

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT! UNTRAMMELED LIVES!
BELAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

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

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TO

NEWSMEN AND POSTMASTERS
THROUGHOUT

The United States, Canada and Europe.

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

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

VITAL INTEREST
TO THE
COMMON PEOPLE,

It will, in the broadest sense, be

A FREE PAPER

FOR A FREE PEOPLE,

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

Here, then, is a free platform upon which

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

MAY MEET IN A

COMMON EQUALITY AND BROTHERHOOD,

which we believe comes from the fact that

GOD IS THE FATHER OF THEM ALL

THE Cosmo - Political Party.

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

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL

SUBJECT TO
RATIFICATION BY THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

THE CLUBS OF NEW YORK.

THE CENTURY CLUB.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

[CONTINUED.]

MONTHLY MEETINGS.

These monthly meetings are not remarkable for any great display of talent—nor is there at any time, so far as we know—a set programme. Anybody may read his own poems aloud, if he can get anybody else to listen to him, and the same of essays. Business comes first, and this is done in the "Star Chamber"—a most ominous name, by the way—and after that, there is an adjournment to the reception-rooms, where the members and their friends talk politics, discuss the contents of the last new book, or the merits of Leutz's last picture, or James Hart's or Kensett's, or any that the triad of tricksters may have painted—known as Rossiter, Church and Bierstadt. At a late hour the lunch is served, and consists of oysters, oyster patties, oysters stewed, broiled or fried, lobster salad, all sorts of sweetmeats and confectionery, ice creams, jellies, Charlotte Russe, blanc mange, coffee, tea, plenty of bread and butter, and a good supply of champagne and claret from the club's cellars. They can afford good wine with an income of \$30,000 a year, and not much outlay for anything else.

AT SUPPER.

It is really a jolly sight to see all these long and short, squat and rotund, lean and fat fellows, with such distinguished brains in their great heads, go rushing, jostling, crushing and tumbling one over or "through" the other, to get at the table of good things spread out for the eating thereof. There are neither chairs nor forms near the great long table, but George Bancroft squats in his field chair, and enjoys the sight of so many weary legs standing around about him and the hospitable board. What laughter and merriment, what fun and frolic, what flashes of wit, what redundancy of humor—most of it good and none of it bad—and what a grand uproar their mingled voices produce! They come in crowds and depart in twos and threes, or half dozens, and as many more take their places from the reception-rooms, as fast as they—having gorged themselves—retire to digest the

same, with more laughter. Happy boys! enjoy the good time to the utmost extent of your faculty. It is night now; and a long oblivion lies between your present frolic and tomorrow morning's duties and responsibilities! But tomorrow will come, and with it will come bad debts and dishonored bills, and perhaps impecuniosity on your part, and inability to meet that ugly draft, and so Alps upon Alps of misery, while the cloud darkens your sky and the sun refuses to shine. But it will shine, and then, thanks to the buoyancy of the human heart! all that trouble will lie behind, like a bad dream that is gone.

After the lunch they roam about—these motley members—here and there and everywhere, talking gayly, and many of them still discussing oysters, which they have brought with them from the dining-room. Help yourselves, then, to the wine; but don't ask to sit down. Chairs are like the viands of the Barmecide's table—they have no existence here.

We stroll into the gallery, and "interview" the pictures and the sculptures, and are "mightily pleased therewith," as the old gossip, Peppys, saith. And in the reception-rooms are many of the artists who did these admirable works—very pleasant to see. We shake hands with some of them heartily, because we like them. Many men, who have hardly a professional name at all, are a long way greater than many others who have a very big name. We could illustrate this postulate if we liked, for we know them well. But comparisons are odious, says the proverb, and so is injustice, say we, although, may be, it is prudent to "let it slide" for the nonce.

Poor Gulian C. Verplanck was the last commemorator of the last Twelfth-Night, which happened in 1858. This used to be the Century's festival of festivals, but it has gone clean out of fashion, and the monthly meetings have superseded it. There is always a good lunch prepared on these occasions, but it is frugal, as we have seen above, and compared with those given by the Union and other "tip-top" clubs, it is parsimonious. But there is plenty of wit at these dispensations, and what some of the members probably think better still, there is plenty of punch brewed in the "Hercules' cup" of the club, whereof all may partake free, as a hospitality. It must be understood that the wine vaults of the club are pretty extensive, but the wine is expensive, and can only be had by purchase. At one time it was customary for the members to indulge in "mush and milk" at these meet-

lags, but this ancient practice has been abandoned as rather too vulgar fare for artists, literati and gentlemen.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

But although the Twelfth-Night celebrators are now numbered among the traditions of the club, these great-hearted, overgrown schoolboys—who ought to be geniuses, if Coleridge's definition of the characteristic of genius be true, viz.: to keep the dewy freshness and buoyancy of one's youthful feelings intact, and carry them full of vigor, and the glory of life, through summer and fall into the winter of age—these romping, lightsome big boys we say, have such a Greek love of symposiacs in their hearts, that they have this year instituted a new order of festivity which appertains more nearly to Christmas than the Twelfth-Night after it, and judging from the first sample of these they are likely to prove very attractive and jovial meetings, hereafter.

KRIS KRINGLE.

The original design was to celebrate them on Christmas-eve, amidst the roaring of the mighty yule log as it lay on the effulgent fire; the blast of trumpets, the roll of drums, the songs of happy children and women, and the blare of men's voices, doing the bass unto these discordant harmonies. But something happened to postpone the sweet riot which they contemplated, and it did not come off until the 29th December. The truth is, that a great deal of the Teutonic element has lately got into the club, and the Teutons being mostly young and full of German traditions and old Christmas-memories, thought it would be no bad thing to revive them and let the country people see them in all their pristine magnificence of colored lamps and gilt gingerbread and "black jack" sugar sticks. So they put Santa Claus in the chair, and erected a Kris Kringle tree, and dressed it in the queerest kind of robbery that was ever put upon the bark of a tree. There were bon bons stuck upon it, and fragments of poems and music, and other incongruities by the score. Bundles of cigars and boxes of Promethian matches, a great doll and cradle, labeled "a hint to old bachelors," oranges with lighted wax candles stuck in them, and various other things "too numerous to mention," as the penny peep-show men say. One gentleman who hoped soon to know, practically, the delights of matrimony—Laun Thompson by name—and he had been presented with a very brown, full-sized baby, made of terra cotta. The tree and its pleasing fruits were the centre of all the fun and jollification of the evening.

But the most brilliant performance, introduced as a sort of variation in the festivities, was the reading of a good-natured, gossip piece of satire by Stoddard, in which the peculiarities, or follies, if you please, of the "big wigs" of the club were hit off in fine style, and with a wit the edge whereof was as fine and keen as a razor. Everybody was delighted with it—and no wonder; for, whether as a poet or a prose-writer, Mr. Stoddard is equally cultured and delightful, and turns whatever he touches into gold by the alchemy of his genius. Among the poets of the club, indeed, he stands in the very front rank. There are poets who have a broader, grander and deeper organ of utterance, but few surpass him in lyric sweetness and melody, or in graphic picture-writing. He is one more illustration, also, of the power of genius to force its way through all obstructions, and the lets and hindrances of early poverty, and achieve position and fame. But there are no signs in his poetry of the struggle which he had to make with circumstances. All his poems are as polished and refined as the courtly verse of Tennyson. His songs are good and sing to their own melody, and he possesses a rare and genial fancy, but not much imagination. He can reproduce what he sees in nature, and put the seals of his individuality upon it; but no creative power is manifest in his lines. He is a beautiful landscape painter, and in his didactic pieces he abounds with wit and humor, and a subtle and covert sarcasm. But he is never offensive. He plays with his subject, like a kitten with a mouse—but he does not kill it; and if he exposes any one's foibles, it is with pleasantness and a most sunny humor. His pen is light and airy, and there is a commingled sound of flutes and Æolian harps in his music, which it is all the more delightful to listen to when it comes from beloved lips in the beautiful June woods—and thereby hangs a tale! Mr. Stoddard takes his place as one of the classics in American literature. His style is simple and graceful, and he has the tenderest sympathy with home and all homely affections. Nor does he lack pathos, which, indeed, drops from some of his pieces like the tears of a woman in a great bereavement. He writes prose well, and this is high praise; for, although any school-boy can put sentences together so as to express to any other boy the particular sensations which always accompany a good caning, when applied to his own particular back, there is not one writer in a thousand who can lay just claim to be considered as an accomplished man of letters. The most are cumbrous and heavy, loose, slovenly, and without the slightest pretension to art, although it takes more and higher art to write well than to paint a good picture.

Mr. Stoddard is an intimate friend of Bayard Taylor, the well-known traveler and litterateur, and until lately they kept house together, rarely going into company, but hospitably entertaining all friends and acquaintances at their own home. There is a strong bond of sympathy between these two men, both as authors and companions. They have both roughed it thoroughly and know what it is to "live hard" and to "lie hard," facing reality in its strongest aspects and trampling down difficulties like straws. They have won their position both in letters and society. Hence

they are the jolliest haters of sham and every kind of hypocrisy, running sometimes into the other extreme, and speaking with a Hebrew plainness and directness of purpose about which there can be no mistake.

Mr. Stoddard has many friends and admirers who swear by his name. He has great facility in certain kinds of composition, and if the days of John Milton and Ludlow Castle were to come back again he might find profitable employment in writing "masques," for the young nobles to take part in, and in inventing and arranging the machinery of these lightsome plays.

In person Mr. Stoddard is about the medium height, dark, sparkling, animated eyes, florid cheeks, and a mouth of mingled sweets and bitters—viz., humor and sarcasm. His head is well sprinkled with gray hairs, but he is as youthful and strong apparently as ever he was, delighting not so much, we should say, in disputation as in monologues, where he has the whole platform to himself and can hammer away at his subject without opposition.

The *improvisatore* verses which he delivered at the celebration of the "Kris Kringle," spoken of above, were well received, and were a clever specimen of gossamer poetry—a sparkling fire of wit, humor and satire, running all along the lines. Mr. Stoddard, however, had a competitor for the honors of the evening in J. W. Ehninger, who has achieved an enviable reputation, we hear, as a caricaturist and a good elocutionist. He has very clearly, judging from his performance on this occasion, a great deal of high dramatic ability, and in his caricatures he is never vulgarly personal, but puts into his pictures so blithe a mixture of sunshine, fun and extravagant color, that even those who are hit laugh heartily, and with unaffected good humor as they ought to do. On this evening he gave a caricature representation of Shakespeare's "Seven Ages," in which he handled the chiefs of the club, including the venerable President, W. C. Bryant, with a delicacy and humor which were really charming. The fine courtliness of the treatment shut out the possibility of any one taking offense, and "bells" and "bears" were alike pleased.

There was a great banquet, of course, as the crowning luxury and glory of the Kris Kringle commemoration—not composed exactly of "Continents of beef and Mediterranean seas of brews"—as Longfellow describes a certain dinner, if we remember rightly, in the "Hyperion"—but a sufficiently substantial affair, nevertheless; with a superabundance of wine to wash it down, and wherewith it was pretty considerably washed down, and to everybody's satisfaction. The success of this new venture into the regions of social amusement and jollification will be safe to insure its annual repetition. And it is right that an oasis like this should be cultivated in the Century, which otherwise threatens to become a desert and bury itself, like the Egyptian Sphynxes, in bottomless sands. For, shirk it as we may, the fact is patent to all observers, members and lovers of the club, that the shadow of "old ancientness" is gradually falling upon it. The young men who founded it nearly a quarter of a century ago are no longer young men, neither is the blood so hot as it was, nor the vigor of the body so lusty. Upon the principle, too, that "like attracts like," as "like cures like," the "birds of a feather all flock together," jays with jays, peacocks with peacocks, and birds of Paradise with birds of Paradise; and this to such an extent that the club looks, on gala nights, as if it were divided and sub-divided into little episodes of clubs, each emblazoned with its own heraldries. These cliques and coteries are, indeed, so numerous as to imperil the very existence of the club, and it is on this account that we hail with pleasure the introduction of fresh Teuton blood into the veins and arteries of that old corporate body, and wish success to the Kris Kringle.

There are now upward of six hundred of these Centurians, and among them are some of the leading men of the city—poets, men of letters, artists, clergymen, physicians, actors, musicians, philanthropists, merchants and bugaboos who have long purses and nothing else to boast of.

We propose to give pen-and-ink sketches of the representative men in all these departments and the president shall come first, to wit:

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

What man among us is so well known and so generously loved as William Cullen Bryant, the journalist of this city and the poet of America? That "good, gray head which all men know," as Tennyson says of the Duke of Wellington—that stalwart, upright form, and proud, firm foot, and sincere, earnest, thoughtful face—we have many of us been familiar with, any time these thirty or forty years; and every year seems to have exalted him higher and higher in the public esteem and in that of the republic of letters, until he has reached at last the topmost spoke in the wheel of good fortune, his poetry the household words of us and our children, and the breath of his fame upon all the winds of heaven.

No higher honor and distinction can any man ask for upon the earth than this. His reputation is not ephemeral but enduring, and built upon the everlasting granite. From the first he was animated with the highest themes and aspirations, and no seduction of society or of popularity could induce him to lower his tone, and exchange the solemn and holy office of a bard of God for that of the mere fashionable songster. The bent of his genius and the aspirations of his nature were predetermined for him, and his good angels enamored him of his vocation, and kept him from being contaminated by the base ambitions of life. One can see in his

earnest pieces what a deep spirit of reverence and what a high moral purity had taken possession of his soul. Not that he affected Puritanism, or any sectarian religious creed. He was above that, and saved from its influence by the guardians both of his youth and his old age. A great mission was given him to fulfill, that namely of infusing new life and health into the popular heart and mind. Before his time, and indeed long after he had sung some of his most enchanting songs, conceived in a new spirit of simplicity, freshness and beauty, adorned with a new imagery derived exclusively from our virgin prairies and the deep silence and solitude of the primeval woods, attracting by their silent melody all the pure young hearts of the country to come and listen to it, and be filled with it, for the high purposes of life—before and even after this time, we say, American literature, especially in the poetic department of it, was slavishly imitative of the English models. No true voice had yet spoken, either for the country or the people outside the pages of Mr. Bryant's poems. He had cotemporaries, it is true, such as Poe, Whittier, Willis, Morris, and the incomparable James Gordon Bennett, whose beautiful effusions of bilious love to sweet "Mary Ann" have made his name immortal. Indeed, the world owes a large debt of gratitude to Mr. Dexter Bonner for recovering these effusions, and restoring them to our national literature through the columns of the distinguished *Ledger*, and that, too, at a time when they were utterly lost and forgotten. But none of the other poets named had dared to trust to the genius of the soil and the free spirit of our institutions for the material and the inspiration of his songs. Whittier, although he has since proved himself a true poet, was at that time a limited islander, devoted, it is true, to a bountiful and noble cause, but too sectarian to enlarge in any sense the boundaries of individual or national freedom. Poe was a superb mystic, loving the weird, intangible shapes of the soul's twilight, delighting in the phantasmagoria of death and the grave, and ever and anon appearing amidst the colored footlights of his enchanted theatre of song, arrayed in garlands of surpassing loveliness and beauty, which were decorated with the strange, bright flowers that he had plucked from the bloomy shores of the eternal sea, which rolls between time and immortality. A wondrous, unearthly melody pervades all his notable poems; but I mark with interest that he is the master of two distinct orders of melody, viz.: that of the soul, which is the natural accompaniment of the birth of all his most beautiful thoughts and sentiments, and that of the intellect, which is the semblance of this melody, and, as it were, a mechanical invention. The poems of "Annabel Lee" and the "Raven" will illustrate this idea. The former is like a flood of music dropped down out of heaven, and seems to float all the solid world; the latter, like the poem itself, is made up, and seems to be stuck on to the structure of the fable as if it were an afterthought ornament, or a tune made for the occasion. We can see how gradually it accompanied the building up of the poem and how artfully it is made to fit the gloomy theme. And, at all events, the influence of Poe was not good for a good life. It is splendid disease from top to bottom. Willis was a man of society and of artificial feelings and manners. But strange to say, he rarely reflects his personality in his poems; and there is often a simplicity and sweetness about them which contrast notably with N. P. W., the Beau Brummel of New York fashion. His religious pieces open the door to quite a new region in his nature which few would have expected to find there at all, and which vastly enhances his moral character by revealing to us his spiritual storehouses. His other poems are refined, polished and classical. But he was no more an American singer than Longfellow is, or Shelley was. He went to Europe for his inspirations. How could he otherwise write songs for Americans? This dirty democratic soil—which, by the way, was good enough for George Washington's feet to walk upon—inspires as yet no American poet. There was George P. Morris, it is true, and he did his best—good man!—but poetry is mightier than mere mechanic art, and its influence fills the world and lasts forever.

Bryant seems to have got hold of this thought, or the thought had got hold of him and would not let him go. God had given him a great faculty, and it involved a great responsibility, and he set himself to work seriously—judging by his early poems—to compass and execute his mission. He was the first of our poets who lay so close to the heart of nature, upon her beautiful American bosom, that he passionately loved her, and his love inspired him to sing her praises. There is no maudlin sentimentality in Bryant, he apes no school nor leader, he affects no European nonsense, cares nothing for the feuds and romances of its great baronial halls, but goes direct to our virgin forests, wild lands and bright waters, and beholds, through them, the great apocalypse of American destiny.

His poems smell of the fragrant pine wood, and the sweet pure airs of heaven in the wilderness. Here at last we are at home, domesticated with nature as she shows herself upon our own soil, and we love her all the more because of the beautiful sorcery of words and sweet music in which the poet has represented her. The flowers, and ferns, and mosses—the birds and beasts of the forest, are all more or less photographed in his verses. We drink in them also, of the morning air, and seem to grow like melons in his sunshine. Herein are strong, vigorous, refreshing life, and imagery drawn from the primal solitudes of nature—new and strange—as if Homer were speaking to us again from the morning of time and man's history.

Open this poem and it is like opening up fountain of health and the springs of life. There is no more healthy book in our literature. It is myrrh and rosemary which keeps off the contagion of a vast heap of effete matter outside, and checks at all events the spreading of a fatal disease. The poems are alive. Cut them and they would bleed.

Thanatopsis was Mr. Bryant's earliest poem of any mark, and was written at the age of eighteen. It made his reputation; and it is not a little curious that Shelley, Keates, Festus, Bailey and Wordsworth had all written "things which the world will not willingly let die," when they were about the same age. But it is customary to speak of Thanatopsis as if Mr. Bryant's fame depended upon this one poem. It is a fine piece of Hebrew rhetoric, to be sure, and touches with the simplicity and tenderness of an inspired prophet, the most sacred feelings of the human heart—but it is by no means his best production, and the poet must be surfeited with the heaps of crude praises which it is continually receiving. Give me his woodland poems, his poem to a water-fall, his lyrics—and we can spare the Thanatopsis.

We should be well pleased to make a thorough critical analysis both of Mr. Bryant's "mind, character and genius," and of his poems, if we could find the space. But at present we are driven to the wall. We are glad to find, however, that he has put so noble a soul under the ribs of his verses—that he shows himself not only physically but morally and religiously healthy, and is not ashamed in these ghastly days of scientific atheism to acknowledge his Heavenly Father, and his dependence upon him for all he has and is.

We are looking out for his translation of Homer, some lengthy passages of which we have already read. It is not fair always to judge of the whole by a part, but we may say that if the bulk be as good as the sample, there is more fame in store for the poet. It is admirably well rendered, and in the spirit of the great morning epic of the world.

Bryant was born November 3, 1794, at Cummington, Hampshire County, Mass. His father was a physician, and the poet seems to have inherited from him his love of poetry and art, for he was much distinguished for these high matters in his day and generation, and taught his son to love poetry from his nursery days, and often, even, at an earlier period, "reciting" him to sleep in his swaddling clothes. He began to write poems at the age of ten, and found a publisher for these early pieces when he was only fifteen. Of course, being unusually good for a child, they astonished everybody, and it was prophesied that he would one day become a great poet and man. "Thanatopsis" appeared in 1817, in the "North American Review," and has been popular ever since. In 1826, in his thirtieth year, he came to New York as an *attache* of the *Evening Post*. Bryant was then a Democrat. The paper was Federal, and when slavery became a party issue, and Republicanism was born out of the throes thereof, Bryant joined the party, but always as an independent man. He has lived much abroad during the past fifteen years, and does not interfere much with the management of his paper.

His first book of poems was more highly praised abroad than at home. His "Letters of a Traveller," published in 1849, were collected from his contributions to the *Post*. He is not a rapid, but a painful and laborious writer, so far as poetry is concerned, and, like Pope, he is continually altering, adding and amending.

His home is in one of the most lovely nooks of Long Island, at Roslyn, and he has adorned it with gardens, lawns and beautiful streams of water, which flow into a little lakelet. It looks like a poet's dream realized. He almost lives among his flowers when at home, and his gardens are his Paradise. He is seventy-five years old, and, alas! a widower; and, although he has two daughters to whom he is devoutly attached, he is alone in the world. For who can supply the place of his lost wife—his life-long companion and his best friend? He is a brilliant talker, hospitable to all comers, and a most genial companion, full of old memories of the illustrious dead, and not a bad listener.

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. Griffing, Secretary National Woman's Suffrage Association, Washington, D. C.

NEW JERSEY MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—Mr. Miller, the insurance superintendent of this State, recently made a thorough examination of the affairs of this Company at the request of its officers. He reported that the business was "systematically and honorably conducted" and that "its financial condition was such as to entitle it to public confidence."

There is no doubt that Mr. Miller has done his duty thoroughly, therefore there can be no substantial reason for discrediting his conclusions. The fifth annual statement of this Company's affairs shows a larger increase in business, which speaks well for the public confidence in its directors, who are all responsible citizens of Newark.

Twenty-two thousand dollars of the guaranty capital has been refunded. The receipts in 1870 reached \$311,687 15. Its total assets are stated at \$610,944 61. Its number of policies to January 1, 1870, 6,233.

We learn that the prosperity of this company is attributable to the energy and business talent of its vice-president, C. O. Lathrop, Esq. We trust it will always remain worthy the patronage which has been given it so freely.

REPUTATION.

'Tis said that Wind and Water once,
In emulation,
Among the hills played hide-and-seek
With reputation.

With many a gusty gambol first
The Wind essayed it;
Behind the hills and around the knolls
He slyly played it.

But ev'ry nook betrayed his lair;
The leaves round him
Would rustle at his breath, and so
His playmates found him.

Then, laughing, crept the Water forth,
And 'mongst the mallows
He spread himself, and branched apart
In countless shallows.

The long grass hid his silver stream,
The sedge concealed him;
The drooping willows helped his flight—
No sun revealed him—

Till, in his confidence elate
With vigorous rally
He leapt a rock, and so was caught
Within the valley.

The Wind and Water, panting both,
Remind their mate
That he should take his turn, and meet
The self same fate.

But Reputation answered slow:
"Though I inclined me
To sport, if once I hide myself,
Say, who shall find me?"

With me all cunning skill is vain,
Vain all endeavor—
If I but lose myself from view,
I'm gone forever!"

The various conventions being held throughout the country do not appear to appreciate the advice of

"THE INDEPENDENT" AND THE "WOMAN'S JOURNAL,"

one of which says it does not believe in going "across lots" by means of Constitutional amendments; and the other, "Nothing is to be gained by hasty, injudicious action. We would not press a decision to-day."

Will they please take sufficient notice to read the following from *Sturgis' Journal*, relating to the convention held there:

RESOLUTIONS.

At the opening of the afternoon session the following resolutions were submitted by the Committee on Resolutions and accepted:

Whereas, impartial justice is true conservatism and thorough radicalism, preserving the good and uprooting the evil, therefore

Resolved, That we advocate and claim suffrage for woman because it is just, and therefore safe and full of benefit, hoping to a truer state and church and a purer and nobler social life by giving duties and responsibilities to all.

Resolved, That, so far from denying the overwhelming social and civil influence of woman, we are fully aware of it, BELIEVING, WITH DEMOSTHENES, THAT MEASURES WHICH THE STATESMAN HAS MEDITATED A YEAR MAY BE OVERTURNED IN A DAY BY A WOMAN, and for this reason we proclaim it the highest expediency to endow her with full civil rights, since then only will she exercise this influence under a just sense of her duty and responsibility, history bearing witness that the only safe course is to add open responsibility to power.

Resolved, That since the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States declares that all persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States and of the State where they reside, and that no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of such citizens, we believe and affirm that women as persons and citizens have the right to the elective franchise and can vote and hold office equally with man under the Constitution of our country, and that we ask of Congress a declaratory act, and also that the women assert their rights at the polls, and, if refused, then carry their case up to the highest courts, persevering until Congress and the courts are compelled in the light of righteousness to grant equal justice under the law and the Constitution.

Resolved, That the right of women to vote under the Fourteenth Amendment does not lessen the earnestness of our demand for such changes in State laws and constitutions as shall recognize her right and guarantee her elective franchise, and we shall urge such changes that States may make haste to be just and therefore truly great.

[We cannot refrain from calling the attention of our friends to what we deem a great error, into which they are constantly falling. We refer to the last paragraph of the above resolutions.

Do they not know that three-fourths of all the States did legislate upon the XIV. Amendment, and by such legislation all the States are held to have done the same? The XIV. Amendment could never have become a part of the Constitution without such action, and it seems to us the height of folly to now insist that the States must act again upon the same question which they have already legislated into the Supreme Law of the Land.

The real length, width and depth of the XIV. Amendment is as yet but little understood.]

Also the following action of Cook County Woman's Association, Chicago:

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE COOK COUNTY WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

Resolutions Offered that Woman is Already Entitled to the Franchise.

MORNING SESSION.

The first annual convention of the Cook County Woman

Suffrage Association was held yesterday in Farwell Hall. It was announced to open at 10 o'clock; but, owing to the thinness of the attendance, fully an hour elapsed before the commencement of business. Mrs. Fernando Jones, the President of the Association, was in the chair. Miss Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. E. Cady Stanton, Mrs. Waite and other champions of the cause, were present on the platform.

Mrs. C. B. Waite opened the meeting with prayer. Mrs. Stanton read the following resolutions, which, she said, had been prepared by the committee the previous evening:

Whereas, it is just as disastrous to the best interests of the race to teach all womankind to bow down to the authority of man as divinely ordained, as it is to teach all mankind to bow down to the authority of Kings and Popes as divinely ordained; therefore,

Resolved, That men's headship in the State, the Church and the home, is an exploded idea of the dead past, opposed to a republican government and Protestant religion, both of which recognizes individual responsibility, conscience, judgment and action.

Resolved, That, as the Fourteenth Amendment declares all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, therefore, women, being such persons, are citizens of the United States.

Resolved, That, as the Fifteenth Amendment declares "that the right of citizens to vote shall not be denied or abridged," and, as the Sixth Article says "that the Constitution and laws of the United States shall be the supreme law of land, and the judges of every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution of any State to the contrary notwithstanding," therefore, it is the duty of the National and State Governments to secure to woman the right to vote.

Mrs. Stanton supported the resolutions, and announced the platform on which they proposed to stand. According to her interpretation of the Constitution, women had a right to exercise the privilege of voting; and, instead of going in for the Sixteenth Amendment, they were to proceed, at the next Presidential election, to register, and let the question be decided then by the courts.

Mr. C. B. Waite objected to the second resolution, but was in favor of the other two. He urged them not to abandon the Sixteenth Amendment and fall back on the declaratory law. A woman was not excluded from the franchise on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude, but because of sex, and no amendment to the Constitution had declared her a citizen.

Mrs. Stanton replied to Mr. Waite's arguments, and didn't see how he could get away with the logic of the resolution.

Miss Anthony took up the discussion and supported Mrs. Stanton's position. She thought Sumner was right in his protest against the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments as unnecessary; but if they did anything to help anybody, they helped women as much as any disfranchised class. Women must keep pulling away at this string until men should, just to get rid of them, be glad to acknowledge their rights of citizenship. There were twenty women in the District of Columbia preparing to make an attempt to register. Judge Riddle had promised to carry the matter through the courts, and that was the best plan to bring the subject to a practical issue before the country. The men would have to declare themselves one way or another.

A second reading of the resolution was called for; and, after some further discussion, the convention adjourned till afternoon.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The convention reassembled at 2½ o'clock. Prayer was offered by a lady from Rockford.

Mrs. Brooks, the Recording Secretary, read a report giving a resume of the progress of the association since its organization, its financial condition, and its proposed plans for the future. The report was adopted.

Mrs. Loomis, the Treasurer, reported that \$200 had been received, which had been expended in organization, and \$150 which had been consumed for various purposes. The amount in the hands of the Treasurer was \$3.

Miss Anthony read an editorial from a Wyoming paper giving a glowing picture of the practical outcome of the movement in that Territory, and followed it up by a speech of considerable length.

Mrs. Waite, the Corresponding Secretary, presented a report of the progress of the association. Several societies had been founded within the past year in South Pass, Ill., in Onarga, Champaign, Paxton, and Evanston, and were all doing well. Incidentally it was mentioned that Rev. Robert Laird Miller was doing a great work for the cause.

Dr. Blake moved that the present officers of the society be re-elected. The motion was carried.

Mrs. C. H. Leonard was elected First Vice President to fill a vacancy.

Mrs. C. H. Wendte was elected Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Waite resigning.

Rev. M. M. Parkhurst delivered an address, in which he sought to expound the Christian idea of the woman movement.

Miss Anthony again spoke.

Mrs. C. H. Leonard read an essay on the liquor laws, in which she propounded some original and striking propositions.

Mr. C. B. Waite offered the following as a substitute for the second resolution offered by Mrs. Stanton:

Whereas, By the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, the citizenship of women is fully recognized; and

Whereas, By that amendment, as well as by the original Constitution, every State is debarred from denying to citizens of the United States the privileges and immunities of citizenship, one of the fundamental as well as one of the dearest and most valuable of which immunities is the right of suffrage;

Whereas, There is no warrant, either in the Constitution or in the nature of things, for denying citizens the elective franchise, except for crime, sufficient age, capacity or residence; therefore

Resolved, That women have the right of suffrage under the Constitution of the United States, and should vigorously prosecute their claim to the exercise of the right until it is fully recognized and established by all the courts of the country.

This resolution, as well as the other, were laid over to be discussed at this morning's session.

The convention then adjourned till 10 o'clock this forenoon.

The programme for to-day is as follows: In the morning a discussion will take place on the resolutions offered yesterday. In the afternoon there will be a grand suffrage matinee. Dr. W. H. Ryder will give an address at 3 o'clock on "What the Woman Suffrage Agitation has Accomplished." In the evening Mrs. Stanton will speak on "The True Republic," and Mrs. George C. Bates will speak on "Our Republic."

IF WE WOULD.

If we would but check the speaker,
When he soils a neighbor's fame,
If we would but help the erring,
Ere we utter words of blame;
If we would, how many might we
Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Ah! the wrongs that might be righted
If we would but see the way!
Ah! the pains that might be lightened
Every hour and every day,
If we would but bear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go astray.

Let us step outside the stronghold
Of our selfishness and pride;
Let us lift our fainting brothers,
Let us strengthen ere we chide;
Let us, ere we blame the fallen,
Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed—ah, how blessed
Earth would be if we but try
Thus to aid and right the weaker,
Thus to check each brother's sigh;
Thus to walk in duty's pathway
To our better life on high.

In each life, however lowly,
There are seeds of mighty good.
Still we shrink from souls appealing,
With a timid "If we could."
But our God, who judgeth all things,
Knows the truth is, "If we would."

MRS. WOODHULL AND THE POODLES OF THE PRESS.

An article appeared in this journal weeks ago on "Marriage Laws" which, it seems, has given umbrage to some of the old fossil country newspapers. One of these is a Jersey paper, and the editor makes a long extract from it, which he introduces in some very moral words which ought to do good to his readers, who are currently reported to be old women, and spinsters who don't know how old they are. It would not matter to us a jot what this moral editor has said, if he only spoke the truth. We could pardon the bad taste which prompted him to abuse ourselves ladies because, in spite of themselves, they have been pressed to the front of battle in the great social questions of the day—and especially in the Woman's Suffrage question—we say we could pardon this, because it is only gentlemen who understand and practice the amenities and courtesies of discussion. But we protest against such words as these when used in connection with "Mrs. Woodhull" and the article alluded to. The editor, speaking of the woman's movement, says, "No cause has been more embarrassed . . . and made odious by absurd and, sometimes, even positively mischievous schemes than this. The advocates of free love and of looseness have got in among the friends of this movement and played all sorts of bad with it." He then goes on to quote the article, promising that Mrs. Woodhull edits the journal in which it appears, and thus, by implication, making her responsible for the notions of her correspondent. He further apologizes for giving the obnoxious contents of the article to his readers in these words: "The views it presents and the suggestions it makes are so mischievous that we quote from it to show its quality." This is a good deal like introducing a young man into evil scenes and company to teach him to avoid them, and is the practice of all cowards and sneaks who lug spicy things into their columns, and then profess to be horrified that such wickedness could possibly exist in the world.

We have read over the contraband article with care and confess that we see no kind of harm in it, but a vast deal of good. John Milton, the great orthodox poet, and builder of the immortal epic known as "Paradise Lost," goes quite as far as the author of this article on "Marriage Laws" in his "Plea for Divorce," only learned John backs his argument not only with incontrovertible logic and the experience of mankind, but with a whole park of Bible artillery, in the shape of passages from Scripture.

Milton said that divorce ought to be as easy as marriage in the getting thereof; and old Michael Montaigne is of the same opinion, and tells us that at a certain period of Roman history, when divorces were open both to men and women upon a great variety of complaints, there was not such a thing as a divorce known for five hundred years. This is literally true, with some half dozen recorded exceptions, and proves the rule absolute. The author of the "Marriage Laws" is evidently a sincere and earnest soul, seeking to do good to his fellow-men by removing a heavy shackle from the mind and body of the race. He says, that for two people to live together when they hate each other—when their pursuits, aspirations and aims of life are all different—when they live, in short, in utter misery, it is cruel to compel them to abide by their swearings at the altar, to "love, honor and obey," and declares that the "primal promise is all nonsense," a proposition which we cheerfully indorse, as we do likewise the following pretty amendment suggested by this writer: "Love is not a matter of volition but of necessity. We can only love that which is loveable, honor that which is honorable and obey that which is reasonable; and the bride at the altar can only honestly say, 'I will continue to love my husband so long as he is loveable, honor him so long as he remains honorable, and obey him so long as his commands are just and reasonable.'"

There seems to us no kind of immorality and license to free love in these words, which are indeed the "words of truth and soberness." Our moral editor thinks otherwise. He thinks that because two foolish people have taken upon themselves the bonds of matrimony they are to remain bound together until jolly old Death parts them. But there is neither good sense, good morals nor good Christianity in

it, although it is just such stupidity and old fogyism as this which has built up so strong a wall of prejudice and ignorance and ghostly fear in favor of perpetual marriages, no matter under what circumstances of crime and misery.

We should like to put our editor to the test in proof of his own theory of the indissolubility of marriage. It would give us pleasure—real pleasure—to tie this gentleman to a bad woman, whose whole nature was immoral, and who did her best to make his life a living hell. We should like then to hear what he has to say about everlasting marriage. He would be the first to call it names, we dare be sworn. He would dub it adultery, sin, crime and abominable injustice, and would never cease to plead for a divorce, which he should never be able to get. Poor man! what a plight to be in! and how cold-blooded he would think any one who did not sympathize with him!

Can't he, therefore, put himself into the position of writers against the existing marriage laws, and believe it possible that they may know what they are talking about? That they may have suffered from precisely such causes as we have named, and as we desire to test our moral editor's principles by in regard to matrimony. We may be sure that three-fourths of the misery of mankind spring from unhappy marriages. Everybody knows it, sees it, pities it, but only the brave people whom he taunts as living "free and untrammelled lives" dare to denounce the whole scheme as an offence to God and an insult to the human intellect.

But this godly editor talks about the "divine sanction" which is afforded to the married condition, and turns up his nose at everybody who "scouts that idea," as he says. But we, for one more, don't believe the divine sanction is given to any but the good, true and genuine marriage of noble souls. Two wretches, man and woman, both thieves and worse, go before the altar, and ask the priest to marry them, that they may breed a whole progeny of criminals to prey upon society. The priest may not know them, but possibly God does; and in this case, will our devout editor affirm that the divine sanction is accorded to it? If so, all we can say is, that we would not like to be in the shoes of the divine sanction.

Whatever may become of this argument, however, there are such things as truth and fairness in public as well as in private discussions, and since it by no means follows that Mrs. Woodhull indorses the sometimes very queer and crude crotchets of her correspondents, neither does it follow that this editor has the right to try and make it appear that Mrs. Woodhull is the person who puts forth the views contained in the Marriage Law article—that she wrote it, in fact. If her name is to it, no doubt she is the author of it; but if it is not, our astute editor has no more right to charge her with it, or with holding views similar to those expressed in it, than he has to charge it upon the Rev. Mrs. Catherine Beecher Stowe, or any other man. But we fear there is a good deal of malice in this editor's statement regarding Mrs. Woodhull's responsibility; at all events, he shows a considerable desire to misrepresent her. He must know well enough that WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY is open to all opinions, and that its editors do not necessarily indorse anything which appears in its columns over another's signature, or that is quoted from another paper, the latter of which is true of the case in question.

It is not a little curious, too, that the country editor should have gone back to an issue of nine weeks ago, in order to make his attack. And it is still more curious that he should have charged Mrs. Woodhull with the sentences contained in the Marriage Laws article which he quotes from to sustain his abuse, inasmuch as neither she nor any of her friends nor correspondents wrote it, but it was copied from the London *Cosmopolitan* to show how advanced the English journalists were upon this "tickli" subject and how boldly they dare to speak out about it.

The fact of the case is, that this editor, or some minion of his, has exhibited quite too much spleen to warrant his readers in making the desired application. He must remember they do not wear green glasses. He, or somebody who speaks through him, evidently has a grudge against Mrs. Woodhull. He is perhaps jealous of the position she has achieved for herself—of being at the head of the women's movement—and as the first among men or women to discover the mightiest fact of modern history in that XIVth Amendment, viz.: that woman everywhere is thereby accorded an equal right with man to vote at elections, etc. The little editor man strikes at high game, but he won't bring it down. He does his best to blacken her character in the estimation of the bread-and-butter children who go by the name of women, and suck candy in church, and never heard in all their lives any objection raised to the existing marriage laws, he tries to make Mrs. Woodhull out to be a very black sheep, we say, with such non-descripts as these, who are evidently his only readers; but he can no more harm her with really good and intelligent citizens than he could harm the great pyramid by leaning his poor little body against it. He says, "Such women as this Mrs. Woodhull and her public demonstrations, do great harm to the cause of the reform," etc. Now this is poodleism out and out. Mrs. Woodhull has carved for herself a name in the history of this country which cannot be blotted out, and her fame is only just beginning to dawn. In a few years at most, and it may be much earlier, every woman in the land will have a vote through her "public demonstrations," and if that be doing harm, may God give her strength to do more of it.

INSINUATIONS, PERSONALITIES, SLANDERS.

In view of the present busy condition of many persons who have no better business than to be engaged in retailing stale maliciousness or in inventing new insinuations, but who lack the honesty and that manhood and womanhood which speaks no ill, except he know it true; and to show them that they do not trouble us in the least, we quote from No. 19 of this journal the following, and wish them all the happiness and good which can possibly arise from such employment. Now, as in September last, we are too much engaged in better business to waste time upon such specimens of a common brotherhood, simply remarking that we are perfectly willing to receive the first stone from him or her who is without sin among them:

The world has yet almost no conception of a personality and character which stand so secure in their own purposes, their self-justified freedom, and their consciousness of strength as to meet every event and contingency as they may arise, that there is no fear and no care of what the world may say or think. Precisely that is, however, our position; and we even forget, in our simple earnestness to live true lives and do our work, that there are people in the world still to defer to the dictum of Mrs. Grundy. If we are true to ourselves, to our own highest sense of right, we are content. The whispers, or the loud talk, or the sly malicious innuendo are alike indifferent, and if it were not that we are occasionally reminded by the anxiety of a friend that something is buzzing, we should not, on our own account, even have occasion to say "shoo fly!"

The world is, for the most part, in its babyhood, and in the condition of imperfectly conceived and badly bred babies at that. We have our earnest purpose to accomplish, and by the help of the good angels we shall accomplish it, in good part. It is to instruct the silly and perverted mentalities, and to elevate and refine the low and sensual appetites of this half-rotten humanity about us! but what the said humanity may say or think of us, in the meantime, is of little moment.

We have no contempt but the highest admiration and respect for the possible man and woman. We have no contempt for the actual man and woman; but, with a few noble exceptions, and they grow fewer every day with our increased experience, we do not propose to defer to their opinions. We measure the world by high standards, and we find it wanting.

We do not despise, for that is an action and sometimes a fierce sentiment, but we passively disregard and ignore the judgments which the world may pass upon us. Nobody is really entitled to have a judgment upon what they cannot understand, and people bowed and compressed out of all natural shape cannot, as we said in the beginning of this article, comprehend the feeling even of those whom the truth bath made free.

JAMES FISK, JR., TO THE RESCUE.

LES GEORGIENNES AS A POLITICAL HOROSCOPE.

HENRY WARD BEECHER AS BOBOLI.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS TACTICS AND VICTORY

"A BAS LES HOMMES."

James Fisk, Jr., is a man of the times. His acute perception tells him exactly when, where and how to make a hit. He looks a long way ahead, waits until his chance comes, then seizes it with unerring grasp. Anything he takes hold of has life in it; anything he passes by is either not worth picking up or not high enough game for him. He is successful because he works to a definite end, and never for a moment loses sight of it.

For some weeks past this city has been on the qui vive in anticipation of the appearance of "Les Georgiennes" and James Fisk, Jr.'s elephant. But few who have seen the numerous announcements of the advent of this drama had any idea of the real significance of its production at this particular juncture; but once having seen it in all its georgiousness, no one can fail to see its political drift, and the adroitness with which the Woman's Rights question is represented, in its several phases, throughout the entire drama. We had no idea, as we entered the theatre, of the connection of the drama with our cause; but as we passed through the wicket, we noticed a significant twinkle in the Admiral's eye, that we knew very well meant something, and what that something was we will now proceed to explain.

Les Georgiennes represents a certain city about to be attacked, and its male defenders being cowardly do not come forward to defend their capital and their liberties under their constitution. The women therefore rise, organize and undertake the defence of their capital (capitol) and constitution, placing Feroza at their head and Nani next in command. In this state of affairs Boboli, leaving the men, joins the women, but is only half-hearted in their cause, having his own ends in view; he sees how affairs are likely to turn out and wishes to be on the right side enacting the role of "heads I win, tails you lose." Rhododendron (or Revolution) is head of a party who assail the capital (capitol).

Feroza gets hold of the key to the plan of attack of Rhododendron, and Nani (the general) keeps the key of the fortress under her armor. We will explain no more of the play, but putting the proper names to the proper charac-

ters, present the following cast and work out the drama, quoting its exact words. The inference is too plain to be misunderstood.

Feroza. Victoria C. Woodhull.
Nani. Tennie C. Claflin.
Boboli. Henry Ward Beecher.
Rhododendron. The Revolution.
Les Georgiennes. Women's Rights Party.
Constantinople. The Constitution.

Les Georgiennes finding the constitution likely to be trampled under foot to the detriment of the liberties of the women, call a council of war and in solemn conclave organize and appoint Feroza as commander-in-chief.

FEROZA. Now, understand, ladies, that I mean to have everything laid aside for the defence of the country!

NANI. We have set up a government of Women; but Feroza, having all the right to command, as the Strongest head in the town (Country), has been proclaimed General-in-Chief.

LES GEORGIENNES. Hurrah for Feroza! hurrah for THE GENERAL!

BOBOLI. Rise up in (THE) Revolution, Oh, TIMID DAMES!

NANI. Ah, ladies, and misses fair, All the men have run away.

BOBOLI. Now, you know they went out To beat the enemy.

FEROZA. No more idle phrases; let us to the facts.

BOBOLI. But do you want me to spoil my future?

NANI. It is no disgrace to be rebels— In this case it is highly moral.

BOBOLI. Ah that woman has thrown Vague yearnings into my soul.

[Here Feroza and Nani discover that women have the right to vote under the XIV. Amendment to the Constitution].

NANI. A nice discovery we have made; To think that I should hold here, In this little hand, what is going To save the country.

BOBOLI. I'll pretend to know nothing, And ignore the rest.

[Song by LES GEORGIENNES.]
The moment has come That ends the reign of men.

BOBOLI. At that Feroza! ah, these women!

FEROZA. Let us strengthen our arms with Steel, for our cause is the noblest.

BOBOLI. Let me betray so as not to be Betrayed myself.

[Here having the shadows of coming events Floating before his vision he betrays Rhododendron.]

RHODODENDRON (confessing). I tried to win Over the guard of the gates By giving him three Rupees, but the rascal was Incorruptible.

BOBOLI. They are all like that in This country, consciences of iron, In men of bronze, they will Never betray their trust till you Get to the fifth rupee.

(See sermon containing the remark "You know how it is yourself.")

RHODODENDRON. "Yes, that's just what happened."

BOBOLI. "I know the scale of rates."

[See above sermon.]
Song by Rhododendron.
"Resistance is useless Submit to fate."

FEROZA. "Come, surrender."

BOBOLI. "I am as gentle as a lamb, As gentle as two lambs."

RHODODENDRON. "Well ladies, are you satisfied?"

LES GEORGIENNES. "Enchanted."

BOBOLI. "I'm as gentle as a lamb; as gentle as two lambs."

Les Georgiennes.
But the moment has come That ends the reign of men.

BOBOLI. My idolgans and I, Whom your example excites, Wish, upon my word, To march in your rear.

MORALE.—The discovery that the Amendment gives the right to vote, at first placed Feroza in command of the Woman's Rights movement, but frightened those half-hearted in the cause; who, when they find this to be the key to the position, fall in line and victory ensues. James Fisk's elephant is merely the symbol of our new movement, and the astute Fisk has appropriately made it one of the first magnitude.

We are certainly gratified at the manner in which "Prince Erie" has put this symbolical drama on the stage; the silken and brilliant colored Eastern costumes; the choruses (some of which were very superior); the drummer girls with their pretty blue and white costumes, keeping perfect time with their marching and countermarching; then with the dashing Aimee and the model figured petite Persini, both artists of the very first order, give a bill of fare not certainly to be surpassed as affording a thoroughly enjoyable evening's amusement, which the audiences appear to highly appreciate. The inherent attractions of the piece, combined with its political prognostications and allusions, as shown in our quotations, will give it a long lease of life.

J. R.

THE RADICAL.

BY E. G. HOLLAND.

The cosmic spheres that radiant glow In peaceful orbits, ceaseless flow; And no disruptive influence mars The grand repose of marching stars.

The Earth, which bathes in golden light, To distant worlds seems glad and bright; Yet at her centre all may see The real throbs of tragedy.

When first arose the mountain chains From depths unknown above the plains, The central fires that bade them rise Were radical—and deeply wise.

The storm that makes the ocean roar In foaming rage against the shore, Or sends the lightning through the sky, Is the radical, coming nigh.

The Cyclone, whose rotative sweep Breaks up the calmness of the deep, And makes the wave its sportive toy, Is radical in ocean's joy.

The winds that blow from northern sky, With hale, refreshing energy, Are radicals we cannot spare For making pure the sultry air.

Niagara's eternal roar, And torrents which incessant pour, Chime not with timid caution's vein, But triumph in heroic strain.

The central fires that deeply lie In this, our grand Humanity, At times upheave the mountains strong, And bury deep the moral wrong.

The sense of right, the Passion-fire, The Reason clear, the righteous ire, Unite to burn in flames sublime The crushing tyrannies of time.

And radical is Nature's force, Educating epochs in its course, Whose action bold and strong and free, Evolved each rare sublimity.

No less in all Historic lore Are those high Forces we adore, Whose play has broken error's chain, And Freedom's shout evoked again.

In every clime, in every age, The highest truth of seer and sage Has lived and flamed through souls that were The radix of its blossoms rare.

Conservative are Nature's laws, Educating lava and its cause, With whirlwinds fierce and thunders grand, And earthquakes shaking sea and land.

TOPICS OF TO-DAY.

LECTURE BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WORKINGMEN TO FREE THE WORLD.

HE TRAINS WITH THE WOMEN'S RIGHTERS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—If any one should ask me why I bring to this lecture-platform such grave questions as I shall try to offer you, when usually these winter-evening lectures are regarded as a literary entertainment than anything graver, my reply would be that I took upon this system of lectures, not as a literary entertainment, but as one of the great educational instrumentalities of a free government—one of those necessary adjuncts to politics; for when God flings on a generation a great issue, it needs some power to tear it open, and riddle it with light, and marshal the facts, and gather the argument, and crowd the brain, and lift the heart, and ripen the million voters up to the level of an intelligent grapple with the new issue. Politics which contemplates an immediate result and action on the very morrow, cannot afford to lift the angry issue, cannot safely touch it. Neither ordinary journalism nor ordinary politics to-day could stand in California and take the Chinese issue in its hands, and hold San Francisco still while they cram down her reluctant throat the facts which she must know and does not wish to know on that angry and unpopular and despised topic. The first time that I ever saw William H. Seward in the Supreme Court of the United States he said to me: "Go on, travel about, manufacture as much public opinion as you can, ripen it, and when it is finished I will use it up here in the Senate." Well, it was an exact description of the real relation under our Government between a United States Senator and a vagabond lecturer. [Laughter.] One is to make the road safe—one is to ripen the question up to the possibility of political treatment. Now, therefore, when I bring on to this lecture-platform the questions that politics will handle ten years hence; when I try to take the anger, the contempt, the indifference, the mob of 1835 on the slave question, and do my share to lift it into the loyalty and intelligence of 1861, I think I am using this platform for the very best and highest purposes; and I bring you, therefore, the great questions that do not to-day make the politics, but underlie them; will crop out into their full significance five years, seven years, three years, ten years hence. In 1835, in October, I was still in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity. I was a lawyer. [Laughter.] Seated in my office I heard a noise in the street, went down to find what made it, saw three thousand men in broadcloth dragging a man through the streets with a rope around his waist, I didn't know him; I had never seen him. Of course I didn't know what offence he had given, or what idea he represented. Of course it was Mr. Garrison, and it was the anti-slavery mob of October 25, 1835, in the streets of Boston. But I was not an abolitionist; I was only a young lawyer, fresh from books, with all a young lawyer's keen sense of the sacredness of personal rights—fresh from the study of Genesis, of Anglo-Saxon liberty. I had all Daniel Webster's eulogy on law in New England at my tongue's end. I was penetrated through and through with Story's idolatry for the Constitution, and, of course, after nine years' study of such models, supposing I

stood under the most perfect Government, I looked out on this scene of mob violence with the hottest indignation. It was the violation of the central right of the Saxon's idea of liberty. Presently the Mayor appeared on the scene. He represented law; he was the symbol of magistracy. I watched him anxiously, and to my utter astonishment he never issued a command. He ordered nobody; he summoned no policemen. Bare-headed, hat in hand, bending before the mob, he prayed and besought and entreated and exhorted these "comrades" and "acquaintances" of his to condescend to remember that he was a magistrate. Well, the angry mob swept over him, as the ocean sweeps over the sand. He utterly surged out of sight, while the tumult now swept one street and now another in angry defiance. I had a commission then in a Suffolk regiment. By my side stood my colonel, an older lawyer than I. I said to him, "Why don't the Mayor call us out? There are the guns in Faneuil Hall! We will scatter this mob in ten minutes!" My wiser colonel, in ten words, taught me more of United States Government than nine years of study had taught me. He gave me what the clergymen call "my first realizing sense" of the nature of the institutions under which I lived. [Laughter.] Pointing to the crowd, he said to me: "You fool! Don't you see that the regiment is in front of you? Don't you see that the thousand men who would handle those muskets are here?" Then, for the first time, it flashed through me that in this Government of ours, with all its merits, in a critical hour, when the passions of men fling themselves against law, there is no reserve force—there is no bayonet anchor to which you can appeal; but at that moment just so much of law-abiding, self-respectful, intelligent sense as there is the mob, just so much government you have got and no more. If you are not hanged then you will enjoy your life to-morrow. If your house is not burned down you will live in it the next day. This is not our idea of government. We borrow the word from a race that look up to quite a different machine. In England it is not so. When Birmingham lay in the hands of the mob a week the Iron Duke ordered his Scotch guards to rough-grind the scoundrels, as they did at Waterloo, and, vaulting into their saddles, they rode the people down. There is an element in the British state that in the maddest hour of the maddest mob cannot shake a hair. We have nothing like it. That very spring, when the guns sounded at Sumter, I remember a thousand men met in my own city, in Tremont Temple, when Boston merchants still thought it best to show South Carolina that we were submissive, and accordingly they opened the Tremont House and the Parker House gratis, and by 11 o'clock they had got a thousand men into that condition of mind that they turned them into the gallery and turned us into the street. Why do I give time to this? To bring to your mind this element, and remind you by these little reminiscences that it becomes thoughtful men to ask themselves the question, "What is the opportunity, what is the facility, which lies right at the hand of self-seeking wealth when it pleases to lift up the dregs of society and fling it against law? How do they get the means? How is it done? In a country of schools and churches where property is so widely diffused how is it, on critical conditions, that a small class of men can lift up the demoralized elements and beat down law?" Lord Macaulay says, in one of those profound and suggestive chapters, "The great evil vices is that in the ordinary hours they rock and demoralize a large class which at such times hide and skulk from the notice of society, but on critical occasions they re-emerge, and, in the hands of base men, are forged into weapons that beat down law." What is New York? New York is 500 men, a little ring that use and hold the city like a piece of private property. How do they govern it? They govern it through some 3,000 tools, every one of whom ought to be hung. [Great applause.] On a critical day one of these leading 500 says to his tool, "Go down to the polling-booth and make it so disorderly and dangerous that no peaceable man will dare to approach it." The man says, "If I do that it sends me to Sing Sing." "Not a bit of it; I hold the judge in one hand and the district-attorney in the other. Do what I tell you. You are safe. Go back upon me to-day and I will hang you for what you did yesterday." [Applause.] In other words, this class of men are already so compromised that safety lies only in going forward. Well, how can he do the duty assigned him? He can't go there alone, but must have comrades. He can't go to some fifty or one hundred thrifty mechanics, and say to them, "Come let us go and break the laws." He must go to men already half rotted by their vices, and besotted by habitual imbibitions at the corner grocery. That is the duty assigned him. Every man that studies the tendencies of the day knows that this is no exaggerated picture, but a bird's-eye view of the machinery that makes your great city's government. I am not blaming any party for it. I am not here to day blaming any man for it; my inquiry is deeper than that. I am here to suggest to you not only that the fact is so, but that it could not be otherwise; for in the very elements, that make the city government this is the inevitable result and that unless you change the elements you cannot expect to change the result. Take the city of Boston. I know its details better. It is a small place compared with yours. We have not a quarter of a million. There are always two classes of men, the conservative and progressive, the man that needs the spur, and the man that needs the curb; the man that never looks with any satisfaction on a new moon, and the man that is never satisfied unless it changes once a month. They masquerade in all history. They are present in all society since history recorded it. God's method of check and balance perfectly exists. Each one may look up to his Maker and say the mind you gave me and the circumstances in which I was placed forbid my looking at events otherwise. These two classes exist of course, in Boston. Now in the centre of these stands a third force. Behind it is \$80,000,000 devoted to the manufacture of drink. In front of them three or four thousand drinking saloons; in front of them the demoralized class, the dangerous class, the criminal class. I don't care for the epithet—a class that is ever present in cities; a class with whom social science deals; the class that law cannot curb; the class that wealth panders to in order to double its gains. These men have no ideas; they have only an object, and that object is that the law shall never be executed against them. On election day they say we don't care a whit for your ideas, just give us the men that won't execute the law against us. They hold the ballots, have ever held the ballots. There is not a city from fifty thousand up to a million where they don't. The candidate virtually makes the promise and it is kept. I say in every great city on this great Continent, the mayor and aldermen are nothing but a standing committee nominated by its grog-shops, and have not been anything else for many years. [Applause.] And thus it follows that there has not been a great city on this

continent governed for twenty consecutive years decently, so far as the protection of life, free speech and property is concerned. So far as this theory of ours of self-government, of universal suffrage, has grappled hitherto with the problem of governing a great city, it is a failure. You may put on your diamonds and walk on London Strand, and be safe. You would not try it in Broadway without making your will; and Broadway is the unadulterated result of universal suffrage in our circumstances. London streets are safe, because Sir Robert Peel, in organizing her police government, took a leaf from the despotic form of the Continent and interpolated it into British law. Every student of the census knows that the tendency of the age is to the aggregation of cities. Cities increase faster than population. The nature of modern civilization all tends to mass men together into cities, and the problem of statesmanship in the next generation is how to grapple with the government of great cities. Great cities are points where wealth makes its heart and home. Montesquieu said Paris was France; to-day, for another reason, great cities are getting to be the state. The experience of the last fifty years show that great cities are only saved by accident from the control of their criminal classes. San Francisco flung away law and instituted a vigilance committee; so did New Orleans and Baltimore. The sin of intemperance is the dry-rot of the great cities of the nation, and while great cities give character to the empire, something that shall efficiently grapple with it is the essential of the statesmanship of the next generation. For intemperance is no skin disease, no individual weakness; it lies in the very blood of the race. Every race has its dominant weakness, its besetting sin; and if you want to know it and mark it, trace it back before Christianity, put it into costume, and you will always find the beginning. The Saxon race has everywhere shown two ruling passions: thirst for empire and intoxication. What I wish to do is to lift the temperance idea to the level of its patriotic significance. I know that it has two sides: one is the Christianity that puts its arms round the drunkard and enwraps him in the warmest sympathy, and tries to plant in his heart so much resolution as he is capable of; and the other side tries to make it safe for him to walk in the streets by means of a prohibition. We are an inventive race; a Yankee baby, six months old, will look over its cradle, plan a model, and get out a patent before he is nine months old [laughter]; and we are here just as ingenious in our statesmanship. If this does not succeed, we will try another plan. An eloquent woman lecturer tells a story which I will repeat. In one of the Western States, the flourishing State of Illinois, one of her richest men said this: "Give me resolution to pass that open door," which led into the drinking-saloon, "and I will share my wealth with you to-morrow." He could not do it. Nobody but God can plant in a human soul that vigor of resolution which can trample his appetite under his foot. But there is one thing which law can do, which the safety of republican institutions demands, and that is to shut those doors. [Great applause.] There is another question that is now looming all over the world, and that is the labor question—the workingmen's question. I consider it the absorbing question of the next generation, to civilization, and to the governments of Christendom. In Europe its aspect is a political one; here it is social. We have seen half a million of workingmen of Prussia flung against half a million workingmen in France. They did not hate each other; their ignorance of each other was made use of to create unfriendliness. While the Frenchman had built out of his imagination a demon and called it German, the German had built out of his imagination a monster and called it a Frenchman, and both were mistaken, just as we in our war thought of each other; the South thought the North a nation of peddlers that would not fight, and the North thought the South a nation of barbarians. It was not until we had seen each other on fifty battle-fields that we began to know each other, and one of the best results of the war is that the sections did come to know each other at last. [Applause.] But here we see two forces thrown together in Europe, to accomplish this last collapse of civilization, which we call the German war, and it is the greatest danger of the nineteenth century. Men say it will take a million dollars to restore the beauty of Paris, but that is hardly a consideration worth mentioning beside the graver aspects of the question. It has made the Prussian a system of preparation for a similar war that will monopolize all the energies of the state in that direction. They took three adult years out of every man's life merely to make him a soldier. Fifteen millions of people have given three years. Forty-five millions of wasted years wherein a man has neither planted nor sown to lease a mortgage on his fellows! That is to make the Prussian army now a nation able to dictate to Europe at the point of the sword. And if England is ever to maintain her place, she, too, must adopt the system. And so must France; and if you live you will see 100,000,000 of wasted years in Europe—wasted in the mere preparations for battle. The restoration of the feudal system would be no greater evil, and the name of Bismarck, that produced such a system, will be loaded with the curses of the next generation. [Great applause, and cries of "Hear! hear!"] The first step that he made westward from Sedan, when Napoleon's broken sword lay at his foot; the first step that he made westward he forfeited his title of statesman, unless he can prove that he was the tool of a bigoted king or a heathen soldier. [Hisses and applause long continued.] Up to that moment every Prussian had been taught by his mother to revenge the insults of seventy years ago at Berlin. When Bismarck stood there, if he had held out the hand of brotherhood, and said the people of Germany have no war with the people of France, it would have been a greater guarantee of the peace of Europe than a dozen such territories as Alsace. [Applause.] Instead of that he has planted in every Frenchman's heart the cruel purpose to carry back revenge to the gates of Berlin. I know what is said of Germany, her metaphysics and her advance in Protestantism, but France has done more for popular rights than a dozen Germanies. [Applause.] But for her English Whig aristocracy would have sat like an incubus on Europe for centuries to come; her revolution, which is called hell by some, was the result of thought against superstition, of the people against kings; and, with all her shortcomings, France has done more for civilization than any other kingdom in Europe. [Applause.] She is like the beast in the gospel; the devil reads her as he departs from her; and her normal condition and the place she occupies is a standing protest in favor of right, humanity, liberty, and the masses. [Applause.] Europe congregates against her to-day. There are only three great powers in the world to-day. England stands third-rate; behind her is the Irish question on one hand, the Alabama claims on the other. Russia, Prussia, and this Government are the only three; and I do not think

it becomes the United States to send out congratulations to the blasphemous Emperor of Germany for his cruel conquest in this infamous war. [Applause.] I mean what I say, for it is not a paltry sum of dollars nor a paltry kind of sympathy we owe to France. France, ever since 1791, has been our yoke-fellow in the great uprising of the people. She is the only great power in Europe that, with her will or against it, has been the bulwark always at the side of progress in this country. [Applause.] With all her shortcomings, in the cause of the people France is volcanic and Germany is mud, and she stands to-day in the vanguard of everything dynastic and aristocratic in Europe. And England let France fall, leaving herself the sole representative of freedom. She was judicially blind; nothing but her channel stands between Bismarck dictating the same law in London that he does in Paris. [Applause.] But no power will be allowed to dominate over Europe, for the workingmen will fling all these dynasties to pieces within the next twenty years. This question is social here. Here it is the protest of labor against wealth—labor against capital. I am not going to enter in any breadth upon the complaint of labor against capital, although I agree with it. It is a sound that I believe our children will listen to and wonder that their fathers ever doubted it for a moment. Your great-grandchildren will sit in these seats and listen to some orator telling the story of a Vanderbilt with as much wonder as a modern audience hears Agassiz describe the habits of a mastodon [laughter] or as we wonder now that we ever thought it right to keep a fellow creature in bondage, and in seventy years hence your descendants will listen to the story of a Vanderbilt or an Astor with incredulity. I do not say that these men are wrong; they are but the growth of a false social system. Out of one hundred children lying in their cradles to-night in this city ten will have turned out weak; they cannot do anything without leaning on somebody. Ten more will have turned out idealists—men that dwell in the skys—make poems, invent things. [Laughter.] Their feet never touch the ground; they do not want any bread. [Laughter.] Of the fifty left ten will be rich, they will be worth from a million to forty millions; and of the fifty remaining members, they will rise every morning to coin their daily bread. Here is a man of sixty, he is worth forty millions—he has gathered it in forty years. There are 50,000 men that toil for him. At sixty most of them rise each morning to beg of him leave to toil. In the chain which connects the two there is a link which neither justice nor Christianity sanctions, and you will find it out. There are the men that trade in money and swap stocks, and there are the men that trade in time. Out of that class come four-fifths of the rich men. Girard said the first thousand dollars he ever gathered were gathered with more toil than all the rest he possessed. That is, it took him more labor to get up from the position of pennilessness to a standing on the first round of the ladder of capital than it took to mount all the others. Then there is something in all that leans unfairly on capital. Your children will find it out. I am not touching that question. That theme can be left. I am on the ballot-box. We cannot afford to have a laboring class in this country. We cannot afford to have a narrow-minded, ignorant class. England can afford to have such a class; it don't matter. She looks down in Lancashire, rotting in its ignorance, and does not care. If a man has intelligence enough to wield a spade, or attend a spindle, that is all that is wanted. We want him to wield the ballot. When the Earl of Shaftesbury looks down into a cradle he knows that the child will never lift a hand against his fortune or title, and if he does anything he does it for the simple bidding. But when your Wall street looks down into a cradle it knows that that baby hand will in due time wield the ballot, and unless it hastens to put morality on the footsteps of that baby, your country is not safe. I thank God for democracy. It is a glorious system; but it shows you that this labor question, to us, is not a question of mere sympathy. It is a question of absolute necessity. We cannot afford to have classes. If the time comes when you have got a class of capitalists standing apart permanently; a class of labor standing apart—that is the end of the republic. In England there is a capitalist class. It has stood over 700 years unchanged. There is a labor—it has toiled 300 years unchanged. Now and then, once in a while, a man makes his way over the chasm. There is a man worth £1,000,000! strong evidence that his father was; strong probability that his son will be. There is a man in New York worth \$1,000,000; no evidence that his father was; no probability that his son will be. [Laughter.] The fathers of your millionaires were peddlers. They count millions; their sons will die in the poor-house. Very likely it is for a republic this shifting; it saves the average mood, the average intelligence, the general sympathy, the mutual sympathy. Every man that watches his time sees creeping out all around him the evidences that we are having a laboring class, and another class that is capital. Two great dangers assail us in the future. One is great cities, the very nuclei and centre of talk and trade, a class dry-rotted with intemperance. Our fathers thought, when they had abolished the nobility of blood they had secured democracy; but the nobility of a millionaire is of greater infinity than that of a duke. West of us those States newly grown and not merged into manhood have nothing but railroads. I can take you to two or three of them cobwebbed all over with railroad corporations. There is not a rail in the State that has not the same name behind it practically; and when you look out and want to discriminate the State and the railroad, you find that there is not a lawyer or merchant that dare to mutter until that corporation sets the example. You know you had a Legislature once at Albany; you have not got any such thing now, only a standing committee to register. [Laughter.] It was no jest. It was of too sad a nature to be a jest, when a year ago at Harrisburg, in the Legislature, a member said, "If Tom Scott has no further business with this Legislature I move we adjourn." [Laughter and applause.] I landed lately in a town where one man worth fifteen millions breathed for the town, and a little while ago he thought he would have a county. He counted a dozen towns and went to the Legislature and had them joined. Officers were elected, but the millionaire didn't agree with the officers, and so he packed his carpet-bag again, and when the next sun arose there was neither county nor judge. He had taken them up in his carpet-bag. If that great channel that leads from Peking to New York ever gets on to its financial feet, and the great commerce of it pours into your harbor, Congress will sit only as a committee to register its decree. [A voice, "That's so."] You know it. Public labor with a problem out of which no statesman sees its exit, and the only efficient protest that we have heard against it, comes from a stifled voice of starved labor. Your papers print, with epithets of indignation or astonishment or disapprobation, the

position of the miners of Pennsylvania. Three millions of men ready to submit to such laws would be enough to enslave the rest of labor, and I say to-day, thank God the miners of Pennsylvania have resisted. [Applause.] Thank God that labor, from St. Louis to Portland, has organized for resistance, for it is only twilight and struggling dawn of a better future. Much as any man here I reiterate at agrarianism that bartered private property and repudiation; that denied the national debt. But as sure as fate it is on the cards for a revolution that nothing but that of '91 in Paris will equal, unless capital is wise in time, and presses labor no more relentlessly to the war. Why, gentlemen, there are in New England to-night 200,000 men and women that earn their living under a roof, in factories; and from 5 o'clock in the morning till 8 at night they have nothing but the mill. Underground in Pennsylvania are from fifty to one hundred thousand men, and they have nothing in common but toil. I do not care now for inhumanity; it is nothing to me the individual injustice. I only follow that man after his fifteen hours of drudgery into his cheerless home. I only take the man's hand as he comes from the mine, and I remember that hand is to weigh just as much as mine in deciding whether we have war with England, whether we shall pay the National Debt, and I approach him and say, "Well now, my good fellow, I want to confer with you. Here is an English commission sitting; shall we submit? Here is a new scheme of Boutwell. Shall we pass it? Come now, shouldn't you like to sit down to a juicy speech by Butler; or how would you like to read what Sumner has to say on the German war, what John Stuart Mill has to say on protection, supplemented by the *Tribune* on the same matter?" [Laughter.] Ah, you laugh; you know it is absurd. Half a million of such men are growing up; half a dozen minds can fling them into the ranks that write repudiation on their banner; half a dozen minds can fling them into ranks that will fill your harbor with British monitors. What I say is, you cannot afford to cut up American population into these chunks of ignorance, and let one man's ambition and another's selfishness, and another's greed throw them into which scale he pleases. The workingman's movement is simply a claim that this generation shall reconsider the question between capital and labor. It is simply a question that when you have trusted him with the ballot you shall give him an opportunity to obtain intelligence. You remember that when the British House of Commons three years ago added 300,000 names to the list of voters the Tories resisted it, and when the speaker announced that it had become a law, Lowe, the leader of the Tories, said, "Now, the first necessity and the first duty of every Englishman is to educate the masses." Americans, you are letting giant corporations concentrate wealth in the hands of a dozen greedy men from the harbor of New York to the harbor of San Francisco, grinding down the people to such a limit that the ballot-box is a sham, and universal suffrage the peril of the age. [Applause.] The question of the eight-hours' employment is the claim for schools, the claim for thought, the claim for preparation. I think there is one idea could be added to the forces of society to grapple with these coming storms, for I believe that, stormy as the last thirty years have been, the thirty to come are to be stormier. I see society crashing and jostling frigates in a storm. The Republican party itself, with its brow covered with laurels is rotten to the core [applause] rotten to the core with the servility to wealth and capital at Washington. [Voice, "Hear, hear," and applause.] One word more, I think there is an item of strength we may add to the side of honor and the Declaration of Independence in this struggle, and that is woman. [Applause.] I am going to trouble you with one word, not on the subject of woman's rights, although I accord to all of the argument. I think it a just question, well sustained, soundly urged. I train in that regiment. [Laughter.] But it is not as a right; no, it is as a duty. Looking out from that same stand-point, the ballot-box, the advent of women into politics as one of the great strengthening elements, and on this account. There runs through all human history one law, seeming to be the law of God's government of the race. I think it is this, that wherever you commit to one race a great interest, the interest is lost and the sex deteriorate. It is not at all probable that in human experience we shall ever see a finer literature than the Greek, but you cannot read Sophocles to your daughter. Shakespeare was the highest mind of the English race, but you cannot open him upon your centre table. You can read every word of Charles Dickens, you can chant every verse of Tennyson; but Sophocles had as pure a soul as Tennyson, and Chaucer lived in a finer atmosphere. Chaucer and Sophocles wrote for men. The reader was man. Tennyson and Dickens wrote for the race. What is society? It is a plane where men and women meet together, put their lives together, thoughts, discuss the true, the beautiful, hopes, memories, aspirations; it is the only plane where men and women are fellows and equals. Society judges by a higher rule than the statutes. Now, I want to lift the caucus up to the level of the parlor; I want in some way to take that atmosphere and clear it so that it shall be in some way the atmosphere of society. You have been into many a saloon where the partition went half way to the roof, and it said, "Gentlemen are requested to remember there are ladies on the other side." I would like to put one up in the caucus. You may probe your man down to the network of the natives that make a man up, and, as sure as there is a history behind, so there is a law which makes it certain that only standing side by side can we accomplish the best results. So I believe in the politics of the future, with woman as an element within it—not because she is an angel; she is no better than man. [Applause and laughter.] But it is the strongest strand in the rope of hope, and I believe that in this grapple with the outlying and underlying dangers which assail us, one of the safest aids for the future is in calling upon woman to remember that she has the brains and the heart, and God does not permit us to excuse it from a share in the great battle for the hopes of the race and the model government of the century.

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.

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

FRANK CLAY;

OR,

HUMAN NATURE IN A NUTSHELL.

BY JOSHUA ROSE.

[CONTINUED.]

"And tell her that he, being now our guest,
To treat him with politeness—for the rest,
I never could give my consent that she
Could e'er disgrace her friends and family
By wedding with a common workman; so
'Tis best that she at once the truth should know;
I plainly see he is in love with her,
That she returns it, I do not aver.

"I only mention this because, my dear,
I've thought the matter over, and 'tis clear
His parents must be vulgar people, or
They could not, for one moment, place before
Their son a future in so mean a station,
Repulsive to all taste and education,
But that is their decision, and I bow
My head and wipe my hands of them from now."

Then Mrs. Grey expostulated thus:
"There's surely little need of all this fuss,
Because it is resolved by Mr. Clay
That Frank should from the ranks fight his own way.
Besides, I'm sure I really cannot see
Why you should even think that there can be
Aught but the merest friendship 'twixt the two,
But I will tell her all you bade me to.

"I do not think that it is a disgrace
To fill with credit e'en the humblest place,
And, whatsoever station Frank may fill,
He'll be a gentleman and scholar still."
Then Mr. Grey laughed out, and thus replied:
"I'd rather such a friendship should subside:
'Tis dangerous; but leave it in my hands,
And I will tell him how the matter stands.

"I often laugh at what good people say,
And then look at the course that they pursue.
Come, tell me, can you point me out to-day,
Among our friends, but one who acts up to
These pretty principles which have such sway
In parlor conversation? It is true
They point a romance with a moral grace,
But in one's practice never find a place.

"A man's vocation marks his social station
And holds him to the grade of his position.
The path he chooses is an indication
That he considers it his true condition,
And, notwithstanding all your fine oration,
Society exacts a prohibition
Against admitting to one's social sphere
Inferiors; we to its rules adhere."

But Mrs. Grey was not at all convinced,
Although beneath these scathing truths she winced;
But, outwardly at least, she quite gave way,
Which reassured and quite pleased Mr. Grey,
But in her heart she only hoped Frank might,
By future progress, set the matter right,
And promised, mentally, to aid his suit
By every means and method, *coute qui coute*.

'Tis said there never has been mischief done
Unless there was a lady in the case.
'Tis false; I here deny it. I, for one,
Will not stand by and hear so foul a blot
Attached unto a mother by a son;
For dogmas work both ways, sir—do they not?
Ha, ha! You do not like such personalities;
Then don't condemn the world by generalities.

'Tis grand to note their tenderness and care;
'Tis rapturous to feel their sweet caress;
'Tis ecstasy to feel their flowing hair
Sweep round one's neck as they lean o'er to kiss.
Does there exist aught else that can compare
To this? 'Tis heaven itself, no more, no less,
The veriest scoffer at all earthly bliss
Must feel his nature moved at times like this.

It may be that a loving disposition
Is quite too partial to decide between
The pros and cons of any inquisition
Wherein a charming lady is the theme.
Were I a judge in any such position,
I'm very much afraid that I should lean
The scales of justice rather on her side,
However much to balance them I tried.

You think that is a somewhat weak confession;
Upon my word, I can't deny the fact;
But let me add I'm under the impression
I'd not be much ashamed of such an act;
Perhaps the world would smile at the digression—
That is, providing it was done with tact.
I mean to say, the kinder portion may be
Would scarcely blame one's favor to a lady;

That is, I mean the lords of the creation,
If in the married or the single station,
Would fain ignore in such a situation
The herein-mentioned little deviation;
It is not to a lady's inclination,
Were she umpire in such a mediation,
To lean unto her sex, at any price—
I would not ask so great a sacrifice.

You think I've spoiled all I have said before,
And in the ladies' cause should say no more;
Not so; I proved the very thing I wanted,
"Proved woman favors not her sex," 'tis granted,

But also shown she likes the opposition;
And that's the very germ of my position.
We ought to lean unto the nobler sex;
"But which is it?" be patient, don't perplex.

If you're a lady, 'tis the male, of course,
If not, you have the opposite resource;
The world will scarce agree with this, forsooth,
Although it is a "glaring, staring" truth.
The ladies say, "I blame her, artful thing,
It's her own fault, I really pity him."
The gentlemen declare it was a shame,
A scoundrel act, to injure her good name.

Most people say they like their opposite,
Which pays but themselves a poor compliment;
I don't agree to such a dogma quite,
I'll try to give my notion an embodiment
In just one phrase, set down in black and white—
Perhaps it is an egot's sentiment—
But if one's rather selfish, do not start,
'Tis that I love my very counterpart.

Within this life, e'en though it be a dream,
There is a bond, unselfish, unalloyed,
Where love alone unfettered reigns supreme,
By jealousy nor by exclusion cloyed,
Where love of others cannot intervene;
But makes the welling heart feel overjoyed
That theirs, with our offering, can blend
In earnest tribute to our favored friend.

'Tis sweet to know our friend is loved by all;
To feel a glow for they who love our friend,
And to exult that their attentions call
A thrill of grateful pride; that they should lend
A force to what we feel which seems to fall,
A link that binds us to a mutual end,
Where every pleasant look and kindly word
With joy, with thanks, with love are seen and heard.

*Think as I think, feel just as I do feel,
Wish as I wish, admire what I admire,*
Defend my cause as yours with friendly zeal,
Let yours and mine be ever one desire,
And I will answer to the fond appeal,
Return it tenfold—in my breast inspire
A loving, deep, enthusiast's devotion,
Sure as the sun, unceasing as the ocean.

I will defend you, all your wrongs redress—
Defy the world, if need be, for your sake,
Shield you from harm and soothe you in distress,
There is no sacrifice I would not make.
The very faith that asked it I would bless;
And to my arms your loving form I'd take,
And thank you for your confidence in me,
And try to be as you would have me be.

'Tis quite romantic: p'raps you may remark,
An evidence of something rather "green;"
I pity him, with nothing in his heart
But trade and barter, cynicism and spleen.
If you or I enact the better part,
Remains, my friend, a matter to be seen;
Meantime, I say, I would not take your place—
A soulless man, I tell you to your face.

Another thing I wish to illustrate
Whilst we are on this skeptical debate:
You gentlemen make quite a grand mistake
In thinking that a man's not wide awake
Who makes a friend out of the common way,
Regardless what the formal world may say.
You'll often find in trying such an one
In a smart bargain, you will be outdone.

I'm with you, sir, if you urge that the fact is
The world is not yet ripe for such a practice;
I did not tell you that one ever chose
To force one's favor 'neath the public nose.
But, nevertheless, there is at times a feeling
So "splendid," so enchanting, so appealing;
It strides beyond one's usual reticence,
And scorns alike, or satire, or defense.

'Tis when the soul shakes off its earthy coil
And will not be entombed in egotism,
But, basking in unfettered freedom's soil
In spite of common platitude or ism,
It towers aloft with mien and grandeur royal,
A goddess with affection for a prism,
Who says, "I rise beyond the petty rules
Decreed by custom to its slavish tools."

Of all the feelings in the human breast
That shed a ray of beauty o'er this life—
Among the sweetest, purest, and the best
Is friendship's love; no selfishness is rife
To mar its pleasures or disturb its rest;
*The love of one's fiancée or one's wife
Can never lessen neither can it rend
The pure love for one's own true bosom friend.*

How oft we hear that truth's more strange than fiction,
And yet the fact we scarcely realize,
We treat it like a weatherwise prediction
Whose truthfulness is matter of surprise,
Precept and adage oft are an infliction
From sages who are apt to catechize,
And if by chance they're right, they feel a glow
Of wisdom, saying, "Ah, I told you so."

And still more often, finding they're mistaken,
They shake their heads profoundly and declare
That since their young days things are sadly shaken,
In fact quite out of joint, and unless care
Is taken with the rising generation
The country will be lost beyond repair.
Put on their glasses and you'll plainly see
That things are not as they once used to be.

The world lacks firmness, honesty, decision,
And all is foible, fashion and frivolity,
Our modern pleasures themes for their derision;
They lack alike both earnestness and jollity,
In fact, denude of method or precision,
And the whole tenor of our modern polity
Is substituting for the old sagacity
Enjoyments pregnant with a vain vivacity.

Age lectures youth and youth lampoons old age,
One shakes his head, the other shakes his sides;
The first gives maxims solid, trite and sage,
The which the other silently derides,
Unmindful what the warnings may presage;
His impulse and his wishes are his guides.
Reduced to practice, his idea is this:
"You had your day, so, pray, let him have his."

You cannot put an old head on young shoulders,
A fact that is too often overlooked:
The forest giant sears, decays and moulders,
His trunk storm-rent, his aged branches crooked,
He stands a witness patent to beholders
That all to common destiny are booked.
Youth, pleasure, joy and trust go hand in hand,
Age, wisdom and precept together stand.

It were not well to warp the sapling's form,
And bend its boughs to angles and rigidity.
To make its pliant stem defy the storm,
Infuse into its sap a dull frigidity.
No, no, the breezes of the early morn
Pass by the monarch's loftiest stolidity
To woo the swaying stems of tender plants,
Which bow in homage for the kiss it grants.

Oh, youth, thou term of happiness and purity,
Of love, hope, joy, when all the world is bright;
To sager years of sad and cold maturity
Thou art, indeed, a dream of love and light.
'Tis well on doubts and fears of life's futurity
Dispel thy bliss, thy lustrous visions blight;
Dream on your happy dream from day to day,
The world too soon will brush you all away.

Well, coming back to Pete, his bed-room door
Is tapped, then slowly opens, and before
Him stands his mother in her dressing-gown,
Her face quite ashen and her eyes cast down;
She sat upon the bed close to his feet,
And said, in saddened, trembling tones, "O, Pete,
I've learned at last what I have long suspected,
That all your early teachings are neglected.

"Last night I saw you and observed your state,
And find that you have been so oft of late;
Where do you go? What does this mystery mean?
Am I awake? Is this some horrid dream?
Would that it were, that day would never dawn
To find your mother's mind in torture torn,
I here demand, at once, a strict confession,
The nature and the length of your transgression.

"You hear me, sir, explain this midnight prowling,
Explain at once, I care not for your scowling;
This stealing from your parent's roof away,
And sneaking back before the dawn of day
Like some base thief with muffled, cautious tread,
Discovery alone his only dread.
You will not—then I'll take some other mode
To find what these nocturnal raids forbode.

"Take warning by my words—I say, beware;
For here I most vehemently declare
You shall not bring disgrace upon your home.
I will unearth you; not a single stone
Shall be unturned; I'll search this matter through;
I'll not be long in doubt, I promise you;
And Ella, too, shall know your goings on—
I will not spare you though you are my son."

Pete glared upon his mother, and replied:
"Do so, and then the consequence abide.
Who pampered me and spoilt me as a child—
On all my faults and errors blindly smiled?
And, when I played the truant from my school,
Who hid the truth from father, like a fool?
And, when he found it out and would chastise,
Who stayed the rod with angry, flashing eyes?

"Who, when the well-earned punishment did fall,
Would take me to her open arms and call
Me her good boy, the very much abused;
And taught me I was cruelly ill-used,
And sowed the seeds of which you see the fruit?
'Tis well you stand in consternation mute;
You planted, now behold what you produced—
The chickens merely have come home to roost.

"From little seeds the giant tree has spread.
I would not tell you this, but what you said
Has made me angry; bold enough to tell
You how, and why, my present state befel.
You thought it kindness. Is it kind to sow
The weeds that will expand their roots, and grow
Till they envelop in their rank embrace
The grains of corn, and then usurp their place?

"You never taught me evil, granted true,
You merely helped me my transgressions through,
And interposed your shielding arm to stay
The just repression of my erring way;
When tempted and I weighed in trepidation
The cost, I counted your co-operation,
Your influence was always thus relied
Upon to aid the deviating side."

Then Mrs. Grey arose, confronted Pete,
Replied, "Is this the recompense I meet
For loving you too well, and you to cast
Into my face the memory of the past,
If I had thought my love would prove a curse
I would have rather followed at the hearse
That bore you to your grave, than you should plead
My love as an excuse for your misdeed."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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VICTORIA C. WOODHULL

WILL DELIVER HER ARGUMENT FOR

CONSTITUTIONAL EQUALITY,

"THE GREAT POLITICAL ISSUE."

AT THE

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA,

TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 21,

AND AT

MUSIC HALL, BOSTON,

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 27.

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 person 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.

BOUFFE JOURNALISM.—The New York Sun some time ago started a project to erect a statue to Wm. M. Tweed. The general public at the time supposed it was one of those quiet jokes for which the Sun has become famous. Some persons, however, absolutely took the proposition as in earnest, and forthwith commenced to raise funds for the purpose of carrying it out, whereupon Mr. Tweed writes, politely declining the honor, informing them that he is not a fool. The Sun, however, regrets Mr. Tweed's decision, and hopes he will re-consider it.

IRRESPONSIBLE PARTIES.—THE STATUS OF THE NEGRO AT LAST SETTLED.—Some persons having lost flowers from their gardens in Montgomery, Ala., the daily Advertiser of that city warns its readers against purchasing plants from "Negroes and other irresponsible parties," ergo a negro is an irresponsible party with the Democracy down South. Northward he is becoming a man and a brother, and in fact no Democratic procession is now complete without him. Verily the times are moving.

THE PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Thomas A. Scott and the Union Pacific Railroad.

HARRISBURG KNAVERY.

The State of Virginia the Next Victim.

A PIECE OF WAR HISTORY.

If all the evil that has ever been, rightly or wrongly, laid at our door and charged to us, be admitted, to our scandal and reproach, as justly so charged, yet we have one atonement to offer that should outweigh all the faults of the most hardened transgressor, and cause the recording angel to blot from the dark entry of sins all that are ours. Give us our due. We were the first to strike a heavy blow at that monster of fraud and iniquity, the Pennsylvania Railroad; and well do we remember how, after our first attack upon it, our Pennsylvania exchanges came to us full of *verbatim* copies of our articles, and sometimes of incredulous comments. Neither have we forgotten how that Philadelphia "ring" sent out and endeavored to buy up our whole issue, and so suppress the revelation; nor the letters nor visits we received from those immaculate (?) directors; nor the slow, hesitating support we finally forced from the general press.

In 1856 the Pennsylvania Railroad people made their first essay in thieving operations not directly connected with the smaller but highly profitable field of "supplies" to their own road. At that date the Pittsburg and Steubenville road was scarcely more than begun, and was under contract and lease to New York parties. With these parties the Pennsylvania "ring," by practices which, as only recently revealed in the proceedings of a court at Pittsburg, partook very nearly of the character and legal definition of "conspiracy," became affiliated, and, forming a bogus firm to represent them, and endorsed by them, became through it co-partners to the contract and lease. Thereafter, by all adroit and hidden acts which might embarrass or discredit the original contractors, (their partners) they labored and waited until—the mine prepared and the crisis of 1857 aiding their efforts—they, without warning, broke their contract, failed purposely to meet their share of the obligations, and, firing the train, calmly watched for the explosion which was to ruin their associates. This explosion was delayed through the desperate and nearly successful efforts of the first parties, but these very efforts, which, of course, utterly exhausted all the personal and business resources of the victims, delayed the ruin for the time, only to make it more effectual when it did come, and the whole affair passed into the intrigued-for control of—the Pennsylvania railroad.

The results of this burglary were eminently satisfactory—in fact, for that date, were something remarkable. No qualms of conscience, no pity for private misfortune, distressed the minds of those who participated in the "swag," any more than such sentimental nonsense did Fagan or his precious gang when they had made a haul. The appetite was whetted, and an irresistible, itching desire for "more," by any means, fair or foul, grew up in that "ring" until through the length and breadth of this country the name of the "Pennsylvania railroad" is fast becoming a synonym for extortion, corruption, malfeasance, fraud and falsehood. A company that never builds railroads—that never controlled but 350 miles of road in the construction of which it had any direct part—to-day, by leases, by contracts, by legislative and judicial impurities that would have disgraced the vilest of the Roman Emperors or the Borgias, by almost impudently naked, fraudulent and unlimited "guarantees" and stock-watering (insuring the ultimate ruin of the general shareholders), now openly governs at least 4,000 miles of track, and no man can say how much more. For what man can believe the asseverations of its officers or rely upon them further than what is openly known? The ink is hardly dry which recorded the proceedings of the shareholders' meeting of the Pennsylvania R. R. Co. in Philadelphia, at which Thomas A. Scott, its vice-president, told Mr. Cliff, a shareholder, that it (the Company) had no interest in the Union Pacific road, before the same Thomas A. Scott appears at the shareholders' meeting of the Union Pacific road in Boston. The "Pennsylvania railroad" ticket there is reported triumphant, and Mr. Scott and Mr. J. Edgar Thomson, president of the Pennsylvania road, become directors in the "Union Pacific" and Mr. Scott, its president!!

After this who will question the word of that Pennsylvania Railroad director, who, at the meeting in Philadelphia, declared the whole of the company's accounts false? What over-credulous mortal will now yield implicit confidence to any story told by railroad officials?

To be sure Mr. Scott may bring forward the excuse that he spoke in the corporate name of the Company, but Philadelphians would receive such an excuse with derision; and all who knew the true condition of the Company will be forcibly reminded of the contraband who was captured at the battle of Chancellorsville and marched to Provost Marshal-General Patrick, to give an account of himself, when ensued the following colloquy: "What's your name?" "My name's Sam." "Sam what?" "No, sah; not Sam. What, I'se jist Sam." "What's your other name?" "I hasn't got no other name, sah, I'se jist Sam, dat's all." "What's your mas-

ter's name?" "I'se got no massa now. Massa runned away. Yah! yah! I'se a free nigger now." "What's your father and mother's name?" "I'se got none, sah; nebbber had none. I'se jist Sam; ain't nobody else." "Haven't you any brothers or sisters?" "No, sah; nebbber had none. No brudder, no sister, no fadder, no mudder, no massa, nothin' but Sam. When you see Sam, you see all there is of us."

Precisely, when you see Mr. Scott and his co-adjutors, you see all there is of the Pennsylvania railroad. What are the directors or shareholders? The proceedings of the meeting show that except in the ring, the first know nothing and the second are likely soon to be no *where*. Let the last ponder well the almost total disappearance of \$17,000,000 income, and the pretty exhibit of *estimated* assets of \$33,806,907, in road track and equipment, *plus* certain very obscure investments *contra* liabilities, in round numbers, of \$75,000,000?

We suppose a self-consciousness of the predicament, financially, they were approaching, induced Messrs. Scott & Thomson, the worthy firm who represent the Pennsylvania road and shape its destinies, to attempt, a year ago, to make up any deficiency by the desperate expedient of carrying away the sinking fund of the State. A shameless legislature, subservient tools to a money influence, were not wanting in willingness to thus bankrupt their constituency, and the veto of Governor Geary alone prevented the entire consummation of the fitting complement to the "Pan Handle Railroad" plot. Evidences point this winter to the conclusion that it is yet intended to accomplish the scheme by a legislative vote sufficient to override the Governor's veto.

Only see what a picture of depravity the Lancaster (Penn.) *Intelligencer* presents: "The managers of the Pennsylvania Central have nominally bought up a majority of the members of the legislature early in each session, and those who were purchased have bound themselves to vote as they might be directed. . . . The agents of the railroad could be seen at all times in the lobby or on the floor of the two Houses, watching the course of legislation and forwarding or checking the passage of bills. No men in Harrisburg are better known, and none have a more distinctive and well-recognized avocation than the lobby agents of the Pennsylvania Railroad. They have learned by long experience how to ply their foul trade successfully, and are adepts in all the arts of intrigue and skilled in every species of corruption and bribery." Even every branch of the National Government swarms with the spies and retainers of the corporation. Of a Senator in Congress, the *Intelligencer* says: "Believing that it might be well to have a representative in the highest legislative body in the nation, the managers of this road purchased for one of their salaried solicitors a seat in the Senate. John Scott was never dreamed of in that position until the corporation which he served instructed its servants in the legislature how they should vote."

Can we be surprised, in such a sink of infamy as has been thus created by this monster corporation, to find the private men who have been participators in these transactions, showing their abilities in individual cases of "grabbing?" We behold a bank started in Harrisburg by these fellows—its sole and only capital a deposit of State money! We find a lobby man of this famous "ring" trying his hand in contracts which, from 1861 to 1869, drew from the State Treasury \$208,506, of which \$158,506 were for stationery and printing! and the same man quietly holding \$25,000 of the State—the people's money—which he loans back to the people at usurious interest! We find the Postmaster at Harrisburg beginning with a charge of \$15,000, in one year, for postages paid for the State Senate and House of Representatives, which, without any increase in the quantity of mail matter sent off, he advanced in two years to a charge of \$23,392, and then, in a year more, by a forced march, to a charge of \$29,072, an increase of \$11,873!! The estimated proper cost of keeping the public buildings at Harrisburg in order is about \$5,000 annually. In 1860 the actual cost was \$5,330. In 1864 it had run up to \$14,000, and in 1869 it had reached \$32,000!!

Thus evil example does its work. Virginia will do well to heed the lesson. This railroad corporation has entered her territory with no hesitating tread. Already the foulest aspersions are cast on her Legislature, and Richmond promises to be, under Pennsylvania auspices, as slimy a pool of corruption as Harrisburg. In spite of the struggles of General Mahone, and of Virginians whose integrity has been proof against the blandishments of Messrs. Scott & Thomson, it looks as if the "abominable schemes for swamping the railroads and subjugating the commonwealth of Virginia, of these Pennsylvania adventurers and sharpers, who do not intend to construct railroads" [*Richmond Whig*], were very likely to be successful, and that, through the agency of "Havana cigars, liquors, lobby salaries and an expenditure of \$100,000," the mother of Presidents was about to become a mere appanage of a Philadelphia "ring," which, not content with any success short of entire subjugation, is now said to be the organizer of a lobby to defeat the re-election in Richmond of its opponent, Senator Johnson. An alien company, under the guidance of the whilome salaried engineer and the *ci devant* car conductor, passes into a distant State to control its senatorial elections!! But even this is not the limit to its pretensions. Hints are now circulating that Thomas A. Scott, the master-spirit of the "ring," whose franchises and leases and property now extend from the Delaware River on the Atlantic to the far distant shores washed by the waters of the Pacific, will control, by this great power, such a number of "votes" as to make

him and his coadjutors necessary auxiliaries to any candidate who hopes for success in the Presidential election! The story of the Roman guards who openly sold the government of their country to the highest bidder is not remembered to-day, and the people calmly look on at the operation by which the Senate of the United States displaces Sumner from an office for which, by peculiar aptitude, long training, the most incorruptible integrity, he was so fitted, to succeed him by —, the agent in the Senate of the Philadelphia "ring"—the mouthpiece there of that ring in its late attempts, in defiance of the protest of a whole State, to bridge and to obstruct the navigation of the Ohio River—replacing Sumner by a gentleman whose honorable record when Secretary of War, testifies to the purity of his public character, his honest care of the public funds, and the extreme lengths to which he will go to oblige his political friends—a record and a testimony so touching and convincing, and at this time so peculiarly interesting, that we feel tempted to briefly reproduce a small scrap of war history from a publication which is before us, and derived from the reports of Congressional committees of investigation. In April, 1861, the then Secretary of War—the present successor of Sumner—gave an order to his old political friend, Mr. Cummings, which at least showed the depth of his attachment, and that no modesty or propriety, not to say more, stood in the way of its gratification. Mr. Cummings was requested to expend the sum of \$2,000,000 pretty much to his fancy in buying anything he might deem appropriate, and the money was placed in the hands of Government treasurers in New York, subject to Cummings' order, who at once drew out \$50,000 merely "to go to work on." He employed a clerk to buy *linen pantaloons and straw hats*! because the soldiers "looked hot." Cummings bought *groceries* from a *hardware dealer*. He did not know what he was buying, but the dealer proposed to sell him *something*, and Cummings believed *groceries* were provisions of some sort! He never saw the articles nor knew their quality! Afterward he bought a ship—two or three ships, in fact. He did not know even the tonnage—just took the word of the dealer for everything! He bought 75,000 pairs of shoes, paying twenty-five cents a pair more than the market price, to oblige a man who had in past days loaned him small sums of money! To cap the climax, the indefatigable Cummings purchased, for the War Department, 790 carbines which had been condemned and sold by it as *absolutely unserviceable*! and for this re-purchase he paid at the rate of \$15 a piece! At the time of the examination of this "high old affair" by the Congressional committee, there were still said to be \$800,000 of the \$2,000,000 unaccounted for, and among the "ARMY SUPPLIES" furnished to the *Secretary of War* by his enthusiastic friend, some of which, too, seem to have been bought as a private speculation and transferred to the Government when found unsaleable, figured such things as 280 dozen pints of ale; codfish and herrings in quantities; 200 boxes of cheese; butter, tongues, straw hats, linen pants *ad libitum*; twenty-five casks of Scotch ale!! Happy army! glorious *sub rosa* Commissary Department! But those visions have faded into the dim far-away, and now we have a "CÆSAR'S SENATE" to give the meed of virtue to Lincoln's first War Secretary, and to send Sumner into honorable disgrace, that the Democratic party, if it has the sense, for once in its life to exercise common sense, may walk over the course in 1872.

THOSE HONORABLE (?) GENTLEMEN.

If a person state a case, he is supposed to know something about it. If he state a case of which he knows nothing, and state it unfairly, he is open to the charge of misrepresentation. If he state a case unfairly, having the opportunity to learn the real condition, he is guilty of a wilful lie.

The honorable and gallant (?) editor of the *Nation* may hang himself on either of the above horns of the dilemma into which he has precipitated himself in his desire—which stops at nothing—to vent his spleen upon us.

In an editorial in the number dated March 2 there are five unqualified misstatements, or, if he please, lies, and a dozen attempts at misrepresentations. Theodore Tilton, in the *Golden Age*, thoroughly exposes the latter and thus far shows up this conscientious(?) editor in his true light, as follows:

A GUN THAT KICKS ITS OWNER OVER.

A professional critic ought to be pre-eminently fair and just. Otherwise his criticism is a mockery of the judicial function. The *Nation* "is nothing if not critical." But take one of the *Nation's* criticisms, and weigh it at its proper worth. It says: "Thus far the tendency of the Woman's Rights movement has been to swell the ranks of feeble orators, third rate lecturers, sentimental politicians and tricky speculators." Now, in what sense is this true? Take the Christian religion, take republican government, take any great idea or movement which ever came into the world, and the *Nation* may justly say of it, in the same phraseology, "that it has swelled the ranks of feeble orators, third-rate lecturers, sentimental politicians and tricky speculators." But has the *Nation* the right to condemn Christianity or republicanism because these incidental outgrowths have attached themselves to it like a festoon of fungus to a Southern oak? Has the Woman's Rights movement developed "feeble orators"? Yes, but also strong orators; and we believe that, if the *Nation* were asked to name a dozen of the ablest public speakers in the United States, it would find that seven, and perhaps nine, out of the twelve, had made brilliant speeches in favor of woman's enfranchisement. Has the Woman's Rights movement developed "third-rate lecturers"? Yes, but then, on the other hand, all the *first-rate* lecturers in the country are, without exception, in favor

of woman's rights; in proof of which we have only to point to Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, George William Curtis, Thomas Wentworth Higginson and others—to say nothing of such women as Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Julia Ward Howe, Mary A. Livermore, Anna E. Dickinson and others, whom the *Nation*, being foreign born, may condemn, but whom their own countrymen delight to honor. Has the Woman's Rights movement developed "sentimental politicians"? Yes, but it also arrays under its banner many of the most philosophic statesmen of the age—as, for instance, Chief Justice Chase and John Stuart Mill. Has the Woman's Rights movement developed "tricky speculators"? Yes, if we may believe *The Nation's* disparaging allusion to a special case; but will that journal please answer for us the question, "How large a proportion of 'tricky speculators' does it suppose to be in favor, and how much larger a proportion does it know to be against, woman's suffrage?" Indeed, it unwittingly answers the latter question when, in referring to the Erie Road, it says that "Fisk's predecessor or pioneer in mis-managing that corporation was a pious and wealthy church member, who 'manipulated' other people's property intrusted to his care as dexterously and impudently as any peddler or faro banker." The allusion is to Mr. Daniel Drew, a well-known Methodist. Now, if *The Nation*, in its complaint against Mrs. Woodhull, makes her a type of the whole Woman's Rights movement, why should it not in the same way, in its complaint against Mr. Drew, make him a type of the whole Methodist church? The truth is, *The Nation* has never been fair toward the Woman's Rights movement—not even though the editor of that journal frequently owes the chief richness of his pages to the contributions of gentlemen well known as advocates of woman suffrage.

To the former we reply. First, that we went before the court of our own accord. Second, that the "poor governess" did not give us "all her hardly-earned savings." Third, that the \$500 was not "all lost." Fourth, that the jury did not believe the governess' story, for which we have the word of the jury; and, Fifth, that the verdict given fully substantiated our theory of defence. The reason why a verdict for a portion of the \$500 was given her, was this: In Swindell's petition she failed to state when she paid the money. She did not know. When our account was rendered she learned that it was on the 8th of August. She then testified that it was on the 12th of August. Late in the case her counsel knowing that it was lost as to his theory, made the case turn upon this discrepancy in dates, which as we did not have our books there by which to verify our statement rendered her, the jury gave her the benefit of and a verdict for the losses sustained between the 8th and the 12th. This is *prima facie* evidence that the jury did not believe the governess' story. Had they done so they were bound by the instructions of the court to give a verdict for the \$500. Had all the losses occurred after the 12th, the verdict would have been wholly in our favor. It was not a question of "tricky speculators" in any sense, but simply one of dates. And this the said editor knows, or should know, as well as we. Did he know anything of the case: did he know nothing of it, or did he wilfully mis-state it?

We shall make no further analysis of the case, as it has been appealed and its merits will be made to appear fully. Suffice it now to say that the editor of *The Nation* stands convicted as charged above.

A word, however, upon the merits of the question he has sought to discredit, by his personal reference to ourselves. We make no pretensions to oratory, but we do claim, and we challenge the nation to disprove it, that we have pointed out the true meaning of the Constitution of the United States, the force of which the said editor attempts to parry by bringing in a side issue, which has no connection whatever with this case. Even had the jury taken the view of this case which the editor ascribes to it, what would that have to do with the question of impartial suffrage? Would that impair the provisions of the supreme law of the land?

Most cunning and consistent Fox though you are (?), these propensities cannot shield you this time from the full weight of responsibility which you have incurred in your desire to "hurt" the cause of a common humanity by defaming us.

Because we can make no pretensions to be a Demosthenes or a Cicero; because we have never assumed to be a Stanton or a Phillips; because we do not pretend to unsentimental politics, and because we are engaged in business in Wall street, upon the same principles and basis as other firms, shall they be charged up against the movement for the elevation of woman? This editor may so enter them, but he will find that the rights of woman under the Constitution of the United States and of the State of New York, will be recognized, for all that, and the *Nation* and all other time-serving journals shall kick and squirm just as much as they please, they will have to accept the situation.

If our being, as he asserts, "two of its most prominent leaders," is a detriment to the cause generally, what will he say of the endorsement of our position by such Constitutional, legal and political talent as Benj. F. Butler, George W. Woodward, George W. Julian, F. M. Arnell, J. H. Ela, N. P. Banks, Wm. Laurence, Wm. Loughridge, S. C. Pomeroy, S. P. Chase, Gerritt Smith, Wendell Phillips, and hosts of others, too numerous to mention, every one of whom is fully equal in all that constitutes intelligence and judgment to this pretentious editor of the *Nation*, whose real character is fully demonstrated in the article which we refer to? To be honorable, to deal fairly and openly with an opponent, to always have truth on your side, to admit a truth when comprehended, marks a great mind. What capacity this editor can claim, under these tests, we leave the public to determine.

THE COAL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Results of Watered Shares and Bonds.

HIGH SALARIES FOR OFFICERS AND STARVATION FOR MINERS.

OVERPRODUCTION AND THE REMEDY FOR IT.

FOREIGN STEAMSHIP LINES.

A recent article published in the *Nation* on the subject of the coal troubles in Pennsylvania among the miners—while not touching upon the points which we have heretofore made of the arbitrary and oppressive action of the carrying companies and their attempts, under the foolish charters of incorporation granted by the State, to control not only the lines of transportation but to own the whole coal fields—goes into some interesting statistical information, showing that for twenty years prior to 1862 the wholesale price of coal in Philadelphia averaged about \$3 60 per ton. The business was always unprofitable, and frequently disastrous, but nevertheless mines continued to be opened and new connections between them and the seaboard, by rail, were continually made, and the production of one million of tons in 1842 had advanced to five millions in 1852. Eight millions in 1862, and seventeen millions in 1870. Thus the singular anomaly is presented of a wretchedly unremunerative industry steadily expanding and increasing, while its operatives are illy paid, dissatisfied, and on "strikes," its managers claiming to constantly lose money, and the "great companies" complaining of both miners and coal owners, aim to control both by raising the cost of carrying from \$2 to \$7 per ton at a single bound, and so preventing any shipments of the production of private mines to market. Pending all this, in spite of the alleged unprofitable nature of the trade, we see one of the carrying companies—the Reading Railroad—paying its president a salary of \$30,000 a year, and engaged in a scheme for the absorption, under a new charter, of all the coal lands it can reach to.

On its face this condition of things has a truly curious aspect. A conceded overproduction—a ruinous decline in prices, coupled with such an advance in freights as to drive the consumer mad—a starving and almost riotous laboring population in the mines—high salaried company officials—and, over all, an evident anxiety on the part of capital to continue in this crazy, failing occupation! How can these incongruities be reconciled? Simply by a consideration of the same circumstances in the issuing of *watered stock and bonds* in the coal mining and carrying industry as we have before now explained in speaking of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and as Mr. Rufus Hatch has laid bare to public inspection in his history of the "Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad Company."

In the first place, speculators purchased coal lands at a cost of say \$15 an acre. These lands were sold by the speculators to coal-mining companies organized by themselves, at an advance of many hundred per cent. The shares having been disposed of, the company of necessity either kept on in business or in process of time was merged into some larger affair. These kinds of operations, by which large fortunes were so easily acquired by *inside parties*, were constantly repeated, and in process of time, as the lands immediately accessible were thus taken up, became suggestive of enterprises kindred in character but far more profitable, viz.: the building of new railroad communications opening untouched mining areas, which contributed their quota to the speculative profit, besides which the roads actually cost

ONLY ONE-QUARTER

of their nominal construction price for road-bed and equipment. The real cost was provided for by perhaps only one-half of the mortgage bonds issued; leaving the other half of the bonds and all the shares

A CLEAR PROFIT

to the projectors. As a matter of course these roads once having yielded to such men all the gain that could be squeezed from them, were abandoned to the inevitable difficulties inherent in their nature, and in due time became absorbed by stronger companies, until to-day three or four gigantic monopolies, known as "THE GREAT COMPANIES," control all the outlets from the coal regions, seek to own the coal fields, and in defiance of the purposes for which they were created, are engaged in a desperate battle with the miners whom they wish to coerce into submission to any wages they may dictate. That point once conceded to them, these companies, through their system of supply stores for the laborers, rebates on tolls, etc., etc., will soon be masters, not only of their roads, but of all the mines, all the miners and laborers, almost their very souls, and will dictate to the Atlantic cities the price of coal by allowing just so much or so little of it as they please to enter the market!

We now see the folly which the venal Legislature of Pennsylvania has committed in passing such acts of incorporation as would permit or countenance these efforts. Both laborers and consumers must be taxed to pay interest on the watered, fictitious shares and bonds of these common carriers, while their charters permitting these companies also to engage in mining, they do so, to the destruction of all rival private enterprise, and—traveling a long distance from their own State

and their own field of operations—they beset the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad with neglected petitions, that on that distant road the tolls may be raised, so that Western bituminous coal miners may suffer equally with their own corporation-ridden Pennsylvania laborers!

If ever these evils are righted and these monopolies restricted and their officers made to feel that they are not to be the omnipotent, irresponsible contrivers of the fortunes of their fellow-men, the broad, glaring fact will remain that speculation has reaped its harvest and withdrawn with its ill-got booty, while in its place, invigorated there by it, stand a large and industrious population and an immense invested capital, both altogether dependent for existence upon the success of an industry which, in spite of a four-month's total suspension of mining in 1870 in the region which furnished at least a third of the whole production, still showed a supply greatly in excess of the demand! And in plain truth the present mines and railroads, to live at all, must bring to market and dispose of a tonnage nearly

TWO-THIRDS GREATER

than the market can absorb. A remedy for this must be found; for it is to the mining population a matter of life and death; to invested capital a question concerning its absolute loss. And the remedy must be ready, too, as soon as the monopolists are curbed, or the evil will run its course until past cure; and a wasted, beggared population, deserted mines, idle furnaces, will present, in what ought to be the richest part of the United States, disgraceful monuments to

BAD LEGISLATION.

To the members of the last Congress who were unable to see how the encouragement of American steamship building would benefit the coal and iron industries of the country and who could not consider any plan to place our flag again upon the ocean which did not, on the principle of the land grant railroads, involve the creation of one odious monopoly or the robbery from the nation of its bonds or money; we commend the consideration of the state of affairs in the mining districts and beg them to contrast it with the following clipping from the *London Times*, of February 25, and ask themselves what market would exist now for the productions of our collieries and blast furnaces had we had the wit to obtain our share of this vast steamship building and carrying trade:

According to accounts recently published of the eight lines of European steam companies to America they own 106 vessels, which, during the past year, made 555 round trips, and conveyed 302,148 passengers, and nearly 1,700,000 tons of freight. The Cunard line, it is stated, consists of 24 steamers, with an aggregate of 65,000 tons. These during 1870 made 125 round trips and carried 450,000 tons of merchandise. The passengers carried both ways numbered 55,101, of whom 43,681 were from Liverpool, and 11,420 from New York and Boston. Of the persons taken to America, 9,156 were cabin passengers and 34,525 were steerage. Of the persons brought to Liverpool, 6,270 were cabin and 5,150 were steerage. The Anchor line between Glasgow and New York has 28 steamers, each of from 1,000 to 1,300 tons. During 1870 they made 102 trips from New York to Glasgow, and 103 trips from Glasgow via the Mediterranean ports to New York. The cargoes averaged 1,500 tons each voyage, making in all 307,500 tons of merchandise. The passengers carried numbered 39,626, of whom 31,437 were taken to America and 8,139 were brought to Europe. The Hamburg-American Packet Company runs between New York and Hamburg, touching at Havre, Cherbourg and Plymouth. The line consists of seven steamers, of from 3,000 to 3,500 tons burden. During 1870 its operations were interrupted by the war, but it conveyed 69,000 tons of merchandise and 28,093 passengers. Of the passengers, 22,366 were taken to America, and 5,727 brought to Europe. The company has established a branch to run regularly between Hamburg, Havre, Havana and New Orleans, and has placed three steamers on that route. The General Transatlantic Company, running between New York and Havre, employs four steamers, with an aggregate of 7,587 tons. During 1870 they made twenty-five trips each way, and carried 7,030 passengers, all first-cabin. The cargoes averaged 750 to 800 tons for each vessel, and consisted of silks, fine goods and wine, which were taken to New York, and of cotton, tobacco, grain and provisions brought to France. After the outbreak of the war they were engaged in transporting arms, ammunition and military stores. The National line, running between Liverpool and New York, has ten steamers, with a total of 37,461 tons. During 1870 they made sixty-four trips to New York and sixty-three to Liverpool. They carried 43,152 passengers and 369,145 tons of merchandise. Of the passengers, 38,443 were from Liverpool, and 4,798 from New York. The North German Lloyd's line of steamers run between New York and Bremen, via Southampton, but its business has been deranged by the war. Previously to the outbreak of hostilities, they ran twice a week. This line owns twelve vessels, averaging 3,000 tons burden. During 1870, they made fifty-six trips each way, and carried 35,319 passengers, of whom 298 were taken to New York, and 8,021 were brought to Bremen. The cargoes average about 1,300 tons for each vessel. The Williams & Guion line runs between Liverpool and New York, and has eight steamers, making in all 25,544 tons. During 1870 they made fifty-five trips each way, and carried 34,928 passengers, and 150,293 tons of merchandise. Of the passengers, 29,330 were taken to America, and 5,598 were brought to Liverpool. The Inman line consists of thirteen steamers between New York and Liverpool, touching at Queenstown. During 1870 they made eighty-nine trips each way, and carried 58,900 passengers and 170,000 tons of merchandise. Of the passengers, 49,000 were taken to the United States, and 9,900 were brought to Europe.

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.

FREE TRADE vs. PROTECTION.

No. II.

We now come to an all-important part of this subject: that is to say, does protection give us any advantages whatever in return for the disadvantages which we have demonstrated that it must per se entail. Its advocates claim that it enables us to produce the protected manufactures, which, without the aid of an almost exclusive tariff, we could not do; and if we can demonstrate this to be a fallacy, then, in common parlance, they have no longer a leg to stand upon. This we propose to do by quoting indisputable historical facts.

We are not the first nation that had to deal with this question. England has been in the throes of a struggle for the principles of free trade. The history of this struggle gives us some reliable data that is more instructive than all the essays of a thousand philosophers (be they never so astute), with all their theories of what might, could, would or should be if something were to take place that has not done so. It is, no doubt, one of the most self-satisfactory things in the world to sit down and figure at a national prosperity and make the figures fit the desired end, forgetting to-day what was written yesterday.

Oh ye great authors, luminous, voluminous,
Ye twice ten hundred thousand daily scribes,
Whose pamphlets, volumes, newspapers illumine us,
Whether you're paid by Government in bribes
To prove the public debt is not consuming us,
Or roughly treading in the courtier's kibes
With clownish heel, your popular circulation
Feeds you by printing half the realm's starvation."

Mons. Guizot speaking in the French Corps Legislatif, in 1846, said that the free trade policy of England had three results.

- 1st. It maintained and augmented the amount of labor.
- 2d. It lowered the prices of the necessities of life of the laboring classes.
- 3d. It diminished the terrible oscillations to which those prices were exposed.

In the following year in consequence of the free-trade or protectionist excitement, certain statistics were laid before the English House of Commons, more particularly as to plate-glass, the manufacturers of which had loudly declaimed that free trade would ruin them, asserting that the continued existence of their business had only been insured by protection. The statistics were as follows:

Year.	Duty. Cwt.	Price per Foot.	Weekly Sales. Feet.
1819.....	98s.	25s.	3,000
1827.....	60s.	12s.	5,000
1847.....	Free.	5s.	70,000
		Hands Employed in the Manufacture.	Capital Invested.
1836.....	60s.	2,500	\$250,000
1847.....	Free.	12,000	1,000,000

There was no English plate-glass exported to the United States in 1846, while in 1847 more was so exported than there was to all the rest of the world in 1846.

Comment on the above figures seems altogether supererogatory, for the reason that nothing that can be said can present a stronger case in favor of free trade. We may, however, point out that from 1819 to 1827, under a protective tariff, the lowering the duty 30 per cent. reduced the price of the article 52 per cent. and increased its weekly sales 66 per cent. We deduce from this, the consumption being 66 per cent. greater under the 60s. a cwt. duty than under the 98s. a cwt. duty, there was 66 per cent. more laborers engaged in the manufacture under the lesser tariff than under the greater one. In the face of this simple statement of facts what justification is there for the assertion that protection is an aid to the growth of the manufacturing interests?

Pursuing still further our digest of the above official figures, we find that in the year 1847, when all the duty was taken off, the amount of labor engaged in the manufacture increased 480 per cent., as compared with the year 1836, when the duty was 60s. per cwt.

It is also notable that the increase in consumption and productiveness followed exactly in the wake of the reduction in the tariff.

We will now turn to the repeal of the corn laws in England, which was made a test case as to the merits of free trade, the conflict lasting from 1842 to 1846. In 1842 there was a sliding scale of duties in force, that is to say, the duty varied according to the price of corn; the average of the duty was, however, 16s. per qr. This scale of duties lasted until 1846, when it was lowered to an average of 4s. per qr., the average amount of duty collected under the first-named tariff was £372,599 per annum, while in 1849, under a nominal tariff, the duty collected was £615,814 per annum.

The commencement of the free-trade agitation found Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Gladstone, as protectionists. In 1846, Sir Robert Peel, speaking in favor of a reduction of the tariff on corn, renounced his protectionist ideas, and became a free trader. In his speech he said he claimed the principle of YIELDING both to the force of argument and CONVICTION, and of ACTING ON THE RESULTS OF ENLARGED EXPERIENCE; and that "he was about to review the duties which applied to many articles the produce and manufacture of other States; that for the last three years, since the policy of acting on the principle of repealing and reducing certain duties had been acknowledged, there had been increased productiveness of revenue, increased demand for labor, increased commerce, as well as

comfort, contentment and peace in the country, and he was about to proceed on the assumption that the repeal of prohibitory and the relaxation of protective duties is in itself a wise principle." (In this year an unprecedented amount of import duties were remitted or lowered.)

In 1846 Lord Russell said, "He believed it would have been better for the English farmers if the duty on imported corn had been reduced still lower in 1842."

And the Duke of Wellington voted for the reduction of the duty on corn. In 1815 Mr. Bennett (member of Parliament for Wiltshire) said that "Farmers could not grow wheat under a less protective duty than 96s. a quarter, yet he had since supported a minister who proposed to levy 56s. a quarter.

Mr. Gladstone, who, in 1842, opposed Lord Morpeth's free-trade measures, has since become one of the most prominent of free trade champions.

The Earl of Derby, who had been a strenuous opposer of free trade, said, in the House of Commons in 1852, "That after the decision of the country in the recent elections, in favor of free trade, he was prepared to bow to its decisions." And in the same year the Queen in her speech congratulated Parliament on the beneficial results of past free-trade legislation.

We thus gather that free trade has not only given satisfaction to the people whenever it has been practiced, but has absolutely convinced its very opponents. In the matter of corn, at the very commencement of the free-trade agitation, the duty was 96s. per quarter; at the close and triumph of free trade it was 1s. a quarter, the results of each reduction only paving the way for a still greater one; had the opponents of free trade been able to show injurious effects from any one reduction of the tariff, the downward movement would have ceased, and probably a reaction have set in. We must here call particular attention to a remarkable fact, namely: Lord John Russell stated that the immediate prospect of lowering the duties on corn had been to cause a rise in its price in the English market.

We think the evidence adduced above proves conclusively that protection does not even assist the production of the produce protected; but, on the other hand, absolutely checks it, and that the plea for protective tariff on any such ground is totally untenable.

FINANCE.

No. I.

Gold coin has become, by, as it were, common consent, the recognized standard of value among nations; not that the commerce of the world is carried on by the cash payment of gold for every international purchase. Produce purchased in one country is, as a rule, paid for in produce, the value of each being computed in gold. For example: If a cargo of manufactures is imported, its value is estimated in gold coin, and if a cargo of wheat is exported in return, its value is estimated in gold also, the differences in the values of the two cargoes being estimated in gold coin. If, therefore, the imports of a nation exceeds in value its exports, the difference has eventually to be paid in gold. (This is, however, no proof that a nation having to remit a yearly payment of gold in consequence of an excess in value of its imports, is necessarily getting poorer, for the reason that its internal wealth may increase in a far greater annual ratio than its excess of imports. There are many years in which the United States have exported less in value than she has imported, and yet become in that year a more wealthy nation.) The history of commerce affords no instance in which, under any circumstances, any medium of payment of balances has ever been substituted for gold, and, in point of fact, it is so internationally recognized as the only standard of value, that no nation can substitute any medium of payment that would pass current abroad with so little fluctuation as a standard of value; therefore we assume that, for the payment of foreign balances, the use of gold becomes an absolute necessity.

Gold is also supposed, or presumed to be, the medium of domestic payments; but it is not so. There is no nation that possesses sufficient metallic coin to transact its internal business, the deficiency being supplied by promissory and bank notes, which are as much in circulation as gold. This limited possession of gold precludes it from fulfilling all the theoretical and practical necessities of a medium of payment. If we were to suppose a sudden and general demand that all bank notes, promissory notes and bills of exchange, be paid in coin on a certain day, we should at once perceive that its deficiency to perform the task necessitates a resort to some other medium of payment, which medium is paper money. Bank and promissory notes, it is true, derive their commercial value from being redeemable in coin; the one on presentation for payment, the other at some stipulated date in the future; but, then, just so fast as they are liquidated, other notes of a like nature are being issued; so that, as a rule, the amount of paper money in use as a medium of payment is somewhat uniform. And when this amount is materially reduced by distrust, or an unusual demand, from the same cause for its redemption takes place, a commercial crisis ensues, because gold not being in sufficient supply, and paper rejected, there remains no medium of payment to conduct business with; so that whenever gold is thrown upon its own resources as a medium of domestic payment, its inefficiency for the purpose is demonstrated.

The only advantage ever claimed for gold as a medium of

payment is, that its intrinsic value is equal to its purchasing power, while that of paper is not; while the objection generally advanced to irredeemable paper money is, that it has no intrinsic value, and is of unlimited supply. The question of intrinsic value in reality merges into that of supply, inasmuch as it is difficulty of supply, presupposing the demand, that fixes the standard of intrinsic value. Treating the subject, then, on this basis, this objection to irredeemable paper falls to the ground, because, in the first place, we have not found a sudden and large increase in the supply in the production of gold to affect its value—to wit: the unprecedented and unexpected increase in the supply of bullion, which the discovery and working of the mines in California and Australia gave us, did not operate to depreciate its value; and in the second place, the ability to restrict the supply of paper money as the purchasing power of gold, rests with the government or people, the one having no firmer basis than the other for domestic purposes; both deriving their standard of value from faith in the governing body, which is, in a republican form of government, the people themselves. The proof of this principle is found in the fact that governments have suspended payments in gold. Here, then, we have the principle demonstrated that the standard of values or medium of payment may be fixed by government. What difference, then, can it make whether that medium be paper or gold, since the government is the only basis of stability. We are aware that it is often urged that the same power issuing a certain amount of, not to be exceeded, irredeemable paper money, may rescind the stipulation, and issue a still further amount. This implies a want of faith in the governing body. Let us supply a similar want of faith to the issue of coin, and suppose that when that body coins metallic money, the objection to receiving it were advanced that the same body issuing it may at some future date legislate it as not legal payment or prohibit its tender in payment, and we shall at once perceive that gold has no advantage over paper as a medium of domestic payment, and that faith in ourselves is the only requirement necessary to make our own paper, for all internal uses, on a par with gold, as a fixed standard of values and payment of indebtedness.

This is not so with irredeemable paper, or paper bearing interest, because its value depends upon the ability of the government to pay the principle or interest at the stipulated date, which ability is not absolutely within its entire control. A war may keep goods at home, and lessen our imports, and in consequence the government may not collect sufficient taxes to keep its promise to pay. A failure in the crops may produce the same effect, or a war may make such a demand upon it for money that it may not be able to meet its promises to pay; but neither of these causes would affect its ability to guarantee. The real gist of the whole matter rests here: the people are the source of power, the people would hold their own money, and, even supposing them to desire to deteriorate or even repudiate the paper they have made their own standard of value, and which is in their own possession, who is to say them nay. It is true, those holding the largest amount would be the greatest sufferers, and thus receive injury; but, as we have shown above, the standard of values this class now accept can be altered at the hands of the people, under existing circumstances. This supposition is, however, supererogatory, inasmuch as, to render such action at the hands of the people at all admissible, an inducement to do so must be demonstrated, whereas no such inducement could exist, because such legislation would be self injury, with no possible advantage. The issuing of paper bearing no promise to pay at any stipulated time, and bearing no interest, does not preclude its ultimate payment in gold.

The necessity or desirability for determining paper money as a standard of values and medium of payment for domestic purposes having passed, the people may determine to call it in and pay it in coin at its face value, so that in future cases of necessity the same aid may be called in. It is true, the issue of such paper might temporarily hurt our credit abroad, but that is of no consequence to us, because in all our foreign dealings we propose to use gold; and it would be a matter of perfect indifference to us as to the estimation they might hold our paper in, with which they have nothing whatever to do; but the issuing of such paper, by relieving us of the payment of millions of interest, would enable us to rapidly call it in—would exhibit a faith in ourselves that would enhance our credit abroad and save to us the vast expense entailed by the collection of taxes imposed to obtain funds to pay interest. The germ of our position on this part of the subject of finance begins and ends in the people's faith in their own ability to deal with paper as a standard of internal values as they now deal with gold, which it is as much within their power to affect by legislation as paper is or would be.

In order to illustrate our position still further, let us suppose the Government to be a national bank, issuing its notes as promises to pay on demand, the security being the internal credit, the notes being fixed by law at par with gold, there would be no inducement in such a case, for persons to present those notes for payment except to obtain gold sufficient to pay to foreign nations the amount of the balance of trade that may be against us; the mass of the people holding such notes would not take the trouble to present them for payment since no advantage would thereby accrue. Government could call in any quantity it might desire to pay off, and if in consequence of there being no inducement to offer them for payment they were not presented in sufficient quantities, a slight premium

could be placed on those presented, and we believe, startling as it may appear, such action would be absolutely necessary to induce people to take the trouble to present them for payment.

It is self-evident that in order to place paper on an equal footing with gold for internal purposes, we must make it depend upon itself as coin does, if coin derived its value from being payable at some future date in produce, as paper is in coin, then the latter would be liable to all the fluctuation of the former; and yet both are merely standards of value for produce—that is to say, taking a five-dollar gold piece, it is only valuable inasmuch as it represents the power to purchase a certain amount of produce, and a five-dollar bill is in like manner equally valuable in proportion to the amount of produce it will purchase; therefore, the intrinsic value of each being merely its purchasing power we have only to legislate the one to be on a par in value with the other, and neither will then have any advantage over or be more desirable than the other.

INSURANCE.

We have another case to add of the resistance of Life Insurance Companies to the payment of losses, in the subjoined report of the termination of one taken from the New York Times of March 13.

Suppose this widow had not the means to prosecute her just claim against a rich and influential company, or suppose, having the means, she, innocent of business, believed the company's statement that it was not legally bound.

In the first case her only resource would have been to drop the matter, or to divide whatever might have been obtained with some lawyer who would have sued on speculation. In the second supposition the company would have altogether escaped; and in neither event would the claimant have had justice, and yet a legislation which would stop these subterfuges of insurance offices, is strenuously opposed by New York daily journals:

In the case of Rebecca L. Foote against the Aetna Life Insurance Company, to recover on a policy of insurance on the life of her husband for \$2,500, which has been on trial in the Court of Common Pleas before Judge Loew, a verdict was yesterday rendered in favor of the widow for the full amount. As already published in the Times, the defence set up was, that the insured concealed the fact that consumption was in his family; but the evidence disclosed the fact that his disease did not originate in hereditary taint, but from a severe wound received in battle.

BOUFFE JOURNALISM.

There is a folded sheet of paper, issued somewhere in this city, which a friend solemnly assures us is called a newspaper. Now our informant is a person of some knowledge in these matters, and really we do not like to doubt his word, and presume, therefore, that it really is so called. We therefore determined to glance over its pages. Speaking of the treaty of peace now concluded between France and Germany this folded sheet of paper says, "France cedes Alsace and Metz," which latter term undoubtedly includes all the department of the Moselle lying east of that fortress as well as Thionville on the western bank of the river, and possibly some other portions of Lorraine."

Whew! This Metz is the place where Marshal Bazaine was, as we thought, shut up; but there is something decidedly wrong here to suppose an army as shut up in a great part of the department of the Moselle, Thionville, and possibly some other portions of Lorraine, is coming it a little too strong. Dear me, how things do get mixed up, don't they?

The article quoted continues: "The Germans restore to France the Alsacian fortress of Belfort, PROBABLY, with a portion, if not the whole, of the French speaking district around it. France pays in three years one thousand millions of dollars; the Germans holding, in the meantime, some of the fortresses occupied by them. We presume the border fortresses of Longevy, Montmedy, Sedan and Mezieres, if not also Verdun." This is exactly so, and IF NOT THESE THEN IT IS SOME OTHERS; and there is no doubt the Germans restore to France, PROBABLY, the fortress of Belfort, and, if not, some other place (the reader being left to take his choice; well, having paid his money, he has a right to do that). If Mr. Thiers has succeeded in negotiating such a definite treaty as this, he has made a reputation hitherto unparalleled in diplomacy.

The very next paragraph in this folded sheet of paper says: "Of the wisdom of putting Thiers at the head of the Provisional Government there can be no doubt. He is the ablest, shrewdest, most experienced and most trusted politician France now has. Considering what his career has been, and of what antiquated and immoral and absurd ideas he has in his time been the apostle, it is amusing to see him cited as a protectionist authority by the New York Tribune." Poor France! "How have the mighty fallen!" Her ablest, shrewdest, most experienced and most trusted politician is the advocate of antiquated, immoral and absurd ideas.

Turning to another page we read: "Now that the Franco-Prussian war is over, it is not unreasonable to ask some of those who have busied themselves in commenting upon it and making predictions about its results, to sit down soberly and reflect upon their own sayings."

Certainly, bring them to account. What do they mean by such absurdities? Well, after sitting down silently and thinking over some of those who have busied themselves on this Franco-Prussian affair, we have determined as follows: 1st.—That we do most decidedly object to being placed in

the quandary of not knowing whether the above quotations were written soberly or in editor bouffe.

2d.—That the above Charles H. Fox, of Journalism, has no right to publish a comic weekly under the name of *The Nation*.

3d.—That the editor of *The Nation*, whether its editorials are written in "bouffe" or not, ought to put notes at the bottom of each page; in the one case, to tell us what each paragraph means; in the other, to tell where the laugh comes in.

In all sincerity, however, these quotations are a very fair specimen of the reliability of the *Nation* and its statements. As to its name, it has been suggested to us that it is intended to give the idea that whatever it may know of the nation unfortunate enough to possess such a sheet, it knows nothing of anything outside said nation; and here we leave it for the present.

MORE DANGER TO THE

"PEACE AND HAPPINESS"

OF

SHERMAN, DAHLGREN & COMPANY.

HAMMONTON, N. J., March 9, 1871.

DEAR MRS. WOODHULL:

A few days ago I and another lady issued the following in our local paper, *The South Jersey Republican*. We want you to print it because it may serve other ladies who may like our way of "carrying war into Africa," and stir them up to greater action at this critical moment.

TO THE LADIES OF HAMMONTON.

The ladies of Hammonton who are interested in examining the claim of their sex to the ballot under the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution, and who are interested in the education and the local politics of the town, are requested by the Committee of the Woman's Club to meet on Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at the house of E. J. Woolley.

BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE.

Eighteen ladies answered the call. We did not organize formally then, for the next day was the annual town election of officers, and we resolved to go and present our votes as citizens under the Fourteenth Amendment. One sister, in a courteous spirit, threw cold water on our movement. She declared that the framers of this Amendment did not intend to include women when they said "all persons," and therefore her conscience would not permit her to join us. I, for one, declared that I had no such tenderness of conscience, and that I believed "all persons" meant simply "all persons" and nothing more nor less. Our meeting was enthusiastic and unanimous, with this one exception; and yesterday eleven of our number and four others went to the hall where the elections were held and presented our votes. I had the distinguished honor of presenting the first ballot. As I gave it, the judge of elections said:

"By what right do you claim the privilege of representation?"

"I am taxed as a property owner, and I know that taxation without representation is wrong in principle."

"You are a woman," said he, "and cannot vote under our State Constitution."

I asked him to read me the section which disqualified me. The Clerk read the odious words—"white male citizen." There were other words, I believe, but I heard only these.

"That is a dead letter," I said. "You have already received the votes of negroes. Will you please read me the XIV. Amendment to the Constitution of the United States?" The Clerk read the first section: "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside," etc.

"Am I not a person?" I asked, and I looked around at the fifty or sixty male voters, whose eyes were all intent upon me. There was a general smile, but all was perfectly till.

"Certainly you are," said the Judge.

"Then I am a citizen. You know I own property in your town, for which I am taxed, and you cannot refuse my vote."

Mrs. Samson then came forward and presented her ballot, and Mrs. Randall, M. D., and the discussion continued. Two gentlemen among the voters spoke eloquently in our favor; these were, J. B. Holt and Edward Howland. May their names be immortal!

Well, the result was that they registered our fifteen names and received our votes, but kept them in a separate place. We then drew up a statement of the fact, signed it, and the Judges of the election and the Clerk appended their signatures. We have laid the case before one of the lawyers of the Supreme Court in Washington. We shall soon know if we have any redress or not, and will acquaint your readers of the fact, whatever it be.

We are now very busy in drawing up the constitution and by-laws of our club. There is a glorious spirit of fraternity and enthusiastic unity among us, and we hope to do good for the cause of our sex. Any suggestions through your columns for our guidance will be thankfully received.

We intend to establish a reading-room as soon as possible and your valuable WEEKLY will of course always be found on our table. We read it with great interest, and have received new hope and courage from your noble efforts in the cause of our sex.

Yours, with love and hope,

MARIA HOWLAND (Mrs.)

P.S.—I must not omit to add that we found the dreaded polls a cleanly and respectable place, and that we were treated throughout with the distinguished courtesy that ladies always expect and always command from gentlemen; and we also treated them as politely as if we had met them in our churches or drawing-rooms. Where now is that terrible bugbear that has frightened so many of our timid sisters—namely, that the polls was a place unfit for the presence of ladies.

GRANT vs. A. T. STEWART.

The *World* publishes a list of the names of prominent men who have become disgusted with President Grant. In this list we find the name of A. T. Stewart. We are somewhat surprised at this, inasmuch as that Grant has certainly, to the best of his ability, rewarded A. T. Stewart for the pecuniary interest the latter took in the President's election. The President has appointed Mr. Stewart's proteges to West Point, and nominated him, also, to an appointment in the Cabinet, doing his utmost to secure him the appointment. Of course this has not given Mr. Stewart his money back, and this is the sore point. If the President would take some method of balancing accounts we see no difficulty in the way of a reconciliation and a shake-hands all round.

Mrs. MACREADY will give the third of her "Drawing-room Recitals" on Tuesday evening, March 21, at 16 East Twenty-third street. These entertainments were pronounced by the *elite* the most elegant literary receptions of London, and promise to become so in New York. Mrs. Macready went to Europe some ten years ago and has made a world-wide reputation.

CHICAGO, March 12, 1871.

DEAR MRS. WOODHULL:

We have just had a very good convention here, and discussed the enclosed resolutions. [The resolution will be found in another column.—ED.]

I think the ground taken by you before the Congressional Committee in Congress has aroused new enthusiasm among women in our movement. We have based all our arguments in this meeting in the fact that women are "citizens" of this republic. In the letter I sent you last your reckless little type-setter made me use that much condemned expletive "damned" instead of "crowned." Will you tell your readers that I said the Republicans had "crowned"—not damned—their deeds of darkness by declaring that women are merely "members of the State." There is a great demand in all directions for tracts. Do scatter Riddle's and Butler's speeches in all directions; they are able and unanswerable. In haste, yours, respectfully,

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

A VOICE FROM KANSAS.

ATCHISON, Kas., March 4, 1871.

MESDAMES WOODHULL & CLAFLIN:

Your paper is glorious. I have been advocating the same doctrine for ten years in the capacity of a private individual, and have had the reading of every paper pertaining to the enfranchisement of women; but yours in its infancy is ahead of any other in its prime.

Please send copy of date January 28, containing editorial "History Repeats Itself;" mine has been loaned and read until worn out.

We shall be able to raise a large club for your WEEKLY here. Respectfully, Mrs. H. A. MONROE.

A WORD TO G. S. P.

MESDAMES WOODHULL & CLAFLIN:

A word in the WEEKLY, if you please, in answer to "G. S. P." We have neither time nor space for particulars, barely enough to glimpse at the heads and general outlines of the old mythologies in which the Bible has its place. The WEEKLY allows us but very little room to gather in all the fullness of the ancient Godhead bodily. When it shall grant us two or three columns a week, it may then be in order to descend from the headlands and put in a fuller appearance in the valleys.

We accept every physical, moral and spiritual truth in the Bible as of equal authority to the like truth seized upon heathen ground. As a book of ancient oracles, written within and on the back-side, and sealed with seven seals, we prize it very highly. Its ambiguous givings-out, in the words of the wise, and their dark sayings, are for those who have ears to hear and eyes anointed with eye-salve, according to the ancient initiations of the Nature worship, where the physical and the spiritual were blent in a homogeneous whole, though often divided in Jacob and scattered in Israel, in personification of attributes. To others than the initiated the light shines unto the darkness and the darkness does not comprehend it. Over all must be the Genius, the Muse, or, as the wise men among the Hebrews would say, the Lord, or his angel, in manifestation of the spirit, incarnated in the seer or medium.

True, the way-faring man might "hoof it" forty years in the wilderness without ascending to Pisgah's top, nor from any other mount of vision get a glimpse of the Holy Land. Ulysses also took the farthest way round as the nearest way home. It was the ancient peculiar way of following on to know the Lord through tangled juniper, beds of reeds, through many a fen where the serpent feeds, and man never trod before. Whether in exodus out of Egypt or in wanderings to and fro among the isles of the sea, the path was always rugged and sore; whether through the Dismal Swamp or through the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, before one could be properly born again for the fresh

fields and pastures new in the Elysian Fields or New Jerusalem.

To those who wish to go to the root of the matter in particulars, we would suggest the reading of the works of the learned Freemasons, particularly the "Signs and Symbols" and "History of Initiations," by Dr. Oliver. Gen. Hitchcock's "Christ the Spirit" is suggestive to beginners to the much more that supersedes him; Burritt's "Geography of the Heavens," Stewart's "Hierophant or Biblical Astronomy," and "Volney's Ruins." As anatomy and physiology in personification of parts were more or less wrought into the sacred mysteries of the ancients, the anatomy of J. F. Meckel will show how completely the human mechanism is in correspondential relations; and thus how the Lord might be the *Deus ex machina* in the image of God, and how the Lord between the cherubim was over the mercy-seat. The anonymous work, "Time and Faith," published in London, is a learned setting-forth of many celestial arcana, the origin of the Hebrew Sabbath-day, from the time-tables of the old astrologers and sun worshippers, who horoscoped the heavens for the word as well as consulted the Lord by his spirit. Max Muller and Mr. Cox will open the way from the Arian to the biblical mythologies; for the root of the matter is the same. Anatomical and physiological works will show which way went the spirit of the Lord in personifications of the elio-sacral regions of the Holy Land—a very large tract of land which flowed with milk and honey—so that the solar plexus of the centre of the system corresponded to the sun with his going forth from one end of heaven to the other. The palmist sang of this mystic land in parable and dark saying when his "reins instructed him in the night season." A French work, by Delame, "*Des Divinites Generatrices ou Du Culte Du Phallus chez Anciens et les Modernes*," is appropos, as showing how much this has been blended with the modern church mysteries.

Whoever may seek to read the book written within and without and on the back-side, and sealed with seven seals, must be a student of the same for a long time on probation, before he is able to see and to read it with the seven eyes of the Lord. These seven, as per Zachariah, run to and fro through the whole earth, nor less, we may add, through the heaven. Thus, to follow on to know the Lord is to see him as the sun shineth in his strength, shining more and more unto the perfect day, and with the spirit world to help, beautiful indeed are the angel's feet upon the mountains, tripping on light fantastic toe, and bringing good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. But we must bear in mind that the figures of Holy Writ are not exactly those of Colenso, who found Mount Sinai so great a stone of stumbling and rock of offence, inasmuch that Aaron and his sons had to tote the excretive six miles before they could find a dumping-off place.

With reference to Swedenborg, we have read a bushel of him, more or less, and he has many good things. In the light of modern spiritualism he is seen to have had considerable open vision; but like the bible seers or mediums, he must not be taken as infallible, for he is much in the hazy reflex of his own personality in beginning and surrounding, in health and disease, whose influences so much modify his word. His considerable spiritual insight makes him so much the more apt to lead astray in his many baseless assumptions; and his followers who seek to exalt him in any exclusive sense, fall into the same error and idolatry as the Bible worshippers of the holy men of old who claim to speak the thus saith the Lord. But no less was the Lord oracular by Balaam, and Samuel by the witch of Endor. As an exponent of the ancient initiations, or church, as known and practiced by the Hierophants or godmen of those days, Swedenborg is worthless. Those who would know of him without wallowing through a score or two of octavos, will find him in best estate in Wm. White's two volumes, London, 1867. There the Swedist seer is very fairly set forth—very fairly weighed, and very fairly found wanting.

If we would develop, in the fulness of all truth, that the truth may make us free, we must have no infallible Bible, no infallible Pope, and no infallible Swedenborg, to say thus far and no farther; but let each have whatever is rightfully the due. Asia and Europe are to lose their sway before the coming Genius of America. Neither the Lord of old Jewry, King Jesus, nor Baron Swedenborg is to be paramount in the sight of the coming God, who will do America in all the light of the largest vision. Mediums between this world and the next may be somewhat few and far between for the angel's visits, yet the communion of ghosts has come so nigh unto us that we need not pin our faith to them of old time. Woman, also, is to rise from the old planes and have her equal voice from heaven, already sounding the crack of doom to the fossil politicians and right reverends in God; for these, with the parasitical women, Almira Lincoln Phelps, Mrs. Gen. Sherman, Mrs. Dahlgren, etc., transformed into Lot's wife, are looking for help to the other side of the flood, and calling with a loud voice for Moses and Paul to come forth; but the more they call the more they won't come. C. B. P.

EQUALITY.

As we are the advocates of all measures which look to perfect equality for all citizens, we make no apology for transferring the following article from the N. Y. *World* to our columns. It is to the point and worthy of the best consideration of all thinkers:

TAXATION OR ROBBERY.

It is time to ask whether people who are taxed have any rights which government is bound to respect. If they have any, surely chief and most indubitable among them is the right to know how much they are taxed, and for what.

Yet there is not a single citizen of these United States, from richest to poorest, from the most ignorant to the wisest, who can answer either of these questions.

"What! do not my tax bills show how much I pay?" asks some much-burdened working-man, who finds it no easy matter to meet the expenses of his family, although his wages are fifty per cent. higher than they were ten years ago. Not at all; they do not show how much the cost of supporting a family has been increased by duties on articles consumed of foreign production or growth, and by the enhanced cost of articles of domestic production caused by duties on corresponding products from abroad.

"But there are the Treasury reports," some student suggests; "these at least will show how much the whole people have paid." Mistaken man! They show only how much has been paid to the Government. Another and larger sum is paid by the people, not to Government, but to somebody else.

"What for?" Exactly; that is the very question every tax-payer has a right to ask, and to have plainly answered. What clearer right can there be than that of the citizen to demand of his rulers, "How much do you tax me, and for what purpose? How much of the sum paid by me goes into the Treasury, and how much into private pockets?" Is not a Government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," bound to answer such questions as these?

Yet the system of taxation now in force is the most cunning device ever yet discovered for hiding from those who pay taxes both the object and the amount of the tax paid by any individual, or by the people in the aggregate. A man specially trained in financial inquiries, and supplied with all extant documents and writings bearing upon the subject, may spend months of hard labor, spoiling his eye-sight over volumes of figures, yet never discover with precision how large a tax is actually borne by the whole people of this country. Still less can he discover what tax is paid by any individual of the millions who have a right to know. And as for the millions themselves, they only know that in some undefined and unlimited way they are taxed, and that it is not easy to live. Prices rise, and the cost of living increases more than the earnings of industry. The fact and the consequent burden are apparent. But who can tell how much of it is accident, how much of it is tax, and how much of it is robbery?

If there were no other objection to the existing system of taxation, this alone should challenge the attention of a people professing to govern themselves. Some strange device for concealing from the people the real magnitude of their burdens might naturally find favor in the counsels of despotic rulers. Ever since the feudal baron ceased to extort by resistless force the tax from helpless serfs, and the wild bandit found high-handed robbery limited by order and the gallows, force has been giving place to fraud, and robber and ruler alike now search for ways to reach by cunning that which they dare not demand in open day. But here, taxpayers being also the rulers, one might expect the adoption of methods designed to guard against plunder, favoritism and illegitimate schemes for private advantage, and to enable the taxpayer to know as nearly as possible how much his government really costs him. How can a man be said to govern himself if he cannot find out how much he pays from his earnings, to whom, or for what purpose? Let it not be said that even in this country such concealment is necessary; that the people would not bear needful taxes if the full extent of them were known. During the war such burdens were cheerfully borne as few other governments have ever ventured to impose. So long as the government is their own, and taxes for objects of their own deliberate choice, in methods which they can understand and within limits which they can know and approve, the people of this country will pay as freely as they give or loan to any other investment deemed profitable or wise. But if money is taken from them, they know not when or how, by laws devised on purpose not to be comprehended, and if of that portion of their earnings which they pay only a part goes to government and the rest they know not whither, under laws passed by the influence of men clamoring always for aid and yet rolling in luxury, what wonder if a people who wish at least to fancy that they govern themselves begin to murmur and complain? What wonder if they begin to believe that a part of their earnings is stolen from them through forms of law, and that cunning ways, more fitted to other modes of government, are here used to enable both robber and ruler to profit by a taxation which is plunder, and a plunder which is concealed under the pretext of taxation. For a taxation which purposely exempts one class and casts all the burdens of government upon another is virtually plunder, and a system which takes money from the farmer to give it to the manufacturer is not the less plunder because it is ostensibly framed to secure revenue from duties on imports. The main difference between the robber and ruler arrangement and that obsolete one of the brigands and barons is that in this age one cannot always tell which is the ruler and which the robber. The poor artisan, who helps to pay the taxes for his rich employer, never knows how many members of Congress that employer owns. And there are many members of Congress who, when they vote for a tariff bill, never know how much plunder they are permitting, or who will profit by their acts. Such are the beauties of a system of taxation devised, one might suppose, to keep everybody in darkness as much as possible. It is as if some law-giver had taken for earnest and applied to political economy the sad words of half-crazed Othello:

He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it; he's not robbed at all.

But the tax-payers will know it. All over the land they begin already to protest against a wrong the magnitude of which they cannot indeed measure, but that it is a wrong they know full well by ten years of experience. It may not be practicable at present to so adjust taxation that it shall be fully understood by all tax-payers, but the system which purposely taxes one man for the benefit of another can be exposed, and will be abolished. "Let there be darkness" is the daily prayer of monopolists. "Let there be light" should be the command of the people.

WOMAN'S RIGHT OF FRANCHISE.

There are, I have no doubt, few questions at issue which will command more attention among master minds of either sex than this question; and while we cannot but pity the want of understanding which some have evinced regarding it, we would wish to avoid all extremes in discussing such a momentous subject, and one from which we expect so many happy results to flow. May we, in all truth, request a favorable hearing and a triumphant success; not that we may as women, be brought prominently before the public, but that justice, at least, may be done to us, as a very strong, a very intelligent, and a most important integral of this great nation. I wish to awake in all an interest in our right of franchise, but more particularly women. I want women to be fully alive to the many advantages she would then possess. I want her to remember the duty she owes to her sons and daughters, her brothers and sisters, the duty which she owes to society and her country, that all may unite as one in demanding of the government her untrammelled right to vote.

To those who study the politics of our country, it must be evident that corruption is striding through this noble land; ships are bearing hither to our shores every day emigrants from every land, the educated and the ignorant, the noble-minded and the vile, all come hither, and, alas, all are alike at the polls, and too well we know how soon they acquire the right of which we are deprived. Are these not strangers to our laws, unacquainted with our public men,

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

RESOURCES OF THE COMPANY.

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

Total \$14,000,000
Equal to \$40,000 per mile.

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

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

New York, Dec. 2, 1870.

Messrs. GEORGE OPDYKE & Co., New York:

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

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

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

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

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

D. C. LITTLEJOHN, President

N. Y. and O. Midland Railroad Co.

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

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

GEORGE OPDYKE & CO.,

25 Nassau Street.

MAXWELL & CO.,

Bankers and Brokers,

No. 11 BROAD STREET,

NEW YORK.

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

No. 365 Broadway, cor. Franklin Street, connected by telegraph with their principal office,

No. 46 EXCHANGE PLACE,

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

CHAS. UNGER & CO.

January 3, 1871.

8 Per Cent. Interest

First Mortgage Bonds!

OF THE

ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD COMPANY.

Principal and Interest Payable in Gold.

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

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

Price 97½ and accrued interest.

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

W. P. CONVERSE & CO.,

54 PINE STREET.

TANNER & CO.,

11 WALL STREET

JOHN J. CISCO & SON, BANKERS,

No. 59 Wall Street, New York.

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

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

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

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

Loans negotiated.

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

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

HARVEY FISK.

A. S. HATCH.

OFFICE OF

FISK & HATCH.

BANKERS,

AND

DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,

No. 5 NASSAU STREET, N.Y.

Opposite U. S. Sub-Treasury.

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

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

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

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

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

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

FISK & HATCH.



BEAUTIFUL

SET OF TEETH,

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

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN,

With Iron Oxide Gas.

No extra charge when others are inserted.

SPLEND SETS, \$10 to \$20.

L. BERNHARD, No. 216 Sixth Avenue, Between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets east side.

American Patent Sponge Co.

R. E. ROBBINS, Esq. W. R. HORTON, Esq.
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MANUFACTURES OF

Elastic Sponge Goods.

ELASTIC SPONGE

Mattresses, Pillows.

AND

Church, Chair, Car and Carriage
Cushions.

ELASTIC SPONGE

A SUBSTITUTE FOR CURLED HAIR,

For all Upholstery Purposes.

CHEAPER than Feathers or Hair, and
FAR SUPERIOR.

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

MATTRESSES, PILLOWS, CUSHIONS, &c.

ELASTIC SPONGE

Makes the most LUXURIOUS and DUR-
ABLE BEDS, MATTRESSES, PILLOWS
and CUSHIONS of any material known.

ELASTIC SPONGE

Does not PACK and become MATTED like
Curled Hair.

ELASTIC SPONGE

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

ELASTIC SPONGE

Is the VERY BEST ARTICLE ever dis-
covered for STEAMBOAT and RAIL CAR
UPHOLSTERY.

ELASTIC SPONGE

Is absolutely UNRIVALED for SOFA
SEATS and BACKS, and for ALL UP-
HOLSTERING PURPOSES.

ELASTIC SPONGE

Is the HEALTHIEST, SWEETEST,
PUREST, MOST ELASTIC, MOST DUR-
ABLE, and BEST MATERIAL IN USE
for BEDS, CUSHIONS, &c.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS AND
PRICE LISTS.

SPECIAL CONTRACTS MADE

WITH

Churches, Hotels, Steamboats, &c.

W. V. D. Ford, Agent,

524 BROADWAY,

OPPOSITE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL,

NEW YORK.



MILD, CERTAIN, SAFE, EFFICIENT
It is far the best Cathartic remedy yet dis-
covered, and at once relieves and invigorates all the vital
functions, without causing injury to any of them.
The most complete success has long attended its use
in many localities, and it is now offered to the general
public with the conviction that it can never fail to
accomplish all that is claimed for it. It produces
little or no pain; leaves the organs free from irrita-
tion, and never overtaxes or excites the nervous sys-
tem. In all diseases of the skin, blood, stomach,
bowels, liver, kidneys—of children, and in many diffi-
culties peculiar to women—it brings prompt relief
and certain cure. The best physicians recommend
and prescribe it; and no person who once uses this
will voluntarily return to the use of any other cat-
hartic.

Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage.
1 box, \$0 25.....Postage 6 cents.
5 boxes, 1 00....." 18 "
12 " 2 25....." 39 "
It is sold by all dealers in drugs and medicines.
TURNER & CO., Proprietors,
120 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.



RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.
BEST SALVE IN USE.
Sold by all DRUGGISTS at 25 cents.
JOHN F. HENRY,
Sole Proprietor, No. 8 College Place,
NEW YORK.

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CLOTHING EMPORIUM,
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The Cheapest Place in the City.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE BILLIARD ROOMS.

Seven first-class Phelan Tables.

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Open from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M., exclusively for the
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The Finest Qualities of Imported Wines,
Brandies and Cigars.

Wholesale Store—71 BROADWAY.
JOHN GAULT.

PIANOS! PIANOS! CABINET ORGANS AND MELODEONS, AT MERRELL'S

[Late Cummings].

Piano Waterrooms, No. 8 Union Square.

A large stock, including Pianos of the best Makers,
for sale cheap for cash, or to rent. Money paid for
rent applied to purchase. Repairing done well and
promptly. Call and examine before deciding else-
where.

M. M. MERRELL, late Cummings,
No. 8 Union Square.

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PORTER & BLISS,

LADIES', GENTS' AND MISSES'

BOOTS & SHOES,

No. 1,255 Broadway,

Corner of Thirty-first street, New York
(Opposite Grand Hotel and Clifford House.)

BOYS' AND YOUTHS'

BOOTS AND SHOES

A SPECIALTY.

PROGNOSTIC ASTRONOMY:

ASTRO-PHRENOLOGY,
as practiced by Dr. L. D. and Mrs. S. D. BOUGHTON,
491 Broome street, New York City.
To know by signs, to judge the turns of fate,
Is greater than to fill the seats of State;
The ruling stars above, by secret laws,
Determine Fortune in her second cause.
These are a book wherein we all may read,
And all should know who would in life succeed,
What correspondent signs in man display
His future actions—point his devious way:—
Thus, in the heavens, his future fate to learn,
The present, past and future to discern,
Correct his steps, improve the hours of life,
And, shunning error, live devoid of strife.
Any five questions in letter, enclosing two dollars,
promptly attended to. Terms of consultation from
\$1 to \$5, according to importance. Nativities written
from \$5 upward. Phrenological examinations, verbal
\$1; with chart, \$2.

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CORNER OF TWELFTH STREET,
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Choice Flowers always on Hand.

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Office, 713 Washington St.,
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The medical record of Dr. E. D. SPEAR, as a suc-
cessful physician in the treatment of chronic diseases,
is without a parallel. Many are suffered to die who
might be saved. Dr. Spear makes a direct appeal to
the substantial, intelligent and cultivated citizens of
our country, and asks that his claims as a physician of
extraordinary powers may be investigated. If you
are beyond human aid Dr. Spear will not deceive you.
If you have ONE CHANCE he will save you. Come to
his office and consult him. If you cannot visit, con-
sult him by letter, with stamp.

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

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY.

\$330,000 IN GOLD
DRAWN EVERY 17 DAYS.

Prizes cashed and information furnished. Orders
solicited and promptly filled.

The highest rates paid for Doubloons and all kinds
of Gold and Silver and Government Securities.

TAYLOR & CO., BANKERS,
No. 16 Wall Street.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH INSTITUTE.

YEAR 1870-71.

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FOR

YOUNG LADIES,

No. 15 East 24th Street, near Madison Park,
NEW YORK.

PRINCIPALS—MADAME MALLARD AND MADAME
CARRIER.

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

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

For particulars, send for Circular.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.



LARGE PROFITS,

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

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

777 BROADWAY,

NATIONAL FINGER-GUARD COMPANY.

THE BALTIMORE & OHIO R. R.

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

Louisville in 29 1/2 hours.
Passengers by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad have
choice of routes, either via Columbus or Parkersburg.

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

The only line running four daily trains from Cin-
cinnati to Louisville.

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

Remember! lower fare by no other route.
To secure the advantages offered by this great
through route of Quick Time, Short Distance and Low
Fare, ask for tickets, and be sure they read, via Louis-
ville and Cincinnati Short Line R. R.
Get your tickets—No. 87 Washington street, Boston;
No. 229 Broadway, office New Jersey R. R., foot of
Courtlandt street, New York; Continental Hotel, 828
Chestnut street, 44 South Fifth street, and at the depot
corner Broad and Prime streets, Philadelphia; S. E.
corner Baltimore and Calvert streets, or at Camden
Station, Baltimore; 485 Pennsylvania avenue, Wash-
ington, D. C.; and at all the principal railroad Offices
in the East.

SAM. GILL,
General Supt., Louisville, Ky.
HENRY STEFFE,
Gen. Ticket Agent, Louisville, Ky.
SIDNEY B. JONES,
Gen. Pass. Agent, Louisville, Ky.

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

ALLENTOWN LINE TO THE WEST.
Sixty miles and three hours saved by this line to Chi-
cago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, etc., with but one change
of cars.
Silver Palace cars through from New York to Chi-
cago.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

Commencing May 10, 1870—Leave New York as fol-
lows:

5:30 A. M.—For Plainfield.
6:00 A. M.—For Easton, Bethlehem, Mauch Chunk,
Williamsport, Wilkesbarre, Mahanoy City, Tuxh-
nock, Towanda, Waverly, etc.
7:30 A. M.—For Easton.
12 M.—For Flemington, Easton, Allentown, Mauch
Chunk, Wilkesbarre, Reading, Columbia, Lancaster,
Ephrata, Litiz, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg, etc.
2 P. M.—For Easton, Allentown, etc.
3:30 P. M.—For Easton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk,
and Belvidere.
4:30 P. M.—For Somerville and Flemington.
5:15 P. M.—For Somerville.
6 P. M.—For Easton.
7 P. M.—For Somerville.
7:45 P. M.—For Easton.
9 P. M.—For Plainfield.
12 P. M.—For Plainfield on Sundays only.
Trains leave for Elizabeth at 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30,
9:00, 9:20, 10:30, 11:40 A. M., 12:00 M., 1:00, 2:00, 2:15, 3:15,
3:30, 4:00, 4:30, 4:45, 5:15, 5:45, 6:00, 6:20, 7:00, 7:45, 9:00,
10:45, 12:00 P. M.

FOR THE WEST.

9 A. M.—WESTERN EXPRESS, daily (except Sundays)
—For Easton, Allentown, Harrisburg and the West,
without change of cars to Cincinnati or Chicago, and
but one change to St. Louis. Connects at Harrisburg
for Erie and the Oil Regions. Connects at Somerville
for Flemington. Connects at Junction for Strouds-
burg, Water Gap, Scranton, etc. Connects at Phillips-
burg for Mauch Chunk, Wilkesbarre, etc.
5:00 P. M.—CINCINNATI EXPRESS, daily, for Easton,
Bethlehem, Allentown, Reading, Harrisburg, Pitts-
burgh, Chicago and Cincinnati. Sleeping cars to Pitts-
burgh and Chicago. Connects at Junction with D., L.
and W. R. R. for Scranton.

Sleeping Cars through from Jersey City to Pitts-
burgh every evening.
Tickets for the West can be obtained at the office of
the Central Railroad of New Jersey, foot of Liberty
street, N. Y.; at No. 1 Astor House; Nos. 254, 271, 526
Broadway, at No. 10 Greenwich street, and at the prin-
cipal hotels.

R. E. RICKER, Superintendent.
H. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Pass. Agent.



J. R. TERRY,

IMPORTER, MANUFACTURER AND
DEALER IN

HATS & FURS,

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NEW YORK.

DR. LISTER, ASTROLOGER,
25 Lowell street, Boston.

For terms send for a circular. Hours, from 9 A. M. to
P. M.

RICHARDSON & PHINNEY,

SHIP STORES AND CHANDLERY.

At Wholesale and Retail,
No. 36 South Street, New York.

J. E. RICHARDSON. H. H. PHINNEY.

BANKING HOUSE OF HENRY CLEWS & Co.,

No. 32 Wall Street.

Interest allowed on all daily balances of Currency or Gold.

Provision depositing with or on check at sight in the same manner as with National Banks.

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

Advances made to our clients at all times, on approved collateral, at market rates of interest.

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

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

Railroad, State, City and other Corporate Loans negotiated.

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

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KENDRICK & COMPANY, BROKERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES, AND ALL CLASSES OF RAILROAD BONDS AND STOCKS.

TOWN, CITY AND COUNTY BONDS of the Northern and Northwestern States largely dealt in. Orders promptly executed and information given, personally, by letter or by the wires. No. 9 New Street. P. O. Box No. 1310, New York.

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

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"Continental Life" Building,
25 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

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

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

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

Accounts of Bankers, Manufacturers and Merchants will receive special attention.
FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST paid on CURRENT BALANCES, and liberal facilities offered to our CUSTOMERS.

DOUGLASS RUSSELL, President.
A. F. WILMARTH, Vice-President.

JAMES McCREERY & CO., Broadway and Eleventh street, On Monday, February 13, will offer a splendid stock of Housekeeping Linen Goods, selected with great care for our retail trade, at ex- traordinarily low prices.

Richardson's Irish Linens,
In every make and number, at gold prices.
Linen Sheetings,
10-4 Barnsley sheetings at 50c.
12-4 Barnsley Sheetings at 50c.
Several cases of very fine Sheetings,
24 and 3 yards wide.
Damasks.

1-4 Bleached Barnsley Damask, \$1, from \$1 20.
1-4 and 10-4 Damask, new designs, in very fine Goods.
Also, a few pieces of
Richardson's 1-4 Striped Damasks.
A large lot of
Damask Table Cloths,
from two yards to six yards each, with
Napkins en suite,
under gold cost.
Crash and Towellings.

Crash, from 9 cents per yard upward.
A large stock of Towels of every description,
from \$1 50 per dozen.
Blankets, Flannels, etc.
Our stock of Blankets, Flannels, Marseilles Quilts,
Counterpanes, etc., etc.,
we are selling out at great bargains.

Domestic.
An immense stock of Domestic Goods,
Shirtings and Sheetings,
in every well known brand,
at manufacturers' prices.

JAMES McCREERY & CO., Broadway and Eleventh street, Will open, on Monday, February 13, A fresh assortment of NEW FRENCH CHINTZES AND PERCALES, English Calicoes in a new shade of purple, a specialty with us.

Tycoon Repe, Gingham, Delainex, etc.
Also, a large stock of American Prints,
in all the most popular makes,
at very low prices.

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Furniture, Bronzes,
CHINA, ARTICLES OF VERTU.
Established 1827.

MIDLAND BONDS IN DENOMINATIONS OF \$100, \$500 and \$1,000.

These BONDS SEVEN PER CENT. BONDS are secured by a First Mortgage on the great Midland Railroad of New York, and their issue is entirely limited to \$20,000 per mile of finished road, costing about \$40,000 per mile. Entire length of road, 342 miles, of which 280 have been completed, and much progress made in grading the remainder.

RESOURCES OF THE COMPANY.
Full paid stock subscriptions, about, \$1,300,000
Subscriptions to convertible bonds, 400,000
Mortgage bonds, \$20,000 per mile, on 242 miles, 4,840,000
Total, \$6,540,000
Equal to \$40,000 per mile.

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D. C. LITTLEJOHN, President
N. Y. and O. Midland Railroad Co.

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

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MAXWELL & CO., Bankers and Brokers, No. 11 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK.

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No. 365 Broadway, cor. Franklin Street,
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CHAS. UNGER & CO.
January 3, 1871.

8 Per Cent. Interest First Mortgage Bonds!

OF THE
ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD
COMPANY.

Principal and Interest Payable in Gold.

102 MILES COMPLETED and in operation, the earnings on which are in excess of interest on the total issue. Grading finished, and ONLY 4 MILES OF TRACK ARE TO BE LAID TO COMPLETE THE ROAD.

Mortgage at the rate of \$15,000 per mile.

Price 87 1/2 and accrued interest.

We unhesitatingly recommend them, and will be glad to send maps and pamphlets upon application.

W. P. CONVERSE & CO.,
24 FINE STREET.
TANNER & CO.,
11 WALL STREET

JOHN J. CISCO & SON, BANKERS, No. 59 Wall Street, New York.

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

HARVEY FISK. A. S. FISK.

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EQUALITY A RIGHT OF WOMAN.

BY TENNIE C. CLAFLIN.

The object of the author in presenting this book to the public was:

First, To show that woman has the same human rights which men have.

Second, To point out wherein a condition of servitude has been involuntarily accepted by women as a substitute for equality, they in the meantime laboring under the delusion that they were above instead of below equality.

Third, To prove that it is a duty which women owe to themselves to become fully individualized persons, responsible to themselves and capable of maintaining such responsibility.

Fourth, To demonstrate that the future welfare of humanity demands of women that they prepare themselves to be the mothers of children, who shall be pure in body and mind, and that all other considerations of life should be made subservient to this their high mission as the artists of humanity.

Fifth, That every child born has the natural right to live, and that society is responsible for the condition in which he or she is admitted to be a constituent and modifying part of itself.

This is not merely a "Woman's Rights" book. It is a book for humanity, in which the principles of life are fearlessly pronounced and uncovered of all the absurdities and imaginary limitations by which prejudice and custom have bounded woman's capabilities. Every family will be the purer and holier for having fairly considered this book.

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BOOK NOTICE.

"CRUEL AS THE GRAVE" is the name of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth's new novel, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. It must command a very large sale, as it is one of Mrs. Southworth's most powerfully written efforts, exciting and sensational, and is fully equal, if not superior, to "The Maiden Widow," "The Family Doom," "The Changed Brides," "The Bride's Fate," "Fair Play" and "How He Won Her," which have proved to be six of the best novels ever published, and which are having unprecedented sales: for Mrs. Southworth, as a novelist, stands at the head of all female authors. She is a writer of remarkable genius and originality; manifesting wonderful power in the vivid depicting of character and in her glowing descriptions of scenery. Her heroines are not merely names, but existences—they seem to live and move before us. Her conceptions are marked by originality, and there is a purity and sweetness about her language which give a peculiar charm to her writings. Her characters are powerfully and touchingly drawn, and we learn to love them because they are more natural than affected. "Cruel as the Grave" is issued in a large duodecimo volume, and sold at the low price of \$1 75, in cloth; or \$1 50 in paper cover; or copies will be sent by mail, to any place, post-paid, by the publishers, on receipt of the price of the work in a letter to them.

THE THEATRES.

NIBLO'S.

The advent of The Rannels Family has added a new attraction to the Black Crook. Miss Pauline Markham has resumed the role of Stalacta. Miss Kelsey retiring, she is however to appear in Philadelphia as Carlind. We shall give a description of the innovations in the Black Crook next week. Meantime we call attention to the fact that this entertainment has but three weeks more to run in this city.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Les Georziennes is upon us in all its predicted splendor and Eastern costumes. A live elephant, a baby elephant who gambols around the stage to the great amusement of the audience, and a veritable war horse are among the attractions. The leading performers at this theatre are decidedly talented, and it is our intention to give an extended notice of the drama in our next.

INSTITUTION FOR THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG LADIES, conducted by the Misses Capelle, at Coblenz on the Rhine, Pfaffendorf, 125. The Misses Capelle receive a limited number of young ladies as resident pupils, to whom they offer the comforts of a home with the advantages of a superior education. There are at Coblenz an English and a German Protestant church, where the pupils may attend divine service. The house is surrounded by a large garden and situated in the beautiful environs of Coblenz on the right bank of the Rhine. The course of study comprises German, French and English in every branch, including the higher literary studies. The best professors from town attend, and a French governess resides in the house. Terms: For pupils above twelve years, \$60; under twelve, \$55. Lessons in instrumental and vocal music, drawing, painting and dancing at professor's prices. Use of piano, 15s. per quarter. Expense of laundry extra. Charge for servants, 12s. per year. Three months' notice required pre-

vions to the removal of a pupil. At the wish of the parents, pupils may be met in London or Bremen. References: John Betts, Esq., Pembury, near Tunbridge, Kent; S. R. Pattison, Esq., 50 Lombard street, London; Charles King, Esq., Inverleigh House, Ayr, Scotland; William Eadie, M. D., 25 Newton place, Glasgow; N. Trubner, Esq., 60 Paternoster row, London; Dr. Carl Mittermaier, Heidelberg; Charles Krieger, Sr., Esq., Coblenz.

PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION.

There is a great deal said in some quarters about amending the national Constitution, so as to acknowledge Jehovah as the source of all power. Would such a recognition tend to make men any more just toward their kind than they are? Christendom has been professing such an acknowledgment for many centuries, and yet no class of men and women are less ready to assent to the practice of the just and simple right of the elective franchise on the part of woman—the equal rights of all—than these zealous religionists. Having been born free, we occasionally step into a church on a Sunday morning to note how the progress toward the condition of real liberty—to see with what success they bear the outside pressure of elemental change and progress, which, indeed, in spite of the opposition and snarls of priestcraft, is rapidly placing God's heritage, the people, far above and ahead of the warring tyranny of Church and State.

The last time we were at church, during an interval in the services, the clerk read from the channel among other notices, the following:

"There will be a meeting of the male members of this church to elect," etc.

We remember how harshly this insult to the majority of that church grated on our liberal feelings, as looking round we easily noted much the larger portion of the audience were—pardon us if we do not say "ladies," we do not like the term—women. And these would-be constitution tinkers are the men who with uplifted hands with holy horror exclaim: "What, let women vote! what sacrilege! what brazen infidelity thus to dare fly in the face of the Almighty, who has proclaimed by patriarchal example and the mouth of his apostles, woman forever to be man's servant, not his equal. For Adam was formed first, then Eve." The woman was created for the man, not man for the woman; and she being disobedient was found in the transgression. Therefore, let the women learn to keep silent, and if they would know anything, let them ask their husband, for this is well-pleasing in the sight of the Lord—love, honor, and obey," etc., etc.

And are they not consistent with the tenor and spirit of their unequal and imperfect standard? The school-boy and girl of the lightsome end of the nineteenth century are rapidly learning something of the nature of the tyranny with which woman has been oppressed by the Biblical Patriarchs and Apostles from the father of the faithful, who so heartlessly sent his concubine Hagar and her child adrift into the drear wilderness to starve and die, but who, despite the evil results of Sarah's petty jealousy, was saved from perishing by angel intervention, down to the enslaving days of the splenetic bachelor Paul, and these lazy God-in-the-Constitution men, D. D.'s, are busy only to continue the slavery, and more, we think, since the advocates of equal rights have taken the logical stand to insist only on present rights, the national Constitution is sufficient for the balance of the nineteenth century. Still, please, permit us to indulge with these D. D.'s in a little logic.

We take the following from the *National Reformer*, London, England:

"We note this journal specially as a vigorous specimen of woman's journalism. It is owned and edited by Victoria C. Woodhull and Tennie C. Claflin, and Mesdames, the editors, write with a force and fearlessness which make their journal refreshing. It attacks the huge commercial, railroad, bank and insurance swindles, not simply with hard words, but with real arguments and strong facts. Pushing forward the woman's question, it does so with a pleasant freshness and keen sense of humor. Chronicling daily acts of talent, courage, devotion and endurance on the part of living women, it mentions in another paragraph that 'Mrs. Esther Morris, Justice of the Peace in Iowa, has temporarily retired from the bench to nurse her baby;' and that 'a lady stenographer is astonishing the old fogies in attendance at the present term of the Supreme Court, in Somerset County, Maine.' Mesdames Woodhull & Claflin deal with money and currency in a way which would have delighted the late Bronte's O'Brien, and which ought to make J. H., of Liverpool, an immediate and enduring subscriber. Whether the lady editors are sound on money and currency, we will not, dare not say. We have never had enough of either paper or gold to test the question experimentally, and so far as mere theory goes, we are terribly confused. Mesdames Woodhull & Claflin are freethinkers and free traders, the motto of their journal being 'Progress, Freethought, Untrammelled Lives.'"

To the Committee on Temperance Reform, appointed by the citizens of Detroit at a public meeting held February 22, 1871:

The human appetite craves stimulants so powerfully as to circumvent all expedients thus far tried to restrain its gratification. You and most of thoughtful persons are studying if it is possible or practicable to do this.

It is said, upon good authority that the use of vinous and malted liquors greatly mitigates drunkenness. France and Germany compared to Britain and our own country, are free from this vice. This is owing to the fact that the vinous fermentation produces none of the maddening influences which ultimate in delirium tremens. They are generated by distilling grain. Hence vinous liquors are innocuous, while the distilled are injurious to the human system.

If total abstinence is impracticable (as it always has and bids fair to be) it is a serious question whether the use of vinous liquors ought not to be encouraged or at least tolerated if they can be made a substitute for distilled. It seems to me that no one will dispute that society will be immensely improved thereby.

But can this be done? Upon this matter I beg leave to repeat the following remarks already offered upon the subject:

"I allude, first, to the evils of intemperance. Since my boyhood I have heard this constantly deplored and have seen numbers of organizations formed to eradicate: no, simply to mitigate. Nothing could be easier than to eradicate this evil, terrible and gigantic as it is. We have simply to vote all distilleries a nuisance and order them to be abated under penalties, and pass a law against erecting any new ones. But our legislators content themselves in studying out the most effective means of damming up the streams while permitting the spring to flow, with all the powerful influences of selfishness constantly raising their sources to higher levels." As long as whisky is made it will be drunk in spite of all legislation against it.

"Again, while in Michigan we have the most stringent Maine law known, saloons exist and multiply like the frogs of Egypt, upon every side. There are probably a thousand in our city of Detroit alone, doing a flourishing business in utter contempt and defiance of our laws making it a State prison offence to sell the third glass of cider, and in spite of all the teaching and preaching, precedent and example of thousands of our most worthy men and women who view the business as nefarious and the victims of it as going down the fearful road to perdition. Thousands raise their warning voice, but few to any purpose. Verily,

*Only forty-nine permits for new distilleries granted yesterday by our Government, and fifty more to be granted to-day, February 22.

laws must be only half made to be thus spit upon and trampled under foot that quietly permit such gross abuse. Can the women make worse failures than these?"

The question arises, can such severe measures be made practicable? I think not, as society is now organized. The majority of voters are too strongly interested in the pleasure or profit of the business to see it destroyed, and our politicians go with the majority. Let the issue be raised, and in Michigan, as indeed in almost every State, the whiskey interest would triumph. They know their power and will fiercely use it. A compromise as above indicated is the utmost that could be hoped for.

But there is an element of power in our land, which if permitted to vote, would enable the friends of temperance to gain a complete victory. The women suffer from the evils of intemperance fearfully, and hating the business and its results, would gladly destroy all the distilleries and saloons in the land. If their votes failed their faggots would not.

The same is true with political and other moral reforms so greatly needed. Man alone can never accomplish them, because a majority find, as in the whiskey traffic, too much pleasure or profit in them to give them up.

When woman is permitted to join with man in his efforts to purify society from its disorders and corruptions, we may look for loftier and more exalted standards of justice and righteousness than has ever yet been aspired to, and which man can never attain by his own efforts. Woman's sense of righteousness will not permit her to study policy at the expense of principle, as is now almost invariably the case with man, which paralyzes most effectually his efforts to redeem mankind from the evil conditions they are now in.

DETROIT, February 24, 1871.

DRAWING DAY IN HAVANA.—As the bell struck the signal for the drawing to commence, enthusiastic cries of "¡viva el rotario de hoy!" filled the air, and I came to the conclusion that every man, woman and child in the city of Havana was the owner of a ticket. Indeed, I have since learned that it is "quite the thing" for a gallant to present his innamorata with a lottery ticket, and that in all grades of life it is considered a neat and acceptable gift.

Of one thing I felt confident—that every person present was financially interested in the result of the drawing. In that vast assemblage, which held its breath with suspense as the boys put their hands in the wheels to draw, stood general and private, master and slave, mistress and maid, the millionaire and the rugged boatman, all drawn together by that common desire—the sudden acquisition of the yellow metal.

The first numbers were drawn; that taken from the wheel representing the number of tickets was —, that from the prize wheel \$50,000. We were not long in discovering the lucky one, a poor son of Africa, whose attire proved him to be one of that abused class of coal stevedores. He darted from the assemblage, shouting, and frantically giving thanks, in his peculiar dialect, to his God, for deliverance from Spanish slavery. I will say, *en passant*, that I some years after met him in Port au Prince, where he was the owner of quite a large coffee establishment.

The drawing sped on, every now and then some one shouting in triumph as they found themselves called on by Dame Fortune. But never have I seen such excitement as when the largest prizes followed each other in succession from the wheel. The lucky numbers for the thirty thousand dollar prize were 5, 2, 14; for the one hundred thousand dollar prize, 2, 8, 10. These tickets had evidently been sold in fractions, several parties present holding tenths and twentieths.

Many were the complaints of those who had ventured and lost, or having ventured and won, cursed their luck for not doing so boldly, by buying the whole of the lucky ticket, in the place of a fraction.

"Only to think," said Jack, with a lugubrious expression of countenance—"I came within two numbers of the largest prize." And he showed his ticket. No. 5, 2, 12.

"So you did," spoke a tall man with a treacherous face, who had been looking over Jack's shoulder. "As it is of no use to you, let me have it, to show some friends what cruel tricks fortune, the jade! sometimes plays us."

"You can have it," answered Jack, and was about to hand it to him when I stopped his hand, saying—

"Keep it, Jack; if it is of any use to him it is to you."

The man scowled, and said he thought it was none of my business; but if the cubellon would take a doubloon for it, he was willing to give it. Why I did so I cannot say, but I urged Jack to refuse the offer, which he did.

The drawing was over and the immense assemblage had dispersed—some to their homes, but by far the larger portion to the clubs and cafes, the lucky ones to receive the congratulations of their friends, the others to talk over the events of the day, and look forward to the next drawing, which would take place in seventeen days.

DIALOGUE ON CORRUPTION.—Two wags passing out of town on the Galveston road were struck with the beauties of Lawrence.

"Whose place is that?" asked one of them.

That is the lovely residence of Major George A. Reynolds. Cost \$30,000.

"What is his business?"

"Indian agent."

"What is his salary, and how long has he held the office?"

"Two years at \$1,500 a year."

"Lord! what did the honest fellow do with the rest of his salary?"

"Started his brother and two other men in the newspaper business to denounce corruption."—*Kansas Tribune*.

A SECRET OF YOUTH.—There are women who cannot grow old; women who, without any special effort, remain always young and always attractive. Their number is smaller than it should be, but there is a sufficient number to mark the wide difference between this class and the other. The secret of this perpetual youth lies not in beauty, for some women possess it who are not at all handsome; nor in dress, for they are frequently careless in that respect, so far as the mere arbitrary dictates of fashion are concerned; nor in having nothing to do, for these ever young women are always as busy as bees, and it is very well known that idleness will fret people into old age and ugliness faster than overwork. The charm, we imagine, lies in the sunny temper—neither more nor less—the blessed gift of always looking on the bright side of life, and to stretching the mantle of charity over everybody's faults and failings. It is not much of a secret, but it is all that we have seen, and we have watched such with great interest and a determination to report truthfully for the benefit of the sex. It is very provoking that it is something which cannot be corked up and sold for fifty cents a bottle. But this is impossible, and is why the most of us will have to keep on growing old and ugly and disagreeable as usual.

THE WALKING WOMEN.—The match of endurance between Miss May Chapman and Miss Forrestelle, in San Francisco, for a purse of \$500, was concluded at 3 o'clock on Monday morning, having been won by the former, who walked sixty-five hours. At twenty minutes before 3 o'clock, Miss Forrestelle declared that she could walk no longer, and asked to be removed from the platform, and she was carried off. The nuptial gave her fifteen minutes to return, but she failed to make her appearance again. Miss Chapman, however, continued to walk for another hour, and then retired, apparently in good condition. Chapman took no "spirits"—Forrestelle did—hence the result. Comment is unnecessary.

CAN A WOMAN KEEP A SECRET?—The *Nineteenth Century*, a periodical published in Charleston, thus treats this much-mooted point:

Men say women can't keep a secret. It's just the reverse; women can, men can't. Women carry with them secrets; that would kill any man. Women never tell; men always do. Woman suffers and dies; man blabs and lives. Man cannot keep a secret; woman cannot make it known. What is sport to the man is death to the woman. Adam was a sneak. Eve would have kept the apple a secret. Be ye faithful. Who ever heard a woman talk of her lover's fiascos? Everybody has heard a man gossip. Man delights in telling of his illicit conquests; woman would cut her tongue out first. Men are coarse in their club-room talk; women refined in their parlor conversation. Who ever heard of a woman telling of her lovers? Who has not listened to the dissipation of men? Men boast; women don't. Women never tell tales out of school; men are always blabbing. So, down with another old adage. Woman can keep a secret, and her ability to do so is proved by the conduct of a St. John (New Brunswick) girl, who did not tell her lover she was worth four millions in her own right until after her marriage.

REMARKABLE FACTS.—An Eastern man has been calculating, and in pondering the almanac has discovered the following remarkable facts: Next year is to have fifty-three Sundays, "but only fifty-two weeks." Moreover, nowhere during the year does Sunday come oftener than once in seven days, and the first week of the year begins with Sunday, and "so do all the other weeks." Let us should be lost in amazement at this, he explains matters by saying that the calendars for 1871 and 1872 show that the last week in 1871 begins with Sunday, and has a Sunday following it. Now, as it would be against all precedent to have two Sundays come in together, the year 1872 considerably opens on Monday, and, since it is leap-year, Sundays will occur once in seven days thereafter, an arrangement which this strange man says will place Sunday at the end of the week instead of the beginning, and thus be "a complete theological triumph for the Seventh-Day Baptists." It seems that this complication of the calendar is "supposed to have been planned by the Jews who, on account of their superior education, were intrusted with its revision." This is what comes of devoting one's giant intellect to the study of almanacs.

WOMAN A GEOGRAPHICAL WONDER.—What a geographical wonder a woman of fashion is. There is her dress, which, perhaps, the silky worm of Japan or Lombardy have furnished the material for, woven by the looms of Genoa and Lyons; it is supported upon linings of cotton from the fields of Egypt, Georgia, Brazil or Dharwar; her gloves used once to roam sportively upon the Savoy mountains, if they did not serve as natural clothes for rats; the feathers of her hat or bonnet formerly flew about the palm groves of Sumatra and the Malay Archipelago, or traversed Arabian lands; the diamond hunters of Australia and South Africa and Persian oyster beds have furnished precious stones and pearls for her jewelry; the bones of Arctic whales sustained her embonpoint; her furs were torn from otter or mink in Alaska or British America, or the sable in Russia, or, perhaps, she wears a shawl from India; and, lastly, her chignon may have once adorned a head long since pillowed on a "lap of earth."

WIFE-SELLING IN ENGLAND.—Yesterday, at the house of Mrs. Jane Morcilla, the Golden Ball public house, New street, Preston, a party of men and women assembled to celebrate by general jollification one of those illegal and disgusting bargains which even yet take place occasionally among the lower classes in Lancashire—the sale of a wife. On Monday night, at the inn above named, James Dilworth, alias "Jimmy Fat," a baker, led into the room full of company, with hands bound and halter round her neck, his wife Agnes, a comely woman, about twenty-seven years of age, who is a winder at a mill, and offered her for sale at auction. She was "put up" at a shilling, on which a girl in the room offered a shilling more. One of the men bid half a crown, and after the "chattel" had stood at this some time she was "knocked down" to him. During the evening, however, Hy. Gudgeon, a factory operative, gave the purchaser sixpence for his bargain, making the price to him three shillings, and she was transferred to him. We are informed that Dilworth and his wife, who have been married some time, lived very unhappily together, and that he has had one or two children affiliated on him since his marriage, which was the primary cause of their quarrels. During the whole time of the "sale" she took the affair quite good humoredly, and seemed nothing loth to part with her lord and master.—*Liverpool Courier*, Dec. 1870.

Governor Claflin, in his annual message, says: "It is very evident that a large share of the increase of savings banks is not the savings of labor." The Lowell Citizen questions this conclusion by adducing the case of the "Five Cent Savings Bank" of Lowell. Deposits for week ending January 7, \$36,639. New accounts, 150. Whole number of depositors, 663; 29 deposited over \$500 each, and 475 under \$100 each, down to 10 cents. During the year 1870, the whole number of depositors was 8,116, of whom 274 were operatives, 283 in trust for minors, 264 minors, 144 in trust for workmen, 244 mechanics, 204 housekeepers, 58 farmers, 62 laborers, 33 domestics, 22 clerks, 145 of various industrial occupations, 95 other occupations, and 45 no occupation. Those whose deposits were over \$300 were 488; between \$300 and \$100, 362; between \$100 and \$50, 930; between \$50 and \$1, 5,882; under \$1, 474, of whom 23 deposited 10 cents and 16 deposited 5 cents. Two other savings banks in Lowell furnish returns nearly similar.

AMUSING INCIDENT IN CHURCH.—A parish in the West of England had purchased a self-acting organ, warranted to play twenty tunes. A large congregation had gathered to hear the instrument. The first psalm having been finished, the organ without permission began psalm No. 2. In vain the officiating person tried to stop it—in vain did the wardens leave their pews to stifle the noise, still the organ kept on, giving psalm Nos. 3 and 4, etc. What was to be done? To suspend the services? To hope for its stopping? It continued to play Nos. 5 and 6, etc. At last they carried it out of the church, covered it up with a carpet to kill the sound, but on it went until it had played No. 20, much to the amusement of the half-attentive congregation.

The Committee engaged in the investigation of the two million bond fraud at Montgomery, have a difficult task to perform. They have been unable to find any record of the amount of bonds issued, and the testimony goes to show that the law authorizing the bonds was passed by means of wholesale bribery; John Hardy, Chairman of the House Committee on Internal Improvements, having received thirty-five thousand dollars to favor the bill. There is evidence to show that the bonds were sold in New York on the 26th of March 1870, and that the same bonds were not issued until the 9th of April following. There is cause to believe that ex-Governor Smith issued at least one million of bonds more than was authorized by law, and how much more no one is able to tell, as the immaculate Radical ex-Treasurer Bingham refuses to give evidence on the ground that by so doing he would criminate himself. Is Alabama bankrupt or not?

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