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VOL 3—No 18. WHOLE No 70.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 16, 1871.

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EIGHTH NATIONAL CONVENTION.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The eighth National Convention will meet in Troy, N. Y., on Tuesday, the 12th day of September, at 10 o'clock in the morning, and continue in session three days.

Each active local society, and each Progressive Lyceum of any State, Territory or Province, which has no General Association, shall be entitled to one delegate for each fractional fifty members.

These Associations and Lyceums are respectfully invited to appoint delegates to attend this meeting and participate in the proceedings thereof.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, President,
137 1/2 Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

H. T. CHILD, M. D., Secretary,
634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

VINELAND CONVENTION.

The Spiritualists, Friends of Progress, of Humanity, and of equal and exact justice to high and low, rich and poor, male and female, have decided to hold a two days' Convention in their hall and grove at Vineland, N. J., on Saturday and Sunday, the 9th and 10th of September, 1871.

The first day will be devoted to the question of "equal and exact justice to all," with special reference to the subject of *suffrage*. Some of the most renowned speakers, outside of the spiritual ranks, as Lucretia Mott, Lucy Stone, H. B. Blackwell, T. W. Higginson, Julia Ward Howe, Mary A. Livermore and others are expected to be present and join in the Convention.

The second day will be devoted to Spiritualism and the Children's Progressive Lyceum. Mrs. Woodhull, Colonel Blood and Thomas Gale Forster have agreed to attend, and an invitation is extended to all speakers and other friends, far and near, who feel able to go up to Vineland to plead in this glorious cause. Jackson Davis, Mary F. Davis, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Dr. H. T. Child and others have special invitations and are expected. Dr. Slade has also expressed a desire to be present and may be expected; and a good time generally may be safely relied upon, so that all participating may hope to return better, wiser and happier.

The best way to come from New York is from the foot of Murray street, by the Vineland Railway, leaving at 4:30 P. M., Friday, Sept. 8.

JOHN GAGE,
Chairman Committee of Arrangements.

THE INTERNATIONAL.

It ought to be known that this association is not secret—it does not aspire to the honor of being a conspiracy. Its meetings are held in public; they are open to all comers, though only members are permitted to speak (unless by special invitation), and none but members are allowed to vote. The several sections in this city and vicinity meet as follows:

Section 1 (German).—Sunday, 8 P. M., at the Tenth Ward Hotel, corner of Broome and Forsyth streets.

Section 2 (French).—The second Sunday in each month, 2 P. M., at No. 100 Prince street (especially to accommodate female members) and every other Sunday, 9 A. M., at the same place.

Section 6 (German).—Friday, 8 P. M., at No. 10 Stanton street.

Section 8 (German).—Monday, 8 P. M., at No. 53 Union avenue, Williamsburgh, L. I.

Section 9 (American).—Wednesday, 8 P. M., at No. 35 East Twenty-seventh street.

Section 10 (French).—First Tuesday and third Saturday in each month, 6 P. M., at No. 650 Third avenue, between Forty-first and Forty-second streets.

Section 11 (German).—Thursday, 8 P. M., West Thirty-ninth street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, at Hessel's.

Section 12 (American).—The second and fourth Sunday in each month, 8 P. M., at No. 44 Broad street.

OUR NEW WESTERN AGENCY.—Mr. A. J. Boyer, formerly of the "Nineteenth Century," has become our General Western Agent, with office at 116 Madison street, Chicago, Ill., where subscription may be made to the WEEKLY and advertisements will be taken. The rapid growth of the WEEKLY in Western favor has induced us to establish this branch office, and we are happy to be able to announce the engagement of one so favorably known to Reform as is Mr. Boyer, with whom we trust all our friends will join in the endeavor to introduce the WEEKLY into every city, village and hamlet in the great West.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

The mails for Europe during the week ending Saturday, Sept. 9, 1871, will close at this office on Tuesday at 11:30, on Wednesday at 8:30, Thursday at 9:30, and on Saturday at 10:30 A. M.

P. H. JONES, Postmaster.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. CRISPIN ON THE TARIFF.

Whereas, Efforts are being made by the shoe and leather interests of the country to secure the abolition of the duty on hides, and also a substantial reduction of the present onerous duty on lastings; and,

Whereas, We believe that the abolition or essential modification of these duties would be of great benefit to both producers and consumers of boots and shoes; therefore be it

Resolved, by the Executive Officers of the International Grand Lodge of the Knights of St. Crispin, That while we shall resist any and all attempts to injure or break up the Crispin Order, coming from whom they may, yet still we are ready to heartily co-operate with the shoe and leather interest in all honorable efforts to carry out the spirit of this preamble and resolutions.

Resolved, That we recommend to the members of our Order in all sections of the country to sign and forward to Congress suitably headed petitions in aid of any that may be offered to secure the purpose named in the preamble to these resolutions, in the full belief that by so doing we can do much to open a wider market and secure steadier employment at fairer rates than now received under the unjust and burdensome tax on materials used in the manufacture of shoes and leather.

THOMAS RYAN, J. G. S. K.,
No. 105 Bleecker street, New York City.
JAMES P. WRIGHT, J. G. D. S. K.,
No. 297 E. Madison street, Baltimore, Md.
JOHN DORMER, J. S. K.,
No. 427 North Sixth street, St. Louis, Mo.

A true copy. Attest,
S. P. CUMMINGS, J. G. S.,
No. 53 State street, Boston, Mass.

CITIZENS' PARTY.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

1. A practical recognition of the principles that in our government all political power resides in and belongs to the people, and not to a portion of them; that the people should dictate their own policy to their public servants, instead of allowing office-holders to dictate to them.
2. Requiring perfect honesty in all public officers, paying just compensation in salaries for work done, and the payment of all fees into the public treasury.
3. Abolishing all class legislation, and incorporating the people into all monopolies, giving to all the benefits which now come to the few.
4. Holding legislators to a more rigid accountability, and requiring the submission of the question of annexation of territory and other fundamental laws affecting the general interest of society to a vote of the whole people.
5. Equitable taxation, by which the surplus wealth of the nation shall pay all the expenses of the government, which now directly and indirectly fall with such crushing weight upon the laboring poor.
6. Impartial suffrage—including both sexes—by which the higher intuition and inspiration of women shall be brought to elevate and bless the State, as it has always elevated and blessed the family and the church.
7. The entire destruction of the dram-shop system.
8. Encouraging co-operative effort, and the building up of all useful industries.
9. A national currency based upon the labor, integrity and honor of the country.
10. Compulsory education of every child to the extent of reading and writing the English language.
11. Perfect freedom in religion to worship the Infinite according to each individual conscience, and the most perfect toleration of all religions.
12. A criminal code which shall secure protection to society, reparation for the wrong done, and the reformation of the offender.
13. Prohibiting the donation or sale of the public lands, except to actual settlers.
14. The subjection of the military to the civil power, and the reduction of the army to a peace basis.
15. The sacred purity of the elective franchise and the security of justice and equal rights to all.

A ticket will soon be nominated on the above platform, which all good citizens can consistently support at the polls.

CONDENSED PLATFORM OF THE LABOR PARTY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

1. The disenthralment of labor.
 2. The establishment of an equitable rate of interest for money.
 3. The abolition of our national bank system.
 4. The creation of a currency based on the wealth of the country, which shall be a full legal tender for all debts, public and private, and convertible into 3 per cent. government bonds, payable on demand.
 5. The payment of the 5-20 bonds exactly according to contract, in the lawful money of the United States.
 6. The maintenance of a protective tariff as long as it shall be necessary.
 7. The adoption of the eight-hour system of labor.
 8. The prohibition of the importation of Chinese laborers.
 9. The establishment of a Labor Bureau at Washington.
 10. The preservation of the public lands for actual settlers.
 11. The rescue of the government from corrupt politicians, from the dangerous influences of the supremely selfish money power of the land, and the restoration of it to the complete sovereignty of the people.
 12. The practical incorporation into our civil and political system the divine injunction, "do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."
- The foregoing is a declaration of our principles. We believe they are based on the eternal foundations of justice. We invite a fair discussion of the questions involved, and will gladly give such space in our columns for the purpose as we can. If our positions are unimpeachable and based in truth, we hold it to be the duty of every man to promulgate and sustain them.—*Pennsylvania*.

The *Crucible* is one of the most earnest papers in the cause of moral progress. It is clear and forcible as it is sincere, and its utterances have all the weight that of right belongs to conviction.

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.

MISS BEECHER ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Mrs. Woodhull: The inclosed letter from Miss Beecher has been the rounds of the press. Here is my answer to it. If you think it worth printing, you can print it. If not, consign it to the waste-basket:

Miss Catherine Beecher: Your letter in opposition to woman suffrage has met my eye. Your first proposition has been the argument of tyrants from the first ages—they, like you, assuming that they knew what was for the best good of society. For this Pilate ordered Christ to be crucified. For this thirty thousand persons were put to a cruel death by the Roman Catholic Inquisition, in Spain alone. Protestants have slain and persecuted Quakers for the same reason. Kings have endeavored to destroy every aspiration for freedom "for the best good of society." Thirty thousand priests and their congregations said Human Slavery was for the "best good of society."

How do you know that woman suffrage is contrary to the best good? Who made you the infallible judge? What better right have you to decide the question than Mrs. Hooker?

Is not the administration of justice *always* for the best good of society, and is not that a higher condition that grows out of the establishment of equal rights than that which exists where one class rules and the other is ruled?

The true question is one of principle. We profess to be a republic. Shall we give the lie to our profession by our lives? That was where the "Irrepressible Conflict" was as sure to come as God rules, was where it did come, and where it will come on this question—Are we professing to have a government by the people, and disfranchising one-half of them?

Who ever heard of the law forcing any one to vote? Where but in the minds of the opponents of woman suffrage has any such idea had birth? Have you ever known any one fined, imprisoned or made in any way amenable to the law because he did not vote during the ninety-five years of our republic? If you have heard of such a case, bring it forth; if you have not, don't insult common sense by talking of the law obliging conscientious women to vote, or suffrage being forced on you.

Why should you wish to strangle the aspirations for freedom in one human soul?

If you love bondage, enjoy it. If your sister loves freedom, do not deprive her of what you do not want. If you really believe that women should "first discharge all duties of the family state," and because the law permits her to marry, and the Bible says increase and multiply, "conscientious women are obliged to take these responsibilities," how is it you have not become "prime minister of the family state?" and what kind of consistency do you show by your opposition to those women who have "discharged all that belongs to woman as prime minister of the family state?"

C. S. MIDDLEBROOK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COURANT: Permit me to present a few considerations in opposition to the claims urged on our legislature in favor of woman suffrage.

Neither man nor woman has a right to anything contrary to the best good of society. If this requires a division of responsibilities, so that woman take charge of the family state, and man of all outside affairs, each aiding the other by counsel and sympathy, then woman should adhere to this division, and she has no right to change it. The simple question is, *which is best for society?*

The interpretation of our Constitution and its amendments all turn on the meaning of the terms *people* and *citizens*. In their strictest sense these terms include not only men, but women and children. In the use of the terms in our Constitution, they do not have this broad meaning, for the children are shut out, and all men under twenty-one, and several other classes of men. They include only those *people* and those *citizens* who have certain qualifications which the best good of society requires, and every community is to be the judge as to who shall or shall not vote, by settling what is best for all concerned. If the best good of society requires woman to be law makers, judges and juries, she has a right to these offices; if it does not, she has no right to them. It is probable that the best good of society would be promoted by having women who pay taxes also vote, for this would increase the proportion of intelligent voters, and also take away the most plausible argument for universal woman suffrage.

All will concede that laws should be framed so that woman's usefulness and happiness shall be treated as equal in value to man's. But this does not settle the question as to whether the laws be made by fathers, husbands and brothers or by women. The majority of women believe that it is for their best good that the responsibility of civil government be borne by men and not by women, and that it will be an act of injustice and oppression to oblige conscientious women to take these responsibilities, as they must do if universal woman suffrage is established by law.

In behalf of the multitudes of women whose voices are not heard, I entreat that no such duties shall be forced on us, until we are better prepared to discharge all that belongs to women as the prime minister of the family state and the chief educator of our race.

CATHERINE E. BEECHER.

Truth and fair dealing outlive fraud and deception.—*the human soul*.

ABORTION.

To Woodhull and Claplin's Weekly:

Everything has a cause and a purpose. What is the cause and what the purpose of abortion?

Suppose anything to be a sin, a blot on the face of earth; suppose anyone should step forward and remove that sin, is it reasonable in us to abhor the sin, and also to abhor the man who abhors the sin? Ginx's baby was a sin, an abominable sin, a crying sin, to the parents, to the neighbors, to Mrs. Grundy. A Chinaman would have put that sin into a bucket of water and swept it away after a virtuous sin. Mrs. Grundy turns away shocked, and lets her skirts as she passes Ginx's baby, but she holds up her hands and thanks heaven he is not a Chinaman. I respectfully suggest this is inconsistent. Let us be Chinese or let us be Christians.

Now I am a little tender in conscience, and I respect public opinion. When a man or a woman lives his or her good name—well, you know how it is yourself, perhaps. I beg your virtuous readers not to misunderstand me. I am not going to enter into a defense of Dr. Rosenzweig and those of his professional brethren who make a specialty of abortion. Dr. Rosenzweig and the others know that they break the law. They count the cost and they build their house. I have nothing to say, just now, about Dr. Rosenzweig or any one who trades professionally upon the vices, follies and sufferings of human nature, and I am the Doctor.

I would respectfully ask Mrs. Grundy if abortion be not the consequence of misdirected social opinion. This unfortunate Miss Bowlby had become pregnant. I am yet but new in the study of social questions, but it appears to me that there was no alternative for the poor girl between dying by the slow torture of public opinion or dying under the practices of the abortionist—the latter, perhaps, the more merciful.

If Mrs. Grundy would have taken her baby, and would have left her in peace, she need not have died.

But, then, female chastity? Yes, chastity—yes, that is a difficulty. From childhood up I have always been taught that a woman's honor, a woman's chastity, is her most sacred possession. When she has lost her chastity she has lost all that makes life precious. In other words, it is time to die. I don't think this climax is always meant. Lucretia killed herself. But this was clearly an exceptional case, else it would not have been so celebrated. This question of chastity troubles us a good deal. I cannot help a suspicion that this miserable Rosenzweig was nothing more than the agent, the voluntary, self-appointed, if you please, but still the agent of society. Alice Bowlby had lost her chastity, she was about to become a mother; in an irregular manner, in a way not sanctioned by Mrs. Grundy. Mrs. Grundy is rigorous, severe, merciless to small sinners; to princes and the rich she deals leniently. Mrs. Grundy would have had no pity for Alice Bowlby. Rosenzweig anticipated the sentence. He removed Ginx's baby and Ginx's baby's mother. He did more than he intended. To Ginx's baby's mother it would have been all the same after a while. That baby had no place—it came without license. The difference between a virtuous action and a great sin lay in twenty-five cents and a slip of printed paper. For the want of these there was only one thing to be done—to die.

HOWARD.

WHO SHALL ANSWER FOR THEIR SINS?

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Aug. 27, 1871.

Overflowing with contending emotions, with a heart full of sympathetic feelings and a brain reeling with imprisoned thought struggling to find outward expression in words, I write for relief.

Yesterday's dailies gave us the startling record of a passing wave of events that bore on its crest two self-loosed souls "weary of breath" out into the infinite silence of the great "beyond." In twenty-four hours two young girls whom the world has frowned upon as tainted in morals (yet patronized to glut a morbid passion) grew too weary of the cold scorn, biting words of self-righteous humanity, which denounced in them only what was hidden in their own lives, and tired of living a sin from which, in woman, there is no redemption, slept away the intolerable shroud of a mangled existence by the aid of morphia, here in this our city of Terre Haute, numbering its sixteen thousand inhabitants. Crucified through love by man's lusts and passions, and victims to misplaced confidence and its sequences, pierced by the spear thrusts of a jeering, unsympathizing society, whose pity goes begging in squander and rage. Homeless, friendless, abandoned, with no eye to pity, no lip to kiss, no voice to entreat them to live in purity, what was there left them but sin or a plunge into the vast unknown, when, at least, we, as custodians of law-makers, fix a point of degradation for woman from which her torn and bleeding feet may never climb? And shall we who assume the love of virtue judge of it by those who have never been tried? Is there any virtue in passivity that never was ripped by a wave of temptation? It is to be "tempted and subdued" by the test, how many innocents are there among the condemnors of such as may not resist? Or if there may be "more rejoicing in heaven over the lost one returned than over the ninety and nine that went not astray," what are the world's great ones doing that they lead them not back to the fold?

Simply this: they are so weak walking on their own two feet, trying to lead life to find the barge of their own virtues into which has crept the vermin of impure desires that it will never do to let their professions remain on the banks of strong temptation. Let them sometimes be debarred as honest consumers the freedom of others that are most abundant in commerce.

But how with these fair girls? Why, if life is sweet, as nature will it, to you, but it becomes so intolerable for them? Why were not their accomplices in guilt—their seducers—terribly frail and equally guilty? Why were they not equally punished, and equally disgraced with and tired of life?

Oh! they were virtuous! Still? No one calls them "honest harlots." They are never "Mistresses of the town." No father's house refuses them shelter, no mother's welcome is withdrawn, no society frowns, no business ceases to furnish compensation. Men do not deride, nor women scorn him. He is as good to-morrow, in his church or business, for the sinners of to-day, if he is successful in keeping it hid, as he who has no wild oats to sow; and so long as he can shift the burden of responsibility in respectability off his own shoulders, and pamper still his carnal appetite, he has, collectively, no object in woman's redemption and moral purity. While, if singly her defender, and a living testimonial of virtue, he is singled out and branded a hypocrite—through the green glasses of the gaping and unappreciative judges of a graver nature. Long will be the ages that shall intervene before men can become the rolemodels of women, and thus of themselves; for man can never rise save through redeeming womanhood—that models him—for men can never drive an evil from society while they are nourished on the pap they claim to spleen, and suffer themselves to become a party to the vices they condemn. They can never parade virtue with success to victims of their passions. Yet something must be done! This great "evil," the great un-"social" thing—that is rising and feasting on the vitals of our great American society life—is taking off its victims from the fairest and purest of our people. It not only robs innocence of its sweetness, but hardens and sours the native sensibilities of our common humanity. Life becomes a thing of mingled death and a subject of mocking contempt, so aimless in its hopeless promises that the weary fingers may toy with its golden threads till they sunder. Day by day before us and about us everywhere are the loveless hearts of tempest-tossed waifs, whose sensitive pulses beat too hard against the prison bars that confine them, and they choose to kiss the cold hand of death and uncertainty to longer bear the taunts and jeers of a world that only reviles them and paints a dark shadow on their life picture after their echoless spirit has taken flight.

Yet you had a childhood of dimples and smiles, maternal kisses and soft lullabies, softly-murmured good nights, and benedictions all touchingly remembered as you closed your eyes for your last good night and quiet sleep to earth; and may be the angels swooped down and kissed the lids that "mother" has forgotten to touch these long years; and may be the angels lifted you more tenderly than they would these stronger ones; and may be you will find the sympathy there you looked for in vain here; and may be you will some day become like them through Christlike purity and forgiveness, and come through the sacrifice of your own life a warning mediator to others trembling on the verge of temptation, and waifs on the tide wave of unheeding circumstance.

ADDIE L. BALLOU.

THE COMMUNISTS.

Messrs. HERALD: In your issue of to-day, in closing your article on "The Trial of the Communists," you say, in a separate and distinct sentence: "It is the duty of the civilized world to squelch the Internationals."

Why, my dear Herald, are you ready to fly in the teeth of progress, thought and action, as manifest in that class, who are seven-tenths of all the people of the civilized world, whose sweat and toil, bone and sinew, have created, developed all the wealth of the planet, and who to-day stand upon the only published basis of true harmonization of the people?

That there is much that is laid to the door of the Internationals of which they know nothing, and, of course, are not all responsible for, is true; but to condemn and "squelch" because somebody cries "mad dog," without giving a hearing, much less knowing, is most unwise, wicked, terrible, vicious in a public journal.

Who are the Internationals? Not Communists, though some of the Internationals may be Communists, as some of the criminals in the dock to-day are Roman Catholics, Protestants, Scotchmen like yourself in nativity; but would you squelch all Roman Catholics, Protestants, Scotchmen, because some few are enemies of the human race? Let's see, we may be able to judge of them by their platform. Thus: The abolition of all wars, the abolition of all frontiers, the universal education of the people. Is there anything wicked in that? Should the Internationals be "squelched" for standing upon this platform? And who, pray, can do it, if seven-tenths of all the people stand upon that platform? Are wars any advantage to the producers, the creators of wealth? Certainly not to the starved and ruined masses, made so by war. And what advantage are frontiers to the wealth producers? Why should the wealth producer

of Germany shoot and murder his way a protesting neighbor of France?

Now would it not serve the progress of humanity much better if the journals of northern, south and western should advocate the third plan in the international platform—universal education?—thus enabling the people to understand that there is an advantage to mankind in following the spirit of war, and that frontiers are only partitions for war.

If an Internationist has put himself in position as an enemy to the human race, then he may and ought to be "squelched" the same as any other man, even if he were the editor of the Herald. It is only that spirit and those individuals who encourage war and all its consequences, in the shape of frontiers, ignorance and the enslavement of the masses that should be "squelched" by the civilized world.

Is it wrong for the working, toiling, hard-pressed, underpaid, ill-housed masses to combine to better their condition, taking for nothing but what is clearly right, and determined to submit to nothing that is wrong? Is it a fact, as Jefferson said, eighty years ago, "that the people are inviolable and can be safely trusted with power?" Or must they be held in cradle strings by the more fortunate in wealth? (Certainly not in brains or virtues.) Are we as Americans to give the lie to our theory of government by squelching the masses? Please reconsider the above text, or correct one of the Internationals, free-born and a native of our country.

August 11, 1871.

MADON.

MONEY AND CURRENCY.

Mrs. MRS. WOODHULL AND CLAPLIN: We shall not differ as to the importance of a true understanding of the terms used above, and as I desire very much to put myself right in relation to them before your readers you will allow me to say that I have done what I could for twenty or thirty years past, to show that the precious metals are not only unfit for currency, but that they are not needed even as the basis of our currency, that being, as you have correctly stated, the wealth of the country, or as I should prefer to say, the exchangeable commodities on which our private notes are based.

It is to be observed that in all countries where specie is the measure of prices, all paper, private as well as public, falls when mature for specie.

It is not bank notes alone, but all checks, drafts and bills of exchange, and these amount, as I said in No. 57, to at least 95 per cent. of all we use as currency in our exchange. But no creditor desires gold for his notes, but something which will purchase and pay, as gold would.

What I have contended for is, that as gold has been found to have a more uniform relation to labor than other products, and is so readily transported, in order to keep up an equilibrium we should continue to recognize it as our standard or measure, while we discard altogether its use as a currency or as the basis of the currency. We promise a pay a certain number of dollars, and this means neither more nor less all over the world, in every transaction, that that we will give the creditor that which has as much value or purchasing power as the gold would.

We give him precisely the things he desires to purchase and for which he must pay the gold if he should have this from us. He does not want it, provided, of course, the paper is what it always should be; and this we can have by simply providing that the bank-notes or leading kind of currency shall have the right character, or be convertible at the right place into such funds as the creditor desires. That being secured, all other paper will partake of the same character, and gold cease to be used as currency, though always recognized as money, or the measure by which we determine our prices.

DAVID WILDER.

WE are glad to learn that Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon is an independent candidate for the State Senate from San Joaquin County, Cal. In her younger days we were wont to listen to her inspired discourses with wonder and admiration, that one so young could speak so wisely and so well. It has not been our good fortune to hear her speak of late, but the genius of her letter of acceptance of the above nomination gives evidence of increased capacity and wisdom. If she be elected she will prove a power in the Senate of the Golden State.

TO THE VOTERS OF SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY.

The San Joaquin County Woman's Suffrage Association presents the name of Laura De Force Gordon as an independent candidate for the State Senate, and most respectfully solicits your support in her behalf at the coming election.

In this "new departure" from old customs we feel sure the intelligent and conscientious portion of the community will recognize and aid the pioneer effort to call out and consolidate the growing sentiment in favor of honorable ability irrespective of sex, filling political positions, rather than nominees of corrupt and trading rings.

The wide-spread dissatisfaction which reigns in the two existing parties, and especially in reference to the nominee of the aforementioned office, is such as to render the most propitious for the organization of the third, which shall ignore none of the vital questions of the day, but invite earnest discussion and conscientious action of all good citizens. Believing that no name can be more acceptable to the community than that of Mrs. Gordon, we have chosen her as our standard-bearer, and call upon you who prize the desire to see morality, not money, rule in our legislative halls to rally to the support of our candidate, and by your ballots give effective expression to your principles.

By order of the Executive Board.

SARAH C. HARRY, Secretary.

In view of the position now taken by the political arena, and his Presidential nomination, his attitude of his character, will be of great importance. In New York already known to be nothing more than a Western circus, around Greeley's popularity, and the Presidential nomination, ambition to have the first place in the East has already been put forward as so current and so convincing with it, and Mr. Greeley's leaning it.

Since the case of Mrs. Colburn of her late husband, Mr. Buffum, comment and has aroused so much for, and interest in, the Mr. Greeley's denying—Mr. C. New York Tribune, has been astonished among the men where Mr. Colburn is so well known as employer, and where is the cause of this denial seem complacent in the West will interfere with a pet President connection of Mr. Colburn, these.

The summer following Mr. Colburn, Mr. James Henry B. son returned to New York respondents of New York's personal friends, had been to had experienced the tender Southern prisons. They were writers, and found no difficulty in employment upon the Tribune, given the responsible position Colburn daily contributing and reports. These are facts the Tribune, and thus it is just as much in the employment of Mr. Richardson, well-known writers on the Tribune. It was the wall Alexander I. Stewart, while of fright to discharge the enmity of Mr. Stewart's Tribune's repudiation of Colburn's repudiation of Colburn and Browne's rem.

Recently Mr. Lawton, a from college, and one of the fascinated with the glow Coloradoan Utopia, the position and took stock in came disgraced with a maladministration of affairs pharisees who had returned a sadder and a more total duties on the Tribune edge of Mr. Greeley, who brought on his theoretical immediately ordered his dis that Lawton was a value his place could not readi was inexorable. He still go. "He is a liar and a scalp," and Lawton mud sanctum.

The petty deceptions Greeley, although unknown publicans who swear by patent to all who come to Tribune office. All his recent eccentricities and id absent-mindedness or a p but are systematically int is not only true of his ma and his theory, his political morality are all of the same kind, are superficial; has his eye single to the course of the Tribune's abundant proof of this: the case of Thompson, b Albert Richardson, b has been influenced by despise; and in each of lack of moral courage to a man. "Doesticks" witty writers of the N largely to the pop one knows how fore the war, and essays and reports were Lamar slave sale at Chm man's life was worth there, he went down and report which was so w brutal and excited prial north at the outbreak of seed a bold, resolute went to Washington, promised if he would go (that of dramatic critic) the celebrated Seventh Napoleon he was noticed personal safety in par-gates and mingling with imminent risk. After his satisfactorily performed only to have him plac obliged to take his pl ladder, among the boys had laboriously work his service in this cap Course on Long Island of one Joseph Barker, "Bruno" and "Bruno"

GREELEY AND THE PRESIDENCY.

In view of the position now occupied by Horace Greeley in the political arena, and his well-known aspirations to a Presidential nomination, his approaching lecturing tour through the West assumes a great political significance, and any facts concerning him, which assist in giving a true estimate of his character, will be valuable data in the coming Presidential campaign. In New York, this lecturing tour is already known to be nothing more than an electioneering swing around the Western circle, undertaken with a view to increase Greeley's popularity, and strengthen his chances for the Presidential nomination. The manner in which the ambition to have the first place on the next ticket entered his brain has already been published to the world. This account was so correct and circumstantial that it carried conviction with it, and Mr. Greeley has seen the utter uselessness of denying it.

Since the case of Mrs. Colburn and her alleged poisoning of her late husband, Mr. Buffenbarger, has created so much comment, and has aroused so widespread a feeling of sympathy for, and interest in, the reputed poisoner, the fact of Mr. Greeley's denying "Mr. Colburn's connection with the New York Tribune," has been the cause of the most lively astonishment among the members of the press in this city, where Mr. Colburn is so well known as having been in the Tribune employ, and where he is so universally respected. The cause of this denial seems to be a desire to avoid any complication in the West which might by any possibility interfere with his pet Presidential scheme. The facts of the connection of Mr. Colburn with the Tribune are simply these:

The summer following the close of the war Mr. R. T. Colburn, Mr. Junius Henri Browne and Mr. Albert Richardson returned to New York. They had been war correspondents of New York journals. They were warm personal friends, had been together in the tented field, and had experienced the tender mercies of the enemy in the Southern prisons. They were known as witty and effective writers, and found no difficulty in getting immediate employment upon the Tribune, Mr. Junius Henri Browne being given the responsible position of city editor, and Mr. Colburn daily contributing some of the best local articles and reports. These are facts well known to all who were on the Tribune, and thus it will be seen that Mr. Colburn was just as much in the employ of the Tribune as were Mr. Browne, or Mr. Richardson, or Bayard Taylor, or any of the well-known writers on that paper whose connection is not denied. It was the wrath of the millionaire merchant, Alexander T. Stewart, which caused Mr. Greeley, in a tremor of fright, to discharge Mr. Colburn, and doubtless the enmity of Mr. Stewart has something to do with the Tribune's repudiation of Colburn now. Colburn was a correspondent of a prominent Western daily, and in one of his letters he referred to a rumor concerning Stewart which that gentleman considered libelous, which brought about Colburn and Browne's removal from the Tribune.

Recently Mr. Lawton, a moral young man, only lately from college, and one of the editors of the Tribune, became fascinated with the glowing descriptions of that Western Coloradoan Utopia, the colony of Greeley. He resigned his position and took stock in Greeley's colony. He soon became disgusted with affairs there, and, disheartened by the maladministration of affairs by the (as he called them) fanatical pharisees who had control, so he sold out his interest and returned a sadder and a much poorer man to resume his editorial duties on the Tribune. This finally came to the knowledge of Mr. Greeley, who, indignant at the discredit thus brought on his theoretical band of brothers in Colorado, immediately ordered his discharge. It was represented to him that Lawton was a valuable and very able journalist, and his place could not readily be filled; but the Philosopher was inexorable. He staid in these words that Lawton must go. "He is a liar and a scoundrel, and I must have his scalp," and Lawton made a graceful exit from the Tribune sanctum.

The petty deceptions and ambitious wriggings of Mr. Greeley, although unknown to the hosts of the country Republicans who swear by the Tribune, are well known and patent to all who come in personal contact with him in the Tribune office. All his actions, his mode of dress and apparent eccentricities and idiosyncracies, are the result, not of absent-mindedness or a philosophical absorption of thought, but are systematically intentional—done for effect. And this is not only true of his manner and dress, but his philosophy and his theory, his political utterances and his dogmatic morality are all of the same calibre, and all, instead of being real, are superficial; and in all that he says or does he has his eye single to his popularity and notoriety. The course of the Tribune affords, in its secret springs of action, abundant proof of this. As in the case of Mr. Colburn so in the case of Thompson, better known as "Doesticks," and of Albert Richardson, killed by McFarland, Mr. Greeley has been influenced by the very elements that he affects to despise; and in each of these cases has given evidence of a lack of moral courage truly lamentable in so great and good a man. "Doesticks" was one of the most brilliant and witty writers of the New York press, and contributed largely to the popularity of the Tribune. Every one knows how popular "Doesticks" was before the war, and with what avidity his witty essays and reports were looked for. At the time of the great Lamar slave sale at Charleston, in 1860, when it was all a man's life was worth to be known as a Tribune reporter there, he went down and gave to the world that celebrated report which was so widely commented upon. In this he ran eminent risk of his life, and as it was, only escaped a brutal and excited populace by a two-hours' start. Coming north at the outbreak of the war, when it was necessary to send a bold, resolute reporter with the first regiments that went to Washington, "Doesticks" was selected, and was promised if he would go, that he should have his same place (that of dramatic critic) upon his return. He went out with the celebrated Seventh Regiment, and while laying at Annapolis he was noticed for his almost reckless disregard of personal safety in pursuit of news, going outside of the gates and mingling with the excited crowds in the city at imminent risk. After his tour of duty in the army had been satisfactorily performed, he returned to the Tribune office only to have his place refused to him, and he was obliged to take his place again at the foot of the ladder, among the boys and reporters, from which he had laboriously worked his way up years before. During his service in this capacity he was sent over to Fashion Course on Long Island to report a race, in which the horses of one Joseph Harker, then owner of the celebrated team "Bruno" and "Brunette," now owned by Robert Bonner,

of the Ledger, was interested. Handbills had been circulated all over the country describing the race, and immense crowds repaired to the track to witness the sport. For some as yet unexplained reason, this Harker did not come to time with his horses, and there was no race. The people were turned away, and with a contemptible and parsimonious spirit the managers refused to return the gate money. "Doesticks" reported the affair, giving a truthful account of the occurrences, and animadverting very severely upon the action of this Harker and the managers of the Fashion Course. But Harker was a warm personal friend of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and "then by hangs a tale."

It is well known that Horace Greeley claims independence of character, and says that he never courts the friend-ship or influence of great men, and that he is never actuated by their desires or opinions. This assumption of his is known and laughed at in the Tribune office. Horace has a very philosophical and intense friendship and admiration for A. T. Stewart and Cornelius Vanderbilt. Harker was a friend of his should be so unmercifully scorched in his dear friend Horace Greeley's newspaper. With the front of an indignant Jove he hurled the thunderbolts of his wrath at the philosopher, who, frightened nearly out of his wits, ordered the discharge of the writer of the offending article. "Doesticks," thinking Greeley misinformed, furnished him with abundant proof of the truth and justice of his report, but the testy Horace refused to listen to him. "Doesticks" had offended his great and wealthy friend, and therefore he must go. All "Doesticks" faithful services went for naught. All his intrepid performance of dangerous duty, and his sacrifice of personal comfort, and his wit and his value to the paper, weighed as nothing against the displeasure of the representatives of a class that the Tribune philosopher affected to ignore. In the case of Albert Richardson, the only reason of the Tribune's firmness lay in the warm personal friendship of Whitelaw Reid. It is well known that Mr. Reid is *de facto* the managing editor of the Tribune. He is a man of nerve, firmness, backbone, and is well known to be thoroughly incorruptible. Personally friendly to Richardson, and thoroughly convinced of the justice of his cause, he resisted the blandishments of wealth, station and all those influences which have such a powerful effect on Horace, and infused into the Tribune that backbone and firmness in the Richardson-McFarland matter for which it was not-d. These are some of the evidences of Horace Greeley's want of pluck and moral courage, and the difference between his beautiful moral theory of independence and his contemptibly cowardly practice.

It is well known that the *betes noirs* of the Tribune philosopher are free lovers and wine tipplers, or *bon vivants*, and the articles which so often appear in his paper evince the earnestness of his hatred of the flowing bowl. And yet he knows that the most witty and sarcastic, the most biting and satirical of his leaders, are written by a confirmed brandy-drinker, who has to wait on the inspirations of the rosy goddess before he can command an idea. Horace knows also that the Tribune staff of brilliant writers, from the honest and incorruptible Whitelaw Reid down to the latest employed reporter, are, without almost no exceptions, worshippers at the shrine of Bacchus and occasionally take their tipple. But we hear of no denunciation of his instruments, because Mr. Greeley's abhorrence of the tippler is measured and paralleled by his usefulness and ability. Confusion to the stupid brandy-drinker, but honor, emoluments and the right hand of good fellowship to the witty and brilliant and useful tippler in his own employ. Verily, "consistency is a jewel."

Mr. Greeley is just about starting on his grand electioneering trip through the West, where he will address delighted audiences of enthusiastic Greeleyites at horticultural and agricultural fairs, and it will be interesting to note and speculate on what he says in the light of these developments which are known to be facts.—*Louisville Commercial*.

THE LETTER.

BY JOSHUA ROSE.

They say you are another's, that your arms will fall to rest
Another gentle face and form, and other lips be pressed
By those so often turned to mine; that filled me with a thrill
Whose sweetness sank into my soul, and holds me to you still.

For there's a feeling in me which no language can define,
That claims a place within your heart, as being always mine;
And though I never met your eye or took your hand again,
A silent link would still be felt in both of us the same.

Another form may nestle on the breast where I have lain,
And while your heart is beating—while the loving kisses rain
Upon the beaming face upturned to yours: at such a time
Those fond caresses will recall sweet memories of mine.

And you will fold that form to you and sometimes think it's mine;
Then kiss it for me, darling, as you tenderly entwine
Your loving arms about it, and be you as fond and true
As I would always have you be, and always be to you.

They say I must not love you now, that it can do no good;
I cannot tear it from me—no, I would not if I could.
Feel my presence all about you; and that night the spell can break,
Always know if others love you, I shall love them for your sake.

INTERNATIONAL CENTRAL COMMITTEE, N. Y.

A meeting of this body was held on Sunday evening, September 3. New sections were announced as having been formed in Boston, Mass., Springfield, Ill., and San Francisco, California. The delegate from the Springfield section was present and was at once admitted. Mr. Drury, of Section 12, was announced as the chosen representative of the San Francisco section, and Jas. K. Ingalls, of Section 9, of that in Boston. Preparations were made to participate in the parade of the Workingmen's Union in favor of enforcing the Eight Hour Law, which is to take place on the 13th inst. Reports from the several sections were received, and among them was that of Mr. West, of Section 12, who presented the following resolutions, in accordance with his instructions:

Resolved, That we heartily rejoice in the action of the Jury and of the Coroner in the late lamentable disaster which occurred to the Westfield.

Resolved, That we regret the existence of a loophole whereby the principal criminal in the matter, the President of the Company, can escape incarceration while awaiting trial.

Resolved, That in our opinion such accidents will ever continue in the future, as they have done in the past, until the utmost rigor of the law shall be meted out to the culprits.

Resolved, That as human life is esteemed by such men as of less value than dollars, their dollars should not save them from the punishment they merit.

Resolved, That as any citizen is punishable for the murder of a fellow-citizen, so is the President of a Company accountable for the murders which are the result of negligence, and he deserves the same fate.

Resolved, That railroads, ferries, large lines of telegraphing, etc., or the means of Inter-State and International transportation should be owned and controlled by the people, and administered or conducted for their benefit through the agency of government at cost.

The resolutions, according to the usual practice of the committee, were referred to the several sections in order to elicit an expression of opinion for the guidance of the committee. It is to be hoped that the sections will act thereupon without delay. The International Congress of '87 or '88 has already committed themselves in favor of the principle involved by asserting that all Roads and Water Courses and Mines are the common property of all peoples, and the sections cannot reject its action without ceasing to be International. If the officers of the committee would but remember that the business of the sections should take the precedence of their own merely personal objects, the sections will very soon be heard from effectively on this matter of transcendent importance to all who travel and live by the wayside. W. W.

"CONSISTENCY, THOU ART A JEWEL."

What Mr. Tilton suggests of Mr. Greeley, "that since consistency is a jewel, it may be the reason he does not carry it about with him," is probably the truth about Mr. Conkling, since whatever was merely a jewel he would undoubtedly "carry about him." Mr. Conkling doesn't believe in woman suffrage—oh, no, not he. But he believes in women filling the places and performing the duties of citizens, especially when they are members of his own household. We call the respectful attention of Woman Suffragists to the following extract, clipped from the *Missouri Republican* of the 23rd ult., that they may be informed of the position of our public men called by one-half of the citizens of the United States to represent them, and drawing their salaries from taxes collected from all citizens. We resume that with Mr. Conkling "taxation without representation" has ceased to be "tyranny." Suppose men turn the tables about for a while and see how the thing works:

Your correspondent met Theodore Tilton, the male champion of woman suffrage, this morning, coming from the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he stays during the season that his family are in the country. He had a downcast appearance, and seemed buried in deep thought. I said: "Ten dollars a column for your thoughts, Theodore." He replied that "they would fill a volume." "Just think of it," said he, "Senator Conkling and myself were together at breakfast this morning, and I did my utmost to win him over to woman suffrage. Would you believe it, he kicked. This Senator is nothing if he is not consistent. He has a sister. So have I. His sister holds office under the government, being an inspectress in the Custom House at four dollars a day. My sister writes in my office for the *Golden Age*, and yet he denies to woman the elective franchise that would entitle her to hold that office. Judgment then has fled to brutish breasts, and men have lost their reason."

"NOTICE EXTRAORDINARY."

We desire to obtain the name of every Suffrage Association in the United States, with the name, if possible, of the President and Secretary of each. We shall publish documents from time to time bearing on the question of Woman's Equality, which we desire to furnish the Associations for gratuitous distribution. We have now on hand a number of such, which, upon getting the addresses wanted, will be immediately forwarded.

Will our friends everywhere please attend to this at once. The time for decisive and positive action has come.

THE LATEST TELEGRAMS announce the meeting, at last, of the two German Emperors at Salzburg, attended by Bismarck and his great rival, Von Beust. It is altogether uncertain whether this conference presages peace or war. The German Empire for the present needs peace to give it consolidation. The French war extinguished the jealousies of the several States, and bound them together in a common interest against a common enemy.

The questions now are the Austro-German provinces, the Italian Papal question and Russian expansion. All depends on Bismarck. His faith is in the consolidation of the German population under one head. He has but a shallow respect for the people themselves. The one-man power is his idea of government. It is more than probable that he has the wish to sweep the Austrian Germans into the great German Empire, and he will not be easily turned from the purpose of his life, in which he has been confirmed by wonderful success, that makes him almost the equal of Napoleon in political history.

The death of Karl Marx will be great gain to Imperialism but the cause does not die with a man.

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J. HARRY, Secretary

AMOURS DIVINES;

OR,

LOVE SCENES IN THE ORIENT.

III.

MARATHA AND MARY. (Continued.)

Ah, no, my friend. The very heathen have
More faith than this. And then shall we, beloved
Of God, whose fathers talked with him, and whom
He fed with manna in the wilderness,
Thus all his love with base ingratitude
Repay? The very dog turns not upon
His master so. Oh, Lazarus, my friend,
Would I could pour my faith upon thy heart,
And melt away those icy bonds of doubt
That have thy better nature so enclasp'd!
Ay, flesh is but the stubble of the field;
But what are walls of flesh, with all their rills
Of turbid blood, save tenements of the
Immortal soul? Then, die, flesh; dry, blood;
Come, death, and tear me and torment me in
Thy rage; but I will smile e'en on the rack,
For short's the pang, eternal the reward!
Oh, friend, long loved and true, list to the voice
Within thy heart, for it is God who calls,
And bids thee fix thy hopes on Him alone!"

Then rose the friends, and kissed, and went to rest.
At peace with God and man was Mary's son,
But Lazarus groped in labyrinth of doubt.

The moon had set, and all in Bethany
Was wrapt in sleep, save Maratha's sister. When
At last the low hum of her brother's and
His friend's voice sank to silence, and the sound
Of their retreating footsteps fell upon
Her ear, then Mary closed her weary eyes
In happy dreams of him beneath her roof.

At early dawn the anxious Maratha rose,
With skillful hand prepared the matin meal,
And then her sister Mary she awoke,
Assisted her to braid her golden hair,
And round that snow-white throat did Maratha bind
A string of pearls—most fitting gems to rest
On virgin's neck, but which now seemed abashed
At whiteness of their bed. This necklace had
Their father bought in Egypt for the neck
Of her he meant one day to make his wife,
And Maratha, woman-like, imagined it
Would catch the young Jew's eyes, and rivet them
Upon her sister's lovely form. Alas!
Had Maratha's sister shown herself to him
As did the beautiful Cythera on
Mount Ida's slope to Priam's son her charms
Display, unmoved he would have gazed, as tho'
She were of stone, for heaven was his bride,
And passion seemed to his pure heart alloy
Which in the mint of love eternal goes
For naught!

From this time on did Joseph's son
At Lazarus' house a frequent visitor
Become. It grieved his heart to think he could
Not free his friend's mind from the meshes of
That doubt which hampered his belief, and oft
He'd lay his hand upon his shoulder, and
With his persuasive eyes fixed most intent
On Lazarus' face, would gently ask: "Art still
Astray, my friend?" At other times the two
Would sit them down and talk of Caesar's power,
Of Egypt's learning and her Isis and
Osiris, of the Greek philosophy
And poetry, or of the Hindoo creed.

Then, seated at her brother's side, with ears
That lost no word, while Maratha tolled,
Would Mary feast her eyes upon the young
Jew's face, and, like a meadow parched, drink in
The shower of melody shed by his lips,
Or slake her heart's thirst on his godlike smile.

It is, in truth, a weary thing to love
And not be loved, as Mary was; to sow
Affection's seed and reap indifference;
To smile and smile, and still smile on in vain;
To twist the arrow in the festered wound;
And yet the gentle girl did hope to win,
For neither she nor Maratha understood
Why Jesus should not take her for his wife.
Was she not tempting ripe? Was she not good
As she was beautiful? Were not her eyes
Like azure sky, her hair of golden hue?
And was she not the pride of Bethany?
Her brother, too, hoped Joseph's son would love,
And said within himself: "If he loves not,
Then will he never love."

One afternoon,
The lovely maid with sighing wearied out,
And tired of smiling on that marble face,
Did coax him forth to seek the fragrant shade
The garden offered them.

She gambled at
His side, and he upon her graceful form
Looked down with happy eyes. With nimble hands
She gathered berries, ripe and red, and bade
Him eat and think of her. And then away,
With Atalanta's swiftness, sped she to
The fountain's edge; and as she seized the cup,
And stooped to get blue water, felt the warm
Blood mount, in lusty rills, to cheeks and brow
At sight of her own loveliness.

He thanked
And smiled and laid his hand upon her hair.
Then fled her gaiety; and, tho' he might,
Yet saw he not the world of gratitude
Within those limpid, lustrous eyes of blue—
Reward for that one poor caress of his!

At last, oh, happy thought! her little feet
Grew weary, and she asked her friend to sit
Down at her side.

"Dost thou love flowers?" came from
Her joyous lips.

"Ay, virgin, love I them!"
Said Joseph's son, "they are so beautiful
And pure and delicate!"

"Then why loves he
Not me?" thought Mary to herself, as she
The buds and flow'ers gathered here and there,
Now from her hands did empty in his lap
Then sought she out her favorite ones and laid
Them gently, timidly, with speaking, ay,
Entreating eyes within his hands.

"See, here
Are pansies, good my friend," she murmured soft.
"Sweet symbol of a happy heart! The thing
Is rare, yes, very rare, tho' plentiful
The flower. And here is fragrant hellebore,
Devotion's type. No would I be to him
I love, his slave, his willing, joyful slave!
And here is fern, of fascination's power
The sign. Ah, happy she who conquers love
This way, e'en by her smile or careless chat.
Yet would I not possess such power save in
The eyes of one! Him would I fain enslave,
Then generous be and let him wear the crown.
This is compassion's symbol, elder-flower.
How little pity often dwells in man!
What strangers to his eyes are willing tears.
Not that he sheds them not at all. Mayhap
They fall inside on pride's hot surface, there
To die. Compassion doth become a man,
And she deceiveth it who loves in vain!
Here's ivy-vine, for marriage doth it stand;
And as it quickly dies when torn from where
It clings, so let me die, lose I the mate
That heaven gives! Here's rue, disdain. I could
Not frown on him I loved, not tho' he shut
Me from his heart, laughed all my tears to scorn,
And heaped his hatred deep upon my head.
This is the symbol of inconstancy,
The primrose. How can woman be untrue?
Were I a wife, and looked with softened gaze
Upon any man save one, then Heaven strike
Me blind! No! at yonder flower turned toward the sun,
My friend? 'Tis adoration's fitting type.
Hast never read of that poor heathen maid
Who loved the god of day unloved by him?
This flower is she. See how she follows him
From morn to night, e'en tho' he veil his face
In wrath! No may it fall to me. Be I
Denied the heart I choose, then let me die
Untouched by man, for I would rather 'pon
Its venom waste, than feast on other love!"

With this did Mary fix her melting eyes
Upon the young Jew's face, yet saw she naught
Save that cold look, that same cold look. It froze
Her to the very soul. The words, "Beloved,
Have pity!" lay upon her lips; and yet
She spoke them not, for Lazarus was there
With gentle bidding to the vesper meal.

When Bethany lay wrapt in the early shades
Of night, and save the bleating of the flocks,
The night hawk's cry or mournful bark of some
Complaining dog, no sound entered the mind
From reverie, then Joseph's son and him
He named his well-loved friend, with arms entwined,
Walked forth to breathe the perfumed air and talk
Unconcerned by the maiden's ears,
And feed their gaze upon the beautiful
Star-studded firmament.

No sooner were
They forth, the brother and his friend, than she,
The gentle Mary, to her sister fled,
And in that almost mother's bosom all
Her grief in bitter sobs and tears poured out.

It was a moving sight to see the twain
Thus in each other's arms unlocked and mark
That tear-stained face, so robbed of all its bloom,
And hear the other sister's vows of love,
Sweet comfort pouring on that troubled heart.

No spoke Demeter to her long-lost child,
No fell her kisses on Persephone,
When swift-winged Hermes led her, joyous, home.

When Maratha's breast held Mary's aching head
Then ceased the storm within that virgin-heart,
And quiet reigned where late was noisy woe.
"Thy pity, sister," murmured Maratha, mild,
"That man can love or love not, as he will,
While love to woman is as breathing life;
For who would hang upon the parent stem
All shriveled by the frosts of love's neglect.
'Twere worse than death; and if man wooed me not,
Then would I teach some Adam's son his worth.
Mayst thou the carpenter be coy and cold?
By heaven, thou shalt set him yet on fire.
List, sister mine, for I am worldly-wise
Beyond my years; our brother's friend reminds
Me of some heathen statue, ivory
And gold, so finely moulded are his limbs,
So graceful all his attitudes, his brow
So smooth and white, his hands and feet so small,
Such majesty about his head. His beard
Of brown, with gold threads intermixed, he wears
With kingly grace; his smile enlivened e'en while
It doth delight, and one can see it when
'Tis gone. A thousand common men would give
Their grace in vain to fashion such a man!
Ah, happy she enclasp'd within his arms
And fed upon the sweetness of his lips!
No fairer burden do I wish his breast
Than thy sweet self, my sister dearly loved.
There shalt thou rest, fear not, pet dove of mine."

"Oft promises a fleeting moment more
Than ages are fulfilled, my sister," said
The gentle Mary, with a sigh; "he loves
Me not, he cannot love, else had I taught
Him how to woo and win ere this. Ay, fair
Is he to gaze upon; as many a flower
Delights the eye, but gives no perfume forth,
So doth he lack that odorous warmth of soul,
That fragrant tenderness, that sweet desire,
An air of sadness, indescribable
Yet fascinating, doth enwreath that face,

That marble face, and beckons on and yet
Warns off the while. Once rested on his hand
Upon my hair. It thrilled me to the heart,
And speechless stood I there. Mine eyes looked thank,
And bade him oft repeat that poor caress,
Yet did he not, yet spoke he not a word."

And now again the tears burst forth and hung
Upon the virgin's slitten eyelid fringe
In liquid pearls. But Maratha kissed them away,
And smiling sadly, thus replied:

"This is
No time for tears, my gentle sister. Soon will
Our brother and his friend return. I'll part
The two, take Lazarus, and leave you him
The night is fair, the air is soft. Sit by
The window, that the moon's pale light may rest
Upon thy face. If then thy beauty, thus
Blushed, moves him not, draw close to him
Sit at his feet and let thy form press soft
Against his knees; toy with his hands and kiss
And fondle them as with thy pet bird thou
Dost often play; and melt he not, climb up
Love's ladder yet another round. Upon
His shoulder pillow so thy head that all
The fragrance of thy breath be breathed by him.
If it infect him not, then is he stone,
And, like the heathen sculptor, thou must look
For Heaven's aid, wouldst give the marble life."

"But, sister, tell me, were it wrong to kiss
His brow or cheek or lips?" asked Mary, and
A rosy color mantled all her face
As she did ask it. "Well thou knowest how
Upon thy lips I rain my kisses when
I aught entreat."

"Wrong, sayest thou?" replied
The other sister; "not in thee, but wrong
In him if he exchange not kiss for kiss!"

"Sweet sister!" cried the gentle Mary, "with
These arms I'll hold him while I kiss! Oh, he
Shall not away until he doth consent
To love! The patriarch of old held not
The angel half so close as I shall clasp
The neck of Joseph's son. Oh, I do long
To make the trial! My lips burn at the thought
Of meeting him! Would it were o'er! Nay, would
It were about one half complete! No, no,
But would it were begun, and so begun
As is my fervent prayer it may begin!"

When Maratha heard their footsteps at the door,
She went to meet her brother and his friend,
And gently chid them for returning late.
The other sister smiled, and pouring out
Some fresh-drawn water from the earthen jar
In honey-sweetened cups, she gave them both
To drink; and Jesus breathed a blessing on
The giver's head and Lazarus spoke his love
For her in gentle tones; then all sat down.

But soon the elder sister rose and took
Her brother by the hand and led him forth
With words like these: "Come, brother, I would fain
Of household matters talk with thee. 'Tis yet
An hour before we go to rest; and there,
My sister, seek thy harp and sing our guest
Some legend quaint and old. 'Tis said by all
In Bethany no voice more quickly moves
To tears than thine. Come, birdie, swell thy throat."

Alone with him she loved, the virgin sought
Her harp and sat down silent by his side.
Then having freed her white and rounded arms,
By throwing back her robe in graceful folds,
She swept her fingers gently o'er the strings
That sighed and murmured soft beneath her touch
Like friend aroused by loving hand from sleep,
And then let forth her voice.

She sang of love,
And told how once a maiden loved a youth
Who wandered forth to distant lands; and how
That true heart bled and broke and yet beat on!
Full fifty years went by, and bowed with age
And grief, a maiden still, that woman lived
And loved and hoped. He came at last, with sons,
Ay, grandsons by his side. She heard his voice
And with her shriveled arms enclasp'd his neck,
She kissed, she smiled, she fell—that true heart bled
Its last.

As Mary ceased to sing her hands
Hank down. The harp was hushed. She threw herself
At Jesus' feet, and leaned her tear-bathed face
Upon his lap. The tale of love had moved
Him to the soul. He gently laid his hand,
His trembling hand, upon the virgin's head,
And bade her be of better cheer and spoke
In kindly tones; then let his hand glide o'er
The maiden's slitten hair caressingly.

At length the young Jew, fearful lest his friend
Should come and see his sister thus in tears,
Took Mary by the hand and bade her rise.
But all in vain. She seemed beside herself
With grief, and moved not. With entreating eyes
Could only answer give, could only be
Those orbs of lustrous blue, now dashed about
Mid waves of tears, 'pon that mysterious face
Which hung above her, calm and ashen-pale,
In one long, silent and beseeching look!

"Say, Mary," murmured low the Jew, "wilt thou
Arise, or must I from thy roof depart?"

"If thou wilt love me, lift me to thy breast,"
Gave she reply, "else spurn me with thy foot
As thing thou loathest! Either love or hate!
Thy friendship were an insult to my heart.
Or let me twine, proud oak, about thy boughs,
Or meanly creep unnoticed 'round thy roots."

"List, Mary, list, thou beautiful virgin, list!"
Fell in a whisper from those icy lips—

"Thou art too fair, too pure, too good for man!
I would not see thy snowy leaflets crushed,
Thou lovely blossom. Oh, bloom on, till God
Doth call thee for his bride celestial, pure

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As Heaven's self! What's love on earth that thou
 dost call for it? A flame that burns to drive
 Our better nature, and thus corrupts the soul:
 A draught, as every passion, it doth
 Create the very thirst it never can slake.
 Oh, overturn the cup, let not thy lips
 Taint the fruit that looks like, will blind
 Thy thoughts to earth and cause thee to forget
 Thy home is in the other world, thy soul, thy God!"

"Oh, Joseph's son," the gentle Mary cried,
 Hast thou no lesser torment for mine ears
 Than these cold words of thine? And can thy lips
 No sweeter balm pour on the wound thou'st made?
 Talk not of life to come! Unloved by thee
 Even this will be too long! Oh, let me ne'er
 Awake from death to consciousness of thy
 Disdain! Say not that He who gave us hearts
 Ne'er meant that they should love! Can't thou command
 'Tis birds sing not, and flowers open not your leaves!
 Shake off your blossoms, trees, and bear no fruit!
 No, no, pure love's a plant of Eden growth,
 And I do love as never woman loved—
 With all the strength and freshness of my heart:
 Here are my lips; join thine to them, and I
 Will swear to be thy loving mate for life!
 What, Joseph's son? Spake I not clear enough?
 Oh, God of mercy! lives another in
 The heart where I had fondly hoped to bide?
 Speak, Jesus, come I then too late? Must I
 Depart, unpaid for all my suffering?"

"The truth has fallen from thy lips, thou bud
 Of purity!" the young Jew murmured soft.
 "No woman's love shall ere make me untrue.
 My heart is pledged and God is my betrothed!
 In heaven's bridal chamber waits my bride,
 And epithalamy shall angel-lips
 Intone! No amphi of turbid wine
 Shall press the festal board or reeking meats
 Adorn the marriage feast! My ardent soul
 In shining robes of immortality
 Shall thro' high heaven's corridors advance
 To claim its bride—the eternal love of God!
 Haste, Time, haste in thy flight, my love awaits
 My coming. Wherefore linger I on earth?"

Now glowed the face of Joseph's son, like sky
 Rubescent at the death of day, and from
 His eyes leapt fire in sudden flashes forth.
 His gold-brown beard rode on his heaving breast
 Like yellow grass tossed by some turgid brook,
 And agony was in that struggling heart.

Alarmed, entranced, o'erawed, the maiden gazed
 So had she ne'er seen face of man before.
 Such awful majesty sat on that brow,
 And so on fire did seem those restless orbs.
 The virgin pressed her fringed eyelids shut,
 And bowed her head in attitude of prayer.

Unconsciously doth woman worship man,
 In loving him. The gynæceum's sole
 Divinity is masculine, hisute
 And Stentor-voiced; and tho' like Delilah
 Or Delaneira, an iconoclast
 Be found, yet she doth soon regret the blow
 And wish her idol whole.

At length the storm
 Passed o'er and sunlight streamed thro' rifted cloud.
 But still at Jesus' feet the virgin knelt,
 Tho' "Mary, rise," fell softly from his lips.

Impatient now doth Joseph's son bend down,
 And gently clasping with his vigorous hands
 That slender form, he strove to place it on
 The couch near by. No sooner felt the maid
 That living clasp tighten round her waist
 And lift her from the floor, than quick as thought
 She locked her arms around his neck.

So clung
 Andromache, convulsed with grief, to her
 Dear Hector's neck, ere he 'gainst Thetis' son
 Went forth to die!

The gentle Mary felt
 This was the time to win or lose for aye.
 "Have pity, Jesus. Oh, be merciful!"
 She murmured indistinct. "Thrust not away
 The heart that never loved save thee—thou shalt
 Be mine! Curse him that plucks me from thine arms!"

I'll rend him with my teeth! But thou, beloved,
 Wilt thou not guard thy Mary from all harm?
 Thou'lt find her gentle as a dove, if thou
 Wilt but feed her on smiles. Reject her love
 And, serpent-like, she'll sting thee in thy sleep.
 Oh, am I mad that I do speak of harming thee?
 Give here thy lips that I may purify
 Mine own! Great God, dare I not kiss the lips
 Of him I love? Am I pollution, that
 Thou dost refuse my kiss? Then am I lost!
 Farewell, beloved! lost, lost, forever lost!"

Her bloodless lips moved on, but gave no sound.
 All lifeless lay that beauteous virgin in
 The young Jew's arms, as white, as cold as death.
 He bowed his head a moment o'er that face
 To take a last look at its loveliness,
 Then laid the tender burden gently on
 The couch near by—as mother doth part with
 Her babe for th' hours of night, except he gave
 No kiss—composed the robe, placed both the hands
 Upon the milk-white breast, pushed softly back
 The silken hair from off her brow, turned, sighed,
 Bobbed and left the room, bowed down in grief.

Soon Martha came, and falling on her knees,
 With her warm lips did kiss her sister back
 To life. And while she held the moaning girl's
 Cold cheek soft pillowed on her bosom, came
 Her brother with the words: "Where is my friend?"
 And Martha answered: "He hath gone to rest."

Then Lazarus turned and slowly walked away,
 Nor saw his sister's red and swollen eyes,
 Nor even dreamed that Mary loved his friend.

SCRIPTURALISMS.

WAS CHRIST A COMMUNIST?

From much that we read of the evangelists concerning
 "the Man Christ Jesus," we conclude him to have been, in
 his doctrines and life, a Communist and Radical of the
 intensest sort.

Without being thoroughly up in all the minutia of Com-
 mune constituents, we will take as a model of comparison a
 portion of the speech of Citizen Vesiner, at one time secre-
 tary of the Paris Society, and one of the most radical of
 modern radicals. "We must conquer or die. We must
 withdraw our children from the stultifying influence of
 priests, kingdoms and nationality. To deny God is to pro-
 claim man the sole and veritable ruler of his destinies. It is
 to kill priestcraft, destroy its religion. As to family, we
 regret it with all our force in the name of the emancipation
 of the human race. To the ties of family we owe the slavery
 of woman and the ignorance of infancy. The child belongs
 to society—it is for society to instruct him, to rear him,
 to make him a citizen. To deny family is to affirm the inde-
 pendence of man from his cradle, to snatch woman from the
 bondage into which she has been cast by the priests and a
 rotten civilization."

All this appears to us simply a reflex of the doctrine of the
 "gentle" Nazarene, who declared he came not to "send
 peace on earth, but a sword." But in this regard the com-
 parison is unfair toward the "Commune," for its purpose is
 a peace more permanent than Christian princes and kings
 can establish with all their armies.

"Woe unto you, ye priests and hypocrites, scribes, Phari-
 sees, lawyers! Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how
 can ye escape the damnation that awaits you?" cried the
 obscure reformer of Nazareth; and we know that the intense
 opposition and deadly hate of the Jewish priests toward him
 was aroused and kept alive by his constant antagonism to
 them. Did Christ disregard the arbitrary civil law of mar-
 riage? He certainly taught the necessity and superiority of
 the conjoining of the sexes by love alone, and proving on
 different occasions the utter imbecility and weakness of the
 law inculcating the fact that it is the thought that makes the
 deed. "For whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after
 her hath committed adultery already in his heart," and so
 guilt commences, if at all, before the overt act, and none are
 able to "cast the first stone." This we deem his thought
 upon the sanctity of the civil law of marriage, the so-called
 basis of civilization and social order. Upon the sanctity of
 the family tie he speaks thus: "I am come to set at variance
 the son against his father, and the daughter against her
 mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law.
 And he that loveth father or mother more than I am is
 not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter, sister
 or brother, more than me is not worthy of me."

"The child belongs to society, and not to his parents,"
 says modern communism. But Jesus has put it stronger
 yet, or at least equally radical, thus: "He that hateth not
 father and mother, sister and brother, his wife and children,
 houses and lands, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be
 my disciple."

But "who is my neighbor?" a designing lawyer inquired
 of him, and drew forth that noble answer which so simply
 displays the cosmopolitan character of genuine charity or
 friendship, as exhibited, not by the canting priest when he
 looked on the man who had fallen among thieves, and passed
 coldly on the other side, nor the indifferent Levite who went
 and did likewise, but by the good Samaritan, who, full of
 sympathy, went to the unfortunate man and rendered him
 valuable aid, and, "binding up his wounds, poured in oil
 and wine, and set him on his own beast and brought him to
 an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow, when
 he departed, he took out two pence and gave them to the
 host, and said: Take care of him; and whatsoever thou
 spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee."

This we take to be the purpose and final practice of ac-
 complished Communism. It is the wealthy and able who
 should take cognizance of and make some provision for the
 poor, else they will yet hear re-echoing through their souls
 in thunder tones, "Woe unto you rich men, for ye have re-
 ceived your consolation." And "Woe unto you that are
 full, for ye shall hunger."

Did Jesus deny God? Perhaps not. But the idea that
 the priests and lawyers appeared to have of him and act out
 in their lives, he certainly expressed himself strongly against.
 His God, unlike the war and wrathful God of the Jewish
 nation, was a "spirit," a God of love and peace. Not at a
 great distance, separate and exclusive from man, but in close
 identity with him, and to be worshiped in the hovels of
 the poor and outcast, as well as within the wealth and gold
 flashing edifice of the rich man's church. Down in the
 lowly valley as holily as the lofty mountain-top; found, in-
 deed, wherever humanity comes in responsive support and
 unison with nature. "I and my father are One," said Jesus.
 But the human race is vastly divided in keeping up the dis-
 tinction and division betwixt father, son and holy ghost.
 Whereas the great climax of the efforts of Christ appears to
 be not to exalt and place God so far above and beyond man,
 but to identify closely humanity with divinity, for we are
 all his offspring. Therefore, any deity who attempts to be
 exalted outside of and above our better humanity, ought to
 be denied. If this be the Atheism of the Commune, then are
 we an Atheist, and, as was Christ, a Communist. We

know of no object more deserving of our highest aspira-
 tions and efforts than a purified, emancipated humanity.
 And this appears to be the life-aim of Jesus Christ, the
 Communist.
 Philadelphia, July 23, 1871.

JUDGE UNDERWOOD publishes in the *Richmond State Jour-
 nal* a letter reaffirming his position in regard to woman suf-
 frage, and declares that it is his belief that all women will be
 permitted to deposit their ballots in the Presidential contest
 of 1872!

MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE.

Among the many talented and earnest workers for the en-
 franchisement of woman, perhaps there is no one who holds a
 more enviable position in the hearts of the people. Fear-
 less, independent and talented, she carries with her the force
 of her convictions, and fastens them upon her auditors. We
 do not remember to have seen so concise and complete a
 rendition of the text of Woman Suffrage as is contained in
 her "Catechism." Everybody who does not fully under-
 stand this question should send to Mrs. Gage, at Fayetteville,
 for a copy. It is an invaluable aid to those who discuss this
 question.

THE *London Spectator*, commenting on the trials at Ver-
 sailles, says "M. Thiers is cementing communism in blood,
 building up a party which, for generations, will consider it
 at once a moral duty and a point of honor to avenge its
 victims on society by attacking order and the government.
 We English have a right to speak, for we have tried his
 policy in Ireland five hundred years; tried it more boldly
 than he will venture to do it, till we had at one time reduced
 our opponents to a million and a half, and with this only
 result, that we bred a hatred which no clemency, no conces-
 sions nor favors beyond justice seem able to extinguish or
 alleviate."

THE abstract right of a woman to follow the bent of her
 own tastes and inclinations in many ways not now regarded
 as strictly conventional, cannot be logically controverted.
 We are not disposed to dispute the right of any woman to
 wear trousers, ride straddle, chew and smoke tobacco, drink
 lager, attend caucuses, cut her hair short and hold street
 discussions on politics; all of which we do ourselves with-
 out any sense of impropriety; but we certainly would not
 choose a woman of such tastes and habits as the sharer of
 our home joys and sorrows and the mother of our children.
 It is simply a matter of taste about which there can be no
 dispute.—*Washington Standard*.

Just so. There is no room for logical controversion of the
 abstract right; even if the acquisition of that right lead to
 the frightful examples so logically implied. If men do not
 want to marry such women, men can let them alone. If,
 however, a woman after acquiring the right to follow the
 bent of her own tastes and inclinations, should not take the
 direction of the accomplishments set out, and it is possible
 she may not, our level-headed brother may see his way to
 some other conclusions. The editor of the *Washington*
Capital doesn't seem to take the same point of view. He says:
 "For our part, we would rather our daughters, if we had any,
 would shine in the caucus than scrub in the kitchen. And
 we have a suspicion, that if they were permitted to vote,
 there would be better wages and less abuse."

A SOCIAL REVOLUTION.—A remarkable work has been
 undertaken in Washington. The recent proposition in the
 territorial legislature to license houses of ill-fame aroused
 some of the philanthropic women of that city to fathom the
 degradation that exists, and see if there was not some means
 of reform. Several of these ladies visited various houses of
 ill-fame, and conversed freely with the women who kept
 them. They talked with them as with equals, appealing
 directly to the better feelings and to the womanly instincts
 of their own sex. A full report of the conversation with
 these women is published in the *Chronicle*. That paper
 says: "Among all these women who have been visited, not
 one has been found who adopted the life from choice, not
 one who was not brought into it either by man's betrayal or
 by the stings of poverty and starvation; not one who loves
 the life."

After ascertaining that many of these women would be
 glad to live an honest life if the opportunity were given
 them and their past not remembered against them, the ladies
 unfolded their plan, which is to provide a home for a con-
 siderable number of these unfortunate, to furnish work for
 them and instruction in work; to supply for a while what
 ever they lack for support from their earnings; to provide in
 due time, as skill and experience increase, means of self
 support by a trade or by whatever work may be most suit-
 able or agreeable, and they promise to recognize them and
 treat them as well as the men who debased them.

The ladies found their best conductor in the proprietress of
 one of these houses, who said: "Here is my house, ample
 and furnished. Take it and people it with the girls who
 desire to be saved. Only give us work that we may earn an
 honest living, and the first man who attempts to enter my
 house for dishonest purposes shall be handed over to the
 police."

She was as good as her word, and the *Chronicle* of Monday
 announces that the house is now ready for a home for wo-
 men who desire to leave that mode of life and learn a
 useful pursuit, and already several are preparing to enter it.
 The *Chronicle* says: "There is a great tide of feeling sweep-
 ing through our community, and whatever the result may
 be, the great moral evil which has led to the suffering here
 can regain its old ascendancy."

On Sunday evening Rev. Dr. Sunderland preached upon
 "Duties to the Erring." Two women who have given
 their houses forever to evil purposes, and transformed
 the reform, were present, and at the close of the service
 Sunderland came down from his pulpit to shake hands with
 them and offer them some words of courage and encouragement.

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VICTORIA C. WOODHULL and TENNIE C. CLAFLIN,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

THE SOCIAL VOLCANO.

Another of those periodical volcanic upheavals has taken place, demonstrating the false sense of propriety which permeates the humanity of to-day, and wakes up momentarily the slumbering community to a realization of the state of affairs existing in the every day life and practice of every-day people. Is it not strange that the public at large will steadfastly refuse to look at the stern logic of fact—will ignore the principles underlying the social problems of to-day—until some poor unfortunate who lives on the endeavors of persons to hide acts which their very natures prompt (but which the false opinions of society compel them to hide) forces attention to their own sins. This is the case with the celebrated "trunk tragedy." Poor Alice Bowlsby lies in the Potter's Field, a martyr to the outrageous opinions of the unthinking, who set up a standard of virtue which no man endeavors to follow, and which it is no sin in any man to evade privately.

We lay the death of Alice Bowlsby, of Walter Conklin and the deeds of Doctor Rosenzweig at the door of society. We bring the dead bodies of the father, mother and the unborn child and lay them on society's doorstep, saying, "Behold your handiwork." This is no time to be scrupulous in our language. We cannot stand to pick words while hundreds are running the risks which Miss Bowlsby ran to satisfy the laws of society. We say that society itself is the patron of abortionists, that society's present laws make their occupation excusable, nay, a necessity; that the very men who are so loud in their denunciations of Rosenzweig and his class have, nine out of every ten of them, paid for his assistance, and, among women, nine out of ten would act as Alice Bowlsby did, if placed in the same position.

Ladies and gentlemen, you cannot carry out your social system; you have taught it in your schools, at your firesides, in your churches; you have made it a tool of respectability; you visit the deepest, the blackest, the direst of punishment upon all who transgress your rule, and yet you fail. The sons and daughters who have been reared in its atmosphere, ignore it; they cannot act up to it, and as regards the male portion, you do not dare to attempt to enforce it. All you dare do is to exact that they hide it as much as possible.

Your social civilization is a failure, and you know it, yet you say, "hush, don't say anything about it." There are scores of abortionists in this city alone, some worth millions. Where did they get it? Working girls cannot afford the hundred dollars necessary to employ a Rosenzweig, therefore it is, of course, upper tendom who supports them, aye, makes their immense fortunes while paying their enormous advertising bills.

You screech at Rosenzweig to-day; you employed him yesterday, and will produce patients for his successor to-morrow, and go to church next Sunday and look as devout as a Chadband. And yet, as society exists, he has been your friend. How many of your daughters owe the shelter of your roofs to him? Ah! were that question fairly solved, it would ignite a torch whose lurid glare would inflame this city from end to end, and every one would proclaim how dreadfully bad his neighbor was, and point out the skeleton in his neighbor's closet.

You may execrate Rosenzweig, but you cannot hide the fact that his labors are a necessity so long as your social system endures. You create the demand for his occupation

and supply the material for it. Here is a fair consideration of the facts of the case.

You have erected a social system which you teach from childhood to manhood, which you inculcate at home, at school, at church, and in all your social relations. Yet the victims are made daily in spite of the inhuman punishment you inflict for a non-compliance with your standard. Now in dealing with your system, we say here are a hundred victims; if they have no means of escape, at least ten will commit suicide, at least fifty will be driven from home into the streets, and the remainder will have the finger of scorn pointed at them so long as they live, while ninety children will be brought into the world under a ban of shame, which the better men they become, the harder will that ban be to bear, the deeper will it sink into their heart, although they had no control over the circumstances that make them degraded for life.

The Rosenzweigs step in and say, practically, "I will spare you nine deaths out of the ten (for only one in a hundred dies under my hand). I will send fifty more out of the hundred victims home, still virtuous according to your rules, because no one knows of the so-called transgression, and the remainder shall have their error known only to their parents or relatives, and the outside world and future husbands shall remain in happy and blissful ignorance of the truth. All this I will do for one hundred dollars each." You find the money, you have the private interview with Rosenzweig (not that you are interested; oh, no, it is all out of pure friendship; you didn't do it; it was some other man). You cheat society's rules or its victims, until another victim dies. Then you howl at their depravity and Rosenzweig's villainy.

These facts cannot be evaded; look them in the face; they invite you daily, even in the daily papers, where the advertisements are blazoned forth, ending, "Dr. — doesn't humbug ladies with medicine. Private rooms for nursing, and children adopted out."

But of course you don't read these, or turn up your dainty noses at them until you have a case on hand.

Rosenzweig's case will soon be forgotten; all will run on as before until the next trunk turns up, and some other unfortunate fails to successfully perform the task you engaged him to perform—and so wags the world.

THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN AND GENERAL BUTLER.

By this introduction we do not intend to enter into the question of veracity between the two parties. We simply desire to offer a suggestion which may possibly assist in the solution of which is likely to be the falsifier.

In the issue of the *Republican*, bearing date June 23d last, the leading editorial is entitled "The Women and Woodhull," the introduction to which is as follows, the capitals being our own:

The repudiation of the Woodhull and Claflin leadership, and the peculiar principles it seeks to engraft upon the woman's movement by the authorized and representative leaders of the woman's cause, is almost complete and certainly satisfactory. Neither these political and moral adventurers, nor their loose social notions receive any countenance from either of the National Associations of the woman's suffrage party. So far as these organizations have had opportunity to speak, they have distinctly repudiated them, and their names are excluded from the list of officers or speakers at their meetings.

Now, here is a bold and unqualified assertion. It is either true or false. If the latter, then the *Springfield Republican* is guilty of it. We let the record speak for itself. The *Tribune*, in speaking of the May Convention in its issue of May 10, says:

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND FREE LOVE—THE OPINIONS OF THE NEW LEADER—WHAT THE "CENTRAL BUREAU" IS SUPPOSED TO INDORSE.

The Woman's Suffrage Clubs are upon us. To-day Lucy Stone's party is to plead; to-morrow Miss Anthony's is to threaten. Perhaps, however, we ought not to say Miss Anthony's; for the Captain, whose praises we erst have sung, gives notice that she no longer leads the skirmish line, but has given place to a more skillful leader, Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull. More, indeed, than the indomitable Captain and that enthusiastic Lieutenant, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, have accorded the new leader the distinction of their homage. Here is the hearty, admiring tribute at once to her great ability and her high moral worth, which was unanimously adopted by the Central Woman's Suffrage Bureau at Washington during the progress of the great campaign which Mrs. Woodhull and Mrs. Hooker conducted against Congress.

It then gives the official report, which we omit. And in closing, after making various quotations from the *WEEKLY*, says:

The author of these utterances has fairly won the leadership so handsomely accorded her at Washington, and is entitled to its continued enjoyment.

In the same paper, of May 12, it gives an account of the proceedings of the Convention, headed as follows: "Woman Suffrage—Anniversary of the 'Woodhull' Branch—A Great Many Resolutions—Also Speeches—Mrs. Woodhull may possibly Rebel"—and gives the speech of Mrs. Woodhull in full.

The good and the great Lucretia Mott followed Mrs. Woodhull, among other things saying:

And way I especially come forward this afternoon, although in feeble health, to identify myself with this branch, in an account of certain resolutions which I greatly regret should have been passed at the convention yesterday. [Re-

ferring to resolution adopted by the "Lucy Stone branch," specially directed against Mrs. Woodhull.]

Of the same day's proceedings the *Herald* says:

THE WORLD TO BE TURNED UPSIDE DOWN—SECESSION THREATENED—MRS. WOODHULL INDORSED—SHE DISDAINS PERSONAL AMBITION, AND WORKS ONLY FOR THE GOOD OF THE PEOPLE.

It is quite unnecessary to quote the article of which the above is the heading, other than this, regarding the evening session:

Mrs. Stanton called the meeting to order, and introduced Mrs. Woodhull. Mrs. Woodhull, on coming forward, was received with great applause.

The *Express* report contains the following:

Miss Susan B. Anthony then suggested that Mrs. Woodhull explain the platform of her Democratic-Republican party, which she proceeded to do. She proposed to call it the Cosmopolitan Party, and explained the principles and reforms it contemplated—to wit: limitation of the Presidency to one term; reforms in internal improvements—in commercial and navigation laws, in the relation of labor and capital; limitation of the power of legislative bodies to levy taxes; to abolish the death penalty, and make prisons reformatory workshops; to prevent the government from enacting special laws, etc.

Mrs. Lucretia Mott spoke in favor of the platform, and was followed by other speakers.

In the list of the National Committee, appointed by the Convention at Apollo Hall appears the name of Mrs. Woodhull.

The *Tribune* of May 22 contains the following:

Mr. Henry B. Blackwell declares that WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY—a paper with at least twice as much circulation generally attributed to the *Woman's Journal*, through which he makes the announcement—is a paper of small circulation, which is doubtless true, and ought not to be regarded as a pronounced organ of Woman Suffrage, which is a serious mistake. The Woman Movement does have organs in spite of Mr. Blackwell's contrary assertion, and WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S is the liveliest of them, exactly as we stated. Its leading editor and proprietor has been distinctly recognized by Miss Anthony and a whole host of others as having done the grandest thing yet accomplished for the cause. We are glad to know that Mr. Blackwell disapproves of Mrs. Woodhull's views; but his protests would have been better heard in Apollo Hall than in the columns of a paper reaching not half so many readers as the one it assails. It is true, as Mr. Blackwell argues, that a party is not responsible for the character of chance comers in its ranks; but it can be, and is, for those it singles out as its leaders, whose demonstrations on legislative bodies it accepts as the heaven-sent solution of its problem, and whom it indorses and pledges itself to work with by formal resolution. Mrs. Anthony, Mrs. Hooker, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Stanton are as old and prominent Woman Suffrage advocates as Mr. Blackwell. Do's he not know that they chose months ago to follow the flag, as some enthusiast lately called it, of Woodhull and Victory?

We could continue almost indefinitely to add testimony, but this is sufficient, and we now leave the reader to judge whether the *Springfield Republican* stated a deliberate and malicious falsehood, or told the plain, unvarnished truth. If the former, it may assist in the determination whether it or General Butler speaks the truth in a more recent case. No comment of our own is required.

THE REVOLUTION ON THE FENCE.

Suffrage papers such as the *Revolution*, *Woman's Journal*, *Independent*, *Springfield Republican*, etc., are evidently upon "the fence," hard-pressed to take to water, and fearing the unconstitutionality side, and hating the constitutionality side of it. But the *Revolution* is evidently preparing to jump; and, for the sake of the cause, we hope it will land where it points out the *Golden Age* so grandly sailing. But the *Revolution* has no opinion. Don't know anything about the Constitution. Never was instructed in legal rights or words. Can't tell whether women are really citizens, or whether citizens have the right to vote. In fact, it acknowledges itself to be a regular, full-fledged Know Nothing of the first water. We advise the *Revolution* to watch carefully and read analytically what will be done in Congress the coming winter, and be ready to make up its editorial mind that women are both citizens and voters.

The *Woman's Journal* for the last month has taken on an exceeding fit of nervousness, and symptoms indicate either epilepsy or chorea, and we shall not be surprised to hear at any time of a culmination. For a long time it had no convictions. It did not know anything about a Federal Constitution; but that Great Authority, H. B. B., has lately been brought to the conviction that there is a Constitution outside of and, perhaps superior—though he seems to be in doubt about this still—to that of the old Bay State. He has really begun its consideration, but got stuck fast on the second section of its first article. The last we heard from Boston said H. B. B. was apparently hopelessly floundering about still fast to that "snag" of State Rights which he seems to have forgotten was swept from its fastnesses by the torrents of blood shed by hundreds of thousands of his fellow-men eight, nine and ten years ago.

But the *Revolution* unwittingly concedes a point which we have all along been endeavoring to bring the public to see. It is the same fact put forth by Paulina W. Davis at the Apollo Hall Convention, where Mrs. Larned would not permit the *Revolution* to appear upon the news table because WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY was there; and that fact is that the wrongs of women "are social still more than they are political," which, if many of these advocates of Woman's Rights have seen, they have been too sensitive to proclaim. But, now that women are about to get suffrage, they say that is not much after all; all the most needed part of the work of

The full brilliancy of this writer, however, does not appear until he falls into comparisons. He says: "Because our toes pinch we do not give up all owing for our feet. To make this simile complete he should have put both feet into one shoe, and made the purpose of the shoe the feeling of the two together. But he knew that to do so, he lost the feet

Now, we do not know Charles Mildmay, D. D. His article is dated at New York. We have thoroughly examined the Directory but find no Charles Mildmay, D. D., or any other there set down. We have a suspicion, however, that the aforesaid D. D. may be T. T. himself, or if not, then some one for him, since with all his love for other kinds of freedom in general, this one in particular he delights in dealing back-handed blows—that is, where and when they are least expected. Of one thing we are satisfied, that it is a person under some other name, acting somewhat as when he attempts to show social slavery to be marriage, and social freedom to be anarchy. Assumption goes a great way when it does not find an obstacle in the road called analysis. St. Paul said, "It is hard to kick against the pricks;" so also will Charles Mildmay, D. D., find it hard to kick against the ascent of freedom to the top of the ladder, which having gained, it can overlook, guide and govern all below and around, Charles Mildmay, D. D., included.

WHAT IS INFLATION IN MONEY AND PRICES?

The Chicago Times, in criticising Mr. Ewing's late speech on Finance, which the New York Tribune, having nothing of its own to say, approvingly copies, says: "General Ewing thinks the issue of more paper would reduce the rate of interest charged by money-lenders to such an extent that investments in three per cent. bonds would be the best that could be made." And then adds: "How he can think any such thing, knowing that inflation expands general prices is a mystery we cannot penetrate."

Either General Ewing has not spoken definitely, or the *Times* is very blind, since it cannot see how the rates of interest could be maintained at or near three per cent. of the issue of national currency. Suppose the five-twenties are paid off by this new proposed currency, then far there would be no expansion. There would only be a transformation of the bonded debt into the currency debt. Further, suppose all the bonded debt was transferred into a currency debt, would there be any expansion then? Would the indebtedness of the people be any larger than now? Most evidently not. In fact it would in reality be entirely discharged, since all the interest-bearing indebtedness would be extinct, and in its place there would be a representative currency, with which its holders could at any time obtain or exchange any of the products of labor, which the country furnishes, or gold if they chose.

But this is not the end of the matter since if it were, there would be no equivalent to the rate of interest. The money lenders would fix it to suit themselves, precisely as they do now. Just at this point, however, the government steps in and offers the people's currency to all who desire to borrow and who can furnish the required security at three per cent. Will the Times please explain if it thinks the people would borrow from the "money-lenders" at nine per cent. when

they could have the same accommodation from the government at three?

Of course there would be persons who, not having first class securities, could not borrow from the government, and undoubtedly the money lenders would take these risks and receive larger rates of interest. But that would not be different from present facts. Money lenders who are willing to take extra hazardous risks sometimes receive as high as twenty five per cent. These cases are exceptions, however, and in no wise affect the rule, since people who borrow, not having sufficient wealth to secure the payment, do not come within the list of legitimate borrowers. If the *Times* cannot show how rates of interest will increase under such practice, perhaps the *Tribune*, after sounding the depths of its political economy, may.

But the *Times* thinks inflation will not stop itself under such circumstances. We reply, there can be no such thing as inflation unless our present debt is an inflation. When the debt is extinguished, there would be just the currency asset which paid it. The government cannot issue money and throw it out among the people. It must be paid out to cancel indebtedness, or it must be paid out in the shape of loans. Then where is the opportunity for inflation, since there would be no more money borrowed than could be put to such use as to pay the three per cent. interest?

If the people calculate on having a government fashioned after Tammany, there might be a danger, but even then that danger could not exist long enough to do much harm, as the people would soon want to know why they were compelled to convert so much currency, by bonds, upon which interest would have to be paid instead of received.

No one seems to doubt the ability of the country to meet its present bonded indebtedness. Neither does anybody imagine that we can actually produce gold enough to pay them; but they do imagine that we shall produce what is just as good as gold, with which the bonds can be directly paid, or with which exchange can be made for gold, and the bonds paid by that. Either process amounts to precisely the same thing in the end. In both cases it would in reality be our products which pay the bonds, while the gold would be only an incident to the transaction.

When all the bonds should be converted by the currency, could not its holders obtain at will the same kind of products with it as they had previously done with the bonds? And would not the country be equally able to furnish such products then as now? Then where will the speculation and the great stimulation of prices which the *Times* has in its mind's eye come in? It seems to us that the *Times* is sometimes like a certain philosopher, who, to begin with, assumed that the moon is made of green cheese, and then proceeded to argue that the cracks which are said to exist in its surface must certainly be filled with by either green or blue mould, since no other mould is possible of cheese. The argument of the *Times* may be all straight enough, but it would be difficult to find the premises upon which it is founded. In fact they are as difficult for us to see as it is difficult for the *Times* to see the logic of a national currency.

People, when considering the proposed currency, must not fall into the error that the government is going to pay its expenses by drafts upon the issuing bureau. All government expenses will be met as now by some form of revenue taxation. Hence the *Times* statement that "Every addition to the revenue would heighten export and stimulate demand" is of about the same force and effect as the statement would be that the falling of Jupiter upon the Earth would displace it from its orbit—since one is as possible as the other.

We should like to have the *Times* make its honesty apparent in comparing the proposed currency to Confederate scrip, since it must know, if it know anything, that the Confederate scrip was based upon a future possibility which was never realized, and which, had it been realized, Confederate scrip would to-day have been worth as much as greenbacks are. It is not strange that the *Chicago Times* should have fallen into this line of argument, since its hard-shell conservatism sees danger in everything that is not at least a century old; but that the *Tribune*, which jumps at all sorts of new things except revenue reform and woman suffrage, should have hesitated to adopt it, may justly furnish cause for wonder. But we are happy in the belief that there will be enough just such "lunatics" as the *Times* has discovered to give the country a rational and scientific money, by which the laboring classes may hope to rise to something near an equality with the money lenders.

PROPOSITION EXTRAORDINARY—\$7 50 FOR \$5.

The WEEKLY and the Golden Age are the only two papers in the country which are the outspoken advocates of the proposition that women have the right of suffrage, because they are citizens under the plain interpretation of the Federal Constitution, one of a citizen's rights being the right to vote, "as against all State laws whatever." The WEEKLY will, in addition to its other varied matters, contain full reports of all the action of Congress upon this question during its next session, which will probably not be found in any other paper, since other Woman's Rights papers attempt to ignore this constitutional right claimed for women by the WEEKLY. As a further inducement to subscribers, and that they may also be able to study the principles upon which the WEEKLY advocates general reform, as contained in "The Principles of Government," by Victoria C. Woodhull, and "Constitutional Equality," by T. Van C. Candler, these two books, price \$5 50, postage paid, with the WEEKLY, \$2 per year, are now offered for \$5 in advance. The WEEKLY, in clubs of five, to one address, for \$2 75, in clubs of ten, \$18, in clubs of twenty and upward, \$1 25 each copy per year. These books added to each of these propositions at \$5, postage paid.

LABOR AND CAPITAL

no VIII

Having thus passed in review the Land, Production and Revenue systems of the country, which, with the Finance system, complete the foundation on which Labor and capital build the relations which these sustain to each other, as represented in practice, can be concluded.

A stream can never rise higher than its source except by artificial means. If artificial means are used to elevate the stream above its source, when they are removed, changed or decayed it will fall to its natural level. This principle holds good in all the varied operations of mind as well as matter. The stability of everything which occupies unnatural and inconstant positions through artificial and extraneous means is never assured. It is at all times liable to change, and is ever in danger of present and certain of ultimate disintegration.

Such is the position of capital to labor in this country. Labor is the direct source of all capital and has produced all capital. But by the means of unphilosophic, unnatural and unequal laws capital has usurped a position higher than its source, and not only occupies it, but assumes to dictate to and control labor. The responsibility for this condition should not be charged upon the representatives of capital, neither does its cause exist in capital or in the capitalist. It is further back than they. It is in the people who have constructed society and government upon false principles, which being administered, permit all the ill of which they can obtain.

If the Constitution and laws of a country make possible certain things, which may be seized upon by a few persons to the injury of all the rest, it can scarcely be expected but there will be those willing to take advantage of it. Were this audience shown that by pursuing a certain course, which would not be in conflict with any existing law no matter how much there should be law to prevent it each one of them could in a given time accumulate a fortune, I do not think there are many who would forego the opportunity because it would be at the expense of others or of the country.

Therefore, when the labor interest cries out against the oppression of capital, it must remember that had their places been reversed the laborers instead of the capitalists would have been the oppressing power. It is a great thing for people to be able to look at both sides of a question, to see how it would be were it 'my bull which had gored your ox.'"

The cause being in the people they must look to themselves for the remedy, and they must apply it before they may expect to see their rights adjusted. Between the real interests of labor and capital there is an entire harmony. Their true interests lie in each rendering complete justice to the other. In the understanding of this point lies the solution of the present question. Strife may continue - war even, may come of strife, but for all that the settlement must follow from a proper adjustment of their relations upon principle.

We are sorry that there is a class of self-styled reformers who perpetually stir up strife, making interests antagonistic, and thus more widely separating them. These persons pride with considerable volubility on the terrible condition into which things have fallen. As a rule they belong to that class who, being upon the outskirts of society, wait, Mæcenas-like, for something to turn up by which they may ride into position. But do they present remedies for the ill they picture so graphically? Do they tell whence they came or whither they should go? Let me warn the laborers to beware of such persons; they are wolves in sheep's clothing, who would make use of the occasion that they may seek their blood.

The true friends of humanity are they who find the causes of their ills and teach them their remedies. There is no such charity about the conditions of society as to make it impossible for its members to comprehend their defects. But the laboring classes being compelled to continuous industry by these defects, do not have the opportunity to search for the hidden causes. They are others fallen from their labor year after year, and without inquiry why those things are so, at once jump to the conclusion that they are the subjects of personal tyranny which is determined forever to keep them in this condition of vassalage. This drives the laborers to resistance; they set about forming themselves into combinations to control hours of labor and wages, not yet comprehending that these are but remedies, not cures. Society has tried remedies long enough. They require to be used continually. Prevention is what the people demand, and prevention they must, will and shall have. But the time for the cure should not be administered in such large proportions as to prove worse than the disease. While endeavoring to prevent the ills of society, care must be taken that its life is not put in jeopardy.

The judicious architect provides the material for the new before pulling down the old, and thus leaves no unnecessary interval for anarchy to step in and occupy. Before breaking up the present construction of society by revolution, which would end in anarchy and confusion from which better conditions might promptly spring, the better conditions should be prepared and by general consent substituted therefor. Namely, there need be no alarm among the laboring classes. This is a republican form of government, in which all men, at least, are equal in political power. Political power resides in a

THE *Globe* says that "Jenny June has bought a nice house on Thirty-eighth street, between Third and Lexington avenues, where she will establish a permanent home. She is one of our most successful writers, and we are glad she makes it pay." So are we. We are more than glad to see how successful a woman can be in journalism. How proud the big editor must be of his little wife. Query: As she earns the property and pays the taxes, who ought to elect the public officials, school boards, tax assessors, controllers, and so on?

THE WEEKLY BULLETIN OF THE PANTARCHY.

POSITIVISM, NEO-POSITIVISM, UNIVERSOLOGY,
JOHN H. NOYES.

NUMBER II.

[The following is a continuation of the strictures of John H. Noyes on the Creed of the Positivists published in the *World*. My own strictures on the strictures are inclosed in brackets.—S. P. A.]

For my part, I see no need of quarreling with the New York Creed about materialism. All our American developments have tended to close up the old gap between mind and matter. Phrenology, Mesmerism and Spiritualism taught us the substantial identity of soul and body long before Comtism and the correlation of forces were heard of in this country. And I learned nearly the same lesson from the Bible long before I heard of Spiritualism, Mesmerism or Phrenology. Twenty-five years ago, when I was almost exclusively a Bible-student, I wrote my creed about spirits thus:

We freely confess that we are so far materialists, that we believe there is no such vast chasm between spirit and matter as is generally imagined, but that the two touch each other, and have properties in common: that caloric, light, electricity, galvanism and magnetism (or the ethers that these modes of force belong to), are, in some sense, connecting links between the material and spiritual worlds; that spirit is in many respects like these fluids and is as truly substantial as they. We do not ascribe to spirit "length, breadth and thickness," in the common acceptation of those words, because the nature of all fluids precludes those properties. Whoever thinks of attributing length, breadth and thickness to the sunlight? One would not know how to measure or which way to go in taking the dimensions of such a substance. Yet, if a specific portion of any fluid is separated from the mass and confined in a solid vessel, that portion of fluid assumes the length, breadth and thickness of the vessel. So if a specific portion of spirit or life is confined in an animal form, that life assumes the length, breadth and thickness of that form. In this sense we believe that spirits have length, breadth and thickness.

Materialism is not the only error men are liable to fall into in their speculations on spiritual science. Every extreme has its opposite. There is a vast amount of morbid anti-materialism among religionists and metaphysicians. When the notion that spirit is an "immaterial substance," is carried so far as to deny all substantial qualities to spiritual beings, we call it *etherialism* or *hyper-spiritualism*, and regard it as an error quite as pernicious as materialism.

The same progress of philosophy that materializes spirit also spiritualizes matter. We lose nothing in giving up the old ideas of immateriality, if we still hold that matter is cunning enough to produce consciousness, thought, affection and will. Names are of no consequence. If the latest thinkers choose to call the thing that manifests these phenomena "nervous fluid" or "ether" or "force" or "tissue" under the play and vibration of a combination of forces, I do not see in this language any danger of our losing our old-fashioned souls. Matter or dynamic machinery that is capable of personality, is very likely to have also the faculty of immortality.

It is true, the explanation of the mechanism of tissues and forces which produce consciousness, as given in the New York Creed, is not profoundly satisfactory, but sounds to me like the explanation of the motion of a steamboat addressed by a didactic father to his children, as they stood on the upper deck, in view of the walking-beam: "You see, my little dears, the thingumbob here hitches on the crinkum crankum, and the crinkum crankum goes down and takes hold of the jigimoree; then the engineer turns the handle, and the captain gives the orders, and all hands shove, and so the boat goes ahead!" True, I have not the least idea what the Positivist means when he talks about "the pleasant hum of the forces in the consciousness," nor do I think he himself knows any better than the old divines knew what they were talking about. True, I prefer the common confessions of ignorance in these deep matters, as safer and more sensible than the elaborate explanations of the Creed. I suppose Professor Tyndall represents the best part of the scientific world in the following passages from his late address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science:

*** You see I am not mincing matters, but avowing nakedly what many scientific thinkers more or less distinctly believe. The formation of a crystal, a plant, or an animal, is in their eyes a purely mechanical problem, which differs from the problem of ordinary mechanics in the smallness of the masses and the complexity of the processes involved. Here you have one half of our dual truth; let us now glance at the other half. Associated with this wonderful mechanism of the animal body we have phenomena no less certain than those of physics, viz.: the facts of consciousness, but between which, and the mechanism, we discern no necessary connection. *** I hardly imagine that any profound scientific thinker who has reflected upon the subject, exists, who would not admit the extreme probability of the hypothesis, that for every act of consciousness, whether in the domain of sense, of thought, or of emotion, a certain definite molecular condition is set up in the brain; that this relation of physics to consciousness is invariable, so that, given the state of the brain, the corresponding thought or feeling might be inferred; or given the thought or feeling, the corresponding state of the brain might be inferred. But how inferred? It is at bottom not a case of logical

inference at all, but of empirical association. *** Granted that a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously, we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass by a process of reasoning from the one phenomenon to the other. They appear together, but we do not know why. Were our minds and senses so expanded, strengthened and illuminated as to enable us to see and feel the very molecules of the brain; were we capable of following all their motions, all their groupings, all their electric discharges, if such there be, and were we intimately acquainted with the corresponding states of thought and feeling, we should be as far as ever from the solution of the problem, "How are these physical processes connected with the facts of consciousness?" The chasm between the two classes of phenomena would still remain intellectually impassable. Let the consciousness of *love*, for example, be associated with a right-handed spiral motion of the molecules of the brain, and the consciousness of *hate* with a left-handed spiral motion. We should then know when we love that the motion is in one direction, and when we hate that the motion is in the other; but the "why?" would still remain unanswered.

In affirming that the growth of the body is mechanical, and that thought, as exercised by us, has its correlative in the physics of the brain, I think the position of the materialist is stated, as far as that position is a tenable one. I think the materialist will be able finally to maintain this position against all attacks; but I do not think, as the human mind is at present constituted, that he can pass beyond it. I do not think he is entitled to say that his molecular grouping and his molecular motions explain everything. In reality they explain nothing. *** The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the pre-scientific ages. *** On both sides of the zone assigned to the materialist he is equally helpless. If you ask him whence is this "matter" of which we have been discoursing, who or what divided it into molecules, who or what impressed upon them this necessity of running into organic forms, he has no answer. Science also is mute in reply to these questions. But if the materialist is confounded, and science rendered dumb, who else is entitled to answer? To whom has the secret been revealed? Let us lower our heads and acknowledge our ignorance, one and all.—*World Report*, November, 1868.

These are the views of the working discoverers, who stick close to the facts, and decline the long flights of speculation which are necessary in the system-building of the universologists. I prefer this style of thought to that of the Positivists. I do not think science is half so near "out of the woods" as their hallooing would lead one to suppose.

But, however all this may be, I repeat that I have no quarrel with the materialism or the dynamic machinery of the New York propagandists. They acknowledge the facts of consciousness and personality; and conscious personality is the same good thing, whether it inheres in a spirit, as we have hitherto been taught, or is the result of a combination of forces, "humming through the tissues," as the new Creed explains it. But I do not see any necessary connection between this explanation and the tremendous conclusion which the Creed draws from it in the following paragraph:

It sweeps at once into the limbo of vanity, or mythology, all notions and hopes that the mass of our race, from its earliest history, has hitherto rested upon, as they passed from the womb to the grave. We find ourselves in a new world. Where, under this view, are the "creation," "end of the world," "personal gods," or "God," "the immortal spirit," or "soul" of man, the heaven, "hell," "devil," "sin," "repentance," "resurrection," "judgment," "angels," "spirits," "ghosts," "witches," "fairies," and "unseen influences" and "the feelings" that have led and held man upward in his rise from the brute? All these vanish. Science shows them all to be but anthropomorphism—the creations of man—the reflection or projection of himself and his various moods and fancies into the world around him.—*Positivist Creed*, Art. 20.

A sweeping *finale*, truly! but not by any means necessary as the result of the materialistic or the dynamic theory. If matter or force, or any combination of them, can be personal organisms at all, I see no reason, in the nature of things, why they may not be invisible and eternal organisms. Something is eternal; and if we eliminate spirits, then matter and force are eternal. If matter and force can be arranged so as to produce consciousness for a moment or for seventy years, it is impossible to prove that the same arrangement may not be continued forever. If matter and force produce visible personalities, that is no proof that they do not produce invisible personalities, but the contrary, so far as it goes. These materialistic and dynamic explanations do not touch the old questions—whether death is the end of man, whether there is another world, whether there are orders of beings higher than human, etc. These questions are not to be settled by *a priori* argument, but by actual observation. They are not questions of law but questions of fact.

[They are both questions of Law and questions of Fact; and must be investigated as everything else must, both in the *a posteriori* and in the *a priori* order.]

[The Positivists (Comtists) are, especially the "Materialists" and "System-Builders" whom Mr. Noyes has in mind when he talks of Universologists—borrowing my term and confounding Universology proper with systems with which it has as little in common, and as much in common, as it has with Mr. Noyes' own spiritual theories. Universology not only affirms spiritual entity along with Mr. Noyes, and as against the mere Materialists, but it puts that affirmation, for the first time, upon the footing of a scientific demonstration, through the scientific demonstration and discovery of the laws of universal analogy. But it does more than this. It intervenes between the Materialists and Spiritualists, and does precisely what Professor Tyndall in the preceding extracts holds, rightly, to have been heretofore unaccomplished, and that of the accomplishment of which he seems rather to despair. Intervening between Matter and

Spirit is the Mathematical and Logical, that is to say, the Abstract Pure Rational domain, the extracted essence of which proves to be applicable as a measuring rod on the one hand of all material, and on the other hand of all spiritual phenomena; and thus to show the "why" of the pre-established harmony which Tyndall recognizes as existing between them, but which he cannot account for. Science with this stride comes effectively "out of the woods," not by extending or depending upon the same method which Mr. Noyes criticises, but by a wholly new method. How it will affect by modification, the manner of holding spiritual truths, by Mr. Noyes and his side in the old controversy, as radically perhaps as it will affect the mental posture of the Materialists remains to be seen, with the increase of opportunity.]

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

A REJOINDER.

TO STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS: I seem to have misapprehended your position, and I think you have misapprehended mine. Can you afford space for a rejoinder, which I think will tend toward a reconciliation?

My main criticism was upon the word "only," which it seems I interpreted too strictly, in the expression that there are only three fundamental principles. (1.) I do not doubt that "Everything has to have a half, and then an opposite half, and then these two halves united in the whole." But in the case of a potato, and in myriads of other cases, it will be as true and as practically useful to assert that everything has to have a third, another third, and still another, and then all these united in the whole, making another reconciliation in the number four. (2.)

Nor do I "question the fundamental character of the principles, Unism, Duism and Trinism." I agree with you "that the first contrast is between one and two, and that the first reconciliation of that contrast is three—and that these relations underlie every other and more complex distribution." So in arithmetic, the numbers 1, 2 and 3 form a part of all higher numbers. But the same thing is true of any number whatever, that it and the lower numbers form a part of all higher numbers. (3.)

Again, my "Criticism" would have been more exactly represented if you had said that I think some modification of the details of the philosophy will have to be made. As I intimated before, I expect you to agree to that.

I have for many years believed that when men hit upon an important complex truth, they generally state it in such a form as to involve error; that the next step is for another set of men to perceive that error and run to the opposite extreme; and that then—I was on the point of saying "finally"—there comes a reconciliation of the two extremes, showing us the truth of each. Thus, Socialism first takes the form of communism; and every association thus far established has probably split upon that rock. Warren takes the new departure of Individual Sovereignty. But when we reach a practical association, the two will be reconciled; the individual will be under a complete organized co-operation, and will be perfectly free; certain things, such as works of art, will be held as individual property, and probably at enormous prices, while others of more general usefulness will be so cheap that, perhaps, by-and-by boys will stand at the ferries begging us to accept a coat or a hat, as they now thrust into our hands newspapers, and sometimes books, fans and looking-glasses. Now all this may be happily expressed in your formula. We have had the Unism and the Duism, both fragmentary and failures; by-and-by we shall have the Trinism, and that I believe will be the first success. Yet I should not be willing to swear by the finality. There will be some error still, and yet another departure, another reconciliation, and a higher success, and so on, indefinitely. (4.)

It seems to me that you will agree with me so thoroughly in all this, that, after all, the questions between us relate rather to the mode of enumerating the principles than to their essence.

Another case occurs to me in which a Trinism is urgently needed at the present time. Darwin represents a school of philosophy, who assert the doctrine of Natural Selection. Agassiz represents another school, asserting the doctrine of Development by Creative Design. Cannot some third man be found to show that both are right—that there is a law of development with which the principle of natural selection is in harmony, and to which it is subordinate? (5.)

HENRY M. PARKHURST.

121 Nassau street, Aug. 21, 1871.

P. S.—Professor Cope seems to want to be the "third man." I had never heard a hint of his theory when I wrote the above.

[COMMENTS.—(1.) The word "fundamental" modifies the only. "There are only three fundamental principles." This does not deny the existence of millions of others—if you still choose to call them principles, but in fact that they are all derivative from these three by new compositions.

(2.) As true, yes; because the most complex thing is as true as the most elementary; as practically useful in the case of the potato, because a case is chosen on which there is no practical utility in either; but not as *Elementary*.

(3.) True; and this very observation has an important secondary value in Universology.

(4.) True, and well stated. But this Philosophy—Integralism—which spans the two opposites and reconciles them, is not

subject to the same criticism as the two preceding partialisms; and whatever new departures come out of it (and all must do so), must be virtually included also within it.

(3) I have known nothing of Professor Cope. I have had it in my mind to do just the thing suggested; but I have so much to do. S. P. A.]

THE TILTON-GREELEY FREE LOVE CONTROVERSY.

I have felt several times tempted to pitch in and take a hand in this fight; but as it seemed to be in tolerably good hands on both sides, and as I was not called on as the auxiliary of either party, I have abstained from interfering. There is one point, however, in one of Mr. Greeley's letters, which has so plausible a face and is calculated to deceive so many superficial thinkers, that it should be directly and conclusively disposed of; and as it has not fallen in Mr. Tilton's way to reply to it directly, I take the liberty to do so, in the general interests of truth and radical reform.

Mr. Greeley says:

I. You ask me what I mean by "Free Love." Let me illustrate:

Here are a husband and wife, each fifty years old, who have lived in wedlock a quarter of a century, and have had six or eight children, of whom half survive. The pains and cares of maternity have nearly worn out the wife, while the husband is still in the prime of manly vigor and strength. He has filled a wider sphere and enjoyed better opportunities for mental culture than she has, and feels himself her intellectual superior. Among his acquaintances is a younger, fairer, fresher woman, not so richly dowered with worldly wealth, who admires and is admired by him—who, in fact, is willing, if invited, to be his "affinity," and he is more than willing that she shall. If they "take up" with each other, their arrangement, or whatever you please to call it, is just what I execrate as "Free Love." You know that such alliances exist. I feel that they are abhorred of God and a chief cause of human degradation, family disruption and general wretchedness. In short, I hold the man who has sworn to love and cherish one woman till death not free to love another while that woman lives and strives to fulfill toward him the duties of a loving wife. Hence, I intensely hate "Free Love;" and I hate all inculcation that a marriage may rightfully be dissolved, except for flagrant, deliberate adultery, while husband and wife both live.

This is very characteristic of Mr. Greeley. He is asked for a definition, and he gives an illustration of what he supposes to be the thing which he is asked to define. Definitions are dangerous, if we don't know how to make them accurately and well, and illustrations are cheap and plenty. Mr. Greeley once remonstrated with me in a tone of pathos almost lachrymose on the awful tendencies of my advocacy of free love, and cited a case of "a poor girl in Williamsburg" who had been seduced and abandoned, and, I believe, had gone crazy and committed suicide, or had incurred some other dire catastrophe which appealed to the good man's sympathies—as if thousands of such cases were not occurring every day, under the existing compound system of marriage-and-harlotry, of which they are the natural outgrowth; and as if the very purpose of Free Love were not to put an end, in the only effectual way, to just such occurrences.

It is as when the advocate of slavery urged the Abolitionists to desist from agitation because some cruel slaveholder had been made more cruel by the hatred of Abolitionists. The poor girl was persecuted to the death for an act no more criminal by the laws of nature than the running away of a slave from his owner, but which like the running away—as an offense against the present artificial institution of marriage-slavery and its accompanying prohibitions upon those outside of its pale—had to be punished by the opprobrium of public opinion, resulting in the suicide or murder.

The Free Lover says abolish the institution, correct the public opinion, vindicate the laws of nature, and you cry out on him that he is increasing the cases of murder and suicide. Doubtless that is true, temporarily, but he is at the same time drawing the fangs of this merciless public opinion, or wearing them out by provoking it to exercise them so often, and when Freedom comes there will be an end of the murders and suicides for this cause, for all time to come.

Every freedom has its bill of costs to pay. In the American Revolution somebody suffered. The freedom of the Southern slaves entails much misery. As Bismarck is said to have said: You can't make an omelet without breaking some eggs. The question is, Will freedom pay? Is it worth the cost? And another question is, who is the party really responsible for the suffering?

The answer to Mr. Greeley on this point is, then, this:

For the worn-out wife to be discarded is an evil, just as in the case of the worn-out slave (the two natural products of the two institutions); but it is a less evil than that of maintaining the slaveholding institution, in either case; and the evil is chargeable, not on the freedom, which may intensify the evil temporarily, until new adjustments can be made, but upon the previous condition of servitude.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

BISHOP CREEK, Inyo Co., Cal., Aug. 18, 1871.

Stephen Pearl Andrews:

DEAR SIR: I see by the last number of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN that you had mislaid the poem I sent you, and requesting another copy, which I now inclose to you, with a few additional remarks about it and myself.

As stated in the appended note, this poem was sent me by some unknown hand, with the words "Want to know" on

the wrapper. Soon after receiving it, I sat with a clairvoyant medium, who knew nothing of my getting the poem, and she said to me, "I see a man placing a crown upon your head," describing laurel leaves, which I afterwards learned she had never seen.

A few months after this, I sent the poem to a friend in San Francisco, who took it to a medium there (Mrs. Sampson), who said that the author of the poem was "Pollock," but gave no other name or initials, saying, "I placed the wreath on the lady's head; she will wear it when she has earned it. She is called and chosen to do a great work for humanity," etc., etc.

I have been so much impressed with the prophetic meaning of the poem, which so exactly relates to my own life and experience, that I have had several copies printed, and have sent them to different persons, and have received very widely different views and impressions concerning its purport. One writes me: "I think you a woman of too good sense to pay any attention to such inspirational trundle, for I do not believe anybody is ever inspired nowadays, and those who think they are, no doubt, are more or less insane."

This criticism is from one who leads in the van of free thought. I have but little care who is meant in the poem, which I think refers to the influence of woman when fully unfolded into higher life and conditions, but as there are ever pivotal minds all along the ages of human progress, so I, or any one else whose organization and experience have fitted them to stand and turn the surging tide of thought into new and better channels of higher development, may be made to represent a type that is yet to be more fully unfolded. I have now lived half a century, most of this time devoted to domestic life and duties; but there comes to me, of late years, spiritual waves of impressional thought that I feel belong to others besides myself, and I am awaiting the proper time and demand for their expression and realization. So far as this life is concerned, I have little hopes or ambition: for this age looks not to the ideal, but only to the actual and real. I can only hope to find a few minds* that have faith in the grand possibilities and future destiny of the human race.

Yours fraternally,

MRS. LUNA HUTCHISON.

* Your proposed Intelligence Office may serve to bring such minds together.—L. H.

"THE ORACLE."

An Inspirational Poem, delivered by Miss Lizzie Doten, at the close of her Lecture in Chicago, Sunday Evening, August 7, 1864.

[The authorship of this poem, the style of which so closely resembles that of Poe, could not be ascertained; the only reply to the inquiry was that the name was not essential.]

Like the roar of distant cataracts,
Like the slumbrous roll of waves,
Like the night-wind in the willows,
Sighing over lonely graves;
Like oracular responses,
Echoing from their secret caves,
Comes a sound of solemn meaning
From the spirits gone before;
Comes a terrible "awake thou!"
Startling man from sleep once more,
Like a wild wave beating, breaking,
On this life's tempestuous shore.

In Earth's desolated temples
Have the oracles grown dumb,
And the priests, with lifeless rituals,
All man's noblest powers benumb;
But a solemn voice is speaking—
Speaking of the yet to come.
There will be a chosen priestess,
Springing from the lap of Ease,
Hastening to the soul's Dodona,
Where, amid the sacred trees,
She will hear divine responses,
Whispered in the passing breeze.

She will be a meek-faced woman,
Chastened by Affliction's rod,
Who hath worshiped at the altar
Of the spirit's "unknown God;"
Who in want, in woe and weakness,
All alone the wine-press trod—
Till the salt sea-foam of Sorrow,
Whitened on her quivering lips,
Till her heart's full tide of anguish
Flooded to her finger tips,
And her soul sank down in darkness,
Smitten with a dread eclipse.

"Pure in heart" and "poor in spirit,"
Hers will be that inner life,
Which earth's martyr-souls inherit,
Who are conquerors in the strife.
Born of God, they walk with Angels,
Where the air with love is rife.
Men will call her "LAUREOLA,"
And her pale, meek brow will crown;
But with holiest aspirations,
She will shun the world's renown,
And before the Truth's high altar
Cast Earth's votive offerings down.

Men will sit like little children
At her feet, high truths to learn,
And for love, the pure and holy,
She will cause their hearts to yearn;
Then the innocence of Eden
To their spirits shall return.
Very fearless in her freedom,
She will scorn to slumple please;
But the fiercest lion-spirits
She will lead with quiet ease,
Calm but earnest, firm and truthful,
She will utter words like these:

"Wherefore, O ye sons of sorrow!
Do ye idly sit and borrow
Care and trouble for the morrow—
Filling up your cup with woe?
Leave, oh! leave your visions dreary!
Hush your doleful Misericors!
See the lilies how they grow—
Each is perfect in its kind."

"Bending down their heads so lowly,
As though heaven were far too holy,
Growing patiently and slowly
To the end that God designed.
In their fragrance and their beauty,
Filling up their sphere of duty—
Each is perfect in its kind."

"Deeper than all sense of seeing,
Lies the secret source of being,
And the soul with Truth agreeing,
Learns to live in thoughts and deeds:
'For the life is more than rain-nt,'
And the earth is pledged for payment
Unto man, for all his needs."

"Nature is your common mother,
Every living man your brother;
Therefore love and serve each other,
Not to meet the law's behest,
But, because, through cheerful giving,
You will learn the art of living,
And to love and serve is best."

"Life is more than what man fancies—
Not a game of idle chances,
But it steadily advances
Up the rugged steps of time.
Till man's complex web of trouble—
Every sad hope's broken bubble,
Hath a meaning most sublime."

"More of practice, less profession,
More of firmness, less concession,
More of freedom, less oppression,
In your church and in your State.
More of life, and less of fashion,
More of love and less of passion—
That will make you good and great."

"When true hearts, divinely gifted,
From the chaff of Error sifted,
On their crosses are uplifted
Shall your souls most clearly see,
That earth's greatest time of trial
Calls for holy self-denial—
Calls on man to do and be."

"But forever and forever,
Let it be your soul's endeavor,
Love from hatred to dis sever;
And, in whatso'er ye do—
Won by Truth's eternal beauty—
To your highest sense of duty,
Evermore be firm and true."

"Heavenly messengers descending,
With a patience never ending,
Evermore their strength are lending,
And will aid you, lest you fall.
Truth is an eternal mountain—
Love, a never failing fountain,
Which will cleanse and save you all."

List to her, ye worn and weary—
Hush your heart-throbs, hold the breath,
Lest ye lose one word of wisdom,
Which the answering spirit saith:
Hear her, O thou blood-stained nation,
In thy holocaust of death!
Lo! your oracles have failed you,
In the dust your idols fall,
And a mighty hand is writing
Words of judgment on the wall:
"Ye are weighed within the balance,
And found wanting"—one and all.

Mournful numbers, direful discords,
Greet you with destruction's night,
For life's lower stratum, heaving,
Brings long buried wrongs to light,
And your souls shall find no refuge,
Save with the Eternal Right.
In one grand, unbroken phalanx,
Firm, united, bravely stand,
First to Truth and Right be faithful,
Next to these your native land;
And forever let your motto
Be this—"GOD AND MY RIGHT HAND!"

* The name signifies a small laurel wreath.

TELL the truth, whether you speak or print, and it will be found out. Tell a lie and just so surely will the public turn its back upon you, and truth will pass for nothing after the verdict of "Liar" has been rendered against you.

"MRS. SARAH F. NORTON, having 'reformed it' altogether, is now prepared to negotiate with lyceum managers for the delivery of her new lecture, entitled 'The Humbug of Woman Suffrage.' Address 49 West Twenty-fourth street."

We clip the foregoing notice from the *Herald* with, we confess, not a little surprise. We shall be glad to have Mrs. Norton give through our columns from what she has "reformed" and her reasons therefor. Perhaps she will be good enough to state whether, when she was for woman suffrage, she was a "humbug" or an honest advocate. We conceive it to be a matter of justice to our readers, to whom we have presented Mrs. Norton as a friend and co-worker, that we at least give her an opportunity to recant, which recantation may, perhaps, further enlighten them as to their relations to the woman cause.

ART AND DRAMA.

The fall season is fairly opened. The events of the week have been the reappearance of Bandmann at the Grand Opera and the opening of the Fifth Avenue with "Divorce." Mr. Bandmann is a success. He opened with "Narcissus," which he played with all the force and passion that have always distinguished him in this part. The opening, in which he plays the eccentric and cynic in the midst of a court circle, is never quite satisfactory. It is not that Diogenes is out of place in such a company of bachelors. Diogenes might find his way among the courtiers, either from his own vanity or for their reckless amusement. In the play there is sufficient motive for his presence. The want of congruity lies in Bandmann's own boisterous levity and seeming awkwardness. He is in reality the man of feeling; he affects the buffoon. This defect of realization may be the highest art, but it leaves an impression of incompleteness. In the other, this seeming defect in realization gives an impression of incompleteness. If Mr. Bandmann means to suggest that the broken Bohemian finds himself embarrassed in such exalted society and therefore overacts his part to cover his own nervousness, that would be a fine idea. But Bandmann fails to give the audience his confidence in that particular. He gives no hint of the underlying pride of poverty in the presence of wealth and rank. He plays the character with an exaggerated license that makes us doubt whether he is really the wise fool he assumes to be or only a pretentious character. In the rest of the character Bandmann is as good as ever. His rapid transition from pathos to levity, his scorn of himself, his doubts of human nature, his trust in the gifted actress who plays him as a tool, turning against the weary heart his own faith in woman's loyalty, his outburst of love and patriotism, and finally his forgiveness when time has done its worst, are all up to the high level of great acting.

In "Jasper"—the new play written by De Leon on Charles Dickens' last fragmentary novel—Bandmann was immense. The general outline of the story is known. In the play Jasper is secretly in love with Rosebud, playfully called "Puss," the betrothed of his own nephew, Edwin Drood. Jasper is of deep, intense, morbid temperament, peculiarities increased by his addiction to the wretched habit of opium eating. Edwin Drood is deeply devoted to his uncle. The unhappy passion of Jasper to Rosebud, whom he attends as music teacher, has manifested itself by his eager, hungry gaze, his mysterious watching and haunting presence, and her sense of this oppression has become the ever darkening shadow of a nameless dread on her young life. The situation is complicated by the advent of two young people, Neville Landless and his sister, twins, who come to reside at Cloisterham with the Rev. Septimus Crisparkle, Jasper's friend and patron. Jasper is quick to see danger in the presence of this young man. The singing of a song by Rosebud, in which Jasper accompanies her, and being more than usually obtrusive of his magnetizing attentions, causes her to swoon away from sheer sensitiveness of antipathy, buries a climax. It provokes love and jealousy in Landless—who, in a quarrel insidiously fomented by Jasper, quarrels with Drood and threatens to murder him. Young Drood and Rosebud now come to an understanding and find out that they do not love each other, but that they are better fitted for brother and sister. Jasper, watching the interview and having worked himself to a frantic and devilish jealousy, finds her alone in the garden and declares his love—compelling the girl by appalling hints of mysterious unknown perils to lend a patient ear to his detestable wooing. At last, unable to fly, the strain of horror is too potent for her faculties and she faints dead away in his arms. His dark design is next accomplished, he murders his own nephew and denounces young Landless as the murderer, thus sweeping away both rivals at the one stroke. But he is no nearer his happiness. The young girl abhors him and suspects him. Her trials strengthen her character. After a year of mourning they meet again on the Christmas night in the Abbey churchyard. She denounces him, covers him with reproaches and threatens him with vengeance. In a fit of despair he again flies to his pipe for relief, and in the delirium of the opium smoker reveals his crime. He then escapes and rushes back to the churchyard in a delirious state, meets the congregation coming out, acts out the terrible crime, denounces himself; but is saved by the happy intervention of the supposed murdered man, recovers sufficiently to recognize his nephew and Rosebud and dies.

Bandmann's acting is prodigious. His love-making is one of the most appalling exhibitions of intense, deliberate, devilish emotion that has ever been seen on the stage. His passion is a devouring fire, eating up his soul and life and destroying everything within its contact by its furrows. It is irresistible. His facial command and play of feature are wonderful. His opium dream is terrific, and the picture of morbid delirium when pleasure is dead and horrors alone remain is frightfully real. The death scene cannot be excelled. Just as we all think the wretched victim of self-debasement may yet recover and find a life renewed, knit together again the broken bonds of happiness, he shouts suddenly, "Who put out the light?" and falls dead, as if shot through the heart. It is absolutely shattering.

Mrs. Bandmann, both as Doris Quinault and Rosebud, was an unexpected surprise. Play bills and advance criticisms are so notoriously deceptive that they warn rather than persuade. I found Mrs. Bandmann graceful, spirited and refined. She supported her husband admirably. Her by-play is remarkably strong, and during the long wait of the scene between Narcissus and the Pompadour, and her torture of compelled listening in the love declaration by Jasper, her action and expression showed the fine training of an accomplished artist. The rest of the company are satisfactory.

"Jasper" as a play is weak and disjointed. Some of the characters are mere excrescences, and have no

connection with the march of the piece; they might be lopped away and not be missed. The new scenery and mounting are not creditable to the new management, and scarcely accord with the magnificence of the house. The more credit to the actors. We save somewhat too much dependence on scenic effects and stage carpentry. They are very precise accessories, but they are only accessories. Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well, but the play the play's the thing."

FIFTH AVENUE.—"Divorce," a play of modern New York life, in five acts, was splendidly put on the stage, gorgeously dressed and elaborately furnished, and gave a show to almost every member of Mr. Daly's numerous company. Despite all which, it is an exceedingly poor play, loosely strung together, and failing in the implied moral purpose of either justifying or condemning divorce, and not even giving us a faithful picture of American life. To say that Davenport is handsome, that Morris is intense, that Morant is an actress, or Davidge an actor and that Lewis is an amusing eccentric, is to say nothing, and yet there is nothing more to say. The idea of the piece is taken from one of Trollope's novels, in which two high-principled persons come together, capable of making each other happy, if either knew how to give way to the other's foible. Both are earnest and true, both impracticable. This in the novel is worked out by inherent force of character; in the play the intervention of a managing mother-in-law and a flustering divorce lawyer is invoked to make mirth merely, marring the natural evolution in the principals. An old swell in the novel, a ridiculous motive of quarrel, is changed into a young dandy—a probable ground of offense—in the play. All the rest is leather and prunella. Mr. Daly's management is so spirited, and he manifests such earnest determination to please, that it is a loss to art and public taste when he puts forward a piece that really does not warrant his liberality and enterprise. The piece is called Mr. Daly's own, and the blind partiality of dotting parents is proverbial. But Mr. Daly has the approval of the critics and the patronage of the public, and a word of dispraise now and then does but make a sour sweet and save a surfeit of honey.

BOOTH'S THEATRE.—The charming Lotta is still continuing her personations of *Little Nell* and the *Marchioness*, and the audiences during the past week have been uniformly large. One cannot but admire the artlessness of her manner, although the absence of genuine imitative dramatic talent is evident. Mr. Pateman's *Quilp* is the gem of the performance, and a rare bit of acting throughout. The death scene is terribly effective, and nightly necessitates his immediate resurrection, in defiance of all the proprieties. Next week Lotta appears in "The Pet of the Petticoats" and "Family Jars."

LINA EDWIN'S THEATRE.—Kelly and Leon's Minstrels are meeting with an unexpected although deserved success at this cozy theatre. "The Trip Around the World," introducing the national airs of various countries, is enthusiastically received, and both Kelly and Leon have been fairly outdoing themselves of late. Their duets from "La Perichole" are really artistic, and the celebrated "Cat Duet" is irresistibly funny. A new piece is being prepared for this establishment by the talented treasurer, Mr. Wright, in which the acme of sensationalism will be reached, and a lady of prominence in the financial and political world caricatured.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.—This new establishment, under the management of Mr. Butler, will open on Monday evening next. It will be devoted to burlesques and other light entertainments. The feature of the opening bill will be the new burlesque of "Ulysses," which has had a successful run at the St. James' Theatre, London. This piece will serve to introduce the bright, particular star of the company, Miss Lizzie Willmore, who has just returned from a successful professional tour through the principal cities of Great Britain, during which she has appeared in the title role of Halliday's dramas of "Little Nell" and "Little Em'ly." Miss Willmore is a bright, pretty blonde, possessing a sweet voice and an irresistibly jolly manner, who is already too well known in this locality to render a formal introduction necessary. Misses Gretton and Howett and Felix Rogers are members of the company, and a bevy of pretty, well-formed, genuine English girls will constitute the ballet.

CENTRAL PARK GARDEN.—Last week Theodore Thomas' orchestra performed a "Saltarello," by Gounod, which was remarkably fine, and elicited much applause. It is similar in movement to a Tarantelle. These pleasant entertainments are about drawing to a close. W. H.

BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

Who told me that I once was fair,
And begg'd from me a braid of hair,
That he might in his bosom wear?

My Lover!

Who lester'd near me night and day,
And press'd me oft to sing and play,
And would not take for answer—Nay?

My Lover!

Who swore my eyes were brighter far
Than sunlit skies or evening star?
Whose will with mine did never jar?

My Lover!

Who fill'd my album full of lays
Of love, and compliments and praise,
And on one with delight would gaze?

My Lover!

Who brought me presents, cull'd me flowers,
And led me forth to hawthorn bowers,
Where "Oh! so blissful sped his hours?"

My Lover!

Who once, because a young dragon
Retain'd my glove, a message soon
Dispatch'd—and sought him the next noon?

My Lover!

Who ne'er in me could see a flaw:
My every wish to him was law—
Discover'd not what others saw?

My Lover!

To him I was perfection quite,
All that I said or did was right;
I was his "guardian angel bright?"

My Lover!

No other lady dress'd so well;
In dancing, too, I did excel;
In fact, I was the ball-room's belle!

My Lover!

'Tis thus weak woman's heart is won;
'Tis by duplicity she's "done"—
Ah! where is now my Lover gone?

My Lover!

MY LOVER THEN—my Husband now!
How changed the aspect of his brow!
A trifle now stirs up a row!

My Husband!

Who now has EYES for ALL but ME?
Who seldom stays at home for tea,
And then does yawn with ennui?

My Husband!

Who, if I now attempt to play
Or sing, will rise and walk away?
He "can't be bored," I hear him say!

My Husband!

My eyes no lustre now possess;
I have no taste of LATE in dress;
Yet wishes my expenses less?

My Husband!

I never now inspire his muse;
My simplest wish he'll now refuse!
And oft will rudely me abuse!

My Husband!

Who, if I'm slighted at a ball
Or dinner, by some snob, won't call
Him to account?—no, not at all!

My Husband!

Who cavils at each household bill,
And thinks I manage very ill,
And yet insists on hot joints still?

My Husband!

Who keeps his hunters, smokes cigars,
And dissipates with gay hussars,
And late at night comes home with scars?

My Husband!

Who runs up heavy club accounts,
And yet begrudges me a founce,
And, if I sigh, unfeeling flaunts!

My Husband!

Who calls my boys rude, bawling brats,
And my sweet girls, young peevish cats,
And swears he can't afford them hats?

My Husband!

Who kissed, the other day, my maid,
(The nasty, good-for-nothing jade!)
And laugh'd when I did him upbraid?

My Husband!

Look on that picture, and on this,
And calculate your change of bliss
Connubial—each artless Miss

Who's panting for a Husband!

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WOMAN ITEMS.

Seventy-eight women are preaching in the United States.

Mrs. Conway is busily engaged upon her section of the Western Maryland Railroad. She is said to have been an active and energetic contractor.

Mrs. Bliss Smith, of Londonderry, N. H., has worked as shoemaker for more than forty years. We hope she may last forty years longer. She is a credit to the cause.

The police of Vienna have notified the newspaper publishers in that city that they will no longer be permitted to insert matrimonial advertisements in their journals.

A New Orleans lawyer contended that a woman obliged to work for the support of a family of children has a moral right to get drunk, for it makes her forget her wretchedness.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe has just published an essay on the "Devil." In New York just now she could get all the requisite data. The party in question has just broke loose.

Princess Alice of Hesse Darmstadt, the third daughter of Queen Victoria, has published a German novel, called "Ways of Life," and treating of social life in the higher classes of Southern Germany.

Mrs. Flint, the Boston dressmaker, is about to tell the absorbing story of her "little bill" in a chaste volume from her own pen. If she will expose the extortions of dressmakers her book will be an immense success.

Queen Victoria is affected with nervousness, which the doctors say is the reason she does not go into society. It must be remembered that Queen Victoria is fifty-three years of age, and even a woman does not last forever.

A woman passed through one of the streets of New Bedford on her knees, the other evening, bearing three lighted candles in each hand and accompanied by a woman on each side, the operation being a religious penance in fulfillment of a vow for the safe return of her husband from a whaling voyage.

The first wife of one of the Mormon brethren in Salt Lake City has preferred a charge of adultery against her liege lord for marrying and living with a second wife, and the man has been held to bail by the Federal Judge of Utah to answer the indictment which the Grand Jury is expected to present.

Next winter some Murray Hill (New York) ladies will form a society having for its object the reduction of extravagance in dress. Each member will agree to pay so much, and no more, on her toilet, and pay cash. "Further resolved, that the members of this society will earn all they spend." Would not this be a new departure?

A bevy of ladies fired off a heavy cannon at Des Moines the other day without fainting, and now claim the right to vote in consequence of their bravery. And a good claim, too, if we remember that nine-tenths of the men have no better qualification than hectoring at primaries and drinking all the whiskey the candidates will pay for.

A German girl, eleven years of age, in Lincoln township, Tama County, Iowa, drove four resper horses through the harvesting of one hundred and fifty-two acres of wheat, this summer. As Horace Greeley says to Mrs. Stanton, Will you fight if you vote? Here's a girl who is fit to vote, if doing men's work be the test of fitness.

The Hindoo bible forbids a woman to see dancing, hear music, wear jewels, blacken her eyebrows, eat dainty food, sit at a window or view herself in a mirror during the absence of her husband; and it allows him to divorce her if she has no sons, injures his property, scolds him, quarrels with another woman or presumes to eat before he has finished his meal. How would this suit some of our "true women?" Here we have the male supremacy simple and unadorned, as it was from the beginning.

A poor woman's rent was due on a Saturday to a Newark landlord. She was not able to pay until Monday; the landlord then refused it, and, although the woman was momentarily expected to become a mother, ejected her from the house. She was temporarily cared for by the neighbors, and her husband has now procured another house. The man who turned her out has been arrested for selling liquors without a license, and will be put through.

In Cincinnati, a Mrs. Chume was taken with small-pox and sent to the hospital. By some unaccountable means the number of the ward or room of a young German girl, who was suffering with the same disease, was substituted for that of Mrs. Chume. Chume, Jr., calling to inquire each day, he was told the lady was growing worse, and was at last informed that she was dead. He sent a magnificent burial case to the hospital, and when the funeral took place, himself and friends followed the corpse to the grave. It so happened that one morning he was very much astonished to see his mother walk in perfectly well, surprised and offended that her son had never come to ask for her.

SHALL WOMAN VOTE?

The question is, "Shall woman vote?"
Why not? pray let me ask;
Is she not free? and don't she bear
Her part in every task?

Who bore the toils and hardships when
Across the ocean's foam
Our fathers came to this wild land,
To seek a freeman's home?

And when oppression sought to bind
Her chains upon them here,
Who urged and helped them to defend
That freedom prized so dear?

Who took the gun at Monmouth field,
And help'd to win the day?
'Twas Molly Pitcher, and who'll dare
The woman's rights gainsay?

When war and bloodshed raged throughout
Our broad and glorious land,
What soothed the soldier's aching brow?
'Twas woman's tender hand.

And now that peace and plenty reign
Triumphant in the land,
Why can't the woman cast her vote
With that same tender hand?

Are statesmen vain enough to think
That they would have been free,
If woman had not lent her hand
And fought for liberty?

Around Columbia gather men
Of every type and hue;
She crowns them all with liberty
And bids them all be true.

But in that vast and motley crowd
That gather round their queen,
The dearest thing to man's left out—
The woman's face—scene.

Oh! shame upon the man who would
Withhold from her that right
For which she suffered, prayed and toiled
With all her feeble might.

Oh! woman, may this glad new year
Bring your emancipation,
And may it prove the brightest year
Of this, our glorious nation.

—Geo. A. Bowen, St. John's College.

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For New Haven and Bridgeport, 7:15 (Ex.), 11:30 a. m.; 12:15 (Ex.), 2 (Ex.), 3:45, 4:30, 5:30 and 6 (Ex.) p. m.

For Milford, Stamford, Fairfield, Southport and Westport, 7:15 (Ex.), 11:30 a. m.; 12:15 (Ex.), 2 (Ex.), 3:45, 4:30, 5:30 and 6 (Ex.) p. m.

For Norwalk, 7:15 (Ex.), 11:30 a. m.; 12:15 (Ex.), 2 (Ex.), 3:45, 4:30, 5:30 and 6 (Ex.) p. m.

For Danbury, 7:15 (Ex.), 11:30 a. m.; 12:15 (Ex.), 2 (Ex.), 3:45, 4:30, 5:30 and 6 (Ex.) p. m.

For Stamford, 7:15 (Ex.), 11:30 a. m.; 12:15 (Ex.), 2 (Ex.), 3:45, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:15, 8 (Ex.) p. m.

For Greenwich and intermediate stations, 7:15, 11:30 a. m.; 12:15, 2, 3:45, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:15 p. m.

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For New York, 8 a. m. (Ex.), connecting with steamer across Narragansett Bay, arriving at 6:30 p. m.

For Connecticut River Railroad, 8 a. m., 12:15 p. m. to Montreal, 3 p. m. to Northampton.

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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 Williamsburgh.

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

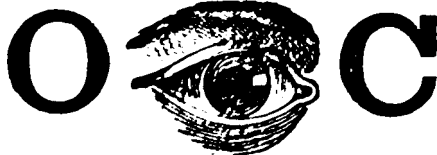
For Naugatuck Railroad, 8 a. m., 3 p. m., and 4:30 p. m. to Waterbury.

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8 p. m., Second Pacific Express, with Sleeping cars attached, for Rochester and Buffalo; also for Chicago, via both L. S. and M. C. Railroads; for St. Louis via Toledo; and Louisville, via Indianapolis. (This train will leave at 6 p. m. on Sundays.)

11 p. m., Night Express, Sleeping cars attached.

7 a. m., 2 and 5 p. m., Poughkeepsie trains.

9 a. m., 4:15 and 6:40 p. m., Peekskill trains.

5:30 and 6:10 p. m., Sing Sing trains.

6:40, 7:30, 9:10 and 10:15 a. m., 12 m., 1:30, 2, 2:30, 3:10, 8:10 and 11:20 p. m., Yonkers trains.

9 a. m., Sunday train for Poughkeepsie.

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New York, Dec. 5, 1870.

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