

# WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

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PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT! UNTRAMMELED LIVES!

BREAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

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

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## TO THE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM

THROUGHOUT THE

UNITED STATES, CANADA AND ENGLAND.

On account of the very extraordinary and widespread demand which has sprung up for the WEEKLY since we began the exposure of the enormous frauds and villainies which are practiced upon the people, under the authority and countenance of Government, by soulless corporations and organized monopolies; and the still more extraordinary demand since it has come to be recognized that the movement inaugurated in Congress the past winter is, when consummated, to accomplish the elevation of woman to equality with men; all of which, in connection with our desire to give the people of this country what they have long been thirsting for—AN ORGAN FOR FREE SPEECH—has induced us to reduce the price of

THE WEEKLY TO TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM;

so that it may come within the means of every family in the country.

We trust that the friends of "Equality for Woman" and of such reform in government as shall restore it to the people by wresting it from the hands of the politicians, who are the hired or purchased slaves of the growing Money-Power of the country, which is scheming to usurp our liberties, will spread far and wide the announcement we here make.

The WEEKLY will always treat, from the standard of principles, all subjects which are of

VITAL INTEREST TO THE COMMON PEOPLE.

It will be, in the broadest sense,

A FREE PAPER FOR A FREE PEOPLE,

in which all sides of all subjects may be presented to the public, so that they may decide for themselves what is the best truth, instead of, as heretofore, being told authoritatively that this and that are thus and so.

The editors will always reserve the right to make such editorial comment, as they may deem proper, upon all communications, but will not be held responsible for opinions expressed otherwise than editorially, whether comment is made or not. All articles without signature are editorial, and are to be considered as the expression of editorial opinion.

Here, then, is a platform upon which

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

may meet in a common equality and brotherhood, which, we believe, is literally true of the human race, since

GOD IS THE COMMON FATHER OF ALL.

## THE Cosmo - Political Party.

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

# VICTORIA C. WOODHULL

SUBJECT TO

RATIFICATION BY THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

## CALL

FOR A

PACIFIC SLOPE WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE  
CONVENTION.

To the Friends of Woman's Suffrage residing in the States  
and Territories of the Pacific Slope:

The California Woman's Suffrage Association, at its annual meeting, impressed with the great importance of securing the ballot for woman, as an efficient instrumentality to improve her industrial and educational, moral and social condition, and at the same time obtain for the State the benefit of her harmonizing, refining and purifying presence and influence, that the debasing, demoralizing and corrupting tendencies of party politics may be arrested, and legislative, judicial and executive integrity be established; and feeling that the time has arrived and the cause attained such a growth and importance, that the friends of progress in this western section of the Federal Republic should meet for consultation, mutual understanding and organization, and for the adoption of a plan for future operations, that there may be a oneness of purpose and harmony of action throughout the entire coast, with a view of securing such local and national legislation as shall be deemed necessary, instructed the Board of Control to correspond with the leading friends of the ballot movement in different parts of the Pacific Slope, to secure their advice and co-operation in calling and holding a Pacific Slope Woman's Suffrage Convention, the undersigned therefore, members of said Board and others, whose names are hereunto annexed, unite in inviting the friends of Woman's Political Enfranchisement in all the States and Territories of the Pacific Slope, to meet in convention in Pacific Hall, in California Theatre Building, Bush street, in the city of San Francisco, California, on Tuesday morning, May 16th proximo, to remain in session for three days, or longer if the occasion shall so require.

Woman Suffrage Societies are respectfully invited to send delegates, and individuals, favorable to the object which this Convention is designed to promote, residing in a locality where no working organization exists, are earnestly invited to be present and participate in its proceedings.

Distinguished advocates of Woman Suffrage, both in the

Atlantic States and Europe, have been invited to be present to assist in the deliberations of the Convention.

JOHN A. COLLINS, President.  
MRS. SOPHIA E. WALSH, Vice-President.  
MRS. E. A. H. DE WOLF, Cor. Secretary.  
WM. M. RIDER, Recording Secretary.  
MRS. O. FULLER, Treasurer.  
MRS. S. C. WHITE, M. D.  
MRS. MARY J. COLLINS,  
MRS. MARY F. SNOW.  
MRS. CARRIE H. SPEAR.

San Francisco Officers and Members of the Board of Control.

ROOM FOR WOMEN.—It is said that some of the ladies who applied to register in Washington have been dismissed from their offices. This being the case, we have been requested to publish the following:

All ladies who lose their positions in the departments or elsewhere in consequence of signing the petition of seventy-two women for registration last week, are invited to receive without charge one year's instruction, day or evening, in book-keeping, penmanship, domestic science, the legal rights and duties of women, and the collateral branches of a business education in the ladies' department of the Business College.

These ladies may also depend upon the aid of all the friends of woman suffrage in the District to secure them employment.

Mrs. H. C. SPENCER.

THE NEWS from Paris is as uncertain and as contradictory as during the days of the war. The Communists are victorious. The Government has routed the insurgents. The Reds have confiscated everything and imprisoned everybody. The party of the people have done no harm to any one, and are returning the small pledges from the great national pawnshop. Thiers resolves, from day to day, to make an end of the annoyance; but always postpones it until a more convenient season. Bismarck is going to give up the forts and help the Government; but then again he wants his money, and will let slip the dogs of war unless the French hurry up the payments. Poor France! The Communists will have liberty, or die for it. Shylock Bismarck stands for justice, and will have his pound of flesh. Thiers and the others stand at the water's edge to crows, waiting till the river runs by, and afraid to wet their shoes.



## TWEED AND WINANS.

Geo. Alfred Townsend thus sketches Boss Tweed, the One Man of New York:

I have known Tweed for very many years. He is a man without shame, and very nearly without fear. A newspaper attack will make Dick Connolly think that a vigilance committee is going to hang him straightway, and he will cringe and writhe in pitiable terror, for he is really nothing but a "Fence," like Dickens' Fagan, and when he dies, even if he dies in his bed, he will go through the same contortions. Sweeney feels a newspaper attack like a man of education and worldly wisdom, who has lived long enough to feel that the good opinion of the world is the highest felicity; but, unwilling to give up his bad power, he can only sit and mope and have a mental spell of sickness every time he is admonished that no one respects him. But Bill Tweed, or "Tweedy," as they call him, is perfectly callous; nothing impresses him; he has fits of good nature, spells of licentiousness, a good deal of gluttony, and most of the lower tastes well kept in check; but for all, he is a powerful business man, always at work, never wearied out, never thoughtful, stirring from morn till midnight, doing a great part of this work himself, a fair judge of agents, a big brutal nature, equal to the most brutal situation, and animated with the same spirit which drives a mill or runs Stewart's dry-goods house—confidence, economy, energy, enterprise. He is a man of big build, brown complexion, square head, square shoulders, big limbs and feet, gray eyes, and a quick, prompt manner, without a particle of suavity or sentimentality in him. If you were to go over and see him now, and say: "I have come here to write a sketch of you exactly as you are, and I want the points," Tweed would reply: "I would give them, my son, to you, if it could be done in a minute, but there is a thousand things just now on my hands. I am on the make; you may put that down, sure. I keep my eyes wide open for whatever comes along; stick my arm down as far as it will go, and pull my hand out as full as I can. Stick to my friends—that's me! If that will do you any good, you go and print it."

The audacity of this man takes well with the lower classes, whom he occasionally descends to. It fills Connolly with terror and admiration; and it makes the more logical and meditative Sweeney acknowledge Tweed's superior abilities. Tweed used to be a chairmaker, with business habits, and getting into politics out of a naturally bustling, busy rowdiness, he read law a little, learned to make a rude sort of speech, and has gone on from grade to grade until he rules New York.

Winans, in his apology, says that the whole duty of man is to stand by the Erie. He did desert the Republicans for the good of the Road, and every other Republican would be a Winans if he had a chance.

Many Republicans said during the stoppage of Legislative proceedings, that if the Democratic party would expel Mr. Irving they would stand in the breach for the remainder of the session, and see that the Democrats lost nothing by it on party questions. I was one of those who made such expression, and the only one who has had the manliness to keep his pledge. After Mr. Irving had ceased to be a member, some of the would-be leaders of the Republican party saw an opportunity for a profitable venture, and under the pretence and cry of retaining party ascendancy, they at once held a caucus. So hastily was this called, that all the Republicans were not cognizant of it until it was over. The next morning, I think, some written resolutions were handed to me at my desk to sign, and without reading them, as many often do when busy with other matters, I signed them.

That evening those resolutions of a secret caucus of a portion of the Republican members were published in the Albany Evening Journal. Why? As a clincher upon those whom it was supposed might break from such vassalage if their names were not published. Had I read these resolutions, and especially the last one, containing threats and denunciations, no power on earth would have made me sign them. Although satisfied in my own mind from the anxiety of a few to control and arrange matters, I concluded to watch developments and satisfy myself whether all this parade was really to promote the interest and welfare of the Republican party, or for the sinister purposes of individuals.

My observations satisfied me, and I at once resolved to thwart them. By my course all the bright visions of Conference Committees (upon which certain members were to be appointed, who, after some trifling amendments had been made, were to pronounce that the denounced bills had been made satisfactory, and after pocketing the reward of their cunning, were to whip the rank and file into line) were blasted, and the expectation by which a few were to

## MAKE LARGE SUMS OF NONEY,

was cruelly disappointed. To accomplish this result would have been a sufficient reason for me to take the course I did, but there was another reason. When the "Erie Classification" Bill was pending in the House, many Republicans promised to go against it, and

## STAND BY THE ROAD,

but when the test came, all except one besides myself violated their express promises. The Democrats, almost to a man, stood by the road, and having been connected with the Erie Railroad for twenty years, and spent the best portion of my life in its service, having always been on the most friendly relations with its officers, I must acknowledge I then felt and still feel under obligations to those who thus stood by my road in an emergency.

Although those whose sinister schemes I have thwarted attempt to read me out of the Republican party, I am still a Republican, and have the proud satisfaction of knowing that I have done the State a great service, rendered an act of justice to the Democratic party, and satisfied my own conscience. Those who accuse me of bribery and corruption in this matter, are base slanderers and liars, and I challenge them to a scrutiny of my antecedents and present position.

## TO EVERY FRIEND OF EQUALITY.

After reading this, the next thing you should do is to send your names and those of your friends to be added to the petition on the eighth page, and if you have any desire to have the cause spread, inclose therewith one dollar, to be used for that purpose by the committee.

[From the Main Standard]

## ORIGIN OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R.

In March, 1860, a gentleman whom I had known from boyhood called at my house, evidently agitated in mind, to request me to go with him forthwith to the State House and see two or three members whom he named in behalf of a bill he had before the Legislature, which was on the point of its final adjournment. There was no time, not a minute to be lost. The bill had passed the House and gone to the Senate where there was every danger of its being lost by a vote of indefinite postponement, or reference to the next Legislature. I could but be willing to do him a favor, for he had in his youth been one of my scholars in Farmington Academy, and had kept up a sort of filial acquaintance with me from that time to the present. It was Josiah Perham, Jr., of the adjacent town of Wilton, son of Josiah Perham, Esq., who was one of the earliest settlers and an extensive Land Surveyor in all the Sandy River country. That amiable and accomplished civil engineer, B. F. Perham (now no more), who made the first survey of Augusta village which was engraved in 1838, and for whom the street on the east lines of which the Court House and Jail now stand, was named Perham street, was his brother. He was a man subject to nervous excitement, and when agitated, as he was at the interview mentioned, stammered somewhat in speaking. "Mr. D." said he, "I have come to ask a favor of you." "What is it Josiah?" "I have a little bill before the legislature, the fate of which depends upon an hour. Will you go with me to the State House and see if you cannot induce Mr. — and Mr. — of the Senate to prevent its defeat before the moment of final adjournment?" "What bill is it?" "It is a charter for a railroad to the Pacific Ocean." The idea struck my mind as quite chimerical, though in character with its author. "What!" I exclaimed. "What right has the State of Maine to give you authority to construct a railroad beyond its limits, and through States and Territories over the whole Continent?" His reply was that a charter for organizing a company to this end, was as good from the State of Maine as from any State or States through which it might pass. He said he had just come from Concord, N. H., where he had presented the subject to the legislature of that State, but being defeated there, he had hastened to his native State to make the same application to the Maine Legislature, which he had done yesterday; that to-day it closed its session; but it had passed the House, and its fate awaited the immediate action of the Senate. In his enthusiasm he assured me that, if he could obtain the passage of that act, he would have the road built! Doubting his sanguine hopes, yet willing to do an honest friend a timely service, I repaired without delay to the Senate Chamber, where the few members who remained were awaiting the final disposition of bills from the House. That only needed its final passage, but was moved with a package of others to be referred to the next Legislature. When his bill was reached for the go-by, at our request a member moved to give it a final passage. We approached a senator who was on the point of objecting to it, telling him it could do no possible harm to the State or anybody in it; that Mr. Perham was a deserving man, that he was confident he could accomplish the building of a road to the Pacific should he be favored with the passage of his bill, and begged him to allow the passage to prevail. It did prevail; the bill went forthwith to the Governor, was approved by him, and returned with his list of bills to the two branches a few minutes before the final adjournment. It had but a hair-breadth's escape; but Mr. Perham obtained his charter. And that is the origin of the grand enterprise, which is about to be consummated by the construction of the North Pacific Railroad, of which Judge Rice, of this city, is the Vice-President, and active head of the corporation.

In 1863 Mr. Perham obtained an amendment to this charter, changing the route originally contemplated from the Missouri River to San Francisco, to one from Lake Superior to Puget's sound. Next year his project received the approval of Congress, which authorized him and others to form a company, and gave it more than fifty millions of acres of land in the heart of the Continent as an encouragement to the enterprise. Mr. Perham was made President of this company, which held its first meeting in Boston, Sept. 1, 1864. He died in 1868. Just before his death, we met him one Sabbath at church in East Wilton, his native place, in tears for the then recent death of his wife whom he tenderly loved, and so overcome was he with grief that he could not give utterance to words as he grasped the hand of his old teacher and friend. His name ought not to be forgotten among the talented and enterprising citizens of Maine.

## MODERN OLD MEN.

What is happening to the old men? According to all established precedents they should retire, give themselves to contemplation, and leave the busy affairs of life to a younger race. That may have been the practice in ancient times, but in our day they hold fast to work, and rule the world right royally. Von Moltke, quite juvenile at seventy, plans and executes such a campaign as modern ages have never witnessed; his sovereign, tough as oak at seventy-four, roughs it on the field as jauntily as a young lieutenant.

Von Roon, the Prussian War Minister, older than either the General or King, directs from Berlin the marshaling of hosts and gathering of supplies. Nor are these wonders confined to the German side of the controversy. Thiers, at seventy-five, flits with the vivacity of a boy from one camp to the other, is a negotiator of peace, and the executive head of the French Government. Of his associates, Dufaure, the Minister of Justice, is seventy-three; Guizot, King Louis Philippe's ex-minister, though past eighty, writes books with as much precision and force as when he occupied a professor's chair.

In England, where men are reckoned young until they are past fifty, splendid examples of vigorous old age have not been wanting. Palmerston, Lyndhurst and Brougham, octogenarians all of them, led public opinion in Great Britain to the end of their days, and died in the harness. It is said of the first of the three, that after a field night in the House of Commons, he would be seen at daylight walking home at a pace which a young man could hardly equal. Thomas Carlyle, over seventy, abates nothing of his intellectual vigor, while Lord John Russell, though creeping toward eighty, still attends the Upper House of Parliament.

Our own country, too, furnishes us with striking instances of hearty old age.

Stewart, Drew and Vanderbilt, the money-kings of this city, are old men, as the years are counted, but still hold

firmly in their grasp the great interests which they control. The grave has just closed over Dr. Skinner, who nearly half a century ago was famous as a preacher, and of whom it may be said that to the last "his eye waxed not dim, nor did his strength abate."

Physiologists tell us that with a greater prevalence of the knowledge of the laws of health, the world may expect an increase of the average duration of human life. Are we already reaping the fruit of this better knowledge, in the prolongation of the vigor of the human species? The cases we have given are not of an old age enfeebled, retired and barely tolerated, but of age still bearing the armor, militant, triumphant. One could almost persuade himself that the golden era is near, and that these splendid examples are the first tokens of its approach.—Methodist.

## THE TARIFF AND THE WORKINGMAN.

The People's Pictorial Tarpayer tells "How the tariff robs the farmer and workingman to benefit the monopolist."

The farmer rises in the morning and puts on his flannel shirt, taxed 65 per cent.; his trousers, taxed 60 per cent.; his vest, taxed 50 per cent.; and his overcoat, taxed—cloth 60 per cent., buttons 40 per cent., braid 60 per cent., lining 60 per cent., and padding 150 per cent. He draws on his boots, 35 per cent.; puts some coal, taxed 60 per cent., into his stove, taxed 55 per cent., with a pipe taxed 150 per cent.; and cooks his breakfast. He seasons his food with salt, taxed 108 per cent.; and pepper, taxed 120 per cent.; and eats out of a plate taxed 45 per cent., with a knife and fork taxed 35 per cent.

He reads his daily journal, whose paper is taxed 20 per cent.—ink 35 per cent. and type 25 per cent.

He puts on his hat taxed 70 per cent.; smokes a cigar taxed 150 per cent.; hitches his horse shod with nails taxed 67 per cent., to a plow taxed 45 per cent.; with chains taxed 100 per cent.; and harness taxed 35 per cent.

He goes to the village store and buys for his wife a handkerchief, taxed 35 per cent.; a shawl, taxed 200 per cent.; a woolen dress, taxed 100 per cent.; a hat, taxed 40 per cent.; a pair of stockings, taxed 75 per cent.; an umbrella, taxed 60 per cent.; a package of needles, taxed 25 per cent.; a spool of Coates' thread, taxed 73 per cent.; a paper of pins, taxed 35 per cent.; a writing-pen, taxed 70 per cent.

He stocks his pantry with rice, taxed 82 per cent.; soap, taxed 70 per cent.; candles taxed 40 per cent.; starch, taxed 50 per cent.

He lays in a lot of tools: An axe, taxed 45 per cent.; a jack-knife, taxed 50 per cent.; a well-bucket, taxed 60 per cent.; a spade, taxed 45 per cent.; a saw, taxed 75 per cent.

He buys a gun, taxed 35 per cent. He papers his walls with paper taxed 35 per cent. His window-glass is taxed 55 per cent. He washes his hands in a crockery bowl taxed 40 per cent.

He makes his crop and sends it to market on rails taxed \$3,000 a mile; in cars taxed 50 per cent.; drawn by engines taxed 45 per cent.

This absorbs all his funds. He pays all these taxes, as he buys these articles. He is the consumer, and the consumer foots all these heavy taxes—taxes paid every day of the farmer's life, on every tool used, and on everything eat, drank and worn.

When he understands it, he gets sick, thinking of how Radical taxation robs him for the benefit of a few rich monopolists. He takes to his bed, made of wood, taxed 20 per cent., and a blanket, taxed 240 per cent. He takes quinine, taxed 45 per cent.

But it does no good. The tariff kills him. He dies and is buried in all sorts of taxed things. His fate is recorded on a marble stone taxed 70 per cent., and he goes where there are no tariffs.

His epitaph reads thus: "Here lies the American Farmer, Taxed to Death by Monopolists."

PROF. P. H. VANDERWEYDE, a distinguished naturalist and late professor of the natural sciences at Cooper Institute, recently brought forward before the Liberal Club in New York an extremely interesting theory of "The Similarity of the Relations of the Laws of Light and Sound." He illustrated his views by charts, and confirmed them by scientific considerations which he thought amounted very nearly to a demonstration, although upon some points he did not claim to have got by the stage of hypothesis. It was one of the most important contributions to new science of which the club has been the medium. Stephen Pearl Andrews, who was present, followed Prof. Vanderweyde in the discussion. He said: "The whole field of science divides into two grand realms, which have hitherto had no distinctive names. In Universology they are called Monospherology and Comparology—the science of a single sphere or domain, as when we study the grammar of a single language (Monospheric, the single sphere), and the science of the similarity of the relations of the laws of different spheres, as when we study comparative grammar or comparative etymology (comparological.) We have comparative linguistic, comparative anatomy, and now, of late, something of comparative mythology and religion (Max Muller, etc.); but all of these are comparison instituted between branches of the single sphere, for it is still language, or anatomy, etc., which is considered. What Prof. Vanderweyde has shown us to-night as almost the only instance, in my knowledge, outside of my own Universological investigations, of an attempt to institute a true scientific comparison between the laws of wholly different domains of being—as here of sound and color, transcending the single sphere or its branches—Comparology."

"To carry the comparison round the circle, and to identify the laws of all spheres of being, in a determinate scientific way, is, to go up from a fragmentary Comparology to Universology. Prof. Vanderweyde is already a Comparologist, and is on the high road to become, independently or by the drift of his own investigations, something of a Universologist."

Prof. Vanderweyde replied, good humoredly, that he didn't like to be called names.

Mr. Andrews said most of us were not consulted in getting the names we are known by. He then took up the demonstration and carried it further by applying the same laws which Prof. Vanderweyde had applied to musical sounds and colors to the vowel scale of speech—sounds as well—extending the scope of the same harmony of principles.



## OUT IN THE STREETS.

The light is shining thro' the window pane;  
It is a laughing group that side the glass.  
Within, all light; without, pitch-dark and rain;  
I see, but feel no pleasure as I pass

Out in the streets.

Another casement, with the curtain drawn;  
There the light throws the shadow of a form—  
A woman's, with a child—a man's, all gone!  
They with each other, I am with the storm

Out in the streets.

There at the open window sits a man,  
His day's toil over, with his pipe alight;  
His wife leans over him, and with her tale began,  
Of the day's doings. I am with the night,

Out in the streets.

All these have homes, and hope, and light, and cheer,  
And those around who love them. Ah! for me,  
Who have no home, but wander sadly here,  
Alone with night and storm and misery,

Out in the streets.

The rain soaks through my clothing to the skin;  
So let it. Curses on that cheery light!  
There is no light with me and shame and sin;  
I wander in the night and of the night,

Out in the streets.

You who betrayed me with a loving kiss,  
Whose very touch could thrill me thro' and thro';  
When you first sought me, did you think of this?  
My curse. But why waste time in cursing you,

Out in the streets.

You are beyond my hatred now. You stand  
Above reproach; you know no wrong nor guile;  
Foremost among the worthies of the land,  
You are all good, and I a wretch all vile,

Out in the streets.

You have a daughter, young and innocent;  
You love her, doubtless. I was pure as she  
Before my heart to be your lucky went.  
God guard her! Never let her roam, like me,

Out in the streets.

I was a father's darling long ago;  
'Twas well he died before my babe was born;  
And that's dead too—some comfort in my woe,  
Wet, cold and hungered, homeless, sick, forlorn

Out in the streets.

How the cold rain benumbs my weary limbs!  
What makes the pavement heave? Ah! wet and chill,  
I hear the little children singing hymns  
In the village church—how peaceful now and still

Out in the streets.

But why this vision of my early days?  
Why comes the church-door in the public way?  
Hence with this mocking sound of prayer and praise!  
I have no cause to praise, I dare not pray,

Out in the streets.

What change is here? The night again grows warm;  
The air is fragrant as an infant's breath.  
Why, where's my hunger? Left me in the storm?  
Now, God forgive my sins; this, this is death,

Out in the streets.

[For Woodhull &amp; Claflin's Weekly.]

## LOUIS AND LOULOU.

BY MAURICE RADEN, A. M.

It was in May, 1868, when I, after having resigned my position as *professeur de langues* in several prominent educational institutions in the City of Brotherly Love, started for my old home in Germany. I reached it after a very pleasant journey of about twelve days on the ocean, which was at that time extraordinarily quiet and smooth. Perhaps it was also the distinguished company I found myself in which made this trip so very pleasant. There were, among others, the hero of all the violin virtuosos, the excellent master, Ole Bull; Commodore Worden, at present Commandant of the Naval Academy at Annapolis; the late Captain J. Wise, Chief of the Ordinance Bureau of the Naval Department, son-in-law of Edward Everett, and many other less distinguished members of society.

We amused ourselves as well as possible, and the two captains on board (the commanding officer was suffering with his eyes at that time and there was a supernumerary attached) exerted their utmost to make this temporary home of ours as comfortable as possible. In short, the whole party enjoyed the trip, and felt as well, as glad, as sorry, when, in the evening of the eleventh day, the gallant captain entered the upper saloon and announced that we were in Bremerhaven. But, such is life. Depart we must at once. One promised the other to meet him there or some other place, but to meet again was every one's wish.

Among the party was an elegant young gentleman, a native of France and from a very good family, who had visited our country, and was, after the many pleasant days he had spent among acquaintances, returning home. I liked the young man the very first time the captain introduced him to me. I found at once that he was, what young Frenchmen of aristocratic families seldom are, excellently well educated, and it gave me, therefore, the greatest pleasure to converse with him as often and as much as possible.

We both knew many families in Paris. I was living from 1861-'65 in France. He was particularly familiar with the Parisian *chronique scandaleuse*. His name was Eugene l'Essarge de Fontenay. One day he related to me the following story, which I undertake to relate to you, gentle readers. First, because I think that very few of you ever

heard of it; and, secondly, because at the present time it will be of particular interest, as the hero of my story was a prominent personage in the late all-absorbing war between France and Germany:

It was a most beautiful day in the month of April. The immense chestnut-trees in the *parc des Tuileries* appeared splendidly in their first youthful foliage. In the Imperial private gardens bloomed and glittered the violets, primroses and wall-flowers. The sky was of an eastern purity, the scent of flowers was refreshing, the gentle breeze which played with the tops of the gigantic trees, so tempting, that even the much-occupied "Caesar" left his *fauteuil* and stepped to the window in order to breathe for a few moments the fresh and enlivening spring air.

"O, that is really splendid, General," said Louis Napoleon to his aid-de-camp, deeply and lowly breathing the precious balm which, in invisible flood, streamed into the Imperial cabinet.

"Will it please your Majesty to take a ride to-day?" asked General Frossard.

Napoleon III. sighed.

"No!" replied he. "You know yourself what there is yet waiting for me."

He showed with these words, a massive oaken table, upon which lay a large number of all imaginable letters, documents, etc., in a picturesque disorder.

"Reports, epistles, diplomatic notes—the business is flourishing to-day, my dear General," he added after a short pause.

"The work has, of course, in several days accumulated, but —"

"I understand you, General. You mean to say what is the use of being Emperor of a grand nation if one shall not enjoy as much liberty as the first banker, citizen or nobleman from the country? Monsieur N. H. takes to-day his usual promenade around the lake, and the chosen of the people must sit at home and study tedious —. I beg your pardon, I wished to say important documents."

"Something similar I wished certainly to say, Sire. Your health —"

"Appease yourself, my dear Frossard! I find myself tolerably well. But let us haste! Perhaps we succeed in disposing of all business quicker, as it seems now, and then we may have yet a quarter of an hour for a walk on the terrace."

The Emperor stepped back from the window and seated himself in his *fauteuil* again, meanwhile the aid-de-camp seized the back of another *fauteuil* and silently awaited the orders of his sovereign.

At this moment entered the Imperial Prince.

Vehemently had he opened the door; vehemently had he closed the door again.

Napoleon III. looked up astonished.

"Good-day, Loulou" (thus was the Prince called)—"Good-day, Loulou," said he. "You seem to be ill-disposed. Come here, boy, kiss me."

"I don't want," replied Loulou harshly, and threw himself on a *lounge chaise*.

"What? You don't wish to bid good-day to your father? How shall I understand that? Quickly come here or I am angry!"

Loulou trampled with his feet and gave no answer.

The Emperor blushed at the ill behavior of his son; imperceptibly, it is true, but he blushed though. He mastered, however, his ill humor, with his peculiar mastership, to conceal his feelings, and repeated in the most friendly tone:

"Have you heard it, Loulou?"

The child stamped as before, and exclaimed in several indistinct tones of anger and displeasure.

In order to be able to explain Loulou's strange behavior, we must open a parenthesis. The Prince was at that time under the superintendence of an English governess.

It was at that time generally in all the aristocratic circles fashionable to have either English or German governesses in their families. Particularly flourished during the first years of Loulou's childhood the Anglomaniacs. They were at that time more decidedly enthusiastic for it than they are now for British horses, steel goods, waterproofs and cabs. Loulou thus got an Anglo-Saxon *bonne*, and this miss was the personification of kindness amiability. She understood as nobody else at the court did how to acquire the inclinations of her *protégé* without yielding imprudently to his caprices. Loulou obeyed her by love, and it occurred very seldom that she had to censure the little Prince.

"Loulou," once said the Empress in presence of a large company, "confess it only; you give the preference to your Miss before us all."

"Of course I do!" replied the little fellow with obstinacy; "Certainly I do! Miss is never quarreling with me, for she knows that I will become once Emperor. But all you others, you are forgetting it always."

He said that with a confidence as if the crown had already been placed on his head.

This exemplary *bonne* had to-day, however, against her usual habit, said something disagreeable to the little Prince. I really cannot state particularly what Loulou had done that he was so punished. Perhaps he had awakened with a *migraine*, and not answered the morning greeting of the kind Miss. Perhaps he had uttered something against the rules of the *salon* and had to be censured for it. Perhaps he had, childish soul, unconsciously allowed to glitter forth the

germ of a democratic sentiment. Perhaps he had, in counting up the French rivers, forgotten the Rhine. *Enfin* a punishable action was committed, and the *bonne* had said:

"Highness, you were not gentle! We ride therefore to-day not to the *Bois de Boulogne*. You must much more be satisfied with a promenade on the terrace."

To hear that and to make as loud a noise as possible with Loulou one thing. A silent utterance—"Also thou, O Brutus!"—will certainly have passed through his soul. But he cared little for sentiments; he preferred the unmelodious sobbing and howling.

After a quarter of an hour he had appeased himself again, but his good-humor was gone for the day. He resolved, therefore, to revenge himself for the "injustices" with his father. In this intention he had presented himself in the cabinet and performed there the wonderful scene which I have described above.

"Have you heard, Loulou?" asked the Emperor, as friendly as possible.

The Prince, as said before, gave no answer, and performed with his elegantly-formed legs some very indecent movements.

"You will instantaneously go into your room," ordered Napoleon III., in a severe tone; "I am occupied and cannot bear any disturbance! Naughty boys are very unwelcome guests for me; besides you are dismissed."

Loulou seemed not to be touched at all from the earnestness of his father. He began—*horrible dictu!*—to whistle a song, and remained as before in his indecent position on the *longue chaise*.

"You are dismissed," repeated the Emperor. Loulou as above.

Then General Frossard twisted uneasily his mustache and approached the Prince.

"Highness!" said he, "his Majesty the Emperor wishes that you shall go to your room, and not disturb him any longer in his important duties. Obey, therefore, without delay, and haste to your governess."

The imperial aid-de-camp had uttered these words with that sure firmness which, under usual circumstances, forces in some regards obedience. Loulou might, in the meantime, already have learned from experience that those privileged ones of the throne are justified to obey more their caprices than the law. He cast thus his eyes down, in order to avoid the dark looks of the General, and threw his under-lip up as if he wished to say:

"Well, you rather be silent. Now, of course, you take the liberty to talk with me in this tone because I am yet a child. Who knows in ten years you bow, perhaps in one minute, more, and make more reverence than you have hairs on your head! You cannot frighten me, old boy! Do you see I am just remaining here!" And he remained.

The Emperor from this moment, when the General took the word, demeaned himself as if he would not mind what was going on around him. He held a report of the Secretary of War in his hand and studied it seemingly with great zeal. An attentive observer could have perceived though, that this zeal, as a good many other things with him, was fictitious. While the hand of the Sovereign rumbled the paper and turned page after page, his ear lost no syllable of that which, within a few paces of him, was being spoken. His whole mind concentrated itself in the little *intermezzo* before the *longue chaise*.

"What!" said General Frossard, placing himself in a military position, and measuring the Prince with rolling looks, "you refuse to obey the orders of your father, and you imagine that at any time a nation of thirty-six millions shall obey you? Only he is able to govern others who has learned to obey! Do you forget that your father is, in the meantime, also your Emperor? Stand up, Highness! What shall this ill-behavior indicate? Stand up, I say!"

Loulou refusing yet constantly, the General seized him by his arm and urged him to stand up.

"Thus, Highness! And now, there is the door! Immediately leave this room! Without delay; do you understand me?"

The Prince was entirely perplexed when he saw these manœuvres. He looked in the General's face and saw features which betrayed an inflexible will. Then he bowed his head, murmured between the teeth and went out. The General shut the door.

The Emperor ignored the accident entirely. He gave several orders to his aid-de-camp and continued to work. After a short time General Frossard returned and reported that all orders of his Sovereign were fulfilled in a corresponding manner.

Napoleon III. nodded and indicated to the General that he might sit down. Meanwhile he looked over the remainder of the letters and then arose with the following words:

"Thus, my friend, the affairs for to-day are done, and now have my Danish horse harnessed; we will ride together to the Champs Elysées."

The General arose.

Napoleon III. called him back. "*Après, General*, I have forgotten to tell you that I have appointed you as governor of my son. You will enter your new duties to-morrow."

And thus it was done. Some of you will be anxious to know if Frossard has taught his pupil to obey better in the future? I will tell you in my next article. I shall speak then more definitely of the whole ex-imperial family.



## THE ASCENDING SCALE OF REFORMATORY PROGRESSION.

BY STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

THE LAW of all things is progress, and I propose, at this hour, to take a step forward. We progress in our social theories, in part by the growth of ideas in our own minds, in part by the growth of ideas in the social medium that surrounds us, and in part by the growth in us of that boldness which dare say openly and wholly what we do think.

I have said, in the preceding lecture, that what I advocated and claimed would not destroy, but would simply improve and profit marriage.

But stop! I will not be guilty of false pretences. I will not skulk under the fortuitous ambiguity in the meaning of a term. Marriage, in some sense, will be disturbed; will be abrogated, in fine, by the progress of reform; in the only sense, indeed, in which it is defined in the dictionary and in the law-book, and in which it is understood by ninety-nine-hundredths of the whole people; marriage, I mean, as a compulsory bond, to be enforced by the law, and rendered perpetual by that means. This element of legal compulsion is all that distinguishes marriage from those natural and free adjustments which the sentiment of love would spontaneously organize for itself; and I do not know that I or that you have the right to say what those adjustments should be.

I have wrought heretofore mainly in behalf of the equality of the sexes, because it has seemed to me that the recognition of that equality was, as I still think it is, the first requisite, the first step on the road to social emancipation and social happiness.

But I have perceived all along somewhat dimly, and I perceive more and more clearly every day, that the recognition of the equality of woman with man in all the senses in which it is possible that they should be equal, is not enough; that it is only a first step, and nothing more.

It is just as possible, though undoubtedly somewhat less usual and likely, that equals should oppress and enslave each other, as it is for those who hold a relation of superior and subordinate, or for the superior to oppress the subordinate.

Two nations, each acknowledging the unlimited sovereignty of the other, acting, therefore, perfectly in the capacity of equals, may enter into "entangling alliances" which will destroy the independence and freedom of each; or may bind each other by impolitic and oppressive treaties, and even by conditions impossible of execution without ruin to each; and so may two individuals thoroughly enslave each other with the most even-handed impartiality in their mutual oppressiveness. I know parties, man and wife, who have labored hard and honestly almost for a lifetime and together in behalf of what has been known as woman's rights, professing and thoroughly believing in the equality of the sexes, neither of whom dared say their souls were their own—meeting each other, mutually and equitably, the most abject slaves—simply because each had claimed and established the right of ownership over the other, and because each had, in ignorant good faith, conceded the right; had, in a word, abdicated their own individual sovereignty, sinking it in the vortex of marriage. Such, in fact, I think is the social condition of the great mass, not of married couples at large merely, but even of the prominent advocates of woman's rights, to say nothing of the more timid and conservative claimants of female suffrage merely. They live, the lives, these married couples, generally of mutual spies and tyrants over each other; and it is the most subtle form of slavery ever instituted, because it is seemingly so fair, based, as it is, on mutual agreement, and not incompatible with the full concession of the equality of the parties to this mutual treaty of self-stultification.

What is wanted, therefore, is not merely suffrage and civic rights; and not merely, in the next place, the social recognition of the equal rank of the sexes—though both of these must be had—but freedom; freedom from all unnecessary entanglements and concessions; freedom from binding obligations involving impossibilities; freedom to repair mistakes; to express the manifoldness of our own natures; and to progress or to advance to higher planes of development.

But at this point, probably, your suspicions are aroused. Freedom—and, on this subject, why that is nothing short of unlimited freedom of divorce—freedom to institute at the option of the parties new amatory relationships; love put above marriage; and, in a word, the obnoxious doctrine of Free Love.

Well, yes, that is what I mean. We are all free lovers at heart; and in our doctrine or opinions, too; although we may not have thought so. We all believe in a good time coming, either in this world or another, when men and women will be good and wise, when they will be "a law unto themselves," and when, therefore, the external law of compulsion will be no longer needed. Nobody thinks of the legislation at Albany, or the police court, or Recorder Hackett, as permanent necessities to interfere in the regulation of the most sacred relation of human hearts—in the millennium or in heaven, for instance.

Now, whenever compulsion and constraint are removed, whether of the law or of a dogmatic and oppressive public opinion, whatever results will be free love. If every man

selects one woman, and every woman one man, and if they live together through eternity as the most exclusive conjugal mates, that is just as much free love as the most unlimited variety or promiscuity. It is, indeed, of the essence of freedom that it does not attempt to prescribe what the result shall be, trusting to the laws of nature, and to the enlightenment, good conscience and culture, or good taste of the parties to be affected by it.

And, if I mistake not, this and just this is what is meant, and all that is meant, by the intelligent advocates of free love. When a bad sense is put upon the words, that is, I apprehend, the fault of us who hear them and interpret them in a bad sense, in accordance with the grossness of our own natures. If I mistake not, the true free lovers are among the most progressive and the most virtuous of women and of men. The true nobility and virtue of Mary Woolstencroft compelled her admission into the most aristocratic and the most moral circles in England, despite of her rejection and while she rejected all allegiance to the marriage institution, and lived, or had lived, openly as the mistress of the man of her choice. Freedom is demanded at this day, I am sure, by the most enlightened and the most virtuous, and not by the vicious. Vice has its own instinct of conservatism. The criminal classes feel the necessity of law, and would resist social enfranchisement more than anybody else. It is the refined natures, of delicate sensibilities and tender consciences, who loathe the compulsory adulteries of the marriage bed; and it is the men of rigorous logic and love of justice who insist on the same freedom for others as for themselves, even when the freedom may be used to do what they may think wrong.

We blunder habitually—I have done so myself, perhaps, sometimes, and I see others doing so every day—in confounding freedom with the uses, good or bad, which may be made of freedom. The freedom of the press is one thing; but whether I shall be engaged in the exercise of that freedom in writing and publishing ribald verses and silly trash, or in producing the sublimest truths of the intellect, is wholly another question. Freedom is demanded to do good; if some use their freedom to do evil, that is the unavoidable friction of the machinery, the bad investment which goes to profit and loss in the business of progress; but freedom, nevertheless, is the watchword of truth, the *sine qua non* of development, and the badge of an enlightened confidence in God, or the purpose and power of nature to accomplish her own ends.

Well, then, we are all, it is agreed, free lovers for some time or stage of development. It is only a question of time. We are brought, then, finally, to the question whether freedom of the affections is or would be safe and profitable for the world here and now, or whether it must be postponed till the world has learned, without this freedom, to be wise and good. This is the same issue as that of immediate or gradual emancipation in the slavery question. Freedom is one and indivisible; whether we say freedom of political action, freedom of conscience, free thinking, or freedom of intellectual speculation, freedom from the slavery of servitude, freedom of the press, freedom of locomotion, or what not; the law of the subject is the same. Evil, great and serious evil, comes in every case, apparent evil at any rate, from the concession of freedom. Some people will and do make a bad use of their freedom; but whether freedom is therefore a bad thing, or whether, with all its attendant evils, it be not an invaluable boon, an indispensable condition of true living, and, in a word, the fundamental idea of human rights, is the other and more radical question. It is a question, too, with which we in America have had a good deal to do in answering; in other respects, and with which now we are going to have a good deal to do, in answering it, in respect to marriage and love.

Andrew Jackson Davis tells an excellent story of an old gentleman who had the dyspepsia badly, and who, being advised to try Graham bread, declined peremptorily, and said he would rather die than do it, for he had always noticed that if any one began with bran bread he was sure to end with infidelity.

There was a profound instinct of a great truth hid away in this old man's brain. He felt, which is true, that all reforms and innovations stand logically affiliated with each other, and that whoever says A will sooner or later say B. The women and the men who are dabbling with the suffrage movement for women should be at once, therefore, and emphatically, warned that what they mean logically, if not consciously, in all they say, is next social equality, and next freedom, or, in a word, free love; and if they wish to get out of the boat, they should for safety get out now, for delays are dangerous. Indeed, the two first questions have been already argued and virtually settled; it is the freedom question which is now up.

But, again, freedom is not enough. Freedom is itself only a stepping-stone to something higher and better. The next better thing is wisdom, to know how rightly to use and enjoy freedom; in other words, the whole science of the subject. Science must be called on to investigate radically every part of the subject—the real nature and legitimate demands of man and of woman, the truth of the one and of the many relations between them, and, in a word, to discover the Divine social code.

But equality and freedom and science—all of these are still not enough. The next good and necessary and indispensable thing is virtue, which means the love of truth and goodness and beauty. Men and women must fall in love, not so much with each other as contributions to their own selfish wants

as with each other's highest well-being; in love with the truth, in love with goodness, and in love with true and harmonious relations, or with the best possible conditions of culture and unfoldment for all.

And, in fine, one other want: a new religion; a religion that shall be to all these blossoms of human nature what the string which binds the stems of the flowers is to the bouquet. The day was when religion was allied with all that was most progressive in human affairs. To-day it has, somehow, got on the wrong side, and has become retarding and obstructive. The last want is, then, a new catholicity which shall not merely tolerate but which shall advocate and enforce by its influence all that reform shall aspire after and all that science shall discover and define—in a word, the new Catholic Church, in this radical and progressive significance.

### THE LESSON OF THE MCFARLAND TRIAL.

[The following exposition of the McFarland trial and its meaning by Mr. Andrews was written in the midst of the excitement on that subject for this paper, but the *entente cordiale* between Stephen Pearl Andrews and ourselves was not then thoroughly established, and for some cause Mr. A. withdrew the article. It is too good to be lost, and the increasing interest in the question of Freedom seems to render it appropriate at the present time:]

We are in the turmoil of a great battle lost and won; of the first Bull Run defeat for the great irregular untrained army of Domestic and Social Freedom; of a first Bull Run victory for the forces of an *effete* despotism which neither knows the meaning of its triumph nor how to use it. McFarland is acquitted without the saving grace of an allusion even by the jury to the plea of insanity. No vapory veil of pretension was needed. Not on that ground at all; but on the doctrine, pure and simple, that for "an outraged husband," murder, deliberate, premeditated, postponed never so long; insidious, treacherous, strategic, murder in any form, in its worst form, stripped of all disguises and euphemistic descriptions, is the legitimate and permissible remedy for his domestic grievances. Murder stands thus authorized in this country and age by the solemn decision of the courts; and not alone authorized but invoked, prescribed, recommended, sanctioned by appeal to holy writ, as formerly in the case of slavery; commended and commanded even, as the not-to-be-avoided duty of the party suffering in his marital honor; the re-institution by judicial decision confirmed by popular vote on the *plebiscite* of the Ancient and Honorable Order of the Thugs.

So much for what has just been decided by the court and jury, and confirmed by the voice of the common people.

On the other hand, the noble, simple and womanly recital of the martyred wife, Mrs. Able Sage Richardson, and the equally noble, simple and manly letter of Albert D. Richardson, published in the *Tribune* the day subsequent to the acquittal of McFarland, have unraveled, by the sheer force of their transparent truthfulness, the whole intricate web of confusion woven by the preceding twenty-five days of tedious testimony and judicial opinion; and have carried over completely the current of sympathy, with the great mass of intelligent persons, to the opposite side. The defendant takes therefore nothing by his verdict. The Bull Run defeat turns out to be a substantial victory.

But who was the plaintiff and who was the defendant in this case? Not the People and State of New York and Daniel McFarland. Those parties sunk into insignificance in the presence of the real issue. It is two different and opposing civilizations which, in this instance, as in the late war, have met in deadly conflict. It is the spirit of the old and dying, and the spirit of the new and nascent world of thought and action which are here seen face to face with each other. By the view of the one the wife is essentially the property of her husband. She exists for his uses and happiness; for the honor and perpetuity of his family name; for the gratification of his social ambition; or, in one word, for him. She is simply an individual who has been seized and confiscated to his uses; who is civilly and morally dead; who has ceased personally to exist. They, too, have "become one flesh," and that is the husband. The most deadly offence against him therefore is to "entice" or " inveigle " her away from the slavery, if it proves to be practically such, as in essence it always is under the old theory. These terms "entice" and "inveigle" are the technicalities of slaveholding excerpts from the slave code.

On the other hand, the contrary doctrine of the new civilization is, that a man—and, no whit the less, a woman—belongs primitively, consecutively and forever to himself or herself, by a title which is indefeasible, inexpugnable, and eternal and paramount to any which they can ever confer on any other individual, by marriage-contract or on any other contract or surrender, or by any event whatsoever; that, in other words, there are, not as a flourish of rhetoric, but in simple verity, "certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

This, then, was the real issue in the recent trial of the People and State of New York vs. Daniel McFarland, for the murder of Albert D. Richardson. McFarland was nobody in the case. Richardson was nobody. Mrs. Richardson was nobody. They were the mere pawns on the chess-board of fate; they were the John Doe and Richard Roe used, as one of the devices of pleading, to put the case on trial. The true title of the case is, The New Civilization of the Twentieth



Century and of all coming time. All the Past Ages. We live in the very nick and crisis of a grand revolutionary surgery and revolt of mankind against all the traditions and merely hereditary institutions of the past.

Very few men and very few women understand as yet the issue. They supposed that Daniel McFarland was on trial. Remember Hackett thought so. The prosecuting attorney thought so. The eloquent and laborious counsel for the defense thought so; and even Horace Greeley, though he is rubbing his eyes, somewhat astounded by the crash and racket of the colliding of two civilizations about his ears, is still more asleep than awake. He wakes up late in the slavery matter.

His time has not come yet; although the gods cast the same of the tragedy in the Tribune office for the express purpose, as it were, of emphasizing the subject to his attention. With him fidelity to the obligations of a personal friendship are more than the philosophy of an epoch or the destinies of posterity.

The defendant takes nothing by this verdict. The Civilization of the Past was that defendant. Its seeming success on this trial is the most deadly defeat it has hitherto suffered. The moral sense of an awakening world is shocked by a wholesale authorization of murder, and aroused to an investigation of the claims of a "peculiar institution," which demands for its defense that the very bulwarks of religion and social order shall be demolished. A new trial has been granted. The case is opened for a rehearing. The forum is all Christendom; the jury is humanity; the law-book is the spirit of the age; and the successful party will be the future, and not the dead past. Daniel McFarland is acquitted; but the *effete* civilization which he represents is arraigned, and is now on trial, and will be condemned and executed. The outlook of humanity is forward, not backward; toward the abolition of slaveries of all kinds, and the advent of freedom. "It is hard to kick against the pricks." The fiat of heaven has gone forth for the complete enfranchisement of man, and a thousand adverse verdicts of a thousand juries cannot effectually hinder, even for an hour, the progress of the world.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

## OUR INDIAN TROUBLES.

### THEIR CAUSES, COST AND CURE.

BY JOHN R. WOLFE.

### \$30,000,000 OF THE PEOPLE'S MONEY ANNUALLY WASTED.

### THE INDIAN MILITARY SYSTEM A FAILURE AND NUISANCE.

### THE SOLUTION EAST, SIMPLE, ECONOMICAL.

#### No. III.

In considering and settling the causes of our Indian troubles, it is necessary to lay down some fundamental and self-evident propositions.

Originally, and according to the law of natural justice, the earth, with all the essential elements of support, were common property. Each individual was entitled to draw from those elements a sufficient amount to supply his natural demands. To more than this he could have no right. A title, no fee-simple, was an impossibility, as there was no owner, and therefore no person or power to grant a title.

Dwelling in cities, and organizing civil governments, abrogated this condition of natural justice, and inaugurated usurpations which have drenched the earth in blood. The right being common and limited to natural demands, no conflict or dispute could well arise until the supply was exhausted, or the population had become so dense that new methods of culture and a further subdivision of the elements were necessary for the comfort and preservation of the race. Hence we deduce that no type, race or subdivision of the human family can have any right to encroach on, possess, occupy or appropriate that portion of the earth occupied and used according to the natural or natural law, by another race, until they have become burdened with an excess of population; and then they can have no right to any portion of the earth equally burdened with their own.

And we further deduce that no government has any right to buy or sell the common elements; to acquire them by conquest or gift; to donate or alienate them in any way; or to do anything other than prevent their waste, and preserve them for their original purpose and uses, to wit: human support, regulated by natural demand. It then follows that whenever any subdivision of the human family, for the causes named, or any other cause, such as climatic changes destructive of life, demands of any other subdivisions, a change from a normal to an abnormal method of life, it becomes the imperative duty of the party demanding to furnish the *quid pro quo*—the equivalent in full—the justice of the case. We shall then find, in the violations of these principles by civil governments and individual usurpers, the fruitful cause of a large part of the conflicts of the past, as well as the principal cause of our own Indian wars and their

consequent costs. All others are incidental to this one central cause.

It is the misappropriation and monopoly of the elements of human support in the older States; and the pushing of a certain class by their necessity and to gratify the ambition of capitalists, railroad corporations and land thieves into new territories prematurely, which have precipitated us into the blunder of organizing nine territories, with a population of less than one-half million or the equivalent of one small State, while it has complicated and intensified our Indian troubles, as we shall see shortly. And this is a sample of the sense of our people and the statesmanship of our country. This half million of people would have made one or two States, self-supporting, instead of an immense expense to the Government. And yet the direct expense is but a drop to the entire results. To these we must add Alaska, which, in addition to its first cost, \$7,200,000, required \$575,000 the first year; and yielded less than \$25,000, and now is farmed out to a corporation for a trifle, and the prospective ruin of all its value. Not content with this, these mad-caps are making strong efforts to have an Indian territory organized, taking from them the original, inherent and inalienable right to self-government, all in the interest of the land thieves and against the rights and interests of both classes.

It is very plain that the half million of people now scattered over these territories could have been retained within the States, with great advantage to the Government and great saving in the matter of Indian troubles. Kansas and Nebraska alone could take, each of them, all now contained in the nine, and then have room left for a few more.

Without stopping to reply to the sophisms of the class who are making the contest for every possible acre they can grasp, let us proceed to notice, in detail, some of the direct fruits of this insane policy, or rather practice, for it seems destitute even of policy.

The first result is the building of posts and forts on the borders and within the boundaries of the Indian domain, claimed, occupied and owned by them, as far as ownership is possible. This, within itself, is a serious and unwarrantable aggression, reviewed in the light of natural justice as well as in the light of our own established precedent. From time immemorial we have recognized the Indians as distinct peoples, entered into treaties with them and affected to pay them an equivalent for their lands; but have never done it in a single instance. It is, therefore, puerile in the extreme for grave Congressmen to charge the treaty system as the cause of our trouble, and to recommend its abolition as the best remedy. Whereas the treaty system is the justice of the case, and strict fidelity thereto, the best panacea for a large part of these evils.

After these posts are established and treaties made, their continuance in Indian country is not only a military menace, but an impeachment of their fidelity to their contracts or truly faith. The most of these military posts are places where the rights of neither white citizens or Indians are respected. Remote from direct inspection—secure from complaint—they become petty despotisms, under the control, too often, of a conceited, drunken fool or military tyrant with shoulder-straps, who deems himself—drunk or sober—monarch of all he surveys.

Here the citizen and Indian are in vain for redress from wrongs inflicted by a lawless soldiery; and just here we pause to say that during the war on the Platte River, for nearly three years, the freights dermed the soldiers sent there to protect them a greater evil than the Indians. Against the Indians they combined and became self-protective; but for the depredations by the soldiers they had no redress. If a man happened to be loaded with canned goods he often escaped with his horses and wagon, less the canned fruits, and no possible show for indemnification. But more of this military protection under the proper head. About these posts are always rings of contractors who have reduced plundering to a science, cheating the Government in the price, and the Indians in the quantity and quality of the goods. To illustrate: The Government agrees to furnish so many of American cattle worth \$50 per head, and the contract so specifies; a part of these are to be milch cows; but the contractors substitute Mexican cattle, inferior in size, wild, and poor milkers, and costing less than \$10 per head.

The Government agrees to furnish rice, sugar, etc. When the goods arrive they are the inferior qualities, mouldy, dirty, the packages broken, and often articles of no value whatever. It is true that this state of things is being remedied to some extent, and it is to be hoped permanently, as these frauds are frequently the causes of dissatisfaction. It can be proved that the orders of honest agents have been changed, and whole casks of dog chains and iron spoons sent out to supply the wants of hungry Indians.

WE PROTEST most vehemently against the emissaries of foreign monarchies coming to the United States and binding our Government to keep secret the foreign politics of our people. What can such a course mean? It means that the English Commissioners know that they have obtained terms which, if known, would be repudiated by our people. They, therefore, desire to keep the terms of settlement secret until it is all concluded. Will the people permit this foisting upon them of European practices? Are we to have our international interests bartered away or so far pledged, before we are aware of it, that it would seem dishonorable to rescind? Where is this assumption of centralization of power to end? Wake up, O People!

(From the Wooster (Ohio) Republican.)

## A STRANGE STORY.

If the Rev. Canton Mather, of witchcraft memory, were living in these degenerate days he would have his hands full of business in this city at the house of Mr. David Hoffman, near the corner of Pittsburg avenue and J. Sedgwick lane. The family is said to be haunted by malignant spirits, who are unconformably rampant in their evil doings, diabolical in their transactions and mysterious in their ways.

The family consists of five persons—Mr. Hoffman, who is about fifty-five years of age; his wife, about fifty; two daughters, respectively aged about seventeen and twenty years, and a son, probably fifteen years old. They formerly lived in Holmes County, Mr. Hoffman being employed as miller in Slary's mill, two miles south of Millersburg, where the family were regarded as respectable, intelligent and Christian people.

He stated that he was doing well at the mill, had a good salary and a good home, and in every way in comfortable circumstances, until disorder, in a mysterious way, visited his family. It first commenced, he said, a year ago last June, by his mislaid two dollars from his pocket-book, after which he privately hid his money; but that, too, disappeared in the most unaccountable manner. Articles of food and clothing, in daily increasing quantities, went the same way. Crockery were fell from shelves and broke to pieces; stones, gravel, eggs and other things were thrown about in the house, apparently without human agency, the badness seemingly having headquarters in the cellar. The family, from being annoyed, at length became frightened, and, imagining that a change of abode might bring relief from the spirits, removed to Wooster last summer, Mr. Hoffman remaining at the mill, where he was molested by any evil visitation. But his family, who lived in Mr. Snook's house, West Liberty street, was not so fortunate. The clothing of the mother and eldest daughter was taken, some returned, from whence no one could tell, all cut to pieces, as if with shears, and some found secreted in out-of-the-way places—for instance, all their underclothing was found stuffed into the mouth of the cellar drain, a silk dress hid under a woodpile in the cellar, and skirts, etc., buried in sand. Many written notes were thrown, apparently from the cellar, bearing all kinds of messages. One was that if Mrs. Hoffman would come down to the foot of the cellar stairs on her knees, on a certain specified day and hour, she would there find a box containing \$2,000. Prior to this the family had become afraid to enter the cellar; and as she could only go down the steps backward on her knees, Mrs. Hoffman, afraid of bodily injury, was dissuaded by neighbors from making the hazardous attempt. But she went to Holmes County and brought her husband to Wooster, hoping that he could get the here, and by his presence abate the "spirits," or "it," as she called the evil agents of her misdeeds. Another note was received, stating no one could get the money but herself. It has not been secured up to the present time.

Some of the prominent spiritualists of Wooster, learning of these transactions, held a circle meeting, but received no signs from that other "bourn."

The troubles raged on. Mr. Hoffman, at a sacrifice, was compelled to give up his situation at the mill, and join his family at Wooster. A few weeks ago they moved to where they now reside, followed by it.

By request of the family a clergyman of Wooster visited them, and offered prayer. Shortly after he left a scrap of paper dropped strangely to the floor, upon which was written that, as they (the family) had "prayed to God," the spirits wouldn't bother them for a while. All was quiet for a few days. Then more clothes were taken, which, after an absence of one or two days, would be found in the house or yard, cut to pieces. About ten days ago, while another reverend gentleman was there, a piece of new calico, sufficient for three dresses, disappeared. A neighbor lady next day found it, uncut, under a pile of wood, and also a blanket, shawl, under a box of potatoes, in the cellar.

Frequently at night there are poundings on the walls; stones, from pebbles to those as large as a man's fist, thrown in the rooms, and a general rumpus created, as if huge were holding high revelry. On one occasion Mr. Hoffman called upon it to cease, without avail; whereupon he indulged in a little tall swearing, when all became serene. A young man called there last Friday evening; said that if the spirits would cut up his hat or handkerchief they were welcome. A small stone dropped on his head which, when picked up, he found to be red hot, and on taking out his handkerchief discovered it cut to shreds. As another instance very peculiar, a young gentleman, a confirmed skeptic in spiritualism, with other persons, visited the house on last Sabbath afternoon, and on his return to his brother's residence, to the amazement of all, at least twenty holes were found in his handkerchief, which had not been out of his pocket at the haunted house. Mr. Hoffman answered one of the spirit notes, placed his reply quietly in the cellar, but just as he got up stairs into the room his own note dropped on the floor by his side—all the family present.

Until last Friday nothing of Mr. Hoffman's clothing had been touched. That night his two pairs of boots—all he had—were taken, also the table-knives, but the boots were mysteriously returned next day, accompanied by an exceedingly vulgar note. On last Saturday all his clothing, excepting an old working suit, was taken, and words written on the side of the house to the effect that they would not be returned.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman and the eldest daughter have no clothing but that on their backs; while in the house are piles of cut-up garments of all descriptions, of good quality, a dozen dresses, silk, delaine, calico, etc.; cloth waques, four shawls, underclothing, and any quantity of lower articles. It is a shame—this wanton destruction of property. From a man comfortable in life Mr. Hoffman is getting into reduced circumstances. He says he has lost about a thousand dollars during the past year.

The whole matter is confounding. There are, however, severable plausible theories for the cause of the seemingly marvelous transactions. Careful watch has been kept, yet no clue to the perpetrators of the outrages has been discovered. Hundreds of men and women have visited the premises. It is said that the spiritualists propose holding meetings at the house, and get up a circle to see if anything can be developed.



## SPECTRAL FACES.

A novel manifestation of super-mundane artistic skill, or else a stupendous fraud, is agitating the people in Ohio and Michigan. The secular as well as the spiritual press contain well authenticated statements of the facts, and descriptions of the "spectral faces" which appear on the window glass in unusual and forbidden places, leaving the owners and the public mystified as to their origin or purpose. As yet no mundane solution is found, and hence the super-mundane theory of their origin. True or false, the public are entitled to a fair statement of the facts, and not to a garbled misrepresentation supported by the mere opinion of writers as ignorant of human and spirit capabilities as a horse is of philosophy. (Pardon, Mr. Bergh and Mr. Horse.) The *Sunday Times* opposed, as it is to any increase of knowledge, Godward or spiritward, by way of introduction to a long and feeble attempt at ridiculing these extra-mundane phenomena, lets drive vigorously at divining rods, familiar spirits, the Ghost of West Virginia and the Memphis Mystery, imagining, doubtless, that they were all being annihilated. Those who have investigated these phenomena would like to know what amount of attention, as well as what quantity and quality of brains the editor or editors of the *Times* have given to the investigation of the mysterious phenomena occurring so frequently within the last twenty years, and thus by what authority the high prerogative of ridicule is assumed. Nothing more effectually exhibits folly than the conceit of knowledge not possessed.

In this respect the *Times* is supreme. And in its folly it nearly convicts itself of falsehood, when it says "that they occur usually in houses and rooms that have been vacant for some time," and then quotes that they occurred in the house of "Deacon Ashley" and in the "Exchange Hotel." Its folly and weakness is further manifest in the intimation that good grammar is necessary to the veracity of testimony. The *Times* seems not to know that it is a well established fact that spirits are now almost daily photographed, under such circumstances as preclude all idea of fraud—that spirit writing is very common—that spirit voices are heard audibly, and engage in conversation; and that, in this city, any honest competent mind can have indubitable evidence of the power of the invisible world to write without the aid of human (mediums) hands.

In the face of all these facts and facilities, the injustice of the press is still exhibited in its feeble efforts to cast ridicule on a subject of the gravest importance to the whole human family. We either live or do not after death. If we live we can or can not return. The question of Job is ever recurring—especially when we put our loved ones out of sight—"If a man die shall he live again?" Any fact, however simple or trifling, which can throw light on this momentous subject, demands the gravest consideration. Its manner or method is nothing to the candid mind—it is the underlying truth we are after, and need. No just man will denounce or ridicule that which he has not thoroughly investigated, and no sane man will judge *a priori* that of which he knows nothing. The *Times* is guilty of both—guilty of attempting to mislead its readers, guilty of an insult to their common sense.

JUSTICE.

## A LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

MESDAMES WOODHULL &amp; CLAFLIN:

A few weeks since I commenced to write a scathing tirade against the "Women's Rights" party. Every argument, every tradition, every myth I could think of I determined to launch at you; and I thought myself fully competent to uphold my theory of woman's dependence on the "stronger sex," under all circumstances. My own personal feelings would prompt me still to cling to that theory, but my better judgment warns me that, in most instances, it is utterly fallacious.

I had scarcely commenced the article against you, when I found my position unjust and untenable, and my arguments most illogical. I consider it my duty to retract, and add another voice to the tide of encouragement that should greet you from every portion of our country. I confess I once read the WEEKLY partly through courtesy to you, and partly for amusement. But now, while I condemn, most emphatically, some of its articles, I most heartily indorse the majority of them. The Constitutional rights of women should be given them unreservedly, and their personal property should be under their control. Thus far, we agree; but I would forfeit these before I would mar the sacredness of domestic relations. I do not see why this should necessarily be the result of the acknowledgment of our Constitutional right. In fact, it would rather enhance it. The very name of your paper is suggestive of harmony. Plato said, "Law was harmony;" Aristotle said, "Law was cosmos;" Lord Coke, borrowed from both, and said, "Law was order." I hope and believe that law (just law, I mean), harmony and order should follow close upon the triumph of the Cosmopolitical party.

From the old myths and traditions that I reviewed to bring against you, I find that barbarians often gave women an equal place with men. It is true, there is a probability that those heathens may have been influenced by extant legends and traditions that existed in an unknown long ago, or in the unrecorded Golden Age of Giants and giant intellects, while the men of the present century can boast of no such light. However that may be, old Egyptian Isis had no su-

perior. Osiris was scarcely her equal. The amazons of Scandinavian mythology, whose weapons, as the Norse legend tells us, were the iridescent beams of the Aurora Borealis, dared to dictate to Thor and Odin. The Mussulman excludes woman from heaven, and considers her hands too impure to touch the Kiseh that covers their sacred Kaabah; while that same Kaabah was once the mark for the resting-place of the desolate wandering woman, to whom God's angel deigned to give water when Ishmael fainted on the burning desert's scorching plain. Beneath its sacred shade, Hagar will sleep until she stands in judgment with the Patriarch Abraham, who sent her forth homeless and friendless.

No man with any sense of chivalry can read your Washington letter and not blush for the men that have permitted those Government clerks to work as they have, and not be paid for it.

I knew nothing of what my sex could suffer until I learned it through the columns of your paper. They do more actual labor, mental and physical, than many of our *soi-disant* statesmen, and receive nothing, comparatively speaking, for it; because they belong to the weaker sex; because the frame that bends to the weary task is slender and delicate; because the soul that gleams through the tired eyes as the day's long vigil wears away is a woman's; while the latter are simply disgraces to the people they misrepresent. Those same people would be much better off if a Miss represented them. (A poor pun, but its truth was too apparent to be omitted.)

In spite of the gallant poet's peculiarly masculine remark, "A woman convinced against her will is of the same opinion still," I am thoroughly brought over to your side, and you may always count on one firm Southern friend.

It would be unpleasant for me to make use of the privilege of voting unless an important question was being contested, or I was requested to do so by some one I loved. You will think this pre-eminently feminine, and, perhaps, foolish; but I must tell you "the whole truth and nothing but the truth," even if it is somewhat distasteful. I cannot give up all my cherished ideas of what I know to be woman's false sphere, for it is hard to see the fallacy of the trust it was once my pride to put in man's chivalry and honor.

I am sending you this impulsive recantation before I have time to make it more complete, regardless of a stanza that appeared in the WEEKLY of the 6th, the truth of which I can but admit:

"Some, even when they find they're wrong, defend  
An argument through thick and thin—'tis wrong;  
The greatest victory is, in the end,  
To him whose sense of honor is so strong  
That he can yield the palm; nor fears to rend  
Himself from cherished notions, howe'er long  
He may have held them: gracefully receding  
Marks a great mind and also shows good breeding."

I cannot "gracefully" recede, but I have stubbornly receded. There are women who desire suffrage, who have a right to it, and who should exercise that right. Because I do not wish to vote is no reason why others should not have the privilege. If I had to contend with this world for my daily support, I would think it only just for me to have equal rights with men.

Confident that your efforts will meet with the success they deserve,

I am, respectfully,  
INEZ AVENEL.

## THE "HERALD" AND RULOFF.

The *Herald* seems piqued that Judge Miller hangs Ruloff on May 18, because it was Ascension Day; on that day "Christ ascended into Heaven, led captivity captive, and opened the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers." Why not hang on that day? Are not criminals generally believers, especially those of the Church the *Herald* adopts? And did not Jesus take a thief with Him? Of all days this is the most fitting to send these fortunate fellows home to Jesus, the friend of publicans, sinners and thieves, and, we presume, murderers; though, we think, he might have protested against hanging thieves, as the opportunity was excellent.

## THE HERALD AND FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

The *Herald*, of May 5, is a puzzler to masculine and almost to feminine brains. It launches forth with the broad declaration that "the agitation of woman suffrage appears to be dying out, from the exhaustion of its advocates or of their financial supplies." What it meant to say, and in the same article did say substantially, that it was about to culminate in a grand success. No wonder that a brain so addled as to make such a transparent contradiction is on the head of a man, and cannot see what there is in old Feudal England, nor why Mr. Gladstone should propose a compromise conceding the essence of the question, and, more wonderful still, why the majority against the bill should be only sixty. This addled pate cannot understand that the feudal system is perishing—that Gladstone feels and acknowledges it; but like all Conservatives, seeks to postpone the final catastrophe, while a very handsome minority accept the situation and render their support to this "dying," "dying out," movement. After acknowledging the muddled condition of its editorial brains, it attempts a theory by arraying Bright as the iconoclast of the feudal system aristocracy and the Church, with suffrage as the sledge-hammer of demolition, with Gladstone as the representative of the old state of affairs, endeavoring to save the dying institutions of his country.

In another article—"None but gentlemen need apply"—we find another protracted effort to disparage women, but which, on critical analysis, we find on neither side and both sides of the question. The moral effect of the latter articles is to throw increased obstacles in the way of a large class of women, single and married, whose income barely, and not always, prevents starvation, and who, unable to rent a house, are forced to find apartments and lodgings as best they can. To the failure of such efforts, this champion of the dying past, says a hearty "Amen."

It is such arguments and influences that are brought to bear against the honest efforts of one-half of the citizens of the United States to relieve themselves of unrighteous disabilities; and especially a large class of women whose lives are worse than that of slaves; for the slave had guarantee of food and shelter, while these lodgers have neither and are at the mercy of heartless employers, who coin their tears and blood into colossal fortunes, to corrupt themselves and damn their own children. Such mothers may suit the benighted patrons of this intelligent and illogical gabbler.

"In heaven it may be different." Not if such fellows have the management. The Pope, for whom the *Herald* has supreme respect, and whose illustrious predecessors prepared the authority from which it draws its inspiration, permitted women to have no more part in heaven, than their loyal followers are willing to let them have in civil Government. His God is a masculine god; his angels are all of the masculine gender, while the militant church is organized and administered exclusively by one sex; and all authoritative inspiration and revelation flows through distorted brains of such effete incompetents as the *Herald* editor.

What wonder, then, that the Bible should be a sealed book, and its understanding limited to the favored class; and what wonder that that class should be opposed to woman's rights on earth, in heaven and even in hell—if any woman should by accident reach that place, after having had all the hell on earth that masculine arrogance and intolerance could inflict.

## OUR REPRESENTATIVES.

THEIR DUTIES TO THE PEOPLE AND TO THEMSELVES.

The frequency with which our people are misrepresented or totally ignored by their quondam representatives both in Congress and the State Legislatures renders it imperative that we inquire into the causes of such disgraceful occurrences which defeat the entire theory of our republican form of government. We hold that when a candidate is elected by the people he is elected for the purpose of representing the people and not for the purpose of representing his individual self, or, in other words, it is not merely the few men who sit in Congress who are represented, neither is it their opinions, but the whole people of the United States. Are we to assume that the whole interests of the United States are dependent upon and centred in the opinions of a hundred or two Congressmen? We repudiate such a doctrine as subversive of the principles of our government. The interests of our people do not concentrate in their members so soon as the latter are elected; neither have they any right or justification to vote as to them may seem best in any case in which such judgment may clash with the wishes of their constituents so far as they can be ascertained. A representative has no right to vote according to his private opinion in opposition to the will of the people, and, so far as legislation is concerned, the desires of the people must alone dictate as to the manner in which his vote must be cast.

It is of no consequence whatever that he may on some occasions have to vote contrary to the dictates of his conscience, since it is not his conscience alone that is at stake. We do not want representatives with self-willed consciences; furthermore, experience teaches that our legislators' point of vision and consciences on trying and tempting occasions always centres in their pockets, and the people find themselves and their interests betrayed to accommodate these consciences or pockets (for they are synonymous terms) of their virtuous (?) representatives.

If a member finds himself in such a position that the wishes and desires of his constituents are so much at variance with his moneyed interest (i. e., conscience) that he cannot bring himself to sacrifice those interests, he should resign or decline to vote, and if he have reasonable ground for such declension, then let him state the facts of the case to his constituency, that they may take action upon the case.

The people must not be content to be the first source of power only, but must, if they wish a truly representative form of government, be careful that their honor does not lapse so soon as they have chosen a representative to carry out their wishes.

There is an English custom which we think is well worthy of being instituted. It is that each member of Parliament meets his constituents during the recess and explains his votes during the last session and gives his views upon the most prominent questions of the day. By this means he learns how far he has truly represented them and what course in the immediate future will most accord with their desires.

Were such a course adopted by our public servants, they would, undoubtedly, feel themselves held to a more strict accountability than at present, and we should not so often find ourselves sold out to whoever chances to make the highest bid for our members' consciences (?).



FRANK CLAY;

OR,

HUMAN NATURE IN A NUTSHELL.

BY JOSHUA ROSE.

[CONTINUED.]

"Tis written Keep thy hands from picking pelf;  
 'Tis written Love thy neighbor as thyself;  
 But you have taught this only meant to say,  
 'Tis right to vote your neighbor's goods away.  
 It really seems that every idiot clown  
 Can turn the laws, like scriptures, upside down.

"Where is your foreign policy? I ask.  
 Shirk not the question in your usual manner;  
 For years you've tried and failed at the small task  
 Of compensation for the Alabama.  
 While stupid Fish complacently can bask  
 In Spanish smiles, just think upon the manner  
 In which poor Cuba has been left to die,  
 While we stand idly, complacently by.

"Look at the tyranny to Ireland meted;  
 Her sons, our citizens, most vilely seized,  
 Her patriots and liberators treated  
 Ignominiously, that might be appeased  
 The barbarous, illegal and deep-seated  
 Hatred of the minds of men diseased  
 By years of domination, by sheer power,  
 Which, if we spoke out, could not last an hour."

"The maimed soldier who sits on Broadway,  
 To beg subsistence from the wealthy few  
 Who pass him by in silence day by day,  
 Go ask the helpless cripple—ask him who  
 Gained by his loss? Think you that he will say  
 The generals or the wounded boys in blue!  
 And that the glory gained was compensation  
 For his lost arm and present situation.

"Fifth avenue, with palaces bedecked,  
 Built with the gold for which the State was wrecked,  
 Each brick an emblem of the combination  
 Ye entered into to defraud the nation,  
 By swindling struggling soldiers in the field,  
 You gained your glory by the wondrous yield  
 Of pelf you gathered in each speculation—  
 A legal form of plundering speculation."

Pete wiped the perspiration from his brow,  
 Was duly praised, and with the gang adjourned  
 To a saloon close by; they told him how  
 His speech their best encomiums had earned,  
 And that if he pursued the course he now  
 So well had opened, they at least discerned  
 His future would be prosperous and bright—  
 He'd enter Congress as a shining light.

Pete wrote to Ella, once, at least, a week;  
 Advised her of his studies and his progress;  
 Where he had spoken, where he was to speak;  
 Of much of what he was to do, although less  
 Of what he did, which well he knew would meet  
 Her disapproval. 'Tis as well to know less  
 Of all unpleasant truth than 'tis to get a  
 Full knowledge of each scandal to a letter.

For though we like to know each defamation  
 That floats from willing lip to eager ear,  
 We do not take it as an indication  
 That he who tells us of it is so dear  
 A friend: we thank him for the information,  
 And as most grateful for the news appear;  
 But when he's gone, we are to question why  
 He should repeat what they in us decry,

And think he haply took a secret pleasure  
 In our discomfort; that perhaps he had  
 Some end in view, or wherefore should he treasure  
 These idle tales, and only make us sad  
 By pointing out to us a heaped-up measure  
 Of what folks say of us as being bad.  
 I'd sooner hear of flattery an ocean  
 Than listen to such questionable devotion;

For if my friends are true to me, I care  
 Not what their faults may be; I'll ever stand  
 Beside them to the last. If in despair,  
 They shall not lack a sympathizing hand;  
 No freak of fortune ever shall impair  
 The link between us; no deceit e'er planned  
 Will ever mar my friendship in the least,  
 Till their own lips that friendship has released.

And if their faults are nature's own, and flow  
 From generous weakness deep down in my heart,  
 Those faults will meet a half-congenial glow  
 That tells me in myself they form a part;  
 This may, perhaps, be wrong, but this I know  
 The wisest maxims of the sages' art  
 Fall still-born on my ear when they're applied  
 To those whose faults with mine stand side by side.

'Tis nature's weakness only can appeal  
 So deeply to the heart; 'tis when it meets  
 A sympathy, that teaches that they feel  
 The nature's fullness that in your breast beats;  
 And though you're strong and can refrain to kneel  
 Or bend beneath the siren's voice, it greets  
 You with—you know the reason why they fall  
 Is that we're only human after all.

One plea for reformation, in the tone  
 That speaks so deeply in the heart's own core,  
 And meets the weak transgression as its own,  
 That in their ear a sympathy will pour,  
 Will give the weakest strength to stand alone;  
 The very bond of weakness has far more  
 Power to uplift the fallen by a tear  
 Than all appeals to punishment or fear.

There is an adage—"Save us from our friends."  
 Oh, save us from relations when their ends  
 Conflict with ours. No stranger's enmity,  
 However strong or vile it chance to be,  
 Can equal theirs; no statement is too base,  
 So that they think 'twill brand you with disgrace;  
 Who'll rake the depths of hell for defamation  
 With half the pleasure of a near relation?

The nearer the relationship, the stronger  
 The natural tie may be, then all the longer  
 The slandering will last. If you refute  
 One scandal, lest it injure your repute,  
 Scarce will the echoes of it die away,  
 Ere they will wing another on its way;  
 So laugh to scorn their petty machinations,  
 Reply, when told, "Dear sir, they're my relations."

For bear in mind, whatever path you choose  
 (Especially, if they have naught to lose),  
 You cannot gain by taking the defensive  
 Against a charge, no matter how offensive.  
 A vindication, made however clear,  
 Can, after all, but make it to appear  
 That you are blameless of the imputations;  
 Meantime you've spread the tales of those relations.

Remember those who know you will not heed  
 The calumny; therefore there is no need  
 For proof—that is, so far as they're concerned.  
 Remember, also, hundreds who have learned  
 The scandal never hear the refutation;  
 So, after all, the clearest vindication  
 Is little gain; then let your reputation  
 Live down the scandals of each dear relation.

"Why, what on earth are people coming to!  
 I think this is a pretty how-d'y-e-do.  
 Go mind your dishes, that's your proper sphere,  
 Don't talk such outrageous notions here.  
 Pray, who taught you of right and wrong to preach,  
 And undertake in my own house to teach  
 Me what course you should I should not pursue?  
 Thank God! I've more experience than you."

These words were to Miss Ella Paine addressed  
 By Mr. Paine, her father, who expressed  
 These sentiments, because she dared express  
 Opinions which are termed strongmindedness.  
 He was one of those men who never learn  
 That children into men and women turn;  
 He thought his judgment and his Sunday homily  
 The orthodox faith for his wife and family.

Then Ella answered, "Father, let me ask  
 If you have always done so in the past;  
 Did you obey your father's mandates all—  
 His judgment into question never call?  
 Were you obedient thus to what he thought  
 The only proper tenets to be taught?"  
 Her father answered, "Yes, I ne'er rebelled;  
 All thoughts of disobedience were quelled."

He looked her in the face, and made a pause.  
 She said, "Then your opinions are not yours,  
 But my grandfather's, once by you imbibed,  
 Forever by your rule to be inscribed  
 As truth itself. Were our grandfathers sages  
 Who thought for all mankind and future ages?  
 Thus where idolatry is once begun,  
 It must, perforce, descend from sire to son."

He answered, "Does it rest with me and you  
 The faith of our forefathers to undo;  
 The wise conclusion of a thousand years  
 Condemn, because it to our mind appears  
 As inconsistent? What! are you and I  
 The laws of all society to defy?  
 Why, girl, of you I'm perfectly ashamed;  
 Don't let those questions e'er again be named!"

She then replied, "You fill me with remorse,  
 To think I have pursued so wrong a course  
 As aiding Christians to send emissaries  
 To other lands—I mean the missionaries  
 Who go there in the highways to persuade  
 The sons to leave the faith their fathers made;  
 To trample down their fathers' laws, and thrust  
 Their filial allegiance in the dust!"

And then she gave him a mischievous smile,  
 He fairly rampant in his rage the while.  
 "Is this my child?" in angry tones he said.  
 "Who put such infidelity in your head?  
 This comes of reading those new publications,  
 That spread broadcast their damning dissertations,  
 And come to fill our hearths and homes with grief,  
 Destroy obedience and sow disbelief."

She said: "I cannot, like a night-owl, wink  
 In broad daylight—my mind will brood, will think.  
 I hear men's praises daily, hourly sung,  
 As arrant rogues as ever went unhung.  
 I've even seen you welcome to your home  
 A man who with his life could not atone  
 For wrongs to one who would have been his slave;  
 Yet his pollution laid her in the grave."

"She crumbles in the tomb, her name reviled,  
 He, honored among men. Ah! fortune smiled  
 Upon him, 'twas no wrong at all in him  
 To curse a mother and a child; the sin  
 Was hers, not his, so says the moral (?) world.  
 Avaunt such blasphemy, by me 'tis hurled  
 Back in their teeth. I scorn the cowardice  
 That bends in fear to fashionable vice."

"Man is so reconciled to his depravity  
 And license, that he really seems to be  
 Dead to all sense of justice—will deride  
 The very thought that there should be applied  
 The same laws of morality to all  
 Mankind; it is no wonder that they call  
 My sex the weaker one, when they accept  
 A place repugnant to all self-respect."

"The vaunted civilization of mankind  
 Is to his errors to be madly blind—  
 To trample on the weak, oppress the poor,  
 And turn the starving beggar from the door;  
 To go to church, abjure all pomp and vanity,  
 Dressed in the flallest baubles of humanity;  
 To look the stranger meekly in the face  
 And take him in with suavity and grace."

"What do men call the height of business tact?  
 To plan, plot, and deceive and hide the fact;  
 And what is this so-called respectability,  
 To godliness a mere assumed servility?  
 Pray, what respect do people show for truth?  
 'Tis but a bauble dangled to the youth.  
 Behold man outwardly all good and pure,  
 But inwardly all rotten to the core."

"The world is but a surging, seething mass  
 Of peccadilloes, each one strives to pass  
 His neighbor, elbows all his fellows back,  
 And leaves behind him, strewn upon his track,  
 Cajolery, craft and dissimulation—  
 Self, only self his sole consideration.  
 With bows and smiles for those he hopes to use  
 To gain his ends—for others' rude abuse."

"Go trust your fellow-man and be deceived;  
 Go tell the truth, you will not be believed;  
 Go practice faith in man, and hence be robbed;  
 Dare speak plain reason, then will you be mobbed.  
 But hide your thoughts beneath the flatterer's mask  
 And be rewarded by all you could ask;  
 Go bow to riches, poverty despise,  
 And be proclaimed as worthy, just and wise."

She said no more, but sank upon a chair,  
 And wreathed her trembling fingers in her hair,  
 Her temples throbbing as her dark eyes flashed.  
 The great excitement, during which she lashed  
 Mankind, had given her fictitious strength;  
 Her head drooped slowly forward, and at length  
 A great revulsion left her pale and weak,  
 Too much exhausted and too faint to speak.

But Mr. Paine stood with his mouth half open—  
 Almost aghast to hear such treason spoken  
 (For thought is always treason now); his hair  
 Stood nearly on its end—it made him stare  
 To hear her fairly beard him in his den;  
 He knew 'twas useless arguing, and when  
 At last she ceased and sat upon her chair,  
 He shook his head, walked off and left her there.

One day Miss Ella visited the Greys,  
 Not having seen Miss Cora for some days;  
 And Ella's parents thought it opportune,  
 On this occasion, that they should commune  
 Together as to what steps they should take  
 Her "stubbornness"—strongmindedness—to break;  
 Her father laid the blame upon the radical  
 Ideas in her weekly periodical.

But in the end they both invoked the aid  
 Of their old pastor, pious Mr. Slade—  
 A worthy man, who, being much respected,  
 And very able too, they both expected,  
 Beyond all peradventure, would exert  
 An influence all potent to convert  
 Their daughter; so they sent an invitation  
 To him, to join them in a consultation.

He came, and Ella's notions were disclosed;  
 His counsel asked, he instantly proposed  
 That she should make a visit to his home,  
 And then, unless her heart was turned to stone,  
 He, by persuasion, would effect a cure  
 ('Twas very noble of him to be sure);  
 His daughter also, as he kindly said,  
 Would render him invaluable aid.

And so the invitation being sent,  
 Was joyfully accepted, and she went;  
 Was pleasantly received, until at last  
 The "ball was opened," during a repast,  
 By Mr. Slade's remarks in conversation,  
 Of every one's allotment to their station,  
 And of the mischief done when people try  
 The laws of God and nature to defy.

Miss Ella merely answered "Yes" and "No,"  
 She differed, but disliked to tell him so.  
 Remembering that she was but a guest,  
 She curbed her wish to argue with him, lest  
 Such conduct on her part might be construed  
 As impolite—nay, more, as even rude;  
 But his philippics once too oft repeated,  
 All Ella's reticence at once retreated.

Good Mr. Slade had just expatiated  
 How all strongmindedness contaminated  
 A woman's purity, and thus perverted  
 The influences which should be exerted  
 "In other channels," as he kindly said,  
 But Ella smiled and slowly shook her head.  
 He feigned surprise, remarked, "I fain would hear  
 Upon this subject what is your idea."

She answered, "We to cure the evil should  
 Bring it in direct contact with the good—  
 And trust the good to conquer. I am sad  
 To know you think that good succumbs to bad.  
 The very usefulness of your profession—  
 I pray you, sir, to pardon the expression—  
 Is to seek out the sinful, and reclaim  
 It by imparting penitence to the same."

"And did you fear the said contamination,  
 What aid shall we invoke for reclamation  
 Of wickedness?" Here Mr. Slade replied:  
 "Your principles are good when they're applied  
 To proper persons in their proper sphere:  
 But really it to me does not appear  
 A woman's duty to attempt to teach  
 Mankind by public argument or speech."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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## WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

### DIVINE JUSTICE.

We have a firm conviction within our souls that the principle of Divine compensation accompanies every movement within the realm of the universe, whether that movement be in matter or mind, in unorganic or organic form, or among men. The consummation of the process in each particular instance may sometimes be imperceptible to observers. Nevertheless the process continues from the inception of each cause until the effect is reached, and none may hope to escape it.

This faith we have endeavored to live by all our lives. And whatever of seeming wrong we have ever encountered no matter how bitter it seemed at the time, has ever resulted in undoubted benefit to us. And whenever we have attempted aught which was not in strictest accord with our conviction of right, no matter how much of present benefit it promised, we were always the loser by it in the end. From this experience we have learned that Divine compensation is the order of the universe, and that if entire trust and confidence is reposed in it justice will ever be received.

We take the present opportunity to give expression to the rule by which we try to live, because there are many who, perhaps, will search these columns for explanations, which to those who are governed by anything less comprehensive may seem appropriate. If we are in the wrong we shall surely be compensated therefor. If others are in the wrong they will assuredly receive their compensation, without regard to any human relations which they may sustain to us, and we do not fear the result.

### THANKS TO THE TRIBUNE.

Be it resolved, That we honor Victoria C. Woodhull for her fine intellectual ability, her courage and independence of character, her liberality and high moral worth, and since her every word and look and act impresses us with the conviction that she is profoundly in earnest, we feel that for this earnestness and fearlessness we, as women, owe her a debt of gratitude which we can only repay by working with and for her with our whole hearts.

The *Tribune*, astonished at the growing strength of Victoria C. Woodhull, and kindly appreciating the above commendatory resolution and indorsement of her principles, has been at the pains to go through our file and to extract a variety of opinions which it prints in italics for special attention. A greater compliment than this it is scarcely possible for us to receive. We disclaim, however, the full meed of praise which the *Tribune* so generously assigns us. It is bare justice to the *Tribune* to say that whatever merit there may be in our efforts, we received the germs from the *Tribune*, not so much of to-day as of long ago. We have long sat at the feet of Gamaliel. Brook Farm, Oneida, Fourierism, Communism, Equality before the law, what does not the world owe to the *Tribune* and to Horace Greeley? In the days of his youth and manhood he was the apostle of light. No man in America has more persistently advocated the logical extremes of thought and action, or done more to inaugurate the modern school of free thought. If in his latter days vision has become less clear, expressions contradictory and obscure, it is the fault of age—but we still love the dear old man. *Non sum qualis eram*. There is no one to sit in Moses' seat, none to bend the bow of Ulysses. We respect him for what he has been; his very errors lean to virtue's side. His approval and commendation have the ring of the true metal; they comfort and sustain us.

The *World* "is not the champion of the advocates of woman suffrage." Not the first time the *World* has misread the signs of the times. No matter, however, about the persons, so it supports the cause.

### ARE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS SPECIAL LEGISLATION?

We frequently hear the remark made by women that "We are entitled to an amendment specially providing for the extension to us of suffrage." This leads us to make the inquiry heading this article. We are perfectly aware that pretty nearly all the legislation by which we are oppressed is of the special-order kind, improvised to meet some newly developed circumstance. But when we hear this applied to so grave a question as an amendment to our country's Constitution—to the Supreme Law of the land—we cannot refrain from entering a serious protest against such practice.

We have contended, and still contend, that it is utterly inconsistent and impossible to assert that the Fifteenth Amendment was or could be so construed as only to apply to a single race of people.

All legislative bodies are beginning to see the necessity of abstaining from special law-making, and of providing general laws which will meet all cases. It would be too far beneath the real dignity of Congressional legislation to assume that when Congress constructed the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, they did so in such a manner that they could apply to none but the negro. What is there in either of them to indicate that so restricted an application was intended? Neither of them contains one word indicating that there was a negro to provide for? They are expressed in as general language as can be chosen, and why should it be assumed that negroes only are included? It is a narrow, bigoted and unwarrantable construction, utterly unworthy of this humanitarian age.

If the Fourteenth Amendment is broad enough to include all people "born or naturalized in the United States," why should women object to accepting citizenship under it? For our part, we can see no reason why Congress should be petitioned to propose another amendment when this covers "all people." On the contrary, it appears to arise from motives unworthy to find a place in the hearts of those who pretend to desire freedom for freedom's sake, and willing to accept it from any competent source.

As we have said repeatedly, it is the duty of Congress, made so by the original Constitution generally, and by these amendments specially, for Congress to pass all laws necessary to carry out the provisions thereof. If all persons are citizens, and citizens have the right to vote, and women citizens are prevented from voting, simply because they are women, then it is the solemn duty of Congress to pass a law which will enable them to vote. And there is no escaping the conclusion.

If this be so, and we challenge controversy, why should women who really desire suffrage, attempt to delay it by insisting that they are entitled to a Sixteenth Amendment, providing specially for suffrage for them, and that they will not accept it under present provisions.

We desire consideration for the above, and if there are reasons which we cannot see that make the Sixteenth Amendment necessary, we shall gladly give room therefor, and also, if conclusive, notice of our conversion.

In Pere la Chaise Cemetery, near Paris, there is a little grave with a monument and this epitaph:

TO THE MEMORY OF

LUCIE,

FILLE DE MADemoiselle RACHEL.

(Daughter of Miss Rachel.)

Such was the instinctive bravery of the great actress.

### A SENSIBLE SOUTHERN WOMAN.

We are permitted by a friend to publish elsewhere a letter from the South. We know that the same feelings and sentiments therein expressed are spreading with great rapidity everywhere. Where one having them expresses herself, thousands remain silent who will come to the front to assume their rights when the battle is a little nearer won. Those who affect to believe that women do not think upon important subjects, please take notice.

GENERAL SHERMAN's disavowal of the Radical anti-Klux policy is the severest blow that party has yet received. It is impossible to weaken its force. General Sherman's disavowal of any intention to become a candidate for any civil office is very explicit, and only makes his position the more independent and his statements the more reliable, since they are not influenced by personal ambition.

### IS IT A LIBEL?

"The Princess of Wales is described as looking very thin and worn, with a lovely face so full of sadness as to be pathetic. She is said to have lost, in a few years, all the freshness and bloom of youth, which at the time of her nuptials were the theme of praise throughout England."

The above paragraph is going the rounds. If the woman's paper had started it, what vials of wrath would be poured on our devoted heads by the virtuous dailies!

### INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS vs. THE RIGHTS OF THE COMMUNITY.

#### THE TEST OF GOVERNMENTAL CONTROL.

#### THE APPLICATION TO SOCIAL ORDER.

#### No. II.

In article No. I. some fundamental propositions were laid down by which to test all questions arising out of the intercourse of individuals and communities, as well as what belong specially to individuals.

It is now proposed to lay down some rules deduced from said propositions by which to determine what kind of rights are individual and what kind are merged into communal rights.

Infants, idiots and the insane, not being capable of determining what is to their comfort, happiness and interests, belong to the community, and it is the duty of the community to fully provide for them.

In the case of infants, false, because unphilosophical, ideas of responsibility have always obtained, since their entire control is assumed by their parents, who fashion them as they choose, educate them as they may—perhaps not at all; and when arrived at the "age of discretion" turn them into the community, as their parental handiwork, to be responsible to the rules, laws and customs which the community maintain to secure order among themselves.

This practice bears its condemnation upon its own face, for how can a person arriving at the age of maturity be justly held accountable by the community for his conduct when he is the result of a process in which the community had no part? The education the individual may receive from his parents may be entirely at variance with the rules of the community. Since he has no choice but to accept the education, what justice is there in holding him to accountability to laws which it taught him were unjust? The responsibility, instead of resting upon the child, should, with better reason, be placed upon the parents. But even here the basis of responsibility is not reached; for if the community, of which the parents are but a part, permit the rearing of children according to the various caprices of different parents, how can they hold either the child or the parent to accountability for the child's acts?

It is, therefore, a logical deduction that all children born are something more than the sons or daughters of their respective parents. They are, besides being this, something greater, because more general. They are the sons and daughters of humanity, of whom they are, when matured, to form a modifying part. And it is because they are to form a modifying part of the community that the community should see to it that they when thus entering are in reality their handiwork instead of the handiwork of their parents, who were but the means of introducing another life into the community. If at maturity a person is, physically, mentally and morally the result of the educational care of the community, then is he in a fit condition to live accordingly and be justly held responsible to their laws.

This may be denounced as subversive of the present system of society. Grant that it is. And why should it not be if it is in accord with reason, logic and philosophy? These are the touchstones by which to test all customs, forms and laws; and if there are those which will not stand the test, it would certainly be for the interests of the community that they be made forthwith, and so disposed of that there may be room for the better to come and govern. It is stated by some, against this philosophy, that the rule of maturity is an arbitrary one. This cannot be denied, since the person is not admitted to be an individual constituent of the community until he has attained a certain age. Though this is purely arbitrary, it is, nevertheless, the common practice of the community, who have a right, as a community, to determine, by some rule, where, and under what terms, persons may become modifying elements among them. Thus they lay down a general rule, which, if unjust, is equally unjust to all. No one will pretend that the infant of an hour has any individual right to command rule. The question, therefore, arises, when may he have? Certainly not until he is prepared to exercise such rule to the interests of the community. This cannot be until he is grown and educated to the standpoint of the community.

This is not asserting arbitrarily that the age of twenty-one is the proper age to forever remain the standard of years for maturity. On the contrary, it seems reasonable to contend that as the means of acquiring education improves, that this standard should be decreased until it reach the age of puberty or full manhood, which is some years less than twenty-one.

During all the process of growth and education the person has the individual right to the most perfect care from the community of which he is, when matured, to form a part; and, consequently, it follows that it is the duty of the community to extend the same to the person, in which, if they fail, they have no communal right to demand of the person the best conformity to their rules; and all persons whom the community punish for non-conformance to law, who was not the just recipient of proper care from the com-



ment in preparing to be responsible to the law, are unjustly dealt with.

The point to which all true men and women desire to arrive is justice, simple and pure, and it is to this that all reform in Government should be directed. There is no such thing as the reception of justice by the few, or by a part of a community. To warrant the expression that justice prevails, every person of the community must be the subject thereof. For a part of a community to assume to themselves rights, privileges, or benefits which they deny to others of the same community, is to destroy the first principle of justice. For justice can only be where equality is first existent.

Hence, if a part of the community assume to say that when persons arrive at maturity that a specified portion shall become entitled to certain individual rights which they deny to another portion thereof, they do not conform to any rule except the tyrant's right of might; and that portion of the community who are thus deprived of what is accorded to others, are enslaved thereby. This is true, whether the denial is in the domain of materiality, mentality, or morality.

The fact is thus demonstrated that no existent Government is an exponent of justice, which should be one of the chief corner-stones of all Government. Nor can there be any nearer approach to justice until every person arriving at the age of maturity is entitled to the same rights, privileges and responsibilities, except he be insane or an idiot.

TENNIE C. CLAFLIN.

## FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

### ALARMING INCREASE OF TAXATION UNDER THE FALSE PRETENCE OF A DIMINUTION OF THE BURDENS OF THE PEOPLE.

It now becomes our duty to awaken the people to the false sense of security into which a large portion of them have fallen, in consequence of the apparent reduction of taxation, of which Mr. Boutwell makes so much political capital, and which Senator Morton has held up to the eyes of the people for their indorsement and admiration.

We have used the word apparent because the truth is that the taxation of the country, the burdens of our people, have been increased. It is true, the scale of taxation has been in many instances reduced; but the fact remains that a larger amount of taxation has been received by the Government under the reduced scale than has been received under the higher one of taxation; and, therefore, the specious plea so continually advanced to the credit of the Administration is a fraud of the first water.

Will our people be content to pay more taxes merely because they are under a nominally lower ratio? If Mr. Boutwell desires to lighten the burdens of the people, he must so reduce the ratio of taxes levied that the amount paid into the Treasury under the lesser scale will be less than was paid under the higher one; for it is not the name of "reduced taxes" that the nation clamors for, but the fact that the amount of money taken from their pockets be less, and that without depriving them of the necessities of life.

We would ask Mr. Boutwell if the necessities of the Government permitted a reduction in the scale of taxation, as they evidently do, will not those same necessities admit of a still greater reduction, now that the revenue is actually increased by means of the previous reduction. We would point out to him and to the people that the object of reducing said scale (namely, that of relieving the burdens of the nation) has not been attained, but has actually been defeated by the fact of the Government having received an increased revenue.

If the reader will turn to our issue of April 8th last, he will find an article under the head of Free Trade that illustrates this question precisely, and predicts in exact terms the apparently anomalous condition of affairs that is now upon us.

There is a vast amount of salutary instruction in this fact of increased revenue from a reduced scale of taxes. It is a rod that scourges the Administration in the most effective manner. It is a direct and practical condemnation of their protectionist theories, cutting the ground completely from beneath their feet, for it demonstrates beyond all cavil that a reduction of the rate of taxation is productive of a larger amount of revenue, as we have at various times pointed out. And that henceforth the necessities of the Government, or the desirability of paying off the national debt, cannot be put forward as a palliation of protective duties, since comparative free trade duties have proved beyond all cavil that they are more effective to attain those ends.

The Democratic party, as well as the cosmopolitical party, will not be slow to awaken our people to these facts, and to show that the very fact of the flourishing condition of our finances, claimed by the Administration to its credit, results from and accrues to the credit of its partial adoption of the political policy of its opponents. There can be but one excuse for maintaining the present burdens of the people, which is to subserve the interests of a few manufacturers. Such a pretext not even the President and his centralizing Cabinet will dare to enforce or attempt to palliate before the people.

We have watched this question closely, anticipated and proclaimed its results, and welcome the periodical exhibits

made by Mr. Boutwell, which so completely sustain our predictions. We can now only request him to place the credit to where it belongs, and instead of flaunting his financial statements as a triumph of the policy of the Administration to credit them to the adoption of a revenue-producing policy, so frequently advanced in our columns.

THE brother of the Sun and Moon has issued an edict. He has been reading that majority report, and, like most new converts, is more zealous than discreet. The Chinaman prohibits female missionaries—he objects to female schools. The women are well enough in their domestic subjection. But too much female knowledge subverts ancient law and disturbs settled ideas. Ah! if only Bingham were in China how much he might learn. The Chinaman goes the whole hog. Bingham is squeamish and cowardly. Beaten by Chinese cheap labor. Those fellows out there would make a man of him, with their whole-souled earnestness.

## IN MEMORIAM.

The world does not know its greatest benefactors; for they labor uncomplainingly, and without hope of reward, finding consolation in the labor itself, in the cause of that humanity, which is dear to them, from the breadth and depth of their own all-inclusive human natures. Of such was Mrs. Esther B. Andrews, lately deceased.

I had but a limited acquaintance with Mrs. Andrews, having had the opportunity of knowing her but a short time before her death. The few conversations I had with her disclosed to me her nobleness of purpose, and clear-sightedness of method, in the cause of social freedom; and incited my own enthusiasm, where I had always had so much sympathy.

I shall never forget the earnestness and depth of soul with which she urged me to go forth and preach to woman, the assertion of her rights as an individualized human being. To this I replied, "I am working in the Suffrage field." "Suffrage," she said, "is well enough, and woman will obtain it. The laborers in that direction are plenty; but there are needed women who, self-sacrificingly, and loving truth devotedly, will preach the true religion of woman's existence, instead of her mere political needs, that is, the full possession of herself, her soul and its affections, her body and its desires."

I have since learned, also, from others who knew her better than I, more of the wonder of her life of labor and of love.

For years has this lady toiled earnestly and unremittingly, for all that she thought good and true and right in principle. As a mother, a wife, and, in a larger sphere, as a reformer and friend of humanity, the great work she has accomplished is known only to those who have received its benefits. Many years ago she graduated, with the highest honors as a physician in the Female Medical College of this city; and has since practiced almost wholly among the poor and destitute, with a self-abnegation worthy of the greatness of her character. She had very wonderful magnetic powers of healing, and some of the cures she performed were marvelous.

Mrs. Andrews was a thorough believer in spirit communion, and, when entranced, the communications received through her were of the profoundest wisdom and most far-reaching perception.

Mrs. Andrews was the wife of Stephen Pearl Andrews, so well known as a social reformer, and as the founder of an universal language. In years of patient toil, Mrs. Andrews has, with untiring devotedness and persistent self-denial, aided her husband in his apparently hopeless task of social regeneration and scientific labor. She has not lived to see any full fruition of her hopes; but in that spirit land, in which she so firmly believed, she will have fuller opportunities of forwarding those hopes for humanity, which were the dream and aspiration of her life.

Mrs. Andrews had a noble and commanding presence, and a power of intellect of the rarest. Her views upon every topic of the most advanced thought were of the most enlarged type; yet tempered by that determined common sense, which was so strongly characteristic of her energetic and practical nature.

To-day the name of Esther B. Andrews is comparatively unknown; but she is enshrined in the hearts of all ardent and fearless lovers of liberty who knew her, and when humanity shall have attained to its full growth of social freedom, and will look back for its first expounders, then, in all grandeur and beauty, will her name and memory appear, and homage will be gratefully rendered to whom homage is due.

FRANCES ROSE MACKINLEY.

THIRTY THOUSAND women engaged in factories and handicraft occupation in New York City. What trash it is to talk about man supporting the family. How many of these women and girls support families and dissolute husbands or fathers? If the woman find her real work in domestic life and the sweet influences of home, the times must be wretchedly out of joint. Remember that, besides the thirty thousand, there are the army of servant girls, female clerks and the miscellaneous employed. Whether suffrage shall benefit their condition remains to be proven; but sure it is that they have no show now except upon charity and by the grace of God.

## KATE STANTON.

Who is there among reformers, either actively engaged in the field or quietly so at home, but knows brilliant, dashing, intellectual Kate Stanton? At the Washington Convention, January 12th last, she made her first speech, which was a very able one and was widely copied. Besides thoroughly understanding the legal and social rights of women, she is conversant with the principles of the Labor Question, and made a short but telling speech before the Labor Reform League in Cooper Institute, May 8th, and was applauded throughout. The movement for equality of all citizens is fast disproving the accusation that women are incapable of understanding the principles of government by bringing many to the front who, equally with men, are masters of these principles, and among them the subject of this sketch stands prominent.

The *Rural New Yorker* gives an account of the extensive farm of John T. Alexander, of Illinois, who cultivates some 36,000 acres. One corn-field was twelve miles long, and from one-half to a mile wide, containing 5,500 acres. Standing on a corn-crib, the eye could see over five miles of corn in opposite directions. A little boy visited this farm with his father, and after riding miles he became thoroughly tired, and exclaimed, "Pa, let's go home—I don't want to see no more corn, never." During spring fifty-five plows are run constantly to plow it; eighteen planting machines put in the seed; and twenty cultivators dress the rows. This field yielded 220,000 bushels, or forty bushels per acre. A meadow of 2,500 acres of timothy and blue grass yields 3,000 tons of hay. Fifteen machines are run in mowing it, and horseforks stack it. Timothy for seed is cut with a header, cutting ten feet wide, and 400 acres yield 1,500 bushels. There are 6,000 acres of prairie pasture, and 12,000 seeded to timothy, blue grass and clover—carrying about 4,000 head of cattle. An Osage orange hedge incloses 27,000 acres, and several intersect the farm, making a total length of hedge equal to 190 miles. There are eighty miles of board fence on the farm.

NEW YORK, April 27, 1871.

In this morning's *Herald* the editorial notes upon the conclusion of the Fair-Crittenden trial shocked our sense of justice, at the same time our cachinnatory muscles were somewhat exercised over the view taken of the matter by the writer. The pathetic picture of a guileless man of fifty-four summers—from a fine old family—empaled within the holy precincts of marriage, treading the rugged path of duty; and, alas! that on some fell day, in the honorable pursuit of his profession, he should meet the temptress destined to drag him down—"a bold, bad woman who had the power to keep him from the side of his faithful wife," etc., etc. For this, might Mrs. Fair be blamed were it an exceptional case; but it has been remarked, with what ease and willingness the man had foregone the society of his wife for that of others, not members of his fireside. Other women of smaller wit and beauty have probably encountered more difficult tasks in their lives than that of dragging this spasmodically virtuous Crittenden from his wife's side. For these deprivations—the deprivation of a good woman's stale council, the deprivation of a constant review of his own prototyped virtues and vices in his offspring—for the loss of all these, "melancholy did not mark him for her own;" the neglect of his patient and too-enduring wife did not sting his conscience until years of dissipation had sated his unholy passion; or did he ever keep his moral or physical eye strained upon that organ (conscience), with any rectitudinal designs, to the utter exclusion of the good points of any piece of femininity under his immediate observation? A plea for a middle-aged man, of vast experience of human nature, on the ground of injured innocence, seems slightly absurd. The simple fact is: Mrs. Fair, owning herself, took a gauge of her wrongs and judged of them with her own judgment. Had a father, brother or husband, or some male creature settled the matter for her, how different would be the public feeling; or had she followed the noble example of man, and taken for her victim one younger than herself—one wholly unacquainted with the ways of the world—and, instead of nobly killing him, left him to the charities of the world—then, indeed, might she have hoped for a moiety of clemency from a jury not composed of her peers.

NOMADES.

DR. ELIZABETH BLACKWELL objects to legal interference, in its present shape, with prostitution. She says that registration and examination were introduced in England about four years ago into military stations. In these stations soldiers also undergo examinations; so there is some justice in the measure, although still excessively unjustifiable in a moral aspect. The attempt is now being strenuously made to extend it to the civil population. Here its action would be entirely one-sided and excessively mischievous. Here are the reasons against it, and which can be proved: 1. The application to the civil population is not parallel, as men are not examined. 2. It is impossible to stamp out disease without this. 3. It interferes unjustifiably with the personal liberty of the subject. 4. The examination of prostitutes gives a false security to men. 5. The disease does not lessen in France. 6. Registration always increases clandestine prostitution, which is afraid to seek medical aid. 7. Legislation for vice, which does not tend to repress it, is immoral. 8. The extent and danger of this disease are grossly exaggerated by the advocates of the act.

MEN say in their superior wisdom that women are so inconsequent, so illogical, so unreasoning. They forget the fearful stupidities they themselves perpetrate in their plentitude of power. Now and then a case does occur to justify the sarcasm. Women are sometimes as irrational as men. The *True Woman*, established to deny the right of woman suffrage and recommending petition to Congress not to sanction female voting, is as one-eyed as if edited by a man. Cannot the true woman see that she need not vote if she does not choose, and that her petition to Congress not to be allowed to vote is an exercise of the right of citizenship?



## PARIS AFFAIRS.

The war is treated very unphilosophically by the public—at least so far as the press is the exponent of public opinion. The working man, the *proletaire* of Europe, is not the working man of America. Here every man is a citizen. The working man may be a capitalist. In fact all our capitalists have been working men; perhaps not actual laborers, but poor men, working for daily or weekly wages. The avenue to greatness is shut against no man. The door stands open. Not so in Europe. Men are born to indigence, live in indigence and die in indigence. They are excluded from all participation in making the laws by which they are governed. These laws, and the inequalities sanctioned and upheld by these laws, are naturally held accountable for the misery which is the only birthright and heritage of the poor. The revolution of 1789 was a natural, an inevitable expression of public feeling against injustice and wrong. The cause had been accumulating for centuries, the fierce outbreak and the delirious reaction were transient and short-lived. The people's rage and fury against the oppressors were terrible; and it was most pitiable that the innocent suffered for the guilty. Not the oppressor but the oppressor's children paid the penalty. But this is ever the case. The man of blood kills, the families, both of the killed and of the killer, feel the crime and its consequence. The rage and fury, bad as they were, were generally exaggerated. The press of Europe was against France. All the victims of the guillotine and the massacres during the revolutionary mania did not equal the killed in a single battle of the kings.

The Communists of Paris are following the example of their rulers, of kings, and legislators. It is useless to reason; futile to vote. The bayonet and the breech-loader are the only arguments that convince. They believe they are in the right; their works prove their faith; they are ready to die on the battle-field or the barricade rather than recognize a government which has brought dishonor to France, or to continue a system which continues power in the hands of men and classes that do not fairly represent the people, but are all men of the middle classes or of the aristocracy. Whether the Reds are wise, prudent or temperate is not the question. This is the day of heroic act, of protest in blood. German successes have consolidated military and monarchical power in Germany. Had victory perched on the other banner, the democratic liberal spirit now silent in Germany would have spoken out, perhaps, as the Parisian Communist now does.

## CENTRALIZATION.

It matters little whether the nation be governed by an autocrat or by a band of aristocrats. Perhaps the lesser danger, indeed, is to be found in the one-man power. He, at least, is responsible to his contemporaries and posterity. That desire for good opinion which is a part of human nature will influence him. But a league of irresponsible, because unknown, rulers is inaccessible to all feeling save a sense of their individual or class interests. The government of Imperial tyrants has been sometimes marked with hideous crimes; but the very personality and visible unity of the monarch have made him tremble under the terror of universal execration. Not so the combined rule. There has been no more profound, no more dangerous, no more systematically cruel rule than that of the Venetian oligarchs and aristocratic families. The members are inaccessible to praise or blame. The members of the council are variable, the principles are unalterable. The theory of their government is that the many ought to be and shall be ruled by the few. Imperialism is the one-man power, based on military organization. Aristocracy is the class-power, based on social distinctions of caste or property. To this latter form of government we are rapidly tending. It matters not whether it be by express form of law or by force of that opinion which is above the law. The very right to assist in the government which is guaranteed to every citizen is turned against the freeman by the craft and combination of those who, having gained power, seek to keep it. The theory of modern social and political life is the greatest happiness of the greatest number. This is supposed to be attained by forms of free government, especially by free speech and by competition, which guarantee the community against individual supremacy. But if this freedom of choice be exerted not in the direction of competition but in favor of combination, where is then the freedom of the people? The Pennsylvania Central Railroad, already one of the most powerful moneyed corporations in the country, is said to have formed a compact with the New Jersey Railroads, which will place the whole traveling facilities of those two States in one control—a control absolutely irresponsible; sanctioned by law, before which public opinion is powerless—and able at any time to buy up and dispose of the legislatures of both States. The mischief capable of being done to the community has been strongly illustrated in the case of the coal carrying companies which are denounced by Governor Geary as having acted in defiance of law and contrary to the public good.

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

## AMERICAN NEWSPAPER JUSTICE.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE ESPECIALLY.

It must now be apparent to every woman in the country that the management of the New York Tribune intend to do all they can against the efforts of women to aspire to all positions for which they have fitness. Notwithstanding the fact that we have already shown that the story about Jenny Lind's husband was copied from our male competitors, advisers and guardians, after it had circulated largely, the Tribune of Tuesday last contains another labored effort to create the belief that this slander originated with us or some of our female contemporaries. Now, we have only to say that the editor who does not know that the report to which we allude was in circulation for months prior to its publication in this paper, is too ignorant to have charge of any paper, unless in a rural district remote from all mail (male) facilities; or if he falsely charges, even by indirection, that which he knows untrue, his place is in the tombs; or if he takes up a suspicion and circulates it to the damage of the innocent prior to the investigation, he should have a halter.

## CONTRA:

We call the attention of our readers to the *Sun* of May 8, in which they will find an humble appeal from Mrs. Wilhelmine Wetzel, asking suspension of judgment until after the investigation, denying all the allegations made against her in the Saturday papers, and making such statements as can easily be disproved, if untrue, greatly to her damage. We would like to know if a woman originally circulated these suspicions by which public opinion is manufactured against a poor woman, who, if innocent, has no redress—if guilty, has a right to every extenuation, and, above all, to our pity and charity. In the case of Goldsmith, it was a rich man, able to sue and recover damages; while in this case it is a woman, with four children to maintain.

We would further say that this same Goldsmith-report has been in circulation frequently, before we had any female editors, when only male men had charge of the press.

We conclude by suggesting that copies of the Saturday papers be preserved; and, if this woman be proved innocent, that a fund be raised, and prosecute every man who has lent his hand to this foul injustice.

We cannot drop this subject without alluding to the fact that, wholly regardless of the cause of crime, almost the entire city Press are engaged in forestalling public opinion against an unfortunate human being, the victim of false civilization, who, while stupidly drunk, is charged with killing an innocent man without provocation; while they seem wholly ignorant of the fact that the gamblers, in the necessities of life, are slaying their hundreds—not by a single blow rendering the victim penniless, but, drop by drop, coining their blood to enrich themselves, and there is no law to bring these wholesale murderers to justice.

## LABOR AND CAPITAL.

The hope of the hour is the growing interest manifested by the representatives of labor in the various matters which relate to their elevation. The true dignity of position which they should occupy is but beginning to dawn in their minds. Like the first faint blush of morning in the eastern sky does the premonition of coming justice flash into their souls, rousing them from their long slumbers, with the inquiry: "Watchman, what of the night?" upon their lips. And though their watchman still continues to answer, "All's well," there are, here and there, individuals who are not lulled into slumber again thereby. The old cry has continued to ring out upon the midnight of their condition quite too long. They feel the currents of life spring anew in their veins, which tells them the "night is far spent," and they are already arousing and buckling on their armor to confront their old and too-long trusted guardians.

Various causes of unrest have arisen in their souls. They begin to realize that the songs sung and the stories told them by their fathers, of the glorious liberty the American people enjoy, were merely songs and stories. They are just awaking to the fact that the "bone and sinew" of the country were delivered from the despotism of a George the Third, to be made subject to that which is still more subtle and dangerous, in which, while having the name of freemen, they are bound by elastic bands that contract to the last possible degree and permit the continuance of life.

If all men are born free and equal, and entitled to the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the present systems of government do not secure them. In a certain sense all men are free—free to eat, drink and sleep, yet with an if or a but, if they can obtain the wherewith to purchase the same. In a certain sense also are men equal. They have the equal right to attempt to obtain some special favor from Government, but all are not equally fortunate. The whole process of the workings of the systems by which the people attempt to maintain their freedom and equality, resolves itself into one vast struggle to gain the mastery, in which everybody join. The results of the continued struggle, which is maintained to secure superiority, are proofs positive that the methods by which they proceed are not in accord with the principles the Government professes to exemplify. The legitimate results of freedom and equality should be freedom and equality, while those which we find flowing from the systems erected from them are slavery and

inequality in their most terrible forms. For what more terrible thing can there be than gaunt hunger, from which there is no relief except beggary or theft; or what greater inequality than for one person to be able to possess himself of all the products of a thousand persons laboring all their lives.

In the enthusiasm which the words freedom and equality generate in the hearts of the people, they lose sight of the most important basic principle of government. They forget that if the elements in nature were simply free and equal with no principle of control by which they are governed, that chaos would be the only result possible of attainment. In nature, however, there is everywhere an inexorable and exact justice which renders to everything its own, and administers effects in just such degree as causes warrant. This is the principle which people, in their admiration of a republican form of government, fail to apply, and this it is which renders freedom and equality meaningless terms.

One of the principal reasons which prevent the comprehension and application of the third and most important basic principle of government is, that the Government is administered in the interests of the office-holders, and not in those of the people. All elective officers combine together to determine who shall be the appointed officers. Thus those who should be the servants of the people are in reality compelled to be the servants of the elective officers, who thus become masters instead of servants. Through this prostitution of the appointing power of the Government to the selfish interests of the leaders of parties are the liberties of the people becoming less and less secure with each succeeding administration, because each administration more rigorously applies the party whip to compel servility to the leaders' interests.

When an election is over and done, the Government passes from their hands to those elected, and they run it to suit themselves, utterly regardless of the principle of justice. Elected to represent the will of the people, they represent only their own will shaped to further the common interests of the "ins" that they may remain the "ins." Every law which they enact is strictly partisan. Was there during the last session of Congress one successful measure in which Representatives and Senators joined regardless of party? No! In every measure before Congress the Republicans were continually arrayed against the Democrats, and *vice versa*, which fact demonstrates that the interests of the common people were never thought of, and that party success was the only incentive.

Therefore the more analytically the workings of our Government are examined, the more radical do its defects appear. It professes to be a Government in which the will of the people finds expression; but this is a gross error, since the will of the people cannot be expressed when the selfish interests of the office-holders are alone subserved. It does not necessarily follow that because office-holders desire to be re-elected or re-appointed, that the interests of the people demand that their desires be gratified.

It is a plain proposition that unless the Government is reconstructed so that the persons who administer it shall be compelled to be the servants of the people, devoting all their time and energies to their interests, and consequently losing self in them, that the time is not far distant when there will be an attempt made to seize and retain possession of it. There are even now some things occurring which may well be attributed to such a design. Those who control the revenues have managed to gather and retain in the vaults of the Treasury (?) the enormous sum of one hundred and twenty millions of the people's money, of which they talk as though it were their own.

There must be some great reason behind such uses of the people's money. It is hinted by some that all this vast sum may not be in the vaults of the Treasury; that it may even be the basis of vast speculations carried on through the medium of bankers, who are fortunate enough to "be in confidence," for the mutual benefit of officers and bankers.

Whether this can be true, or whether this vast sum is needed for a contemplated contingency, does not matter for the present argument. In any case, the interests of the people are entirely subverted and made subservient to the "powers that be."

To all of these practices, which are in direct opposition to a just government, the people are becoming awakened. To the party leaders' cry of "All's well," not every constituent gives credence. Some are inquiring into the matter for themselves, and it is believed that such matters will be brought to light before another President is inaugurated as will demand that the people repossess themselves of their Government, which is even now beyond their control.

WOMAN'S RIGHT to be heard in politics is ingeniously maintained by *Harper's Weekly* in answer to the *Nation*. The *Nation*, arguing from woman's supposed influence over man in misdirecting his activity, instances the case of Vinnie Ream and asks, how came Miss Ream by the commission for the Lincoln statue, except through her silken tresses and winning ways. *Harper's* asks what effect such arguments would have on female members of Congress. This is extracting strength from weakness.

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



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

BY C. B. F.

No. XIV.

Where abode the Bull of the Lord, the spotless white Bull which taketh away the sins of the world, and also bore Europa across the sea as did the broad-backed ram, or Lamb, of God, who dumped his woman in the Hellespontus? In the labyrinth of Crete the Bull abode. "What is this labyrinth?" as per Mr. Cox. It is the same as the bridal chamber which was wrought by Odysseus for Penelope. It reappears also in the maze of the Hyperborean gardens which the Sun lays out for his bride, the Dawn. The Lamb's Wife, or New Jerusalem, appears in similar pattern, as fished up from the same maze or sea of glass; but if the eyes have not been anointed with eye-salve, or the visual nerve purged with euphrasy and rue, then the eye will not be altogether single and the body full of light; and so can look only through the sea of glass darkly. Each nation made out of the Sun-hero a real man. The angel in the Sun was incarnated like the life of real men, and the same woman who brought forth the man was clothed with the Sun. Appearing in the deep maze, or in the vapory ghost of the sky, she would seem to be the nucleus of the nebular hypothesis, and the child born of her to be the true child of the mist. The swaddling-clothes, or seamless coat, would seem to have been of the same material as was wrought into the web of Homer's Penelope. Tamar's "garment of divers colors" would seem to have been of the same cloudy canopy. When clothed in this canopy, the Son of man comes in clouds, and the representatives of the Sun drama sit on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel.

Muller's principles of interpretation are quite as applicable to Hebrew theology as to other theologies which came up from the same root of the matter. He sometimes warily glances in this direction. He agrees with Mr. Cox that "originally there must have existed in ancient languages a large number of names for the Sun of the Sky, and the Dawn of the Earth. The vernal Sun, returning with fresh vigor, after the death-like repose of winter, had a different name from the Sun of summer and autumn; and the fading Sun, with fading brilliancy, was addressed differently from the "Bridegroom coming out of his chamber," or "giant," the Mighty God of Jacob "rejoicing in his course." Yet, whatever was his name, El-Shaddai, Jehovah, Jeshorum or Jah, etc., the name always had the essential power whereby, under heaven, we must be saved. Many of the mythical names of the Sun in Gentileism were, till very recently, supposed to be of historical persons, and the Sun-Messiah was constantly depicted in personal relations. Jesus, shining as the Sun, and His Wife clothed with the same, will hardly be able to maintain a personal status in history, when overshadowed by Gabriel, the Strength of God, unless much stronger evidence can be adduced than ever yet has been. Nevertheless, the Wisdom in that name will always shine as a bright particular Star.

Among the giants of those days the sun was chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. He was the beloved sun, in whom the June air, the soul, or the Holy Ghost, was well pleased, as uttered by the heavenly spheres. St. John's four angels engineered the four corners of the earth in apt relations to the mansions in the skies, and on the noon mountain, the sun was transfigured into a whiteness very different from his nooning wine-press of red when his vesture was dipped in blood. His saints, too, as they went up to Jerusalem were washed white as they went up from the blushes of the morning, and had come up through great tribulation from chaos and old night. Need we wonder, then, that the sun and all his hosts were the visible personages of all the Godhead bodily, the God of Israel, and the "living being" of the "incorporeal model?" Moses and the prophets talked with him face to face as a man talketh with a friend, and so may we if we are able to cultivate the Holy Land in spirit and in truth. Then we may see how the Sunbeams are ministers of flaming fire, and the Stars, angels and spirits where the heavens do rule. They may see how watchers and holy ones come down from heaven, as per Daniel; and when the bright, rosy morning peeps over the hills, they may see how the Lord puts in an appearance, his glory shining round about them, and they behold the beautiful feet of the dewy damsels on the mountains with good tidings of great joy to all people. "For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." The sign was that the babe was yet in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger—or yet beneath the horizon, swathed in red flannel of the early morn, though his glory shone around the mountain tops. As the Bridegroom came out of his chamber, there was suddenly a multitude of the heavenly host praising God—the same morning stars which sang together in Job, when all the sons of God shouted for joy.

This was the mode in which the Essenes, out of whom grew Christianity, greeted the morning Sun. They had the secret of the Lord from of old, and with the key of David, they knew how the Lord was born in his city. As a secret and spiritual society, the Essenes, perhaps, were the purest and best that ever devoted themselves to make the kingdom on earth as it is in heaven; but their Gospel drama is based

on personifications of the Sun, and his labors with such historic incidents as could readily blend with the mythology. The secret of the Lord was not permitted to be known outside the managers of the drama, as the oath of initiation was severely exacting. Hitchcock's "Christ the Spirit," with Josephus and Philo, will throw considerable light upon this matter.

Mr. Ferguson, in the British Science Congress, has discovered, as we have already seen, the identity of Christianity with ancient mythologic symbolism. Such moderns as may be developed to walk the ancient plane of thought with the key of David, will find this route to the Jordan exceedingly fascinating. But if many are called, but few appear to be chosen to make discoveries on the tracing-board of the ancients. The modern mind, for the most part, seems determined, especially in religious matters, that the ancients shall have history and persons where, in reality, they had only mythology and ideals. But a disrobing is taking place, and charm by charm unwinds, which robbed their idol. True, in the "Solar work," there may have been here and there a nebulous person, or person having so much flesh and blood in good deeds above his fellows as to be interchangeable with the Sun in Hero-worship. True, also, it may be more difficult for flesh and blood than the ideal to inherit the kingdom of heaven; but a veritable person may have been draped in mythological swaddling-clothes. Says Muller: "It does not always follow that heroes of old, who performed what may be called solar feats, are therefore nothing but myths. We ought to be prepared, even in the legends of Herakles or Meleagros or Theseus to find some grains of local history on which the sharpest tools of comparative mythology must bend or break."

So of the Old and New Testament mythology; there may be here and there some grains of local history, even though it should prove to be only two grains of wheat in three bushels of chaff. If there should be only two grains of salt in the waters above the firmament, or in the waters under the earth, even then, though very bitter, the salt itself may not altogether have lost its savor, though the God of Israel, or Shekinah in a cloud, may be very nebulous and past finding out; nevertheless, there may come a star out of Jacob and a sceptre out of Israel, which shall smite all the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Seth—Seth being the night typhon or serpent which lay floating many a rood. How brightly shines the morning, or the Star out of Jacob—how like a giant he sways the sceptre out of Israel! How the God of Israel had under his feet, as it were, the proved work of a sapphire stone, and, as it were, the body of heaven in his clearness. If this stone of Israel was a stone of stumbling and rock of offence to the wayfaring man, it was because his eyes had not been anointed with eye-salve, or visual nerve purged with euphrasy and rue. If the Godman of old time spoke on both sides of the mouth in double mouthfuls of the Spirit, we must recollect that such was the way the holy men of old spoke by the Holy Ghost as the Spirit gave them utterance in riddles, dark sayings and parables. The Book of God was written within and on the back side, and sealed with seven seals, and God himself could only be seen *a posteriori* from the cleft of the rock.

The Sun was the radiating Hub of the Universe, radiating from all the spokes of the wheels within wheels—the sunbeams which penetrated into dark corners and disembowelled sacred mysteries. Did love add new fire to that of heaven? There did Zion's daughters with Syrian damsels sing amorous ditties all a summer's day to Adonis, or our Lord, the Sun, the man-child and visible image of the Father. There, too, did the children of Israel burn additional fire in Moab, besides other strange fire from the Lord in those days. The various modes of the consuming fire in all the fullness of the Godhead when radiating from a point within a circle, made a great and notable day of the Lord in a consummation often devoutly to be wished; but not always understood were the ways of the ancient tongue, speaking by the mouth of God, whether in the still small voice, or in the sea and wave-roaring vapor and smoke.

Even in the Key of David, the novitiates knew not how to take hold of the inner sense of the word, but heard a language which they understood not in the statute for Israel, and a law of the God of Jacob, which he ordained in Joseph, a testimony when he went out through the land of Egypt—not till the burden was removed from the shoulder and the hands delivered from the pots was this testimony made sure.

It has been well said that all mysteries fear the touch of whatever will rend the veil that conceals their true character. The Virgin of Egypt declared herself to be all that "was, is, and shall be." She was simply the veil of him who "was, and is, and is to come." The woman veiled the Sun, or the Sun veiled the woman, and the Lamb and his wife may be traced from earliest antiquity in the Orphic theology, in poetic description of male and female together. Tu Pater, Tu es Mater—*Tu mas, Tu femina*, slain and resurrected from the foundation of the world.

Origen, quoted by Cudworth, classifies the Egyptians into wise men and idiots, or those who knew the arcana and recondite mysteries, and those who received the letter or fables which were outwardly presented on such wise as would supply milk for babes. He declares that not only the Egyptians but the Persians and others had an arcane and true theology distinct from their vulgar and fabulous one, and plainly intimates the same concerning Christianity itself. Thus this most learned of the Christian fathers fortifies our

position that Christianity rests on the antecedent nature worship, the "solar work" and mysteries on earth as they are in heaven—a common identity in all the old theologies known to the degrees of the initiated. The Mosaic hierophant used the wisdom of the Egyptians interchangeably with that of the farther East; and the way he did the "idiots" has rather considerably continued even unto the present day—nor less do the sheep follow the Ram wheresoever he goeth, while the goat is left out in the cold in the sign of Capricornus on the winter brink of everlasting woe.

The Sun was not the Supreme Deity, but his image or his angel as the "man child," always to be born again as well as to be crucified, dead and buried. He was always the coming man in the Orphic, Egyptian, or eastern Trinity, the beloved Son of Light, the only begotten, the second person in the trinity, the appointed heir of all things, by whom, also, he made the worlds. Cudworth produces any amount of evidence to show the common oneness of all the ancient gods.

Of some peculiar attribute or supposed property of the Deity various ways were taken to symbolize the same. The god Khem, or Pan, or the Amen, the faithful and true Witness, the beginning of the creation of God, appears as the generative principle emblematic of the pillar and the grove as of the bi-sexed Deity. The fig-tree mystically veiled him, or it, as well as the land of Egypt; and in the Garden or Grove of Eden, Adam and Eve were in the same rôle, whether as engineered by the Serpent or veiled by the leaves of the fig-tree, when they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day. Whether God or the serpent was playing fast and loose with Isis and Osiris, or with Adam and Eve, we shall find the kingdom on earth as it is in heaven, with much darkness over all the land of Egypt, for this land of Egypt is often the emblematic woman, as per Philo-Judæus.

To allegorize, symbolize, or spiritualize these things, was to deliver from the body of the death—from the natural or physical, and thus to ascend, within one's self, to the utmost ideal or heavenly. More or less, according to organization and circumstance, would be the resurrection and the life; and the more the seekers labored to that end the more they entered into the kingdom of heaven within. Such were the Essenes, the Pneumatici or Spiritualists, who, however much instructed into the natural kingdom of heaven, would yet build a Jerusalem above it to be the Virgin and the joyful Mother of children in the new Israel. It was a progress from the primaries—from the grim old God of the savage estate to the fond mother who would gather her children as a hen gathereth her chickens; for, according to the development and culture of the brain would be the conception of the living God. The more ideal or spiritual, the more the human became the temple of the Holy Ghost. But this did not preclude those of lesser estate from being seers, prophets, or mediums. To the Pneumatici or Spiritualists, as per R. W. Mackay's "Rise and Progress of Christianity," are sometimes ascribed all the Apocalyptic writings of early Christianity. "The prophet had always been considered as speaking not his own words but those of inspiration; as being the passive organ or "medium" of the Deity; \* \* \* as a plectrum, struck upon the chords of the human soul." Hence the various kinds of music from the human organs as from cornet, flute and sackbut, dulcimer and harp. St. Paul, though of considerable metre in the gifts of the spirit, was not in tune to ring out with the many gifts of tongues, but would rather have five words in particular metre than ten thousand in harmony not understood.

Tertullian describes a prophetess, or weird sister, resembling the mesmeric clairvoyantes of the present day, who, seized with ecstasy during church worship, seem to converse with angels or with the Lord himself, divined what was passing in people's minds, and prescribed medicines to those consulting her."

Thus in old Jewry, early Christianity, modern "revivals" or spiritualism, we shall find the same law developing the similar modes of being, and through all the wide range of natural to spiritual. "According to Tertullian, everything later in order of time is better, more intense and more God-like." But the Romish and Protestant churches would rather remain in the dark valley and shadow of death than to go up to Jerusalem in the sight of all Israel and the Sun.

### CANDID ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The *Tribune* concedes to us the most widely circulated, and, it might be added, rapidly increasing, of all the prominent organs of the woman's suffrage movement. It cannot see that our paper fairly expresses the sentiments of the party, but it does begin to dawn on its darkened understanding that the leaders of this movement are not all free lovers (free lusters) in the odious sense, and so quotes the article of S. P. Andrews, to show, which it truthfully does, "that free lovers are the purest people on earth," and far above and beyond the free lusters, who live and abide together solely because they are compelled, and are constantly untrue to each other.

We are somewhat surprised that the patriarch of the *Tribune*, at least, has been so slow in arriving at this conclusion, inasmuch as he has been ardently devoted to social reform, which always has and always must comprehend a marital union, based solely on genuine love, which always attracts and never repels; and hence will supercede divorces whenever we arrive at that knowledge of ourselves which will enable us to mate ourselves as the All-Father intended, and not falsely, as we are now, by the imposition of laws founded on supreme ignorance of the natural law, which is higher than all human law.



## WOMAN SUFFRAGE TO BE INSISTED UPON BY TAXPAYERS.

If there is a practical theory advanced upon the question of woman's suffrage in this communication, it will be because your correspondent, having for twenty-four years paid taxes upon seven thousand acres of unproductive Western land, has both occasion and inclination to consider the subject of taxation, as it exists in both this and European countries; the races of men who will and those who will not submit to excessive taxation, and the present and probable future effect of universal suffrage upon local and general taxation in this country.

The value of this communication will be to point out a plan whereby woman's suffrage could speedily accomplish a reform; nay, whereby they could obliterate the only objectionable feature in a democratic Government, ruled directly by universal suffrage.

This objectionable feature is illustrated by the interference of the New York Legislature (a body immaculate as Caesar's wife) in appointing a commission to fix the amount of your assessments for municipal purposes, and to direct its expenditure. This proceeding proclaims the fact that should the itching fingers of officials chosen by a population where men who pay no direct taxes are in such large majority, have full sway in the assessment and expenditure of direct taxation, they would impose it so unscrupulously that real property would be comparatively valueless, and wealth which could be removed would seek a more friendly soil. Now as population increases, this necessary deviation from political agrarianism which is now confined to a few cities besides your own, will have to be by a sort of complex, blindfold, hypocritical species of legislation (in its furnishing an awkward remedy, without daring to proclaim the moral disease), I say this impish legislation will be introduced into all the States; and each legislature will be thronged, like Albany, by two sets of lobbyists from various corporations, the one set, representing taxpayers, bribing to obtain a commission that will tax them lightly as possible; the others, representing tax-eaters, desiring to increase taxes to the utmost. Now, as the men are too stupid to remedy this most deplorable evil, let the women come to the rescue and relieve them from this terrible dilemma; and, inasmuch as Greeley's treatise on farming, the Ku-Klux Bill, the anti-St. Domingo doctrine, the Democratic, or the Republican platforms dare not touch it, let women step in and relieve politically, as she has often individually and religiously, poor hopeless, helpless, despairing man, and the wealth of this community, which is the only barrier to her attaining the ballot, will be lavishly offered to bestow it upon her. Let not the advocates of woman's suffrage mistake the opposition to its accomplishment. First, there are the millions of voters who pay little direct taxes; their opposition seems formidable, because it is like a morning fog in a valley, few can see their way; but as the one is dispelled by the sun's rays, so the other is overcome by a well-directed, persistent and (if you will) a profitable lecture season. Wisconsin, with 20,000 Republican majority, voted ten to one against negro suffrage; and when the Administration proposed to try the experiment in the Southern States, Secretary Stanton feared the sentiments of the people of the Northwest. Wendell Phillips came to his aid, assumed the responsibility, organized his lecturers (mostly women), and in one winter, at the tune of \$100 a night—more or less—turned the tables as by magic. The prejudices of the masses will be easily overcome, but the contest with capital means the opposition of constitution, legislation, press, corporation, and every power which takes the starch out of a member of Assembly. Here, then, you lay down the principles you will maintain and contend for, and your success will be certain.

We, the advocates of women's suffrage, will respect the rights of property, acknowledging that capital fairly acquired is the product of providential industry and virtuous self-denial; that it is the bulwark of religion, national liberty, independence and power. But at the same time we resist the tendency of the times in bestowing by legislation to bodies corporate such exclusive powers and favors as shall produce wealth without meritorious effort, and in unjust proportion to the mass of mankind.

We believe each State Constitution should be so amended as to insure fair and equal provision *per capita* for the education of children; a just expenditure for public institutions of both learning and charity; full provisions for the administration of law and justice, and such other provisions as continually affect the public weal; and, after securing these great interests without the necessity of special legislation, we propose to insert a clause not only limiting taxation, but affording ample protection from official rapacity to productive industry and accumulation.

We believe that, having secured by a perfected Constitution general provisions for the various interests of education, charity, justice, etc.; having provided by general laws for the creation, control, restraint, limitation and power of repeal of bodies corporate; we then provide by further amendments that there shall be elected, by tax-payers only, Commissioners for State, County and Corporation whose sole duty it shall be to provide for the assessment and to superintend the expenditure of direct taxes. And that every direct taxpayer of ten dollars, or less, shall have one vote; with an additional vote for every ten dollars so paid, and invalidating all legislative appropriations for purposes other than those of education, legislative expenses, charities, justice, etc., provided for in said amended Constitution, unless approved by said commissioners.

We believe that suffrage should be universal for the election of all officers, National, State, Corporate, Administrative, Legislative and Judicial. But we believe that after compelling the direct taxpayer to pay down for all necessities of childhood, youth, age and infirmity or legislation, the administration of justice, and the punishment, incarceration, support and burial of the criminal, that after heroically sustaining the uncounted burdens of modern civilization—he is not (without his own consent) to be further taxed by official rapacity or a merciless mob.

We demand of the general Government the repeal of all laws enforcing direct taxation in times of peace, and that the revenues necessary for an economical administration of national affairs be collected indirectly, and in such manner as shall be least felt by the people, and may be collected by fewest unproductive Government officials.

We believe that the value of our union is in its ocean boundaries, extended area, diversified soil, productions and industries; that the influence of our institutions should harmonize us. That as we fear no invasion, a distribution of the national arms will aid in cultivating martial spirit and discipline, without the expense of a large standing army.

We deeply lament the immoral influence exerted by the persistency of modern politicians in rewarding unscrupulous efforts in a political canvass by the offices of Nation and State. We are led to conclude that, should the corruption, under the present administration, continue through another, we shall, too willingly, welcome a Cromwell—indorsing every honest effort toward civil service reform, we demand that hereafter the office shall seek the appointed, and not the appointed the office, and that appointment shall be a certificate of eminent fitness to all so selected.

Yours,

NATHAN.

## THIRTY THOUSAND WORKINGWOMEN IN NEW YORK CITY:

### THEIR WORK AND WAGES.

A careful article on the condition of the workingwomen of this city appeared in last Sunday's *Herald*. From it we condense the following:

Thirty thousand women, exclusive of domestic servants, are engaged in handicrafts in the city of New York. They are to be found in the top floors of those large buildings on either side of, and on Broadway; from places where the busy hum of machinery is continuous; from the type foundries, where the red hot furnaces glare and the silvery streams of metal run, and where girls sit, with begrimed hands and faces, making type; from amid piles of books in course of preparation for the big publishers; from the underground cellar where the single thread is transformed into costly lace; from amid heaps of "Virginia" and "Fragrant Havana," out of which cigars are formed; from the busy workrooms of wholesale dry-goods houses, where hundreds of sewing machines keep up their monotonous click, click, click; from the artificial florists, where glittering tinsels and imitations of green leaves and stems full of flowers lie in pleasant confusion. Some of them have minute particles of gold leaf yet clinging to their hair; others are redolent with perfume, good or bad, according to the occupation whence they come. While the voices of workmen have been heard lustily demanding justice from their employers—calling for "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work"—their sisters in toil have looked helplessly on and borne the oppression of capital in silence.

During and since the close of the war about 2,500 of those female workers have organized themselves into unions; but the proportion of organized working-women is very small, and there is very little adhesiveness or community of principle among them, and they easily fall a prey to greedy and grasping employers. The daily papers were continually filled with their cries for protection and help, which touched the hearts of a few gentlemen, who got up public meetings and tried to create an enthusiasm among the workingwomen for their own interests. Judge Charles P. Daly, Moses S. and Jos. P. Beach, G. W. Matsell, Wm. McKellar, Daniel Walford and Wm. R. Roberts (at present member of Congress), organized a society for the protection of working-women who obtain a livelihood by employments not connected with household service: 1. By securing legal protection from frauds and impositions, free of expense. 2. By appeals respectfully, but urgently, made to employers for wages proportioned to the cost of living, and for such shortening of the hours of labor as is due to health and the requirements of household affairs. 3. By seeking new and appropriate spheres of labor in departments not now occupied by them. 4. By sustaining a registry system through which those out of work may be assisted in finding employment. 5. By appeals to the community at large for that sympathy and support which is due to the otherwise defenceless condition of workingwomen.

The Union has performed its work faithfully and well up to this time, as its records fully testify, and the directors made application to the Legislature for a donation of \$25,000, conditioned upon the raising of a similar amount by its friends here, to place it upon a sure and permanent basis. A considerable portion of the local half has been subscribed, and there is very little doubt that the whole will be realized.

The records of the Union show sixty-seven different trades in which the women are habitually engaged, their wages varying from \$3 to \$20.

Of the trades which give the steadiest employment to the greatest number of workingwomen, those that require the use of needle and thread take the lead, such as dressmakers, sewing-machine operators and finishers, tailoresses, seamstresses, plain sewers and the like. The trades and callings in which work is best paid are shoe operators and binders, collar and necktie makers, and artificial flower and feather manufacturers; and, as many of those things can be fabricated at home, the girls are enabled to increase their weekly income thereby. Very many of those trades depend upon the season and the fashions for their birth and existence.

The poorest paid workers are those who make linen coats and button-holes. The former, by working about fourteen hours a day, can make fourteen coats and earn \$2 50 per day; but out of this sum baisters and operators are to receive eighty-four cents each, or \$1 68 per day, and pressers get forty-two cents a day, so that the actual earnings of the linen-coat factor is but forty cents a day, unless she is equal to every branch of the business. The prices paid by the manufacturer are from twelve to eighteen cents per coat, and the above estimate is based on the last-named figure, which, of course, is not the general average. It may seem incredible that women can work for and subsist upon any such sum, but they do. Button-hole makers are another poorly paid class. Half a cent a hole is the maximum price paid by manufacturers, and, of course, those who sublet the work pay less, to enable themselves to make some profit, and for this pittance the women must do their work so that it shall pass the Argus eyes of the employer, who, if he be ill-disposed or sour-tempered, will find fault with trifles, and compel them to do their work over again or lose even the small sums which they may have earned. It is impossible, with such miserable remuneration for their labor, for workingwomen ever to rise to a condition of independence by their own unaided efforts. Even such occupations as agents and canvassers, teachers, clerks, copyists, compositors, clothing factors and others in which they compete with men, they are paid from one-third to one-half less than their male competitors receive for corresponding labor. Various reasons are assigned by employers for this distinction, and it is not probable that the ballot, for which so many are striving, would make any appreciable difference in woman's favor so long as these objections are raised and maintained.

It is asserted that as saleswomen they are inferior to men in urbanity and accommodating qualities and ladies prefer to deal with the other sex rather than with their own. As tradeswomen they are also said to be much more superficial in the prosecution and performance of their work than men. And this superficiality is explained by the theory of female education which teaches them that after attaining a certain age they are to become wives and mothers and to be supported by men. Marriage, in short, is the ultimate of female education. Hence women do not engage in business as men do—for life—and they are not likely to do so until our systems of education are so changed that women shall be taught that her true sphere in life is to be a "helpmeet" for man and not his toy or his slave. And if women are ever to stand forth the political equals of men they must show themselves independent of men for their subsistence. This equality and independence can only be secured by women taking trades for life and sticking to them until death or a happy marriage or some other favorable circumstance induces or compels a change. Then, should sickness or disaster befall either husband or wife, the other will be found a sufficient mainstay of the family.

The anxiety and physical toil in the endeavor to keep soul and body together must very materially shorten the natural lives of working girls and women. And the weekly mortality records show that of the proportion of adults, or those above the age of fifteen, a large number are comparatively young women. Here is a social evil existing in our midst of far greater peril to the community than some of those which philanthropists and legislators seek to cure, and it demands the most earnest attention of every thoughtful and candid man. It is growing upon us. Every year the number of female toilers in our midst increases, and every year hunger, disease and premature wasting of the physical energies through mental care, take hundreds of them to the tomb. Something should be done here and now to check this growing evil, and to create among us a sentiment that, in those callings in which the sexes compete, and for many of which women are better qualified by natural tact, education and capability than men, they shall receive as good wages for their labor as men do. When we have reached this point we shall have made a long stride toward elevating women in the mass, and increasing the moral and productive power of the population.

## INTEREST ON MONEY.

Among the Radical ideas now agitating the minds of those engaged in reconstruction of our civilization is that of interest and rents. The most extreme position assumed is that currency or money is entitled only to cost of production, and real property, when fully reimbursed in the shape of rents, should go to the renter who has paid in full the first cost and expenses of management. There are already anti-usury societies which are thoroughly organized and agitating the subject. We submit the following, delivered at the late Labor Reform League Meeting, by John B. Wolff, formerly of Colorado, but now of New York City, as the most condensed, clear and logical argument on the subject we have seen:

All subjects, he said, have their axioms or principles, to which they can and must be reduced, and from which they must be argued if we would arrive at logical and practical conclusions. The question of interest is one of the gravest connected with the movements of labor in behalf of its rights. In every discussion clear definitions stand co-related to axioms and demonstrated problems. If both are so clearly stated that the mind fully comprehends them the logical process is easy and the conviction inevitable. My purpose is to compel conviction by clearness of definition and the logic of axioms. 1. Wealth (real value) is the surplus product of labor preserved for future use, and represents so many days' work. 2. Money (capital) is a conventional substitute and temporary representative of real wealth, as a convenience to supersede the handling of equivalents, the original and natural condition of commerce. 3. Interest is the price paid for the use of wealth and money. 4. Real wealth derives its value from the use of force employed in its production and its adaptation to useful purposes. 5. Money has only a borrowed and fictitious value derived from conventional sanction or the fiat of government. The value of that fiat is determined by its capacity to substitute for its real value, and its acceptance by the government at its face for all public dues. 6. Real wealth is entitled to pay for its use, because it perishes in the use, gives off value, aids production. 7. Money is not entitled to pay for its use, because it has no power of production and is not sensibly diminished in value by use. 8. Any substance by common consent or statute law may become the substitute for real value. 9. The world accepts gold as the measure of value; but one dollar of this metal cannot guarantee two or ten; if it could, is it wrong to draw interest on two or ten. 10. Gold is not an absolute standard; it varies in quality—is adulterated in coin—and is varied legally; and is enhanced and depressed by the law of supply and demand as any other commodity. 11. All the wealth of the country which gives to money its value, belongs to those who produced it. All this wealth is held and transferred by paper titles and records, bills of exchange and letters of credit, thus demonstrating proposition eight. 12. Those who hold the possessory right to this wealth, and, perforce of the same, the money capital, double and quadruple their power against the laborer who owns it all.

Thus we see clearly that in loaning money capital on interest we are defrauding the borrower in that it has no intrinsic value as a horse or house; has no power of reproduction, and derives all its power from the laborer. 2. This capital being based on actual wealth held by the lender, it is wrong to charge interest because he has the use of the wealth; because the wealth is not his, and because it can only be had and held by defrauding labor. 3. It is wrong because an honest distribution of wealth would supersede the necessity of borrowing; having the substance we should only need the shadow as a convenience. 4. It is wrong because it is the chief instrument of human enslavement, of the collection of all the wealth in the hands of the few, and of making man the enemy of man. Social death entered by this sin, and with it came all other woes.

## RECAPITULATION.

It is wrong to take or charge interest, because money has no productive power; because it has no absolute value; because it is an abuse of the true uses of money; because it has a stolen basis; because the borrower is the owner; because men cannot lend without first defrauding; because riches are impossible to individual effort, and because it is wrong to double all these wrongs as in past and present financial systems. We commend these propositions and their logical sequences to the financial bunglers who are demanding specie basis and payments, and defending the robbery of labor by taking value without rendering equivalent.







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

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Consultation on diseases of the scalp, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.  
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Total.....\$14,000,000  
Equal to \$40,000 per mile.

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

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New York, Dec. 2, 1870.

Messrs. GEORGE OPDYKE & Co., New York:

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

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

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

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

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

D. C. LITTLEJOHN, President

N. Y. and O. Midland Railroad Co.

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

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## ART, DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Dramatic enterprise shows, as yet, no signs of abated energy. Theatres usually begin at this season to evince lassitude, and audiences to babble of green fields. There has been a rush of novelties, and the appetite grows by being fed. "Kit," "Rank," "Used Up," "Help," "Randall's Thumb," Mr. Mackaye on Delicate, Count Johannes, Mrs. Macready, the "Winter's Tale," Charles Matthews, the Italian Opera, the Philharmonic and the German Opera, and numerous minor entertainments, make up a weekly bill that leaves New York inferior only to London or Paris in the variety of her amusements. Add to these the several meetings, conferences and sensation sermons, which, if not as amusing as the amusements, may be charitably presumed to be equally interesting, and help to kill the *tedium vite*.

The public taste always runs in streaks, or rather those who cater for that taste, observing the transient tendency to approval, seize upon the chance, and make their hay while the sun shines. Thus, as we had a flood of *demi-monde* sentiment, so now we have a run on American life. There is certainly enough breadth and action in American life to justify its selection as the basis of dramatic composition. The impatience of tameness, the craving for incident, the desire to keep moving, the rapidity with which fortunes are lost and won, and the extremes of wealth and poverty, are daily experiences in our restless communities—the very stuff that plays are made of. Our women, too, are untrammelled with conventionalities; and in place of the insipid regularity of European manners, the dramatic artist has nothing to do but look around, and he will find ready to his hand all the light and shade, the exceptional action so necessary to dramatic interest. "Kit" is a drama of Western life, with a scamp and gamblers and explosions and escapes that have been done twenty times, and are familiar to the play-goer. It is "Across the Continent" and "Horizon" business, for which the Bowery—that fruitful mother of the terrific trial and the intensely interesting *denouement*—is answerable. Formerly this was peculiar to the Bowery and the East-side, but now it has crossed to Broadway and the region of *recherché* toilets and refined manners. "Randall's Thumb" is not American, but it might well be, in its noble disdain of reason and probability. Had it been produced at Niblo's, it might have been open to objection; but Wallack's is the temple of the legitimate.

At the NATIONAL ACADEMY, excellent as the exhibition is, there is but a poor show of female artists. In Art, as in Literature, there is free room for woman; and in our American school she does not labor under those disabilities which may be supposed to have impeded her advance in the older schools of the other hemisphere. Landscape, fruits and flowers, or genre, are open to her everywhere. The higher walks of figure composition are within her reach, at least within the range usually attained by American artists. The great drawback to woman's success is want of earnestness. Art is a coy mistress—needs long and steady wooing. Partial devotion will never win her. Those who address themselves to Art with the purpose of mere bread winning, will never make success. There must be no lukewarm worship nor ignoble motive. The needs of the body are imperative, but not less so are the needs of the soul.

Art, with her limitless possibilities, has also the hope of perpetual progress, and the present certainty of pure gratification to all pure instincts. To Woman Art ought to be most precious as a means of self-development in the highest direction. But to attain anything woman must work patiently, perseveringly, with her face to the light.

There are over forty-five lady exhibitors, with from one to three or four works each; and among these a large proportion do not merit even notice. Virginia Granberry, usually liberal of her contributions, has only one small picture, "June Roses," No. 75. Mrs. T. M. Wheeler has a bouquet of fall flowers (No. 88), well painted, but the interest of the picture is much diminished by the careless treatment of the accessories. Nos. 99 and 100, by E. C. Field and S. D. Gilbert, are bits of neat handling, so similar that they might have been supposed from the same pencil. No. 117, a large lily, L. C. Church, is a bold, vigorous study, with much promise. No. 188, in the north room, "A Drove of Cattle," by Miss C. M. Clowes, is unusually good and strong. There is great variety and bold foreshortening; the lordly bull steps along, firm, easy and protecting, while the other animals have all the appropriate character. The group in the rear is less carefully executed, and the landscape is indifferent. There is much of Rosa Bonheur's treatment in this picture. But that great artist neglects nothing. "Waiting for Customers," No. 119, C. W. Conant, is hard and flat, but it is vigorous, and gives promise of better things. We shall return to these woman pictures.

While in the corridor the visitor should notice a fine crayon head in the corner, also a remarkably fine head in "Sepia," No. 17, Harold Haarfager, a "Battle of the Old Vikings," a sketch in oil, is a production of immense work and variety. In the storming of the Royal Galley the contest is fierce and life like. Warriors in every posture and attitude. There is all the heroic rage of the old Norseman, and some paths in their fidelity to the death. A little more sentiment would have been a relief to the mind. Brute force, however impressive and tremendous, requires to be directed by heart and feeling, in order to evoke sympathy in art. A fine picture is that of the "Ship on Fire," No. 234, east room, by Bierstadt. The flame is absolutely in motion, the volumes of dense smoke rolling up so slowly form a powerful contrast with the intensity of the burning mass below, and the management of the light gives to the picture a vivid sense of reality. In the same room is a small picture, by Mosler, No. 228, "Cat's Cradle." An old man with a little girl: the girl is indifferently drawn and draped, nor is the expression sufficiently infantile for the occasion. But the old gentleman is excellent. His embarrassment, real or assumed, his carefully painted face, the defects in his well-saved costume are natural. Here is another instance of a picture half good and half bad.

For an oratorio or a society concert, Miss Kellogg and Mme. Rosa receive from \$300 to \$500. Operatic performances are paid for by special contract, either by the month or week, according to the number of times the artist makes his or her appearance. A first class English opera prima donna will receive from \$300 to \$500 per week and expenses; a tenor, \$250; a baritone and basso, from \$150 to \$300, according to ability; the secondary people in the same branch receive from \$100 downward. A lady concert artist of first-class reputation as a ballad singer, will command from \$50 to \$100, according to popularity.

There will probably be considerable competition in English opera this season, it being likely that there will be three opera companies in the field. In prima donnas we have Kellogg, Mme. Rosa, Mme. Van Zandt, Laura Harris, Caroline Richings, Rose Hersee, Emma Hewson and Susan Gaiton. For contraltos, there are the Misses Cary and Moreau, Mrs. Zeld Seguin, Miss Sterling, Mrs. Bowler, and one or two promising amateurs. For tenors, George Simpson, Castle, Nordblom, Bowler, Farley and H. E. Clarke. The baritones available are Laurence, Campbell, Ainsley, Cooke, Seguin and Drayton. Basses are more difficult to find, and there is not one at present on the English opera stage. John Clark (the basso of Grace Church) is probably the only artist of that description who has had any experience in the business. Mr. M. W. Whitney, of Boston, who has been singing oratorio with Nilsson and Kellogg, would be a valuable addition to the operatic world. Mr. Foley, the prominent basso of the Italian Opera in London, is an American, and can probably be engaged, if money enough is offered him. It is certainly time we heard *bassi profondi* sing.

The Song Journal, a very bright musical paper, handsomely printed and with excellent reading, has reached its fifth issue.

Herr Niemann, of the Royal Opera, Berlin, is undoubtedly the greatest living tenor, physically and musically. He is over six feet high, wears long hair, a mustache, and a long, light beard, pointed in the middle. He has a magnificent presence on the stage, and is a fine actor. His voice is *tenore robusto*. Of his musical ability it is enough to say that he is able to "do" the tenor parts in Wagner's operas, which, as a general rule, are beyond the powers of most operatic artists.

Mr. H. T. Reed, the manager of the late series of People's Concerts in New York, is turning his attention to some of the smaller cities. He has already given heap concerts, very successfully, in several New England cities.

[From Scribner's Monthly.]

## THE OUTCAST.

Bleak winds of winter, sobbing and moaning,  
Pluck not my rags with your pitiless hand;  
Here in the darkness, cold and despairing,  
Homeless and friendless, and starving I stand.  
Scourged by the white icy whips of the tempest,  
I wander, forlorn, on my desolate way,  
Forgotten of earth, and forsaken of heaven,  
Too frozen to kneel and too hungry to pray.

I look at the stately and palace-like dwellings  
That line with their grandeur the pathway I tread;  
I fancy the brightness and warmth of the hearthstone,  
The plenteous board, with the wine and the bread.  
I see the heads bow'd with a reverent meaning—  
A blessing is breathed o'er the sumptuous fare;  
Will it rise to the ear of the pitiful Father,  
Or die of the cold like the vagabond's prayer?

Hark! midnight. The chime from the church-tower  
above me  
Drops solemnly down through the whirl of the  
storm;  
If one could but pass through the gate to the portal,  
Could sleep there, and dream it was lighted and  
warm.

Give way, cruel bars! let me through to a refuge!  
Give way! but I rave, and fierce winds reply:  
"No room in His house for His vagabond children,  
No room in His porch for an outcast to die."

No room in His dwellings—no room in the churches,  
No room in the prison—for hunger's no crime.  
Is there room in the bed of the river, I wonder,  
Deep down by the pier in the ooze and the slime?  
Mock on, taunting wind! I can laugh but an answer,  
An hour, and your bitterest breath I defy;  
Since bars shut me out of God's house among mortals,  
I will knock at the gate of His home in the sky!

## Nutrition of the Brain.

Some time ago Professor Agassiz, in a speech before a Boston assemblage, asserted that a fish diet, on account of the phosphorus contained in it, is especially adapted to nourish the brain, and that those persons who subsist upon it largely, are consequently more likely than others, if possessing the same natural powers, to be distinguished for their brightness and intellectuality. Professor Agassiz is generally regarded as being, in such matters, the highest authority in the United States, if not the very highest living, and this estimate is undoubtedly correct. But Dr. G. M. Beard, excellent scientific authority, opposes the Professor's theory in an able magazine article, arguing that brain work requires a richer and more substantial food, and a larger quantity of it, than mechanics and laboring men, because:

First—Labor of the brain causes greater loss of tissue than labor of the muscles, three hours of hard study producing more important changes of tissue than a whole day of muscular labor.

Second—Brain workers as a class are more active in their work than mechanics and laborers, the thinking powers, the tools of trade of brain workers, being always at hand and seldom idle.

Third—Brain workers exercise more or less all the organs of the body as well as the brain.

Dr. Beard, to corroborate his views, cites various nationalities. For example, the Romans, Persians and Babylonians, were dominant nations among the ancients, and they were free and luxurious in their habits of eating. In modern times, the English, Germans, French, and Americans are ruling nations, and they are good feeders.

So our brain workers have two theories between them, and they can take their choice. Shall it be fish or roast beef, etc.?

## WOMAN ITEMS.

A WOMAN PROFESSORSHIP has been established at Howard University, to be filled by a woman in perpetuity. It is to be called the Pomeroy Chair, in honor of the Hon. Solon C. Pomeroy, of Kansas, the zealous and staunch supporter of the rights of woman. At the meeting of the trustees of the University, there was a long and animated discussion upon it. First, as to whether it was best to have such an innovation on old and established customs as a woman professorship. Secondly, could women always be found competent to fill it. Thirdly, should she receive equal compensation with the male professors. There was considerable opposition to it, but by the indefatigable labors of the friends of the movement, coupled with the favorable impression already made upon the minds of the trustees and faculty by the subsequently elected lady professor, Mrs. Bella C. Barrows, it was carried by a majority vote, and the lady is duly installed.

Mr. Pomeroy has volunteered to donate the liberal sum of ten thousand dollars toward the endowment of this chair if the women will raise five thousand. Here is an opportunity for the liberal and wealthy women of our land to show their hand. Contributions may be sent to B. A. Lockwood, No. 432 Ninth street, Washington, D. C.

N. E. FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE, BOSTON, was opened twenty-two years ago, and was the first of the kind in the world. It has struggled against poverty and the opposition of the medical faculty, but has fought its way bravely to a position of which its friends are proud. It has graduated about a hundred well educated female physicians, who are scattered over the country, either as regular practitioners or as teachers of medicine, and several are in foreign countries practicing their profession. Within a few months a fine building has been erected for the use of the college, at the south end, near the City Hospital, and there is now every evidence of continued prosperity to the institution. The success of the college and the increasing popularity of female physicians has led to the establishment of similar institutions in this country and Europe, and the old prejudice of the male doctors is fast dying out.

Texas is, after all, the State where woman's rights have received the full recognition. An esteemed correspondent in Montague County writes us that under the law, the wife has a "community interest" in the property of her husband, and upon his death can take one-half of the estate upon giving bond to pay one-half of the "community" debts. There is not much encouragement given to voting, it seems, but very substantial inducements extended to the commission of matrimony.

Mrs. Ada Metcalfe Browning has made her appearance in Norwalk, as a lecturer. Her subject—"Prejudiced People"—was well handled. She expressed her views freely and fearlessly upon many topics of the day, especially upon the "woman question." She spoke in a clear voice, without notes, and with but little embarrassment. Mrs. Browning is only twenty years of age, and gives promise of a bright future.

Miss Mather and Miss Smith, of East Haddam, Connecticut, with eighteen other women, applied to be made voters of, but they were refused. Notwithstanding the refusal, the two mentioned tried to vote at the recent election, and, their votes being refused, will appeal to the courts, and claim the right under the Fifteenth Amendment. Miss Mather is a Republican and Miss Smith a Democrat.

A New Hampshire *pater familias* was recently asked by an ambitious young man to bestow upon him the honor of his daughter's hand. The old gentleman responded graciously, "Why, of course you may have her; and don't you know some likely young man that will take the other?"

Women have a much finer sense of the beautiful than men. They are, by far, the safest umpires in matters of propriety. A mere school-girl will be thinking and writing about the beauty of birds and flowers, while her brother is robbing the nests and destroying the flowers.

Mrs. Lucretia Mott, who is now drawing nigh her eightieth year, has lately formed a determination to make with her own hands, and to present to each of her children, a rag carpet. As a protest against the too prevalent gray of the Quaker style of ornamentation, Mrs. Mott is making these carpets of bright rags.

Victoria C. Woodhull recently lectured for the Radical Club at Syracuse, and refused compensation. "What do I want with money?" said she. "I make \$100 per month out of my business." She further stated that she often spent \$20,000 per month in spreading her sentiments on Female Suffrage.—*Exchange*.

Miss Minnie C. Swayze lectured on Woman and her Abilities, at Princeton, N. J., on Monday evening. Miss Swayze has resigned her position as Professor of Elocution at Vassar College, that she may devote her entire attention and energies to lecturing, which she has adopted as a profession.

The Princess of Wales is described as looking very thin and worn, with a lovely face so full of sadness as to be pathetic. She is said to have lost in a few years all the freshness and bloom of youth, which at the time of her nuptials were the theme of praise throughout England.

Mrs. Dillon, of Yellow Springs, Ohio, lately obtained a verdict of fifty dollars against one Sprague. The defendant had been in the habit of selling the husband of the plaintiff liquor against her earnest remonstrance, and the result was as above stated.

Mrs. Sarah Hand, whose death at the advanced age of ninety-three took place recently at Cape May, was the last survivor of the company of young ladies who strewed flowers in Washington's path during his triumphal passage through Trenton in 1789.

Mrs. Elizabeth G. Small, of Portland, has been in a trance for a week or more. She sings and converses without recognizing her friends, and during all this time lies in bed and eats nothing unless it is forced upon her.

In Indianapolis a charming lady physician was called to administer to a gentleman down with a fever. "You need good nursing," said the lady. "Nurse me for life," replied the patient. "I will," was the soft answer.

A clever repartee is attributed to the member from Mormondom in the new Congress. A brother member asked him how many wives he had. "Enough to keep from running after other people's," was the prompt reply.

The Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia is selling tickets for all her own paintings, which are to be disposed of in a lottery for the benefit of the invalid fund. The drawing will take place on the first of June.

An old bachelor says that giving the ballot to women would not amount to anything practically, because they would insist that they were too young to vote until they got too old to take any interest in politics.

Love, with board, is the newest advertisement for a Chicago boarding house.

When Queen Olga, daughter of Nicolas of Russia, was told by her husband that the accession of Wurtemberg to the German Confederation was unavoidable (she had always been stoutly opposed to it), she said: "I thought when I gave my hand to Your Majesty, that I was marrying a king, not a satrap. But we women are always deceived in our husbands."

Miss Eliza, a twelve-year-old prima donna of Vienna, is coming to America with the celebrated orchestra, composed wholly of ladies and conducted by a lady, the whole under engagement to an American impresario.

Elizabeth Mary Powell, lately a teacher at Vassar College, has been invited to become associate resident pastor of the Free Congregational Society of Florence, Mass.

The wife of Dr. Merle D'Aubigne, the historian, is actively engaged in Sunday-school work in Geneva. She is the superintendent, and instructs both teachers and pupils.

An Oregon schoolma'am is entirely disheartened because a prowling panther has eaten up the largest portion of the only good-looking young man in her neighborhood.

George Sand is a candidate for one of the seats now vacant in the French Academy, and is said to have good prospects of success.

A young lady in Versailles, Ky., was saved by her chignon from having her brains dashed out the other day when she fell from a third-story window.

Princess Salm-Salm receives from the Archduchess Sophia of Austria an annual pension of 2,000 florins, and the pension will probably be increased.

The husband of the popular novelist, Mrs. Craik (Dinah Maria Muloch), is a partner in the prosperous London publishing house of Macmillan & Co.

Miss Carrie A. Moore is now engaged in giving exhibitions of her skill in skating in San Francisco, for the benefit of the Pavilion Skating Club.

Miss Kellogg has been presented with a handsome necklace by the Masonic fraternity of Buffalo.

Mrs. Lyman is the writer of the interesting articles in the N. Y. Tribune entitled "Home Interests."

Pauline Lucca, the Berlin songstress, is to visit the United States.

Lucy Stone likens boys to vinegar—the more mother in them the sharper they are.

Miss Fowler is the leading physician of Orange, N. J.

An Atlanta paper calls Parepa "the magnificent and motherly nightingale."

The chaplain of the Kansas State Prison is an old lady of seventy years, Mrs. Lydia Sexton.

A "lady horse thief" has been convicted in North Carolina. Another step in the woman movement.

Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble is in Rome. Olive Logan is thirty-two years old.

COMPTROLLER CONNOLLY has sent out a circular, notifying the heads of departments that a revision of the pay-roll and expenses will be necessary, inasmuch as the new tax-levy calls for a reduction of six and three quarter millions. This looks good! almost too good. Not the least mischief of evil deeds is the unbelief they engender. Look around, and see the millionaires in the city government, men who began with nothing, who toil not, neither do they spin, and yet live in palaces, feast sumptuously, and are gorgeously arrayed. It is hard not to distrust these givers of good things. An economical government, retrenchment and strict accountability—what is the world coming to?

The N. Y. Atlas says they drink a new brand of whisky out West, called "Victoria C. Woodhull," which is said to have a fearful long range, and is, we presume, intended to perform the same duty in the next Presidential canvass for Mrs. Woodhull that hard cider did for the Whigs in the celebrated campaign of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." If so, Victoria has certainly seized upon one of the most popular elements of success, which may secure her the vote of Grant himself if he is thrown overboard by the Republican Convention.

## SONG.

The sweetest songs are those  
That few men ever hear,  
And no men ever sing.

The clearest skies are those  
That farthest off appear  
To birds of strongest wing.

The dearest loves are those  
That no man can come near  
With his best following.

Mark Twain, in his description of a fashionable ball he once attended, says: "Mrs. W. M. was attired in an elegant *pate de foie gras*, made expressly for her, and was greatly admired. Miss S. had her hair done up. She was the centre of attraction for the gentlemen, and the envy of all the ladies. Miss G. W. was tastefully dressed in a *tout ensemble*, and was greeted with deafening applaus—wherever she went. Mrs. C. N. was superbly arrayed in white kid gloves. Her modest and engaging manner accorded well with the unpretending simplicity of her costume, and caused her to be regarded with absorbing interest by every one. Miss R. P., with that repugnance to ostentation in dress which is so peculiar to her, was attired in a simple white lace collar, fastened with a neat pearl button solitaire. The charming Miss M. E. B. appeared in a thrilling waterfall. How beautiful she was! The radiant and sylph-like Mrs. F. wore hoops. She showed to good advantage, and created a sensation wherever she appeared. She was the gayest of the gay."

GRIFFIN LEE'S PREADAMITE MAN.—Your correspondent, Reichner, quotes from the above-named book, the first edition of which appeared under the *nom de plume*, "Griffin Lee, of Texas." This was because of the bigotry then rampant in the world, but since, thank God, pretty effectually squelched, through such journals as the WEEKLY, the *Golden Age*, and other out-spoken advocates of truth and right. The author of that book, published at the office of the American News Company, New York, is the well-known writer, Dr. P. B. Randolph, of Boston, Mass.—Respectfully, ANONYMA.

"Tell that man to take off his hat in court," said a judge, the other morning, to an officer. The offender, who turned out to be a lady, wearing the fashionable sailor hat, indignantly exclaimed, "I am no man, sir!" "Then," said his Honor, "I am no judge."