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VOL. 3.—No. 14.—WHOLE No. 66.

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DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

BY W. W. WOODHULL.

THE following principles are the basis of the system of political economy which is here presented.

1. The system of political economy which is here presented is based upon the principle of the equality of man to man, and of man to the earth.

2. AS TO METHOD—AND ORDER.

It is a difference to truth, and practical and unsafe, to proceed from the particular to the general, and from the known to the unknown.

Discovery is procured from the particular to the general.

In explanation or exposition we proceed from the general to the particular.

Science is a knowledge of principles, or laws of nature.

The observation and classification of facts and a drawn inference are the means to this knowledge.

Therefore, the inductive method is the fundamental and true scientific method.

The deductive method is supplemental to the inductive.

When the principles ruling the world in a somewhat less comprehensive sense than above we proceed by deduction, as in geometry.

Though some subjects are susceptible of demonstration, both *a priori* and *a posteriori*.

We make progress in discovery only by proceeding from the more simple to the more complex.

Hence the sciences have their natural and actual order of evolution or discovery, chronological and logical.

Science is acquired by superadding the use of our reason to that of our senses, with reference to natural phenomena—their ordination and co-ordination.

The scientific is the only safe, the only true method.

The integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion which primarily constitute evolution is attended by continuous change from indefiniteness, incoherent homogeneity, to definite coherent heterogeneity of structure and function, through successive differentiations and integrations, so discovered and formulated by Herbert Spencer as the laws of organic evolution, are equally true and applicable in principle to all our social and industrial organizations or evolutions—as to the future possible or the present actual.

III.—AS TO SUBJECTS—THEIR DIVISION AND ORDER.

At first, both as to the individual man and as to the race, our condition, as to knowledge, was that of blank, or zero.

Our first experience was in sensations, or impressions, which led to observation.

Having observed things, facts or phenomena, we commenced to have thoughts, ideas, and these, strung together as best we could, gave us theories.

For, witnessing the phenomenon, we began to inquire of our reason (and herein lies the first step toward real intelligence) the cause thereof, and attributing it to some cause, we thus framed a theory.

But, as we know, these first theories, for the most part at least, were false theories, though they embraced somehow somewhat of truth; as, for instance, in one of our earlier theories of astronomy we made the sun, etc., revolve round the earth, which, though false as a theory, embraced the truth of motion.

We proceeded, therefore, from ignorance to error, thence to knowledge—through error to knowledge—and this was the only course open for us.

Error is better than ignorance, for it at least implies activity—life; and ignorance is stagnation—death; and by activity, effort, only can we reach to knowledge—scientific knowledge.

Scientific knowledge (but this only) will lead to unity of mind or conviction, and this to unity of action; and which three, taken together, are adequate (with the help of the "heart") to the solution of all human problems, and therefore of the great industrial problems, now so much agitating the world.

We have given the subjective and objective worlds humanity and the globe it inhabits, which are counterparts of each other, and which reciprocally act upon and influence each other; they, to a degree, help to make and remake each other continually and inevitably.

The condition and growth of humanity depend in the future, as it has done in the past, upon the condition and growth of this globe—its mother earth. She nurtures us, nay, is a part of us. If she degenerates we degenerate; if we rob and starve her we rob and starve ourselves. (And just here might not the ignorant—and may we not say the unprincipled—agriculturist learn a lesson?)

But if instead of abusing and starving her and reducing her to poverty, misery and crime (for in this condition she sends forth evil weeds and devouring insects and destructive blights), we should be kind, considerate and just, she would, with the same fidelity of the needle to the pole, reciprocate in like manner.

But this, all this, being true of man and the earth, it of necessity is true in a still closer degree of man and the

earth, and a still closer degree of man to man, and yet in a still closer degree of the different classes of the human race.

It is the duty, to the degree of closer kinship or closeness, of each man to man to deal justly, to help each other for their own mutual advantage and self-interest; and proportionately the more advanced stage of civilization, say, suicidal, is man's duty to man in the war of classes, the contempt and degradation for the other, the grinding of the face of the poor by the rich, the ruling, the oppressing, the pauperizing, the murdering of the many by the few, as compared to men like dealers with the soil.

Just as we did it unto the least of these, my brethren, so we did it unto me "[unto yourselves]. So," Father forgive them for they know not what they do," will not apply here. The law is as immutable as the eternal ages are enduring that we must suffer the consequences of our own ignorance, our purlindness, our wrong acts; for what we do unto these we do also unto ourselves. We can no more slight, neglect or injure a part of the body social with impunity, than we can a part of the body corporeal without a proportionate loss and injury.

For our support and sustenance the earth, the soil, is a primary and an absolute necessity.

The monopoly of the soil, or earth, is not only a fraud and a theft, but is as great a crime as murder—is murder.

This monopoly is, therefore, the most primary as well as the most comprehensive of all the frauds and evils which mar and blight and corrupt our industrial and social relations.

By natural right, therefore, the earth belongs to the people *en masse*.

No individual or class, therefore, has a right to the absolute ownership of any portion of the soil.

Those left out by the monopoly of the soil are primarily at the mercy of the monopolists, and are liable not only to being forced to accept just what proportion of the results of their labor these others choose to allow them, but are liable to being deprived of even the right of labor.

Do these liabilities ever eventuate in actualities, O brother?

The rights and duties of labor are problems more primary, and a solution of which are more urgently necessary, than are any others of the great social problems.

The rights of labor are: the opportunity to labor, and to have the control of all the results of labor.

The duties of labor are: to use with economy, to conserve and preserve and beautify these results, to work for others, to render agreeable and attractive all branches of industry, to use the products of labor to promote culture, education and the harmony of all the social relations.

We can only solve this industrial question by method, by organization.

To this end we must have the science of industry, the science of economies, which knowledge, therefore, is the most needful to us, of all unknown things, at the present time and crisis.

And, happily, this knowledge is now possible, which was never before the case, for, as per previous statement, there is but one way in which knowledge can be attained, in which the sciences can be evolved or discovered, to wit: by commencing with the more simple and abstract and rising by gradual gradations to more complex and concrete; the truth of the previous science being necessary to the discovery of the next higher science.

The first phase or system of industry (worthy to be called a system) was that of the chattel slavery system, looking at industry in the light of the relation of classes.

The next was that of serfdom, with its varieties and degrees.

The next system was the wages system, and this is the one now in vogue.

While this change has been, in the largest sense, a general benefit and real progress, the wages system, in some senses, is a worse and more cruel system than was either of its predecessors.

The chattel slave was cared for as the property of his owner, and there was more sympathy by far between them than is between the present employer and employee.

The employer does not lose, as in the other relations, by the starvation, sickness or death of the laborer for wages.

By the change he has got rid of the responsibility of supporting him through sickness and old age, and shifts it upon the laborer himself, and lets him live and rear his family in "poverty, hunger and dirt," and die of want and starvation, without feeling even a self-interest to reach a helping hand to save.

Looking at the history of industry in yet another light or phase (using the word phase now in a larger sense), and as a later growth, the first system was the Monopolistic System—as when guilds were rife, which were composed of the masters as well as the servants of a given craft; and when one town was "protected" against another, or trade prohibited between them, in the same country, etc.

This system is now superseded by the competitive system, though the monopolistic system still obtains in some of the branches of industry, mostly in the newest—for instance, in railroading.

The old monopoly "dies hard;" it seems to have grown

tougher than weaker by age. But this was equally true of each of the other systems. Time invested them with the shield of "vested rights," so called, and a halo of authority, which claim the right to perpetuity, and therefore never die until killed.

Competition has had the fostering care, the promptings and proppings of all the so-called political economists to help it prevail all against monopoly.

These economists in doing this have indeed done a good work. They have helped the industrial world to take another step nearer to the final solution of the industrial problem. They have helped us to a less imperfect system in lieu of a more imperfect system. But they have done a bad work in treating the subject as if the competitive system was the *finale*, the ultimatum of political economy as a science, as teaching a scientific system of industry, as teaching economy at all; for it has been found to be, on the contrary, a most wasteful system. While it is an improvement upon monopoly, on the whole, like wages is to slavery, it, like it, brings in new and galling evils.

As might and skill of muscle was once the rule of right, so, with this system, is the might and cunning of intellect the rule of right.

Political economy, further developed, recognizes and demonstrates that the co-operative or associative principle, in contradistinction to the competitive or individualistic, lies at the very foundation, is the foundation, of economy in industry, and that it is as necessary, and more so, that this same principle should be made—must be made—to supersede competition as that it was necessary that competition should supersede monopoly.

This co-operative system, with its attaches, fully developed, disseminated and applied, will be the solution of the industrial or labor problem, and the acme of political economy as a science.

It will supersede the wages system as well as the competitive, and abolish their respective huge peace-destroying, war and poverty and wretchedness and crime-engendering concomitant evils.

One of its principle attaches, or associate elements, is a scientific system of money.

Money is a principle—an implied promise—as in contradistinction to being a commodity. It is a token for, or representative of commodities.

Its volume must be based upon the "quantity" of commodity as in contradistinction to number of persons—*per capita*.

It must be owned and controlled by the people at large and in common, and loaned to those who have commodities to exchange, without interest.

(But as to this point of interest, may not a new and vastly economical and important system of rating and collecting taxes be introduced just here by way of simply charging a percentage on all money loaned?)

The regulation of the occupation and the treatment of the land is included in economics.

Regulation of population, education, its kind, etc., also belongs thereto.

Natural increase of production is not equal nor adequate to the natural increase of population, therefore population must be scientifically regulated.

The profit-making system, which underlies, everywhere pervades and dominates all these other systems, as to duration of time, extent of space, and degree of iniquity, must be abolished.

The profit-making system is a system of natural robbery. The profit-making system is the *summum malum* of all these other imperfect and evil systems.

The sovereignty-of-the-individual, or free-competition system, is the opposite to an organized system, and is not only unscientific merely, but it tends to chaos—is chaos.

It is predicated upon the theory, or rather the idea, that we are but individuals—that we are wholly selfish and not at all social beings.

The Commonistic System, on the contrary, is predicated on the idea that we are wholly socialistic in our character, and it is therefore, the opposite extreme, from the golden mean, where the truth of the case lies, and is, therefore, like the other system, by one half false, or rather falsely predicated.

We are both individual, or selfish, and social by organization, by nature, and therefore must not only have organized system, but the system must be predicated upon this duality of the nature of man.

The first great necessity, and it is an absolute necessity, in order to effectuate the organization of society generally, is the scientific organization of industry—of labor.

We need and must have a science of sexology beside sociology proper.

The female principle is as conspicuous and as important an element in nature as is the male principle—there is, therefore, as much a goddess as there is a god.

Ethics is based upon the principle of utility, and our innate conscientiousness combined, this innate principle may be a growth, and hence in a sense experience.

Sociology pertains to the grouping of persons in numbers and series, &c.

As to governments, we speak of them last in order, because this is their natural order.

They are the outgrowths of other conditions, phases and aspects of society.

They are effects rather than primary causes, though they become causes and instruments in their turn to perpetuate the conditions, evil or good, in which they originated, and to inaugurate new ones.

Social evils, social goods, social habits, customs, manners, public opinion or sentiment, make and shape the peculiar kind or system of government as the expression of all these, and as adapted thereto.

All governmental questions are, therefore, comparatively superficial questions.

And, as in the nature of things we notice the more superficial first (and many never see any further), these have been discovered and discussed first, and do not so much need further exposition.

"Woman suffrage," for instance, never really needed any exposition, as a principle, at all, for it was always self-evident.

In the management of the industries, &c., the governments should control all departments wherein there is a tendency to monopolization—the great thoroughfares, for instance, as railroads and canals, and the currency, but as servants of the people.

Particularly should the land be controlled by the government, since the tendency, under individual ownership or control, to monopoly, is greater in regard to it than with respect to anything else.

The democratic is of course the proper form of government.

Among modern improvements, worthy of recommendation, there are the "minority representation," and the "Referendum" theories—particularly the latter.

III. MISCELLANEOUS PROPOSITIONS.

If we allow that we are mental or spiritual as well as physical beings we may believe that we are in the presence of, and related to, a spiritual as well as a physical world.

In this case our interests and welfare depend upon the condition and growth of this spirit world as they do upon the conditions of the physical world, and the influence, etc., between it and us are equally reciprocal.

Our feelings were first in point of order. Our thoughts were of a later development.

We therefore were religious (religion springs from our feelings or emotional nature—it is a feeling) before we were wise.

And perhaps our emotional is superior to our intellectual nature; if so, religion is superior to knowledge or science.

At any rate, feeling is the impelling power to thought, to action.

At any rate, love and wisdom must go together—must work together—for the salvation of mankind.

For love or religion can but desire the good, it cannot see the way thereto, for "love is blind," it is not a seeing faculty.

But wisdom (knowledge) being prompted by love can point out the way to the good, for it is a seeing faculty.

Wisdom and love, science and religion, must join hands—must supplement each other for the complete salvation of mankind.

Science and labor must join hands, and supplement each other for the industrial salvation of humanity.

Let labor be the fulcrum and science the lever, and the whole world will be raised up from out this drowning sea of turmoil and iniquity, in which it seems so nearly submerged.

By the aid of science, and not otherwise, labor and capital may be reconciled. *For scientiæ, vox Dei!*

"Protection" and "free trade" are respectively, and in the order mentioned, the counterpart—the twin sister—of monopoly and competition.

The theory embraced by the adage, "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure," is a good one, and is as applicable and valuable in reference to social as it is to physical being.

Let us, therefore, aim rather at the prevention of pauperism and crime than at the curing of them.

An hundred thousand expended in the former way would be more profitably and judiciously invested, and would produce more good fruit, than would the expenditure of an hundred million in the latter.

By ignoring the practice of this theory the rich bring down upon their own heads "living coals of fire."

A tocsin was sounded for these about a year ago in the City of New York through a circular, and has been echoed in their hearing by the wisest and best of our public teachers.

There are strong indications of the possibility of a natural and scientific language for the use alike of all the nations and races.

There are certainly strong indications of the utility of such a universal language.

It would help to fraternize mankind, as well as greatly assist in the more rapid acquisition and dissemination of knowledge, and in uniting effort of all kinds.

There is, also, at least seeming evidence of a sort of "uni-

versality" science—a science of the sciences, of a science that shows the similarity or correspondence of all the sciences; as for instance, the similarity of correspondence or identity, of a given sound or note in music and a given color.

The conservation and correlation of forces, which is established, point in this direction, if it does not prove it.

And so there may yet be found more in Swedenborg's science or language of correspondence, than it has been our wont heretofore to admit.

Unity (as well as variety) of sentiment, of thought and of action, are necessary to harmony of condition.

The division of society into classes, as has been and is now, leads to divergence of classes, which leads to jealousy, envy and hatred, to strife and denouncement, to clashing and warring of interests, and, as the divergence increases, as it inevitably does, to revolt and revolution, when the oppressors, the "higher classes," go under in a whirlpool of their own blood.

For everywhere in nature, social or physical, the inexorable law is that a lost or destroyed equilibrium must be restored, and regardless of consequences.

Good consists in equilibrium, in harmony—in a true balance or proportion.

Though everywhere we have growth and decay, life and death, evolution and dissolution.

Individuals, nations, the race—none escape.

Though the race as yet is but in its infantile stage of growth or evolution.

The centrifugal and centripetal forces are equal.

Homogeneity and heterogeneity, unity in diversity and diversity in unity, is the law—is the necessity.

The highest and most "saving faith" is faith in truth.

Truth—come from where it may, lead to where it may—should be our motto.

If we need a Trinity, let us make one of Wisdom, the Father; Love, the Mother; and Faith, the Offspring.

Wisdom, Love, Faith—one in three, three in one—corresponding to unity in variety and variety in unity.

The successful study of the social sciences demands the co-operation of a broad, human sympathy, with a large intellect.

The growth of society, as of the individual, demands esthetics—culture—the elevation of desires, the improvement of disposition, as well as the increase of knowledge.

The to Know! the to Be! and the to Do! must be linked together—they are mutually dependent for the full fruition of either.

We have been heretofore developing in the animal, selfish or individual phase of our character.

We are now commencing duly to recognize the socialistic phase of our organic constitution.

In this country (America) we have reached—and are going to seed upon it—the "Sovereignty of the Individual" philosophy.

Mankind are gregarious, and it is as natural and as desirable to some to follow as it is to others to lead.

And both are as natural with man as with the wild buffalo, or domestic cattle, or other herding or socialistic animals.

But these animals which follow do not ignore their individuality nor its rights thereby, nor should man.

The Free-love, or free-anything, theories have their false sides as have the slaveries which they oppose.

There is no such thing in Nature as freedom. Every principle, every thing, has its checks and limitations, its "metes and bounds."

Nature is made up and balanced by opposing forces.

Celibacy is as great an evil as is prostitution. They are respectively the two opposite extremes diverging equidistant from the proper mean which lies between them.

The laws of Nature are immutable, and they are supreme.

Upon the immutability of law depends the possibility of science, of order, of progress, of life.

The most subtle, deadly and prevalent evil of the hour is the great lie of life, individual and social. This is the "skeleton" in every household, in the closet of every man's heart. It is the "evil tree." It is the Upas whose subtle poison penetrates to the very joints and marrow of our systems. It corrodes, it cankers, it festers and pollutes. It is a mocking, chattering, grinning demon, awaiting us at every turn. It is our attendant genius. Our life (our lives) is a huge sham! We do the reverse of the duty of "letting oneself be known," though one of the most important duties of life. We care less to be than to seem to be.

Mankind is a whole. We can not elevate any part without elevating the whole. We must reach down to the bottom stratum. We have never, until now, understood nor

attempted to practice this. We are now, for the first time, in the history of humanity, not looking toward, and not desiring, a "Latter Movement," that is doing this.

The present condition of society is that of the lean and heart-warming with each other.

In the extremes of riches and poverty the equilibrium is destroyed, and hence the destruction of the equilibrium the terrible revolutions among the social elements, the clashing steel and burning cannon, the military's plumes and the thunders near from the collection of these over and under-charged bodies, the drenching rainings and low waterings coming up from the bowels of humanity, which are daily warnings when we are willing to hear, but otherwise, direful forebodings of opening canyons and volcanic explosions, of yawning gulfs and consuming fires.

The laws of likes and dislikes, of attraction and repulsion, are in human nature similar to those in physical nature. Proximity rules. We are attracted and ruled by the nearer though smaller good (or seeming good) to the exclusion of the more remote though greater good. We consequently sacrifice the social for the selfish, the spiritual for the physical.

But persons have each their peculiar vision. What is remote to one may be near to another. And some "have eyes and see not," "ears and hear not," what others both see and hear. Scientific education lessens these differences.

It is possible for a man to become so intoxicated and blinded with avarice and the power of wealth as to incline him and enable him to force and ravish industry as a man rendered brutal by intoxicating drink would ravish the fair object of his lusts; but his apparent gain would be only equal, and his real loss as certain. The latter in his shortsightedness would seize upon the present momentary, half-enjoyed, half-realized animal gratification, regardless of the thousand times overbalancing misery which he must endure therefor through the lasting loss of self-respect, the lasting hatred and loathing of his victim and the contempt of mankind; and to the sacrifice of the esteem of society, and the possible friendship and love of her who might have given him, through mutual love, what he sought, with all the increase and advantage (a thousand fold) which such love and consequent mutual sympathy of feeling would have rendered certain. So with the former as capitalist. She—this fair dame Industry—whom, for the sake of this pitiful, half-enjoyed, half-realized apparent advantage, he forces and ravishes and robs of her "virgin soil" (the lands); whom he estranges from him, drives to hate and despise him, compels to be at enmity and at war with him; she might otherwise be his friend in youth, his companion in manhood and his solace in old age; might be to him another self, his other, and in this case, his really better-half. How infinite his comparative loss.

Surely this present estrangement, divorcement, is a mutual loss, is destructive of each other's interests, is unnatural.

Industry—labor—is the great "goose" that lays the golden egg. The egg is the life of all. Despise and neglect and abuse, degrade, starve and stunt, by whatever means, this goose, and we proportionately affect the virtue and equality of the egg. But respect this goose, honor it, care for it, nurse it, house it warmly, feed it with the best, give it all "that heart can desire" or nature ask for, may, help it if need be to "feather its nest," instead of "feathering our nests" at its expense, as heretofore. Do these things unto it and unto us, and over us, with "healing in its wings," it will spread its sheltering and fostering care, "even as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings."

MY FRIENDS AND I.

CHAPTER V.

A great many people have been to one, at least, of those great gatherings which in times not long past were called "parties." We may say that nearly every one has been to evening entertainments at private houses. A few people parted out from the great herd, if the selection be made by a master of the art of harmonizing, can pass a very pleasant evening. The same, not selected, but picked up as they come to hand, may chance to secure an agreeable evening, and they may each and every one leave the most elaborate spread of all the substantial elements of a feast with a feeling of relief, and a secretly cherished hope that another such infliction may be deferred indefinitely.

The difference between a political party and an evening party is, in the one a few enjoy the suffrages of the many, while in the other the many suffer.

A few years ago there was a tall negro in Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas, who got up the most primitive parties I have ever known. He was a wonderful whistler; more perfect in his execution than Mr. Honey, late clerk in the Bank of England, or even more accomplished in the art than the late Mr. Sunderland (colored), who was wont to gratify the club at the Green Dragon in Fleet street, of the English metropolis. This tall whistler of Nassau used to tune up his whistle, if his thick, ponderous lips can be called by that name, in some level note or in the middle of the smoothly beaten streets, and quickly there would gather about him dusky belles and beaux; then he would beat his tomtom to the time of his whistling, and the lads and lassies would obey their instinctive impulses and enjoy dancing to the

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ing to the fullest extent, for it was the spontaneous produc-
tion of the music and their nature.

More pretentious are those evening parties in the country
of Cuba. The traveler among the Guajiras of the Island
will see a shelter of green palm leaves in progress of erec-
tion in front of a dwelling; if he understands the usages of
the land he will stop and be gratified by the sight of simple
enjoyment: the young people moving lazily to the thrum-
ing of a brace of guitars from dusk till 12 o'clock. Not as
high in the scale of civilization are these dances at Coxon
shole, on the Island of Ruatan, when some of the Yankee
skippers pay for the candles, and a dollar to some dusky fol-
lower far after Pacanini to scrape a few notes upon a fiddle,
and the young men and women dance, and perchance, if
somebody's liberality extends thus far, drink also, which
gives a quarrelsome termination to the cheap festivities.
Very different are the elaborate entertainments given by the
wealthy of large cities, where music, flowers, wine and
beauty wage war for the supremacy, and the souls of the
guests are conducted to stunted indolence, when every im-
pression is pleasure and enjoyment is almost negative from
want of variety. There is pleasure in the foolish talk with
a pretty silly woman if it supplement a day of hard work and
contact with the realities of life. But for a steady diet it
will never satisfy true mental hunger.

But our party was neither of those mentioned, nor was it
Rob Sawyer's party, but it was a genuine party of the trades-
man class, such as many men of my age enjoyed or were
bored by, as the presence or absence of their particular star
dictated, some few years ago. How many years? No, I
thank you, I am a disciple of the Pope—may be called his
friend, so far as civility is a bond of friendship; and you
are not going to lead me into a confession of my age. Why,
it would ruin my prospects, and I would become the *rara*
avis of bachelordom—a hopeless friend of his Holiness; and
who ever heard of a bachelor so old, so ugly, so cross, so
sunken in the depths of degraded singleness but he still
clung to the hope that some day some kind soul, full of
womanly sympathy, would pick him up from his loneliness
and set him upon the pedestal of respectability—in a word,
marry him. If anyone thinks such a specimen of Pope's
friend has crossed their path, they are probably mistaken;
they have been misled by the bravado which is sometimes
put on to cover the shame attached to the condition. I have
never seen even an old, a very old, bachelor so near lost.
We had the necessary genial, middle-aged, single gentleman
at our party. He was a druggist, a great favorite with the
ladies and children—one of those anomalies which we meet
now and then. Enjoys life so well with his little share of
affection for each one of God's creatures that he fears to
concentrate all of his heart upon any one. His portly form,
his beaming countenance full of kindness, his tongue running
over with light compliments that make the heart glad with-
out poisoning, his ready wit yielding to every draft when
dullness seemed to threaten, his untiring attention to all the
plainer of the fair sex, whose retiring dispositions would
have isolated them but for his watchfulness, made him a
necessity to all our gatherings. But why he never married
was the topic of several of the mothers that evening. One
said, in his youth he had loved and lost. Another said he
never talked to women as if they knew anything, and she
was inclined to think he held the whole sex in contempt.
The opinion of another was that he held women in such
high respect, and regarded them as such different creatures
from the other half of the race, that till this, his middle age,
he had remained ignorant of the true nature of those with
whom he should be best acquainted. There is but little
doubt that the larger half of single men over thirty years of
age may attribute their condition to this false notion that
woman is governed by other impulses than those which sway
our sex. When we know both ourselves and our comple-
ments better, we shall be less shy of joining our destiny to
that of some one who can fill out our lives to the fullness of
nature's intentions.

Our party could also boast of the sharp, angular spinster
whose presence is not so essential to the happiness and jollity
of the company as some other of its elements. One of my
aunts filled this role to perfection. She was tall and straight
as well as slim, and believed in herself enough to make the
general welfare of the whole community her special care.
It was she who led the charge at the head of the corporal's
guard of antiquated belles, in the dressing room of the
theatre, which resulted in my disconnection from the
"Raspers." She had a quick eye for the growing prefer-
ences between the young people, and was ready to assist, in
a quiet way, to those enjoyable little moments that young
couples are able to secure through the aid of an out watch,
who picks up and diverts the would-be intruders. If these
admirable specimens of executive ability would confine their
labors to cases where their interference can be of service,
they would be valuable members of society, but it is when,
through an error of their judgment, they, with the best of
intentions, cross the purposes of their friends, that the whole
of their disagreeableness lies.

My aunt Barbary detested scandal, was the most loud in
her denunciations of those whose occupation was to retail
the petty errors of the young or the peculiarities of the old,
yet her sole occupation was the discussion of the proba-
bilities of this couple living in harmony, and of that one
eventually separating because Mr. H. threatened to leave his
wife if she affiliated with the Woman's Rights party. And
the most comprehensive scope of my aunt Barbary's mind

was the multitudinous relations of her acquaintances, the one
to the other; her mind never grasped the eddies of the whole
upon the one. To her each person was entirely account-
able for all and the whole of the effects resulting from their
existence. Society had no accountability, parents could
disregard every law, and permit their children to come up as
they would, yet the children must yield implicit obedience,
or the sin would be theirs. When George Peck left his
home, because he could not live in peace with his father,
who was every day saturated with wine to the extent of
partial insanity, she was loud in her condemnation of the
young man, though no one had ever breathed a word against
his character as a son, brother or citizen before. A brother's
departure from the direct path of rectitude in her early days
had fixed my aunt Barbary's opinion upon all such cases for
her life. How apt we are to let one case bias our judgment
of the whole.

The young lady of our "party," the cynosure of all the
eyes belonging to young men, was Miss S., the only daughter
of parents both of whom died in her childhood. She had
come up to blooming womanhood under the permission of
her grandfather, whose wealth gave him absorbing occupa-
tion. Her education had been general and diffusive; general,
inasmuch as it had been culled from all the sources within
reach; a quarter here, another there, and a third in a new
place, the next at home under a governess; diffusive, for the
range of her studies was only limited by the boundaries of
science; if she fancied mathematics, her teachers were charged
to pay especial attention to that, and touch as lightly upon other
branches as possible; if tired of problems, then the languages
were the only requisites for a young lady, and a time was
devoted to both modern and ancient tongues. So had her
every whim been gratified till her life was made up of noth-
ing but whims. Yet she was not whimsical, quite the con-
trary; she had high aspirations, and her conversation was
brilliant and well adapted to the requirements of our evening
party. Her taste was excellent, both in dress and in the
choice of her topics. She seemed to possess an intuitive
knowledge of the preference of each individual with whom
she came in colloquial contact. With the old bachelor druggist
she chatted of charities; with my aunt Barbary she dis-
cussed the prospects of all the young men as freely as if she
were not a marriageable miss, with a prospective large for-
tune; with lawyer Hicks, who was an admirer of the English
essayists, she talked with good understanding of Charles
Lamb; and when I led her out just after for a set of quad-
rilles she said it was almost worth temporary loss of reason
to call out such devotion as Lamb exhibited toward his sis-
ter; with one of the young ladies who belonged to the class
dressedy, she talked of laces and fashion for half an hour, and
with our dominie, who is deep in metaphysics, she discussed
the new psychological developments with all the confidence
of a spiritualist. Yet there was amid all the erudition thus
freely exhibited, a want of solidity or of depth, and an inde-
finiteness of purpose which pained one upon intimate ac-
quaintance.

It was regretful that she should aim at so low a standard
as a mere wife, when she had talents to make a mother, to
give such impress to her sons as would make them men of
great achievements.

In truth her aim was lower even than the wifely character.
She strove to be a most acceptable subject for wooing, for-
getting the more valuable and solid adornments of wife
and mother.

The young man of "our party," typical of the Young
America of that period, was Mr. F., the chief clerk of one of
the then large publishing houses. He was of varied accom-
plishments, could sing passably well, was a good partner at
whist, had a fair stock of stories and some favorite ex-
pressions, picked up from the fast companions with whom
he associated occasionally; also could quote enough to show
that he had either read somewhat of English literature, or
had studied good selections with an eye to their use. He
was often accused of drawing the long bow, but that was
owing, no doubt, to the excess of his knowledge over that
of his accusers.

The rest of the members of "our party" were as much
like those of any other party as those mentioned were like
to their fellows in companies of this day or other.

"Our party," while the guests were arriving, promised to
be one of the happiest. My Aunt Barbary had been con-
sulted upon the invitations, and had condemned three of the
most disagreeable people in our whole circle. One of the
discarded was lawyer Rawlings; he was so pugnacious that
rarely an evening passed with him in company without a
quarrel either upon some political subject or upon some of
the social questions. He was a conservative of the ultra
kind; believed in the past, and would be angry at a word
spoken in favor of this age. In his inordinate worship of
the past was enveloped the highest self-conceit, so that any
company of young people was sure to bring out all his worst
traits. It is a pity that some of this crusty sort were not
born a few generations earlier, when they could have enjoyed
the society they so much admire. For my part, if any
change has to be made in my relative position in the family,
let me be put forward, for I hope that the next, and the
next after the next, will be cumulative improvements upon
the present generation.

Another of the omitted was a young lady whose parents
had come up into our circle lately from a lower social plane,
and she had brought with her a great sensitiveness. She
knew that her early days had been spent among less culti-

vated people, and yet her spirit would not acknowledge it.
She converted some of the kindest actions into slights, and
was in a pet continually. Such persons can never learn that
they know more of their past history than any one else.

The other slighted individual was a man of middle age—
one of those closely-built, curly-haired specimens of the
race, who had a most tenacious memory, and took great
pride therein. No trivial error of day, hour or minute but
must submit to rectification in his crucible. He knew the
exact time, and could prove his accuracy by a multitude of
connecting incidents of every event in society or out of it.
Valuable elements such for statistical societies, but abomin-
able in an evening party!

Our party would have been a complete success but for one
of those errors of judgment which will creep into even well-
regulated and extensively experienced minds. In the mak-
ing up of our lives the smallest accident may exert a con-
trolling influence, and essentially modify even our very na-
tures. Half the evening had passed and found me more than
half in love with the sparkling Miss T—; the remainder
might have finished me but for my aunt's confidence in her
power of reading preferences. I had retired into a side room
to nurse my new passion while its object was fulfilling an en-
gagement with one she told me she would gladly avoid if
possible. It was a cosy little nook, hung about with unpre-
tending pictures that would give apparent occupation to one
or two while thoughts or tongues were busy upon subjects of
private interest. Here, looking earnestly at pictures my eyes
failed to see, anxious for the set to be finished, more than sure
that Miss T— would find me, I was making the time long
with the rapidity of my thoughts, when my Aunt Barbary,
with the best of intentions, sent another young lady in to
share my admiration of the works of art; while she, good
soul, whom I wished where I wanted to be when she led her
train, goose file, to the dressing-room in the theatre, stood
faithful guard over her pair in the lair, and let all see, but
none approach. It was impossible for me to extricate myself
from the toils thus thrown around me before Miss T— had
completed her engagement; and, in her effort to join me, she
dropped into the hands of Aunt Barbary, who took the pre-
caution to show her who was with me. She left, and I never
afterward had courage enough to explain to her the error of
her inferences. I cherished the affection for a time, and felt
for my Aunt Barbary all the hatred of a lover for a more for-
tunate rival. But now, having come to more light, and some
few grains of philosophy applicable to such cases, I only re-
gret that my Aunt Barbary was endowed with just so much
sense, instead of a little more or a trifle less, for no doubt
upon just a certain quantity of that valuable element de-
pendent not only my condition in life, but my whole charac-
ter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

U N A .

In the whole wide world there was but one;
Others for others, but she was mine—
The one fair woman beneath the sun.

From her gold flax curls' most marvelous shine
Down to the lithe and delicate feet
There was not a curve or a waving line.

But moved in harmony firm and sweet,
With all of passion my life could know,
By knowledge perfect and faith complete.

I was bound to her—as the planets go,
Adoring round their central star—
Free, but united for weal or woe.

She was so near and heaven so far,
She grew my heaven and law and fate,
Rounding my life with a mystic bar.

No thought beyond could violate
Our love to fullness in silence nursed;
Grew calm as morning when through the gate

Of the glimmering east the sun has burst,
With his hot life filling the waiting air.
She kissed me once; the last and first

Of her maiden kisses was placid as prayer.
Against all comers I sat, with lance
In rest, and, drunk with my joy, I swore

Defiance and scorn to the world's worst chance.
In vain, for soon unhoned I lay
At the feet of the strong god Circumstance:

And never again shall break the day,
And never again shall fall the night,
That shall light me or shield me on my way

To the presence of my sad soul's delight.
Her dead love comes like a passionate ghost
To mould the body it held so light,

And Fate, like a hound with a purpose lost,
Goes round bewildered with shame and fright.

—*Charleston Republican.*

Was it worse for the woman's paper to pick up a story
that a great singer had been unfortunate in her domestic
relations (not a very improbable tale), or to rip her to pieces
in a "high-toned" journal after this fashion:

Jenny Lind sang in her husband's "Ruth," in London, a
few days ago, and Justin McCarthy says it was a heavy and
mournful business. "Can that be Jenny Lind?" some of
the younger listeners whispered. That heavy, homely ma-
tron—that striving singer with the worn-out voice which
struggles so painfully with the high notes and is so hoarse
with the low.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—All communications intended for publication must be written on one side only. The editors will not be accountable for manuscript not accepted. Correspondents will please condense their letters. Many valuable communications are crowded out by their length.

MRS. NORTON AND THE TRIBUNE.

The following letter from the well-known pen of Mrs. Sarah F. Norton shows that she is still capable of expressing her opinions. It was designed for the *Tribune*, but its demolition of the *Tribune's* consistency and fair-dealing may not have been palatable—so it was thrown out. Hence its appearance in our columns.

NEW YORK, July 25.

To the Editor of the *Tribune*:

SIR—Having preserved profound silence for nearly a year upon all those social questions which, erewhile, I had taken so active an interest in as to incur the censure of strangers and make strangers of all, or nearly all, my friends—a result consequent, I believe, to all women who have the temerity to talk progress—I should still hold my peace but for one fact—namely: In an article headed "Blue Eyes Condoning Murder," you ask to-day, as you have asked in various ways on other days, "Pray, ladies, what do you want?"

Thus far, no one seems to have answered. Not that no one can answer, for we all know very well what we want; but because your question is addressed so directly to those of whom you write, that for others to answer for them seems an impertinence to them, and an almost unwarrantable intrusion upon you.

Besides, I doubt if any one among the so-called strong-minded can answer fully for any other one; for the simple reason that each differs from the other in detail of opinion, nearly, if not quite as much, as they all differ together from those who oppose the woman's movement entire.

Nevertheless, having been intimately connected with these social matters, and the workers thereof, for several years, I think I can venture to reply to your question in a general way, without fear of being thought intrusive by either yourself or those who, being distant and more than occupied, cannot answer for themselves, were they ever so inclined.

First, then, we do not want more license for women, but we do want less license for men, and for the following reasons in brief:

This excessive license on the one side and excessive restriction on the other, of the two parties, who should, in justice to both, be equally amenable to the same laws, whether social, moral or legal, we believe to be the primary cause of all domestic difficulties; and thence to this growing demand for divorces—to the frightful increase of the crimes of fratricide and infanticide—to those murders by the opposite sex of each other—to the majority of cases of suicide by women, and also that prostitution is mainly due to this first cause.

No man can love and be just to more than one woman at one and the same time. Yet society, by permitting, admits that man—but not woman—and he profits by the admission, if he wants to, in so far as making the attempt; for it can only be an attempt at best.

Nature herself has decreed one man to one woman, and vice versa, by every normal instinct and emotion of which humanity is capable; and, sneer at it who may, jealousy is at once the indicator and avenger she has provided for the infringement of that law.

All exceptions to this rule are monstrosities to be suppressed by legal action.

We believe, however, that this one-sided social license has gone on developing licentiousness in men—and, as a consequence, compelling women in the same direction—until the monstrosities have so increased in number as to make distinction between the rule and the exception difficult, if not altogether impossible; for, if their own words are to be taken as evidence, a faithful husband is thought a fool among his fellows, just the same as a thoroughly temperate man is among his.

Now, then, what we want is a return to natural conditions.

This, we believe, can only be achieved by woman having an equal voice with man in the making of the laws, and more particularly those which bear directly upon the relation of the sexes; hence our demand for suffrage. But, in parenthesis, I may here say that I have changed my mind in regard to this last point, and do not believe in universal suffrage at all.

If, in our denunciations against this license for men, and the evils which grow out of it, we have been understood as meaning that we want for women, or want women to take, the same license, either we have been most unfortunate in expressing ourselves or those who so believe are unfortunate in respect of ability to comprehend plain language.

The last, I am inclined to believe, is the true state of the case; and still more am I inclined to the belief that the worst possible constructions are willfully placed upon the utterances and actions of women reformers, for the very evident purpose of intimidating those who otherwise might give their aid to the movement, if only by indorsing our assertions that there is a social wrong somewhere, whether they agreed with us as to the mode of righting that wrong or not.

God knows there are plenty of women who need help from

some direction, if their own cries, heard under the seal of confidence, are to be believed.

As regards the "last feather" laid upon the back of our suffrage weakling by Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony's visit to the murderess, Fair, and their subsequent sayings in her favor:

Although I have held no communication with either, directly or indirectly, yet I will venture to affirm that neither of them has said anything that was not based upon the principle embodied in my preceding statement of "what we want;" and whatever sympathy they may have felt or expressed has not been for Mrs. Fair the murderess, but for Mrs. Fair the woman; subject to such social conditions as made the murder seem a necessity to her through the absence of any law to which to appeal for redress of her especial wrongs, and which had for their starting point the idea that women are the legitimate prey of men; to be made use of, singly or in numbers, as suits man's taste or convenience, and then to be thrown aside like a worn-out garment without the slightest reference to the woman's wishes or feelings, or how far her future might be destroyed by her relations with him.

Did it never occur to you, that however guilty the woman might be in the end, the man might have been equally guilty with herself in the events which led to that end? No, the law does not deal with motives; it passes over all intermediate crimes, and only provides for the punishment of that culminating one which becomes public, and which is the legitimate sequence of all the others.

It was with these possibilities and conditions in mind probably, that Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony visited Mrs. Fair; and I know Miss Anthony's opinion of crime so well that I am sure she has said nothing in defense of the murderess more than this, in the abstract: That such crimes would, eventually, rouse people to the necessity of placing the sexes on a social equality—not by licensing women, remember, but by restricting men; or if not restricting, then by punishing them for unfaithfulness with social ostracism, the same that women are, and which would amount to restriction in the end.

But there is a simpler solution to this act of visiting Mrs. Fair, and which is, undoubtedly, the correct one.

Everybody visits her who can, do they not? just as everybody visits, or tries to visit, every notorious criminal whose crime transcends the common.

Is there anything in the fact of Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony being prominent women that should cause them to forego visiting a criminal, or prevent their expressing sympathy if they felt any, or an opinion if they had one?—and, in doing so, is there any reason why a connection should be immediately found between that and the principles they advocate, and (still worse) to the detriment of those principles?

Must a woman limit her sympathies and visits of condolence to an exact measure of how far they will serve her in a public way, because she happens to be a public woman? According to your own creed the greatest criminals need the most sympathy, and "no hanging."

When the Richardson-McFarland trial was in progress, did you or any other journalist denounce the women who sympathized with the murderer—even to the extent of supplying him daily with bouquets and embracing him on acquittal—as women who wanted to destroy society by condoning murder? And yet the cases are similar in all respects save sex, and the same principle involved in both.

Now will you please to inform me why the women who are not advocates for any reform can do with impunity what those women who are known to be such cannot do?

Lastly, let me ask you: "Pray," Mr. Editor, "what do you want?" Clearly you are opposed to capital punishment, for you have said so. And yet, as clearly again, you want Mrs. Fair hung. Is a crime committed in California any worse a crime than if it had been committed here? It would seem so. Consequently you are opposed to capital punishment in part, and would discriminate as to which of the States should have hanging done and which should not.

Respectfully,

SARAH F. NORTON.

CHURCHES AND THEATRES.

Church attending and theatre going are to-day about one and the same thing; our motives in going are the same.

We go to hear fine music, fine sentiment, and see the fashions. The church is but a fine dramatic exhibition; the minister dresses himself, plans his prayers and sermons, rehearses and delivers them with the most studied effect. He tries to please his audience, exhibits his eloquence and learning, and is ready to leave his church when a higher rate of salary is offered him elsewhere. Our churches are costly and elegant; we tread on velvet carpets, sit on velvet cushions, our eyes rest on artistic carvings, beautiful frescoing, and windows whose colored tints and shadings outlive the rainbow. How are these churches supported? Let us see. In the front seat of Mr. A.'s church sits the wealthy Mr. B.; he has amassed a large fortune by the wholesale and retail liquor business. In the next pew to him is Mr. W., the owner of cheap tenement houses, some of which are brothels; the occupants are never troubled so long as they pay their rent. Over the way sits a flashily dressed gambler and sensualist; he bows his head in prayer time with the reverence of a priest. He goes there to see if possible he may find a virtuous young lady to entrap into his snare. Indeed, in looking all over the church we may find plenty of

sinners and very few saints; but with this the preacher has very little to do. He must not speak the truth and offend his listeners. Oh, no! he may tell about the poor heathen, who never had the word of God preached to them, how terrible their condition is. He will tell what a terrible thing war is; but when our country is involved in war, he urges all to leave their homes and fight. The saying of Jesus, of "Love your enemies and do good to them," is entirely forgotten and left out of sight. This sentimental religion of to-day tells us to strew flowers over the graves of our soldiers, while it leaves their widows and orphans uncared for and unprotected. Ministers are called the servants of Christ. How do they compare with His servants of olden times? Let us see. Jesus called the fishermen, told them to leave their nets and follow Him, and He would make them fishers of men. They were barefooted and ragged, but He knew their hearts that they were honest. He wanted no professors or hypocrites around him: He wanted those who spoke the truth and dared live it. Think you to-day He would be at home in the wealthy churches of our city? I think he would, as of old, say to them, "Wo unto you, ye scribes and Pharisees, for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men. Neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in. Verily, I say unto you, the publicans and harlots shall go into the kingdom of heaven before you."

We want less churchianity and more Christianity.

Let our religion not be merely sentiment, but reality. Surely the world needs to-day that the truth should be spoken. The cesspools of crime are seen everywhere in our midst.

Where are the evangels of truth to stay this great tide of vice and corruption?

Ministers, come down from your high places, make your churches school-rooms of instruction and reform, pluck the beams out of your eyes that you may see clear how to help others. Be not blind leaders of the blind, for you, if you are, must both fall into the ditch together. Let it not be any longer said of your churches, that they, like the theatres, merely pander to fashion and sickly sentimentality, but let it be shown by you that the Spirit of the Master is in your midst, working, as of old, in deeds of charity and love.

SARAH E. SOMERBY.

THE WEEKLY IS A SUCCESS.

ANGORA, July 7.

A friend writes me: "WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY is the freest, bravest, most reliable journal published in the world, and grapples with a strong hand the giant errors of the age."

I rejoice in his noble, heroic utterance, as it requires a good deal of moral heroism to indorse such a paper as the WEEKLY, inasmuch as anyone who is noble enough to do so, becomes liable to be looked upon as being "no better than he should be."

My friend's words are but the echo of my own thoughts, but they have moved me to send you my tribute of respect for the wholeness of your worth and work. May all good speed you. It does one good to see, and more to feel, that there are some women and men who are brave and good, and have grown big enough to take their places far enough in advance and above the mass of mankind as to become targets for the unholy and unclean to shoot their slime-bedaubed arrows at, and who have no higher thought for mental entertainment—no more worthy of effort than the digging up and exposing to view dead matter that has served its uses in individual and collective life, and gone to its own place. I am glad Victoria Woodhull does not claim infallibility. I am glad she has had experiences—I care not what, how or when, so long as they have helped to make her what I feel she is to-day, a most womanly woman, and probably she can accept as her own, the sweet grand words of Phebe Cary—

"My past is mine, and I take it all—
Its folly, its weakness, if you please.
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,
May have been my helps, not hindrances."

I agree, too, with Stephen Pearl Andrews, in thinking even the name Victoria sounds "prophetic" of her high destiny and glorious mission, of being, in many respects, the fullest expression of the living spirit of the age. Her feet stand in high places, and if we look at her at all, we must perforce look up! I laid down my pen just here to glance at the WEEKLY, just arrived. The first article that arrested my attention was Elizabeth Cady Stanton's letter from Wyoming. And such a letter! Such a full-souled greeting and whole-souled recognition and support of the eternal principle of right as one may not meet twice in a lifetime. How deeply it touched the best feelings of my nature, and I immediately thanked

"The goodness and the grace"

that such a woman as Elizabeth Cady Stanton lived, loved and labored for the good of the present and future generations. Dear Mrs. Stanton, if I was only endowed with your divine gift of expression, I would send you such words of love and blessing as is quite beyond the capacity of this bungling old pen to give utterance to.

Now I have my pen in hand let me send a word of recognition to Stephen Pearl Andrews. I read his articles in the WEEKLY, and as he discourses of "things belonging to our eternal peace," I discover dim foreshadowings of his deep, high, glorious meaning, and catch a portion of his lofty aspiration and enthusiasm, but at first thought almost feel he

From personal acquaintance with the gentleman, we can recommend Mr. Charles W. Hassler, of No. 7 Wall street, as a broker who makes railroad bonds a specialty, buying and selling those which are not sold at the Board as well as those which are. Mr. Hassler can be relied upon as a party who will deal honorably, and he gives among his business references the names of George S. Coe, Esq., President American Exchange National Bank; David H. Bailey, Esq., President Panama Railroad Company; and Robert Bayles, Esq., President Market National Bank.—*From Hunt's Merchants' Year Book*, 1871.

THE WEEKLY BULLETIN

OF THE

PANTARCHY.

PHILADELPHIA, July 17, 1871.

HON. STEPHEN P. ANDREWS:

Dear Sir—Prompted by an humble, earnest desire to aid the progress of truth, and to mingle my feeble voice with the clarion tones of the advocates of suffering humanity, I send you the inclosed. If its principles and expression accord with your own to an extent sufficient to warrant an insertion in the "Weekly Bulletin" of the pages of that useful and valuable paper, WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, I would be pleased to again send you a communication.

Ever your sincere adjutant in the onward march of the world's progress,

WILLIAM P. HOPKINS,
No. 125 South Seventh street,
Philadelphia.

DIES BEATISSIMA ORITURA.

Moral, social and political reformers are, among narrow-minded men, unpopular; therefore the more reason why the friends and sympathizers of their onward march toward truth and righteousness should offer the tribute due to those who bear the burden of the conflict. To be an "unpopular" reformer is a glorious desideratum in the eyes of us who are anxiously awaiting, earnestly working for the new era which, in spite of opposition and ridicule, is fast dispelling the clouds of darkness, whose leaden edges press so heavily upon us; and now may be plainly seen the lightning flashes of truth piercing the heavy pall with the overwhelming power of the thunderbolts of Olympic Jove. The reformers of the nineteenth century are making a history which will endure "while the world stands." "Generations yet to come," with one accord, will bless the noble and untiring efforts of those who are paving the way to a higher, a more noble conception of the true nature of their "being's end." Yet may the ideal Atlantis of Plato be brought to an impregnable reality and the conceptions of Moore's Utopia be established in adamant strength for the benefit, the enlightenment and the transfiguration of the human race. From a contemplation of the Herculean labors involved in the successful achievement of such a great work, we humble searchers after truth may well stand in awe of the daring of the noble men whose beacon light flames in our foremost ranks, encouraging us to follow the "white plume of Navarre" to victory. The Pantarchy stands before the world to-day, the exponent of enlightenment and civilization, the only practicable solution of the first principle of social science that "man should pursue his own true and substantial happiness." Upon the successful establishment of that divinely conceived form of human government, woman will be elevated to her true sphere. No longer depressed, harassed, bowed down by reproaches of inferiority, but raised up and seated upon her own lawful throne from which she has been so long excluded. Woman ennobled and exalted, with a firm hold upon the God of nature, will then extend to man the hand of sympathy and true untrammelled love to enable him to purge his present sinful nature and ascend to that nature he has so long prostituted; "God-like in all." Could but the narrow-minded, bigoted men who have crawled into responsible positions, and who now "hang hissing at the nobler crowd below," receive a revelation of truth, and stand stripped of their conceit and bigotry, face to face with their moral obliquity, what a crushing sense of shame and mortification would bow them down. When we reflect that these are the men who oppose our glorious efforts, and contrast them with the pure-minded and noble-hearted men who stimulate us by precept and example to renewed exertion, who can doubt for a moment upon which side stands the God of battles. "Divine Providence takes care of his own universe. Impotent of everything but malevolence of purpose, they can do nothing but blaspheme all that is holy and happy and good." If stern necessity urges, let our motto be "out of darkness, through blood to light," and soon may that millennium come, when will forever be hushed the echoing cry of millions of the oppressed and bowed down which now rolls along the blue vault of heaven up to the foot of the great white throne itself. "Oh God! More light!"

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. WARREN'S LETTER CONTINUED.

What do we want more than the greatest practicable amount of happiness for every individual? It we get this without muddling ourselves with the word duties, is not its absence a gain to us? (1.)

If I agree to build a steam engine for another person, and to deliver it within a certain time, it is for my interest to fulfill the contract, or I should not have made it. You may say it is my duty to fulfill the contract, but this is only another word for the same thing, excepting that, while my interest is the strongest motive that actuates me, the proscription of a "duty" has no force at all—it is supererogatory and perhaps impertinent. (2.)

In case I cannot fulfill my contract, we can settle the

matter by my paying damages to the injured party, which it is for my interest to do, if I wish to retain my business, and especially to avoid being ruined by "codes and courts," which you are so willing to carry into the future, instead of getting rid of them by an intelligent view of self-interest. When from a clear view of justice, and with means to fulfill its demands, I am prompted by my interests and feelings to do that which works rightly, individually and collectively, what use have we for the word "duty"? If this word, applied in the above case, does not mean just what I mean by the word "right," what does it mean? Is it something to rise above right, or fall below it? Is it not purely an impertinence? (3.)

Do you say that in the case of the engine I have taken only one particular case, and that the word "duty" has a general signification? Let me remind you (if necessary) that "generalities can never refer to anything but particulars," and "that any word or phrase that does not refer to or connect itself in the mind with some particular thing or things," is an unmeaning sound—only so much wind—a waste of time and labor. (4.)

You have incidentally done me justice in saying that I demand rights, but do not prescribe "duties" (to other people). Their right of *self-sovereignty* (for which I have profound reverence) forbids this impertinence. (5.)

JOSIAH WARREN,
Cliftondale, Mass.

1. If we can gain explicitness by always saying *to*, and never saying *from* (because *to* any place is always *from* somewhere else), why "muddle ourselves" by ever saying *from*? If we can? but we can't; and "that's what's the matter." The strife after absolute simplicity ends always by a necessary TERMINAL CONVERSION INTO OPPOSITES, in the direct confusion. The Truth is never simple, but always complex; never Absolute, but always Relative; and the essence of Relativity is that it is two-sided—that it "looks two ways for Sunday"—first forward, and then back—first intuitively, and then reflects, or turns back on itself.

To illustrate still further how extreme simplicity, which is Mr. Warren's special hobby, conduces to confusion, we need only take his statement and understanding of Individuality itself. By Individuality he means in the extreme conception of it, any, whatsoever, peculiarity or characteristic of a person or other identity, of even of an event, or of an abstract relation. But a person's individuality is also used, and more frequently, and oftentimes unconsciously, by Mr. Warren, to mean such peculiarity as distinguishes the individual from other individuals, and so sets him apart, and sunders him, in kind, from any community or class to which he might otherwise pertain—his *individual* individuality, so to speak, as distinguished from any peculiarities which might have just the opposite tendency, namely: that of identifying or uniting him with a community or class.

Under the first definition individuality may either "separate or individualize," or it may unite and classify, which is just the opposite effect, as the case may chance to be. Under the second definition it *individualizes* (or *separates*) only, and is opposed to, or contrasted with the tendency to unity.

In other words, individuality, as used by Mr. Warren himself, is generalized to that extreme simplicity, involving a complexity, in which it is equally applicable to *separative* individuality or unity, or to both, notwithstanding their oppositeness, indifferently. (These two opposite aspects of characterization I now distinguish as Divergent and Convergent Individuality, respectively.) But at other times and most frequently, because Mr. Warren's personal tendencies are toward freedom and separative identity, it is confined to the meaning of Divergent Individuality.

Now, the extreme of generalization which makes individuality to mean mere peculiarity of any kind—and hence the most opposite kinds of peculiarity, without any indication of when we have passed from one view to the opposite view of the subject—is ultra simplicity in appearance, but confusing complexity in fact. It is valuable, however, as the ultimatum of generalization, and as the basis, therefore, upon which the true discriminations of kind can be specifically planted. Simply adding the specifications *Divergent* and *Convergent* makes all clear and scientifically accurate. This subtle complexity hid under the guise of simplicity, added to the fact that the same term, individuality, is in the same breath used in another sense, used, that is to say, for divergent individuality merely, makes of the doctrine merely a convenient rat-hole of argumentation, or a sort of Chinese puzzle. Mr. Warren is provided for every assault; he can never be thrown off his feet, never refuted; and yet what he says proves nothing, conduces nowhere, serves nobody as a practical guide to anything, for the want of more specification. It is just what he described, himself, as a generality without any particulars.

2. Perhaps no paragraph was ever written which covers more subtle and far-reaching error than this. It is the abandonment of the whole moral code, and the proclamation of selfish interest as the only and sufficient motive and regulator of human conduct. To say that "it is my interest to do a thing" is not at all equivalent to saying "it is my duty to do it," any more than *from* and *to* are the same. This point has been, perhaps, sufficiently elucidated already, in speaking, in the last article, of *roads and rectifications, rights and duties*; but the next clause demands comment: "excepting that while my interest is the strongest motive that actuates me," etc.

Here is a quiet assumption as the whole truth of the subject, of the most degrading and vicious doctrine of human relationships. Mr. Warren stands here upon the same platform with the political economists who insist on "enlightened self-interest" as the only and adequate regulator of social intercourse—though he has not thought it requisite even to add the qualifier "enlightened." Self-interest, pure and simple, is the whole of it.

Now there is a sense in which this is true; but it is that same sense of an absolute generalization which wipes out all discriminations, and becomes confusing and misleading under the pretense of simplicity. It is the same trick of language and *locus pocus* of ideas as if, when I was eating fruit at the breakfast table, you were to shock and offend me by insisting that I was eating muck or manure, because the fruit had grown out of a muck heap and contained the same chemical ingredient. It is true, in a sense, that the two are the same, but the mistake is in insisting that for that reason they are the same in all senses. The fruit has undergone a complete transmutation in the vegetable laboratory of nature; and in another sense is therefore wholly different from that out of which it sprung. So it is in a sense true that all our motives are selfish, because they spring out of selfishness at bottom. But in noble natures selfishness has undergone a transmutation into unselfishness; whence also springs the sense of duty. In inferior natures "my interest" remains, it is there the "strongest motive," but with the *élite* of humanity the interests of all are paramount; the love of the truth of life for the truth's sake is the supreme motive. I have much more to say on this subject, but must restrain the wish to write on.

3. Duty is something to counterpart the idea of right, like the two directions of the straight road. It may rise above it, or fall below it, in relative estimate of importance, at the given instant of time; but it always counteracts it.

4. Quite right. I have had occasion to rely on this principle in the preceding criticism.

5. I desire always to do you justice, and justice to your discoveries in social science, which I deem none the less important that they need other minds to superadd the specialization when you have furnished the fundamental generalization.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

A REFORM ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL.

I have before me the first number of a new newspaper of this name, published by the Cosmopolitan Publishing Association, in this city. No editorial names are given, but I recognize the initials and views of several well-known reformers connected with the Metropolitan Conference and other progressive movements.

The *Cosmopolitan* strikes out also for Universal Government, as shown by the following extract from its leader:

From the foregoing it will be seen that a central, local and planetary or Cosmopolitan Government is indicated, which to express the complete thought, and all embracing idea, should be designated and known as—

THE COMMONWEALTH OF HUMANITY.

which in spirit, nature and name is anti-sectarian, anti-sectional, anti-geographical, and purely cosmopolitan and, at once, expresses the oneness and indivisibility of humanity, and its oneness of, and in-eparable interest, and is, in itself, by conveying a pure spirit, sublime thoughts, and enlarged ideas, reformatory.

Under this comprehensive and all absorbing name, it is proposed to construct four grand divisions, to be designated and known as—

THE COMMONWEALTH OF EUROPE,
THE COMMONWEALTH OF ASIA,
THE COMMONWEALTH OF AFRICA, AND
THE COMMONWEALTH OF AMERICA, OR
THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH.

Under the last-named division—the American Commonwealth—it is proposed to consolidate the United States, Canada, Central and South America, Mexico, all the Indian Governments and Territories, Cuba, St. Domingo, Hayti, and all the islands of the seas that are contiguous, and may be regarded, geographically, as belonging to the American Continent.

By this construction of humanity into a Cosmopolitan Government, and its four grand divisions, and their subdivisions for efficiency and convenience to the people or peoples composing them, selfish, separate and antagonistic interests would cease, and the best interests of all would be consolidated, promoted and preserved.

The *Star*, in noticing the *Cosmopolitan*, "from its harmony of design, it and its purposes are so much identified with those of the Pantarchy, and the political or Equal Rights Party, that the Cosmopolitan may be united with our journal; on the contrary, the things branch out that they are taking on the *Cosmopolitan*, and the like, with their common purpose and their great differences, so much the better for the accession to the ranks of the great movement."

Through the *Cosmopolitan* we also hear of a man from C. OSBORNE WARD, who is making a name for himself as a Workingmen's Co-operative He is a man who has found time, in the midst of the necessities of a working man's life, to learn languages, and to make great progress. He presided over the recent International Casino in English, German and French, us

The full and exact will give a fair idea of the vigor and energy of the weekly. The French section of the International, who are very active in the subject.

Mr. Ward, in the *Competition*, says:

"And why has our home not a spacious hall, where we may all, as our family, meet, gather, work, and consult, even other on the latest guidance of our coming questions?"

The Home of the *British Pioneer* is by far the most magnificent building in the whole city, and one of the finest in England. Its library contains many thousand volumes. It has one of the largest and most beautiful. Its committee rooms are as gorgeous with embellishments. Its business apartments are lavishly with taste and touches of economy. Along its vast saloons come and go with mechanical precision the feet of men and women of over eight thousand families of workingmen. In Manchester there are two of these noble institutions. Bacup, Sowerby, Bridge, Halifax, many other towns, small and great, have homes as cheerful and as democratic as Rochdale; and they are the Eldons of England; a daily, centres of gaiety and refinement; intellectual, of instruction and discipline; economically, of frugality and temperance; familiarly, of friendship and rest. Beautiful homes.

"One such a palace home in this great cosmopolitan city—one such a noble witness of co-operation, with its ties of fraternity, knit with reconciliation; its aristocracy based on industrious manhood; its affluence shared in collectivity; and its sentiment inculcating virtue and justice, would form a mark for imitation by a thousand more, and make the Labor Question a systematic school, instead of an interrupted strife for personal gains."

MARRIAGE.

BY DR. MARY A. CHILTON, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

[Mrs. Chilton has long been one of the bravest advocates of Social Freedom. Associated many years ago with Mrs. Mary Gove Nichols and Dr. Thomas Nichols, in the reform of medical education and practice, and having been a bold reformer from the first, she has many friends in the reform field, who will be glad to hear from her. S. P. A.]

The *Tribune* never grows weary of asserting that persons may assume or refuse to wear the bonds of matrimony, as the wisdom gained by an individual during twenty years of observation and experience shall dictate, but none know better than the philosophers of the *Tribune* that wear the bonds they must, or become the victims of solitary vice, of fatal dreams or the patrons of brothels.

"None so blind as those who won't see." When the child first opens its eyes on the external world, had it the "will" of the *Tribune*, it would resolutely close them rather than see the disagreeable things that often present themselves. And when this same child feels the strength accumulating in its limbs, it would refuse to walk; but nature would resent such willfulness, and inflict severe penalties upon the child for it.

Again, when the child matures, and the affections unfold, the impulse to form intimate social relations becomes strong; the will may be stronger and permit no voluntary expression of these affections; but then the retribution becomes fearful. If the *Tribune* had a doctor of medicine on its staff, and would permit him to enlighten its readers through its columns, he would tell such heartrending tales of these "victims" as would bring tears to the eyes of the most cold-hearted and relentless among them. To escape these evils of voluntary and involuntary suicide our young people are offered marriage or prostitution. Marriage is the legal, prostitution the illegal, remedy. If they choose marriage they not only choose bonds, but they are by marriage placed in a position of peculiar and overpowering temptation, from which only rare characters have the power of self-defense; with unlimited opportunities of indulgence, the restraint, the law removed, strong emotions, suddenly permitted expression, sweep all before them, and the end of the "honeymoon" leaves many of them almost ruined in health, exhausted in body, suffering from nervous prostration, and very often mutually disgusted. Then come the years of keeping up the farce of special and unflagging devotion to each other, the prolific and proverbial family "jars," the unwelcome offspring, weakly, sickly inheritors of the results of intemperance in the marriage relation, etc., to the end of the bitter chapter. Are not the records written in the columns of the *Tribune* daily, weekly and semi-weekly?

Or if the young man overcomes his natural modesty, his youthful timidity, and avails himself of the illegal remedy and resorts to the brothel, his purse or his power of fascination only will limit his desires and recklessness; exhaustion and contagion await him at some point in this career. For particulars, I refer again to the columns of the *Tribune*.

This completes the trinity of evils from which our young people must choose. Marriage is a very "Hobson's" choice, "a fountain that sends forth both bitter water and sweet," a "fig tree" from which we gather "thistles," a "grape vine" that produces "thorns," since all the deaf, blind, lame, deformed, idiots and insane, every variety of misfortune and crime, have their origin in this "Holy Institution"—are the children of these legally licensed lovers.

The advocates of the doctrine of "total depravity" from time immemorial have found the devil lurking beneath all good and beautiful things. One party of professed Chris-

tians banish the beautiful flowers and condemn the eye to stare at the contemplation of crucifixion and the torture of the damned. Beside the eye, seduced by the beauty of flowers, and perfume found in flowers, should wear the heart from desires for a mythical heaven. Another "sect" have condemned music, still others dancing, and all of them combine to find in the sentiment of love the very Lucifer of hell. The philosophers of the *Tribune* will pardon me for proposing methods similar to those in use by all judicious parents with the child just learning to walk. A guiding hand to steady, a word of sympathy when he falls. As these affections that relate the sexes unfold, guide them into channels of mutual courtesy, temperate reciprocity, until unfolded into the full and healthful activity of magnificent manhood and beautiful womanhood, competent and self-regulated.

THE TRIBUNE'S MISNOMER.

On the morning of the 5th inst.—the morning after the colored orator, R. B. Elliot, M. C. from South Carolina, spoke at the Cooper Institute—the *Tribune* came out in a whole column report of that gentleman's speech, prominently headed "Equal Rights to All," specially emphasized. Now, we would not for a single moment have it imagined that we have any objection to colored men, even if they are M. C.'s, speaking anywhere, at any time; but we have an objection to newspapers continually telling over the same stale lies until they not only get to believe them themselves, but until they educate their readers into the same belief.

To the kind of falsifying to which we refer no newspaper is more given than is the *Tribune*, and to none so frequently as to it have we been obliged to call the public attention. Now, when the *Tribune* was made to say "Equal Rights to all," the writer knew, if he knew anything, that he was preparing a willful lie for the public mind for breakfast. The *Tribune* knows that it was only equal rights for men that it really meant; but it did not dare to speak the truth, when to withhold the truth and speak to deceive in so great a matter as this is an evidence of the meanest kind of cowardice.

And to present this man Elliot to the public as an example of equality is, as far as women are concerned, adding insult to injury. Raised from an ignominious condition by the blood and suffering of white men and women, and called to represent his State in Congress, he suddenly forgets the depths from which he came and votes against any further extension of equality. Having got all he wants, he would stop the progress of the age. He would deny the ballot to Mrs. Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mary A. Livermore, Lucy Stone, Phoebe Cozzens and hosts of others who have labored years for such as he, who, when compared with them, is as a pigmy to giants. We repeat that we have no objection to colored people, and if a colored man were the best man for the position we would fearlessly advocate him for the Presidency; but we do object to upstarts and to continuous lying, and we shall continue to object so long as there are upstarts with more arrogance than brains and newspapers whose columns are continuously filled with stereotyped falsehoods.

WHAT DO SUCH THINGS AMOUNT TO?

The Comptroller, at the request of the Mayor, has presented the public with a statement pretending to show the transactions of the Treasury during the month of July. But what information does it convey? Simply none at all, except the fact that the aggregate amounts of various bills have been paid, the items and prices of which we are as ignorant of as though the statement had never been made.

Every bill which the *Times* cites as a basis for its charges of fraud might have been published in the same way this statement is published, and no one ever have been any the wiser for it. This manner of making statements furnishes a cover to any fraud which officials, whether they be government or corporate, see fit to perpetrate; and this statement, given for the first time under the pressure of present circumstances, is an insult to the intelligence of the people, and those who make it know it to be so.

For instance, when it is shown that three hundred thousand dollars were paid on account of "City Parks Improvement Fund," who can tell whether one-half or more of this is not a swindle? What should be shown to make the statement of any earthly account as information is what that three hundred thousand dollars were paid for, to whom paid, and for account of what park. If this is not done, then nothing should be done; for such statements as this one now given involves an expense, accompanied by no good results to anybody.

There is little question that frauds to a greater or less extent are committed with impunity in nearly all of our large cities—and, for that, in small ones, too—and in many of our corporate companies, who have charge of funds which do not belong to them. There are innumerable ways in which this is possible, which are well known to persons familiar with the common methods of transacting and recording the business affairs of such corporations, all of which require to be remodeled before the people can rest in any security regarding the honesty and integrity of their public servants, whom it cannot be wondered that the late revelations have brought into general distrust.

The alteration or "raising" of checks or drafts has become alarmingly common of late, and inventive faculty has come to the rescue by giving us several guards against this most dangerous work of the counterfeit; but by far the best we have seen is Moody's Eureka Stamp "for perforating into checks, drafts, &c., the amount for which they are drawn, to prevent alteration." By the use of this machine the appearance of the check or draft is in no manner injured, and, as the points ink as well as perforate the paper, any alteration is simply impossible; for the perforations cannot be obliterated, and the ink, being imbedded in the fibre of the paper, cannot be removed. The check is carried along on a sliding bar, by the upward movement of the arm of the machine, and registers perfectly, the figures being regulated by a dial. The cost is not excessive, and the whole instrument seems to be perfect in its operation.

HAVE THE PEOPLE BEEN DEFRAUDED?

Nobody denies it. The showing that nine million dollars are pretended to have been paid in the short space of a few months upon a very limited number of accounts, puts that question beyond the pale of dispute. But, from the action of the people and the obsequiousness shown by some of our papers to the dead body of Tammany, we doubt very much if the enormity of the matter is appreciated. The showing has been made, and everybody seems convinced that a gigantic system of robbery has been carried on; but are we not wasting time in parleying as to whether it is the old or the new government who are responsible for this outrage upon the confidence of the people? Are not the ruling spirits of the present City Government the same who were the ruling spirits of the old Board of Supervisors? It is the individuals who composed the government who are the responsible parties, not the government itself. And if those individuals have been transferred from one form of control into another form of control, they lose none of the responsibility. Therefore it is only an attempt made to parry the blow, when it is asserted that these frauds were perpetrated under a now defunct government.

But what has been the character of these frauds and how were they perpetrated? That is what the people are interested to know. It is asserted that an immense number of bills for work done and materials furnished have been paid. Was this work ever performed, and was this material ever really furnished, are the vital questions. Having determined that it was, the question then comes up, when was it done and where is the material? Both certainly are in existence somewhere, notwithstanding the Court House is not large enough to contain them. Having found them, it can easily be determined whether extravagant prices were paid or not.

If the results of the labor set down are not to be found, and the material set down as furnished is not to be found, what then? Why who made those bills, and who ordered the payment, and who received the money? These are all susceptible of proof, since each bill must be made up of items in the aggregate, amounting to the sum claimed for each bill.

It is not, then, the aggregate of the amounts of the different bills that is required to explain the manner of the fraud, but the items which make up the aggregate. It is not sufficient, then, to publish a showily rehearsing what the *Times* has already acquainted the people with, but every bill thus presented must be analyzed into all its parts.

First, we want to know how much carpeting and furniture there were furnished, and, next, where it all is at the present time, and so on with every bill of every kind and form which has been paid within the time that suspicion covers. It is difficult to see why corporate authorities, when accused of crime, should be treated differently from other people. When it was boldly asserted that this robbery had been committed, why were not the books and vouchers containing these accounts seized upon and held for examination? Why has time and opportunity been given to "cook" these things in such a way as to make it appear that though there have been immense sums of money paid out, it was only carelessness, not criminality, that permitted it.

There is but one way to account for these immense sums. All the work and material which they pretend to represent were not furnished. These bills represent fictitious quantities. They have been "raised," and it will require experts indeed to so change them as to make a bill representing in reality but a thousand dollars to appear to represent ten thousand dollars.

It seems evident that this must be the manner in which these frauds have been committed, since no one can conceive that such an amount of furniture, carpets, repairs, etc., could have been furnished. If this be so, then all parties connected with the matter are involved in the responsibility—the officials for putting up such jobs, and the persons who connived to make their execution possible are equally guilty, and should long before this have been held to answer. The people will not permit any innocent parties to suffer, neither will they let any of the guilty ones escape. The sense of honesty and honor which is still true of the masses of the people, has been outraged, and nothing short of a clean justification if there have been no frauds perpetrated, or the fullest penalty if there have been, will satisfy them.

God keep me from him whom I trust from him whom I trust not I shall keep myself.

AMOURS DIVINES.

OR,
LOVE SCENES IN THE ORIENT.I.
MARY MAGDALENE.

Midway 'tween horizon
And zenith hung, on heaven's wall of blue,
The lunar crescent, tremulously fixed,
Shed joyous bright its softest rays upon
Gethsemane. The night was beautiful—
Athwart the sky the phosphorescent dust
Of heaven's highway glowed, as if disturbed
By feet and chariot-wheel of angel host.
High on a linden-bough, his am'rous song
In ecstasy outpouring, gazing at
His mate, sat Philomel, with lifted wings
To cool his downy breast, aglow with love.
Beneath, in that fair garden, flower kissed flower
The red rose, all on fire, his velvet lips
Close 'gainst the lily's snowy bosom held,
While buds and leaves, caressed by zephyr breeze,
Did sweetly fondle one another, in
Their vain, unceasing searching for the face
That breathed, invisible, such perfumed breath.
Oh what a place; oh what a night for love!
The silken grass gave back no sound of feet,
And mossy banks invited to repose;
While rippling waters kissed with wavelet lips
The pebbly shores, then glided 'way; but left
Their foamy flakes, the tell-tales of their love's
Inconstancy.

The young Jew came at last,
With steps uncertain and low-drooping head
He sought the shadow of a linden tree
And sank upon his knees, with hands enclasped.

Soon was his gold-brown beard wet with hot tears
Of agony. Big drops of sweat, ice-cold,
Hung on that marble brow. Soon, too, his groans
Reached Philomel and forthwith hushed his song.
The leaves ceased whispering, and stealthily
The streamlet crept away, its purling tones
Of gladness heard no more.

Gethsemane
Lent ear to ev'ry sigh, and with a cloud
The lunar crescent veiled her joyous face.

Gloom brooded o'er the lovely vale, and wrapt
That kneeling form in darkness tangible,
Yet could not hide the vision from his eyes;
He raised them up—a shriek of horror burst
Upon the still air of night; he rose—
He tottered—groaned and fell, his white hands in
His gold-brown beard clutched, vice-like firm. There was
A death-like pallor on his handsome face—
His bloodless lips were parted and tight-set,
As if for re'e his pearl-like teeth were pressed.

So lay good Mary's son, until the night
Air cooled his fevered brow and brought him back
To life, half-lifeless still, bewildered, faint
And sick at heart.

"Oh will ye never go?"
He murmured, as he opened his eyes and saw
Those murdered innocents, with blood-stained wings,
Flit here and there, then fade to nothingness,
Then reappear, in troops of thousands, to
Unfold their gore-smeared winglets and pour out
Their piteous cries upon the listening air
Of night. "Oh will ye never go?" he cried
Again, as back they turned in sudden flight,
All bleeding, torn and fluttering, like doves
Pursued by starving, screaming hawks, and shook
Their drabbed plumage, till from every wing
Upon that prostrate form there fell, in slow,
Unerring flight, a crumpled feather down,
That seemed as had it lain in pool of blood.
Good Mary's son was bent to earth beneath
The load. Each feather-point, like arrow barbed
And poisoned, pierced and rankled in his flesh.
And as the hosts of innocents their way
Thro' thickening gloom pursued, thus cried they, loud
And ringing first, then faint and fainter, till
Their little forms were lost at last amid
The darkness resting on Gethsemane:
"Go, Joseph's son, thus shall it ever be
With thee—weep, suffer, die and then will all
Our mothers smile again that thou art gone
Forever from the world. Weep, suffer, die—
And hadst thou lives as fair Gethsemane
Hath leaves, ne'er couldst thou taste enough of death
To expiate the crimes thy birth hath caused.
Go, Mary's son, go suffer, weep and die,
We'll come again when thou art nailed upon
The cross, to gloat o'er thy last agony.
Go, Mary's son, go to thy death—farewell."

The moments chased each other 'way; the gloom
Was lifted and the moon looked down upon
The garden, joyous bright, while Philomel,
From his high perch, poured forth his melody
Again, and all was loveliness once more
Within Gethsemane.

But he stirred not
Until he felt a soft hand pressed upon
His shoulder; then he slowly raised his eyes,
Still filled with tears, and murmuring low, "Thou here,"
Spoke nothing more, but covered up his face
In silence with his cold, moist hands and let
His fine head sink upon his breast.

'Twas she
They called the Magdalene, her dark hair loose
Upon her neck, her lustrous eyes fixed full
Upon her friend, her white feet bare and bathed
With dew, her garment lightly drawn around
Her form.

"Come, Jesus, my beloved friend,
Alive o'er thy weeping: see how beautiful

This garden is, and how bright the moon
Lies down upon us, flooding all the vale
With silvery light. See yonder bank how it
Invites to rest; let's thither, oh, my friend,
And I will cheer thee with my happy voice."

She stooped, and taking his half willing, half
Unwilling hand, she led him toward the bank
Where violet and honeysuckle grew,
And myrtle twined and mosses spread their soft,
Brown velvet rug upon the ground. There sat
They down, and tho' the lovely Mary tall
Would 've held that friend's cold hand between her soft,
Warm palms, until her throbbing heart had poured
Some fervor in his chilly breast, yet like
A maiden wooed too bluntly, he did draw
It gently back, and 'neath his garment's folds
Laid it away. Nor let nor hindrance did
The Magdalene, nor murmured out the least
Reproach; she sighed her disappointment and
Then questioned thus her friend: "Lov'st thou me still?"

"Ay, Mary, love I thee," he low replied,
"Else were I not what I should be. E'en when
A child, I ne'er could hate. My playmates called
Me 'girl' for this, and laughed and said a frock
Would better suit me than a manly garb.
I have not changed. Oh would that I could teach
The world to love as my poor heart doth love!
Yes, all would then be well and I could die
And bless those robbing me of life."

"Oh say
Not so, my friend," gave answer Magdalene,
"Speak not of death. Why shouldst thou die, so good,
So kind, so true thou art? Hast thou not said
'Thou lovest me?' Were it not truer said
'Thou leavest me?' Oh Jesus, of all men
Thou man loved best, list to my prayer, go not
Up to Jerusalem. Within its walls
Live all thine enemies. They'll nail thee to
The cross; they'll pierce those hands and feet I've kissed
So oft. I'll see thee die. Oh, God, let him
Not from us go! Stay with us, thou best loved
And worthiest; all hold thee dear within
Our peaceful vales and villages. Why, then,
Go forth? List we not to thy word? Do we
Not cheerfully thy every bidding? 'Twas,
I'm sure, but yesterday thou saidst the end
Was near. Why not, then, bide with us, and with
Us, whom thou'st loved so long and well, set out
Upon the journey to our Father's home—
That blessed home where parting shall be known
No more?"

A smile so sad, a sigh so deep
Ne'er answered woman here below as gave
Reply to Magdalene. Thus Jesus spake:
"Loved Mary, list. Look at the world; see how
Men live and die. They wrong the weak; they gaze
Unmoved upon the needy and the sick;
They turn with horror from the leper and
The sore-possessed; they toil but for themselves;
The few are feasting while the many starve;
Dead are benevolence and charity.
My Father's will be done. He tells me I
Must die ere this can all be changed and man
Be taught to love his fellow-man, as now
He loves himself!"

"Again," cried Mary, "thou
Dost speak of death. Oh would that death were dead
Himself, that thou mightst live forever mine!"

"Sh," murmured Jesus; "woman, thou art but
A woman, and wouldst sell the world to buy
Thy will. Lov'st thou me, Mary? Then convince
Me of thy love by saying, go, do thou
Our Lord's behest, farewell; and ye, ye hosts
Angelic, bear him company to cheer
Him on the thorny path his mission bids
Him go."

"No more, no more, thou man of stone,"
Wept Mary loud. "I cannot give thee up.
Were I like thee in heart, and still myself
In form, I'd die thro' shame at being, as
It were, nor man nor woman. No, beloved,
Oh ask me not to part with thee. Tear thou
Thyself away; let me cling to the last!"

And with these words she sank upon her knees
And clasped his feet close to her breast and wept
Till they were wet with tears; then bent she down
And kissed, with thankful lips, them dry again.
He gently raised her up and bade her sit
Down by his side again. Their hearts beat wild,
Their hands were linked in half convulsive grasp.

Thus sped the moments by in silence deep
And blissful. Philomel sang loud and sweet,
A rapturous outburst of love for his
Brown mate near by. The brooklet murmured love;
And whispering, the leaves told how they loved
The zephyr breeze that gently poured its breath
Of sweetness over them.

First Mary spake:
"'Tis strange how women love, and loving, ne'er
Do tire of love, tho' love is ever love!
My heart, all scarred from many a wound neglect
Had given, most firm resolved to love no more.
And that resolve were faithful kept this day
Hadst thou not come. Oh Jesus, loved too well!
Thou knowest how I followed thee, by day,
By night. Repulsed, I came again. Thy each
Companion gave me harsh reply; ay, more,
They drove me from thy presence, they reviled
Me and refused to let me stand within
The reach of thy loved voice. Yet still I came
Again, until thou saw'st my constancy
And said to them: Let her approach, forbid
Her not. So was I won. Unhappy me!
Nay, nay, not so. Thrice happy me, for thy
Indifference is warmer far than is
The fervor others feel. Oh thou, my sweet
Divinity, let me lie on thy breast,
While I am with thee here to-night! Perchance

We never may sit thus again; and when
The end shall come, and crowned my head shall be
With the undying fire, that crown will glow
The brightest of them all, for 'twill enwreath
A head once pillowed on thy breast, thou last
And best loved, too!"

With this she sank upon
His breast with gentlest grace. He thrust her not
Away, but let his gold-brown beard rest soft
Upon her snowy brow. She felt its warm,
Its silken touch, and thro' her form there went
A thrill of joy. So near to him she'd ne'er
Been yet.

Unlooked-for pleasures always have
A double charm; anticipation oft
Doth draw out all the juice and leave the pulp
Behind. The young Jew trembled as he felt
That woman's form within his arms. The first
It was had ever nestled there, and yet
He could not thrust her 'way. Thrice lifted he
His hand, but touched her not; thrice opened his lips,
But spake no word. And then he bowed his head
Until his cheek reposed upon her hair—
Her ebony hair, which fell in tresses soft
And thick adown her back. At this her hand
Sought his, and couched it gently in her lap.

So sat the lovers there, upon that bank
In softest mosses clad, nor uttered sound,
Nor stirred. Their bliss had made them motionless
And mute. 'Twas Magdalene who first disturbed
The stillness of the vale; for Philomel
Had ceased his am'rous song on finding both
The lovers sunk in silence 'neath him there.

"'Tis here, best loved of all," low murmured she,
"That I have longed to lay my head, and let
Thy bosom's rise and fall rock me in dreams
Of bliss as it doth now. The day thou spak'st
To us upon the mount I longed—oh, how
I longed to kiss thy feet as thou went'st by,
My sweet divinity! Thy smile poured balm
Upon my aching heart. I bowed my head,
And pressed my thankful lips upon the ground
Imprinted by the feet they would not let
Me kiss. Ah, me! had I known then the love
Reserved for me, how many tears were now
Unshed, how many sighs unheaved! But now
The present biots out all the past; thy arms
Encircle me—I'm pillowed on thy breast!
Thrice happy me for all the woe I've felt;
Thrice happy me that thou wast purchased dear.
But tell me, Jesus—loved 'bove all the rest—
Dost thou, then, truly, truly, truly love
Me, say? I know thou dost, yet would I hear
It often from thy lips—hear thy dear voice
Repeat its sweet I love thee, Mary, 'bove
All other women. Come, wilt thou not woo
Me so, beloved? Wilt thou not speak of love?
I am a woman, have a woman's heart,
And I will empty it and cleanse it well
From every baser love world ever poured
Therein, if thou, last loved and best, wilt but
Let fall a single drop of thy divine
Affection in the void. Speak, speak! Mine ears
Will suck up every word as bee doth draw
The honey from the flower. Oh, speak, beloved!"

A godlike smile spread o'er the young Jew's face.
He stroked his gold-brown beard caressingly,
Then passed his hand across his brow, and chased
The straggling locks back to their place, as he
Replied: "Dear woman, thou well knowest that
I love thee, sayest thou and still wouldst hear
Me talk of love?"

"In truth I would, my sweet
Divinity," said Mary, as she pressed
His hand upon her yearning breast, and gazed
With lustrously beseeching eyes full in
His handsome face, that bent so mild, so calm,
So hopeful over her.

"Ah, Mary!" he
Began; "have care, loved one. So high this world's
Affections oft are tempered that they snap
In twain 'pon slightest pressure; so have care.
Those love the best who do the wisest love;
That love is strongest which, like pyramid,
Hath reason for its strength. Like mortar, it
Must harden slowly, lest it brittle be;
Be it of fungus growth, full size all in
A night, 'twill shrivel with the speed it grew.
True love is like an ailment—coming slow,
And sure incurable when come. She who
Would lasting love should ask herself: 'Why should
I love?' This loving first, in hope there wilt
Be valid reason afterward, doth oft
Encounter grief, the reason being why
'There should have been no love. And then ofttimes
Doth woman waste her love; as dew shed on
The desert sand, it sinks upon some cold
And sterile heart. At other times we see
The thing reversed—the husband trammelled by
The wife's caprices, humors, ideas, whims;
Her fancies strange and notions non-descript;
Her spleen and choler, wasp-like, ever armed;
All linked to heartlessness and vanity!"

"Ay, Jesus, thou best loved of men," exclaimed
The Magdalene, with moistened eyes upturned
Toward his now grief-clad countenance, "how full
Of all perfections, beauty, grace and wit,
With tenderness and boundless love conjoint,
Should she be stored to be thy wife, beloved,
To share thy smiles, thy kisses and thy couch
To leave a thankful world thy face and form.
Oh, happy, happy, happy breast whereat
A child by thee begot, his little lips
Of brightest coral tint shall open and drink
A mother's milk! Woe me that thou art as
Thou art, and I not what I fain would be!

"Weep not, loved Mary, oh, weep not!" the young
Jew said as he his trembling hand ran o'er
Her ebony tresses, which half hid her face.

[illegible][illegible]

I've been kind of thinking how well could be
 That love a genuine goodness made of love
 Oh, Mother, so to have it all the strength of
 In the other steps of love.
 Above that love there is a love the right of
 And of light in the love above
 As you know will be with, and the way
 For as you see that goodness the love is
 It Mother will be the love of love.
 Is that you will have love and love
 What at all and with that love you
 As all goodness is love above
 For to have love and love, we have
 And a goodness as a love of love's love is
 Above to the love that love above
 with the Mother - especially a mother's
 love -
 "I have a great love for the old hymns,"
 and is a beautiful statement. "I am

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COMMENCING JUNE 30, 1874.

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on Twenty-seventh street.

TRAINS LEAVE NEW YORK.

For New Haven and Bridgeport, 7.8 (Ex.), 11.30 a.

m.; 12.15 (Ex.), 3 (Ex.), 3.45, 4.30, 5.30 and 8 (Ex.)

p. m.

For Milford, Stratford, Fairfield, Southport and

Westport, 7.11.30 a. m.; 3.45, 4.30, 5.30 p. m.

For Norwalk, 7.8 (Ex.), 9.11.30 a. m.; 12.15 (Ex.), 3

(Ex.), 3.45, 4.30 (Ex.), 5.30, 6.30 and 8 (Ex.) p. m.

For Darien, 7.9.11.30 a. m.; 3.45, 4.30, 5.30 and 6.30

p. m.

For Stamford, 7.8 (Ex.), 9.11.30 a. m.; 12.15 (Ex.),

2.15, 3 (Ex.), 3.45, 4.30 (Ex.), 4.45, 5.30, 6.30, 7.15, 8 (Ex.)

p. m.

For Greenwich and Intermediate stations, 7.9.11.30

a. m.; 2.15, 3.45, 4.45, 5.30, 6.30, 7.15 p. m.

Sunday Mail Train leaves Twenty-seventh street,

New York, at 7 p. m. for Boston, via both Springfield

Line and Shore Line.

CONNECTING TRAINS.

For Boston, via Springfield, 8 a. m., 3 and 8 p. m.

For Boston, via Shore Line, 12.15, 8 p. m.

For Hartford and Springfield, 8 a. m., 12.15, 2, 4.30

p. m. to Hartford, 8 p. m.

For New York, R. I., 12.15 p. m. (Ex.), connecting

with steamer across Narragansett Bay, arriving at 8.30

p. m.

For Connecticut River Railroad, 8 a. m., 12.15 p. m.

to Montreal, 3 p. m. to Northampton.

For Hartford, Providence, and Fall River Railroad, 8

a. m.; 12.15 p. m.

For Shore Line Railway, at 8 a. m. to Norwich and

Providence; 12.15, 3; to New London, 8 p. m.

For New Haven and Northampton Railroad, 8 a. m.;

3 p. m. to Northampton and Williamburgh.

For Housatonic Railroad, 8 a. m. and 3 p. m.

For Naugatuck Railroad, 8 a. m., 3 p. m., and 4.30

p. m. to Waterbury.

For Danbury and Norwalk Railroad, 7 a. m., 12.15

and 4.30 p. m.

For New Canaan Railroad, 7 a. m.; 12.15, 4.30 and

5.30 p. m.

Commodious Sleeping Cars attached to 8 p. m. train,

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ing-Room Car attached to the 8 a. m. and 3 p. m.

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