed, the two latter being especial favorites among the *corps de ballet*, which is certainly proud of its premieres danseuses, who are invariably spoken of with a warmth and kindness both pleasing and commendable. Aimee and Persini, at Fisk's Opera House, were also freely spoken of as artistes of great ability.

Miss Fanny Prestige comes tripping in with a beaming countenance; some one has thrown her a bouquet, and she is very much pleased. A little knot of her professional sisters gathered round her, as she posed it in her bosom with an air of self-satisfaction that made us envy the person who had thrown it. The wonderful Majiltons are now exercising a little preparatory to their *entrée*. We received an introduction, and found them most affable and pleasant conversationalists. The tenderness and care evinced by the two brothers to their beautiful and graceful sister is quite striking. These three artistes are eagerly watched by the employes from every conceivable spot whence a view of their *début* can be obtained, unobserved by the audience. Indeed the interest manifested in their performances is as great behind the scenes as it is by the spectators before them. As they retire from the stage a perfect *furor* of recall ensues, and we unhesitatingly aver that nothing we ever saw on the stage surpasses the feats of these three veritable wonders. As they stand near the dressing-room door our attention is attracted by the profuseness with which they are perspiring. Their pulses seem quickened and their whole appearance denotes what an excessive use of muscular power has been called into action. Miss Majilton takes her elder brother's arm and they retire to resume their ordinary garb.

We then engaged in conversation with Miss Lizzie Kelsey, who is indeed a beautiful girl, of genial and graceful manners,

her whole contour betokens ease and affability, and admirably fits her to take the part of "the queen of the golden realm." She retires to dress for the grand Amazonian march, which is the event par excellence of the evening; now the *corps de ballet* emerge with their armor glittering in the gaslight; Miss Kelsey takes her place at the head of the *corps d'arme*, and marches on the stage with a measured tread, beating time to the music. This march is, if anything, even more beautiful as viewed from behind the scenes than from the auditorium, the orchestral music being toned down by the intervening scenes, giving a softness to it that renders it almost dreamy, and as they march round in gradually concentrating circles, the inner one marching from right to left the outer one *vice versa*, the effect is gorgeous in the extreme. The march concluded, active preparations are pushed forward for the transformation scene, and get where we will we find ourselves in some one's way. The vast amount of scenery to be removed and other substituted, is astonishing. The sirens at length duly take their assigned places. The succeeding applause, and the audible stir in the audience tells us the entertainment is concluded. In a few moments all is tumult; the employes preparing to depart. We have seen nothing but order, circumspection, good humor, and beauty. The only difference between being behind and before the scenes, being that in the former case we have seen in detail the attractions that are massed in the latter. The fact has been forced prominently to our notice that the womanliness and dignity of the *corps de ballet* is in nowise lessened by their vocation. The spirit and animation with which some of them enter into their duties is quite fascinating, especially is this illustrated in the persons of M'lles Lusuardi, Rimmersberg, Jeanette, and Miss Kelsey the *danseuse*, who forms a prominent feature in the ballet by her commanding figure.*

Here we must enter our protest against the sensationalisms of bohemian reporters who substitute for their want of appreciation of the beautiful, an imaginary lack of morals, in order to make their effusions readable at all by any class of readers, and by this means pander to a discreditable taste for ill-founded sensation, doing injustice both to stage performers and their profession.

* The only jest we heard during the entire evening, was the remark "now put a head on him," referring to Zimmerman's dog, who at that moment was headless.

STAND BY YOUR COLORS! THE DECISIVE TIME HAS COME.

There are five millions of men in the country who are favorable to extending suffrage to women. Let them join the same number of women in petitioning Congress to pass the Declaratory Act. See petition on page 8.

OF THE ENAMELING OF WOMEN.

NEW YORK FASHIONABLE WOMEN.

Our country readers, who live in all the simplicity of nature, and know no other adorning but that which their own beauty of form and face, in most instances, so amply confers upon them, will hardly believe that the fashionable women of New York ignore nature altogether, and rely exclusively upon art for their "make-up." They send, or did send, to Paris—until the war came and spoiled their marketings—for all the millinery and dressmaking which they put upon their persons, and cared nothing for the cost, provided only that the courtezans—who dictate the fashions to all the moneyed aristocracy of that city, and to codfishes generally throughout the world—should also set the fashion for them in the instances of the dresses and bonnets which they ordered, and in which they designed to astonish society and its drawing-rooms.

PARIS COURTEZANS AND PARIS LADIES.

For it must be understood that Paris society is divided into two aristocracies, one of which we have already taken a glimpse of, viz.: the aristocracy of wealth and licentiousness, and the other, which we now introduce as the genuine aristocracy of rank, manners and refinement. The ladies of the latter class dress in the plainest and simplest style, although of the richest and most costly materials, making a very distinct and decided contrast to the ladies of the world of fashion ruled over so supremely by the kept women of the court and the rich *roues* of the city. A real lady may be known at once, therefore, by her dress, and so may the handsome queens, aforesaid, by theirs. The one aims at and achieves the utmost elegance and decorum in her toilet; the other devotes all her wit and wealth to "out-Herod Herod" in extravagance and display, and thinks nothing of putting a hundred thousand francs upon her back.

OUR LADIES IMITATE PARIS COURTEZANS.

It is this class that the fashionable women of New York are so passionately eager to imitate, and, if possible, to outvie. These are the pretty empty heads who call themselves conservatives, forsooth! and who yet live so fast that they have no centripetal force left in them, but are all outsidings, and may vanish any minute into centrifugal nonentity. They affect virtue and high morals, nevertheless—taking Hamlet's advice to his mother in this regard, when he tells her to "assume a virtue though she has it not"—and this is the sum and substance of their conscience. They like, however, to be esteemed by their set as "proper women," and hence they "run a-muck" of all the great social reforms of the time, abhor what they call the "manly women"—women, that is to say, whose intellects are two

big to let them submit to the slavery of society, who, knowing their own strength and rights as citizens of the Republic, will live free and untrammelled lives, and demand that they shall have equal recognition with men in all the departments of society and government; that they shall exercise the franchise as male citizens do, and as all citizens have the right to do, as human beings, which right has been confirmed beyond all question by the Fourteenth Amendment.

THEY HATE WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN.

These are the themes which our fashionable ladies are so dreadfully down on; and as for Woodhull & Claflin, they ought to be drummed out the city and out of the United States as revolutionists of the worst sort, who are trying to subvert the public morality and bring about the reign of universal free-love and such like wickedness. These poor fashionables, with their unbenefited brains, do literally regard themselves as the conservators of what they call the "morals" of society; pretending to hate all shams and false words—such as women's rights advocates and that sort of people—and setting up their code of licentious pleasures in lieu of the ten commandments. They are the strangest of all strange contradictions; for they are shams and falsehoods incarnate; and if they were not they would adjudge themselves, and would be adjudged by society, as the lowest and vilest of all immoral people. Dress with them is both morals and religion; and now we will try and enlighten our country cousins—nay, some of our most knowing New Yorkers, it may be—by entering the boudoir of one of these pretty fashionables and seeing how she justifies her falsehood by her "make-up."

HOW THESE WOMEN "MAKE-UP."

We premise that a fashionable woman in a state of nature is no more than any other woman—often not a tithe as beautiful as many thousands of other women—although she does look so like Juno and Hebe and Venus and the rest of the pretty goddesses when she has put on her set-offs, and goes blazing with jewels into society. It is dreadful for a bachelor to think what humbugs these women are. Here is a lady of questionable age—say twenty-seven; she is in her morning-wrapper, although it is past high noon, and she is going to a great evening party. She looks into the glass and sees there a yellow, brow-wrinkled, dull-eyed face; a mouth full of gums, and no teeth; in-falling cheeks; thin, doleful hair; neck no more like the "Tower of Lebanon" than I like Hercules, but thin, scraggy and not to be named where beauty is. The sight is anything but agreeable, and the cost of remedying it is very expensive; and she wishes she were really the pretty, gay woman that she is taken for in the glare of the chandeliers.

GOES TO THE TURKISH BATH.

But, as wishing avails nothing, she rings the bell, orders her carriage, and drives to the Turkish baths. Here she is boiled for half an hour in steam, and when well done she is doused with cold water until her skin assumes something like the glow and color of health. In another hour—after dressing, and then drinking a cup of coffee and smoking a cigarette, as she lay at full length upon a tempting sofa—she resumes her seat in the carriage, and then drives to No. — Broadway, "where that handsome chiropodist's store is, who enamels us so beautifully;" and in a few minutes she is in the presence of this nice young man, whom she hails of course as an old and most intimate friend, who knows her exterior, even the most sacred of them, like a book. She has come this time, as she informs him, to be done thoroughly! It is such a nuisance, she says, to be compelled to go through all that weary process of enameling once a week; and so she has made up her mind to have her face and bust done for six months. Then there is a good deal of chaffing about the price. Our handsome chiropodist insists upon his full fee of three hundred dollars. If the lady had been pretty, why he would have thrown off something for the pleasure it would give him to make her still prettier; but as this particular lady is anything but good-looking, he will not abate a dime of his charge.

THE MAN WHO ENAMELS THE LADY.

So my lady agrees, and retires into an elegant parlor, where there are long, large mirrors set into the walls, with an easy chair opposite the largest of them, and in a position where the light is fullest. As there is no need of any display of modesty in this purely business affair, she unrobes herself to the waist, regardless of the gentleman artist's presence; and gets him to help her, first of all, to weed out of her productive skin the stubble of hair which has shot up since the last weeding time, which done, the superfluous hairs are plucked out by the roots; and then she clips the soft hair around the temples and forehead, to give to the latter an arched appearance, and, not being quite satisfied with her handiwork, she gets her gentleman, whose hands drop with perfumes, to shave over the parts where she has been with her scissors.

NECK, ARMS, SHOULDERS AND BUST.

All being now ready, the serious business begins. The artist applies a very powerful magnifying glass to all the beauties of her face, neck, arms, shoulders, and—alack, alack! her bust, also, down to the waist! If he find any hair there or gossamer fuzz, he exorcises it with washes, soaps, liniments or tweezers. Strange to say, the artist's hand very rarely trembles over his work—he is not afflicted by any shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart or shivering of the nerves; and it seems to us that he must be a particularly enameled man himself, with a cuticle as thick as a rhinoceros's hide, or that he is a wax mfn, and has no flesh and

blood in his composition. All being now ready, he begins to overlay the skin that nature gave to her with a skin of his own composing. He applies the enamel to her yellow face, and then to her bust. The enamel consists chiefly of white lead or arsenic, made into a semi-liquid paste. It requires a good deal of skill to lay it on so that it shall be smooth, and not wrinkled; and two or three hours, and sometimes a much longer time, are consumed in making a good job of it.

A THREE HUNDRED DOLLAR JOB.

In this instance the lady was very exacting, for she had to pay three hundred dollars for the artist's work, and it was a long time before she was completely satisfied. But presently she rose from her making-place in all the glory of her regenerated body, and again looking into the glass she beheld a vision of such surprising loveliness—compared with the old body underneath the arsenic cuticle—that she fell upon the artist's neck and kissed him in the exuberance of her gratitude.

PLUMPERS FOR THE CHEEKS.

There yet remained, however, the finishing touches and adjuncts of head-gear and cheek-gear! So down she sat again, and he, with his pigment of India ink and pencil of camel-hair, painted her eyebrows divinely. Then her cheeks were inlaid with "plumpers," which she brought with her, and which cost her twenty-five dollars. They are made into pads, and composed of a hard substance, which combines various chemical materials. After the cheeks were thus made to look like a girl's cheeks, they were carmined with a vegetable liquid rouge, laid on with a hare's foot. The finale of the make-up, is the nakedness is concerned, is the adjustment of the teeth, which, when properly set, give the mouth a lustre as of opals, and which a pair of cherry-ripe red lips would increase vastly by the contrast they would present so the eye.

PATENT HEAVERS AS SHAM BOSOM.

My lady now dresses herself, and with a chuckle of deep satisfaction, as she thinks of the conquests she will make in the evening in the glare of the lamps and wax candles and gas. But her make-up is not yet half complete. She has a bust as white as alabaster, with shoulders and arms to match, and warranted to "stand" firm for six months—if she does not die before of checked perspiration and an unclean skin—for in all that time she must be debarred from washing herself and from the bath, which last, to most women, is so luxurious a pleasure. What, however, is the good of a white bust if there be no lilies and rosebuds grown upon its flat exterior? She is well aware of this, and tells the artist what she wants, who immediately fixes her up with a pair of "patent heavers," which are rubber bags, of a beautiful lemon shape, blown out with wind as an air cushion is, and in this state they are secured upon the natural plane of the sacred locality—and the woman is complete so far. These shams cost from five to ten and fifteen dollars each, and are a Bowery manufacture, where other very curious things are made.

PADDED, LEGGED, HANDED, DONE!

But the lady before us has ugly arms also—and these are made plump and round by paddings of wool and cotton, which is the work, however, of the dressmaker. She wore, when dressed, a corset of steel, padded about the waist and hips; and our artist, before his work was quite concluded, had to deal with the lady's extremities and give her a pair of false calves—a most dangerous operation. The make-up was continued by a piece of artistry which occupied nearly an hour to finish. This consisted in painting the hands white and the veins blue, and then powdering them. The nails were also trimmed and colored; and then came the adornments of the chignon, and the long curls.

We must stop, however, for this week. We happen to be posted in all the ins and outs of toilet-making as it obtains in New York fashionable life, and we shall return to this shocking subject before long.

NOW TO YOUR DUTY.

Every reader's attention is called to article head of eighth page and requested to take action accordingly. Let 500,000 names be enrolled ere this year closes, and thus compel Congress to act.

THE REAL ESTATE MARKET IN NEW YORK.—Sixteen columns in the Sunday *Herald* of property for sale or to let! That tells the story. Real estate goes begging at such prices as have been put on it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MESDAMES WOODHULL & CLAFLIN:

Under the head of "Our Ocean Commerce; the True Means to Regain and Retain It," in your issue dated February 18, you have an editorial which needs explanation to make it compatible with other of your editorials which are more transparent and significant in their meaning, and salutary in their bearing. These other editorials are they which deprecate, expose and remonstrate against governmental aid to private piratical interests—interests of capitalists and monopolists—against the public good. Whatever may be said, by way of pretext, about the developing of the resources of undeveloped regions, there can be no justification for the granting of such subsidies, in lands and bonds, as rapacious adventurers have obtained by compounding with venal misrepresentatives of the interest of the people. Your bombarding guns, brought to bear in that direction, seemed to be doing good execution.

But you now appear to have been shooting wildly—firing at random—blazing away into the air. Your call for Congressional compounding with merchants I cannot understand. It appears to me an abandonment of your better position—at least to have been written in the reverse interest. If the explanation is to be, that these antagonistic interests are alike at liberty in the use of your space, it seems to me the moral effect would be better to have the responsibility somehow divided under different designations or signatures. There should be no objection to allowing the evil its proper advocacy by its proper advocates. This is a proper, if not necessary, part of the process for arriving at truth and righteousness. But any undertaking to make good and evil flow from the same fountain has hitherto had the appearance of a self-neutralizing proceeding.

If you have made yourselves understood, you call on Congress to appropriate indefinite millions from the public treasury, "to secure a sure foundation for our merchants;" such merchants, it is to be supposed, as Stewart, whose annual income already runs into the millions. You say: "In Great Britain there are establishments of this character (ship-building establishments) which have cost upwards of seven millions of dollars;" and that "our builders have not the means to erect such establishments." Why not? If it be for the interests of such as Stewart to have such "establishment," why should they not be expected to appropriate each some part of an annual income for such a purpose; and not call on Congress to tax the toiling masses for the augmentation of their already monstrous monopolizing power?

Is it legitimate governmental action—proper exercise of governmental function? If private enterprise cannot take care of itself as in relation to mercantile interests, why should not the manufacturing and agricultural interests be placed under the fostering care of government as well? Why should not government provide "establishments" for manufacturing plows and other agricultural implements; locomotives and other land transportation facilities; iron foundries; cotton and woolen manufactories, etc.? Because the other requires more capital? This is a reason to the contrary. It would be unrighteous aid in the accumulation and consolidation of moneyed power for oppression. It would strengthen the strong and weaken the weak—multiply the numbers of the poor and lessen the numbers of the rich. It would be but changing the form of the oligarchy which has wasted so much of our blood and treasure, and whose desperate, dreadful doings are yet going on under governmental license.

The legitimate business of government is—should be—protection for life and property. Not assistance to robbery. Not the putting of the many under tribute to the few. Not the reducing of the millions into the service of the thousands. We are governed overmuch. The tendency of all government, hitherto, has been to the making of itself an iniquity and an oppression—a mockery and a corruption—a crime, a curse and a contempt.

Ours has been boasted of as having been the best government the sun has shone on. Yet the crimes we punish are trivial in comparison to the crimes we now enact by law. The former are but the offspring of the latter. While we were punishing individuals, by hanging for murder, and imprisonment for theft and robbery, we were, under "the law of the land," carrying on a wholesale system of robbery, theft and murder, whose culmination was in wholesale mutual slaughter and desolation—that now, as entailed results, we have our murderers of families, in place of our former murderers of individuals; our robbers and other felons going about boldly in bands; and our corrupters of legislation and adjudication operating in "rings."

Since I sat down to the writing of these paragraphs, my daily paper reports in detail what it designates as "one of the best planned and most exhaustive and well designed efforts by skilled burglars to break into a fire-and-burglar-proof safe probably ever attempted." If the press would do more at exposing iniquity enacted by law, and less at teaching by these detailed reports how to evade any laws "fit to have been made," it would evince better fealty to humanity, better fidelity to the interests of humanity. While the press, the pulpit, the forum, the lyceum practically pour contempt on any devotion to truth and righteousness above or beyond what will insure full returns in dollars and cents, dollars and cents will continue to govern—to govern the government. *Never will there be virtuous, salutary government that is paid for in dollars and cents.*

Because of what I have now written, don't distrust my appreciation of your bolder, braver, heavier blows against "the throne of iniquity which frameth mischief by a law," than anything else now under my observation coming from the press.

ORSON S. MURRAY.

FOSTER'S CROSSINGS, WARREN COUNTY, O., Feb. 28, 1871.

No. 708 SOUTH TENTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, }
Feb. 18, 1871. }

DEAR MRS. WOODHULL:

I have no doubt I could secure a number of subscribers in Pittsburg and elsewhere on my personal advocacy of the paper. I hope you will pardon me for saying that the letter from St. Louis in your last issue, subject—"Social Evil," and signed "T. C. L.," makes me hesitate to circulate a journal which advocates principles of which I totally disapprove, and which you will see yourself, if you give it a moment's consideration, aims a fatal blow at the enfranchisement of women. Sinking the morality of the question, which is in itself a tower of strength to the opponents of the bill, it is a virtual suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* in regard to our sex; and this once permitted in reference to the lowest woman in our country, takes from us our individual status and throws us for all rights and privileges upon our husbands' or male protectors' social position. This theory once admitted destroys the end and aim for which your paper was organized.

Now, if you were to introduce a bill providing for the arrest, examination and retirement into a hospital of every man seen coming out of a house of ill-fame, you would "take the bull by the horns" (as your correspondent so elegantly phrases it) in earnest. The temporary detention of these gentlemen (who, without the protection of special legislation, cannot walk the streets without being enticed from behind closed shutters) until after the two weeks allowed by medical authorities for the development of contagious diseases of the kind referred to, would at least have the effect of protecting helpless wives and innocent unborn children from the consequences of their ill-regulated passions; or what would be better still, men who are seen visiting these places should never be allowed to come out, but obliged to remain there with their chosen companions, and, like a colony of lepers, be cut off from the decent outside world forever. There are large numbers of men in all great cities who visit these houses out of mere curiosity, who think it

the thing to be informed on such subjects—that it shows a knowledge of life, etc. We hear constantly that when municipal bodies visit abroad, the first hospitality offered them is to order carriages and drive to these magnificent abodes and see the elephant. Genial husbands who, when in a candid mood, are frequently the authors of such developments (which always took place of course before they were married), are careful to assure us that entire experience consisted in each member of the party ordering a bottle of wine, paying for it, talking a little to the young ladies, and then withdrawing—and that this wine ordering is one of the principal sources of revenue of such establishments. Now this class of men, if they were liable to pass an examination when they came out, would certainly never go in, and thus the sinews of war being destroyed the "social evil" would soon decline. Your correspondent proceeds to say "although the ordinance only passed in July last, the sum of \$19,000 has already been received from this source." Now where did this \$19,000 come from? In all probability married men are the chief patrons of these places. Now these men in the face of men and angels, did, with all their worldly goods, their wives endow. They have actually taken from helpless partners their own money, to help deprive them of the very privileges which marriage is supposed to secure (and which, by the way, society only permits them on condition of marriage), and have done this at the risk of their health, their lives, their reason and their posterity. If this is the result to the woman, whom religion and society pretend to protect, what is the condition of the unfortunate who is beyond the pale of either? Being a few years the recipient of all the physical and moral vileness of men, when youth and beauty have flown they enter an hospital to be tortured, for the instruction of brutal and ignorant students, a workhouse to labor under the lash for the support of masculine superintendents. And this is "the legislation that is to awaken the admiration of the civilized world!" Your correspondent goes on to state that without prostitution our homes would be invaded, wives and daughters seduced, etc. If this be true how dare you ask for the right of suffrage? If women are such miserable creatures, without soul or consciences; if their virtue is only preserved by the absence of temptation, sink them indeed to the bottomless pit of degradation, where this man would have them; for no woman ever yet so slandered herself as to admit such infamy. But do not stab in the dark a cause you profess to befriend, or at least give expression to this protest on my own behalf and the majority of the advocates of female suffrage against the legalization of an evil that is degrading to every woman in the land. I feel so deeply on this subject that I have extended what I meant for a personal letter into quite a communication, but I have so high a regard for you individually that I do hope to see your denial of indorsement of the St. Louis letter.

Yours, truly,

ELIZABETH S. BLADEN.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28, 1871.

MRS. VICTORIA WOODHULL:

Dear Madam—Permit me to state, for my own satisfaction chiefly, that the article of mine which you kindly published in your issue of March 4, was returned by *The Independent*, not from want of sympathy with the work of our National Suffrage Committee on the woman movement as a whole, but because the greater part of my letter treated of phases already before the public, and on some of which I had written at length in a previous letter. The editor volunteered to make brief editorial notice of our need of money in large as well as small donations, and did so in the next issue, but had no space he said for such reiteration as I was anxious to make.

Knowing your devotion to the practical business of pushing the suffrage movement, I handed you the article just as you were leaving the committee-room, with the hasty word that it had been returned by the *Independent* and that you might print it if you chose, and we were interrupted before I had time to explain all the circumstances. I think you were fully justified in your view of the case, but am unwilling that any faithful co-worker should be misjudged.

Truly, yours, ISABELLA B. HOOKER.

PETERBORO, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1871.

MESDAMES WOODHULL & CLAFLIN:

I am too old-fashioned to like all the positions taken in your paper—especially all its positions on the marriage question. But from the ground that no further amendment to the Constitution is necessary to render the enfranchisement of woman constitutional I am quite certain you cannot be dislodged.

Respectfully yours,

GERRIT SMITH.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 23, 1871.

MESDAMES WOODHULL & CLAFLIN:

Will you permit me, through your columns, to reply briefly to Mrs. Ames's letter on the Lincoln statue, published in the *Independent*. I regard her praise of it as entirely just, and better for the general reader than a more elaborate criticism, because it is comprehensible by all, and helps some to understand the work.

It sometimes seems as though art critics had quite lost the meaning of the word criticism; to them it seems to signify either wholesale denunciation of a work of art, of the brain which conceived it, the hand that wrought it, or, *vice versa*, it is equally unqualified praise. It is a thing absolutely perfect in itself, and the artist is divine; the one is as false and injurious as the other. The one, from undue partiality to the artist, may help to foster bad taste, while the other, by un-mixed censure, may crush a sensitive, high-wrought nature.

Mrs. Ames has praised this statue, not because it is a woman's work, or from personal friendship, hence the praise is valuable; but there is a part of the letter which seems most unjust to me; it is the criticism on her sister woman, the young artist, with whom she has no personal acquaintance.

"If I am asked," she says, "if I think that a refined and sensible woman would willingly have photographs of herself in theatrical attire, with photographs of gifts bestowed upon her, hawked about the streets and in the corridors of the Capitol, I answer, 'No!' most emphatically, 'No!'" Has this anything whatever to do with her work? And why should not her picture, in pretty peasant costume, be found where it would most naturally be sought—near her work? If it is indelicate for her, why not equally so for Miss Homer's picture, in a quaint costume, to be sold at the door of the room where Zenobia was exhibited? Why not pass the censure upon Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Colfax, Miss Cushman and

Ristori, or Lucretia Mott, the purest and truest woman alive? If the custom is reprehensible, let us begin with the older offenders; do not lash them over her shoulders.

Why should it be deemed more indelicate to sell the shadow of the outer woman than to sell the thoughts and inmost feelings of the soul that are penned from week to week for newspapers? In fashionable life here, as elsewhere, there are practices that deserve the severest castigation—practices which are alike ruinous to health and morals; let these receive the censure they so justly deserve, and leave the earnest child artist to live her own life with her birds and flowers, assured of one thing—that genius demands an atmosphere of purity, truth and love, that it endures no contamination, knows no conventionalisms, withers and dies out if falseness and impurity enter the dwelling of the spirit.

Genius robs some faculties to enlarge others; hence one possessed of the divine gift must not be judged by or from the same standpoint as a proper common-sense person. Their impulses must be trusted, and only loving hands and hearts minister to them.

I know Miss Ream well, and can say, as one of the oldest Senators said in his letter of commendation to her, "You have done a noble work, my dear child; keep good courage. I wish you were my daughter."

I have seen her in the home where she is the idol, the centre of attraction to many friends, and know how her parents lean upon her, how the sister in her bitter sorrow turns to her for support and comfort. I have seen her almost in her very babyhood, with her tiny hands modeling little heads in clay, which, by an artist whose name is revered in the art world, were said to give more evidence of genius than all the works of some men who then had commissions from Congress. "She will make her mark in the world, note my words." And well has the prophecy been fulfilled, for her statue will live.

Again, the propriety or impropriety of women being seen in the corridors of the capitol depends entirely upon the motive which leads them there. If she is there for base, unworthy motives, it is reprehensible: if she is there as many have been daily during the winter, putting in circulation excellent reading matter, consulting on the gravest questions with Senators and Representatives, pressing truth home upon the hearts and consciences of men, then I think the true-hearted everywhere should accept this right for women as they do for men, and merge the lady in the noble woman, who walks fearlessly in the path of duty, feeling that she, too, has responsibilities and God-given power for the State.

Above all things, women need to learn to judge each other from their own highest life. They must shut down the valve on every jealousy and evil speaking one of another, and stand by each other, heart to heart, hand to hand, in this crisis, the greatest which has dawned on womanhood since the first promulgation of Christianity, when she was in Christ declared man's equal.

I do not know Mrs. Ames, but I do not believe she would willingly drop one bitter ingredient into the life of a young girl, or darken an hour that should be filled with joy in any heart.

We may discuss principles without personalities; art without the private life or even the public acts of the artists—books and not the authors; there is holiness in the ownership of our personelle.

PAULINA W. DAVIS.

MESDAMES WOODHULL & CLAFLIN:

Will you do me the favor to insert a plain statement of facts in regard to the coal miners' strike in the anthracite district of Pennsylvania, in order that the public may have the means of forming a fair judgment upon our action.

During the year 1869 and the first three months of 1870, when coal was worth three dollars a ton at Port Carbon (the general shipping point for Philadelphia, ninety-three miles from that city), the men received the following wages: Miners, \$14 a week; inside laborers, \$12, and outside laborers, \$11. On the 1st of April the operators asked a reduction of ten per cent. on day wages, and thirty per cent. on contract. The men refused to accede to this proposal, and, after a stubborn resistance of four months, entailing want and misery on all concerned, work was resumed on what is known as the "Gowan compromise." This compromise consisted in the adoption of a sliding scale, the wages to rise or fall according to the change in the price of coal at Port Carbon, three dollars per ton being regarded as the standard price. During the month of August the average price at Port Carbon was \$2 85 per ton. Our wages were consequently reduced 8½ per cent., which left \$12 84 per week for miners, \$11 for inside laborers and \$10 09½ for outside laborers. In September the average fell to \$2 50 per ton, which subjected us to a further reduction of 8½ per cent., making 16½ per cent. in all off the standard rates, and leaving wages as follows: Miners, \$11 69 per week; inside laborers, \$10 02, and outside laborers, \$9 19½. In October the rates remained the same as in September. In November the average price of Port Carbon was only \$2 27 per ton, and we were obliged to submit to another reduction of 8½ per cent., making a total of 24½ per cent. on the standard rates. This left miners \$10 53 per week, inside laborers \$9 03, and outside laborers \$8 27½. In December coal averaged \$2 17½ per ton at Port Carbon, wages remaining the same as in November. The average prices of coal above given are based upon the sworn statements of the operators themselves, and the rates of wages stated are those actually paid for the periods in question.

But the question is what do the miners ask now, after the suspension? They ask a basis fixed at \$2 50 per ton, not to slide down with the same wages allowed when coal stood at that price under the "Gowan compromise," that is \$11 69 for miners, \$10 02 for inside laborers, and \$9 19½ for outside laborers, with an advance of 8½ per cent. on these rates for every 25 cents advance in the prices of coal. But the six carrying companies of the State have combined and say that we must accept a sliding scale downward of 8½ per cent. on every 25 cents below \$2 50 per ton for coal, while refusing to allow us the benefit of any upward sliding scale should coal go above that figure. The reason assigned for this is that the coal trade cannot afford better terms. Yet, mark the fact, that the toll charged by the Reading Railroad up to the time of the suspension in December last was \$2 18 per ton for transporting the coal from Port Carbon to Philadelphia, a distance of only ninety-three miles, and down grade the entire distance. At the time of the suspension the price of coal at Port Carbon was only \$2 17½, as already stated. It appears, therefore, that this carrying company received ½ per cent. per ton more for its service in transporting the coal over its short line of road than was left for all other expenses combined, including not only the wages of miners, labor, etc., but the royalty paid by the operators, the cost of timber, wear and tear of machinery, etc.

Having made this plain statement of facts, I confidently leave it to a candid public to say whether the high price of coal is due to our moderate demand or to the exactions of the carrying companies who charge for their services more than all the other interests concerned.

JOHN SNEY.
ST. CLAIR, PENN., Feb. 30, 1871.

TO OUR CONNECTICUT FRIENDS.

Every woman living in the State of Connecticut will please bear in mind that by the law of May 31, 1870, it is made the imperative duty of every officer of elections to give to ALL CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES the same and equal opportunity to perform the prerequisites to become qualified to vote, and that women are citizens of the United States under the XIV Amendment. Comment is unnecessary. Women have the right. Let them exercise it.

We take great pleasure in calling attention to the proposed lecture at Association Hall, corner of Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, by

MRS. E. KIMBERLY ROBERTS,

on Wednesday evening, March 15. The subject, EDUCATIONAL AND INDUSTRIAL PURSUITS OF WOMEN, INCLUDING SOCIAL TOPICS, is of peculiar importance at this special juncture of affairs. Mrs. Roberts is peculiarly fitted to present this subject, having a large knowledge of, and wide experience among, her sex. If there are those who are doubtful about the true status of woman, they should by all means go and hear this lecture. Admission, fifty cents.

PROGRESS OF THE NEW JERSEY MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

BUSINESS GROWTH.

Number of Policies Issued from January 1, 1865:

To January 1, 1865.....	141	To January 1, 1869.....	1,376
To January 1, 1867.....	857	To January 1, 1870.....	4,831
To January 1, 1868.....	2,047	To January 1, 1871.....	4,223

FINANCIAL GROWTH.

INCOME.		ASSETS.	
During 1865.....	\$7,023 36	1865, December 31.....	\$104,058 08
" 1866.....	30,213 38	1866, December 31.....	163,967 96
" 1867.....	102,971 46	1867, December 31.....	326,773 54
" 1868.....	261,629 20	1868, December 31.....	430,244 41
" 1869.....	232,600 10	1869, December 31.....	485,904 32
" 1870.....	311,687 15	1870, December 31.....	610,944 41

THE LAND QUESTION.

No. I.

The alarming concentration of wealth in the hands of the few which is so marked a feature of the times, naturally enough suggests the importance of a careful and systematic inspection of our economic machinery, in order that we may be able to determine with certainty and precision through what defects of construction or derangement of parts it operates in such a way as to take property from the producer, and accumulate it in vast masses in the hands of a comparatively small number of persons. My present object is to call attention to one of these defects, viz.: our present land policy, than which nothing contributes more powerfully to bring about that unjust distribution of the products of industry, which so foully blots the face of our modern civilization.

Hon. Geo. W. Julian, of Indiana, in his recent admirable speech on the land question, has exhibited in a startling light the extent to which the Government itself has fostered the monopoly of the soil in the disposal of the public domain. He has shown how one man in Kansas, James F. Joy, has been allowed to acquire, under an Indian treaty, at the nominal price of one dollar an acre, a tract fifty miles long, by twenty-five in width, containing 800,000 acres, or enough land to make 8,000 farms of 100 acres each, which would afford homes for fully 50,000 people. He has shown how another tract just ten times as large was disposed of, under cover of another Indian treaty, to a man named Sturgis, for nineteen cents an acre, payable in instalments and in railroad bonds at that. He has shown how railroad, swamp and educational giants, the sale of land in open market in large tracts, and even the allowance of bounty land to soldiers, have combined together to place an empire of rich land in the hands of corporations and private speculators. He has shown how even the federal courts have strained the law in favor of the monopolist as against the actual settler.

Already an area equal to a dozen large States has passed into the hands of monopolists, or will inure to railroad companies under existing laws; and the area embraces much of the finest land in our Western States and Territories, the richest river bottoms of Kansas and Nebraska, the famous wheat lands of Minnesota and Dacotah. If this vast territory were to remain permanently a wilderness, it would make little difference who might be the legal owner of it. But if it is to subserve the purpose for which the Creator obviously designed it—that of supporting population—the question of its ownership is one which directly concerns the welfare of many millions of human beings.

The grant of land to the Pacific Railroad alone, according to the statement of the Commissioners of the General Land Office, amounted to 124,000,000 acres on the 1st of July, 1869. Subsequent grants, especially the additional grant to the Northern Pacific, will probably swell the amount to very near 140,000,000 acres. But a million acres is so very easily said that these figures convey no adequate idea of their meaning. We shall comprehend them better through the aid of a comparison. A glance at the atlas shows that the area of France is 213,341 square miles, which, being reduced to acres, gives us 136,474,240. Instead, then, of saying that the donations to the Pacific Railroads amount to near 140,000,000 acres, we may say that they amount to an area larger than that of France. Now, the present population of that country is about equal to our own. It appears, therefore, that if peopled as densely as France, the territory given to these Pacific Railroads would be large enough to accommodate the entire population of the United States. If peopled as densely as England and Wales the same area

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November 1, 1870.

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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.

6 P. M.—For Easton.

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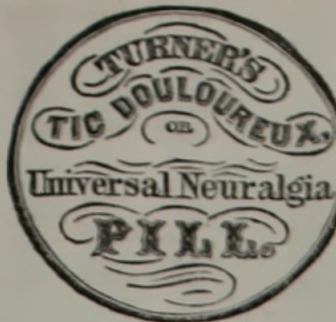
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CORPORATION NOTICE.—PUBLIC

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

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

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

1. Both sides of Seventh avenue, from Fourteenth
to Fifty-ninth street, to the extent of half the block
on the intersecting streets.
2. Both sides of Fifteenth street, from Seventh to
Eighth avenues, to the extent of half the block on the
intersecting streets.
3. Both sides of Fifty-seventh street, from Lexing-
ton to Sixth avenue, to the extent of half the block
on the intersecting streets.
4. Both sides of Thirty-ninth street, from Seventh
to Eighth avenue, to the extent of half the block on
the intersecting streets.
5. Both sides of South street, from Catharine to
Montgomery street, to the extent of half the block on
the intersecting streets.
6. Both sides of Twenty-eighth street, from Broad
way to Eighth avenue, to the extent of half the block
on the intersecting streets.
7. Both sides of Forty-sixth street, from Fourth to
Fifth avenue, to the extent of half the block on the
intersecting streets.
8. The easterly side of Varick street, commencing
at King street, and running easterly and southerly
half the block therefrom.
9. The northerly side of King street, commencing
at Varick street, and running northerly and westerly
half the block therefrom.
10. The westerly side of Varick street, commencing
at King street, and running northerly and southerly
half the block therefrom.
11. The southerly side of King street, commencing
at Varick street, and running easterly and westerly
half the block therefrom.
12. Both sides of Vandam street, from Varick to
Maddougal 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. 1,
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.

Woman's Fitness for Politics.

BY HANSON MARTIN.

NO. 1.

If office-seeking, party-spirit, fraud and intrigue, and all their accompanying vices, are decided to be the true definition of politics, then we will admit woman's fitness for the science; for this corruption and these vices are foreign to her nature. But this is not the true definition of the term; neither is it the idea we have in view when speaking of woman's fitness for politics. Politics has a deeper, nobler significance than this to woman, if not to man. To her the ballot and legislation, simply as political weapons, are of minor importance compared with the right of citizenship, and, through that, to self-protection, which it is designed to secure, and of which they have been deprived.

Besides this, it is a fact, well attested, that women have a greater respect for law and order than men. The peace and harmony of the home circle is often destroyed by men than women, through fits of passion, intemperance and false faith. And thus of public peace: it is frequently disturbed by massacres, mobs, bacchanalian revelries, fist-fights, etc., of men, but never of women; which shows conclusively that women are possessed of a greater control of temper and inclination, and hence a greater capacity to maintain law and order, and are, therefore, better adapted than men are to make and administer them. These are the elements of all legislation, as legislation is the frame-work of all government, of which politics is the science. This brings us to the true definition of the term politics, and the true elements of woman's character as being peculiarly adapted to the same.

Why should we question woman's capacity for this science, possessed as she is with unbounded sympathy, adaptation, intuitive perception and quick susceptibility of moral truth. Her sympathy and intuitive perception would search out all the mysterious links of cause and effect which have been so sadly overlooked in man's legislation. Her nice adaptation would give the true adjustment and balance to law, as yet unknown, while her special aptness for moral truth would correct the despotism that lurks, serpent like, in every corner and crevice of the law; in a word, law and government are destined to be regenerated through woman's peculiar fitness for this science, as also her abundant experience in the technicalities of government obtained through her management and control of the family group. Has she not had experience here in controlling all the wayward elements in human nature? With every passion and propensity has she not been called upon to contend in the family relation and adapt to each a peculiar form of government? Then why deny her fitness for assisting in the government of nations?

Who should know better than a mother how to plan salutary and wholesome laws for the welfare of a nation, or have a nicer tact in the modes of administering and enforcing them? Who should know better than a mother how to maintain harmony, peace and unity in such an extensive family of grown-up children as our nation presents? Has not her position as umpire in the petty strifes and contentions of childhood and youth fitted her to preside with gentleness, but firmness, over a nation's welfare; to meet out justice to each and all her children, daughters as well as sons, and as it has never yet been meted out?

Have the examples of history been forgotten; the statesmanship of the many noble queens the world has known, and who have been benefactors to their countries and the mothers of the people? Do not forget the noble conduct of Elizabeth Henrick, a Quaker woman, who wrote out the problem of the West India question, which had puzzled Brougham, Romilly, etc., and all the great minds of England, all of whom were unable to penetrate the mystery? Let not memory fail us here. Nor should we forget to honor the conduct of those noble men, who humbly listened to a woman's council, and for seven years followed her instruction in the settlement of great social questions.

Coming down to later times; has not England been better governed, suffered less from war and bloodshed under the rule and reign of Queen Victoria than if governed by a king?

Do not all great and good men acknowledge themselves more indebted to a mother's influence and government than to a father's for their honor and success in life; and in the restraint of the unruly and the reformation of the vicious, does not the experience and success of Mrs. Fry, Mrs. Farnham, Florence Nightingale and others, show conclusively that woman's management and rule is found to be far more potent than man's coarser appliances?

Considering all these facts, and many more, too numerous to mention, the talent of women for politics it were folly to deny or gainsay, for we perceive that politics, when rightly defined, is just the science for which women are especially adapted, both on account of their capacity and their maternal sphere; and, in speaking of women here, we do not mean "ladies" whose butterfly life is an eternal reproach to the laws, customs and false education that have forced, alas so many of them, into such an emptiness and insignificance of life and soul, the contemplation of which is enough to make angels weep.

'Look upon This Picture, and then on This.'

The *Tribune*, always lukewarm on the subject of "Woman Suffrage," and exceedingly chary of admitting anything to its columns that could, in any way, tend to identify it as in sympathy with the movement, became, after the wooing (so said) and rejection of one of the staff, by one of the strongest of strong-minded, still more adverse; nay, even bitter in its opposition. So much so, indeed, that from simply letting the obnoxious matter alone, treating it flippantly, or meeting argument with argument, which, if not just, was at least decent, this pattern paper thereafter "dropped into" bitter denunciation and senseless tirade; declaring, many times and oft, that the advocacy of woman suffrage was likely to demoralize the whole race—that lovely woman was fast becoming degraded to the level of man—that if she ever succeeded in getting to the polls she would chew tobacco, swear, fight and drink with the worst—that there would be no babies, and if, perchance, one dropped out here and there, there would be nobody to take care of it. In short, there would be no end to the shame and disgrace resulting from such a consummation as the enfranchisement of woman.

This paper is quoted all over the civilized world as a leader of journals and teacher of morals; and the impression has gone forth that its extreme conscientiousness on this last point was the cause of its severe strictures on the movement aforesaid.

Last summer when the scandal about the Prince of Wales was going the rounds of the press, the *Tribune* snapped it up, and made its pages filthy with "dirty linen."

For a while it had immunity from the necessity of dealing with personal scandal in high life, and was, perforce, content to fall back on its old bone of discontent concerning the demoralizing influence of the suffrage agitators.

Not long since it has picked up another dainty morsel for the delectation of its readers in the form of the Fisk-Lawlor-Stokes imbroglio, and serves it up with all the unction of a gourmand in such fare; devoting two-thirds of an editorial column in making light of such matters, and another third on the title page to showing "how it's done."

Consistent teacher of morality! how can't thou handle pitch and not be defiled? Or if your editorial fingers are pitch-proof, how do you know that the brains and hearts of the many whose morals you try to make, are proof against the conviction that courtesans and libertines are not so bad after all if the

Tribune shows them quarter and treats them to pleasant notions.

Or does the wealth of the parties make all the difference?

Ah, well! this is an age of morals, and the *Tribune* is its prophet; and only from that high-toned paper can we expect to be taught those nice distinctions which make the same act a disgrace in poverty, and a sure means of becoming distinguished when perpetrated in a certain atmosphere of money. But by what moral hypocrisy does the *Tribune* make the matter of woman suffrage demoralizing, and its own gracious treatment of licentiousness a means of elevation?

S. F. NORTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 1, 1871.

MRS. DANIEL WOODHULL & CLAFLIN:

As you have kindly allowed me the use of your columns, I deem it a duty I owe to myself, however disagreeable the task may be, to try to repel some of the aspersions sought to cast upon my character by Mr. J. E. Lyon, the present proprietor of the *St. Cloud Hotel* in Washington City. In modern, as in ancient times, men bow at the shrine of public opinion, and risk even life in defence of reputation; but to a lady, the slightest spot upon her womanly purity, and all that makes life pleasant, or even endurable, is gone, and gone forever. In this world, there is no forgiveness, and she becomes an outcast to society and an outlaw to mankind.

In the course of my life, which has not been a long one, measured by months and years, I have endured the fiercest persecution, chiefly occasioned from the fact that I dared to be true to the old flag. This separated me from my husband and children, and entailed untold suffering; but this is the first time that a stain has even been sought to be cast upon my honor. Sometime last fall a scurrilous article appeared in one of the New York papers—which was copied into the Washington *Republican* and into various other journals—making base and slanderous charges against myself in connection with the captain of the steamer *Lady of the Lake*. This article, I have good reasons to know, originated with Marcus Hook, a clerk whom I had discharged for good and sufficient causes, which it is unnecessary to recount, and who is now in the employ of Mr. J. E. Lyon, the proprietor of the *St. Cloud*. In October, 1870, I became proprietor of the hotel at the solicitation of the owner and under an engagement that I was to have one-fifth of the profits for two months, after which I was to have the house for one year free of rent, and the ensuing four years \$8,400 per year. I little knew his ruling motive in making this lease or I never should have consented to have become his tenant under its provisions. I had no sooner taken possession than he commenced forcing his attentions upon me which were always distasteful, but I did not like at that time to incur his enmity. He retained control of the billiard and drinking saloon, which was his excuse for remaining in the house. He would frequently invite me to a walk or a drive with him, and I sometimes reluctantly consented. If I went with others, which I occasionally did, he generally had spies upon my track, and frequently performed that office himself. This state of things became almost unbearable, but I submitted, using all my energies to build up the reputation of the *St. Cloud*, as I was determined to show the world that a lady was fully capable to keep a hotel. He seemed ever willing to oblige me, and this I attributed to his natural kindness of disposition, until he finally made me a proposition so base and so degrading to my womanhood that I informed him that the same roof could no longer cover us both. His friendship (shades of Damon and Pythias forgive the misnomer) from that time seemed to turn to the most malignant hate, and he determined upon my destruction. Shortly after he took occasion to wreak upon me his dire revenge, the immediate consequence of which was to consign me to a mad-house, and very nearly to the grave. The captain of the "Lady of the Lake" was occupying a room at the house for a night, which afforded him, in conjunction with his willing tool, Mr. Hook, before referred to, an opportunity of concocting the foul calumny which was afterward circulated throughout the land through the medium of the press. These base and false charges very soon came to my ears, and the indignation, chagrin and excitement they produced prostrated me upon a bed of sickness; and while in this state, drugs were administered to me which caused temporary insanity. I was taken from my room by Mr. Lyon, covered with a blanket, without any clothes save a night-dress, and hurried to an asylum, and, while powerless to defend myself, the columns of newspapers were subsidized to blacken my character, which is dearer to me than health or life. I was confined for seven long weeks, and endured sufferings which will leave their trace to my dying day, when I was pronounced cured and discharged. Among my first acts on regaining my liberty was the commencement of writs against the owner of the *St. Cloud* for slander, false imprisonment and breach of contract, and I ask the public to suspend their judgement until the facts shall all be developed in the light of a judicial investigation. If I do not establish my entire innocence by testimony that cannot be controverted, then I am willing to submit to the most terrible punishment and the most severe condemnation that can be meted out to the guilty. I make no appeal for mercy; I ask nothing from charity, but I demand justice.

With my best wishes for your success in your noble undertaking, which has my warmest sympathy, I am
Yours, truly,
MRS. E. A. POLLARD.

THE FASHIONS.

The fashionable world has been in an agony of excitement for some weeks over the great event of the season, Mme. Demorest's spring opening, which, being the opening, *par excellence*, of our metropolis, and very much in advance of any minor effort, and, indeed, of the general spring show at even our larger dry-goods and millinery stores, was attended both numerous and fashionably on the day appointed. The spacious rooms were crowded all day long by an eager throng, who evidently were on fashionable thoughts intent, to the exclusion of all others. Young and old; good-looking people, and others who fancied themselves so; maiden ladies of a very certain age, with youthful aspirations; mothers, with an eye to well-dressed progeny; widows, who, though mourning, desired to do it as bewitchingly as possible; prospective brides and grandmothers of eminent respectability—all flocked to 838 Broadway on the auspicious occasion referred to, each with the one idea of obtaining something new, startling and unique, that would be specially becoming to her individual person. No woman is above being improved in looks, and no woman living is so thoroughly equal to every demand made in this particular as Mme. Demorest. At a glance she can tell the one thing needful to produce a fine effect upon the most forbidding subject, and no one need despair, no matter how ill-favored by nature, for style is, after all, more than beauty, and style is just what can be bought of Mme. Demorest. A number of very lady-like and efficient assistants were in waiting, with suggestive tape measures hung on their arms or neck, and their hands full of bewilderingly lovely patterns in blue, white, mauve, green and silver tissue, that seemed quite beautiful enough to wear just as they were. Orders were taken for many a costly toilet through the day, all owing to the choice display of fashions and Mme. Demorest's well-known taste and ability; and the number of duplicate paper patterns sold was almost beyond belief. Every pattern is placed in a special envelope, on which is a front and back view of the same as it must look when completed, also valuable hints as to material, trimming, number of yards required, etc. This is an entirely new feature

in the pattern department and one that cannot fail to prove very attractive, for many ladies, possessing only half an idea, can thereby produce a garment approximating the design. This is but another proof of Mme. Demorest's unflinching effort to render women self-reliant, by enabling them to make a good appearance at a small outlay of patience, money and mother-wit.

On entering the handsome reception-rooms we were struck with the elaborate display of paper millinery, in every known style of elegance and color. This we learned from the obliging and accomplished Miss Findlay, to whom we are greatly indebted for attention and general information, is a decided feature of Mme. Demorest's openings, and is especially intended for the convenience of out-of-town customers and country milliners. One of these jaunty and stylish hats can be copied indefinitely, varying the color, materials, trimmings, etc., and the expense of a dozen of them is less than many a milliner has paid for one pattern bonnet in days gone by.

Among the new designs for early spring wear we noticed the Nilsson Basque as being particularly graceful and elegant. It is cut with two points in front and deeper ones just back of the hips, with a full postilion. It will be popular as a street garment made of silk, or cashmere *en suite*, or can be worn at home. Another new and very distinctive pattern, called "La Presidente," was shown us. It is a long, full casaque, with draped apron front, to be made of cashmere, trimmed with folds of gros grain and glimpse lace or fringe. This is to be worn over a black silk skirt, either trimmed to match or with flat plaited ruffles, which is a more serviceable style, and may be draped to suit the fancy, much, little, or not at all. The most charming and thoroughly suggestive and comfortable garment that was displayed to our admiring gaze, and one we would specially like to see ourselves in, was a business suit for ladies—not a coat, pants and vest; oh! no, nor anything that looked like it—but a dainty, tasteful and womanly affair in every detail, and yet sufficiently without ornament to be perfectly proper on Broad street. If need be, or in any newspaper or banking office. It is admirably adapted for shopping and traveling, and only needs to be seen to be appreciated by sensible people. It may be made of serge, summer poplin or black alpaca; if either of the former, the trimmings must be a darker shade of silk or a contrasting color, but if alpaca is used the trimmings must be gros grain. The skirt is a trifle shorter than for ordinary street wear, and has three bias pieces, about four inches in width, either pointed or scalloped, and bound with silk, running entirely round it, near the bottom—similar pieces at equal distances trim the front breadth to the waist. A long outside garment, called the Coat Basquine, is worn with this, but no overskirt. It is made with revers on the waist, and the fronts are long and turned away to match, displaying the trimming on the front breadth. The back is like a coat, with lapels, only more fullness is allowed. A pocket of very fair proportions adorns each front below the waist, and one on the left side above the waist is admissible. The style is very business-like, and is vastly convenient, becoming and proper, and we wish this eminently American fashion would become universal.

Ladies may compose their minds on the subject of long dresses for street wear, as the feeble attempt made to bring to life this fashion of the dark ages has failed to the ground literally, and no one possessing any claim to respectability would appear on Broadway in a long dress. Overskirts, we were told in confidence, will not last forever, though they are pretty and every one likes them. But when summer comes dresses of thin material will be ruffled to the waist. Grenadines will be ruffled on the silk skirts, and so do away with the extra skirt of grenadine, that always had a limp look, besides indulging in frequent and often irreparable rents. Traveling dresses will be worn with plain skirts and either coat basquines or long casques. The Scotia coat, a very manly-looking though quite an innocent garment, is worn, with a plain demi-trained skirt for the house, and is really very elegant. It has a short basque front, with a vest, and long lapels behind, faced with velvet or silk. The variety of patterns for children of every age is something wonderful to contemplate, and if our little ones are not dressed *a la mode* it is not Mme. Demorest's fault. A lovely affair, called the Polonaise Mignonne, met with our decided approval. It is quite new and very stylish. It is made of silk, to be worn over any dress or *en suite*, is very bouffant at the back, and the front is trimmed with revers and bows.

Pages of writing would fail to give an idea of all we saw and heard at this famous opening, and we can only advise our readers to go and see for themselves, as each day for some weeks to come will be but a repetition of March 1st. We are sure they would come away with new and improved ideas on the dress question and an exalted opinion of Mme. Demorest's wonderful establishment.

L. L. L.

BOOK NOTICES.

The National Sunday School Teacher for March opens with a sterling article on "Home Training—How shall it be made effective?" by Wm. Hague, D.D., which it would be well if every one having a family would read. This is followed by a really sensible and practical article on "Country Sabbath Schools," by Scholaris, full of good suggestions in regard to the difficulties met with in the management of schools in rural districts. The Concert Exercise, "The Cross and Crown," by Dr. Staples, will be worth more to any school than the cost of the magazine for the year. The illustrated article by Professor Jewell, just returned from Palestine, on the "Strait Gate and Narrow Way," gives valuable aid to those who are to teach that lesson in March. These, with the gem of a poem "Bring the Children Home," by Miss Sleight; the notes on the lessons for the month; Editorial Miscellany and Gleanings, make it one of the best numbers yet issued. The publishers, Adams, Blackmer & Lyon Pub. Co., Chicago, offer to send specimen copies free.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.—What a gem it is! The publishers have made this the *cheapest* and altogether the *finest illustrated* paper for the infant classes in Sunday-schools, published in this country. Superintendents of infant classes should send at once to Adams, Blackmer & Lyon Pub. Co., Chicago, for specimen copy of this paper.

The March number of that pioneer Sunday school magazine, *The Sunday School Scholar*, gives us the first instalment of a serial, which is to run through the remaining months of the year: "Rob. Claxton's Own Story." If this is a specimen of what is to follow, we congratulate the hosts of readers of *The Scholar* on the rare treat before them. "The Doctor's Talk to Fifty Thousand Boys and Girls" on "Character" is worth many times the cost of the magazine, to put into the hand of any youth.

Professor Peabody's illustrated article on "The Fixed Stars" will be read with interest, because the young people can understand him. The poem "Lincoln Statute," by Alice Arnold; "How Bess Managed Tom," by Miss Sleight; "Much and Little" by Miss Hamilton, are all excellent.

The Sunday school that supplies the *Scholar* to the older half of its members will make a good investment. The publishers, Adams, Blackmer & Lyon Pub. Co., Chicago, offer to send specimen copies free.

Look out for coal-dealers who go about with the profession that they are going to break up those who have "monopolized" the trade of Wall street, but whose practices do not "square" with their professions.

Mrs. Thos. C. Lombard, of this city, will contribute an article on the Church Music Association to the art department of *Old and New* for April.

THE THEATRES.

FISK'S OPERA HOUSE.

"Les Georgiennes" has at length been put upon the stage, and in a manner that realizes all the expectations the public have been led to expect. The music equals anything in "Opera Bouffe," yet produced on the New York stage. "Les Georgiennes" is highly entertaining. The singing of Almee and Persini is excellent, and these two artists are certainly gaining fresh laurels, the latter of whom is attaining the prominent position on the stage we were the first to predict.

NIELLO'S.

The "Black Crook" still maintains its position, drawing full audiences, with not an empty chair, for many consecutive nights. Mr. Bennett will succeed the "Crook" with "Richard III." about the 19th of April with an entire corps of English performers, who promise us some superior acting, which we hope and believe, from their European reputation, will be realized.

BOOTH'S.

"Much Ado About Nothing" has at length been put upon the boards, with a *corps d'artistes* fully sustaining the prestige of Booth's. The acting of Mr. Booth is of his usual superior order; and Miss Bateman as Beatrice, and Mr. Barrett as Don Pedro, are both excellent personifications of the characters they assume.

THE COSMOPOLITAN CONFERENCE, organized January 1, 1871, for the purpose of holding weekly public meetings of the friends of Reform, to interchange sentiments with a view to co-operate against the growing evils that derange the social state, and as a means to that end, the following address of invitation and rules for conducting the meetings have been adopted:

Friends of Humanity, Advocates of Political, Social, Industrial, Commercial and Educational Reform: "Come, let us reason together," as "in Union there is strength," and as our interests are identical, our separate objects being but parts of one great or general reform: It becomes our duty to ourselves and to the rising generation, that we should devise measures for fraternal action, that we may not only arrest the increase of oppression, but enfranchise ourselves in the enjoyment of our natural rights, and the products of our labor.

Thus far, the useful classes, and the advocates of justice have been estranged from each other, and that want of unity made us the more easy prey of crafty sharpers who plunder us of our rights, and despite us for submitting to their imposition; and these impositions will continue and increase in intensity, so long as we remain apart. Therefore, let us lay aside our local, dogmatic, sectarian and professional pride or prejudice, and counsel together for mutual protection, as brothers and sisters in a sinking ship, for one great earnest effort to be free, and thereby emancipate ourselves from every species of fraud that is practiced upon the useful classes, by tyrannical institutions in the Old World, by crafty demagogues in the New, and a gambling system of speculation in both.

Though the defective Republic of the United States has failed to accomplish the object of its creation, yet its citizens enjoy a great advantage over that of any other people, as the character of its institutions can, by peaceful means, be fashioned to suit the best interests of the people, whenever the just and the oppressed shall have gained sufficient wisdom to unite for mutual co-operation.

To hasten the realization of "a condition of things so devoutly to be wished," this conference has been instituted, and the following articles adopted for its government:

The public meetings of the conference shall be devoted to the consideration of political, industrial, commercial, social and educational reform, by lectures, addresses, discussions, readings, etc.

The conference will meet every Sunday, at 3 o'clock P.M. until further notice, in the new hall, corner of Bleeker street and the Bowery.

C. O. WARD, President.

J. W. GREGORY, Secretary.

A DASHING TURNOUT.

DR. HELMBOLD AND HIS FAMOUS TEAM—HOW THE DOCTOR ENTERTAINS HIS FRIENDS.

Perhaps one of the greatest novelties which greets the eye of the pedestrian passing along Pennsylvania avenue is the daily appearance of a beautiful Oxford coach drawn by five elegant bay horses, gayly caparisoned. One can but gaze, as far as the eye can reach, and feel filled with admiration at the movement and precision of the horses and the manner in which they heed the ribbons, held evidently by the prince of drivers. This team belongs to

DR. HELMBOLD,

of New York, and cost him years of trouble and much expense to fit out. All are bays, of the same height, movement and grace. As the lead horse places his foot, so do the rest, and when he starts off the others follow. Should his left foot take the first step, the left foot of the entire team keeps pace therewith, reminding one of a well-drilled veteran regiment of many years service. The team is driven five-in-hand, three

TANDEM,

and two at the wheel, and was brought hither by the Doctor at much expense, to take part in our Grand Carnival festivities. Those who witnessed the open Avenue scene can not but call to mind this beautiful turnout as it passed up and down the thoroughfare, and really was the feature of that portion of the exercises. Dr. Helmbold left Washington city some twenty years ago, with scarcely the means to secure him transportation to New York. A resolute will to succeed, energy and perseverance in business, and the free use of printer's ink, enable him to return and secure for himself and wife the most sumptuous and

ELEGANT APARTMENTS

at the Arlington Hotel. He is also accompanied by his child, Miss Aldama, of Cuba, and General Ryan of Cuban notoriety; in addition to these, his drivers footmen, grooms and body-servants, form a retinue fit to accompany a crowned head. One would imagine Helmbold's vanity, perhaps, induced him to make this show. Not so, however. He is a plain, rather handsome, and social man of the world; has an acute and keen perception of human nature, is easily approached, genial and good-natured, and just such a man as those making his acquaintance would at once set down as a whole-souled,

JOLLY GOOD FELLOW.