

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT! UNTRAMMELED LIVES!

BRKAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

VOL. 3.—No. 6.—WHOLE No. 58.

NEW YORK, JUNE 24, 1871.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE
LOANERS' BANK
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
(ORGANIZED UNDER STATE CHARTER.)
"Continental Life" Building,
22 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

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

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:
WILLIAM M. TWEED, SHEPHERD F. KNAPP,
A. F. WILMARTH, EDGAR F. BROWN,
EDGAR W. CROWELL, ARCHIBALD M. BLISS,
DORR RUSSELL.

This Bank negotiates LOANS, makes COLLEC-
TIONS, advances on SECURITIES, and receives
DEPOSITS.
Accounts of Bankers, Manufacturers and Merchants
will receive special attention.
FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST paid on
CURRENT BALANCES, and liberal facilities offered
to our CUSTOMERS.

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

TANNER & CO.,
BANKERS,
No. 11 WALL STREET, NEW YORK,
DEALERS IN
STOCKS, BONDS, GOLD AND EXCHANGE.
ORDERS EXECUTED AT THE STOCK AND
GOLD EXCHANGES.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS SUBJECT TO CHECK
AT SIGHT.

Buy and sell at current market rates, the FIRST
MORTGAGE EIGHT (8) PER PER CENT. GOLD
BONDS of the ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY
RAILROAD COMPANY.
Interest, payable August and February, in New
York, London, or Frankfurt-on-the-Main, free of
United States taxes. Present market quotations, 97½
a 98½c. and interest.

TANNER & CO.,
No. 11 WALL STREET.

8 Per Cent. Interest
First Mortgage Bonds!

OF THE

ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD
COMPANY.

Principal and Interest Payable in Gold.

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

Mortgage at the rate of \$13,500 per mile.
Price 97½ and accrued interest.

We unhesitatingly recommend them, and will fur-
nish maps and pamphlets upon application.

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

HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH.
OFFICE OF
FISK & HATCH.
BANKERS,
AND
DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 5 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.,
Opposite U. S. Sub-Treasury.

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

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

We make collections on all points in the
United States and Canada, and issue Certifi-
cates of Deposit available in all parts of the
Union.

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

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

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

BANKING HOUSE
OF
HENRY CLEWS & Co.,
No. 32 Wall Street.

Interest allowed on all daily balances of Currency
or Gold.

Persons depositing with us can check at sight in
the same manner as with National Banks.

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

Advances made to our dealers at all times, on ap-
proved collaterals, at market rates of interest.

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

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

Railroad, State, City and other Corporate Loan
negotiated.

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

Dividends and Coupons collected.

RAILROAD IRON,
FOR SALE BY
S. W. HOPKINS & CO.,
71 BROADWAY.

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

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

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

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

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

Loans negotiated.

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

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

CALDWELL & CO.,
BANKERS,
27 Wall St., New York.

Order for Purchase and Sale of United
States Securities, Stocks, Bonds and Ameri-
can Gold promptly executed at the usual
commission.

Collections promptly made in all parts
of the United States and Canada.

Interest, 4 per cent., allowed on de-
posits, subject to sight draft.

J. OSBORN. ADDISON CAMMACK

OSBORN & CAMMACK,
BANKERS,

No. 34 BROAD STREET.

STOCKS, STATE BONDS, GOLD AND FEDERAL
SECURITIES, bought and sold on Commission.

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

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

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

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

SAM'L BARTON. HENRY ALLEN.

BARTON & ALLEN,
BANKERS AND BROKERS,
No. 40 BROAD STREET.

Socks, Bonds and Gold bought and sold on com-
mission.

NEW YORK
STATE RAILROAD BONDS.

A First-Class Home Investment.

FIRST MORTGAGE
GOLD BONDS

OF THE

RODOUT & OSWEGO
RAILROAD.

Principal & Interest Payable in
Gold.

Seven per Cent. Semi-Annually.

This Road covers 100 miles of the most direct pos-
sible line, between the Great Lakes and deep water
navigation on the Hudson River, the whole line of
which will be completed and in operation on or be-
fore October 1st, 1872, and give a new line of road to
Lake Ontario and the West, 25 miles shorter than any
line that can be found.

It passes through the Cement, Flag-Stone and Lum-
ber regions of Ulster County, and the rich, agricul-
tural bottoms of Delaware and Greene Counties, all
of which have not heretofore been reached by railroad
facilities, and from which sections, the formation of
the country prevents the construction of a competing
line.

The 36 miles of road operated for three months is
already paying net earnings equivalent to 7 per cent.
gold, on its cost of construction and equipments.
The issue of Bonds is limited to \$20,000 per mile of
COMPLETED ROAD, the coupons payable in gold in
this city.

PRICE OF THE BONDS, 90 IN CURRENCY.

Full particulars of the above may be had of, and
the Bonds for sale by

Edward Haight & Co.,

9 Wall Street, NEW YORK CITY.

Financial Agents of the R. & O. Company.

BANKING HOUSE
OF

KOUNTZE BROTHERS,

NEW YORK,

14 WALL STREET.

Four per cent. interest allowed on all deposits.

Collections made everywhere.

Orders for Gold, Government and other securities
executed.

MIDLAND BONDS

IN DENOMINATIONS OF

\$100, \$500 and \$1,000.

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

RESOURCES OF THE COMPANY.

Full paid stock subscriptions, about.....\$6,500,000
Subscriptions to convertible bonds..... 600,000
Mortgage bonds, \$20,000 per mile, on 345 miles..... 6,900,000
Total.....\$14,000,000
Equal to \$40,000 per mile.

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

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

New York, Dec. 2, 1870.
Messrs. GEORGE OPDYKE & Co., New York:

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

The earnings for the month of October, from all sources, were \$43,709 17, equal to \$534 510 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 \$314,57 02 in excess of interest of the bonds issued thereon.

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

D. C. LITTLEJOHN, President

N. Y. and O. Midland Railroad Co.

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

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

GEORGE OPDYKE & CO.,

25 Nassau Street.

"THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST."



Being constructed with regard to scientific accuracy, are used in all tests of skill by the best players in the country, and in all first-class clubs and hotels. Illustrated catalogue of everything relating to billiards sent by mail.

PHELAN & COLLENDER

788 BROADWAY, New York City.

DR. LISTER, ASTROLOGER,
26 Lowell street, Boston.
For terms send for a circular. Hours, from 9 A. M. to P. M.

"THE BLEES."

NOISELESS.

LINK-MOTION.

LOCK-STITCH



Sewing Machine

Challenges the world in perfection of work, strength and beauty of stitch, durability of construction and rapidity of motion.
Call and examine. Send for circular. Agents wanted.

MANUFACTURED BY

BLEES SEWING MACHINE CO.,
623 BROADWAY, New York.

THE
STOCK EXCHANGE
BILLIARD ROOMS.

Seven first-class Phelan Tables.

69 & 71 BROADWAY,
(Nearly opposite Wall St.)

Open from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M., exclusively for the
Stock and Gold Boards and Bankers.

The Finest Qualities of Imported Wines,
Brandies and Cigars.

Wholesale Store—71 BROADWAY.
JOHN GAULT.

PIANOS!

PIANOS!

CABINET ORGANS

AND

MELODEONS,

AT

MERRELL'S,

[Late Cummings,]

Piano Warerooms, No. 8 Union
Square.

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

M. M. MERRELL,

LATE CUMMINGS,

No. 8 Union Square.

WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & CO.,

Bankers and Brokers,

No. 44 BROAD STREET,

New York.

BOOTS & SHOES.

PORTER & BLISS,

LADIES', GENTS' AND MISSES'
BOOTS & SHOES,
No. 1,255 Broadway,
Corner of Thirty-first street, New York
(Opposite Grand Hotel and Clifford House.)

BOYS' AND YOUTHS'
BOOTS AND SHOES
A SPECIALTY

SYPPER & CO.,

(Successors to D. Marley.)

No. 557 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Dealers in

MODERN AND ANTIQUE
Furniture, Bronzes,
CHINA, ARTICLES OF VERTU.

Established 1826.

WM. DIBBLEE,

LADIES' HAIR DRESSER,

854 Broadway,

HAS REMOVED FROM HIS STORE TO THE
FIRST FLOOR,

where he will continue to conduct his business in all its branches TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. CHEAPER than heretofore, in consequence of the difference in his rent.

CHATELAIN BRAIDS,

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WIGS,

and everything appertaining to the business will be kept on hand and made to order.

DIBBLEEANIA for stimulating, JAPONICA for soothing, and the MAGIC TAR SALVE for promoting the growth of the hair, constantly on hand.
Consultation on diseases of the scalp, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Also, his celebrated

HARABA ZEIN,

or FLESH BEAUTIFIER, the only pure and harmless preparation ever made for the complexion. No lady should ever be without it. Can be obtained only at

WM. DIBBLEE'S,
854 Broadway, up-stairs.

G. W. WARD & CO.

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WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S
WEEKLY

FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

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San Francisco, Cal.

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WATCHES.

In Solid Gold and Coin Silver only.

BENEDICT'S TIME WATCH—PRICES.
Silver Watch, Ovington Benedict..... \$30 00
Gold (18 kt.)..... 90 00
Silver Watch, Samuel W. Benedict..... 45 00
Gold (18 kt.)..... 105 00

AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCHES—PRICES.

Coin Silver Hunting Watch, Wm. Ellery..... \$19 00
Gold Hunting Watches, Gentle Sizes..... 79 00
Gold Hunting Watches, Ladies' Sizes..... 70 00

Sent to all parts of the country by Express, with privilege to examine before paying.
Send for a Price List before purchasing elsewhere.

BENEDICT BROTHERS,

Jewelers and Keepers of the City Time.

691 BROADWAY, near Fourth Street, NEW YORK.



A BEAUTIFUL

SET OF TEETH,

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

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN.

With Nitrous Oxide Gas.

No extra charge when others are inserted.

SPLENDID SETS, \$10 to \$30.

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

STEREOSCOPES,

VIEWS, ALBUMS, CHROMOS, FRAMES.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
Invite the attention of the Trade to their extensive assortment of the above goods of their own publication, manufacture and importation.

Also, PHOTO LANTERN SLIDES

and GRAPHOSCOPES.

NEW VIEWS OF YOSEMITE.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
Opposite Metropolitan Hotel,
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF
PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS.

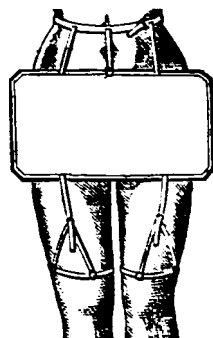
GO TO
RANDOLPH'S
CLOTHING EMPORIUM,
684 BROADWAY,
Corner Great Jones Street.
The Cheapest Place in the City.

PATENT

STOCKING SUPPORTER

AND

LADIES' PROTECTOR.



NO MORE COLD FEET—NO MORE
DEFORMED LIMBS.

MRS. DANIELS takes pleasure in offering the
above articles to ladies, with the assurance that they
will give satisfaction.

The trade supplied at a discount.

No. 63 Clarendon Street,

BOSTON.

OR MRS. C. A. GAYNOR,

824 Broadway, New York.



RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.

BEST SALVE IN USE.

Sold by all Druggists at no date.

JOHN F. HENRY,
Sole Proprietor, No. 8 College Place,
NEW YORK.

SCHOLARSHIP.

Value \$150. Will Sell It For \$100.

It entitles the holder to attend as many regular lectures as he pleases until he is graduated.
The institution is known as "The Eclectic Medical College of New York," the only one of the kind in the city, and is located at 223 East Twenty-sixth street. All particulars ascertained from Professor COMINS, 174 East Twenty-sixth Street, a few doors from Third avenue.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Single copies, 10 cts.

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For each line, per week, from \$1.00 to \$1.50

For each line, per month, from \$3.00 to \$4.50

For each line, per quarter, from \$7.50 to \$12.00

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Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly,

44 Broad Street, New York City.

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.

SEND IN THE NAMES.

Congress has been memorialized to pass a "Declaratory Act" forever settling the Constitutional equality of all persons who are made citizens by the Constitution. Two reports from the Judiciary Committee have been made upon the memorial.

The majority report admits that women are citizens, but declines to recommend that they be protected in the full exercise of the rights of citizenship. The minority report refutes the fallacious positions of the majority, and recommends that Congress pass the required Act.

There is but one thing wanting to secure such action as every lover of equality must desire, and that is to pour in upon Congress such a mass of names as will convince them that the people really desire and will sustain them in securing equal rights to all citizens of the United States. Every one who reads this should constitute him or herself a committee of one to obtain all the names possible as signers to

the petition below, and mail the same to Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, Washington, D. C., Secretary to the National Woman Suffrage and Equal Rights Committee.

To the Congress of the United States:

We, the undersigned citizens of the United States, being fully convinced that under the original Constitution of the United States and by the provisions of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, women citizens are entitled to vote, do most earnestly request your Honorable Body to pass a Declaratory Act that shall guarantee to them the full exercise of the right to the elective franchise in all the States and Territories of the Union.

THE JENNY LIND SCANDAL.

It suited the purpose of the moral journals to raise a howl at the notorious woman's paper for traducing one of the world's idols. The public interest is so short lived, and the succession of daily events so rapid, that the whole matter is clean forgotten by this time. We only revive it to give place to a comment from a contemporary, and to express our acknowledgments for generous, manly criticism. The Philadelphia Republic says:

We have received, as an exchange, WOODHULL & CLAFFIN'S WEEKLY, and find it bold and fearless in tone, but given too much, we think, to the discussion of social problems and abuses, which strike us as being improper subjects for newspaper comment. However, if the aim of Mesdames Woodhull and Claflin is to make a journal that will pay, they will doubtless succeed in their aim. In a recent issue they comment rather severely on the newspapers that have taken them to task for publishing a paragraph respecting the difficulties between Jenny Lind Goldschmidt and her husband, which paragraph, copied in two or three English papers, has subjected those papers to a suit for libel, which has ended disastrously for them. Woodhull and Claflin claim, and truthfully, too, that they are in no degree responsible for this; that this paragraph has been floating around in newspapers for months, and their only connection with the story is that of republishing it. Ten years ago a distinguished English lady visited this country. She was a strong advocate of woman's rights, and was, we believe, the person who circulated the report of the unhappiness of Jenny Lind.

She told us she was personally acquainted with the great cantatrice, and regretted the law which had given the earnings of her friend into the hands of a mean and narrow-spirited man, who refused to allow her to carry out the schemes of benevolence to which her heart prompted her. Our informant told us that this interference with her natural rights made Madame Goldschmidt very unhappy, and led to frequent quarrels between her and her husband. And we believe, in spite of the verdict of the English court, that this is true. The lady who brought this news from the other side of the ocean told it, we know, to many editors, and we have seen it resuscitated hundreds of times during the last ten years and are sure that neither Victoria Woodhull nor Fannie C. Claflin had anything to do with originating it.

The writer of the above extract says that the statement was first published in the Tribune in 1868.

The Tribune and all the virtuous dailies are very much shocked, very, at any attempts made to loosen the legal marriage bond, or to legitimize illegitimacy. They forget that where there is no law there is no sin. They further forget that the penalties of sin are as frequently visited on the innocent as on the guilty. The Tribune, in the following extract, preaches a sermon that might move stones; but though "the question becomes more urgent and alarming every year," it proposes no remedy, contenting itself with throwing stones at those who do:

What we are to do with the steadily increasing weight of illegitimate and pauper children thrown upon the State for support and protection is a question which becomes more urgent and alarming with every year. Foundling hospitals, orphan asylums, Homes for the Friendless, are but so many inefficient hands held up to lift the helpless mass. Their motive is, without doubt, pure and Christ-like, but they neither effectually remedy the evil nor prevent it. A paper read lately before the Social Science Association in Philadelphia, by a physician who has for years had thousands of these helpless waifs under his charge, puts the subject in its plainest and strongest light. He estimates the illegitimate births in New York and Philadelphia as four per cent. of the whole number. "The mortality among these infants," Dr. Parry adds, "is fearful. In my own experience, 75 per cent. die before attaining one year of age. The deaths result from neglect and deficient nutrition. The mothers become outcasts from society if their indiscretion is made public, so that but one of two courses is left for them to pursue—to rid themselves of the burden by criminal means, or to abandon it." Nearly one-fifth of the inquests held by the coroner are upon cases of infanticide.

THE COMMUNE, during the day of its desperate struggle, was the object of the Herald's severest reprobation. It was ignorant, brutal, made up of the dangerous classes, actuated only by the spirit of rapine and fanaticism. As Michelet says of the revolution of '89, the wonder is not that some wretches committed excesses, but that the people were so moderate. The vengeance of the Versailles, the party of law and order, tells another story; no weak pity or respect for political adversaries there. The Herald finds that American sympathy is not with the monarchists, and puts about thus:

If Europe does not understand the Commune, we do, and define it as the effect of French progress working upon the brutalized humanity which ever lies in ambush under a throne. This always waits its opportunity and strikes, tiger-like, at the merciless hand which, in France, has never relaxed its pressure since the days of Charlemagne. The Commune felt the impulse of the times, and if it failed to enunciate sound republican principles the fault should be credited to that European element which thrives on ignorance—not to the Commune itself.

INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS VS. THE RIGHTS OF THE COMMUNITY.

THE TEST OF GOVERNMENTAL CONTROL.

THE APPLICATION TO SOCIAL ORDER.

If a rigid analysis of the present condition and the general results of marriage, as now practiced, were to be gone into, we doubt if there would be found a single circumstance to recommend its continuance. We do not desire it to be understood that we assert that there are no good conditions in the marriage state. By no means do we say this; on the very contrary, we assert, most positively, that there is very much to be commended in present social relations. But this, we hold, would exist just the same were there no restrictive laws of marriage and divorce.

The great difficulty to be met and overcome is not so much to gain the acceptance of the idea of what should be, as to convince people that the good there is now existing in marriage is not the result of the existing laws; and, further, that a very great deal of the ill there is existing in marriage is the direct result of these laws.

It does not matter how much, or how loudly, people cry out "mad dog" or "wolf" when we thus hold up marriage laws for analysis. It is perfectly legitimate so to do, and we shall not desist on account of any carplings or howlings which self-assumed godliness and purity may raise against us. Neither shall we even give heed to that class of intellectual giants who attempt to daub us with their own conceptions of principles, and who mistake free love for free lust. These worthy individuals forget that those who are the most strenuous advocates of capital punishment are they who, from their temperament and education, are most liable to commit murder. They also appear to be oblivious to the doctrine taught by Paul, that "to the pure in heart all things are pure;" and to the legitimate corollary, that to the vile in heart all things are vile.

Now, we do not assert if all marriage laws were repealed that there would be no sexual brutes remaining who would continue in debauch and lust. Those who are brutish (we ask the brute's pardon, for brutes are less brutes, in sexual matters, than are some humans) would still be the brutes they are, and would be so known and regarded, instead of, as now, being able to use the cloak of respectability to cover their deformities. Every one would be true to his and her condition, and every one be known and appreciated for just his worth. Humanity consists of all grades and conditions, and the great mistake has been made to attempt to force all these grades to conform to one rule of action, which any sensible person knows is simply impossible.

Humanity has never yet sought after truth for the sake of the truth. People are not yet willing to accept truth unless it come from what Mrs. Grundy considers a respectable source: just as though truth is worth a whit the less because it comes from an unrecognized direction. When we say that society is rotten to the core, no person of observation will deny it. But when we say that the rottenness is the result of unnatural laws, by which incompatibles are confided together, those who listen make pretense of holy horror. We have yet to find the person who can withstand the logic of principles which relate to the union of the sexes. When appealed to, under circumstances favorable to candor, all yield their assent to our propositions of freedom, and are obliged to confess that they are incontrovertible; though some will contend that they are unwise at this early day.

What is there in marriage law so sacred that the people regard any tampering with it as sacrilege? Bring the case home to every heart, and ask each what the law of marriage is to you: Does it make you any purer and better; any more faithful and just; any more loving and kind; any better husband or wife? No one will admit it, even if they really feel that it does; and those who feel that it does any of these things are simply mistaken.

Now, the fact of the case is directly the reverse of all these things. All restrictive laws, instead of tending to improve existing conditions, have the opposite effect. Let every wife who has a truant husband ask herself this home question: Would your husband follow prostitution as he does did he not know that you are bound to him so strongly that you cannot get free, except by a public and disgraceful proceeding, in which you must prove a disagreeable, perhaps a disgusting fact, from which he knows you shrink?

Suppose for a moment that you were as free to do as he does, as he is himself, do you think he would as recklessly put your union in jeopardy as he does? People venture upon dangerous paths to the extent they feel safe. They carefully weigh all the probabilities, and are governed accordingly. Now, if husbands knew they would forfeit not only all love of their wives, but also their union, by departure from virtue, there would be a great many less men prostitutes than there now are. For we believe it a nearly universal fact that, however much men may debauch themselves, their real heart's love remains with the true woman, rather than with the number with whom they prostitute themselves.

Again. It seems to be either forgotten or ignored that no law ever made a single soul virtuous or a single life pure. Virtue and vice exist without regard to law. What is true of love is equally true of all affections and sentiments. They are all independent of law, and true to the various individual

conditions in which they exist. The true and only test of virtue is that it exists in the individual entirely independent of any law which commands that it should or should not manifest itself thus or thus.

And even if this were not so, what comfort would it be to any man or woman to realize that their partner is faithful simply because the law compels that it be so. The very first principles of love revolt at all such subjection, and they who would make use of it are enacting the role of the tyrant over the unwilling subject, and this is not permissible under our theory of government.

But, says one, if two persons mutually agree to live together as man and wife during their natural lives, should they not be compelled so to do? By no manner of means; any more than a person should persist in doing a great wrong, simply because he had once determined to do it. People are not yet infallible. They may, and will, frequently enter into agreements which, at the time, seem to be proper and right and just, which afterward may turn out to be the very reverse, and destructive to all their happiness. In such cases, it is self-evident that the agreement should be broken. It is a positive wrong for persons to continue an agreement when it results in injury rather than benefit to all concerned.

There are a class of cases in which one party only to the agreement may desire its discontinuance—the other objecting. In this class, somewhat different principles are involved than in those heretofore considered. It may be necessary to return to the enunciated principle, that when two contract and one fails to perform, the other has no means of enforcing it. This is where two persons only are concerned, each of whom enters upon the contract relying upon his or her knowledge of the other, and upon personal honor for the faithful performance thereof. In such cases there is no appeal. The situation must be accepted. The contract being severed, legitimate results will follow, and they cannot be escaped. If it bring sorrow to one and joy to one, it cannot be changed. It must, however, be remembered, if the contract were continued by force, the same result would obtain—sorrow for one, and for one, joy; so that at best the only alternative is a transposition of situations, which neither adds to nor detracts from the sum of good results. Nor can we see wherein social order would be better maintained by the enforcement than by the release.

The same rule of justice applies to this case that does in all other cases of non-fulfillment of contract. If a person borrow a sum of money from another, contracting to return the same in a given time, and from unforeseen circumstances is absolutely prevented from so doing, how can he be compelled? The law may attempt to punish him for failure, but what sort of justice would that be? A person may presume to love another a lifetime, at the time being perfectly honest in the making thereof, and being convinced of his ability to fulfill it; but circumstances may make it utterly impossible for him to comply. If hate come and supplant love, it comes because of powers of which nothing was known at the contracting time. To say that such promises should be indissoluble, is to assume that men are infallible.

Therefore, whether we view the laws of marriage from the standpoint of principle or of practice, we find no reasons for concluding that they are or should be indissoluble. On the contrary, we find every reason for concluding that they should be regulated according to each individual case—that is to say, that facts should be regulated by the principle involved, instead of attempting to compel the principle to accommodate itself to all the different classes of facts.

TENNIE C. CLAFLIN.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN says: "We are destroying our offspring every day in our houses and in our cities. It is a terrible fact. We find American blood is dying out. Out of forty millions we have ten millions Celtic, ten Teutonic, four others, and only seven millions of Anglo-Saxon and American blood in our population. We find all over the country the terrible crime going on that is not preached against by our Protestant churches. Why don't they go on the highways and byways and talk down the crime that makes almost every woman a murderer, and debases our character. You will find that with the children perishing, passing away with the stream, and the American life is going out as the great Teutonic and Celtic is coming in. Unless this is stopped, in two generations the children of the Teuton and the Celt will be walking over the grave of Americans. I tell you that infanticide now is the great terrible crime of to-day."

THE ORLEANS FAMILY are rehabilitated in France. Another of Time's whirligigs. The Prince de Joinville and the Duc d'Aumale, having been elected members of the National Assembly, will now be able to take their seats. Some reflections on the mutability of human affairs naturally rise on the mind of the least informed historical reader, but the really pertinent idea seems—What next and for how long? The Bourbons will certainly not be satisfied with the position of simple citizenship. If they should reassume the kingly office, the Bonapartists will not suffer them to be at peace. If either party should for a time rise to the top, the Republicans of France, backed by the energetic and fiercely fermenting republican sentiment of the progressionists throughout Europe, will make the throne a seat of thorns.

SOME women, even woman's rights women, abandon themselves to envy. If they could but know how we pity them!

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL

Hon. E. D. Mansfield, in answer to Hon. David A. Wells' financial views, given recently, in Cincinnati, is made by the *Tribune* to say:

1. We ask, what is our experience under our present tariff? Has it injured industry, obstructed commerce, oppressed any man or any interest? Let us look at it fairly. The simple truth is that no act of legislation in Great Britain or America, under Pitt or Peel, under Hamilton, Madison, or Jackson, has ever been so signally efficient in promoting revenue, industry, and commerce, as the tariff of 1861 and its revisions.

The gentlemen who, with a most wonderful misnomer, call themselves "Revenue Reformers," say they want a revenue tariff. This is signally a revenue tariff. Look at it!

Increase of revenue:

In 1859	\$53,000,000	In 1869-70	\$194,000,000
In 1864	102,000,000	In 1870-71	210,000,000

Two-thirds enough to carry on the Government, public debt and interest, and not one dollar of it levied on American productions. It is the most successful financial measure ever adopted in any country.

2. What effect on commerce?

Exports and Imports.		Exports and Imports.	
In 1859	\$700,000,000	In 1869-70	\$750,000,000
In 1864 (midst war)	650,000,000	In 1870-71 (at least)	960,000,000

Thus the aggregate commerce of 1870-71 (current year) is \$250,000,000 beyond that of 1859.

3. What is the effect on the manufacture and labor of the country? The manufactures of Cincinnati have doubled in ten years; and we have reason to believe the whole manufacturing industry of Ohio has doubled. Even in that branch of industry which is represented as so much depreciated—shipbuilding—the number of vessels has increased 60 per cent. and the tonnage 34 per cent. The production of coal has doubled, and the pig-iron made has nearly doubled—going from 900,000 to 1,700,000. The premium on gold is now but 11 per cent., but the wages of laborers are thirty per cent. in advance of what they were ten years ago. These facts show that the industry of the country is now on the rising tide of successful progress. Why should we turn it back?

4. The exports of the country are thought to be one of the tests of prosperity. Well, our exports have been rapidly increasing, and in the present current year will reach \$420,000,000. Our agricultural exports have largely increased in the last two years, and as the agitation of Europe continues they will probably be greater.

5. How is it with wealth? The destruction of slave property took from the assessment (not from the reality) \$3,000,000,000. But the assessments of 1870 show only a loss of \$1,600,000,000. Consequently there has been a large actual increase of property even in the South. In the whole country assessed the increase of valuation is \$5,000,000,000, and that after a four years' war, in which we lost 800,000 men and \$4,000,000,000. The increase of wealth, considered in this light, is enormous.

Now, here we have the effect of the actual tariff, taken as a whole, on the revenue, industry, commerce, and wealth of the country. What is it? The customs revenue has been quadrupled from \$83,000,000 to \$210,000,000; foreign commerce in spite of all the outcry about American shipping, increased 20 per cent.; American manufactures increased 80 per cent.; the wealth of the country increased \$5,000,000,000! Is there a man who would change a state of things like this for untried experiments?

And this the *Tribune* calls a stunning reply. But why were not the statements of Mr. Wells, which these are represented as so thoroughly controverting, given, so that the readers might decide which are in fact the true conclusions. Mr. Mansfield concludes that the showing is most favorable. Mr. Wells considers it directly the reverse. Which is right? The first statement, regarding the increase of revenue from a protective tariff, we consider one of the saddest showings that could well be made. Two-thirds enough to carry on the government "has thus been filched from the hard earnings of the poor laborer in common with the rich millionaire"—a system as unjust, as unmerciful as that would be were the wages of the common workman seized at the end of each day by a rapacious government.

A successful financial measure? Yes, if to wring from the wealth-producers to protect the wealth-amassers, and thereby to obtain the means of continuing the government be successful. But if it would be wrong to levy a *per capita* direct tax upon every individual, then is it a terrible hypocrisy which thus indirectly steals the bread from the mouths of the wives and children of those who are dependent upon their daily labor for their daily bread, as one-half the people of the country literally are to this day, and the proportion of whom is every year becoming greater and greater. What business has government to compel the non-taxpayer to pay ten to twenty cents per pound for every pound of coffee he buys, and to charge the rich capitalist no more? That is equal taxation with a vengeance!

If the statement regarding the revenue be sad, that of exports and imports is utterly damning—not simply because of the figures presented, but because of those omitted. In 1859, our exports and imports were \$700,000,000. In 1870-71, \$960,000,000. Later in the statement he inferentially admits that of this last amount the exports were less than one-third—that is, our exports were to our imports as one is to two. Why did not Mr. Mansfield inform us what proportion of the aggregate for 1859 were exports, and what imports? It seems to us that in combining these two opposite sides in one aggregate as commerce, there is an intentional deception. Or does Mr. Mansfield mean to say that commerce is all one and the same in effect upon the country, whether it be of exports or imports? If we turn to the commerce of 1859, we find that the \$700,000,000 was more than one-half exports, which is quite another showing to that of 1870-71. But this is not all. Beside the figures which are called the aggregates of commerce, why does not Mr. Mansfield tell us how many

evidences of indebtedness were exported, and which are still held abroad? Mr. M. knows very well that not less than \$250,000,000 of bonds and securities per annum have been sent abroad for the last ten years, and that not less than \$5,000,000,000 of such securities are now in the hands of European people. Has this little matter any reference whatever to the financial condition of the country? or does Mr. M. intend these shall be abrogated? To us it seems that this indebtedness is one of the most necessary facts to consider, to arrive at a true understanding of our real financial condition; and especially is this so when we are reminded that it requires \$300,000,000 annually to pay the interest thereon. Therefore, our exports scarcely more than pay the interest on our foreign indebtedness; while the amount of that debt is increasing every year to the extent of our total imports.

The impotency of the gold mania which occupies some minds is readily seen when it is shown that it would draw every dollar's worth of gold from this country to pay one year's interest on our foreign debt; while we only produce about \$40,000,000 annually. This may be a prosperous showing; but if it be, we, as individuals, beg to be delivered from such prosperity. This immense foreign debt fully offsets the increased valuation of assessed property; but a very great proportion of this increase is purely fictitious, being caused by that very "successful financial measure," of which Mr. M. is so deeply enamoured that he sees none of its defects nor any of the beauties of its rising rival. There has been, then, no increase in real wealth, no increase in our exports, but a large increase in our home taxation, and an immense increase in our indebtedness abroad, the interest upon which, as previously shown, consumes all our exports, and our imports add every year to that debt near \$500,000,000.

To cap the climax of assumptions and misrepresentations, Mr. M. states that our manufactures have increased 80 per cent., and yet we import more of the same goods than this beautiful tariff compels the consuming classes to pay from fifteen to one hundred per cent. more to obtain than we did previously. There must be an extraordinary increase in consumption from some unexplained cause to make this showing perfectly regular and consistent. But regarding it in its very best light, and admitting the truth of Mr. M.'s statements, the entire prosperity has accrued to the few manufacturers at the direct expense of the consuming millions. To such an extent have the enormous prices of a protective tariff increased the cost of producing these things which we export, that we can no longer compete with their production by other countries. For it must always be remembered that those products which we export are not the subject of protection, only in exceptional cases. So it comes out that the whole system of protection is an indirect way of compelling the millions to pay exorbitant prices to the few manufacturers for things better produced elsewhere; while it lays an embargo upon the millions producing these special and natural articles for export, the final result of which is a continued concentration of wealth in the hands of the few and a corresponding continued increase of poverty among the masses.

THE APPROACHING INSOLVENCY.

Any operating cause as inevitably generates its essential issue as the rising sun necessarily illuminates the darkened earth. With nations, the sphere of action is so extensive that a cause is often long in fruition, but the result is none the less certain.

Many years elapsed between the utterance of the first earnest words for human freedom and the closing struggle, by which four millions of fellow-beings gained the liberty of their persons. Few conceived that the strife of legislation would culminate in such a fearful rebellion; yet no more certainly did the growing bitterness of that controversy point to its inevitable culmination than does the rapidly swelling foreign debt of this country attest its inherent result—*Bankruptcy*.

The pro-slavery leaders of that period were as much elated with the power conferred upon them by the Dred Scott decision, as our financial lords are with their present ability to gather high taxes; but as they of old ignored the rising strength of liberating justice, which was so quickly to assert its conquering power, so to-day the increasing impoverishment of this nation, as witnessed by the swiftly augmenting foreign debt, is passed by as a matter of no moment.

To-day the official prostitute boast is uttered, that the new government loan is to be placed abroad; not that money will be received therefor, but because the numerous levee, bridge, gas, water, dock, city, State, and railway loans, which are being there offered at such tempting reduction from face value, do not furnish sufficient proceeds to balance the current claims against the country; which claims have just commenced to sap the last stock of coin in the country—that in Sub-Treasury.

Surely, an infatuation which boastfully heralds over the world a monthly reduction of the government debt held at home, whilst it contemptuously ignores an increase of five times the amount of debt held abroad and incurred during same time, needs the sharpest probing.

The improvements which a portion of this debt is presumed to represent, are worse than worthless, if they continue to cost more for interest than accrues through their possession. Of this, the only true test, viewing the country as a unit, is whether its production, for a period of time so extended

as to be beyond transient fluctuations, is in excess of its consumption. If so, there will be an increase of material wealth throughout the country, or else productive obligations received from those nations who have obtained the results of our surplus labor.

But if the consumption has been beyond the production, there will have been a diminution of property, or else there will have been given for this surplus labor of other countries used here obligations which are a lien upon our future industry, and to this extent will impair its fruitfulness. The American obligations now held abroad fully reveal the unfortunate past, and if they still go, show the present course.

The world will shortly learn that debt is debt—that one dollar of reduction against the central government, held at home, when it is accompanied by five dollars additional debt against the sections thereof taken abroad, is not a reduction, but simply a quadrupling of the burdens of the people. No financiering will avoid the increased interest.

To-day, all the surplus cotton and tobacco of the great South, all the provisions and grain from the vast West, the coin from the Rocky Mountain casket, the petroleum from the East, are all swamped in this vast maelstrom of debt, and yet do not suffice. New obligations are every day heralded as being absorbed by our plethoric creditor. Some day he will wake to the consciousness that all promises are not realities, even if they are beautifully and artistically tinted.

The history of the world has never before revealed such gigantic financial burdens. It is true there are other nations who have equal debts; but always held within themselves, so that the interest, when paid, is simply returned to the sections from whence it came.

But there is not even enough in the United States, including that in Sub-Treasury, to pay a single year's interest to foreign creditors; and after that is gone, the principal of the debt would still remain uncanceled: whilst the national banks would have over \$1,600,000,000 of liabilities, based only on paper, and nothing, in the present or prospective future, for any new source of wealth.

Operating causes cannot avoid fruition.

A NEW GOVERNMENT AND THE COSMOPOLITICAL PARTY.

NO. VII.

INTERIOR COMMERCE.

If there is one thing that more than all others has contributed to the rapid development of the material wealth of this country that thing is our system of railroads. Never in the history of the world has there been anything like what has been accomplished by us, as a nation, in the short period of one hundred years. From a population of three millions we have increased to forty millions, and from an aggregate of annual incomes of a few millions to the enormous aggregate of five thousand million dollars—a greater aggregate by fifteen hundred millions than that of any other country on the globe. In this showing there is contained the certain prophecy of what we shall be in the immediate future; because that which has been cannot suddenly cease or change; but contrariwise will go on increasing in geometrical proportion, rather than by any slower rule.

No person can even hastily and superficially contemplate this enormous progress without himself being astounded at its proportions. Anyone, fifty years since, who should have seriously asserted such development, would have been in danger of a strait-jacket and bread-and-water, until such "moony" prophecies should have been ejected from his mind.

But, for all that, we are just what we are; and if we contemplate it analytically, and distribute and redistribute its sum total to its various relative causes, and point out its future prophecies, the most skeptical will not only be astounded, but confounded. No mind can grasp the full meaning of what this country presents. Under its present glory and behind all its magnificence there lies an all-sufficient cause which, though as old as time, has never before produced such results.

In all of the old countries the controlling and guiding power resides in the hands of a very small minority of the whole people. So far as their conservative energies can extend, so far has national development proceeded. The condition of these few is not favorable for enterprise. Being self-satisfied, they do not care to bend their talent to schemes looking to anything more than maintaining their present status. This they generally think is best preserved by limiting the possibilities of the masses of their subjects and dependents to carrying out their schemes.

In this country, however, the very reverse of this course has prevailed. Instead of the great few holding the ambition and enterprise of the millions in check, as a general rule they have contributed, by their available wealth, in every possible manner to encourage honest industry, which has frequently sprung into the very height of success, not only in material prosperity to the individual but in general benefit to the country at large. It may be said, without fear of even being questioned, that the rapid strides toward greatness that have been made are directly attributable to the distribution of liberty among the common people, and to their possession of equal political right and

power. If this be incontrovertibly true, and we still desire to continue the present course, should we not guard all the conditions necessary, not only to preserve the causes intact, but, if possible, to augment their possibilities?

We are aware that, as a people, we have accepted our wonderful success as a matter of course, and have never cared to inquire into its causes, with the view to their perpetuation. We have had one century of unparalleled prosperity. Will it continue during another? This is a most serious question, and one that may well demand the most searching investigation.

If we are not deceived, the climax of our real prosperity has been reached, and there are causes already in full operation which will, if not "nipped in the bud," cut short our progress to national greatness. If we examine the history of past national convulsions and eras, it will always be found that all schemes to bend the course of general progress to individual purposes were deeply laid, long contemplated and thoroughly studied before being put into motion, while all great convulsions in which freedom asserted or attempted to assert her rights, sprung as it were, unthought of, out of the conditions of the times.

What has been true in all past ages and centuries we may certainly expect will also be true in this, unless the diffusion of liberty become the scheme which shall be directed by the wisdom and best capacity of the country. What we are as compared to other countries, comes from the differences between their and our political institutions. Other nations have as fruitful soil, as good mechanical power and greater wealth; but they have not the general freedom and intelligence which is here distributed among the masses, and which have seized hold of the natural advantages and turned them to so much better account than have been those of countries where these inspiring sentiments are denied expression.

We say all schemes of conservatism—and these are always against the general good, because opposed to the spread of the principles of freedom—are well planned, and all contingencies canvassed, and, as far as possible, provided for before put afloat.

Are there no signs that such schemes are already in motion in this country, having in view vast ulterior designs against the liberties of this people? It seems to us so plain that this is true that we can no longer desist from calling the attention of the people to them. It is not probable that these schemes were contemplated in their present shape until after the beginning of the late war, during which it was demonstrated how far the liberties of the people could be encroached upon without their being aware of the danger, and during which there was developed in the hearts of many people an ambition for great and rapid attainment, no matter by what means, which must now be realized in different channels than military fame, of which there was so much.

All true freedom, let it extend itself in whatever direction it may, is an individual right which no just government can limit. But it must be strictly remembered that action which trespasses upon others' right is not freedom, but is tyranny. And any franchise which the people's government may confer upon a set of individuals, by which they are enabled to attain extraordinary benefits from the general people, is not to be tolerated by the people, and they have no right to toleration at the hands of the government. This is a condition which does, however, exist in this country, and it is one which is in use by Railroad Magnates for obtaining still greater control over its industries, which are the sources of our prosperity.

These schemes are already sufficiently advanced to indicate the full extent of their intentions, and we do not overstate them when we say they are to subjugate the country, and to establish an oligarchy whose power would exceed that of any despot of the Old World, and which would be a more terrible form of tyranny than the world has yet known.

Under the overweening confidence of the people in our system of government, and their utter indifference, therefore, to all progressing monopolies, and in the confidence of the people in the great benefits that have resulted from the extension of railroads in all directions, these managers have, in their own way, proceeded from one point to another until the whole country is bound in the strongest of all bonds—those of commercial unity; and from point to point until they have such power as to dictate to the national government and to defy all lesser powers. From being the creatures of the law, these corporations have risen to be indifferent to and to ignore all law when it does not chance to be in their favor. And when they cannot safely defy the law, they find money enough to purchase its administrators; so that they are virtually beyond the reach of justice in all things in which they care to make use of their means to avert its edicts.

But this view of these immense corporations is not the one fraught with the greatest dangers to the American people, nor that which nearest approaches the consummation of their schemes. Separately, with their powers diffused among a large number of interests not always in harmony, and in the hands of individuals not always devoted primarily nor principally to the main object of the special few who are in the grand scheme, these various companies could not unite to control the various kinds of legislation affecting their interests. This rendered consolidation an important part of their projects, and right royally have they already progressed in this direction. Several there are which control thousands of miles of road and hundreds of millions

of dollars, and their overshadowing influence either involuntarily draws or forcibly compels all lesser connecting lines to join with them or be crushed out. Finding that the people began to inquire into their rights and practices, and fearful that their schemes, if too forward, might be defeated with their present strength, they now strike for still more concentration and consolidation, thinking thereby to not merely control all government and administration, but to virtually be the government. That is to say, they intend by the consolidation of the entire railroad interests of the country to be able to elect to office just those persons, and those only, who are in their plans and interests, and to thus subvert the liberties of the people to their own purposes and aggrandizement.

And there is danger that they will succeed. So indifferent are the people to everything which proceeds in their midst looking to monopoly, that they do not apprehend what is in store for them. They see these vast corporations constantly increasing in power, importance and wealth, and think that they must be satisfied with their measure of prosperity. They little dream of the subtle spirit which animates their every movement. They do not imagine what ambitious projects they are gradually unfolding, nor that they intend at no distant day, in real Napoleonic style, to possess themselves of what government the people have left them out of the glorious bequest made by our revolutionary fathers.

These are no overdrawn pictures. They do not portray one-half the truth. Were it all known and realized by the industrial classes from whom these corporations have thus far fattened, nothing could prevent their seizure and appropriation by the people to whom they, in reality, belong, because they are the results of their toil illegitimately filched from them and accumulated in too willing hands, to be turned upon their producers for the purpose of reducing them to a worse bondage than is that whose representative is the monarch king.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

[To be continued.]

ADDRESS TO THE FEMALE ELECTORS OF THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

NEW YORK, June 12, 1871.

The fact is now settled, in part by legal opinions of the highest authority, and by reports of congressional committees, and still more decidedly by the public verdict on the subject, that the women of this country are equally with men citizens of the United States and entitled to their votes. This matter is one which hereafter will not need to be discussed. If men were as ready to do justice practically at the polls as they have become to admit our claims theoretically, there would be no occasion for women to act apart from men, or to take any political measures distinctively as women. Our votes would be simply absorbed into the general mass of votes and distributed to the several parties according to individual convictions and predilections.

But the fact is different. There is danger, indeed a high probability, that for some time to come unconstitutional and illegal opposition and obstructive tyranny will stand in the way of the free cast of female votes at the polls. While this absurd and unjustifiable state of things exists, we must resort to political strategy to obtain the practical concession of the rights which are withheld from us.

There is one of those exceptional conditions of political affairs at this moment in your State to which the workings of our institutions are always liable, and which on this occasion gives us our opportunity to make our influence felt on the politics of the country, despite the injustice of those with whom the administration of the laws is now lodged. The two great parties are so evenly balanced in Connecticut that to change a single vote in each town of the State, and all in the same way, will at the next State elections be enough to decide the issue. What I have, therefore, to suggest, and what I propose to aid you by any means in my power to execute, is this: Wait till the nominating conventions of the two parties—the Democratic and the Republican—shall have made their announcements of their candidates. Call your own convention. Canvass the antecedents and proclivities of the candidates nominated by both parties, and select the ticket to be favored by you from among those candidates, and then see to it that every one of those candidates—those, of course, the most favorable to the concession of our rights—be elected. Tender and urge the acceptance of your own votes at the polls; but if they are rejected see to it all the same that your candidates be elected *without fail*. This you can easily accomplish by influencing the votes of men. Not one vote in each town, but ten or twenty in each town, can be carried in this way, and you will hold overwhelmingly the balance of power.

I am already in communication on this subject with some of the leading political women of your State. It is necessary to begin thus early. I shall be pleased to receive communications from other women and men interested on the subject, and to come into consultation with them with respect to organizing the details of action from now on.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

44 Broad Street, New York City.

"Home, sweet home"—a very popular song which people generally sing when they are travelling abroad.

THE WEEKLY BULLETIN

OF THE

PANTARCHY,

INDIVIDUALITY AND PANTARCHISM.

THE CREATOR AND THE CREATURE.

OF THE DOUBLE DOUBTENESS OF THINGS.

Theologians have taught and preachers have preached, some thousands of years past, of the duties of men to their Creator, and of the rights of God to the hearts and to the service of men; not a word ever, during all these dreary thousands of years, of the duties of God, or of the rights of men as creatures, and dependent creatures at that, to be looked after, cared for, and fully provided for, according to the full demands of the nature supposed to have been bestowed upon them by their Creator.

But it is the first and fundamental principle of human justice, nay, of rational and abstract and eternal justice itself, that rights and duties are reciprocal.

The sin and faults and folly of theologians is one-sidedness. They are by nature and training and function arbiters, despots, *nuncii* of a God of pure and absolute authority, who in the true spirit of an autocrat has rights but no duties for himself; but who imposes duties upon, and concedes no rights to his subjects—the pure and simple Oriental conception of despotism. This is where our theology stands to day, and has always stood, Protestant as well as Catholic, liberal and progressive as well as conservative and orthodox.

It is only when a lawyer comes to teach theology, when some one who has studied the science of justice as such, uninfluenced by that theological sense of awe which prostrates the souls of our best religionists before the throne of God, in that same abject posture in which the real Oriental comes and remains in the presence of his Sovereign—that the first common-sense, or scientific, or truly just or republican idea—as opposed to those of high and absolute monarchy—can ever be got into our conceptions of the true relations of God and man.

Our politics, in America, are republican, based on the idea of human rights; that is to say, of the reciprocity of rights and duties as between the governors and the governed. Our religion, or the philosophic basis of our religion, which is theology, is just the opposite of all this—an unchanged importation from Asia, and the Asiatic conception of irresponsible, absolute, unlimited power in the ruler, and of abject, unmanly, cringing subservience and obedience on the part of the ruled or governed.

There is, therefore, a tremendous screw loose in our whole social constitution.

Republicanism in our politics and our current Asiatic theology are incompatible, and stultify the nation. I propose, therefore, a brand-new American system of theology—the Reverend Beecher to the contrary notwithstanding. It may be "folly and blasphemy" for him to-day, and now; as his doctrines and utterances would have been for Rome (only a few months ago), or as they would have been anywhere in the fifteenth century. But no matter. The world still moves.

Let us first solve a subtlety, and take a kink out of the reasoning of the theologian. He verily believes that he is not simple (a mere simpleton) but compound in his doctrine, and that he is looking at both ends of the stick (or relation), because, forsooth, he has placed God at one end with his unlimited rights, and man, the helpless creature, at the other end with his correlative duties. Now, then, isn't this correlation and adjustment, and complexity or compoundness of relation, and all that can be demanded? The answer is, no! a thousand times no! It is just the beginning of the true duism or doubleness of consideration. It is the subtle inherency of the true duism that it is, itself, two-fold—hence, in all four-fold (at least). There is a double doubleness in the distribution of all things—and not merely a single, simplistic or unimal doubleness—to be considered. If God has rights and man has duties, then, conversely, man has also rights and God has duties. And the duties of God are to see to it that his providence so administers and evolves affairs that his creatures (men) shall be provided with the gratification of every healthy want of the soul. What right has God to create human beings and fill them with sublime aspirations, and then condemn them to live in squalor, wretchedness, and the privation of every one of those God-inspired yearnings of the spirit?

Or if any of our readers don't like this talk about God and creation; as the tendency of the hour is to regard all theology as unscientific; then, on the mere principles of science itself, there should be adjustment, congruity, compatibility in the affairs of the universe, and so, finally, in the affairs of human society itself. *The eye predicts the light.* Adaptations demand counter adaptations, or things adjusted to fit them, in turn. The male screw demands the female screw, and without the conjunction of the two the weight is not lifted—the work is not done. Human wants are a demand. Human institutions should be, must be, in the end, an exact and every way competent supply. Then will be realized the divine social code, the true or millennial order of life. Let those who be-

lieve in God cease so humbly to pray, in the abject attitude of Oriental slaves, and begin respectfully to insist, as the barons did before King John, that the people, too, have rights; and that in justice has duties; and that things should not be allowed to go on any longer, in this outlying province of the great Empire, in the horrible way that they have gone. If our religionists are monarchists, let them extort reform from the concessions of the monarch. If, on the other hand, scientists believe in science, let them apply it to the highest scope of human affairs, and never rest till they shall have devised and instituted a social order, a new form of the collective life of the community so perfect that there shall be no class of malcontents, like the communalists of Paris, to disturb the peace of the world; no paupers, no criminals, no human brutes of any sort; but that, instead of all this, all human individuals shall be not merely contented and happy, but filled in every part of their lives with intense luxury and delight—with something like that "bliss" which the old religionists have predicated as the state of beings in heaven; and that all labor and all human affairs shall proceed through the mere force of attraction or charm.

All this the Pantarchy promises to effect. It promises to undertake the iubring of the millennium by the job, aided by science and the reconstitution of religion; and it challenges the criticism of both scientists and theologians upon all its programme and methods.

In our present imperfect development of social science, the school of individualists (Warren) define and demand rights mainly; and the school of "positivists" (Comte) insist on duties almost exclusively. Integralism insists, with the plain common sense of the Legal Code and the Court-House, that rights and duties are correlative; and so they will ever be found to be.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

A VERY intelligent millionaire in Wall street, who also indulges in scientific farming and cattle-breeding, remarked the other day that he was proud of his stock outside of his house, but that he was ashamed of his stock inside his house; adding that if he was as free to experiment inside the house as outside, he would give half his fortune, and bet the other half that he would improve the domestic stock as much as the stock outside. When such scientific aspirations get spread among the money-kings, who are a good deal in the habit of having what they want, civilized marriage will undergo as severe a strain as its twin sister, civilized slavery, did in the last decade.

S. P. A.

TO THE BRIDE ISABEL.

(ENCLOSING A HEART'S-EASE.)

O maiden, I who, many miles away,
This roadside letter of remembrance send
To intercept thy coming wedding-day,
That hastens ere the red June roses end,
Send with it (better than a rhyme) a flower,
To bloom among the fairest at thy feast:
A flower worth all the gardens of the East,
And rich enough to be thy husband's dower—
For, having heart's-ease, hath he not enough?
But heart's-ease is a perishable stuff:
A fading flower that hath not long to live,
A mocking gift that is not mine to give.
Yet, as I give the emblem, I uplift
A prayer that God will add the perfect gift.
But since our prayers know scarce for what they plead,
If He who knoweth what our hearts most need
Should overrule my gift and make it vain,
And offer thee instead his gift of pain:
If at his finger-touch thy heart's-ease fade,
And wither into heart-break, O, fair maid!
Who knowest now of love but not of grief,
Go question all the sorrows of the world,
And thou shalt find that sorrowing love is chief!
For, as some wedding tress may burst its braid,
Or twisted ringlet drop and hang uncured,
And shake the orange blossoms to the ground,
So love may loosen what it once hath bound,
And drop the joys wherewith it first was crowned.
But as a bird that hath a heavenward wing
May cast a plume, yet afterward shall sing,
So love, despite her losses, waxeth strong,
And bears above them all a cheery song.
When thou, like other brides whose hearts have burned
With over-joy of love, shalt soon have learned,
And wept in learning, that through all the years
Love oft shall have her bosom pierced of spears,
Learn so, by discipline of thorn and sting,
That sorrow also is a sacred thing,
That never yet was any wedding ring
That did not make a marriage unto tears.
When thou this fading flower away shalt fling,
May love and sorrow to thy bosom bring
A heart's-ease gathered from celestial spheres!

—Independent.

THEODORE TILTON.

THERE ARE MOMENTS.

Oh! there are moments in our lives
When every sorrow, every pain,
That we have ever known or felt,
Comes back with startling force again.

And there are moments, too, that bring
Back all the happiness of years—
Moments when we forget that life
Is floated to its rest in tears.

A foretaste of that better life
Where grief is cheated of its prey:
Where flowers of love that once do bloom
Are never known to fade away.

—Boston Cultivator.

NOTICES OF THE PRIMARY SYNOPSIS.

[From the New York Tribune, June 9, 1871.]

THE PRIMARY SYNOPSIS OF UNIVERSOLOGY, AND ALWATO, THE NEW SCIENTIFIC UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE. By Stephen Pearl Andrews. 12mo, pp. 224. Dion Thomas.

The science of universoology, of which the author of this volume claims to have discovered the essential principles, and its practical application to the relations of national government and all other departments of social life, is defined as the science of the universe, considered as the one grand, all-inclusive domain, or the exhibition of the fundamental laws which pervade and govern the universe. In the opinion of the author, the discovery forms a new epoch in the history of human thought, and is to be regarded as the most important achievement in the progress of science. It is destined to exert a revolutionary influence on the whole body of systematized knowledge. It will reconstruct the whole business of education. In that domain it will establish a perfect unity of system, and will be to the rapid extension of learning, what the railroad is for travel, and the telegraph for the transmission of news. The future students of science, instead of gaining an incomplete mastery of a few special sciences, will begin in the knowledge of universal principles, coming down upon the mass of scientific specialties from a height of universal scientific knowledge equally applicable to every domain. In every country, for the future, the masses of the people will possess the theory and details of all the sciences, instead of being satisfied with the mere knowledge of the rudiments of education. The founding of a special university will be demanded for the promulgation of universal principles, and the introduction of the new system of education for the planet. This will serve as the nucleus for a new universal or planetary government, which must be the logical result of the unification of the science and of the language of the human race. Mr. Andrews announces, in connection with this programme, that the wealth of the world may be legitimately levied upon for its accomplishment. The science which is to effect such marvels of regeneration in human society, and bring about the millennial glory upon earth in advance of all prophetic dates, is founded on the three exclusive principles that prevail in the universe, unism, duism and trinism. All special aspects of being are mere branchings of one or another of these principles. The first two appear under many forms. Unism is the tendency towards unity, and is manifested in innumerable modes, in every sphere of being. Duism is the opposite tendency, seeking to divide and separate, and thus to form plurality. Trinism is the principle expressed by the totality of being, and is compounded of unism and duism as its factors, or elements. The "synthesis" of Fichte and Hegel, as differing from "thesis," means virtually trinism. Such is the primary statement of strictly universal and exhaustive principles in science, which shows that there exists a grand underlying unity of the sciences, that there is in fact but one science, of which the special sciences are merely special manifestations. This one science, universoology, is based on universal analogy, or the universal system of occult correspondences, which results from the perpetual recurrence, in new and specific relations, of the same three primitive principles—unism, duism and trinism—throughout all domains. But the perception of analogy which governs the primitive action of the human mind, prior to the comprehension of its law, leads only to vain flights of the imagination, and to a total want of the spirit of scientific exactness. This was partly corrected by the Baconian method, which has, doubtless, led to admirable results, but which has also introduced an exclusive disposition, making of our scientific men mere specialists, and, for the most part, incapable of any broad generalizations. In the arrangement of facts, they have followed no constructive or artistic idea, forgetting that the facts themselves owe their origin to some more profound law which presides over their distribution. But the impulse of deeper thought carries the seeker after unity of system in the universe to the underlying principles of analogy, and prompts him to the positive discovery of the universal laws, and the method of their development, which are the true fountain head of all special laws. Analogy thus understood is the antipodes of analogy as at first vaguely perceived, but with which it is often confounded. In connection with his exposition of first principles, the author divides the universe into the domain of nature, the domain of science, and the domain of art, not existing entirely apart from each other, but closely interblended throughout, and corresponding respectively with the principles of unism, duism and trinism. Nature is feminine, the mother principle, the teeming matrix of being. Science, identified with law, with abstract thought, with universal intelligence or mind, and with God, the paternal principle, is masculine. Art, corresponding to the sexes in their mutual relations, and to renewed being as product, is androgyne. Any of these three primitive grand domains of the universe, considered as a separate whole, forms a minor universe. Hence, by an inherent and necessary law, there is universal analogy, or an echo of sameness, in respect to the method of distribution, between the entire universe and any smaller domain within the universe, and mutually between all such smaller domains. The understanding of this universal echo of principles, and consequent universal analogy, makes the science of universoology. Language is one of these smaller domains within the universe, and hence is a miniature universe in itself, and in accordance with the principle of analogy, a type or model of the whole universe. Hence it results that a correct distribution of the elementary sounds of the human voice from which language is constructed, will, by a valid scientific analogy, also distribute the categories of universal being, or the elementary entities and principles of the universe itself. In this way, we lay the foundations, at the same time and place, of the new universal science, and of a new scientific universal language, which shall be, in its structure, "the rectified and clarified transcript of the universe." But to commence this new order of investigation, the scientology of the universe and of speech, we must discover the meaning which nature attaches to each elementary articulate sound of the voice. As the elements of sound are the individual echoes of the elements of the universe, each vocal sound in speech, as represented by a letter of the alphabet, is the analogue of some particular governing principle of universal being. Inversely, that principle is the true meaning, by analogy, of the given alphabetic sound, and all such principles must be measured by the number and character of the elementary sounds of the true universal alphabet of language. This is the first grand achievement of universoology. It has discovered, the author maintains, as will appear

GEMS FROM MILL ON LIBERTY.

NO. III.

"To a certain extent it is admitted that our understanding should be our own, but there is not the same willingness to admit that our desires and impulses should be our own likewise; or that to possess impulses of our own, and of any strength, is anything but a peril and a snare. Yet, desires and impulses are as much a part of a perfect human being as beliefs and restraints; and strong impulses are only perilous when not properly balanced—when one set of aims and inclinations is developed into strength, while others which co-exist with them remain weak and inactive. It is not because men's desires are strong that they act ill, but because their consciences are weak. There is no natural connection between strong impulses and a weak conscience; the natural connection is the other way. To say that one person's desires and feelings are stronger and more effective than those of another, is merely to say that he has more of the raw material of human nature, and is therefore capable, perhaps, of more evil, but certainly of more good. Strong impulses are but another name for energy. * * * * * The same strong susceptibilities which make the personal impulses vivid and powerful, are also the source from whence are generated the most passionate love of virtue and the sternest self-control. It is through the cultivation of these that society both does its duty and protects its interests, not by rejecting the stuff of which heroes are made because it knows not how to make them. * * * * * In some early states of society these forces might be, and were, too much ahead of the power which society then possessed of controlling them. There has been a time when the element of spontaneity and individuality was in excess, and the social principle had a hard struggle with it. * * * * * But society has now fairly got the better of individuality, and the danger which threatens human nature is not the excess, but the deficiency of personal impulses and preferences. * * * * * In our times, from the highest class of society down to the lowest, everyone lives as under the eye of a hostile and dreaded censorship. * * * * * Thus the mind itself is bowed to the yoke; even in what people do for pleasure, conformity is the first thing thought of; they like in crowds (base ball, for instance); they exercise choice only among things commonly done; peculiarity of taste, eccentricity of conduct, are shunned equally with crimes, until by dint of not following their own nature they have no nature to follow; * their human capacities are withered and starved; they become incapable of strong wishes or native pleasures, and are generally without either opinions or feelings of their own. Now, is this, or is it not, the desirable condition of human nature? It is so, on the Calvinistic theory. * * * * *

And on all theories other than that of self-ownership.

In some such wondrous form there is at present a strong tendency to this narrow theory of life, and to the pinched and hide-bound type of human character which it patronizes. (Tight lacing, tight dresses, tight shoes and stove-pipe hats are quite appropriate "outward and visible signs" of such people and such theories.—A. C.) Many people sincerely think that human beings thus cramped and dwarfed, are as the Maker designed them to be, just as many have thought that trees are a much finer thing when clipped into pollards, or cut out into figures of animals, than as nature made them. * * * * *

There is a different type of human excellence from the Calvinistic: a conception of humanity as having its nature bestowed upon it for other purposes than merely to be abnegated. "Pagan self-assertion" is one of the elements of human worth, as well as "Christian self-denial." There is a Greek ideal of self-development, which the Platonic or Christian ideal of self-government blends with, but does not supersede. It may be better to be a John Knox than an Alcibiades; but it is better to be a Pericles than either. Nor would a Pericles, if we had one in these days, be without anything good which belonged to John Knox. * * * * * IN PROPORTION TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF HIS INDIVIDUALITY, EACH PERSON BECOMES MORE VALUABLE TO HIMSELF, AND IS THEREFORE CAPABLE OF BEING MORE VALUABLE TO OTHERS. There is a greater fullness of life about his own existence; and when there is more life in the units, there is more life in the mass which is composed of them. * * * * * To be held to rigid rules of justice for the sake of others, develops the feelings and capacities which have the good of others for their object. But to be restrained in things not affecting their good, by their mere displeasure, develops nothing valuable except such force of character as may unfold itself in resisting the restraint. If acquiesced in, it dulls and blunts the whole nature. To give any fair play to the nature of each, it is essential that different persons should be allowed to lead different lives. In proportion as this latitude has been exercised in any age, has that age been noteworthy to posterity. Even despotism does not produce its worst effects so long as individuality exists; and whatever crushes individuality is despotism, by whatever name it may be called, and whether it professes to be enforcing the will of God or the injunctions of men. * * * * *

There is only too great a tendency in the few beliefs and practices to degenerate into the mechanical; and unless there

were a succession of persons whose ever-recurring originality prevents the grounds of those beliefs and practices from being merely traditional, such dead matter would not resist the smallest shock from anything really alive, and there would be no reason why civilization should not die out, as in the Byzantine empire.*

Persons of genius are more individual than any other people—less capable, consequently, of fitting themselves, without hurtful compression, into the small number of moulds which society provides in order to save its members the trouble of forming their own character. If from timidity they consent to be forced into one of these moulds, * * * society will be little the better for their genius. If they are of strong character and break their fetters, they become a mark for the society which has not succeeded in reducing them to commonplace, to point at with solemn warning as "wild," "erratic," or the like; much as if one should complain of the Niagara river for not flowing smoothly between its banks like a Dutch canal.

It does seem that when the opinions of masses of merely average men are everywhere become or becoming the dominant power, the counterpoise or corrective to that tendency would be the more and more pronounced individuality of those who stand on the higher eminences of thought.† It is in these circumstances more especially that exceptional individuals, instead of being deterred, should be encouraged in acting differently from the mass. * * * In this age the mere example of non-conformity, the mere refusal to bend the knee to custom, is itself a service. Precisely because the tyranny of opinion is such as to make eccentricity a reproach, it is desirable, in order to break through that tyranny, that people should be eccentric. [For instance, women should wear short dresses at home and at work.] Eccentricity has always abounded when and where strength of character has abounded; and the amount of eccentricity in a society has generally been proportioned to the amount of genius, mental vigor and moral courage which it contained. That so few dare to be eccentric, marks the chief danger of the time. * * * * *

And that standard, express or tacit, is to desire nothing strongly. Its ideal of character is to be without any marked character; to maim by compression, like a Chinese lady's foot, every part of human nature which stands out prominently and tends to make the person markedly dissimilar in outline to commonplace humanity. * * * But it was men of another stamp than this that made England what it has been; and men of another stamp will be needed to prevent its decline.‡

The despotism of custom is everywhere the standing hindrance to human advancement, being in unceasing antagonism to that disposition to aim at something better than customary.

The greater part of the world has, properly speaking, no history, because the despotism of custom is complete. This is the case over the whole East. * * * And we see the result. These nations must once have had originality; they did not start out of the ground populous, lettered and versed in many of the arts of life; they made themselves all this, and were then the greatest and most powerful nations in the world. What are they now? The subjects or dependents of tribes whose forefathers wandered in the forests when theirs had magnificent palaces and gorgeous temples, but over whom custom exercised only a divided rule with liberty and progress. A people may, it appears, be progressive for a certain length of time and then stop. When does it stop? When it ceases to possess individuality.]

We have a warning example in China—a nation of much talent and, in some respects, even wisdom, owing to the rare good fortune of having been provided at an early period with a particularly good set of customs. * * * They have become stationary—have remained so for thousands of years. * * * They have succeeded beyond all hope in what English philanthropists are so industriously working at—in making a people all alike; all governing their thoughts and conduct by the same maxim and rules; and these are the fruits. The modern regime of public opinion is, in an unorganized form, what the Chinese educational and political systems are in an organized; and unless individuality shall be able successfully to assert itself against this yoke, Europe will tend to become another China.

The composition of all these causes forms so great a mass of influences hostile to individuality that it is not easy to see how it can stand its ground. It will do so with increasing difficulty unless the intelligent part of the public can be made to feel its value—to see that it is good there should be differences, even though not for the better; even though, as it may appear to them, some should be for the worse. If

* All that prevents American civilization from being overwhelmed like the Byzantine, is the existence of diverse agitations, such as woman's rights, spiritualism, land and labor reform, etc. As the latter were finally overcome in arms by Mahometan semi-barbarians, so the former would be overcome by immigration of Roman Catholic semi-barbarians but for the above vitalizing influences, Protestant orthodoxy being only a corpse not yet buried.

† Best secured by cumulative or minority representation, the tendency of caucus nominations and districting being emphatically to crush individuality in political and thereby in social life.

‡ Equally applicable are these remarks to the United States.

§ "Motion is life; 'tis the still water falleth," etc.

the claims of individuality are ever to be asserted, the time is now while much is still wanting to complete the enforced assimilation. It is only in the earlier stages that any stand can be successfully made against the encroachment. The demand that all other people shall resemble ourselves grows by what it feeds on. If resistance waits till life is reduced nearly to one uniform type, all deviation from that type will come to be considered impious, immoral, even monstrous and contrary to nature. Mankind speedily become unable to conceive diversity when they have been for some time unaccustomed to see it.

TRUE HEROISM.

Let others write of battles fought,
Of bloody, ghastly fields,
Where honor greets the man who wins,
And death the man who yields;
But I will write of him who fights
And vanquishes his sins,
Who struggles on through weary years
Against himself, and wins.

He is a hero staunch and brave
Who fights an unseen foe,
And puts at last beneath his feet
His passions base and low;
Who stands erect in manhood's might
Undaunted, undismayed—
The bravest man who drew a sword
In foray or in raid.

It calls for something more than brawn
Or muscle to overcome
An enemy who marcheth not
With banner, plume and drum—
A foe forever lurking nigh,
With silent, stealthy tread,
Forever near your board by day,
At night beside your bed.

All honor, then, to that brave heart,
Though poor or rich he be,
Who struggles with his better part—
Who conquers and is free.
He may not wear a hero's crown,
Or fill a hero's grave,
But truth will place his name among
The bravest of the brave.

OUR INDIAN TROUBLES.

JOHN B. WOLFF.

We have already conceded 400,000 Indians under partial or complete guardianship of the government. The reports of the Interior Department make a total of 306,475. But this does not include the Alaska Indians.

Along the route of the Kansas Pacific Railway there are 94,720 Indians. Many of these are settled as reservations, and are entirely at peace; 30,000 will include all the hostile Indians on the route of this road. But we can afford to be liberal, and say that 50,000 demand special attention.

To take care of these Indians government has 88 posts and camps; 61 companies of infantry; 44 companies of cavalry; or 105 companies, equal to ten and a half regiments, or about 10,000 men, all told: three-fifths of these are infantry—the other two-fifths cavalry. Leaving these for future consideration, the fact that these troops are wholly unfit to cope with Indians; that they utterly fail to keep them in order, and addressing ourselves to the question of cost, we find (vide Rep. Mil. Com. H. of R., May 25, 1868) that General Sherman testifies that it costs \$4,000,000 per annum to maintain two regiments of infantry and one of cavalry at these posts. The ratio is \$1,000,000 for infantry, \$2,000,000 for cavalry. We are thus enabled to make a proximate estimate of cost.

Six and one-tenth regiments of infantry will cost \$6,100,000. Four and four-tenth regiments of cavalry will cost \$8,800,000, which gives us \$14,900,000, expended on 94,720 Indians, 44,000 of whom are at peace. Now, then, if there are 306,476 Indians, the private cost would be \$44,000,000; if 400,000, \$59,000,000. But the first year of the Alaska management cost only \$755,000 above receipts, and it may not be included in this estimate at present, which leaves \$44,000,000 to be chargeable to our present military mismanagement.

Let it be remembered that this does not include the original cost of the forts and equipments, the annuities (\$3,000,000), and the expenses of the Indian Department, with the pay of agents, clerks, traveling expenses, and other items too tedious and trifling to be named in the presence of these vast sums. The purpose is simply to approximate the sum actually expended. This is done on the basis of statistics presented to the Committee on Military Affairs of the House of Representatives in the year 1868, and indorsed by sixty railroad presidents, with boards of trade, State Legislatures and conventions thrown in, asking permission and aid to build the Kansas Pacific Railroad. From this remarkable document we shall have occasion to quote in the future, to show the pretext for building this road, as well as the utility of these troops, posts, etc., and the benefits derived from this vast expenditure of money. Into this account we must bring the destruction of life, which includes both whites and Indians. Bishop Whipple asserts that it costs ten whites and \$500,000 for every Indian killed. General Sheridan declares, if rightly remembered, 1,300 whites killed within five years. I think the sacrifice will show up 500 annually, since the Minnesota massacre.

* Emphatically true of fashionable women, counter jumpers, two-thirds of government clerks, &c.

It is not presumed that Indians have any rights to be
killed, and this at one fourth the annual cost of
their natural food; men; that they must be ready to yield
the water, and finally their lives, when demanded by
white men, and have not the superior right to be
enslaved or superior? they need this estimate. If worth
the Indian crushed out the bill of items. There stands against the
only the price murdered in inferior whites. But it will not be
on his own figure. But what slaves, the government destroyed
must be considered in the bill of items. The government destroyed
But we have still another item. The government destroyed
by Indians and taken over \$50,000,000 for property destroyed
the government is morally bound for the indemnification.
This part of the cost goes on regularly from year to year,
reaching some years into millions directly, besides the in-
direct effect on the Powder River country, cost over \$6,000,000
war of 1864 to '67 and up to this hour. During that time less than
One hundred millions is a moderate estimate of the dead
capital in and around the posts. Forts Phil Kearny, Reno
and Smith, in the Powder River country, were killed, besides
30 wagons passed over the road opened and intended to be
protected by the soldiers; 106 soldiers were killed, besides
soldiers; less than 10 Indians soldiers were killed, besides
netted the purchasers \$60,000; and report says govern-
ment trains transported the plunder to a place of safety for
the benefit of the purchasers.
The cost of these places is greatly enhanced by the method
of purchase and the wasteful extravagance of the manage-
ment of supplies and other property. Horses and mules
are wintered by thousands, where forage is enormously
high; much of it is wasted or stolen by those who handle it.
Fort David H. Russell is located near Cheyenne City, on
the U. P. R. R. It was built not to accommodate the coun-
try but military officers and railroad men, for the purpose of
enhancing the value of lots, and supporting the city when
built. It is a 14 company post, cost several millions, and
over a million annually to support it. It was built when
wages and materials were high; and during the first winter
the government paid \$18 per cord for wood when there
were hundreds of idle teams feeding on hay and corn at
enormous prices. Madam Rumor reported over sixty horses
burned the first winter in a shed; but this deponent visited
the *horse-burying-grounds* for the purpose of inspecting cooked
horse-flesh, without being able to find a *singed corpse* among
them all. He does not say no horses were burned; but he
does say that he hunted frequently and diligently and failed
to find any.
At this post there was kept a detective, who would
recover one horse and run off two or more. The officers
were notified in writing of the character of this man; but
still he was retained. Then the government loses vast num-
bers of horses, with their equipments, by desertion. This
will explain the reason why there are so many infantry and
so few cavalry. The infantry are to guard the forts (not
the settlements), the cavalry are chiefly employed in trying
to run down deserters, a work for which they have little
taste, and in which they are about as successful as in killing
Indians.
Fort Reynolds is a twelve company post, located in
Colorado Territory, in the forks of the Arkansas River and
a mountain stream, so well protected that it is safe from the
Indians, as the Indians are from it. This post ran up to
millions in the first cost, and has a heavy annual expense.
Fort Lyons is in the same neighborhood, on the bank of
the Arkansas—in the lowest ground, surrounded by high
bluffs, and only the protection of the Arkansas River during
high water. This was one of the greatest military blunders,
and stands a monument of folly and military incompetency.
At Leavenworth City, in Kansas, there is a large and
valuable reservation, worth several millions, maintained at
great expense, and of about as much use as the fifth wheel
to a wagon.
At Omaha is another central establishment. Three years
ago the merchants of this city bribed the government into an
agreement to enlarge its establishment at this point. Does
any one believe that the citizens of that village would sub-
scribe \$50,000 to an object of this kind without they were
certain of reimbursement? And yet this is the way expenses
are incurred, for the sole benefit of speculators.
These cases are adduced to furnish an idea of the money
invested and squandered in the name of protection. But
just how much protection we get doth not appear to the
public eye. We propose, however, to show just how much
they are worth, as well as how much they cost.
In our next will be shown up the quality and quantity of
military protection we get for all this waste of money and
life.

We have need of a song of great joy—
Of a hymn, of an anthem of joy,
For the year that hath run,
For the deeds that are done,
For the victories won;
Since now we are sure that 'tis said,
Of all things the earth hath seen dead,
It is Old Death himself hath gone dead—
Quite dead—
Jubilate!

This morn, when the night swooned away
In the arms of the glorious day,
When the quivering arrows of light
Shot shivering through the dead night,
Then the glad earth was thrilled,
By a spirit that stilled
And made dead the cold pulse of the night,
Pervaded the dawn with delight;
And the world heard the voices that said,
"Tis the night and the storm that are dead,
And the winter and Death are both dead—
Quite dead—
Jubilate!"

We can hear it soft breathing around,
Where the germs of sweet flowers are found;
On the passionate pulse of the Spring
It doth hover, with tremulous wing,
For the flowers to grow,
For the streamlets to flow,
For those beautiful eyes
To open, and see that 'tis winter is dead;
To hear their sweet mother's low voice and low tread,
And see that 'tis winter and death that are dead—
Quite dead—
Jubilate!

We have heard a sweet bird chirping low,
So patiently brooding so slow,
When the fledglings that slept
From their slumber had crept—
"And to-morrow," the mother-bird said,
"They will mount, they will soar overhead;
For their sleep is now past—it is dead,
They will soar, they will sing—
'Tis a wonderful thing—
For the winter is dead, and the spring
Floateth by on her magical wing;
And the sleep they have slept is now dead—
Quite dead—
Jubilate!"

We have seen how a mother hath prest
Her babe, her first-born, to her breast,
With such beautiful love
That its rapture could move
The white angels above.
Then the silent, white angel of Death
Touched the lips of her babe with her breath,
And the mother's heart pillowed the head
Of the beautiful babe Death called dead;
For the light in her eye,
Like a star in the sky,
Shone tender with joy, as she said,
"It is true he is dead, lying dead,
But 'tis Death, not my darling, is dead—
Quite dead—
Jubilate!"

Now proclaim it abroad in the street,
Wheresoever the dark shadows meet,
Shout it loud, breathe it low,
Shout it quick, breathe it slow—
That old Death, with his white, hoary head,
Lying 'neath the cold moon, hath gone dead;
For the mother hath said it—she said,
As she pillowed that fair, golden head,
"I am sure it is Death that is dead!
It is Death, not my darling, is dead—
Quite dead—
Jubilate!"

This is why we have need thus to sing,
We must give to our song fleetest wing,
Till its breath is unfurled
Over all the sad world.
Oh, be sure that the dead in the ground
Are no treasures of yours; they are found,
Floating near and afar,
Like a love, like a star,
Cloaving space with Life's wonderful wing,
Singing, shouting the anthem we sing,
"Whom ye call dead are living instead!
It is Death that is dead, wholly dead—
Quite dead—
Jubilate!"

But there be those ye name not the dead,
Walking, breathing, in death, as they tread;
Dead in terrors and fears,
Dead through tortures and tears,
And the low dread of years,

Blind and mad and grown gray with dull care,
Drifting down to a dreary despair!
Bid them live,
Bid them live,
That he never will waken again.
Since Old Death cannot lift his gray head,
Sin and sorrow and shame will be dead—
Quite dead—
Jubilate!

Oh, come out from your tombs! make it clear
That a new morning dawns, doth appear.
We have need of the whole earth to sow
All the beautiful seed that shall grow;
Oh, make room for the lilies to blow,
Till the earth and the air
Shout it up to the stars,
Cross the glorious bars,
"It is true! it is true, as we said!
Death is dead—is so utterly dead
That his old, snowy hair
Growneth young, unawed,
And his grim, ghastly face
Hath no form and no place.
Dead—gone out of sight
With the winter and night—
With pale Error's dark, horrible night,
Death, the old king of Terrors, is dead—
Quite dead—
Jubilate!"

DEAR WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN:
Do you know? Are you aware? that Godey, of Phila-
delphia, has come out against "female suffrage," has even
printed a long article in his last number, and requests his
lady readers to cut out a petition that is set forth and pre-
sent it to their friends to sign. It is headed by such honor-
able names as Mrs. W. T. Sherman, Mrs. Jesse Dahlgren, and
others. Poor old innocent, the idea of him undertaking
such a thing. Enclosed you will find a copy of a letter
which your correspondent sent him.
Mr. L. A. Gonyer:
Is it possible that you, the editor of a lady's magazine, the
principal one in America, that has been sustained and sup-
ported for forty years by the women of America, whose
pages are written by women—is it possible that you, who
of all others I supposed our friend, would wish to enter a
protest against the extension of female suffrage? Impos-
sible! I would never have believed it. How strange at this
time there is so much said about the dignity of woman, her
peace and happiness so carefully considered, when
duties, her delicate organization, her fine sensibilities, when
worked and under-paid. Why is it we never heard of this
before? I presume it is considered dignified to break your
back over a wash-tub, or run a sewing machine until every
nerve and pulse throbs. Her peace and happiness are surely
never shocked by a husband reeling home under the influ-
ence of poison that men, the men who rule the nation,
license fiends to sell. Her peace and happiness are surely
not at stake when her husband spends his earnings in riotous
living. Oh, no! she must not vote. Why, pray? Her
family relations are such that make it improper. Her family
relations! What are they? Oh; rock the cradle, cook her
lord's dinner and iron his ruffled shirt bosom. Her physical
organization is such that these things are best suited
to her.
No, sir, never would I sign or present your petition to a
friend of mine. Never until women are paid according to
work, without regard to sex. Never until saloon keepers
and gambling hells cease to flourish. When a woman is a
woman, and not a machine. Never until the men who rule
the nation are honest, sober and decent.
Do you, Mr. Godey, give your magazine one cent less to
the sensitive, delicately organized woman who has to sew a
week for the money? Do you pay lady contributors the
same, providing they write an article of as much merit, as a
man—for instance, H. W. Beecher? Do you pay Charles P.
Uhl, M. D., no more for his article than any other con-
tributor?
Here in this little God-forsaken State, Ohio, where man
suffrage is prominent and evident, a woman is granted the
privilege of teaching ninety to a hundred pupils in a dark,
ill-ventilated room, for the mighty sum of thirty dollars per
month; while a gentleman teaching in the upper grade, with
a class of twenty or thirty pupils, receives seventy-five or a
hundred. This is not overdrawn, for the writer of this
article can point to several cases from her window. Besides
this, a woman is refused board in private families because
she cannot afford to pay as much as a man, and they are given
the preference. Hotels make no difference between the
sexes.
Now, tell me, dear sir, when and how you and your party
intend to better these things. Then we will sign away our
birth-right, but not for a mess of pottage. Neither will we
subscribe for your magazine if these are your principles.
USE FEMME.

Godey's and "sich" depend on the patronage of women
who know no higher object in life than knitting netting and
crochet, whose idea of happiness is plenty of candy and
chewing-gum, with the silly sentiment of fashion-book
novellettes. Our correspondent wastes her indignation on
such small deer. Suffrage and short hair will be the fashion
some day, and then Godey's will fall into line. "Not to be
in fashion is not to live." It's all right! The world
moves! Even Godey's has its uses.

We would not disparage Mr. Bergh's work, for all cruelty
exhibited is demoralizing, and the man who is unjust to his
beast will be unjust to his wife, child, or fellow man. But
we suggest to the rich, who have no responsibilities to sup-
port, that a few hundred thousands be profitably invested in
of the poor toilers of earth might be profitably invested in
the prevention of cruelty to women and children. A society
for this specific purpose would find plenty of work in this
city, and use for all the money they would ever be likely to
get.

CORRESPONDENCE.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL:

My Dear Friend—Although personally a stranger, I thus address you, because, being the friend of humanity, you are my friend also.

I have had my righteous indignation stirred at the mean and scurrilous treatment meted out to you by the secular and religious (?) press, as well as by some intelligent advocates of woman suffrage. With one of the latter class, for nearly two months past, I have been having quite a spirited controversial correspondence concerning yourself.

I have felt that great injustice has been done you, and it is my nature to "stand up" for those who are wronged, and to instinctively take sides with the persecuted and oppressed. In a late letter to your assailant above referred to—a female—I thus remark:

"As to Victoria Woodhull's being guilty of 'black-mailing,' it remains to be proven, and I will not believe it until it is. More infamous lies and slanders were never uttered against any woman than against Abby Kelley during the period of the anti-slavery conflict. And a more noble, radiant, royal woman never stood up in 'the eye of day,' and God and the angels will crown her with everlasting glory and honor.

"Admitting that Mrs. Woodhull is not perfect—(who is?)—if it be left to those only who are immaculate, who are 'without sin, to cast the first' vote, how many will be cast? Does it follow that, because a man or woman has moral imperfections or irregularities, they may not be used as instruments to carry bread to the hungry or to strike the shackles of oppression from their fellow-men? I cannot so see it. We are all far from perfect, and I believe that God and the angels use the most available instruments within their reach to accomplish their purposes, and I believe their standard of right and wrong is very different from ours, and that they see that the condemner is often worse than the condemned."

I have also an excellent letter from Mrs. Stanton, who takes broad and cosmopolitan views of things, and who vindicates your worth and nobility of soul.

A friend of mine, of liberal views, at one time a foreign minister, having read portions of my defense of you, writes as follows:

"If you were a lawyer and I were in a bad fix, I would at any cost have you in my employ, for you are a very Quaker bulldog to hang on in defense of your friends and those you admire. I like your heroism in defending Victoria, and, while I think she has made out a strong case in her own defense, her advocacy of any unpopular cause—especially that of woman's suffrage, must, in the present condition of things, hinder instead of help."

I see Theodore Tilton shows his courage and magnanimity by speaking a noble word for you in the columns of his *Golden Age*.

I think, however, he does not quite sympathize with your terrible castigation and broadside shot into the hulk of the old *Independent*. How far the gentle and pacific manner of treating hypocrites, wrong-doers and "bearers of false witness" is to be commended, is not clear to me—especially, when it applies to those in high places who arrogate to themselves superiority and exemption from criticism, because they occupy places of wealth and power.

I was educated a Quaker, and nearly all my relations are connected with that quiet and unaggressive sect; and yet, I must confess, it does me good and harmonizes with my sense of justice (of which phrenologists say I have a large share) to read an exhortation like that which you give the *Independent*, because it seems justly merited, and is but the hearty utterances of your honest and outraged nature.

I would speak charitably and gently of the poor man who steals a loaf of bread for his starving family, or of any of the more obscure and unfortunate victims of a selfish and semi-barbarous civilization, who are more often sinned against than "sinning." But for those gigantic robbers, despoilers and tyrants of the race, there should be no honeyed words. Men who "build their houses by unrighteousness and their chambers by wrong," who spend their substance in riotous living, whose ears are deaf to the cries of the widow and the orphan, though they pile up their dollars by millions—men who, with a spirit of greed as insatiable and bottomless as the fabled hell, continue to cry for "more and more"—men who would, if possible, ransack heaven, kidnap the angels and sell them to the "bulls and bears" of Wall street, who will make money if it take the last drop of life-blood from the hearts of those whose labor goes to enrich those pious, church-going, though legal robbers, whose stupendous monopolies, plunderings and inhumanities crop out in wars, with all their woes, wailings, wretchedness and horrors. Is it just that we should brand the petty thief—sometimes impelled by dire necessity—as a black-hearted scoundrel or villain who deserves nothing but the jail or penitentiary, while we allow millionaires, money-mongers and railroad kings, who swindle the people out of millions, to walk abroad unharmed and to be promoted to positions of honor and power? Alas! for a nation's moral vision when such is the case, and alas! for the perpetuity of a government which does not seek to protect the weak against the strong. Sowing the wind, it must reap the whirlwind. ORPHEUS.

THE RENEWAL OF OUR COMMERCIAL MARINE.

Of all subjects which should have engaged the attention

of Congress, none has been more important and more neglected than the revival of our commercial marine.

About the only exception to this negligence has been the fraudulent report of Mr. Lynch, who with his committee were commissioned to make inquiries and to propose remedies, but who, with a view to his re-election, pandered to the antiquated notions of down East shipbuilders. He told us that the Alabama, by destroying American ships, destroyed American shipbuilding! The absurdity of such a contradiction has only to be mentioned to be realized.

Now, there is nothing in the history of the Alabama or of any other British pirate to elicit from us one word of extenuation, nor to lessen our claim on England for damages done to individual sufferers. Still, the career of these cruisers was a godsend to American shipowners generally. They began to commit their depredations at the precise epoch when wood in shipbuilding was giving place to iron and steam was taking the place of sails. In fear of them, our merchants sold their wooden sailing-ships very extensively to Englishmen at a high price, which was still further enhanced by the enormous premium on exchange; and although the purchasers made a few good freights in them, which might otherwise have accrued to us, when the war was over they found themselves in possession of useless hulks, which are now rotting at their docks, instead of at our own.

By a singular American law—singular because it is American only—we are not allowed to supply ourselves now with what we really do want to take the place of what we do not require.

Great Britain builds all the iron screw-steamers required by oceanic trade for herself and those nations possessing the wisdom to avail themselves of her industry. Thus, by ordering her steamers in Scotland, Germany has built up an enormous steam commercial marine to carry on the trade with America. She has taken advantage of our inability to go to as cheap a market. If she had not done so, the lucrative trade between Bremen and Hamburg and our Atlantic ports would now be in the hands of Englishmen, who, instead of Germany, would receive the annual dividends of twenty-five per cent. as profits.

I do not propose to repeat the arguments with which you are probably familiar, to prove that our only chance for a share in ocean commerce is in the repeal of the "Navigation Laws," which restrict the ownership of vessels by Americans to such ships as our mechanics are disposed to build for us. They assert that if the duty could be removed from materials, they could furnish vessels as cheaply as the Scotchmen can produce, although for their labor, which is the chief item of cost, they are to receive more than double the pay; and for the capital employed in the works, double the interest must be counted.

Let them enjoy this opinion, and let them convince the world by furnishing the ships.

If Congress will pass a bill repealing the navigation laws, and, at the same time, all duties upon articles entering into the construction of vessels, the shipbuilder and the merchant will both have liberty, and liberty is all we can ask in this nominally free country. If, under these circumstances, the American mechanic can build the ship, the American merchant will have no occasion to employ a Scotchman. I am confident that the direction of progress to which your journal points, will soon lead you to cordially embrace this idea, and to become a valuable ally in the cause of "free materials and free ships."

Already those Americans who desire commercial liberty have cause to thank you for great assistance, negative if not positive. You have been the uncompromising opponent of these subsidy thieves who last winter hung around the Capitol dressed in cloaks of patriotism. You, who have been accused of "black mail," and who might have earned thousands from those rich patriots, held up their selfishness and hypocrisy so patently that even a blind Congressman could not fail to see the motives by which they were actuated. The result has been that they expended their time and money for nothing, and if Congress accomplished no good it did no harm; and that is as creditable a memory as Congress often enjoys.

But let not your good work end here. Having cleared the obstacles from the track, put upon it a train of good results.

J. C.

THE INDIANA INFAMY.

When so prominent a Woman's Rights paper (so called) as the *Revolution* raises a howl of triumph over the repeal of the Indiana divorce law, which has restored peace, freedom, purity and the hope of long life to thousands of oppressed women, it is time some one should call attention to the cruelty of thus shutting out fugitives from that bitterest class of outrages which, in other States, are legalized. Without violating the law of most American States, a man can, without doubt, make his wife as miserable as possible. A union in which this condition occurs is absurd, shocking, and ought to be broken in any manner that may happen to be available. But women thus oppressed have, for the most part, no remedy at home. In this very town there is a divorce case which has been pending many years; the husband, a man of wealth, putting off the issue from time to time, and holding his rebellious slave in jeopardy. In the same town, if I were at liberty to go into details, I could expose a far more revolting case, of which, as it is, I can

only say that the injured wife, having weakly cohabited with her husband since his flagrant adultery, has lost the opportunity to escape him, though all but legal ties between them were severed long ago. The misery endured in such cases is conceivable only by those who have witnessed or experienced it. Its demoralizing effects are not inferior to those of prostitution. Flight to Indiana has been a proceeding entirely parallel to the slaves' escape to Canada; for the peculiar institutions of that State virtually granted divorce on application. Now three years' *bona fide* residence is required; applicants from other States are compelled to show cause under the laws of their own States; condonation (the last weakness of woman) becomes an absolute bar to her release from the worst of bondage. And the *Revolution* says Indiana has preserved her honor! This infamous measure is, without doubt, the result of the McFarland case, and thereby becomes an exact parallel to the Fugitive Slave Law, which was not thought of till slavery seemed actually likely to perish.

C. L. JAMES.

SUCCESS SURE.

"For our part we wish it were settled, this question of the elective franchise for women, for the persistence with which these strong-minded females press their claims has become very annoying."

We take this from the leader of a Philadelphia evening paper of extensive circulation among the masses.

Did it come from the powers that be at Washington—and who shall say such will not yet be the conclusion? The feeling would forcibly illustrate the spirit of the unjust judge mentioned by Jesus, who petulantly granted at last the importunate widow's impetuous prayer, simply to rid himself of her annoyance "lest she weary me."

We say, then, hammer on, battle away, plead—no, fight—till the last armed foe expires; no matter how ignoble the motive with which the opposition at last conclude to accept the righteous interpretation—decision—of present law, so justice be at last attained, and the effective means of redress and equality be placed within the hands of woman—the power to redeem within the clean hands of the noble wives, mothers and daughters of our own free America.

Aye, fight on, daughters of America. Soon as the battle becomes very annoying to the enemy depend on it victory is sure and very near.

REICHNER.

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

No. XVI.

BY C. B. P.

To do good was the way to the stars and to the God of Heaven—the moral and spiritual being links in the chain of the visible and invisible modes of being Hebrew-wise, and thus saith the Lord was often in parallelism to the times and seasons. The name, given under heaven whereby to save, was collective in personification, and thus made a person, though the heaven of heavens would not contain him. There was a fairy network of clouds, and from behind their pillars the Lord looked out. The cloudy canopy, or the varied virgin dresses of the sky, were the first to receive and the last to lose the light of the sun in the morning and in the evening. Here, too, was woman's appropriate sphere among the clouds, to do the needlework on both sides of the fine twined linen. These damsels of the sky might include Iocaste and Antigone, Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, and the mother of Zebedee's children.

Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and in the *dolce far niente* heard his word; and Martha, cumbered about much serving, may both be counted in that mystical kingdom where heaven and earth shadow each other, and where substance and shadow may reflect each other in the wedding garment. In the book written within and on the back side, and sealed with seven seals, the women are not left out in the cold. Martha may have a considerable dusting to do unless the four angels hold fast the four winds, that they blow not upon the earth. Even the Prince of the power of the air had his appointed place among the four winds of heaven, and when the Sons of God came up to present themselves before the Lord, Satan also was among them. Even "Mother Goose, when she wanted to wander, rode through the air on a very fine gander."

The old theologians, or mythologists, seem never at a loss in blending heaven and earth into Mr. Facing-both-ways. The Sun, Moon and Stars, whether in male or female images of God, were very familiar spirits to those who understood the parable and the interpretation thereof. As the saints in pure linen, clean and white, who came to time according to the law and to the testimony, they were much preferred by many for their sure word of prophecy, and came to the help of the seers, mediums or prophets.

True, there was wandering forty years in the wilderness to get all the bearings of the landmarks. There was wiring in and wiring out in all the regions round about—now going forward, and then back—the same old snake upon the track, as God or Satan, hard to tell—the Lord of Heaven with bed in hell.

Our own Easter derives her lineage from the ancient *Eos*, Goddess of the east or morning, and "Kephelos is a word meaning the head of the day." In the ancient nature wor-

ship, the phallus was in mystical correspondence with the angel in the sun, and the cross too, was a symbol of the same. There were various modes of breaking upon the wheel within wheel, and a host of him to be broken, and different hours he assigned for the crucifixion according to the hour of the day. At five—the sun be darkened, and the veil of the temple rent in the midst. Still according to these legends, it was all surely risen again early in the morning, and at that hour would cover himself with light as a garment, and rise out of the heavens as a curtain.

Kephalos with human head as well as the head of the day, and by its sympathy in relation to the solar power. Bodies of earth and heaven may interchangeably walk in same place. When the sun was new born or rose again, as the spirit of them, not only did the angel, but the sun himself, but suddenly there was with the angel, a host of the heavenly host praising God.

In Egypt, when Israel was a child and son of God, there was one Israel blowing up of the trumpet in the new moon for the pious things she put forth, for this was a statute for Israel and a law of the God of Jacob, as ordained in Joseph, through the law of Egypt in delivering from the pots. A great many spirits out as well as spirits in the flesh, would seem to have been at the supper of the great Queen. Many hundred thousands were gathered to her festival—as many, perhaps, as all the fowls that fly in the midst of Heaven to the supper of the great God—as many as were fed from Heaven in the waste, howling wilderness and on the rock of Sinai, so confounding to the arithmetic of Colenso. No wonder the Hebrews, as well as the Egyptians, blew up the trumpet in the new moon, and worshipped the Queen of heaven for her "plenty of victuals." As for Wilkinson, "every deficiency being supplied by a mysterious complement of angels, obligingly presenting themselves for the purpose."

As the prince of the air, and of this world, he is considerably made up in the godhead bodily of the *Deuser Machina*. He has a mixed name in Abaddon, Apollyon, or any other name in hell which may be the right name in the right place—names variable on the shady side, but tongued and grooved in parallelism to the God of Israel. As a dweller in the thick darkness, the black demon of the clouds, Satan had no lack of the big thunder, of the lightning, and of brimstone, wherewith to do battle with the Most High, and defy the Omnipotent to arms, or his angel Michael, or angel in the Sun. When the trumpet is heard on Sinai "exceeding loud," it may be difficult to decide whether it was Gabriel or the prince of the air who utters the voice from Heaven. If the Lord came down in a cloud, no less did the black demon of the same run out his forked tongue in the lightning.

In other aspects the cattle of Helios, or the Lord's cattle, are the bright clouds which Hermes on the one hand drives across the sky, or the Lord or a cherub leads his own cattle to fresh fields and pastures new. In the earliest Hindu poems, the horses of Helios are the Harits, who in Greece were changed into beautiful women, called Charities, the Latin *Graces*, as per Cox and Muller. If the horses of Helios shied somewhat with Phaeton, so the sons of the prophets were not quite sure that the horses of Israel did not wax fat and kick on the sky, and so the spirit of the Lord dumped Elijah on some mountain or into some valley. But as Elijah was not found, we may suppose he went up four-in-hand into Heaven, with loud rumbling of his chariot-wheels and snorting of his horses. The Phaeton story on the heathen sky "grew up from phrases which spoke of drought as caused by the chariot of Helios when driven by some one who knew not how to guide his horses; and the smiting of Phaeton by the bolts of Zeus is the ending of the time of drought by a sudden storm of thunder."

Sometimes the ancient sky damsels were triformis, or trinity in unity, or divergent according to the office or function to be performed, as in Hecate, Luna, Diana, or otherwise by change of base. Three, however, was the mystical number of the strange woman born at Jericho, a root name of the moon. In this phase she could be the cow-eyed Juno, or the tender-eyed Leah, or the Dinah who went out to behold the daughter of the land; and as the queen of heaven, appeared as sailing in upon a sea of glass. Venus, who cast sheep's eyes as if she was the Lamb's wife, sometimes went astray like that woman Jezebel, or like her who sat upon many waters; and one of those sons of God, who saw the daughters that they were fair, was seen—

"Early as by break of day,
Walking with his lady gay."

Thus making a *scan. mag.*, like Absalom, in the sight of all Israel, while other sons of God might have been singing, "Meet Me by Moonlight Alone," as per Mr. Punch. Perhaps Lucifer, son of the morning, as early as by break of day, was bobbing around among them as the bright and morning star.

Of course, in the eyes of ecclesiasticism and the church, it is damnable heresy to penetrate into the old, dark corners and disembowel sacred mysteries, which things the angels desire to look into; but "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Yet Jesus, or the dramatic person in that name, appeals to the role of the heavens as significant of himself in solar and astrological aspects—speaking to such as have ears to hear in accordance therewith.

Jeremiah was not well pleased that the Lord of heaven should be so much eclipsed by the Queen. We know how God and his sons or angels partook of the festivals in Jewry, how they ate with Abraham, and how they waked up Elijah

and fed him in such wise that he went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights, unto Horeb, the Mount of God, to say nothing of the ravens which fed him with bread and flesh from heaven. He filled the widow's cruse with oil, and Elisha ate bread with the "great woman." Jesus ate fish and honey in resurrection, and could drink wine in his Father's kingdom; so that whether at the supper of the great God, or at the festival of the Queen of heaven, there was "plenty of victuals."

Of the ancient *ptarmigan* of four-and-twenty myth birds baked in a pie, Mother Goose has sung, or might, or could, or would, or should have sung, as per young Harvard, her famous six-penny song, in somewhat cloven tongue, as a variation from that of Moses and the Lamb, thus:

Cano carmen sumpce, a corbis plena rye,
Multas aves atras percocatas in a pie;
Ubi pie apertus tum canit avium grex;
Nonne suavis cibis hoc locari ante rex?
Fuisse rex in parlor, multo de nummo tumens;
Regius in culinis, bread and mel consumens;
Ancha was in hortis, dependens out her clothes,
Quam venit parva cornix demorsa est her nose.

There are learned explanatory notes to this rendition of Mother Goose quite as important as the pious commentaries on Holy Writ, or the sermons which medicine the Jews to sleep on Sunday.

It is curious to see how all the Holy Scriptures, outside as well as inside of Jewry, were written with the finger of God. Cadmus or Kadmus carried letters into Greece; but the name Cadmus has been identified with the Syrian word Kedem—the East, and is thus a name of the Sun-God. So, too, is the God of Israel identical with the Sun-God, and with the light infolding him; and the Son of Man was only another name for the Light that cometh out of the East and shineth even unto the West. "As the sun was the child of night, so was he also slain by the darkness when his course was done"—slain, too, from the foundation of the world, but as constantly returning from his descent into hell, in the glory of his Father with his angels, and rewarding every man according to his works. Those who were in the secret of the Lord, having ears to hear, could understand the parable that there be some standing here who shall not taste death till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom.

In the kingdom of the Lord—in the Jerusalem above the mother of us all—generation and regeneration were, in the role of night and day, in correspondence to the kingdom of God, within the souls of the initiates, as they were able to receive to the measure of their conceptions. In the fullness of the regeneration of all the Godhead bodily, and the Son of man sat on the throne of His glory, they, too, could sit upon the twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel—the twelve stars, or signs of the Zodiac. The Sun, as *Deus ex machina*, "in the congregation of the mighty judgeth among the gods;" and each apostle, as a person of the drama, might add a sign or throne of Israel in the kingdom on earth as it is in heaven. Judas may have lost his first estate by backsliding at the equinoxes, and thus become one of Satan's kingdom. As much a saint as was Joseph in those early days when his sign from heaven took away the sins of the world, yet, by change of base, his skirts were clipped by Mrs. Potiphar, and the Lord refused his tabernacle. In the Essenic arrangement of the Sun drama, Peter the Rockman, though a rock of offence and savoring somewhat of Satan, might, nevertheless, be mistaken as head of the corner, and hold the keys to the mansions in the skies.

"Helios (the Sun) is represented as living in a palace of gold, daily driving his chariot, drawn by gleaming horses, across the heaven, and as having rich herds of cattle." They were the Lord's cattle on a thousand hills, and the horses were the same whose heels were bitten by Satan, the adder in the path, and their snorting heard from Dan, while their hoofs bruised the head of the serpent. These same horses gleam magnificently in Homer; and the angel of the Lord instructed Zechariah how to do the same horses in their aspects of "red, black, white, grizzled and bay—the Four Spirits of the heavens, which go forth from standing before the Lord of all the earth." St. John, doing the Sun or man child and heavenly host, saw the same horses breathing fire, smoke and brimstone from one end of heaven to the other, with the bottomless pit inclusive. From the God of heaven in the chariot of Israel, "there went up smoke out of His nostrils, and fire out of His mouth devoured." He was the Earth-Shaker as well as "the Thunderer with seven voices." Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations also of the hills were moved and were shaken because He was wroth. "A third part of men were killed by the fire, smoke and brimstone from the heads of horses as the heads of lions, besides flanking the men with the fiery serpents streaming from their tails. The Sun in *Leo* was as a lion roareth, and his voice was as seven thunders in the strength of his seven locks. There was also a pitchy cloud of locusts, with faces of men and hair of women, streaming in thunder clouds against the wind; and the sound of their wings as the sound of chariots of many horses running to battle. As per psalmist, the chariots of God were twenty thousand, to say nothing of those of Satan, who also led the embattled seraphim to war from the sides of the north. As the angel of the bottomless pit, he was the leader up of these whiskered pandoms and those black hussars who neither take nor give quarter. This terrible dragon and black demon of the clouds—this same old serpent, called the Devil and Satan, walking in darkness and wasting at noonday, came up with the Sons of God to present himself before the Lord. Coming in the clouds of heaven with his cloudy host, he makes a big noise with the rumbling of his chariot wheels. As his

cloudy wings expand under the cope of hell, his Word was as if seven thunders had uttered their voices with "rattlin and with thumping." Yea, he magnified himself even to the Prince of the host, and when the stars in their courses refused to fight against him, they were cursed bitterly for not coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

ART THOU LIVING YET?

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

[The following sweet tribute to a mother's memory is full of tender meaning, and is worthy of the poet-singer who wrote it.—Ed.]

Is there no grand, immortal sphere
Beyond this realm of broken ties,
To fill the wants that mock us here,
And dry the tears from weeping eyes;
Where Winter melts in endless Spring,
And June stands near with deathless flowers
Where we may hear the dear ones sing
Who loved us in this world of ours?
I ask, and lo! my cheeks are wet
With tears for one I cannot see;
Oh, mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

I feel thy kisses o'er me thrill,
Thou unseen angel of my life;
I hear thy hymns around me thrill
An undertone to care and strife;
Thy tender eyes upon me shine,
As from a being glorified;
Till I am thine and thou art mine,
And I forget that thou hast died.
I almost lose each vain regret
In visions of a life to be,
But, mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

The Springtimes bloom, the Summers fade,
The Winters blow along my way;
But over every light and shade
Thy memory lives by night and day;
It soothes to sleep my wildest pain,
Like some sweet song that cannot die,
And, like the murmur of the main,
Grows deeper when the storm is high.
I know the brightest stars that set
Return to bless the yearning sea;
But, mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

I sometimes think thy soul comes back
From o'er the dark and silent stream,
Where last we watched thy shining track
To those green hills of which we dream;
Thy loving arms around me twine,
My cheeks bloom younger in thy breath,
Till thou art mine and I am thine,
Without a thought of pain or death;
And yet, at times, my eyes are wet
With tears for her I cannot see—
Oh! mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

Now we have it! Mrs. Sherman is to be a worker for the election of her husband, when that husband consents to run for President, and she has already established a paper with that object in view. She will suggest a rallying cry, and she will be a balance of power sufficiently powerful to turn the scales. Newspapers are very dangerous things for women to handle—ride the career of Mrs. Woodhull and her paper, for instance; but Mrs. Sherman, the *Herald* is confident, knows what she is about. The *Herald* says:

"Another very satisfactory recommendation for General Sherman for the Presidency is the fact that his wife is leading the great conservative movement of women against the fantastic doctrines of the long-haired and socialistic agitators for female suffrage. Ably seconded by Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren and Miss Catherine Beecher, she has made a vigorous onslaught upon the works of the agitators worthy of old Tecumseh himself at Atlanta. By her addresses and petitions to Congress upon the subject she has cut a swath in the enemy's ranks paralleled only by the fiery swaths that Sherman cut in his march down to the sea. While continuing her good work through petitions and remonstrances, she does not fail to call in the aid of the press, and now publishes a new paper, called the *True Woman*, devoted mainly to the advocacy of the anti-woman suffrage movement. Thus she brings up her heavy reinforcements at the critical moment, and fills up the gap in the line as Sherman filled it with his Fifteenth Corps at Vicksburg; and doubtless we shall soon hear of her cornering the enemy, compelling his surrender, and then offering him generous terms, as Sherman did with Joe Johnston in North Carolina. She has entered on a heavy campaign, and bids fair to conduct it with the relentless vigor that belongs to the name of Sherman."

This is becoming serious. Cannot Mrs. Sherman be instructed to the effect that silence is golden?

* * The great cry that arises from all our manufacturing cities louder than their furnace blast is all for this—that we manufacture everything there except men. We bleach cotton and strengthen steel and refine sugar and shape pottery; but to brighten, to strengthen, to refine, or to form a living spirit never enters into our estimate of advantage. All the evil to which that cry is urging our myriads can be met only in one way—not by teaching nor preaching; for to teach them is but to show them their misery, and to preach to them—if we do nothing more than preach—is to mock at it. It can only be met by a right understanding on the part of all classes of what kinds of labor are good for men—raising them and making them happy; by a determined sacrifice of such convenience or beauty or cheapness as is to be got only by the degradation of the workman; and by equally determined demand for the products and results of healthy and ennobling labor.—*Ruskin*.

"Of the dead, nothing, if not good," says the old saw. The living are injured, the dead not served, by this false tenderness, and common sense takes its revenge in the sarcasm. Lying as an epitaph."

GOLD, MONEY, CURRENCY, WEALTH.

Much of the confusion which arises in any attempt made to analyze the money question arises from the fact that the same words in different people's mouths are not used to represent the same things. Perhaps there are not a hundred people in the world who have a well-defined comprehension of what they really mean when they talk of gold, money, currency and wealth. Hence, when people meet to discuss this question, the first thing necessary to be done is to settle the use that shall be made of these several terms, and what meaning they shall convey. Our correspondent in last week's issue says: "My own mind did not obtain rest on the question of money until I separated it from the term currency." Had he proceeded still further, and separated money and currency from gold and wealth, we think he would have arrived very nearly the bottom of the question and at the proper position from which to proceed to a complete and scientific understanding of this very simple question.

If there are two words used to represent identical things it is better that one of them should be discarded, because diffusion of terms leads directly to confusion and misunderstanding of facts. If these four terms are analyzed what do they scientifically mean?

Gold is a product of the wealth obtained by the application of labor, and scientifically and practically bears the same relations to labor that all other things do which are produced by labor. But there has been an extra importance attached to gold which has not been given to any other result of labor. It has been coined and called money, and by custom made an arbitrary standard, which none of its qualities warrant.

Gold bears the same relation to real money that a religious creed does to real religion, which, when comprehended by the minds of the people, necessarily loses its value as a substitute for religion. Gold was the best substitute for money until the social systems into which society evolves were scientifically analyzed, and their needs understood, when its arbitrary value was shown to be simply assumed, and it has always failed to meet the requirements of a people when they most needed a real money. It seems superfluous for us to repeat, because we have so often stated it, that money is an invention which people require to facilitate the exchange of the products of labor. Every one will at once concede that that which will best represent the products of labor will also best exchange them. It is also equally clear that gold does in no way represent any labor except that which produces it. If gold were a true representative of the results of all other labor except that which produces it, is it not apparent that that labor must also be equal to all other labor; that upon the one hand would stand gold representing every other product, upon the other hand, were gold increased in value a thousand times, it would still not represent all other products. Were gold a true and scientific standard of value, one half the labor of the world would be required to produce it, while the other half would be distributed among the various other industries—all of which demonstrates that the attempt made to make gold answer the demands which people require of money, is not only false, but utterly impossible. It does not span the chasm which exists, and which a true money must span.

Money, then, is anything which stands representative of the products of labor; that is, that can be made use of to facilitate their exchange. A representative of anything cannot be the thing itself. Were A, B and C to at all times exchange their products by direct transfer, they would have no use for money; they would exchange actual values. But when they resort to money as a better and more convenient and more economic method of making their exchanges, they dispense with the actual delivery of value for value, and deliver value and receive for it a representative of value.

Wealth is the accumulation of valuable things, and consists of everything which labor produces, and a scientific money would thoroughly represent all this accumulation. If this wealth is not thoroughly and entirely represented, then there is a surplus wealth of which the world can make no use. And here is the argument that surplus wealth is not entitled to yearly increase of fixed rates of interest.

It seems to us that with the terms money and wealth we have all the necessary distinctions which should enter into the abstract question of money. Gold is a part of wealth as currency is a part of money. Many people think and speak of gold as though it came into disuse as money, that we should entirely love it as wealth, while the reverse is true; because we should have all the gold there is to be used for the same purposes for which we now need it, to wit: to export to other countries in exchange for imports. If a close analysis be made, this is the only real use we have for gold. Suppose that our imports amounted to a thousand million dollars, and that we exported that amount in cotton, corn and pork, what use would we have for gold? Also, suppose that we had no cotton, corn or pork to export, or any other thing but gold, and we could produce that amount of gold annually, would we not be equally well conditioned, and should we be a whit the better? This observation determines the real character of gold, and makes it just what we have always held it to be: a product of labor and article of commerce.

If, at any time, the balance of trade is against us, and we

have no gold, cotton, corn, or any other product, to make it good, we must then send, for this purpose, our representatives of value—our bonds, which are, equally with currency, a part of our money system—to be converted when we shall produce these things. This process has been actually going on ever since we began to export bonds to Europe, to make good the balances against us; and to-day Europe holds these representatives of value of all kinds—National, State, corporate, and individual—to the amount of five thousand million dollars—a sum nearly equal to, if not greater than, our total aggregate of incomes.

We are attempting, then, by forcing the specie—the gold—basis into use, or by setting gold up again as a standard of value, to do something with something for which it has no natural or scientific adaptation.

We have previously shown what is the true standard of value—the absolute measure of money—which is the rate of interest that should be fixed to national bonds issued to absorb any superabundance of currency that there might at any time be in circulation. With such a standard, what use have we for gold as money?

At some future time we may proceed to the consideration of special points raised by our correspondents; for this question is one which needs and which will bear discussion.

THE *World* says: "The strike of the colored laborers in Washington is worthy of the attention of those who hold that the introduction of cheap Chinese labor will materially reduce the wages of working men." It then proceeds to show that Cuffee and Johnny work low at the start, but soon learn the value of their time and demand better wages. "That's so." The advent of a few Chinamen need make no appreciable difference in the general rate of wages of this country. Men who object to the introduction of the Chinaman are not so absolutely unreasonable as they may seem at the first glance. The workman has a right to fix the price of his own labor. The ability to fix that price depends on the unanimity of the workmen. If Chinamen can be brought in and delivered bodily into a particular locality, for a particular trade, there to take the place of other workmen, they depreciate wages. The lowest rate—not the highest—regulates the market price; and other rates in other trades sympathize—just as the displacement of a body of water by a passing vessel affects the height of the main body at the margin. Still, these effects are transient. The relations of capital and labor, the equalization of work and wages, find their basis far below the immigration of a few hundreds or thousands, or even millions, of foreigners. Immigration is, in fact, a source of national wealth. But in order to prevent even this great country, with all its vast undeveloped resources, from degenerating into the chronic pauperism that disgraces the older countries, where human labor is the cheapest of all commodities, we need some remodeling of our social conditions. The old feudal tyranny was grinding; but it was alleviated by the personal relations between the lord and the villain. The modern tyranny of capital, especially of corporate capital, is far more crushing. It deals with men as masses—not as sentient beings—and deprives the worker of the poor protection of sympathy and individuality. So much work, so much pay. There begin and end the reciprocal obligations of employer and employed. All outside of that belongs to another category of duty.

MUTINY at sea is a terrible calamity—as fearful as a gale of wind on a lee shore. Discipline must be maintained at sea, where obedience is the law of life. Seamen do not mutiny against fair treatment. Here and there may be found a perverse, intractable brute, whom kindness itself cannot tame or civilize; but as a rule seamen are easily satisfied, and do their hard work submissively, if not cheerfully. Cruelty—notorious, horrid cruelty—of master and mate to the seaman is too common, and very rarely meets punishment. A merchant community favors the officers; money and lawyers find excuses for severity. The crew of the *Bowen* have killed their captain; the law will probably be prompt enough to teach the seamen the old lesson, "That in the captain's but a choleric word, which in the soldier's blasphemy." Justice is proverbially leaden-footed; she is often one-eyed. The want of able seamen; the absence of apprentices, is a common complaint in our mercantile marine. What inducement is there to a seafaring life? Hard work—no eight hours at sea; mean pay; brutal treatment from officers; utter indifference from owners; even the old ration of grog stopped under pretence of temperance, and the paltry difference pocketed by the shipowner, while the public stands by and is shocked now and then, but turns aside with folded hands. "Everybody's business is nobody's business."

HABITUAL DRUNKARDS are treated by bromide of potassium, Dr. Zell's cure, brandy diet, and other curative processes, which, with seclusion from liquor and bad company, wholesome atmosphere and new surroundings, work more or less cure. This is on the theory that drunkenness is a malady of the mind and body. The precise limit of self-control determines the point at which disease begins and moral accountability ceases. In like manner every irresistible tendency or propensity may be styled disease. Forgery, theft, brute violence, and all the catalogue of offenses against the well-being of ourselves or others, will come under the caption of moral or physical disease. In that aspect punishment is excluded. We have no right to punish for disease,

if, indeed we have a right to punish at all. Disease is itself a punishment for the violation of moral or physical law. Why sympathize only with inordinate thirst? If it be a work of sound humanitarian policy to redeem drunkards, why not to redeem rogues and all victims of imperfect mental balance?

USURY LAWS are one of the fossil institutions of the past which in their day may have had uses, though hard to be understood. In this day they are an obstruction to commerce, and are objectionable, as is all superfluous legislation, in that artificial offenses are thereby created. Nobody observes the usury laws; at least no honest man. It is only a knave who, after deliberately entering into a bargain for ten per cent. and taking the benefits, would turn round and avoid his contract because the law had fixed eight as the legal limit. Honor is higher than law. Usury laws are habitually evaded. Interest for money is precisely on the same footing as profit for goods—it is the subject of contract. Where no interest is stipulated none should be charged.

SARAH GLEASON, of Hartford, has forwarded the names of 1,307 women appended to the anti-woman suffrage petition to Congress, to the Secretary of the Washington Committee. She says that hundreds of women in her section are so opposed to having anything to do with political affairs that they even refused to sign the petition. And in so refusing they are much more logical than those who sign. The right of petition and remonstrance is citizenship. Slaves could not petition; they had no civil existence. Voting is only the American complement to petitioning. The vote wills what the petition claims.

THE *World* credits the *Revolution* with "a statement to the effect that nine-tenths of the young men that are given to prostitution go from the presence of their sweethearts or jady friends, where their passions have been excited by silly smiles and loving nonsense, aided many times by spiced food and wine, to the embrace of the courtesan." It may be so. We cannot find the paragraph; but, as the fact belongs to the *World*, the flesh and the devil, some one ought to know. But is it only the young men that are given, etc. Perhaps the *World* can tell the *Revolution* what sends elderly "gents" on their travels.

THE Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, in his letters from England to the *Christian Union*, is surprised to find women at work in greater numbers and at a greater variety of avocations here in England than in the United States. The employment of female clerks in stores and in government and railroad offices, especially as money takers, is universal in both France and Germany. American men object to a woman earning her own living. This is a mistaken kindness: the prejudice against woman-work operates injuriously to woman.

WERE women to covenant and agree with men that they would make only such use of the ballot as men should determine, there would not be much difficulty about the voting. Men do not know for what purpose women would vote; therefore they must not vote until they can convince men that they will do just as they are required. Such is the constitutional law, the inexorable logic and the exact justice which men measure to women.

News comes from Iowa that there is not one woman convict in the penitentiary. This speaks well for the morality of the woman citizens, or for the equity of the men judges and jurymen who will not condemn "persons" that have no votes, they are so clearly irresponsible. Good for Iowa, either way.

A WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION will be held at Bloomington on the 22d and 23d of June.

THE degradation of the operative into a machine it is which more than any other evil of the times is leading the mass of the nations everywhere into vain, incoherent, destructive struggling for a freedom of which they cannot explain the nature to themselves. Their universal outcry against wealth and against nobility is not forced from them either by the pressure of famine or the sting of mortified pride. These do much and have done much in all ages, but the foundations of society were never yet shaken as they are at the present day. It is not that men are ill-fed, but they have no pleasure in the work by which they make their bread, and therefore look to wealth as the only means of pleasure. It is not that men are pained by the scorn of the upper classes, but they cannot endure their own: for they feel that the kind of labor to which they are condemned is only a degrading one, and makes them less than men. Never had the upper classes so much sympathy with the lower, or charity for them as they have at this day and yet never were they so much hated by them, for of old the separation between the noble and the poor was merely a wall built by law. Now it is a veritable difference in level of standing, a precipice between upper and lower grounds in the field of humanity, and there is a pestilential air at the bottom of it.

* * * We are always endeavoring to separate labor from intellect. We want one man to be always thinking and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative; whereas, the workman ought often to be thinking and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle—the one envying, the other despising, his brother; and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now, it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity.—*Ruskin*.

FRANK CLAY:

HUMAN NATURE IN A NUTSHELL.

BY JOSHUA ROSE.

[CONTINUED.]

DLXIII.

Then, the member said, "If Thomas Scott
Has nothing more to say to me, I move
We now adjourn." Now mark you well the blast
That on the Legislature, let it prove
The length to which monopolies have got,
And how they make of each State House a grove
In which the wheels of fortune they can trundle
To grind out their franchise by the bundle.

DLXIV.

Behold our State, where men boast they can smother
The course of justice. Have we not been told,
"I have the courts in one hand—in the other
I your District Attorney firmly hold?"
Search modern history and point me out another
Example of deep infamy so bold,
Where men want their misdeeds and dare defy
The public voice, should it their acts decry.

DLXV.

Our sunny South—the fairest, best domain
Upon this Western Continent—lies bound
Beneath vile parasites, who strive to gain
Position by whatever can be found
To aid their usurpation. They obtain
The aid of the most ignorant, whom they hound
To opposition 'gainst their former masters—
Hence Ku-Klux Klans and other sad disasters.

DLXVI.

If they had let the Southerners alone,
And let all past contention die away,
Permitting their great losses to atone
For their past errors, who will dare to say
The South would still be discontented, groan
Beneath such desolation's awful sway?
But here seven years of peace have come and gone,
And still the South by anarchy is torn.

DLXVII.

I hold the most enlightened are the best
And proper ones to govern. Now apply
This rule to Southern statesmen (?) as a test,
Look in each State House—what will meet the eye?
Two-thirds, at least, are negroes, and the rest
Are carpet-baggers, men who only ply
Their avocation as a means to use
For plunder, having nought themselves to lose.

DLXVIII.

The authors of this tyranny proclaim
Themselves as advocates of equal right.
How dare they libel such a liberal name?
They grant it to the negro; but the white
Inhabitants they mark with brands of shame,
Disfranchisement, and disqualified outright,
While military confront them at the polls,
Extort from them, as taxes, unjust tolls.

DLXIX.

They have passed laws explicitly contracting
That every citizen has the right to vote,
And where it suits them they are most exacting,
And take good care each separate clause to quote.
But now they find that they have been enacting
Laws which enfranchise women, I take note
They want to say that citizen means men—
That is, that it must mean just what suits them.

DLXX.

But laws are laws and mean just what they state,
No matter how their framers twist and turn;
The fact is, these fanatics, in their great
Zeal, did more than they meant to—now they learn
What they unwittingly have done, they prate,
Or try to prate, away the laws, inurn
Their recent legislation in a mystery,
As great, as deep, as dark as their own history.

DLXXI.

"They've passed amendments to the Constitution—
The Fourteenth and Fifteenth—which decide
The right to vote to be an institution
The which to citizens can't be denied.
They even specify the retribution
To be to those who would obstruct, applied;
How then deny to women, with persistency,
This right as citizens? Is this consistency?"

DLXXII.

"They saw not the result that they would land upon,
And passed these laws, not seeing clearly through them.
The women now, of course, can lay a hand upon
The same, and say that they have given to them
The right to vote. There's not a leg to stand upon
In opposition to the law; so do them
The common justice to admit the polity
Of giving them, as bound by law, equality.

DLXXIII.

"As citizens you tax them—hold them liable
To law; as such they sue or may be sued.
The law itself cannot be rendered pliable,
Nor can it be considered as so crude
That it is, at your option, justifiable
To warp it to whatever may be imbued
In your mind as expedient and proper—
She has the right to vote, nor can you stop her."

DLXXIV.

This speech created quite a grand furor;
When Pete concluded, there was much applause.
As he descended, ere he reached the door, he
Was hailed a perfect hero in the cause.

Indeed, few persons ever knew before he
Was so well versed in politics and laws,
So deep a thinker or so great a reader,
So good an arguer as a special pleader.

DLXXV.

Such sentiments might come from parer sources
I grant, but then there is no need to scan
The authors, and, in truth, to me such course is
Not necessary. I must decry the plan
Of push-poking the merits of discourses
Because, forsooth, we do not like the man
Who gives them, and I think that all we should
Consider is, are his positions good?

DLXXVI.

"His antecedents"—Bah, his antecedents
Have naught to do with what he advocates.
Were pitted every public man's precedents
Against the merits of what he debates,
Few great men of the past had gained precedence
In either these or any other States.
If progress lags to keep pace with morality,
There are small hopes for us, mundane humanity.

DLXXVII.

I mean to say by that the people "must
Not look a gift-horse in the mouth," but take
The gift, also the donor's fame on trust,
Be he a politician or a rake.
But then those two are so alike, at first
Sight one is always liable to mistake
Them; so I say get all the good you can
From either, irrespective of the man.

DLXXVIII.

I know, of course, some people will demur,
Because of putting such fine sentiments
In such a person's mouth, but I aver
That none are wholly good or bad, and hence
I think that I am right when I prefer
To give Pete some small virtue. If they wince
Beneath the role he plays within my verse,
In my next volume I will make him worse.

DLXXIX.

But why not make him better? says the critic.
What, show up human nature void of sinning?
'Twould not be truthful, if 'twere politic,
Besides I gave distinctly, when beginning
(Anticipating some hostile philippic),
A moral as to vice, like base coin, pinning
No, no, I must give Pete some little virtue,
And much regret that such a course should hurt you.

DLXXX.

You didn't mean exactly that. Ah, well,
We'll let it pass; no doubt we both agree,
As would be found did we sit down and tell
Precisely our ideas; and as for me,
I often sit and think how people quell
Their better nature 'neath frivolity
Or selfishness, and then it makes me sad
To think who might be good are still so bad.

DLXXXI.

Oh, where shall I find a compatible heart?
'Neath the dome of the church or the roof of the mart,
In temples of fashion where mammon presides,
Or halls of the wealthy where splendor resides,
In city, town, village, oh, where shall I seek
A heart that is warm, trusting, loving and meek?

DLXXXII.

I've sought 'neath the garment of exquisite form
To veriest rag that was tattered and torn,
And found there two hearts so alike in each case,
The one could have served in the other one's place;
I turned to my friends, and, in utter despair,
Found nothing but coldness, self-interest there.

DLXXXIII.

Mankind you will find are of similar mould,
The motives the same in the young and the old,
The same ends pursued, the same course is run,
Descending as heirlooms from father to son.
Thoughts, feelings, religions, you'll find in the main,
Are all handed down just precisely the same.

DLXXXIV.

Faith, kindness, charity, trust, and affection,
Are held to convenience in abject subjection;
Possessions that speak of a very good heart,
Unfit in our every day life to take part,
For cynics a laughing-stock, merchants a prize,
Meet for imposition if chance should arise.

DLXXXV.

In business a scapegoat, in practice a myth,
A simple decoy to deceive you wherewith.
A theory of lies as to what you should do,
But only a mask, after all, for the two;
And those who are wounded by means of such guile,
Meet sympathy truly, but with it a smile.

DXC.

Mere figments that all deem it right to applaud,
As carrying with them their own just reward.
Ah, me! 'tis too true, we must own with regret,
Its own consolation is all it does get;
Yet still that alone is far brighter, more sweet,
Than aught that the sordid and hardened can meet.

DXCI.

That rhythm is too doleful, and besides
The words don't illustrate the sentiment
I wish to utter, which the while it chides
All egotism, would give the feelings pent
Up in one's heart, and therefore tend to guide
The thoughts to ponder on what pain is lent
To life by lack of friendly mutuality;
Here are my thoughts penned nearer their reality.

DXCII.

When busy day is over and the mind is all at rest,
I saunter in the evening by the cooling breeze caressed;
I oft feel very lonely, and I yearn for one true friend
To share with me my gladness, and in all my pleasures blend.

DXCIII.

I would no careless friendship such as worldly persons give,
I wish no mere politeness where no earnestness can live,
I often have such proffered, but I pass it coldly by,
And shake my head in silence as I leave it with a sigh.

DXCIV.

For years I've dreamed of friendship perfect, earnest, noble,
pure,
To cling to me with gladness; through all good or ill endure;
I've sought it unrelentingly for many, many years,
And time is passing quickly dunning all my hopes with fears.

DXCV.

I sit in the sunset with my pleading heart all bowed;
My dear dream seems as fitting as the changeful, tinted cloud,
The inward voice is calling, shall I never, never find,
One heart to beat respondent, sympathetically kind.

DXCVI.

My love seems like a summer bird that left a warmer clime,
And came to sing its love song in the North before the time,
And met the evening frosts which chilled its heart and made it
weep,
No shielding flower or leaflet as a haven where to sleep.

DXCVII.

Who in the early sunrise in the woodland sang alone,
And warbled forth its sorrows in a softened, gentle tone;
And prayed the foliage to come to shield it from its fate,
And sang its plaintive love songs calling sweetly to its mate.

DXCVIII.

I've searched the faces passing in the City's busy street,
And found their hearts as cold as was the slab beneath my
feet;
I watched the throngs that gathered 'neath the finely chiselled
dome,
Surrounded there by thousands, I have felt myself alone.

DXCIX.

From gilded halls of fashion, from the pleasure temples where
All seemed so glad and happy, I have turned me in despair;
No hand, no heart was earnest, there was nothing kind or pure,
I left the city feeling that its wealthiest were poor.

DC.

They're frivolous and shallow, cannot feel one honest glow
Of warmth, would court prosperity, but show you if the blow
Of poverty should strike you if they met you in the street
No word of sympathetic tone your stricken ear would meet.

DCI.

When I began I marked my course out plain,
And meant to keep it intact to the end;
But since I've altered quite the whole refrain,
I will for once its present style amend,
And go back to my first intent again,
Give two sides of the question, and depend
Upon the reader's judgment, and, in fine,
Let him decide where he would draw the line.

DCII.

The aged man sits in his easy arm chair,
And gazes around on the loved faces there;
He gratefully ponders how good God has been,
And thanks him for living to witness the scene.
He was born in the villa, and placed in the sod
The tall elms whose branches now gracefully nod.
He sits in the porch 'neath the clustering vines,
While his grandchild her arms round his aged neck twines.

DCIII.

He tells with delight beaming out from his face,
Of scenes of his childhood, and marks out each place;
When the school-house was built, and the opening feast,
With what wonderful strides the old village increased.
He points to the spire of the church in the vale,
And falters as fondly relating the tale;
He tells of a bridal that once happened there,
And the flowers that were strewn on the happy young pair.

DCIV.

He visits the churchyard, and by the gravestones
Recounts all the past of those gone to their homes
His father and mother here lie side by side,
The family record he tells you in pride
Is traced in the old vaults from father to son.
For hundreds of years does the quaint record run.
The old parish books mark an old baron's frame,
And tell how the parish was called by his name.

DCV.

And family legends descended relate,
Of an ancient old castle with strong postern gate,
Where henchmen at night watched the drawbridge and boat,
In helmet and armor, at edge of the moat.
He's the last of the males of this ancient old race,
One spot in the vault still remains as his place.
He knows when his face from the village is missed,
The family name will have ceased to exist.

DCVI.

All this the old man will with pleasure recite,
His heart filled with pride and his face with delight,
He has gone through the world with a perfect content,
He is passing away yet he doth lament.
Has no tinge of remorse though his course is nigh run—
He was glad as a boy, is content as a man;
He has lived, he will die, with his forefathers sleep,
Not one sigh will he heave, not a tear will he weep.

DCVII.

He has not been exacting, or unjust, or stern;
He has let his warm feelings in sympathy burn.
As a boy, as a man, husband, father, or friend,
There is not one sad thought his clear conscience to rend.
He has gathered each pleasure that life can afford,
And loved it; and when he is laid 'neath the sword,
The inscription should be at the head of his bier,
"The honored remains of a good man lie here."

"Frank Clay," together with "Labor and Capital," will shortly be published in book form. For particulars, apply to J. Rose, 360 Hudson street, New York.

ART AND DRAMA.

Despite the weather, sultry and oppressive nights, or deluges of rain, the theatres keep up their attractions, and the public keep up their attendance. "Rosendale," with its pretty scenery, its modern life romance and its Lester Wallack is a thing of joy not forever, for all that's bright must fade, and "Rosendale" blooms for this week only. Next, "The Long Strike," with its impressive moral for malcontent operatives.

At Booth's, "The Man o' Air," with its kilt, claymore, and Caledonian club accompaniments, continues to draw the public and to provoke disparaging criticism. Mr. Barrett has a beautiful voice if he could only manage it. He has impressive force when he is not feeble. His manner is sad when it is not merry. His action monotonous when it is not varied. The play itself is dreary, domestic, unromantic, milk-and-water, after a course of such vigorous, intense drama as "Kit," "Across the Continent," "Jack Sheppard" or "Paul Clifford." An intelligent critic says that the school of modern drama, with its perfect realism, its living portraiture of actual existence, its appeal to the sympathies of to-day, supersedes Shakespeare, whose antiquated ideas and phrases have no reflex in modern life and action. This is right and just. Shakespeare, like Michael Angelo, has had his day, and it is about time that those old-time fellows should make way for their great grandchildren. How can the fogies expect to edge the swells off the platform? "Fiction," says another able critic, "is generally much more productive of amusement than truth." That's exactly where Shakespeare and Sheridan fail. "Othello" can never be considered equal to "Foul Play." The one gives us humanity as it may be, the other humanity as it may not be. Who can doubt about popular preference? We are all weary of that which is; we long for that which is not. But when we have it, Aye, there's the rub. Even "Foul Play" palls. The tickle crowd sickens of Sardou as they do of Shakespeare. Even steamboat explosions and railroad accidents get tiresome. Have we not our Erie and our Mississippi? Indeed, when we think on that great river and that greater railroad—greater from the "incidental and sensational" point of view—and when we think of Paris and Communist and Versailles blowing up, burning, murdering, slaughtering, it would seem that a new departure would be acceptable.

Lucille Western is one of those established favorites which somehow put to flight all our preconceptions about popular fickleness. Just as no one gets tired of Masaniello or the Stabat Mater, so we come back to Miss Vine, Margaret Rockwood or Nancy. The subjects are painful, but they are so powerfully drawn, so perfectly treated, that we cannot tire of seeing them while we retain any sense of nature's exhaustless freshness. It is to be regretted that the ambition of this great actress should be limited to these parts. As *Dolores*, in "Patrie," she gave us earnest of what we might expect in another range, where, though the passion and sentiment are of equal intensity, the circumstances are less painful—we might even say, offensive.

In Art.—The Morse testimonial monument in the Central Park has been the great point of interest in the past week. Professor Morse is a very great benefactor to his race, and it is fitting that his merits should be fully recognized. The Professor is or was an artist, and therefore competent to appreciate the honor paid him in fixing him forever in brass, in the place where his countrymen most do congregate. Of the quality and the virtue of the memorial the *World* says—we quote from the *World* because the *World* is the gentleman's paper, and as such is a judge of art. The *World* approves the statue. The meagre modern costume is gracefully disguised by a cloak which varies from other cloaks in its rich fur collar, while the countenance is replete with those perceptive faculties that characterize the man who can chain down the lightning; in short, the statue is perfect in all its parts, and reminds the spectator of "a photograph in bronze." This delicate compliment to the creative genius of the artist will be readily apprehended by the quick artistic sense of the Professor. Having seen the statue we have nothing to add. It is "a photograph in bronze," and as such long may it wave.

A picture of "The Central Park," near the basin, with ladies and gentlemen all suitably fixed, has called out much admiration from the critics. It is on show in the window at 680 Broadway. It justifies all the encomiums. Here is another "photograph," this time in oils. Any one would recognize the fountain and the ornamental water at the first glance. It is very like. The picture has met so much approval, else one might have thought that the picture is not all a picture, just as Byron's dream is not all a dream. All the more perfect, perhaps, by reason of its imperfections. Perfect perfection is hateful. The blurred face of the young lady in the foreground, for instance, may be because, in the exuberant vivacity of youth, the beauty could not stand still for the photographer. The majority rules—we fall into line. It is a good picture, it is to be chromoed. Everybody cannot have an original; get a chromo. Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountain" chromo would look as well as a "Central Park" original.

About this time those in want of high art at very low figures can get it at some of the salesrooms. Precious productions are given away. A native artist consulting a friend on the value of a picture that had cost some time and some paint, was referred for price to the salesroom. Hudibras says, with justice, that "the value of a thing is just as much as it will bring." Thither went the native, and saw gems of art sold to a patriotic public at prices before which native art turns pale. "The very frame, my dear sir, is worth all the money. Cheap, sir! Cheap! Ridiculously cheap! And then, sir, imported, do you see! none of your home trash. Sue, look down here. Scumble—and there, Von Haub. That's what I call art. Give you a share in my luck. Let you

have one of them, only to you, not to another living man, for \$50. Not! You'll never have such another chance. I'll get a hundred for it. Why, sir, it's like giving away a diamond necklace for a pair of old boots. 'Bye, bye.'"

The receipts of the Holland Testimonial were \$15,554.83. The total expenses were \$1,845.95. The balance for the widow and children of the actor is \$13,708.88. The beneficiaries have received \$1,000.00. The United States bonds to the value of \$12,000 gold, have been placed for their benefit in the hands of the United States Trust Company. The interest will be paid to Mrs. Holland during her life, and the principal will be divided among the four Holland children, after her death.

PAULINE VIARDOT GARCIA, lately deceased at Turin, Italy, was one of the most celebrated vocalists of modern times. She was the daughter of Manuel Garcia, the eminent operatic artist and teacher, and the sister of Malibran. She was born in Paris in 1821, and, when a little child, accompanied her father to this country. At the age of seven she was a skillful pianist. In her sixteenth year she began to attain reputation as a vocalist, her voice having been trained by her mother; and in 1839 she made her debut on the operatic stage in Rossini's "Otello." After singing in Vienna, Berlin and St. Petersburg, she came to London and Paris, and in one or the other of these two latter capitals her life was subsequently spent. Viardot Garcia was a singer of the very grandest style. Her best part was *Fidel* in Meyerbeer's "Prophete"; and indeed, in this character she was unapproachable. Her versatility was very great, and her wide range of voice, which covered both the soprano and the contralto registers, enabled her to assume the most diverse parts. One night she would sing the *Arcade* of Rossini's "Semiramide," and the next would warble the sweet strains of Donizetti's "Lucia." Among her other noted parts were *Norma*, *Donna Anna* and *Valentine*. She was partial to the operas of Gluck, and was considered the best interpreter of this master's works on the lyric stage. For the past few summers Viardot Garcia lived at Baden-Baden, where she gave musical soirees which the most distinguished persons in art and society were proud to attend. At these reunions several of her own compositions were produced with marked success. She has also recently sung in concerts at London; but it is several years since she has appeared on the lyric stage.

WOMEN ITEMS.

A school on the plan of Vassar College has been established in Alameda County, of California.

The women of Bloomington, Ill., have built up within the last five years a library numbering 4,000 volumes.

Miss Jennie F. Willing is to deliver an address before the Methodist Quoadrenial Sunday-school Convention in Akron, Ohio.

Widows who were freeholders were allowed to vote on town matters in this country for some years later than 1800. Three such widows voted in Detroit in 1804.

"John," said a master to his apprentice, as he was about starting on a journey, "you must occupy my place while I'm absent." "Thank you, sir," replied John; "I'd rather sleep with the boys."

"You must not play in the streets with the boys now, my dear; you are seven years old," said an old lady to her little granddaughter. "But, grandma, was the innocent reply, "the older I grow the better I like the boys."

A lady advertises in the London *Times* for "an accomplished poodle nurse. Wages, £1 per week." The place might suit some loafing, shiftless man. We have seen in London, fellows six feet high, leading a poodle by a silk string.

At Leavenworth, Kansas, a lawyer recently sued Mrs. Johnson for \$50 fees. Mrs. J. said she had no money to hire a lawyer and must plead her case herself; but she was not afraid to leave it with such a fine-looking gentlemanly jury.

The editor of the Bangor (Me.) *Whig* says he recently saw a large number of young ladies enter a public hall with disheveled hair and hat-brims apparently wrinkled and broken, and as he fancied with excited countenances. "Upon inquiring what the riot was about," says he, "imagine our chagrin when told it was the fashion."

An eight-year-old girl in Meriden, Conn., was recently brave enough to take a drunken man by the hand and lead him away from a dozen boys who were cruelly making sport of him, and administer a severe rebuke to them at the same time. The rough boys slunk away abashed before the little heroine.

"Martha, my dear," said a loving husband to his spouse, who was several years his junior, "what do you say to moving to the far West?" "Oh, I am delighted with the idea! You recollect when Mr. Morgan moved out there he was as poor as we are, and in three years he died, leaving his widow worth \$100,000."

An express train on the Western Pennsylvania railroad was stopped the other day within a few rods of a fifteen ton boulder, which had fallen across the track, by a woman who waved her apron frantically in the air. The passengers considered the salvation of their necks worth about \$20, and made her up a purse for that amount.

The Board of Education of Jacksonville, Ill., propose to employ female teachers only in all departments of the city schools. The janitors are to be authorized to flog the big boys at the teachers' request.

Guess those big boys won't want flogging if the right sort of girls are employed.

North Platte, Neb., June 8.—Madam Joanna Maria Goverdina Penternans, a native of Belgium, died on a Western bound emigrant train near Brady's Island, Nebraska. She was travelling alone, and had a through ticket from New York to San Francisco. It is supposed that her disease was epilepsy. About \$10,000, mostly in United States bonds, were found on her person.

The New Orleans *Picayune* tells that a rumor was circulated that a certain gentleman had been drowned in the river. Of course it reached his family, and his wife, in a state of great excitement, hastened to the point where it was alleged he had been drowned. "Has my husband been found?" she inquired; when Captain Mulligan replied, "No, madam." "It's always so; John never can be found when he's wanted."

Miss Mary E. Greene went out of her teens and into medical studies six years ago. She opened a shop in a neglected quarter of Philadelphia, after graduating at the Medical College there, and in a year had 1,600 patients. Last year she had charge of the Hooper hospital for women—a position heretofore held only by first-class doctors of the other sex; is now a lead-

ing professor in Bellevue College, down for a course of lectures, and the first woman elected a member of the Medical Society of New York.

A Mount Morris, N. J., merchant sends this note to the President of the Woman's Rights Society of that State: "I need more much to assist on the repairs to my store. Why should the work cease? In this country cannot you send me a brigade of women warriors of terror, to take back-bone of endurance, strong powerful, adamantine, flinty, never-tiring. To such the usual wages will be paid. No talking at work and women with circum-brance not taken. Work from 7 a. m. to 12 m.; from 1 p. m. to 6 p. m.—ten hours per day. Cash every evening. Fraternally yours."

Virginie de Roche, the celebrated female bare-back rider of the Sioux Valley is thus described by a Western reporter: "We found this illustrious young equestrienne in the clay-built cabin of her brother-in-law, Joe Chappel, a mile from the main road, on the Eden bottom. There is something mysterious, interesting and wild in the person and mind of this remarkable girl. We interviewed her, and she proved herself a character brimful of romance. Sixteen years old, but looking like eighteen; blue eyes, straight features, ruddy complexion, shingled hair, interesting, inquisitive and alive to flattery. She told me her story. 'You see, sir, I am only a plain French girl, I love to ride on horse-back. I commenced it when I was young, and it comes natural to me. I had a bean who did like me to walk to the dances, he told me to learn to ride, and I did learn, so that now I can travel on horseback, man-fashion, side-saddle or without a saddle, but some of those fellows saw me and put me in the papers. You won't do it, sir, will you?'

THE *Musical Bulletin* for June has been received. Its editorial and correspondence department is well written and interesting, besides which it contains one of Zungmann's nocturns and a vocal quartette by W. F. Miller.

In an article on the late triennial festival of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, we find the following very just criticism of the famous English vocalist who appeared on that occasion:

There was a long list of solo vocalists, headed by Madame Rudersdorff and Mr. W. H. Cummings. These two singers were engaged expressly for the festival, and returned to London immediately after their duties were performed, in order to meet their Crystal Palace engagements in June. Both Madame Rudersdorff and Mr. Cummings made good impressions. The former, however, exhibits rather what has been a great voice instead of present greatness, but in all she does, she shows herself a thorough artist. There can be no question but that she is the best oratorio singer we have had in America, except Madame Parepa-Rosa, and in pure, artistic culture she can hardly be considered second to her. Madame Parepa-Rosa has the fresher and better voice of the two. To cover the defects of a failing voice, Madame Rudersdorff has frequently to force her tones into positive harshness. Her stage manners were not altogether pleasing to the Bostonians. I am inclined to believe that what was looked upon as an independent, patronizing air, which she frequently exhibited by nodding, applauding, talking audibly to the conductor and others around her, and the like, was meant for something different, but the audience generally looked upon it as such, and she furthermore had the bad taste to talk while her sister vocalists were singing. In style she is very dramatic, at times almost too much so for the deepest and most touching interpretation of sacred song, but in other passages this very quality added vastly to the effect. In her demeanor she was in very marked contrast to Mr. Cummings, whose quiet, modest ways, no less than his pure and sweet voice and cultivated style, made him extremely popular.

MESSRS. OLIVER DITSON & Co. have lately published several vocal pieces of more than ordinary merit. We especially note the following:

"Some other Day," a ballad by Offenbach, has all the spirit and inherent jollity of this author's compositions, and the story, told in two short verses, is well adapted to the music, bright and interesting.

"O List to Me!" by Pierre Benoit, is a bright French song.

"Souvenir of London" is a set of eight Italian songs, composed by Campana, and simplified. They are well adapted for persons desirous of cultivating the Italian school. "The Troubadour" is the best of the series.

"The Wood Nymph's Call," by L. Williams, is one of the songs made popular by Parepa-Rosa, and will prove attractive even when performed by a less artistic person than the one whose portrait adorns the title-page.

The Pestalozzian Music Teacher, or class instructor in elementary music, in accordance with the analytic method, by Lowell Mason, Doc or of Music, and Theo. F. Seward, Professor of Music; to which are added illustrative lessons on form, number and arithmetic, language and grammar, psychology and other school topics, by John W. Dickinson. New York, C. H. Ditson & Co.; Boston, Oliver Ditson & Co.

The design of this work is to illustrate the system of instruction which, in its application to school studies, originated in Switzerland nearly a hundred years ago. In this work it is very fully and thoroughly applied to the teaching of elementary music, and while it will prove of inestimable advantage to those who teach music in classes, it may be read with profit by teachers of other branches. In Boston it has been used in the public schools for many years with the most satisfactory results. The explanations are very full and clear, and the numerous written exercises will serve to materially lessen the labor of teaching.

Of course everybody knows who Phelan & Collander are, and that they manufacture the very best table for that most healthy, instructive and amusing game of billiards. If anything else were wanting to substantiate their claims as having perfected this invention for popular amusement, it could be found in the very decided and continuous increase in their sales. From an insignificant business it has, in a few years, grown to one of immense proportions, in which hundreds of hands and thousands of dollars are employed. See advertisement in another column.

LITERARY.

BASIL; OR, THE CROSSED PATH. By Wilkie Collins. The name of Wilkie Collins now stands almost at the head of the list of the living English novelists.

His plots are intricate, his stories full of mystery, and his power as a writer unquestionable. We have here the tenth volume of a new, cheap and popular edition of the works of this celebrated author, now in course of publication by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, which are having a very large sale, for Wilkie Collins is certainly one of the most popular of living novelists, and no writer of fiction better understands the art of story-telling than he does. The great popularity of his novels already published in this series, comprising "The Dead Secret," "Hide and Seek," "After Dark," "The Yellow Mask," "Sister Rose," "The Stolen Mask," "Mad Monkton," "The Queen's Revenge," and "Sights A Foot," have never been excelled. "Basil" is issued in a large octavo volume, with a portrait of the author on the cover, price 75 cents, and is for sale by all booksellers, or copies will be sent to any one, post-paid, by the publishers, on receipt of price by them. It being uniform in size and price with the new and cheap editions of the Works of Alexander Dumas, Charles Lever, Henry Cockton, and George Sand, now in course of publication by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., who will send their Catalogue to any one writing for it. Library orders filled at low discounts.

HANS BREITMANN'S NEW BOOK, entitled "HANS BREITMANN IN EUROPE, AND OTHER NEW BALLADS," is in press, and will be published in a few days by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. It contains Breitmann's travels and experiences in Paris, in Belgium, in Holland, in Germany, in Italy, in Rome, where he interviews the Pope; also, Breitmann as a Trumpeter, etc. It will no doubt prove to be more popular than his celebrated "Bart." It will be published in one volume, on the finest tinted plate paper, with a portrait of Breitmann on the cover, and sold by all booksellers at seventy-five cents a copy, or copies of it will be sent to any one, at once, to any place, post-paid, on receipt of its price by the Publishers.

SIMON, A LOVE STORY. BY GEORGE SAND. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Publishers, Philadelphia. This is an entire new book by this celebrated author, and will prove to be very popular, and must have a large sale; for George Sand's style is noble, and beautifully rich and pure. She has an exuberant imagination, and with it a very chaste style of expression. She never indulges in declamation, and yet her sentences are exquisitely melodious and full. She leaves you at the end of one of her brief, rich, melancholy sentences, with plenty of food for future cogitation. No one can express the charm of them; they seem like the sound of country bells falling sweetly and sadly upon the ear. There is hardly a woman's heart anywhere in the civilized world which has not felt the vibration of George Sand's thrilling voice. She yearns to do good. The popularity of her novels, "Consuelo, a Love Story," "The Countess of Rudolstadt," a sequel to "Consuelo," "Jealousy," "Indiana," "Simon," "Fanchon, the Cricketer," "First and True Love," "The Corsair," "The Last Aldini," etc., have never been equaled by any writer. "Simon, a Love Story," is issued in a large octavo volume, with a portrait of the author on the cover, price fifty cents, and is for sale by all booksellers, or copies will be sent to any one, post-paid, by the publishers, on receipt of price by them.

THE QUESTIONS OF TO-DAY.—Caste, Suffrage, Labor, Temperance, Religion. By Damon Y. Kilgore.

This production coming as it does from the mind of a lawyer, makes it doubly interesting. Our professional men have too long regarded society as an artificial structure, necessarily faulty, and they the ones whose business it is to patch up the frequently recurring rents, making it habitable for human beings. It is said that children have true instincts because untrammelled by education—and when we find a person where the instincts have remained true, with all the polish and power of education, it inspires us with a hope that the natural reconstruction of society may sometime be brought about.

Mr. Kilgore in his "Questions of To-day," recognizes the fact that the principles of the Declaration of Independence on which we profess to stand, have not been thoroughly carried out. He says: "What the mariner's compass was to navigation, the printing-press to literature, the steam engine to machinery, and the electric telegraph to transmitted thought, these principles are destined to be to human government." Then, going on to discuss the obstacles that have loomed up in our own country in the way of making them practical, he treats of caste, suffrage, labor, temperance and religion, each in a separate paragraph. The arguments against the spirit of caste are very good. A criticism might, perhaps, be offered where speaking of the wall between China and the nations having been broken down, and schools established for educating their young men in all the arts of modern warfare, therefore there will be a new history for them of national prosperity and power. For a mind that applies natural and moral principles so correctly, we are surprised to find him admitting that war is a necessary element of civilization.

On the question of Suffrage he takes the ground that no qualifications should be imposed, but such as "are attainable by human effort," not limited by sex, race or color.

On Labor his first sentence is, "While our political system is theoretically an exact reversal of the monarchies of the Old World, unfortunately our laws regulating labor and the finances of the country, are directly copied from old monarchies, and are based upon the aristocratic idea that labor is dishonorable, and that it is the right of capital to control it." A fact to which our great prosperity has blinded most minds. It is not that our system of labor is so much more just than that of the Old World, but our population is less numerous. The power of capital has not reached such large dimensions. But it is only a question of time to bring about the same results, unless there shall be a radical change.

On Temperance he is an advocate of total abstinence; yet arguing that "the temperance reform depends upon physiological reform, which must commence in the kitchen," as well as upon prohibitory laws.

On Religion he says "that spirit of blind sectarianism and misguiding zeal that would put theological dogmas into the Constitution of the United States, or trample upon the rights and consciences of any portion of the American people, would be worthy the age of religious persecution, but not of the Christian name. Arbitrary authority must not overcome that central principle of Protestantism, the right of private judgment in all matters of faith and conscience."

This essay, coming as it does from a professional man, is shorn of much of the sensationalism that characterizes our popular lecturers on these subjects. This will make the arguments the more effective with a certain class, while to any one it is a refreshing change. Give it a perusal.

LORETTA MANN, M. D.

THERE IS ROOM AT THE TOP.

They say the professors are crowded
By weary toils and sad and grim;
That the students are passing each other
As close as the steps of a prison.
But be not discouraged, my brother,
Nor suffer ambition to sleep;
Though thousands are pressing around,
There is plenty of room at the top.

Be true to thy love and thy country—
The coward will never be great;
But the earnest are ever the victors,
And he who is patient and true,
Who wins the good opinion of labor,
Who gathers sweet fruit as the crop,
And feeds as the lion feeds his kin,
That there is room at the top.

Oh! let not the evil disturb you,
There is good if you but search it out,
Make it the new acquaintance, my brother,
Nor mind what the rest are about.
And what your work may have failed
In another office or shop,
Remember the new grounds are crowded,
But there is always room at the top.

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THEME.

Astræa, the Genius of Liberty and Justice, seeks a dwelling place upon earth. Persecuted and driven from land to land, she follows the evening star and finds at last a beautiful kingdom in the Western world; this becomes her home and the birth place of her beloved daughter Hesperia.

Ereos, the Genius of Love and Fidelity, the husband of Astræa and father to Hesperia, after many wanderings in search, at last joins the objects of his love and care. Renuited, they preside over this new land and seek to preserve it for their child's inheritance. They are recognized and cherished by a small band of devoted followers who summon them to their councils in the city of Fraternity. At first liberty and love prevail, but Astræa discovers the presence of a serpent who breathes on her a subtle poison, and she (with Ereos) is slain. Llamia, the serpent of policy, then controls and takes in charge the beautiful child Hesperia, seeking to unite her in marriage to her foul son Slavery—who must be nameless evermore; but Hesperia is warned by the Genius of Nature, Calios, who, in the guise of a poet and magician, holds sway even over Llamia. When Hesperia beholds him she recognizes her soul's counterpart, and is prepared, by his words and love to resist all the evil machinations of Llamia, and her son.

Llamia, however, holds temporary power over the form of Hesperia, and succeeds in throwing a spell around the maiden which she vainly imagines will prove fatal; the love of her parents and Calios rouses her spirit, and with them she withdraws into the world of souls, where, for a time, she beholds the scenes enacted under the influence of Llamia. She witnesses in Athens and Crete the deeds of horror and the tortures inflicted upon the oppressed. Calios sings to her in plaintive songs of these down-trodden ones, lures her by the voice of nature, and in interludes of Love and Truth seeks to win her back to her earthly kingdom.

Long years does Llamia hold sway, and at last wakens the voice of war; when Astræa, not dead, but only withdrawn for a space, turns the sword of Llamia upon her son.

Through long suffering is Hesperia made strong and pure. She listens to the voice of nature's children, and their tortures cease; slavery and war are known no more. Astræa and Ereos are again the attendant and abiding souls of this fair land; they witness with rapture and benedictions the union of Calios and Hesperia, who rule with undivided sway over the most lovely empire of the earth.

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4 p. m., Montreal Express, Drawing-room cars attached.

6 p. m., First Pacific Express, with Sleeping cars through to Watertown, Syracuse and Canandaigua. (Daily.)

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

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

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

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

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

5:10, 8:10 and 11:30 p. m., Yonkers trains.

9 a. m., Sunday train for Poughkeepsie.

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For Newburgh and Way, at 9 a. m., 3:30 and 4:30 p. m. (23d st. 8:45 a. m., and 3:15 and 4:15 p. m.)

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Parties requiring back numbers to be mailed must remit TWENTY CENTS for each copy. Any party sending us false information, whether used or not, will be published in an editorial and full address given. By order of the Board of Trustees.

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12 M.—For Flemington, Easton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Wilkesbarre, Reading, Columbia, Lancaster, Ephrata, Litz, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg, etc.
2 P. M.—For Easton, Allentown, etc.
3:30 P. M.—For Easton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk and Belvidere.
4:30 P. M.—For Somerville and Flemington.
5:15 P. M.—For Somerville.
6 P. M.—For Easton.
7 P. M.—For Somerville.
7:45 P. M.—For Easton.
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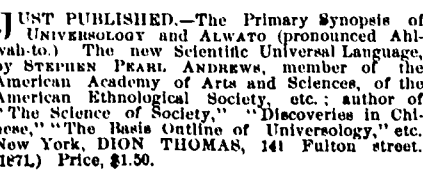
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