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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 23, 1871.

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line that can be found.

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ber regions of Ulster County, and the rich, agricul-
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sincerity was unquestioned, whose devotion was inex-
tinguishable, whose learning was unsurpassed, whose ability

ties were unrivaled, and whose services in the great work of the International made him known to and feared by the crowned Rulers and privileged classes of European monarchies and empires. But while we sincerely regret the decease of this remarkable man, we yet believe that the success of the cause depends on no man's life, and that the loss of this life will not retard that mighty uprising of the people which must result in the obliteration of all frontiers, the extinguishment of all custom-houses, the abolition of war, the extinction of titles and privileges, and the establishment of an universal federated government "deriving its just powers from the consent" of all the people.

Resolved, That the above resolution be published in WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

And the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Remarks were then made by Professor Hume, Stephen P. Andrews, William Hanson, and others, and the section adjourned.

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.

RURAL.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Sept. 10, 1871.

MESDAMES WOODHULL & CLAFLIN: Only just to think that while you are fairly broiling under the rays of the sun, reflected back and forth by dingy city edifices, your correspondent is rust'cating in the green hills and dales of Poughkeepsie. You've heard of Poughkeepsie, of course; it is in Dutchy's County. I know that, according to the way it is spelled on the map, it is Dutchess County, but Poughkeepsians call it Dutchy's County, hence the large number of lager beer saloons and rotund females, who make up in circumference what they lack in perpendicular measure. But to proceed. I arrived here at four A. M., became duly installed into a hotel, made acquaintance with several natives and saw the clock. "Ha!" said I to an old inhabitant, "so you have a town clock!"

"A city clock, if you please," replied he.

"Certainly, a city clock," I responded. "You are a very old inhabitant, are you not?" I asked.

"Do I look old?" questioned he.

"I mean, are you an old resident here?" I reiterated.

"No sir-ee, I am not an old anything, confound you."

"My dear sir," said I, "I have been told you have resided quite a long time in this celebrated city, for so young a gentleman."

"That is quite true, my friend," he replied, more pleasantly.

"Can you tell me are there any objects of interest in the neighborhood?" I questioned.

"Where have you been living all your life, young man?" said he, in a severe tone.

"In sundry cities, New York and London included," I replied, apologetically.

"Are you a newspaper man?"

"Well, yes."

"I thought so. Have you seen our clock?"

"I have not, but will certainly see it ere I leave."

"Have you seen our hospital?"

"No; I didn't know you had one."

"Let me tell you we have a State hospital; it was located here as the healthiest spot in the entire State; it is quite an ornament to the city."

"Where is it?" I inquired.

"Three miles out, on the Hyde Park road. Take a drink?"

"Don't mind if I do," I replied, continuing, "what hospital is it?"

"An insane asylum," he answered; "three sections already built, five more to be built—it will take twenty years to finish it."

"It will be a fine lunatic asylum," I remarked, "and being in such an appropriate locality will, as you say, be quite an ornament to the city."

My casual friend looked unutterable things, and was in the act of walking off when I suggested, "Those drinks?"

"Take 'em both, and be d—d to you," said he walking off.

I sauntered down the main street and took a car, judging that it would probably pass through the principal streets. After sitting a few minutes the driver said, "Fare, sir."

"How much?" said I.

"Six cents, sir."

I handed him a five dollar bill.

"Can't change more than two dollars," said he.

Now I hadn't any money of a less denomination, and seeing a free ride in the immediate present, I said, "How is that?"

"Them's the rules," he answered.

"Where's the conductor?" I asked.

"I'm him," was the response.

"Then where's the driver?"

"I'm him, too."

"And you can't change a five?"

"Didn't I say it's against the rules?"

"Oh, yes; so you did. Shall I see if I have any change?"

"Now what do you think about it—do you suppose we carry people free?"

"No, of course not. I see you are perfectly right. Let me see," said I, searching my purse for the five-cent piece I had invested in a soda ten minutes previously; then rummaging my pockets, I said, "I know I had six cents in change," but suddenly noticing that I was leaving the main part of the city, I said, "Now suppose I can't find any change?"

"Then you must get off," said he.

"Good heavens, stop!" said I. "You are going direct to the lunatic asylum."

As I jumped off the car, angry words rose above the jingle of the car, among which rang prominently out, "New York beat." This caused me to reflect, and the result was that I felt sure some New Yorker had done that driver injustice, and I looked round to see if I could see the delinquent.

After a brisk walk I saw a clock in the distance. Addressing a citizen, I remarked, pointing toward it, "That is the—"

"City clock," said he, finishing my sentence.

Now, for the first time, did I notice that the hands marked four o'clock.

Toward noon I determined to take a ramble on the hills. A pied, they looked so delightfully cool, and promised some fine landscape scenery. Accordingly I set out, and had proceeded about half a mile when I was overtaken by a buggy. I had chosen the shady side of the road, which, being to leeward, gave me the full benefit of the blinding sheets of dust lifted from the road by the buggy-wheels. Observing my condition, the occupant (a sturdy native, no doubt) kindly asked would I ride.

"No, thank you," said I; "but have you no water-carts here?"

"Water-carts," cried he, in amazement. "Water-carts!"

"Exactly," said I.

"Not much," he answered.

"What red brick building is that in the distance?" I asked.

"The State Hospital," he answered.

"What, the Lunatic Asylum?" I ejaculated.

"Go to the devil," said he, driving off.

"Very encouraging," I mused, plodding my weary way.

Approaching a steep hill I left the road to ascend it. Hill-climbing is rather tedious work, thought I, when I had mounted a third of the elevation. Then taking off my coat I sat on the stump of a tree; I was just on the point of pulling out my note-book to "write a piece," when a movement in the grass attracted my attention. Examining the spot I discovered a snake pursuing his afternoon corrugations; don't like snakes, so I left rather hurriedly. Ascending another one-third of the distance I found it necessary to remove my neck-tie and collar. "What an exceedingly warm day," I mentally ejaculated, as the perspiration dripped off me like the dew from the clover heads. I don't believe there is any better view from the top of the hill than from here, but I will rest a little and proceed. I first rested, then proceeded, then rested again; thought seriously of taking off my boots, but memories of a snake re monstrated. I looked first at the road, then at the hill-top, then at my shirt-front that was once starched, now as limber as my pocket-handkerchief, and both equally saturated—it was a fearful struggle. "Excelsior," said I, starting again with desperate energy. I reached the top at last, and saw the famous Hudson River, the same one that I saw at Fort Lee, with a surrounding view equally as beautiful. There was the Fishkill Mountains on one side, the Catskills on the other, and your correspondent (almost killed too) in the centre, and right before him stood—what do you think?—why, the lunatic asylum! Wasn't it a beautiful prospect? I sat and viewed it a long time, partly to drink in its beauty, partly to throw off my superfluous heat, and partly to ruminate how I was to descend and get back to this city.

One consolation I had, which was that if I, on the mountain tops, felt fit to drop with fatigue what insufferable heat must those poor devils of New Yorkers be suffering—memories of New York made me for the moment entirely forget myself, and I looked round for an ice-cream saloon. A rain-drop falling on my face recalled my Gothamward-wandering senses, and I went down that hill with a run. "Let me see," said I, "I have three miles to walk; that will take say forty minutes; now, will the storm hold over till then. Not a single hotel in a distance of three miles; confound such a place." It was coming. Little gusts of wind, laden with dust-clouds, told me that I was in the open road, with no shelter; three or four hundred yards to go before I could gain the umbrage of the roadside trees. I broke for those trees; but running a race with a storm-cloud is a "losing game." I got half way when the storm burst out, and gained shelter just about half-wet through, and not a single umbrella-vender in sight. I was just congratulating myself upon my partial escape, when some water ran down my neck (I had removed my hat on account of perspiring so freely). I found the beautiful green leaves overhead were collecting the small rain-drops and making them into large ones for my special benefit. So I determined to fight it out on the open-air line, and got soaked for my pains. At the hotel a friend asked me how I came to get so wet. I told him I had been caught in the rain. "Rain," said he, "this is only mountain dew; but take my advice and change your clothing immediately, for it is very dangerous." Thinking a little brandy might keep a cold away, I called for that same, remarking to the bar-tender, "Can you tell me why

your 'Mountain Dew' is generally considered so dangerous?"

"I want you to understand, sir, that our 'Mountain Dew,' and all our other liquors, are as good as any kept in Poughkeepsie," said he.

"Certainly," said I, scratching my head, "but isn't there some mistake. I meant the mist, or whatever you call it; I got wet through it, anyhow."

"Mist of the Morning Bitters" you mean; but if you got 'wet' on that article I guess you mixed it, eh?" said he, with a sly wink.

"Look here, young man," said I, "you can't play things on me. I come from New York."

"You do, eh? Well, I was thinking something of that sort," replied he.

The fellow was clearly a fool, and I made up my mind to say no more to him; but he asked:

"In what direction have you been?"

"To the lunatic asylum," said I.

"A great many New Yorkers go there," he said, laughing.

"Not till they come to Poughkeepsie," I answered.

I left the room as the barkeeper whistled a tune which set every one laughing, and upon inquiry I found it to be "Not such a fool as he looks."

On a-king why the clock always stood at the figure 4 I was told that that was the number of drinks a Poughkeepsian tictotaller is allowed before breakfast. This was "the last straw," and I left with a sigh of relief, determining to do Poughkeepsie at some future day.

Yours,

RUSTICATOR.

GOOD SOCIETY.

To WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY: It is notorious to all men that the practice and the preaching of men, even of the *Tribune* and of its editorial staff, are sometimes at variance. Subject to this irreconcilable discrepancy it seems good to call attention to the following editorial in the *Tribune* of September 6:

If certain crimes are not epidemic, their discovery certainly seems to be. Just now we are passing through a cycle of painful sensations produced by the finding of several cases of malpractice by which unfortunate, betrayed women have been sent to untimely deaths. Within ten days the public sense of the sacredness of human life and female virtue has been shocked by the discovery of three revolting cases of seduction and murder—for the crime committed by the abortionist bears no other name. This morning we are compelled to record the third of this series, in which are involved we cannot say how many offenders nor how many victims. Ordinarily, the merest allusion to the details of these dreadful deeds was all that could be expected of the respectable portion of the press. But we call attention to this last case, as it shows how common has become the practice of the infernal arts of the abortionists. Something must be done to stop these wicked practices; and if our present laws are insufficient, we must lose no time in making them stronger.

This excerpt is the comment on the death from an abortion on the person of a young woman by a Mrs. Burns.

Simultaneously with this case we have the cases of Emily Post and Alice Bowlsby, or, rather, those of Doctor Rosenzweig and Mrs. Van Buskirk for the deaths of those young persons.

Of the accused I wish to say nothing either for good or evil. As a law-abiding "person" or "citizen," I only ask that public opinion be not excited against the accused until they have been tried and found guilty. Let us be consistent. Either we have formal trial in cool judgment before tribunals, or we have Lynch law. If the latter, let the parties in question be strung up quickly on the first lamp-post and with the line that can quickest be found. If the former, let us wait. It is somewhat prejudicial to justice and fair trial to talk about "rooting out these wretches," "breaking up their dens," and declaring that, as of justice and of right, "they must be hanged, and that any jurymen who will not say guilty, or any judge who will not charge home against them, is an accomplice with such miscreants." Let us have Lynch law or State law; but, above all, keep cool.

The *Tribune* and some others set down these abortions to Free Love. See how vulgar, how senseless is this unreason. It is precisely because love is "not" free that these young people are done to death, and that persons who have small moral sense and have no scruple about law, human or divine, get rich by abortion.

Alice Bowlsby, Emily Post and Mary Russell died because they became pregnant and dared not face society. Society condemned them, not because they were pregnant, but because their male associates had deserted or deceived them. They were victims—first to the passions of their lovers, next to the prejudice of society. That even the *Tribune* helps to brand the woman and has no word of condemnation for those who uphold and justify the man, is apparent in its report—

Other persons were found in the Burns house; "of these four were detained, two young men and two young women. The names of the latter are Margaret Corbett, of 68 Macdougall street, and Mary Rice, of 52 Morton street. The names of the young men are withheld."

Why? Were they *Tribune* reporters or editors? Why give the names of the wretched women in full thus, to brand and pillory the weaker vessels, who bear the sorrow of unwelcome maternity, while the names of their seducers, or at least their accomplices, are kept saved from notoriety and disgrace? Is this equal justice?

Not that it would much matter; for if the names of John

Smith and Tom nobody would those young f wild oats, the not a mother of the two y ness, dress v Now, if lo tive virtue o sell, Post an New York: by the hand to all intents not make c opinion ste be cards an at least a cent extrac opinion is but she he opinion is senzweig's Clearly from first and on to Hal th ful, ever alive to-d

Mesd/ Septent (Henzbot League. hoods a jority o subject. Interna now be public nevertl paper incomp nation For rect se The ing to equal Tb be, a publi Tr Karl and betw forn N to l wor to c tion gen T con ing wil nai Poi l ou ple to so ru ca wj th

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Smith and Tom Brown were spoken right out in meeting. Nobody would shake the head or shoot out the tongue against those young fellows. They are young, they must sow their wild oats, they are irresponsible—men will be men. And not a mother in America will shut her door against either of the two young men, if he be only in a decent way of business, dress well and have fair credit.

Now, if love were "free," I need not discuss the comparative virtue of the seducer and the seduced. Bowlsby, Russell, Post and many others might be alive still. The law of New York says, I believe, that any man who takes a woman by the hand and openly says "This is my wife," is married to all intents and purposes. This, if it be so, is liberal. But why not make cohabitation a matrimonial tie? However, public opinion steps in and says this is not honorable. There must be cards and cake, a reception and a minister of religion, or at least a squire, a fifty dollar church certificate or a ten cent extract from the register. Opinion wants all this, and opinion is above law. The girl knows nothing about law, but she hears of opinion a hundred times a day, and so, as opinion is against her in her hour of need, she turns to Rosensweig's Ready Relief—and slips through.

Clearly the love here was never free. It was in bonds—from first to last. There was no way back; it was ever on and on to the end.

Had the love been free—had society not been ever watchful, ever vengeful—those young persons might have been alive to-day. MARIANA.

KARL MARX.

MESDAMES WOODHULL & CLAFLIN: Your WEEKLY of September 3 contains the reproduction of an article in the *Grenzboten* on "Karl Marx, the founder of the International League." That article is so adroitly interwoven with falsehoods and truths that it might well lead astray the great majority of readers looking only at the surface of the treated subject. Misstatements and misrepresentations about the International Workingmen's Association and its adherents now being the order of the day in that chaste exponent of public opinion the daily press of the world, we would nevertheless have remained silent, but for the fact that your paper professedly sustains the I. W. A., and is read by a not inconsiderable number of members and friends of the International.

For the benefit of your readers, therefore, we desire to correct some of the most glaring falsehoods, and state:

The workingmen composing the I. W. A. are not longing to "enjoy a rule in their turn," but are struggling for equal rights and duties, and the abolition of all class-rule.

The International W. A. is not, was not, and will never be, a "secret society or conspiracy," since it acts and speaks publicly, without reserve.

The "universal lever," etc., has never been wanting, and Karl Marx has not invented it, but it is here, and there, and everywhere; the social development itself, the relations between labor and capital, the two principal factors in forming modern society.

Not "the malcontent workingmen have formed an army" to be commanded by Karl Marx, but the most advanced workingmen, those conscious of their condition in relation to capital, founded the International Workingmen's Association, and annually elect not "a supreme head, a dictator-general," but a General Council.

The answer to the question, "How is the Commune to be constituted?" is sheer nonsense. Nobody can tell how coming society is to be constituted. Time and circumstances will be considered in that matter. But one thing is certain, namely, that the future state of society will be the true exponent of the coming society itself of the working class.

In conclusion, we request you earnestly, in the interest of our association, in the interest of truth—the cardinal principle of our association—not to give publicity in your WEEKLY to anything regarding the International Workingmen's Association except authentic information amply given in its rules, resolutions, congress proceedings, and in the periodical publications of its authorized executive bodies, all of which are within the reach of everybody.

The General German Workingmen's Society, Section 1 of the I. W. A. in the United States.

By order,

R. STARKE.

F. A. SORGE.

J. BOLTE.

New York, Sept. 3, 1871.

THE WOMAN QUESTION AT THE WALDEN CAMP MEETING.

Little dreaming that the homogeneous collection of speakers at the Walden Lake Camp Meeting would drift into the social questions with any commendable degree of purpose, your reporter experienced an agreeable surprise when Mr. E. S. Wheeler threw himself, with energy equal to his earnestness, into the discussion. We acknowledge that his words were incisive. For instance, he declared that a great majority of the married women of America were "either sick, sore, or sorry." But we feel bound to say that we think his powder was wasted. The saying hard things is an easy matter. What we want is a deep insight into the causes of the terrible demoralization which everywhere shows itself.

We want men and women with moral courage equal to the task of pointing the people directly to the procuring causes of these troubles. Scores upon scores of public

lecturers are hurrying to and fro up and down the land, but which one of them all dares utter the naked truth respecting the "social relations?" Many of them exhaust the dictionary in their use of strong words descriptive of the foulness of the domestic frog-pond—that is just what reformers have been doing these long, long years! Now, where is the man, the woman, who can lift up holy hands and say, "I have clean escaped the pollutions which I denounce?"

What numbers of reform journals are scattered to the four corners of the earth with the speeding of every mail! What piles of papers, of tracts, issue weekly from the press devoted professedly to the cause of women. Yet how few of them are better than blind guides? Here are *Woman's Journals*, *Woman's Advocate*, &c.; but they don't seem to know anything about the "lower deep" of causes, much less care to discuss the vital point.

But for myself I have no hope save in revolution—yes, we shall have to tear down till not one stone is left upon another! Nay, start not, pious reader! We must distribute the type ere we can set up either a new edition of the old, or a new social gospel! Instead of beginning with marriage, all previous social reformers have begun somewhere else, only to drift irresistibly into that question at last.

They can do no other; marriage lies at the bottom of civilized society.

All the terrible oppressions under which women have groined in the past ages—under which the false and irrational customs which dwarf and belittle soul and body exist—are alone possible in the system of civil marriage, which, while it assumes to patronize, protect and bless, does so only as the oak throws its cold shadow over the plants beneath it, intercepting the sunlight of God, and fostering only a sickly, unfruitful growth, abnormal in all its manifestations. And this is the "holy institution" which our honorable friend, Horace Greeley, is so anxious shall be kept intact. This is the system which the *Woman's Journal* says stands unaffected by the question or the fact of suffrage! Well, what on earth is the mission of suffrage, then?

Some time ago, one of our journals published an article under the caption of "Woman Suffrage" (doubtless a misprint), but I have lately thought it best explained the movement, as advocated by the New England "Wing." For if political suffrage is not the entering wedge of woman's complete social emancipation, it is not worth contending for. It is no longer "the grandest reform launched upon the century." "H. B. B." tells us that nine-tenths of the woman suffragists are just as conservative on the marriage question as Mr. Horace Greeley, and he opines that if the question of "easy divorce" were submitted to the women of the country, it would be overwhelmingly voted down. Of course it would.

But is this not of a piece with the "Hon." Harvey Jewell's pronouncement that the intelligent women of the country have never asked for suffrage?" No intelligent social reformer thinks of appealing to "the average woman" in favor of the average woman's elevation. "The average woman" has no aims or ideals higher than a milliner's automaton. She is supremely selfish, indifferent, and, with respect to the fallen of her sex, heartless. And ignorant, frivolous and heartless the ballot will find her. She is wedded to the soul-girdling "bans" of her matrimonial bargain, nor by any possibility can you introduce into her silly head the true idea of womanhood. Now, we are not going to say that this is a type of the best the system turns out; but we do say that the system is responsible for the degenerate type of womanhood found upon the earth to-day. Trace the history of woman from her advent to the present hour, and you nowhere find her relation to man what it should be in respect to individual responsibility before God. There is a practical, if not an avowed, denial of her right to the use and improvement of her essential selfhood. Theologians contend that this was God-ordained. They, of course, can quote Scripture in support of their position. And thus we find all the bibliographers, all "the good Christian men and women" opposing, with all their might, the "grandest reform of the century."

This fact explains why all the "respectable" women suffragists "are just as conservative on the marriage question" as Mr. Horace Greeley is. This explains why the *Woman's Journal* makes such frantic, and often ludicrous, efforts to give itself the air of straightforward, pious respectability. With what a scornful, deprecating glance toward WOODHULL & CLAFLIN's it gathers up its respectable skirts, and steps to its own side, whenever the "free love" question is under discussion! The *Woman's Journal* sees "*Noli me tangere*" written on the "Holy Institution" of marriage. It would spare Agag. Of course it has no good word for those bold iconoclasts who attack the image. It can impute to them matrimonial infidelity and "all uncleanness."

It can accuse the leaders with seeking a satanic notoriety, and with guardedness and sanctimonious shrinking, it can blacken one of the most noblest women with insinuations the most foul. All this is done in the name of Christ! And so we find it everywhere. Now we say, out upon this inconsistent means of securing woman's freedom! Out upon this persecuting, false and rotten system of religion! The absolute, eternal Truth, respecting the relation of the sexes, is not in it! No, we are bound to declare, God has not revealed himself to the understandings of men in the books of the Bible; or, if he has, they have never read him aright. Let us take the suggestion of St. Paul, that "the invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly

seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead." How many of the assertions of St. Paul himself are disproved by this text!

In Genesis we find the primary teaching on which is based "the subjection of woman." Suppose we secure woman's equality before the law—the law itself is the very source of all that has ever oppressed and crippled woman! And that law is based on the orthodox canon! There is no getting around this. We have held the matter up in every light in which it can be viewed, and we come to the conclusion that woman suffrage cannot be successfully prosecuted upon the religious basis, because the Bible denies to woman perfect equality with man, the very thing for which woman suffrage is demanded!

A. BRIGGS DAVIS.

Clinton, Sept. 4, 1871.

THE LAMENT OF A WHITE SLAVE.

I am a woman lone and desolate,
Striving for freedom—O dark is my fate!
Ever from childhood I've pined in my chains,
Fettered and bleeding and worn down with pains;
A temple for beauty I reared in my heart
And worshiped most mildly fair nature and art;
I fain would have sung out my spirit in rhyme,
Of melody sweet rung many a chime,
In harmony grand helped swell the loud strain
Of music, sweet music, that charms away pain;
But I was a woman, and therefore a slave,
In homeliest duties my songs found a grave.
From the dark clay bright forms I'd have molded,
Hogarth's curved line from marble unfolded,
I'd have sketched the gay landscape with its life and its rest,
Its fruits, flowers and vines in wax I'd have dressed,
From earth cold and dull I'd upturned mine eye,
And painted on canvas the hues of the sky,
Sunsets, rich dyes and the soft fleecy cloud,
The darkness sublime which thunders enshroud,
The pale rising moon, the bright star of night,
And all lovely scenes which gladden my sight;
But I am a girl, a slave and a thing—
To wear out in bondage youth's time of spring.
I'd roam the wild path by streamlet and grove,
O'er hill and mountain my footsteps would rove;
With nature's fair page enlarging my soul
Through eternity's age in rapture to roll;
For I know that each flower a truth doth contain,
A "nutshell" of wisdom worthy to gain;
The earth, stones and rocks, their teachings unfold,
Progression's the law, from clay up to gold—
And so ever longed the loves of my heart
To grasp in embrace proud science and art;
But I am a woman bound with a chain,
Labor for learning has ever been vain.
I'd hoe in the field, I'd ride o'er the plain,
At full horse gallop without tightened rein,
I'd carol a glad song, drive away care,
And joyous in freedom, quaff the fresh air,
I'd swim in the river, wade in the brook
And dance like a nymph in some shady nook;
My form would grow rounded, limbs would grow lithe,
My spirits grow merry, happy and blithe;
Strength, health and beauty encircle me o'er,
And sickness and sorrow clutch me no more—
But I am a woman dying of grief,
A slave and a thing—Oh God, bring relief!
I'd have a love-baby, dimpled and rosy,
Pure as a dewdrop, fair as a lily,
Coiling and crowing—arms round me twining,
Eyes bright and thoughtful—full of deep meaning;
O how my heart throbs, when fancy doth greet
The lapping "mamma" in tones tiny sweet—
Yes! I'd know the love born of a mother,
And feel the proud gaze of my babe's father;
But these dreams perish—a slave and a wife!
Let me be free, though it cost me dear life!
I'd have a garden of fair fruits and flowers,
Vines and an arbor, in which to while hours,
A silvery lake, meadow and fountain,
A tall, classic grove, cascade and mountain,
A house made of glass, sparkling with beauty,
Rooms wide and airy, well planned for duty,
Convenience, elegance and taste all combined,
For health of body and comfort of mind;
But in a small building, expenses to save,
Is where they immerse the white woman slave.
With fraternal love I'd bind the whole race,
Both women and men, in loving embrace;
A unit of freedom, glory and health,
A unit of happiness, peace and wealth;
Union of purity, wisdom and might,
Union of brightness, where now all is night,
Gathered in groups, like the tall forest trees,
Individualized truly, even as these.
And Eden, so famed, would crown us with joy,
And the curse, death, hell and Satan destroy;
But h'ots dark and foul would stain the fair name
Of woman, who thus would perill her fame.
Men with coarse passions and steeped deep in vice
Would hunt her within an inch of her life;
And weak women, too, who knew not their need
Shouting approval, would bid them "God speed!"
While her relations, with keen, jealous eyes,
Think each step improper, mad or unwise,
So she is watched, reported and hunted,
All free unfolding, hopelessly stunted.
When women from sin the nation would save,
They force her to shun me, because she's a slave.
Money, perchance, might purchase my freedom,
But God save the poor who are in bondage!
Oh where shall I go to? Where can I be?
Is there no heaven? Must I pine here and die?
Is there no hope for this woman's wrongs?
No home in freedom where I can be blessed?
A child or a wife or hated one said,
Or a brutal young man, poor and wild,
It all is the same, a torment—a pain,
With small hope of freedom, saved to the gain.

And smiling, though a little thirty years
 Behind her was the young Jew's face,
 Her hair was black, and given it to him
 A pillow for his head, and now she thought
 To let her Joseph's son within her arms.

Forgetting what she'd been, and blind to what
 She was, the matron loosed her robe
 And showed the young man Joseph's son looked not
 A pair of pearly breasts, that pendulous
 Mamma's, and hung, and ended in
 Two nipples, backed by the service they
 Had done!

Between those tawny breasts she laid
 The young Jew's hand to rest; it shone as white
 As ivory against her yellow skin!
 So quick he drew it from its resting-place
 That she, alarmed lest he escape her quite,
 Enfolded him in rather rude embrace
 As mother would rebellious child, and thus
 In broken phrases, indistinct, and mixed
 With tears, wild protestations of her love,
 Complaint, reproach, entreaty in a breath,
 Poured forth upon unheeding ears:

"My son,
 My master, oh, beloved, look on thy poor
 Neglected friend, the truest of the true
 To thee! Thou lovest me not? Have I my home,
 My husband, children, friends, abandoned all
 In vain? Have I their jibes and sneers borne all
 For naught? Could woman speak her love more plain
 Than have my actions unto thee? Could tongue
 And lips tell more and better than mine eyes
 Have told? What more than wormwood bitterness
 Is it to woman's heart to be by him
 She loves misjudged, misunderstood? Oh son
 Of Joseph, give my lips but one poor taste
 Of thine! My tongue will shrivel rather than
 Betray thy love! I am no maid to prate
 Of such affairs! When Mary wore thee on
 Her breast, I, too, gave suck! But I would not
 Recall those years. In every life are things
 That one would fain forget, and these are mine.
 'Tis death to woman's better nature, thus
 To live with him who hath not all her love!
 Oh, gentle friend, forgive my daring lips,
 But I would rather be a sow, pig each
 Trimester, grunt a swinish love to all
 My litters multitudinous, and feed
 On scums and sleep midst umber of filth,
 A brice at every dug, than live my life
 Again at Chuz's side! And thou, cold man,
 Inseparable to love, yet loved so dear,
 Would thy indifference were merciful!
 Oh, let its poison work a quicker death!
 'Tis hard, 'tis very hard for thirsty lips
 To burn and burn and have nowhere to drink!
 But oh, 'tis harder when the human heart
 Knows not a spring of love to slake its thirst!
 My soul, thou art a desert, unrefreshed
 By streams of kindness, dews of gentleness!
 Thus I unclasp thee, Jesus; go, beloved,
 Tho' weak in joy, in sorrow woman's strong!
 Thus I resign thee, kindest, gentlest, best!
 Not that I've learned indifference from thee,
 Not that I love thee less, since thou hast turned
 Away thy lips from mine, but rather that
 I wish to prove my love, for death were sweet
 To me, if at thy feet I could but yield
 The spirit up, thy name my lips' last work!"

The matron bowed her head and wept aloud.

Then from his seat upon that rocky couch,
 With silken seaweed decked, the young Jew rose,
 And bending down until his quivering lips
 Fell softly on the matron's brow, he poured
 This answer in her grateful ears:

"Beloved
 Disciple, mother I may call thee too,
 My sweet protectress, friend and faithfullest
 Companion, take this kiss as token of
 My love and gratitude, and with it go
 A blessing from my Father unto thee!
 Give up thy heart to Him and he will free't
 From earthly pains and give it rest, beloved,
 Forevermore!"

Then stooping down, the young
 Jew took Joanna's hand, and having led
 Her back to where, upon the peaceful shore
 Of Lake Tiberias, the others slept
 Beneath their tents, and bidden her good-night,
 He went to rest; but not until he'd knelt
 In long and fervent prayer.

Now glowed the moon
 In fullest splendor over Galilee,
 And hopeful earth looked up at heaven's face,
 While heaven, joyous-bright, smiled peace and love
 Until the gray dawn stole across the East.

END.

WOMEN IN JOURNALISM.

MIDY MORGAN—MISS BOOTH—MRS. CROLY—MRS. AMES—
 STANTON AND ANTHONY—WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN, ETC.

The number of women who figure on the metropolitan press may no longer be counted. Among the daily journals, at least, their name is legion, and not a few of the most influential weeklies owe much of their interest to the sprightly characteristics of the feminine pen. In this department, if in no other, woman stands the acknowledged equal of her masculine contemporaries; and the only question which affects her advancement in any branch of the profession is her fitness for the duties of that branch. Hence we see Midy Morgan, in her coarse boots and short skirts, plodding through the mire of the city stock-yards as stock editor of the *Times*, while the charming little widow of a *Herald* reporter takes up her husband's pen just where he lays it down, and carries out his unfinished programme with as much exactitude as if she had been all her life accustomed to the work. One of the strongest and most indefatigable writers on the *Star* is a Shepards, and it is said that the

only redeeming quality in the columns of the *Sun* is what flows from the modulating quills of two women.

Miss Booth, of Harper's *Bazar*, needs no introduction. Not only as an editor has her name become familiar to the literary world. Mary L. Booth first distinguished herself as an historian and translator, and for many years confined herself almost exclusively to those two departments; but since '67, when she was placed at the head of the *Bazar*, she has contributed greatly by her rare taste and discrimination toward making that journal one of the most excellent of its class. Her yearly salary of four thousand dollars attests the high estimate of her services by Harper Brothers, though it by no means limits the annual income of this industrious woman. Her brain and pen are ever busy; and notwithstanding her regular newspaper duties the work of the translator and chronicler still goes on.

Another well-known name in the same department is that of "Jennie June," wife of D. G. Croly, managing editor of the *World*, and the controlling spirit in *Demorest's Monthly*. Mrs. Croly's connection with the New York press probably dates further back than that of any other woman so engaged at present. She discovered her literary powers very early in life, and readily learned to put them to profitable use; at a time, too, when men, the most appreciative and kindly disposed, were inclined to ridicule the idea of woman's fitness for any branch of journalism. She was first engaged on the *Times*, but on the establishment of *Demorest's Monthly* the enterprising proprietors of that periodical offered her a larger salary, and enticed her away to the sanctuary of fashion. There she has remained ever since; and from there have gone forth the thousands of manifold letters which have made her *nom de plume* a household name throughout the land. This system of correspondence was originated by "Jennie June," and proved to be one of the happy hits of her literary career. Beginning, of course, on a small scale, she gradually won her way as an authority on questions of dress, till before many years nearly every prominent journal in the country was glad to boast of "Jennie June" as its fashion contributor; and to-day that branch of her work alone realizes to its projector a handsome income. At one time she prepared and despatched every one of these letters herself, but long since she delegated that unenviable task to a competent clerk, contenting herself with merely dictating the form, and afterward appropriating the greenback returns, minus a certain percentage.

Scarcely less known than Mrs. Croly, or less popular, is Mary Clemmer Ames, of the *Independent*. Mrs. Ames is somewhat more versatile in her talents, and has alternately filled almost every department of journalism. Besides being an able prose writer, this lady is also a poetess, and of late years some of her finest literary efforts have been in a poetic vein. While a mere school girl, "M. C. A." began to use her pen as press correspondent, making the *Springfield Republican* her first field of exploit. But at that time she wrote at rare intervals, and solely for the "fun" of seeing her name in print. It was not until a much later period that she took up the pen in earnest, and her regular connection with the New York press began only in '65. From that time probably dates her introduction to the literary world. As a Washington correspondent she became suddenly very popular. Her style was tinged with warmth, discrimination, pleasantry and sound common sense. People learned to regard her as reliable as well as entertaining, and "A Woman's Letter from Washington" was never without its complement of admiring readers. For the past two years Mrs. Ames has been attached to the editorial corps of the *Independent*, having, in addition, a certain amount of regular work on the *Brooklyn Union*. Her salary is now upwards of \$5,000 a year.

The only woman employed on the staff of the New York *Herald* is Mrs. Butts, a brilliant and painstaking journalist. The husband of this lady was formerly connected with the same sheet, and, after his death, she made application for piece work, which was cheerfully furnished her. Her thoroughness, dispatch and unusual intellectuality were the subjects of constant comment by those whose business it is to look out for talent, and the result was an invitation to join the staff. In reviewing the past, she says of herself:

"I thank Heaven that I know how to work. Should anything happen to my literary prospects, I could make my living as a dressmaker, milliner, seamstress, housekeeper, cook or laundress. I have done my own housework, and gloried in it; have made my husband's shirts, and washed and ironed them; not only because I could really do them better than a professional laundress, but in order to eke out a reporter's meagre salary!"

Mrs. Mary E. Dodge is one of our most successful literary workers, and shows what a woman can do in literature. She is the daughter of the well-known Prof. Mapes, inventor of the fertilizers, and owns part of the latter's farm, two miles from Newark, which is under the management of P. T. Quinn, formerly agricultural editor of the *Tribune*, and author of several books on farming. Mrs. Dodge has a salary of \$3,000 from *Hearth and Home* for writing exclusively for that journal. She excels particularly as a writer of children's stories, and combines accuracy of fact with beauty of style. Her story of Hans Brinker shows great care and study, and gives a vivid picture of Dutch life and adventure. Mrs. Dodge, though the mother of two boys, whom she supports at college, is young, handsome and lively as a girl of twenty, and is excellent company.

Thus far I have spoken only of press contributors, or, more properly speaking, those women who have devoted themselves to the mere literary labor, without any attempt at newspaper proprietorship.

This latter field was almost unknown to woman until the establishment of that *Revolutionary* sheet set in motion by Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony, four years ago, and which opened the way for the various journals of a similar character which have since sprung into existence. That experiment was a brave one on the part of the originators, for both ladies were ignorant of the magnitude of their venture, as subsequent events grievously demonstrated. Mrs. Stanton was a philosopher and Miss Anthony an agitator, but neither had the remotest fitness for the management of a journal; consequently their "journalistic success" proved a pitiable failure, and over a year ago both editor and proprietor were glad to get this unwieldy child off their hands. During their administration, however, they managed to preserve a sort of freshness and spice in the *Revolution* columns that kept up public interest. People were curious to condemn, if they could not approve; contemporaries always found something in it to criticize, if nothing to admire; and during the first year of its publication this little heretical sheet kept nearly the whole editorial fraternity in a continual fever of vituperative indignation. Now the *Revolution* is an old story, and more, it is an exceedingly tame one. One after another succeeded to the chair vacated by Mrs. Stanton, but none, as

yet, have proven themselves rarely qualified for the work. The sweet singer, Phoebe Cary, whose notes have just been silenced in death, made a dignified and pleasant figure head, but her pen was too delicately set to rhythm to deal with the subtleties of prose. She was in no sense an editor. The last one of importance who followed her was Augusta Larned, the *Independent* story writer. Miss Larned remained longer at the post than any of her predecessors. When Mrs. Bullard, the nominal editor, sailed for Europe last Fall, her young friend was left in charge, a position which she faithfully and industriously filled until a few weeks since, when her health gave way, and she was compelled to resign. Now the *Revolution* is again without an editor.

A much later sensation in this class of journalism is the hebdomadal sheet bearing the names of Woodhull & Claflin, which started some fifteen months ago. Its tone, which from the first was startling and aggressive, made even a more unfavorable impression on the public than the establishment of the lady proprietors in their Broad street office. The names of these two "bold women" were on every tongue. Any gossip concerning them was eagerly grasped and turned to capital for the newspapers. Respectable people actually refused to advertise in their columns, and to be known to countenance them socially was sufficient to provoke upon the least suspected a righteous opprobrium. But the sisters were prepared for all of this. They persisted in the even tenor of their way, with as unswerving will as would have been possible had they ridden the top wave of popularity. They wrote, they spoke, they acted with undaunted perseverance; and while people stood aghast, or held up their hands in holy horror, Woodhull & Claflin were cutting their granite way to future success. Last winter Mrs. Woodhull came before the public in an entirely new character. Not content with disseminating her views through the columns of her paper, she prepared her celebrated memorial and went to Washington to press the cause of woman on the basis of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. Although a regularly organized society was then in convention assembled, many members of which repudiated all sympathy with Woodhull, she seemed, nevertheless, to take both the ladies and the judiciary by storm. Actually accomplishing more by this novel effort than could be claimed for any previous convention, besides winning for herself wide-spread favor.

Women who had denounced her before, now took her hand in sincere friendship. Mrs. Hooker, Mrs. Davis and many other well-known reformers became at once her staunch supporters, while the sweet and gentle Lucretia Mott sent her greeting, saying: "Victoria, my heart and home are ever open to thee."

Her paper continued daily to increase in circulation. It is now probably the most influential journal of its kind in the country. However it may be regarded elsewhere, in New York it is looked upon as a strong ally and a formidable adversary, and notwithstanding the prejudices that did exist and are still perceptible, it is universally admitted that WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY is destined to wield a powerful influence in the ultimate enfranchisement of women.—*Cincinnati Chronicle and Times*.

WHO WAS ITS MOTHER?

WRITTEN FOR THE SUN.

For adoption at anyone's option,
 A beautiful female child,
 With golden hair and skin as fair
 As the snow-drift undisturbed.

Its eyes are blue as the deepest hue
 Of the breezy summer heaven.
 Come, take it away for nothing, I pray,
 A full surrender given.

"Who was its mother?" is that what you say?
 Well, really I cannot tell;
 She was here just one month, and went away
 Before she had got quite well.

She never said, or living or dead,
 Of its father one word to me,
 But the bitterest tears that ever were shed
 Baptized it on my knee.

And she turn'd again and again to kiss
 Its lips ere she went away.
 "At last, O God! has it come to this!"
 Was all that she could say.

Then over her eyes she clasp'd her hands,
 And forth from the door she fled;
 And who shall say if now she stands
 With the living or sleeps with the dead?

Then who will have this image of God
 With a soul that cannot die?
 It is cheaper than anything else He hath made
 Yet no one comes to buy.

A poodle dog, a parrot,
 And a chattering cockatoo,
 Are all worth ever so much a head,
 And scarce in the market too.

But God's own likeness in this sweet child,
 With a soul to lose or win,
 Is offer'd for nothing at all, and yet
 The bide come slowly in.

O childless man or woman who hast
 Of this world's wealth to spare,
 O think of this, then go to your room
 And bow to God, if you dare!

Yes, ask Him to show you how you can see
 His cause and your fellow men,
 And His answer may be, that you shall see
 These words repeated again.

For adoption at anyone's option,
 An infant three weeks old,
 There is nothing to pay, but take it away
 Though worth its weight in gold.

— M. M. M. —

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

THE IMBROGLIO OF THE CITY GOVERNMENT.

The city has been swindled out of many millions. The citizens have been aroused into a momentary fit of indignation. A great public meeting has been held. A committee has been formed. A suit has been instituted. An injunction has been granted. The Press is blatant. An episode occurs—the Comptroller's office is opportunely robbed of a stack of important vouchers. A burglary is committed just where ordinary burglars would never think of operating—among a mass of musty old papers, the possession of which could be of no possible use to anybody but just those parties whose transactions needed to be shielded by the absence of the vouchers.

Mayor Hall, charged with being himself one of the conspirators and speculators, aroused at length to a sense of the common danger, appeals to the co-conspirator, Mr. Connelly, the finance officer in whose offices the burglary occurred, to make a peace offering of himself and resign. Mr. Connelly replies that "he don't see it." "He don't think there is going to be much of a shower," and he defies the Mayor and the public and flatly refuses to resign. So the matter stands at the latest advices.

The Comptroller in his reply to the Mayor has one noteworthy comment. He says that the lost vouchers are of little importance, inasmuch as there remain in the office copious abstracts from those vouchers. This is naive and suggestive. In the absence of original vouchers to rely on abstracts nicely doctored and concocted in the same office to suit just the emergency, and carefully left behind by the conscientious burglars, who only desired the absence of the originals, must be consoling to the courts.

And so the courts and the public are baffled and confused for the moment. What will be the results of this particular proceeding nobody can tell. The more important fact is, that if this set of officials is removed and another installed, nobody any longer expects from that change any permanent good, perhaps not even temporary relief. It is the old fable of the new and fresh swarm of flies, which remains to be glutted. "Where the carcass is, there the eagles are gathered together."

Some more radical reform of society is demanded. A new spirit has to be infused. The old mania of speculation and speculation must be replaced by a new religion of socialism, or the old system must run its career into all the rottenness of the period of the later Roman Empire.

PROGRESS.

The rapid dissemination of ideas of the most radical kind upon all the great subjects of social interest, during this decade is, we believe, in excess over the belief of almost any one. The great anti-slavery agitation which has absorbed the mental energies of the most active-minded portion of the American people during the last thirty years, is now happily ended; and even the process of the reconstruction of the Southern States has ceased to be a matter of any absorbing interest. That work, so far as ordinary politics is concerned, is sufficiently disposed of, saving such action as President Grant may feel called on to take under the extraordinary powers of the Ku-Klux bill—and the day for ordinary politics, such as shall rest on the prevalence of universal intelligence, kindness, and the moral courage to do

right, on the part of all the members of society, has unfortunately not yet arrived.

We are optimists. We believe in every good thing as the ultimate destiny and inheritance of the world, and we believe in the intelligent agitation of every subject as a means to that end.

It is, then, because everything is beginning to be discussed; because matters which have lain under the ban of secrecy for ages are brought to light, that we rejoice.

It is, indeed, part of our intention to keep ourselves, as much as may be, in the lead of this good work; but it is with pleasure that we see that "it will put us to our trumps" to do so. The whole press is waking up to the consideration of these subjects. To make an Irish bull on the subject; we are not surprised to find an article in the New York Herald, or the World, or Times, which surprises us.

We are a little surprised still to find anything surprising in the Tribune. That sheet has lost very decidedly its old character as a purveyor of ideas. It is devoted wholly to the ordinary news, and never or very seldom rises into the ordinary sphere. Still, on the whole, the press of the whole country is undergoing a quiet but rapid revolution. The old routine ideas of journalism are yielding to better ideas. The question of: What the world wants to know is in many instances superseded, at least occasionally, by that of: What the world needs to know—as witness the notable instance of the publication of Fiske's lectures in the World. Mr. Marble is criticised as unjournalistic for having freighted his columns with some three dozen of the most exhaustive expositions of the past progress and present state of sciento-philosophy, or the modern philosophy of science. It is said such things are for books, not for the newspaper; and the very journalist who will make this criticism will tell you in the next breath that the newspaper is rapidly superseding books as the medium for the education of the public mind. Then the newspaper must do the work of books, or the state of public intelligence must degenerate.

Observe, again, what the press says often of the pulpit, that it is weak and inefficient because it only utters what the people are familiar with and expect to hear every Sunday, instead of really teaching new truths; that is to say, again, that it limits itself to what the world wants, to the neglect of what the world needs. This criticism reacts on the press, as to the old and prevalent ideas of journalism. What is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose.

But, on the whole, both the pulpit and the press are waking up to the real issues of the now and the future of human life here; and we are not, just at this moment, in a humor greatly to complain of either, in respect to the progress they are making. If at another time we shall be caught scolding, it will be because then we shall have fixed our attention on the actual state of their short-coming.

RESPECTABLE JOURNALISM.

What WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY is everyone knows. The day has passed for justifying our sins of omission or commission. Not a few think us the friend of humanity, the advocate of enlightenment and true progress, fearless, earnest, practical. All those who follow the bell-wether, preferring prejudice for principles—and what a majority they are—continue to call us all sorts of hard names. Their favorite idea is that the WEEKLY is immoral. It puts matters so very plainly, so without mask or veil, that it is not fit for the family circle.

Passing the Police Gazette or Day's Doings, we turn to the dailies, big and little, morning and evening, for types of moral journalism.

A letter in another part of this paper calls attention to the abortion cases, and refers to the Tribune of the 6th instant. Turning to that paper, we find that it deprecates more than a passing allusion to such cases by the "respectable" portion of the press. In its report of the particular case—the Russell-Burns case—it gives the following:

All sorts of people came to see Mrs. Burns, some in carriages, some on foot, some finely dressed, and others poorly clad. The apartments of Miss Brice were always given up to Mrs. Burns when she came, and she saw her patients privately. These apartments were the full length of the house. The officers, having become aware of the fact that Monday and Tuesday were the abortionist's reception days, paid especial attention to those who called for Mrs. Burns. Many of the applicants, however, became alarmed at the presence of the strange men (though they were not uniformed), and went away after making casual inquiries for Mrs. Burns. But the officers, becoming wiser from experience, obliged Miss Brice to co-operate with them, and the result was several arrests of persons of both sexes who expected to avail themselves of the services of the abortionist. Four persons were thus detained—two young men and two young women. The names of the latter are Margaret Corbett, of No. 68 Macdougall street and Mary Rice, of No. 52 Morton street. The names of the young men were withheld. One of the two young women arrested and detained as a witness states that this was her first attempt at abortion, and that the man who had been the cause of her pregnancy almost went on his knees and asked her not to do anything so dangerous. She stated that she was five months advanced in pregnancy, and that, overhearing two of the ladies who visited her mistress's house discussing the situation of a friend of theirs who had been pregnant and was relieved of her child by an abortion performed by Mrs. Burns, she thought she would get the same relief. She had heard the ladies speak of a woman who was several months gone in pregnancy, and when operated upon by Mrs. Burns was safely and surely rid of twins. The girl

stated that last Tuesday evening she had called on Mrs. Burns and told her the condition in which she was. Mrs. Burns asked her how far gone she was, and upon being told refused to do anything for her unless she had some friend who would nurse her in case she became sick. The girl made up her mind that she would risk the abortion and tell Mrs. Burns that she was well provided for. In case she became sick she intended to go to Bellevue Hospital. With that object in view she had made an engagement with Mrs. Burns on the previous Tuesday evening to meet her last night. She said that she would never enter an abortionist's again with the same object that she had last evening. The other girl who accompanied her was not in need of the services of an abortionist, but merely wanted to see her friend safely through the crisis. Both were quite cool, and answered promptly all questions except as to their names, abodes and lovers. Both were servant-girls. One of these young men had seduced a girl several months since, and had procured the services of Mrs. Burns, who had successfully performed the desired abortion. The other had also seduced a girl recently, and the fact was too rapidly becoming apparent. His friend, who had availed himself of the assistance of Mrs. Burns, now brought him there to receive the same aid. Both were young men of good appearance, the oldest probably not being over 23 years of age. A married woman who had never seen Mrs. Burns, but had frequently heard of her, and desired to get rid of her legitimate offspring unknown to her husband, was also arrested, but was afterward permitted to depart. Still another young woman who wanted an abortion performed was also allowed to go.

We have no objection to make to the style of this statement; if such statements are to be made they cannot well be told more decently. But this is what we read in the "respectable" Tribune. Now mark! WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S gives no such details, but talks of the principle, the human nature, the moral motive on which such details and their consequences are dependent—then the press rages and howls at the horrible boldness, the disregard of the proprieties, the revoltingly broad, decided manner in which those women and that paper discuss things, which society knows and practices, only that the practice is in mask and domino. For the truth of our suggestion about society's deeds and practices, we refer to the Tribune extract.

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S is not and ought not to be a family paper, because it deals with these questions not as crimes but as facts, because it seeks out and discusses the motives and causes of all social phenomena, and because it endeavors so to frame social theories as that human laws may be in accord with human nature, and that the utmost freedom in the individual may coexist with the most perfect harmony in the mass. These abortion cases, if they have no other effect, have had the immediate result of disclosing to every breakfast and supper table of every household in the Union the whole mystery of sexual relations and the perfect art of avoiding the consequences of illicit intercourse. Every boy and girl can find the order and procedure to be taken and observed in such cases. "To whom it may concern" ought to be the heading of the columns of medical and personal details, the pictures of the instruments, the *modus operandi*, the names of the practitioners, the risks to be avoided, the per centage of deaths and recoveries, and, in brief, all that pertains to a subject that interests both sexes between the ages of fourteen and forty-five. No subject, indeed, has so universal an interest, so wide a circle of readers; and it is precisely this fact which is the inducement to the publication of all these "social and scientific" matters. "The public wants to know!" Therein lies the justification and inducement. If the public do not want to know, or cannot be poked up into "wanting to know," the topic, however important, might lie dormant throughout all eternity. It is a matter of dollars and cents. Even the family paper, specially intended for the young and the innocent in the domestic circle, the paper owned by "pious, God-fearing church members"—even Harper's Weekly—gives to its young Christian readers the portrait of Alice Bowlsby. Poor girl! She was very pretty. Her portrait is better done than the usual catch-penny cuts of the illustrated papers, and looks sweetly and wonder-eyed on us from the front page of "the Journal of Civilization." Doubtless many Sunday-school scholars will ask: "Who was Alice Bowlsby and what is her portrait in Harper's for?" and they will be told: "Oh, she's put into the Weekly because she was so very naughty, and in order that she may be forgotten clean out of mind." Does any young man or woman ever read the personals or medical advertisements in the respectable papers? Or has any young person in New York a doubt which of the civic virtues is rewarded by that fine house on the Fifth avenue with the elegant window-shades?

It is precisely because the WEEKLY wishes that things hidden shall be made manifest because it despises pharisaical cant and humbug, and insists that the inside as well as the outside of the cup ought to be washed clean and kept wholesome, that its attempts at teaching have been made the subject of obloquy and misrepresentation. But we shall see!

A GOOD IDEA.

THE business of slandering the character of public men by inference from unwarrantable representations of their wealth is not only reprehensible on every principle of Christian morals, but is a degrading and despicable shift of partisan warfare, which no exigency excuses.—Boston Spectator.

Very good indeed! Only it's a poor rule that won't work both ways. Be just to our enemies, not partial to our friends. Let us not find that all on our side have remained virtuously poor and all on the other iniquitously rich.

I wish to say my word and the Abortionists just now suffering in spirit with which it has been found coffin has committed suicide another case occurs to of women are hunted The newspaper men flutter of agitation and a wonderful feast of papers. A fanfare week, over the awful side into its usual refore, and just as even time.

Just as though a tions of the country the age, one of the in the rotting of our

Who proposes to wants that there shou tion under peculiar gentlemen within t street have occasion the professionals in I got into difficulty. A of these gentlemen, who are the friends by the same means. ficial institution, wi heart sore of a thoe families.

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Our whole soci with itself. Ev Women are denie with men in the and spoiled, and denaturalized to healthy amative that leaves them without the pow or on the other s feminine influen with a merely an which masters th and imbecile fro bility and weakn ma'e women abo

My long pract sician and clairv scenes, into the women, in this l is truly fearful; even willing to many girls are al before the age of young men com and death into syphilitic diseas after marriage in the wealthy a among working children." Man and many of th unprofessional g their friends the majority of wom

MY THOUGHTS ON ABORTION, AND OTHER THINGS.

BY FRANK CLAFLIN.

I wish to say my word on the theme of the day—Abortion and the Abortifacient. The unscrupulous New York press is now suffering under one of those virtuous periodical spasms with which it is wont to be afflicted. Some woman has been found stuffed in a trunk her remorseful seducer committed suicide an abortionist has been arrested, and tomorrow the next day, and the next, a whole lot of other things are wanted to buy in a doctor's shop of that order. The newspapers are delighted. There is an immense circulation and excitement. The public is treated to a series of sensations in the morning and evening papers. The subject is kept up, to last perhaps for near a week, and the awful subject, after which everything subsides into its usual routine, and goes on just as it went on before, and just as everybody knows that it is going on all the time.

Just as though abortion was not one of the fixed institutions of the country, one of the marked characteristics of the age, one of the indicative symptoms of the ripening and the rotting of our prevalent state of society!

Who proposes to disturb Madame Restel? Who really wants that there should be no opportunity to secure an abortion under peculiarly trying circumstances? A thousand gentlemen within the purlieus of Wall street and Broad street have occasion, within the year, to invoke the aid of the *profeminists* in behalf of their female friends who have got into difficulty. A thousand women and girls, the friends of these gentlemen, and among them their own daughters, who are the friends of their friends, are saved to respectability by the same means. The shop of the abortionist is a beneficial institution, which protects the virtue and heals the heart sore of a thousand otherwise cursed and unfortunate families.

But the great revenue of these practitioners is from the married women among the wealthy. The lives of dissipation and senseless idleness which these women lead; the oppressions and disgusts of the marriage state; their hopeless and aimless lives; all together have so depressed the nervous energy of our women that they dread beyond endurance the burdens of child-bearing and the care of children. They have become unfit to have children, and abortion is the sewerage for this wretched stagnation of feminine life.

And yet nobody can overestimate the miserable consequences of this practice. While the mother of a dozen children borne under proper conditions may and ought to be as perfect in organization and as healthy as she ever was, this wicked tampering with nature revenges itself fearfully. The wife relieved of her burden by this criminal intervention, has provoked the immediate repetition of her trouble. Easy pregnancy is as much a false condition, a symptom of disorder, as its opposite, barrenness. The uterus so invaded becomes weakened, either to resist impregnation or to retain and sustain and perfect its new burden; and so abortion runs into a series of frequent miscarriages, ending in melancholy and death. Or if a child is finally born, it is weakly, puny and sickly, perhaps idiotic, or partially idiotic. Idiocy exists in very various degrees. An immense proportion of the children born are idiotic in some of their faculties, and there is no more frequent cause of this disaster than the weakened condition of the generative system of the parents, and especially of the mother. How can we expect a seed planted in a weak, exhaustive soil to produce good fruit?

Our whole social system hangs together and is consistent with itself. Every part depends on every other part. Women are denied free competition and free companionship with men in the struggle for life; are cooped up and petted and spoiled, and cease, in a word, to be women. They are denaturalized to that degree that not one in four has any healthy amateness, but only a dawdling sentimentality that leaves them completely at the mercy of men, while yet without the power to confer happiness either on themselves or on the other sex. Men, in turn, for the want of a healthy feminine influence over them, are either brutally excitable, with a merely animal, diseased and half-crazy amateness which masters their reason, or they are disgustingly exhausted and imbecile from excesses provoked by the silly impressibility and weakness of the still more sickly and semi-inanimate women about them.

My long practice from a mere child, as a magnetic physician and clairvoyant, has given me an insight, back of the scenes, into the sexual health-conditions of both men and women, in this last phase of our existing civilization, which is truly fearful; and it is very sad that hardly anybody is even willing to know the truth about it. Most boys and many girls are already half ruined by secret solitary practices before the age of puberty. In the cities, nine-tenths of the young men complete their ruin and introduce wretchedness and death into their subsequent families by contracting syphilitic diseases. Abortions before marriage and especially after marriage are the rule rather than the exception—in the wealthy and fashionable classes, and to a great extent among workingwomen who say they "can't afford to have children." Many women learn to practice it on themselves, and many of them have repeated it dozens of times; and unprofessional gentlemen by the score, boast confidentially to their friends that "they can do it as well as the doctors." The majority of women, as a result of all these causes, and other

factors in our methods of living, have the abominable floor-a-bow, and even little girls are dying by the hundred from diseases which in other ages of the world were only known, if at all, among the most debauched and profligate women.

Abortion is only a symptom of a more deep seated disorder of the social state. It cannot be put down by law. Normally the mother of two children is as healthy, and may be as youthful and beautiful, as a healthy maiden. Child-bearing is not a disease, but a beautiful office of nature. But to our faded-out, sickly exhausted type of women, it is a fearful ordeal. Nearly every child born is an unwelcome guest. Abortion is the choice of evils for such women.

Is there, then, no remedy for all this bad state of things? None, I solemnly believe; none, by means of repression and law. I believe there is no other remedy possible but freedom in the social sphere. I know that it looks as though this were going in the direction of more vice. Conservatives always think that freedom must conduce to licentiousness; and yet freedom has a way of working out the evils begotten by the previous slavery, and its own evils also. Freedom is a great panacea. It will be when women are thrown more on their own resources, when they mingle on more equal terms with men, when they are aroused to enterprise and develop in their intellects; when, in a word, a new sort of life is devised through freedom, that we can recover the lost ground of true virtue, coupled with the advantages of the more advanced age.

It will be, especially, when Physiology is freely taught to women, when they are made to understand the mechanisms and liabilities of their own systems, that the true remedy will begin to be applied. Now the young girl is sedulously kept in ignorance by her own mother of everything of this sort that she should be taught in the right way to know, and she learns it with avidity in the wrong way, from the most prurient of her school companions. Nature has implanted the desire for the knowledge, and withheld by the natural guardian, it is greedily absorbed, at the boarding-school or in the street.

And the freedom to be healthy must be absolute. As long as woman can be crushed by an imputation of impropriety, she will remain virtually a slave. It will not be until the worst word of vituperative sling which the world can heap on a woman shall lose its terror for her *who is conscious of being true to herself* that woman will be free to develop her own destiny in accordance with the designs of her being. As long as there is one remaining word in the vocabulary of Phariseism and repressive insolence which can be hurled at her, and which she fears, she will not be free to begin the life of regenerated humanity which must save society ultimately from its social evils. Freedom is the first condition of all genuine, thorough investigation, and we are too deeply involved in the wretched results of the old order of things, to hope to escape without the most searching and all-sided investigation—which will require the free and enlightened and fearless co-operation of women, as well as of men.

THE SYNDICATE.

The Boutwell plan of converting American securities into a consolidated debt bearing a lower and uniform rate of interest, is praised by some as a heaven-inspired stroke of genius; by others dispraised in its non success as an added proof of the incompetency and ill-management of the administration. In truth, the device is a commonplace expedient, familiar to every large real estate owner and public financier. The paying of old mortgages made when money was dear with new loans effected when money is cheap is of daily experience. So states and kingdoms in their hour of need must borrow money at the lender's price; when the pressure is over they make a better bargain. England in her old French wars borrowed at high rates, and her war debt was made up of many separate debts bearing various rates of interest. All these were, from time to time, consolidated, hence the term "consols." The last reduction of interest was by Sir Robert Peel, when, three and a-half per cents being at par, they were reduced to threes. Of course there was a great howl about the widow and the orphan being cheated by an unprincipled Tory government; but the change was made; those who didn't like it sold out and lost nothing of their principal, and nobody was hurt. Precisely the same must take place here. It is the duty of the government to reduce the interest of the public debt. The tax-payer is of more value than the creditor. If the creditor can do better with his capital he can go elsewhere. But hitherto the plan has been a failure, because it is optional and not compulsory. The public creditor will prefer his "sixes" to his "fives" so long as he can get them. Voluntary reduction is not to be expected. The gradual extinction of our debt liberates capital and compels its re-investment in private securities. We have repeatedly expressed our opinion that this extinction is too rapidly accomplished, that it presses too heavily on the present generation, who work and starve that posterity may feast and be idle. The contrast between impoverished France able to raise her millions freely, and prosperous America unable to borrow on the security of a mighty present and illimitable future, is worthy of consideration. It can only be attributed to the want of confidence in capitalists. European ignorance of American resources, or European doubt of the stability of American institutions and distrust of American national honesty, must lie at the root of this in-

disposition to invest in American securities. The timidity of capital is proverbial, exceeding even its cupidity. The peasant invests his savings as carefully as the merchant prince invests his millions. It may be that party cries of repudiation at every election are not precisely the best suggestions that can be made to the foreign capitalist to induce him to invest his surplus in securities that rest wholly upon the breath of popular opinion, swayed by the appeals of popular agitators. Now and then, too, we have a tremendous public fraud, and a "bursting" of a ring on account of its notorious malfeasance and speculation. These things are not calculated to inspire confidence in the tender minds of capitalists seeking investments.

SEX IN DRESS is made a shibboleth by some very modest people. It is not indecent to begin very low and end very high if only that be the fashion, but it is very improper to adopt the pantaloons because it is a manly garb, or to adopt the petticoat because it is a feminine garb. The fact is that dress, like most social usages, has no intrinsic merit or propriety, it is all opinion and fashion. The unnumbered millions of Asiatic women wear trousers, or, as in the case of the Hindoos, wear only a body cloth and waistband, while the Highlanders wear kilt, philibeg and tartan.

A letter to the Cincinnati Times tells this story:

Traveling on some business, yesterday, in the country, I was surprised to see three men mowing grass who wore nothing more than a shirt, and a skirt of the same finish as a female petticoat. I stopped and asked them if they were not ashamed and afraid of being laughed at. The ready answer was: "If we were half naked in pants no one would laugh at us. We can thus do more work, without the bad effect on our bodies of the sun, and without the severe sweating, and the adhering of pants, the skirts being light and loose. We wear skirts instead of pants in all our heavy work, and some of our neighbors do the same. We hope the time will come when every workingman will wear the clothes most convenient and easy for him without reference to an old and foolish custom that men shall not wear any clothes similar to the present female wearing apparel. Why should we not be allowed to dress like females if we choose? Would there be anything wrong in it? The old Jews, Christ and His apostles were similarly dressed, and it was the custom for 400 years. And are we any better for wearing pants? No sir."

At a time when the taste for attire and external adornment has reached such a pitch of extravagance that the Master's precept—"Take no heed what ye shall wear"—is abrogated by the very elect, rational people should enter some protest against such pernicious folly. It may not be necessary to appear in Wall street or to mow in mosquito time with bare legs, but there is a difference between that extreme of simplicity and pants that will not bear sitting down or four-yard trails.

A FIRE, involving the destruction of several dwellings, occurred lately in Virginia City, Nevada. It is suggested in the Nevada State Journal "that married women started the last great fire in that lawless city for the purpose of destroying the rendezvous of their vigilante husbands. Faithless Benedicts are as numerous here as mosquitoes on the San Joaquin river. Especially is this so of the so-called upper crust. Confiding spouses are left 'to weep and to mourn' through all the still night, while their accomplished Five-pointers make 'Rome howl' on the lower levels."

The consequence was a burning up of the infected district, and a terrible exposure resulted. "The general stampede for the street was the most ludicrous scene any man ever looked upon. And what a grand exposition of Virginia society as it is! Merchants and bankers, lawyers and thieves, brokers and gamblers, lawyers and bosses, married and single, high and low, white, black and mixed—all grades, colors and conditions, rushed frantically into the street, the most pitiful and God-forsaken set of devils that ever breathed the breath of life."

Nevada may, perhaps, be a community in which ill weeds grow apace, but a similar cleansing with fire, in New York, might develop into catastrophes not altogether unexpected by those who look below the surface of society. The once a week Christians might show up pretty strongly in the blaze of such an illumination.

WHO CRACKED THE CRIB, though a very pertinent piece of political slang, is an inquiry of very little real importance. It is not so much who broke open the Comptroller's strong box and stole those mythical vouchers, as that they were stolen at all. Even if the enemy came by night and did that thing, it is no matter. It only shows that the city shepherds and dogs sleep when they ought to be awake and watching. That men whose personal reputes and political salvation are at stake, dependent on the possession and production of documents, should be so careless as to leave those precious papers at the mercy of any ill-disposed rogue, and that a public office should be plundered of the very documents on which so much depends—so priceless to him who loses and not enriching him who steals them. It's too thin! The odor of the Democratic rulers in the City of New York has never been particularly fragrant, but the reek and stench just now would offend the olfactories of a Dead Rabbit.

THE "unpleasantness" in our city government has one item of comfort—the responsibilities are definitely placed. True that the shoulders of the mighty four are strong enough to bear the load; but there is no shirking the liability. They can settle it among themselves; but outsiders can say with certainty: "Rogues all! Away with them!"

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CATECHISM

BY MATILDA JOSEPH GAGE

Question: From whence do governments derive their just powers?

Answer: Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. — *Declaration of Independence.*

Q. Are rights granted people by governments or through constitutions?

A. No. Rights existed before governments were founded or constitutions created.

Q. Of what use, then, are governments and constitutions?

A. To protect people in the exercise and enjoyment of their natural and fundamental rights, which existed before governments and constitutions were made. — *Dec. and Const.*

Q. Name some of these natural and fundamental rights.

A. The right to life; the right to liberty; the right to acquire and protect property; the right to govern one's self.

Q. What is the foundation principle of a republican form of government?

A. Self government.

Q. How are people in a political body able to govern themselves?

A. By means of personal representation.

Q. Through what method is personal representation reached?

A. By and through the ballot, actually in the hand of every person.

Q. Is there not such a thing existing as virtual representation?

A. No. Representation must be actual, or it cannot exist. The theory of virtual representation was claimed by the British, against the colonies, but was at that time utterly refuted. Virtual representation is a claim of tyranny, which claim was, in our country, utterly destroyed by the revolutionary war. — *See James Otis on Writs of Assistance.*

Q. Who were the founders of the Government of the United States, and the framers of the Constitution?

A. The people; for the preamble to the Constitution of the United States reads thus: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

Q. Who are the people?

A. The body of persons who compose a community, town, city or nation. — *Webster.*

Q. What is a person?

A. A person is an individual human being consisting of body and soul. — *Webster.*

Q. What is a citizen?

A. In the United States, a citizen is a person, native or naturalized, who has the privilege of exercising the elective franchise. — *Webster.*

Q. What persons are citizens of the United States?

A. "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and of the State wherein they reside." — *14th Amendment.*

Q. Has any State power to annul any portion of this Fourteenth Amendment?

A. No; for this Amendment still further declares that "no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of the citizens of the United States." Besides, the States, by a two-thirds vote, declared their acquiescence in this amendment, which, therefore, became part of State as well as National law.

Q. Is a woman a person?

A. Yes; she is "an individual human being, possessed of both body and soul;" therefore she is a person.

Q. Are women citizens of the United States?

A. Yes; as women are persons, therefore women "born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States."

Q. What right has a citizen of the United States?

A. The right to vote.

Q. Has any State the right to deny or abridge the right of women to vote?

A. No; both National and State law, under the Fifteenth Amendment, expressly declare that the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude.

Q. Does that mean the right to vote can be denied or abridged to persons not of a particular race?

A. No.

Q. Does it mean the right to vote can be denied to white or colored persons?

A. No.

Q. Does that mean the right to vote can be denied to persons who have not been in a previous condition of servitude?

A. No.

Q. Does it mean the right to vote can be denied to persons on account of their religion?

A. No.

Q. Does it mean the right to vote can be denied to persons on account of their size?

A. No.

Q. Does it mean the right to vote can be denied any citizen because such citizen is a male citizen?

A. No; certainly not.

Q. Does it mean the right to vote can be denied any citizen because such citizen is a female citizen?

A. No; certainly not.

Q. Does it mean the right to vote can be denied to any citizen of the United States on account of the possession or absence of any personal quality?

A. No; most emphatically, no. It means the right to vote cannot be denied to persons, short or tall, black or white, Christian or atheist, male or female, wise or ignorant, merely on account of these individual peculiarities.

Q. Do the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments grant women the right to vote?

A. No; they only recognize her right to vote as already in existence.

Q. Is the right to the ballot secured to women by the Constitution of the United States?

A. Yes; it is secured in two ways. It is first secured by never having been given up, for when a Constitution is framed, the rights not given up are retained. It is, in the second place, secured by the Fourteenth Amendment, which declares "all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, to be citizens

of the United States, and of the State wherein they reside. — *Birth and Naturalization.*

Q. What other rights besides voting have citizens of the United States?

A. The right of pre-empting land; the right of registering ships; the right of taking out passports. — *Minority Report.*

Q. Have aliens the right of pre-empting lands, registering ships or taking out passports?

A. No; they have no such rights.

Q. Have any persons in the United States, except citizens of the United States, the above rights?

A. No; they have not.

Q. Have the women of the United States ever pre-empted lands, have they ever registered ships, have they ever taken out passports?

A. Yes; they have frequently done each of these things. — *Minority Report.*

Q. Are not their rights of citizen ship thus recognized?

A. Most certainly and emphatically they are. — *Minority Report.*

Q. Does the Constitution of the United States anywhere give the right to deprive any citizen of the elective franchise without due process of law?

A. No; neither "the Constitution as it was" nor "the Constitution as it is," gives the right to deprive any citizen of the ballot, unless for crime, and by due process of law. — *Fourteenth Amendment.*

Q. Is it a crime to be a woman?

A. Certainly not; for in the beginning God created man male and female. — *Genesis i., 2.*

Q. Has the ballot been denied or abridged to women by due process of law?

A. No; most certainly not.

Q. And are not women represented?

A. No; they do not vote, they have not the ballot, they are not represented.

Q. Are women taxed?

A. Yes.

Q. How about taxation without representation?

A. "Taxation without representation is tyranny." — *Declaration of Independence.*

Q. Does not the Constitution declare that every person within the jurisdiction of the United States is under the equal protection of the law?

A. It so declares. — *Fourteenth Amendment.*

Q. Is the same protection accorded a woman in the matter of her property that is accorded a man in the matter of his property?

A. Not when she is denied the ballot. Property is protected through the ballot, and when woman's property is taxed without representation, it is robbed.

Q. Are unrepresented people ever protected in their rights?

A. No; an unrepresented class is always a subject class.

Q. Is woman's life protected the same as a man's life?

A. No; all protection comes through the ballot. If a woman is a criminal she is accused by laws she had no hand in framing; tried before judges she had no voice in electing; judged by a jury not of her peers, and condemned or acquitted, as these combined forces decide.

Q. What is the Supreme Law of the land?

A. "The Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, shall be the Supreme Law of the land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." — *Constitution, Art. 6.*

Q. What law of the United States especially enforces the recognition of the political rights of its citizens?

A. A law passed by the Forty-second Congress of the United States, and signed by the President, April 13, 1871, which declares "that any person who, under color of any law, statute, ordinance, regulation, custom or usage of any State, shall subject, or cause to be subjected, any person within the jurisdiction of the United States, to the deprivation of any rights, privileges or immunities secured by the Constitution of the United States, shall, any law to the contrary notwithstanding, be liable to the penalty required in any action at law or equity." — *Act to enforce the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment. Abolition Act May 31, 1871.*

Q. Are those persons who, under color of law, forbid woman the ballot, law-breakers or law-breakers?

A. They are law-breakers, acting in defiance to both national and State law, in thus refusing to women citizens the exercise of a right secured to them by the Constitution of the United States; and they render themselves liable to prosecution thereby.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER, OR THE BIBLE IN THE ROLE OF THE OLD MYTHOLOGIES.

BY C. E. P.

NUMBER 18.

As per Bunsen, in his letters to Max Muller, "the oldest purely mythological stratum is the Solar Tragedy." It was that "Tragedy of Nature" in all the ancient mysteries or religions where the Sun-God was crucified, dead and buried, and descended into hell. The upper and lower Sun was the dramatic person of the infinite variety of the heavens to the measure of prophet, poet, seer from the ancient of days to the Son of Man.

Bunsen says: "The so-called nature religions can be nothing but the symbol of the primitive consciousness of God." * * * But what will my Old Testament readers say when I lead them into the glory of the Hellenic God-consciousness? Crossing and blessing themselves won't help."

Beginning, then, with the common God-consciousness from the same old root of the matter, Epimetheus and Pandora, too curious to know what's what, may bring death into the world and all our woe as well as Adam and Eve. Esculapius, the Sun God and Son of Man, is widely worshipped as the healer of infirmities. Corona, like the woman having a crown of twelve stars upon her head, is charmed by a stranger who comes with all the beauty of Phoebus from the Arcadian or bright land. Clothed with the Sun, she speeds her way on eagle's wings to a place prepared of God. As per Cox, "Whence came the notion of the healing powers of Asclepius? It is found in germ of many legends. The

Sun was regarded naturally as the restorer of life, and after the long sleep of winter and darkness, it was extended to the point of human existence, and the restoration of the dead to life."

In reviewing the popular tales from the Norse by Dr. Dronk, Muller says: "He might have traced the history of Odin, the hunter, back to Indra, the god of storms, and Veda. * * * William Tell, the good archer, whose logical character Dr. Dronk has established beyond question, is the last reflection of the Sun God, who was called him Indra or Apollo or Elyseus. Their date is uncertain. They hit the apple or any other point and they destroy their enemies with the same bow with which they have hit the mark. The countless stories of all the processes and snow white ladies who were kept in dark prisons and were invariably delivered by a young knight, or even all be traced back to mythological traditions about the spring being released from the hands of winter, the sun being rescued from the darkness of the night, the dawn being rescued back from the West, the waters being set free from the clouds."

Hawthorne's "Wonder Stories" and "Tanglewood Tales" will also teach the young idea how to shoot in the Hellenic God-consciousness.

No, too, in the Bible we may trace Nimrod, like Odin, as the mighty hunter before the Lord; and, as the God of Horus, had his sign from Heaven in Orion, who, with seven winds armed, veered the Red Sea coast, whose waves overthrew Balaam and his Mesopotamian cavalry, when the Lord looked out from the pillar of a cloud, and thus capped Pharaoh of his chariot wheels. The striking story of William Tell was shot from the same bow that Abraham strung, in the sign of Joseph, who was sorely grieved, hated and shot at by the archers; but his arms and hands were made strong for the bow by the mighty God of Jacob, who was the shepherd or leader up through the paved work of a soap stone, the stone of Israel.

Jehovah, as the Sun God, shoots with the same sun beams as the arrows of the Lord's deliverance, and his great and strong word not only punishes Balaam, the crooked serpent, and slays the dragon that is in the sea, but he has strings the ox in the sign of Joseph or the Bull. It was the same dragon that poured out water as a flood after the woman in John, when the earth helped her. It was, these later days that "a young bright hero," being as we supposed, the son of Joseph, becomes the Redeemer of Israel in the Lamb of God, whose sign in heaven warily to conquer had come to the Messianic status in wisdom, and in stature by equinoctial procession. By horoscope of the heavens, Job knew that his Redeemer was living, and in fullness of time would appear in the sign of the coming man, or the sign of the Son of Man, for the fall and rising signs of many in Israel, for Israel had become a backsliding Heifer, and now the Sun would feed his people as a lamb in a large place. "Send ye the Lamb to the ruler of the land from Sela to the wilderness, unto the mount of the daughter of Zion." It did not matter that the Lamb was not yet in full place of the Bull, or the Heifer. He was seen to be the coming man by precessional change of base, and would appear in the later days upon the earth, not as a matter in sacred chronology, where a thousand years are as one day with the Lord, whether the "Ancient of days" or the "young child" shined in the Solar Alpha and Omega, so much were the Father and Son alike in Him who "was, and is, and is to come." It was, however, in the new life that the "young, bright hero," increasing in wisdom and in stature, was the more in favor with God and man. It did not matter that the young star of the wise men was the same old star which Balaam had seen shoot out of Jacob, or that Moses had seen coming from Sinai, rising up from Ben and shining from Mount Paran. True, the writer of Deuteronomy would seem to forbid this doing homage to his own God, who came from Sinai, rose up from Ben and shined forth from Mount Paran, having a fiery law in his hand, and a squadron of ten thousand saints to execute it. As the Lord God of hosts, he would be approached only in the mystic or eastern role of the priesthood, and not too literally as the heaven and its visible presence, but rather as the *Deus ex machina* behind the veil, the invisible being clearly seen by the initiated: "for the Lord thy God is a consuming fire, a jealous God." His ten thousand saints, or ministers of flaming fire, must not be too familiar spirits "lest they lift up thine eyes unto heaven, and when thou seest the sun, and the moon and the stars, all the host of heaven should be driven to worship them, which the Lord thy God hath divided unto all nations under the whole heaven." Nevertheless, behind the veil, it might be seen how the Lord came from Sinai, rose up from Ben, and shined from Mount Paran; for behind the scenes he was that very Sun-God and emblem of the Most High. Sinai is its name, as per "Time and Faith," included the 365 days of the year, the Solar Circle, or Alpha and Omega. Among the various personifications, "He is the Rock," and in conglomerate, makes the godhead of heaven bodily. He is the Stone of Israel, and shepherd of the host of heaven. A mountain peak in Israel was the hill of the Lord, or pinnacle of his temple, and when the Mount had its head in a cloud the Shekinah abode there. Hebrews and Gentiles built upon the same extensive Rock of the cloud-land—the Rock of Salvation in large compass of spiritual attenuation; but in such difference of scaffolding and concealment as would make a

MYTH.

appear that the cloud was with the I have been against the God, when late in the appeared in John in in dark I great trib some blue his golden slain from before th his being among I thick d world a neither a would th first up, thir, fo shall be baskets ten thou tree, wh passover the fra under th need of they cry away al were in come a waters.

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THE WEEKLY BULLETIN OF THE PANTARCHY.

W. HANSON, Esq., Elmira, N. Y.:

Please accept this notice as an acknowledgment of your courteous and interesting letter, and wait a little more leisure on my part for an answer to it in *extenso*.

S. P. A.

Mrs. L. D., Hartford, Ct.:

Everything appropriate is intended; and, but for the old adage about good intentions, is certain to ensue.

S. P. A.

Mrs. ELIZABETH LA PIERRE DANIELS, Boston, Mass.:

The same to you.

S. P. A.

Mrs. O. M. HUNTER, Ancora, N. J.:

I was half inclined to do so; but when I see you, which I hope truly will not be long hence, I will explain.

S. P. A.

ANOTHER DEFINITION OF FREE LOVE.

(By High Scientific Authority.)

Professor Vander Weyde, one among the most distinguished scientists in America or the world, a leading member of the New York Liberal Club, and the editor of the *Manufacturer and Builder*, in this city, has had for several years in course of preparation a new and very exhaustive classification of all human knowledge, including even all religious dogmas and reformatory theories, with definitions of their purport. His extensive tables are printed, but not yet published. He proposes making a presentation of the subject at an early day before the club. In the meantime I have the good fortune to have access to his proof-sheets, from which I make the following condensation and extracts:

[Heading, "SOCIAL ECONOMY," Subdivision, "Protection of Property."] Doctrines of, divide into:

1. [Protection of property at large.]
2. "Also in man—*Doctrine of slaveholding*."
3. Of "all property except man—*Abolitionism*."
4. Of all property "except in woman"—*Free Love Doctrine*.
5. Of all property "except the soil—*Land Reform*."

Mr. Tilton, who seems the most distressed of anybody for a definition of free love, will please take notice. Until his jury of women gets convened on this matter, we commend to his attention this last utterance of the scientific world on the subject.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

A WORD MORE FOR MR. WARREN.

Mr. Warren sends me another letter asking, demanding indeed, in almost a threatening tone, that I publish it in full and without break or interruption, for comment. As nothing new, but personalities, would result from doing so, I decline. I am perfectly satisfied that after any amount of discussion, Mr. Warren would be dissatisfied with me; and, although I regret the fact, he may as well, perhaps, be dissatisfied now as then.

S. P. A.

THE GREELEY-TILTON FREE LOVE CONTROVERSY AGAIN.

The temptation is too strong for me. I cannot keep myself wholly out of this interesting tournament, and inasmuch as I am not wanted in the lists as one of the actual combatants, I must content myself with reporting on the contest as an outside observer, somewhat as Mr. Wilkes attends on and reports, classically, a fisticuff in the ring.

I choose the opportunity, in other words, to review, in short, the whole controversy, as presented by these two prominent editors.

Although in the main my sympathies are more with Mr. Tilton than with Mr. Greeley, and although I cannot but think that the former has seriously damaged the *prestige* of the latter as a controversialist, and has in several instances fairly unburied him as a knight of the quill; yet there are points in which I find Mr. Greeley more essentially right than Mr. Tilton.

For instance, Mr. Greeley says:

You are entirely, eminently right, Mr. Editor, in asserting that my conviction of the proper indissolubility of marriage is the mainspring of my hostility to Woman Suffrage, and to the social philosophy from which many vainly seek to separate the woman movement. Though I have written or dictated very little of what has, during the last ten years, been printed as editorial in the *Tribune* on this subject, it is nevertheless true that my conviction of the nature and scope of the marriage relation renders my conversion to Woman Suffrage a moral impossibility.

Mr. Tilton replies: "Your implication is that woman suffrage tends to dissolve marriage," and he goes on to cite, on the contrary, a certain resolution, "that woman suffrage means the perpetuity of the marriage relation;" and he adds, as his own view, "that woman suffrage will neither

destroy marriage, on the one hand, nor perpetuate it on the other."

In other words, Mr. Greeley holds that the woman suffrage question and the free love question are essentially identical; or, rather, that they are so logically affiliated, that freedom from the legal bond of marriage is sure to follow the civil enfranchisement of woman; while Mr. Tilton holds that they are two distinct and unrelated questions, having no logical affiliation with each other; and herein I hold with Mr. Greeley and against Mr. Tilton, only differing from Mr. Greeley in this, that what he dreads and seeks to avoid, and what causes him to oppose suffrage, is what I desire and seek to promote, and what, more than anything else, causes me to labor for the franchise.

I hold, therefore, that in this particular Mr. Tilton takes the superficial and unphilosophical, and Mr. Greeley, the profound and philosophical view of the subject—only it so happens that Mr. Greeley, in order to hold this view and to allow it to halt him in what would otherwise be his acceptance of feminine suffrage is compelled to unsay all the brave utterances he has ever made in help of freedom, in another domain; and so to permit his expert opponent to find the vulnerable points through the cracks of his armor.

To permit woman to vote will be, in my judgment, seriously to disturb the existing family theory and institution. It will be to erect woman, for the first time in the history of mankind, into an individual, instead of her remaining an appendage merely. Those who vote for Female Suffrage should be ready to accept the consequences.

To emancipate the slaves implied that the freedmen would acquire property of their own, and would so cease to be dependents on their former masters; and this ulterior freedom hindered far-seeing slaveholders (as a similar thing hinders Mr. Greeley) from readiness to concede the first freedom. In a similar manner political enfranchisement of woman means political and social consideration, influence, and position, of an entirely new order, for women; that means new, and wider, and loftier ambitions, and the necessary time and leisure and training to fit themselves for such spheres, and then to exercise such callings.

And all this immense revolution in our social habits assails the very idea of the present narrow isolated household. It will call for the reconstruction of the home upon the large and phalanxian platform, the great hive of social activities, as the social unit, in the place of "the factional family."

Female Suffrage means, therefore, Radical Social Revolution, Constructive Socialism, a New Social Order, upon the basis of the dissolution of legal or force marriage, the freedom of the individual in the bosom of a larger family constituted by spiritual affinities; of the organized nursery, school, kitchen, workshop, university, and so on to the end of the chapter. It means all this, as logically and truly as the abolition of slavery in the South meant common schools for the negroes.

Mr. Greeley half blindly sees all this and staggers before the apprehension of so vast a cataclysm in society, although he has been dallying, all his life long, with socialism. Mr. Tilton would have us believe that he sees nothing of the kind; the Boston coterie of Women's Rights advocates are, some of them, honestly and ignorantly blind on the subject, and some of them, like Mr. Tilton, would have us believe that they see nothing but fair weather ahead. But for the most part the honest-minded and really great thinkers on this subject (which class includes, of course, Mr. Greeley and myself), understand how the matter stands, and recoil before the coming overturn of old institutions, or rejoice in it, according to the measure of their faith in the high destiny of humanity, guided by science and functioning in freedom.

On another point Mr. Greeley is just as clearly wrong, where Mr. Tilton has failed to put him in the wrong so completely as he might and should have done. He persists in telling what "I would have" in respect to the education of "my daughters," and of the female sex generally. In all this is the habitual assumption that *he*, and not the women themselves, is to decide for *them*, which is the very matter which female suffrage is called for to decide the other way. He is entitled to his opinion on the subject, to be sure; but they are entitled to theirs, having even more interest in the subject than he, or any other man can have, and to the legitimate means of making their own opinions effectively felt.

One other point. Mr. Tilton asks Mr. Greeley what he means by Free Love, and Mr. Greeley, instead of a definition, falls back on a supposed illustration; and Mr. Tilton, in turn, says he himself is no Free Lover, and then goes forward in a series of strong statements to put himself so nearly on the Free Love platform that it is difficult to discriminate; and for the mere purpose, apparently, of keeping up a distinction, he assigns to Mr. Andrews positions which Mr. Andrews has certainly never assumed; for in all that I have ever said or written or thought on the subject, there has never been one word favoring "promiscuity." It is only that certain illogical thinkers cannot distinguish between Free Love and promiscuity; between freedom and some distasteful and abominable use of freedom, for which, it would almost seem, they, but not I, must have a special affinity; otherwise, why translate me so?

More logic and more thoroughness on both sides and toward my views, when they are invaded, more fairness,

would elevate the character of the controversy, would make it more worthy of the distinguished contestants, and, finally, more fitted to the tremendous gravity and significance of the questions at issue.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

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

NUMBER III.

[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.]

The Positivists themselves recognize one invisible personality. Their God, Humanity, is as occult a being as the angels and gods of the old religions. Nobody ever saw collective Humanity. Men and women exist separately; but they do not grow together in any visible way, so as to form one enormous being, any more than horses do. (1). Yet the Positivists assert that Humanity is a living organism, and Edgar calls it *she*, and says expressly that it is a real personality. I cannot find the word *consciousness* used by them in connection with it; but personality certainly implies consciousness. Either these men have some esoteric meaning in their language about their God, which plain men outside cannot understand; or they believe in an invisible personality, which is the same thing as a spirit or a ghost. So they themselves have broken the connection between their promises and their conclusion, and have left the door open for the return of the whole train of invisibles which they sent to Limbo. If there is one invisible personal organism called Humanity, there may be more of the same kind.

The creed places men in seven categories, viz.: 1, Individuality; 2, the Family; 3, the Positive Society; 4, the Labor Association; 5, the State; 6, Humanity; 7, the Universe. Why should the sixth of these be a living personality, and not the fifth or the seventh? There is just as much reason to believe that Uncle Sam or John Bull are actual personal beings as that Humanity is. This brings us back to the Old Testament idea of national angels. On the other hand, there is just as much reason to believe that the Universe is a personality as that a subordinate department of it is. This brings us back to the old idea of God, or, at least, to a supreme being immensely superhuman.

But this is all speculation, and amounts to little on either side. As I said, the questions of the existence of other worlds than this, and of other personalities than the human, are not to be settled by reasoning on the nature of consciousness, but by actual observation. It is impossible to prove the negative. What if the heavens should set up a theory that there is no such being as man, because not one heaver in a million ever saw a man?

We are in the way to get a true and final settlement of these questions in this country. Spirits of some kind are certainly rapping—which is more than collective Humanity has ever done. Spiritualists by the million testify that in one way or another they have positive evidence of the existence of human souls after death. The scientific world has not fully accepted this testimony, nor has it conclusively rejected it. Many scientific men believe it. It is at least the beginning of a true investigation—an appeal from speculation to facts. The trial is likely to go on till we know about the other world (if there is one), as we know about this, by actual intercourse. Meanwhile, we shall not pay much attention to *a priori* arguments against our facts, though they come from the "incomparable masters" over the water.

Comtism comes too late. We are almost unanimous in this country about existence after death. Bible-men always believed in it after a fashion; and now the anti-Bible men have nearly all succumbed to the rappings, and are even stronger in the faith than the Bible-men. Spiritualists claim to have placed the immortality of the soul on a scientific basis, as the Bible never did. So that Christians and anti-Christians are all on one side here against the speculations of the Positivists. Comtism in this country will have to fight, not only the clergy and the Bible, but Andrew Jackson Davis with his revelations, and Robert Dale Owen with his scientific "Footsteps on the Boundaries of Another World."

We are almost unanimous in another notion that will be very unfavorable, if not fatal, to Positivism in this country. We believe in intuition and inspiration, as well as in the "methods of science." Our revivals and religious experiences, on the one hand, and our spiritualisms on the other, have convinced us, not only that there is a world of spirits, but that we have sensible communication with that world, and become mediums of its influences. This conviction extends to all classes, and is quite as strong among the "infidels" as among the Bible-men; and it is a conviction of that practical kind which places us clear beyond the reach of mere logic and speculation. In fact, we are developing a new faculty of discovery, which, sooner or later, will have to be recognized as the better half of scientific power. For a definition of this faculty, allow me to quote again from my own lucubrations. Twenty-five years ago, before "modern Spiritualism" was heard of, I wrote as follows:

"One spirit can present itself to the perceptions of another, and communicate thoughts and persuasions, without the intervention of any verbal testimony, and process of reasoning, or any impression of the external senses. This kind of belief is liable to be confounded by superficial observers with imaginative belief. It ascertains the truth of its thoughts by none of the processes ordinarily used. It appeals to no external testimony, no train of argument, no sensuous evidence. To ordinary apprehension its resources, like those of imaginative belief, are wholly subjective. Doubtless, too, in many cases, pretenders to spiritual belief have mistaken their imaginations for spiritual impressions."

But, in its essential nature, spiritual belief is no more allied to imaginative than any of the kinds that are accepted by the world as rational. It most resembles belief of the senses and testimony. It is, in fact, belief of the internal senses, and of testimony conveyed, not by words, but by spiritual impressions. It is not altogether subjective. Its source of evidence is from without the circle of its own thoughts, as truly so as verbal testimony. A man who believes spiritual impressions is no more properly chargeable with believing his own imaginations than one who believes his neighbor's word.

He is liable, however, to be deceived. There are false spirits, as there are lying men; and he who believes the im-

promotions of a he who believe of spiritualism into this truth after, because to reason he veneration be But as to inate between common, and there be no n pressions, the many."

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premises of all sorts of spirits will be as miserably misled as he who believes in the infallibility of the Bible. And in the infancy of spiritualism there is, perhaps, more danger of running into this immature credulity than there is in ordinary life, because the novice naturally imagines that every impression he receives comes from high authority, and his reverence blinds him to believe without questioning.

But assume that a spiritualist has learned to discriminate between true and false spirits as well as persons of common sense discriminate between true and false men, there is no more folly in his belief, founded on spiritual impressions, than there is in theirs, founded on verbal testimony.

The Positivist Creed proposes that science, since it has discarded theology, shall be openly accepted and reign in its stead. Young America will hardly accept this proposal without correcting it. We accept the right of sovereignty of the world; but science in the largest sense is only a mass of human thoughts about truth, not very consistent yet, or well defined; and in a more limited sense it is one of the means or methods of discovering truth. We insist that intuition must be installed as the helper and even the elder brother of science in the service of their common sovereign, Truth.

These two, intuition and science, cultivated as they have been hitherto by separate and even hostile classes, are nevertheless working toward each other from the opposite extremities of the domain of thought, one ascending from the visible to the invisible, and the other descending from the invisible to the visible. They are destined to meet. Their scouts are already meeting. God grant that the converging columns may not mistake each other for foes in the twilight of the apocryphal, and fire into each other!

It seems to me that Comte himself, if he had had opportunity to study this country, would have seen that we are practically reversing his idea of the progression of religious theories. What he calls the "anthropomorphic" and infantile theory, is in full and fresh possession of the very nation that is leading the world in civilization. Thus the logic of present events is contradicting him. And looking into the history of the past in the light of the latest discoveries, we may safely say that the logic of antiquity is contradicting him. He died before geologists had ascertained the earliest conditions of the man. We now perceive that for countless ages before the first glimmering of history, races of men lived without any religious belief more than that of the wild asses. The earliest infancy of the human race was like the earliest infancy of individuals—a period of blank animalism. As a child a day old does not know that anybody is taking care of it, so there is every reason to believe that the bog-trotters of the stone and bronze periods had no theory or idea whatever of superintending invisible personalities. And the transition from this state to the discovery of Providences, whether referred to one God or many, was certainly like the advance of the child to the recognition of father and mother—a most momentous and blessed rising, the beginning of all induction and progress. In this view we may be sure that religion of any kind, however heathenish, belongs to a second and advanced stage of human nature, and is infinitely better than none. Instead, therefore, of believing, as Comte's theory requires, that this country in its revivals and spiritualisms is going back to primeval barbarism, I judge that Comtism, in its denial of God and immortality, is a return to the lowest level of humanity—the flat unbelief of the original or primeval man.

(1.) [Yes; more than horses do. And yet horses grow together, in a spiritual unity, which unites them in an *esprit du corps* which is very wonderful, as for instance in the army, when by a common consent, horses without riders keep their place in the ranks and act as part of the *corps*; or *body* larger than the individual horse. Still more, however, are men susceptible of being blended into a spiritual *body* with its own *Spiritual Soul and Personality*, distinct from that of any individual man, or even of all men as *individuals*. The fact that we don't see this spiritual personage, is an argument against his or her existence, which Mr. Noyes is precluded from using, for he holds to the existence of other spiritual beings whom we do not ordinarily see. Who knows but somebody's spiritual vision may be so opened, any day, that he may see John Bull and Uncle Sam as veritable living personages?

And I am quite in earnest in all this. I believe that no three people come together in intimate relationship but that their *spheres* or spiritual emanations, corporeal and mental, flow in with each other, and constitute a *spherical matrix*, which involves them all, and has opinions, an influence and a character distinct from those of the individuals composing those of this ethereal personality.

So I believe, and believe that I have reason to believe, that when we say Humanity or Nature, we are naming, in an important sense, a real spiritual being, and not a mere idealization, or convenient form of thought. Anthropomorphism is, therefore, with me something objective, throughout the universe. I believe that all men and things have spiritual emanations, which tend to aggregate into more attenuated reproductions of themselves, modified by conjunction with other emanations from other objects. How far these new ethereal personalities attain to an independent consciousness, and are really the "national angels" of particular peoples, remains to be discovered. The Comtists won't thank me for this defense, for it is too much in the tone of what they are perpetually denouncing, and yet it is difficult to see how otherwise they can wholly escape the force of Mr. Noyes' criticism.

(2.) [Both Mr. Noyes and Comte are substantially right. I believe in their apparently opposite views, as follows: There was an earlier infancy of the human race, in which no universal conceptions were entertained, no philosophy therefore, and no religion; but this was a zero-stage, back of all that Comte is discussing; and it was, as Mr. Noyes affirms, a real ascension when humanity rose to the first anthropomorphic conceptions of the outlying universe and its parts. From this point Comte is right in tracing the process of Deanthropomorphization through its three subordinate stages. But all that is only One Grand Stage. The Second

Grand Stage is a process of Re-anthropomorphization, this time on a scientific basis, which, in the end, will justify in a sense, and in a sense rectify, the first or instructive form of Anthropomorphism.

Comte himself, even, affirms the prospective return of a fetishism modified by and consistent with Positivism.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

NUMBER IX.

The first duty of every living being, in all things in which people meet and mingle, is to accept the fact that every other human being is the offspring of the same Almighty power, and equally entitled to human rights with himself, and that it can make no difference in this fact if his skin be black, if he be a pagan or a Jew, Christian or infidel, spiritualist, materialist or a nothingarian, or even a woman. In behalf of this latter class, permit me to express a growing hope for the labor party, grounded upon the fact that many of its prominent men acknowledge the equality of civil, political and social rights.

In the first instance, the question of labor and capital is one of material prosperity and equality; secondly, it reacts upon all other human interests—intellectual, moral, physical and religious. None of them can flourish among a people burdened by material want. Either extreme of material interest is deleterious to the best advancement of all other interests. In the mean between the two extremes—in calling up those below and leveling down those above—is found the perfect harmony of all.

Because material acquirement has preceded all other acquirement, the mistake is made of giving it the most prominent position among the several interests. This mistake is the bane of society; for it must be apparent to all considerate minds that capital being the result of labor, is nothing more than the means to further and greater ends. The attainment of great wealth will not be the principal aim of the people of the future. It will only be considered that by which higher purposes may be gained. It was not until quite recently that the fact of a continuous life was any more than theoretically accepted by a few people. The large majority of all people still accept it as a theory only. Their practices are such as would naturally obtain, were it certain that this life is all there is of existence, and that the death of the body is the end of man.

Whatever people may profess to believe, their practice shows that purely material ends are all they really seek—the gratification of physical desires, and obtaining material comforts and pleasures. A conviction—a real faith—is, however, stealing into the consciousness of humanity that what is termed death is only a change in the conditions of life, by which that portion of individuality which constitutes the veritable man or woman is entered upon a broader sphere of existence. As this faith, this knowledge, grows in the human soul, so also will there come a change in the purposes and aims of life. That wealth which will be of most use and benefit when the higher life is entered, will be sought and obtained.

Humanity, when analytically considered, is still in its babyhood. This becomes evident when we observe how few there are who seek the higher objects of attainment—intellectual, moral and spiritual wealth. These are the only kind of capital with which the pursuits of the future can be commenced. Why, then, should humanity, in its greed for material wealth, lose all sight of, and care for, these? If our children are trained for the practical after life, so also should humanity adopt the philosophy of education and train for their after life. 'Tis true, this most important fact of life is ignored in government, and here is the cause of its failure to meet the requirements of humanity. People demand what they do not really comprehend, but still they know their real wants are unsupplied. Here do we also find that no government can be a perfect government which ignores any department of human life—which is not only physical, but mental, moral and religious.

In a true condition of society there would be no such thing as individual wealth. There would be the wealth of the community made use of for the benefit of the community. The extreme of individual wealth and poverty is in direct antagonism to a democratic government, which best expressed is: the greatest good of the greatest number. What is for the greatest good of the greatest number in the general sense is also for the best interests of every individual and of the whole number. No real benefit can flow to any individual by an apparent gain through unjust means.

Under a system of exact justice no person can ever possess what he did not himself produce, or which he did not obtain by a just exchange of something which he did produce. All great accumulations of wealth, in the abstract sense, were stolen from the producers. Thus one person may unjustly obtain what required a thousand persons all their lives to produce. What kind of justice is this to flourish as it does in these days when the religion of Jesus is the external garb worn by so great a part of humanity?

I tell you that the first principles of life have been utterly lost sight of and that we are floundering about in the great ocean of material infidelity. If we would attain to better things we must stop short in our present course and come back to the point of departure, to wit: to the fact that we are a community of brothers and sisters, owning one

Father, the Supreme Ruler of all, and build from that great-est of all human facts.

A party which would become successful and remain in power, must plant itself in this fact and never lose sight of it in its legislation. It must at all times be firm in the advocacy of all growth and reform which come from the action of fundamental principles. All sectionalism, all favoritism, all specialism must be swallowed in the greater interests of the whole. Whatever would detract from the good of the whole, no matter how much supposed individual or local benefit it promises, must be discountenanced. If such a party is not shortly organized, conditions will develop which will make it a necessity, even without organization. It will arise as if by magic out of the exigencies of the times, and leaders will rise and come to the front as though heaven-directed, and they will be received by the people with acclamation. The trickery and fraud of elections even, may be suddenly dispensed with, and those will direct who have the inherent right to command, which will be recognized and hailed by the people, long sought and at last obtained. The whole substratum of society, in its social and political relations, is in ferment. The terrific strifes which have been and are being waged, lift the weight of antecedents and customs from the masses, and they begin to rise, demanding such recognition as has been and still is denied them. The Moses who shall divide the waters of the Red Sea that separates them from their Canaan, will be their divinely appointed leader whom to oppose will be futile.

A new order of things is demanded, and a new order there will be, in which common humanity may be consistently sought. There are but two ways by which this can come. One through violent disruption and destruction of present systems, and temporary anarchy as the result; the other through the scientific organization and remodeling of society and harmonized conditions. The first will surely come if the people are not rapidly and properly instructed in the scientific needs of society. Nearly every result which is sought to be gained, except in government, is first tried by the tests of science. But in this, the most important feature of civilization, we blunder along either partially or totally blindfolded by custom or prejudice, which we so quietly and consistently lay aside in all things else.

There are a variety of special questions which arise from the general ones to which we have called attention remaining untouched, every one of which is of sufficient importance to command the earnest consideration of all people who have any comprehension of the changes which are to come to this people in the immediate future.

It may be objected to what I have said, that it contains more of destruction than of construction. This, perhaps, is true. It was not my purpose to propose forms by which better things can be had, but rather to call your attention to the principles which have been violated, the results of which are our present inequalities. I have said that these principles must be understood and given expression to through legislation that the present ills may turn to future good. Any other course than this lies through temporary anarchy, which I should regret to think a necessary cure.

In conclusion, I will but lay down a general rule, which can always be relied upon to guide the inquirer to correct conclusions, let the question be what it may, upon whatever subject. All questions which can arise are comprehended in the following:

They are questions of freedom; they are questions of equality, or they are questions of justice.

Reduced to these simple propositions, every person becomes a competent and, as nearly as may be, a perfect judge of all conditions to which society in its evolution is subject. They have but to ask is this compatible with freedom; is this consistent with equality, or is this just? If the mind relieve itself from the dominion of authority, custom and prejudice, it will encounter no difficulty in arriving at legitimate deductions whenever questioned.

Then let every person who would be counted among the consistent, plant himself upon the principle of human equality, and while demanding for himself all human rights, concede to all others equal human rights. If but a nucleus of such persons is formed at first, their influence will be contagious, and will rapidly spread, until the time comes when this people will have become repossessed of the rights of which they have permitted themselves to be unwarrantably robbed. Then may the ultimate of a republican form of government be attained, and its happy citizens labor together in harmony for the common advancement of humanity.

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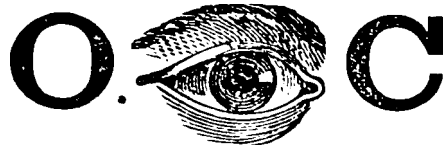
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For Norwalk, 7.8 (Ex.), 9.11:30 a. m.; 12:15 (Ex.), 3
(Ex.), 3:45, 4:30 (Ex.), 5:30, 6:30 and 8 (Ex.) p. m.
For Darien, 7.9.11:30 a. m.; 3:45, 4:30, 5:30 and 6:30
p. m.
For Stamford, 7.8 (Ex.), 9.11:30 a. m.; 12:15 (Ex.),
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For Nantuxet Railroad, 8 a. m.; 3 p. m.; and 4:30
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