

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT! UNTRAMMELED LIVES!

BEAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

VOL 3.—No. 9. WHOLE No. 61.

NEW YORK, JULY 15, 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

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This Bank negotiates LOANS, makes COLLEC-
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FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST paid on
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Buy and sell at current market rates, the FIRST
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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.

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56

8 Per Cent. Interest
First Mortgage Bonds!

OF THE

ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD
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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
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Mortgage at the rate of \$13,500 per mile.
Price 97½ and accrued interest.

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OFFICE OF
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Opposite U. S. Sub-Treasury.

We receive the accounts of Banks, Bank-
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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-
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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,
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Communications and inquiries by mail or
telegraph, will receive careful attention.
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OF

HENRY CLEWS & Co.,

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or at fixed date, bearing interest at current rate, an
available in all parts of the United States.

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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
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each month.

ALL CHECKS DRAWN ON US PASS THROUGH
THE CLEARING-HOUSE, AND ARE RECEIVED
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Sale of Governments, Gold, Stocks and Bonds on
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The highest rates paid for Doubloons and all kinds
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BANKERS AND BROKERS,

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STATE RAILROAD BONDS.

A First-Class Home Investment.

FIRST MORTGAGE
GOLD BONDS

OF THE

RONDOT & 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, al-
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 \$30,000 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.

56

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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.

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Dr. Spear can be consulted at his office, 713 Washington street, Boston, or by letter, with stamp, free of charge, upon ALL diseases. Those who have failed to be cured by other physicians are respectfully invited to call on Dr. Spear.

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A RELIGIOUS AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
CHRISTIANITY, EDUCATION, INDUSTRY AND
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STANDARD AMERICAN BILLIARD TABLES

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.

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738 BROADWAY, New York City.

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

SARAH E. SOMERBY,
MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,
749 SIXTH AVENUE,
First Bell.

MRS. SARAH E. SOMERBY.—"The time is not far distant," says Mrs. Woodhull in her Principles of Government, "when the possession of spirit-sight will be accounted of the first importance, not to those only who possess it, but to the public generally, and will be sought for and made practical to the honor of its possessors and to the inestimable benefit of all." Mrs. Somerby enjoys this faculty of second sight in a remarkable degree, and her clairvoyant visions are very wonderful. I have been a believer in spirit communion for about a year, and have had my convictions of its truth deepened by much that I have heard and seen through this lady. In one instance I was seated in the room with her at the piano singing a cavatina from Robert le Diable, an opera which I am convinced Mrs. Somerby had never seen. Becoming entranced she described perfectly the scene in which this air occurs, giving a vivid picture of the tenor and prima donna, their costume, gestures, and appearance. My own impressions confirming hers as I felt that peculiar thrill of nervous sensation by which spiritual influences announce themselves to the mediumistic. Mrs. Somerby has magnetic and healing powers, which she has exercised with great efficacy for many years. She proposes also, as I learn, to hold conversational seances on the prominent social topics now exciting so much attention. Those interested in keeping up with the most advanced thought of the day will do well to call on this lady for instruction. F. R. M.

See card in another column.

Of course everybody knows who Phelan & Collender 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.

"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

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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 Make, 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.

GUNERIUS GABRIELSON,
FLORIST,
821 BROADWAY,
CORNER OF TWELFTH STREET,
NEW YORK.

Choice Flowers always on Hand.

SYMPHER & CO.,

(Successors to D. Marley.)

No. 557 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

Dealers in

MODERN AND ANTIQUE

Furniture, Bronzes,

CHINA, ARTICLES OF VERTU.

Established 1826.

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,

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OR MRS. C. A. GAYNOR,

824 Broadway, New York.

G. W. WARD & CO.

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WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S
WEEKLY

FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

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RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.
BEST SALVE IN USE.

Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents.
JOHN F. HENRY,
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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 PERCENT CHEAPER than heretofore, in consequence of the difference in his rent.

CHATELAINE BRAIDS,

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WIGS,

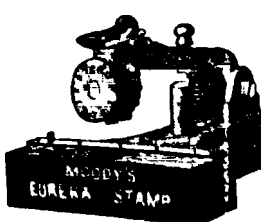
and everything appertaining to the business will be kept on hand and made to order.

DIBBLEEANIA for stimulating JAPONICA for soothing and the MAGIC TAILOR 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.



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EUREKA STAMP

for perforating into Checks, Drafts, &c., the amount for which they are drawn to prevent alteration. The check is moved forward by the upward action of the lever of the machine. The points are inked and penetrate the fibre of the paper. They cannot be taken out by chemicals. Price \$20.

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Send for a Circular.

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

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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

SPECIALTY

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 \$20.

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Between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets east side.

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Depots foot of Chambers st. and foot of 23d st., as follows:

Through Express Trains leave Chambers st. at 9 a. m., 11 a. m., 5:30 p. m., and 7 p. m., daily. Leave 23d st. at 8:45 a. m., 10:45 a. m., and 5:15 and 6:45 p. m., daily. New and improved Drawing-room Coaches accompany the 9 a. m. train through to Buffalo, connecting at Hornellsville with magnificent Sleeping Coaches running through to Cleveland and Galion. Sleeping Coaches accompany the 11 a. m. train from Susquehanna to Buffalo; the 5:30 p. m. train from New York to Buffalo, and the 7 p. m. train from New York to Hornellsville, Buffalo and Cincinnati. An Emigrant Train leaves daily at 7:45 p. m.

For Port Jervis and Way, 4:30 p. m. (23d st. at 4:15 p. m.)
For Middletown and Way, at 3:30 p. m. (23d st. 3:15 p. m.); and, Sundays only, 8:30 a. m. (23d st. 8:15 a. m.)
For Otisville and Way, at 7:30 a. m. (23d st. 7:15 a. m.)

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.)
For Suffern and Way, 5 and 6 p. m. (23d st. 4:45 and 5:45 p. m.) Theatre Train, 11:30 p. m. (23d st. 11:15 p. m.)

For Paterson and Way, from 23d st. depot, at 6:45, 9:45 and 11:45 a. m.; 1:45, 3:45, 5:15 and 6:45 p. m. From Chambers st. Depot, at 6:45, 10 a. m.; 12 m.; 1:15, 4, 5, 5:15 and 6:45 p. m.

For Hackensack and Hilledale, from 23d st. Depot, at 8:45 a. m., and 12:45, 3:45, 5:15, 5:45 and 6:45 p. m. From Chambers st. Depot, 9 a. m., and 1, 4, 5:15, 6 and 6:45 p. m.

For Piermont, Nyack, Tallmans and Way, from 23d st. Depot, at 9:15 a. m.; 1:15, 1:15, 4:15, 5:15 and 6:15 p. m., and Saturdays only, 11:45 p. m. From Chambers st. Depot, at 9:30 a. m.; 1:30, 3:30, 4:15, 4:30, 5:15 and 6:30 p. m.; and Saturdays only, 11:25 midnight.

Tickets for Passage and for Apartments in Drawing-room and Sleeping Coaches can be obtained, and orders for the checking and transfer of Baggage may be left, at the Company's offices, 241, 59 and 957 Broadway; 905 Chambers st.; 33 Greenwich st.; cor. 125th st. and Third ave., Harlem; 338 Fulton st., Brooklyn. Depots foot of Chambers st. and foot of 23d st., New York; No. 8 Exchange place, and Long Dock Depot, Jersey City, and of the Agents at the principal hotels.

L. D. RUCKER, WM. R. HARR,
Gen'l Sup't. Gen'l Pass'r Agt.

Dec. 22, 1870.

* Daily. † For Hackensack only. ‡ For Piermont and Nyack only.

PROGNOSTIC ASTRONOMY:

ASTRO-PHRENOLOGY,
as practiced by Dr. L. D. and Mrs. S. D. BOUGHTON,
491 Broome street, New York City.

To know by signs, to judge the turns of fate, is greater than to fill the seats of State; The ruling stars above, by secret laws, Determine Fortune in her second cause. These are a book wherein we all may read, And all should know who would in life succeed. What correspondent signs in man display His future actions—point his destiny away—Thus, in the heavens, his future fate to learn, The present, past and future to discern, Correct his steps, improve the hours of life, And, shunning error, the dread of strife.

Any five questions in letter, each costing two dollars, promptly attended to. Terms of consultation from \$1 to \$5, according to importance. Notes written from \$5 upward. Personal consultation, one hour, \$10; with chart, \$20.

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PUBLISHERS.

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PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

One copy for one year \$2 00
One copy for six months 1 00
Single copies 5

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CAN BE MADE TO THE AGENCY OF THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
LONDON ENGLAND.

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Per line (according to location) - From \$1 00 to \$3 50

Time, column and page advertisements by special contract.

Special place in advertising columns cannot be permanently given.

Advertiser's bills will be collected from the office of the paper, and must, in all cases, bear the signature of WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & CO.

Specimen copies sent free.

News-dealers supplied by the American News Company, No. 121 Nassau street, New York.

All communications, business or editorial, must be addressed

Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly,

44 Broad Street, New York City.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All communications intended for publication must be written on one side only. The editors will not be accountable for manuscript not accepted.

THE *World* gives an extract from a Kansas paper on the death of Satank, an Indian chief, sentenced to death by hanging for some depredations. The Indian hated to die "the death of a dog," and when in the wagon on his way to the place of execution set upon his guards and wounded one. He was summarily shot down. The rest is best told in the extract:

A carbine bullet broke his right wrist, and two or three more tore through his old red blanket. He grinned and clenched his teeth, and still tried to press back the lock with his wounded hand, glaring on his tormentors. A more carefully aimed carbine lodged a bullet in his head, and with a ringing whoop he fell back in the wagon, covered with his own blood. A messenger sent back to the fort met an officer with a squad of men approaching, the firing having been heard. Inquiring what was the matter, the messenger replied that, "Old Satank got on the rampage and they had to shoot him." "Well throw him out of the wagon," said the officer, "you don't want to tote him to Texas." Satank was accordingly tossed out in the dusty road, and the train went on. Hardly a glimmer of life remained in the resolute old savage, but that spark he used in preparing himself for his reception into the "happy hunting grounds." Writhing with pain, covered with blood and dust, he twisted his body some distance from the road; and a party from the fort that went out several hours afterward found it decently composed with head and feet due east and west, according to the aboriginal idea of a decorous dissolution.

This account of brutality and barbarism in a United States officer with fortitude and decency in a savage, is singularly enough placed next after one of Mr. John Fiske's wonderfully profound lectures on the intellectual growth of man and his progress in civilization. We have a good deal to do yet, before we shall begin to be perfected. An old Indian isn't much, but we would rather take his chances than those of that officer.

THE ASSASSINATION of the Pope is imputed to the Internationalists and the Communists. Just now the kings have it all their own way. Overwhelming physical force maintains them in position. The Pope is the only representative of moral force, and it is possible that some brigands may think of taking off the poor old man as a piece of vengeance as ineffectual as it would be savage. That the heads of the Internationals have any art or part in such a plot is not to be believed. Nothing is to be made by the murder. It would strengthen the cause of monarchy by removing the chief hindrance in the way of Italian consolidation. The probability is that it is purely a police plot to stir up animosity and to keep men's minds on the stretch for a new horror from those frightful wretches who wouldn't be starved and murdered peaceably by the ministers of right divine and eternal justice.

THE THIERS mansion was burned during the defense of Paris. One of the first acts of the Assembly was to vote a million of francs to the great man as an indemnity. If as a precedent to the indemnification of everybody who lost by the war, well and good; a beginning must be made somewhere, and one will do as well as another. If as a personal compliment to President Thiers, it is purely a disgusting piece of tuft-hunting in men who profess republicanism. To be sure there is plenty of that sort of thing on this side of the water; but here we like men who do good to themselves, we are used to it—the first duty is to number one. There the patriots cry aloud against profligacy, and plunge their hands up to the elbow in the public sack.

FEMALE PROOF READERS are said to be accepted at the *Tribune* on full wages. This is attributed to Mr. Greeley. It is just as probably Whitelaw Reid's work, as he is quite as whole souled as Mr. Greeley, and much more practical.

JACK DAVIS, like the Bourbons, had his day of deprivation, exile and restoration, and, like them, has learned nothing new and forgotten nothing old.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY.

The world has suddenly been aroused to a consciousness of the most significant fact of ancient or modern times and the council heads of Europe to the realization that they stand upon the verge of a volcano's crater, which is at any moment liable to belch forth its long restrained fires and flames and engulf them in a common ruin. This world-wide organization, almost without note of its coming, appears at the very head of important facts. The London *Times* thus announces the nature of the International. Next week we shall give the address of the General Council.

I have before me an elaborate account of this society, from which it would appear that, although only nine years have elapsed since its foundation, it counts upward of 2,500,000 members. But even this does not include all the affiliated societies which are assisted in their various political and revolutionary enterprises by the International, and which comprise the Fenians, the Marianne, the Brothers of the Republic of Lyons and Marseilles, the numerous secret societies of Russia and Poland, and the Carbonari generally all over Europe. The Central Committee of this association, which has a branch in America, is in London, and its presiding spirit is a German, who conceived the idea of organizing in Berlin, in a definite and tangible form, the theories of Babeuf, Diebneck, Jacobi, Proudhon and others. There is no President, but the central office is composed of a Secretary-General and fifteen members. Each country composes a branch of the association. Each branch is divided into sections. Each important centre is sub-divided in other sections, with a central bureau. Every week each central bureau sends to the London office—1, a detailed report on the political and commercial events of the neighborhood; 2, a statement of additional members; 3, financial statement; 4, a statement by name of the principal merchants and tradesmen; 5, statement by name of the principal proprietors and capitalists; 6, copies of minutes of meetings held. There are, of course, many other secret rules regarding the expulsion of members and the means of pressure to be employed in cases of strikes, &c., which I have no means of obtaining; but it will appear from the above that the organization is one conceived on a scale capable of indefinite expansion, and appealing to the sympathies of the largest and least reputable class of the community in all countries. The catastrophe of Paris, so far from operating as a check to its growth, will probably give it a powerful impetus, as, unhappily, the more infamous the notoriety of such an association becomes the more attractive will it prove to that large section of society over whom such a celebrity exercises an irresistible fascination. The peculiarity of this association is, therefore, that while it appeals to the whole working classes of the civilized world by an argument which the simplest can comprehend, and offers a refuge and support to the revolutionists of every country, it has a philosophy and a political economy of its own sufficiently specious to attract theorists and would-be reformers. It reaches the loftiest and the basest natures, those who unselfishly wish to raise others and those who selfishly desire to rise themselves at the expense of others. It embraces in its threefold political, social and moral character political agitators, paupers and philosophers—a combination of forces which imparts to this organization altogether special powers of action. As it raises its head in one country after another, we shall see how far the special conditions of political morals and society which exist in each are calculated to cope with it.

[FOR WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.]

NOT ALWAYS THUS.

Our fellows take us for what we seem;
The Master knows us for what we are. And when
His time shall come for gathering up the fruit
Into his garner, he will select not the fairest
To the eye, but that most sound at heart, who
Best have lived his life, and done his will.
Then shall duty find its meed of praise; then
Shall shortcoming and undesert no longer find
Applause. Then shall it be known how those
That seemed to undiscerning eyes of small account
Were best beloved of Him.

Sorrow shall
Be no more. He shall wipe the beloved's eyes,
Put their tears into his bottle and give them rest.
Not as we now know rest. Folding the hands—relief from weariness.
But perfect fruition of all joy; heart-yearning
Shall cease. No more the soul shall hunger unappeased.
And even as now on childish griefs we backward look
And smile that such slight matter could have had such weight,
The bitter cares, the shattered hopes and disappointment
Of this, our trivial life, shall be a dream,
Of which the memory faint is lightest
Summer cloud that, fleeing over the landscape, by its transient
Shade enhances glorious light which makes all nature lovely,
And lives forever.

GENERAL TROCHU's own defense of his failure in the defense of Paris amounts to nothing more than that he could do nothing because he couldn't. He perpetrates the absurdity of charging against the Germans that they beat the French by employing artillery, whereas if they had only fought hand to hand the French could have had a better chance. The old Austrian objection to Napoleon I., of winning victories contrary to the rules of war. Napoleon's own objection to the British, that they never knew when they were beaten, if he ever said such a thing. Gambetta, the "young saviour of the republic," has completely evaporated into thin air. Jules Favre has lost all political character, even if the damning charges made against him of gross moral turpitude be not substantiated. MacMahon alone preserves some share of his old favor, while Thiers, who began life as the man of the people and ends it as the man of the bourgeoisie, sits on a seat so rickety that he may come down at any moment.

HUMAN RIGHTS—GOVERNMENT—SOCIAL ORDER.

It is beginning to be admitted pretty generally in the minds of the best informed and most advanced people that there are such things as human rights, and that they are of such a nature as not to be the subjects of control. A human right is one that is born with the individual, and of which he or she cannot be rightfully dispossessed by any action of other individuals, or by that of any law framed by other individuals.

Government, in its truest, its best sense, is an organized power fashioned for the purpose of securing the greatest freedom of action for all human rights existent among the people who owe it allegiance. The government of this country is supposed to emanate from all the people, and to be sustained by all the people. Of itself it has no powers or rights. It has certain duties to perform, and the people invest it with the capacity to perform such duties.

Now, the whole legitimate functions of government are to secure social order by the regulation of the exercise of human rights. If nothing occurs among a people except the legitimate exercise of their inherent rights, then there will be perfect social order. What, then, constitutes social disorder? Very plainly the attempt to exercise powers which are not human rights, or the exercise of human rights to the extent of interference with those which belong to other persons.

It is a plain proposition that one person cannot determine what another person may have the right to do. Every person must determine what his action shall be, but it is the duty of the community, through its government, to see that such action shall not in any manner interfere with the sphere of any other person.

If the foregoing are complete statements of the true relations which persons sustain to each other, and the true functions of government, it becomes an easy matter to determine what kind of regulations government may legitimately enforce; and these are, comprehensively speaking, such as best secure to all individuals the most perfect exercise of every human right by restraining each person to his or her proper sphere. Now let this test be applied to the laws of marriage and divorce now existent, and how will they stand.

It may be said that there is no law compelling people to marry, and that if they do marry they should forever abide by all the results thereof. It is very plain that no enacted law compels men and women to marry, but there is a law higher than human enactments which does compel them—the law of nature—the law of God. There being that in the constitution of humanity which compels men and women to marry, and which, if left free to operate, would compel marriage, why should men assume to attempt to enforce arbitrary rules and forms which, if not complied with by men and women, they in the meanwhile obeying the law of nature within their own hearts, bring down upon them the judgments of an interfering community, who hold them accountable to their opinions, and make it quite impossible for the objects thereof to maintain the full and best exercise of their inherent right to the pursuit of happiness?

It may be considered a novel idea, nevertheless it is a true one, that the community, through its government, has no more right to interfere with or to curtail the human rights of individuals than one individual has the right to trespass upon the rights of another individual. If government enforce a law which prevents an individual from exercising an inherent right, or so hedges such exercise about as to abridge its results, then that government is guilty of usurpation, and is not entitled either to the allegiance of its subjects or to their support. Resistance to the enforcement of the decrees of such a government is not only a right of the people but, in certain cases, a solemn duty.

Revolutions in government are just as legitimate as their organization, and if changes in their functions and uses do not occur to keep pace with the growth of the general mind of the people, revolution is certain to ensue. No people can form a government and fashion its regulations to suit all coming times, unless the principles which enter into its composition are perfect for all times, and all are so perfectly arranged that they adjust themselves to the various conditions of the people.

The great evil of the present time in marriage is not so much that the parties are abridged in their rights as that they, to avoid the judgments of public opinion, before referred to, exercise these rights, veiled from public gaze. Very many persons who are legally married maintain natural relations with others who are also legally bound to others still. Thus it comes out that the total sum of the sexual relations is imperfect and irregular, and the law is wholly inadequate to set the matter to rights.

But should not those who voluntarily take upon themselves the obligations of marriage be compelled to abide thereby "till death do them part"? Emphatically no, if the desire to so abide do not remain. The fault is not in the people who ignorantly enter upon something which it is impossible that they should be adequate to properly understand, but in the law which attempts to compel them to abide thereby when that which first moved them to take on the relation has departed, leaving only the law in force. It is generally conceded that people should never marry unless love exist between them. In the constitution of things nothing is more certain. We hold it to be equally apparent that when love ceases between two persons

married they should no longer attempt to maintain the relation; and also that no other person or any number of persons or any government representing the whole people has any right to compel the continuance thereof. If it be primarily the right of men and women to enter the marriage relation of their own free will and choice, so also should it remain their right to determine how long it shall exist and when it shall cease, without being obliged to accept the law of marriage for life as the only alternative permitting marriage at all, which receives the sanction of the public.

Marriage laws should be like all other laws regulating associations of people, those who desire to marry should only be obliged to fill marriage articles, containing whatever provisions they may agree upon regarding personal rights, rights of property, of children, or whatever else may be thought necessary to regulate their relations and possibilities of separation. If separation come, nothing more should be required than the simplest notification and filing of such fact as having occurred.

In such regulations of marriage there would be room for the fullest exercise of individual freedom, the deepest devotion to the relations and the best opportunity for happy results. There would be no long years of submission to arbitrary control and disgusting conditions; no chance for brutality and cruelty and no entire appropriation of or right to the life-blood of a human heart sacrificed on the altar of legalized prostitution or bodily servitude. Every advance made in government is in the direction of a full recognition of human rights, to the control of which it is beginning to be understood governments have no right. Marriage and divorce are subjects for the fullest, freest and proudest exercise of human rights, and when left to be determined wholly by individuals, there will be very many less unhappy unions and no lives condemned to earthly trial and sorrow. Some weak and silly people imagine if such laws of marriage and divorce were in force there would be no family relations, no continuous unions. To us it seems, when we hear such expressions, that their makers have never considered one of the gravest things of life. We always say to such persons, If such things were permissible you would be the first to take advantage of the opportunity to give up your present relations for some others, would you? Let every person who has not considered this question ask himself that question. How many would answer Yea, and how many Nay. And you, reader, answer that question to your soul truly and give the lie to thoughtless fanaticism and blind obedience to custom and prejudice.

ODE.

Right royal soul!

Of glorious qualities
Compounded. Woman's faith, love, loyalty,
With quick perceptions and living instincts;
Man's force. Thy generous trust and words
Of earnestness have brought strength to hearts
Not often prized, and wrapped in their own silence.

Thy very errors are lofty. Self-reliance,
A will imperious, brooking not contradiction,
In confidence of inborn powers; the
Claim for instant accomplishment
Of all behests, heedless of time and space,
Or mean mechanical delays. The ardent spirit
O'erleaping obstacles and seizing the attainment,
Ere the first thought be cold.

Suffering as all great souls suffer!

Thy worst foes
Those of thine own household.
The old-time prophecy,
Yet not silent; defiant, strong against evil;
If chained, yet not despairing, and at last
Triumphant masterful.

Victoria Victorix.

But thinkst thou that the herd thy teachings will accept?
Or from thy lip eloquent learn truth and justice,
I tell thee no!
Unless, indeed, thou come with power, and, as wonder worker,
Compel belief.

Little it matters that the miracle
Be true or false, so that it be a wonder!
Ever are the people
Heedless to good. They love lies, and put their faith
In hireling shepherds, that feed upon the sheep.

Yet must thou do thy work appointed, live thine own life!
Thy burden must be borne, nor shalt thou rest until
Thy day is done!

Nor to thee the harvest; thou shalt sow;
Others shall reap; to God, the increase. St. Just.

BONDS NOT NECESSARILY WEALTH.

The results of wisely-directed labor, wherever concentrated, have in all ages been accepted as wealth. When this labor has been crystallized into permanent property, its degree of value depends upon what can be derived from its present and prospective employment. At present almost all the great results of labor are represented in the markets of the world by various forms of certificates, bearing yearly interest according to the profits accruing from these developments. Should, however, these certificates be issued to an amount far in excess of the actual cost of that improvement which they purport to represent, the result would be either an inability to pay accruing interest or else an excessive charge upon those who are dependent upon this particular development. If the moral sense of a whole community becomes so completely stifled by the mania for wealth that all

corporations, whether railroad, canal or manufacturing, issue their certificates far in excess of cost, then the people who are compelled to use these improvements are forced to pay such rates for their use that they become impoverished and unable to compete in cheap production with other nations whose wisdom does not permit such extortions.

It is a simple impossibility to issue paper obligations representing no labor employed, or material used, without defrauding the purchaser or impoverishing those from whom the interest is abstracted. Bonds to have value must represent actual, not fictitious, property. However profitable the vast amount of paper promises which the past decade has brought forth may have been to the creators thereof, the time is rapidly approaching when such promises as represent neither labor nor material wisely employed, but watered or excessive issues, will be shown to be only paper. The anomalous condition of the country has enabled the managers of many prominent public improvements, through the medium of construction, equipment, repair and similar accounts, to raise new capital for current expenses, while the income, freed from these just claims, was used for dividends not earned. But no book-keeping has avoided the fact that such corporations have within ten years doubled their liabilities. Improbable as it may now appear, the time is approaching when an increase of debt will not be considered an increase of strength.

With regard to government bonds, however much they may be the synonym for wealth in public estimation, the reality exists that they are the offspring of the war, and represent destroyed mills and barns, desolated and blackened hearthstones, property utterly annihilated, tens of thousands of maimed and crippled and hundreds of thousands of destroyed lives from the youth and energy of the land, but they do not represent one single creation that adds a farthing to the productive power of the country. They are purely the representatives of destruction, adding to the toil of every laborer whilst they diminish the profit of every producer, and will continue to do so as long as interest has to be met.

Why the vast amount of these paper debts, beyond a fair equivalent for labor and material employed, coupled with the government evidences of destruction, have not yet produced their full fruit—absolute business prostration—is because other nations have furnished us with a great variety of articles needed in daily consumption and received these paper promises in return therefor. They have provided the supplies for our daily need. These supplies are consumed, but the promises are still a lien against the country. The position is simply that of an individual who yearly mortgages his property to supply his household expenses; the difficulty does not arise until he is unable to negotiate new mortgages. So with the country, the true test of value, as regards the bonds held by other nations, will not arise until they shall cease to cancel old interest accounts and commercial balances with paper issues, but shall require a settlement in products or coin. It is said that the country is rapidly growing in pecuniary strength. If so, why does it require such a continued increase of these mortgages upon our future industry to prevent the absorption by Europeans of the small amount of coin yet remaining in the country? Why does the Secretary of the Treasury forbid the issue of double eagles or eagles to exporters? Why is he sending the prominent heads of his department to Europe to place, if possible, there additional evidences of debt? Is borrowing a proof of strength? If the fact that our interest account to Europe, already in excess of one hundred and twenty millions annually, is proof of growing financial power, to what point must it be swelled before the maximum of strength shall be reached?

Surely, even in this period of infatuation there are some who know that debt is not a blessing, but a curse; not strength, but weakness, and they quietly await the time when the unreflecting shall realize the same truth. Let us trust it may be before they shall unpreparedly taste its bitter fruits. Credit with nations, as with individuals, has probably its uses, but when it becomes so extended as to require, in addition to all the surplus products of the whole country, a vast yearly increase of new obligations to keep the nation afloat, surely the end is nigh at hand.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

NO. V.

In 1871 the capital stock of the Cleveland, Painesville and Ashtabula Railroad was three million dollars; and eight per cent. dividend required that its patrons should pay to said road during a year two hundred and forty thousand dollars in excess of its actual operating expenses. In 1867, or in six years, the capital stock was increased to three and a quarter times its original amount, or to nine millions seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. To pay an eight per cent. dividend upon this increase, required that this company should extort from its patrons the large sum of five hundred and forty thousand dollars, which, added to the dividend on its original capital stock, increased it to twenty-six per cent. So that upon every dollar of actual investment the holders of said stock in the year 1857, and every year thereafter, received twenty-six per cent.

Is it to be wondered that everybody who knows anything about railroad management is convinced of the desirability of such stocks?

Again: From New York to Chicago, via the New York Central and Lake Shore roads, is 983 miles. These roads

were built at a cost of about eighty-four and a half million dollars. The amount of their present stock, upon which there is paid eight per cent. per annum dividends, is one hundred and sixty-four million dollars. To pay the dividends upon their cost requires six millions seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. To pay the dividend upon their present stock requires twelve millions eight hundred thousand dollars, or in other words, these companies must steal from the people the enormous amount of six million dollars annually, that they may be able to pay to the holders of their stocks their regular dividends.

Allowing that there are fifty-five thousand miles of railroads in the country, and calculating them upon the basis of these last mentioned, at what an enormous array of figures do we arrive. The cost of all the railroads would be the sum of four billion, seven hundred thousand millions. And supposing all their stocks to have been watered to the extent previously calculated, and that eight per cent. dividends are paid thereon, we find that there must be added to the charges collected from the people to pay operating expenses and legitimate interest upon their original cost, the enormous sum of three hundred and fifty million dollars.

What think you, laboring, wealth-producing people of the United States, of a government which granted franchises to a few individuals by which they may not only extract from your hard earnings some four hundred millions of dollars interest upon their actual investments, but also to steal the further sum of three hundred and fifty million dollars to which they have no just claim. When all the people realize the enormity of these swindles which are practiced upon them by the sanction of the government, will they endure it patiently?

We would also call attention to another interesting bit of fact. All these immense sums come either directly or indirectly from the laboring classes? Why so? Because the middle men who transact all the business between the producer and consumer of the respective articles of commerce, must make their profits, whether the railroads swindle the people or not. None of it comes from them. Not at all. They are beyond the reach of this rapaciousness. But the weary laborer when he contemplates the results of his year's hard work, which he has just shipped to market, knows that they will net him just so much less than the market price of them as these railroads are pleased to charge him for transportation.

Should government levy a tax of ten cents per bushel upon wheat or corn it would rouse the people to revolt, but these gigantic monopolies may levy ten cents per bushel extra upon both wheat and corn, or five dollars a ton extra on coal, to enable them to pay dividends on fictitious stocks, and never a word is said. What applies to the producer of wheat and corn and coal also applies with equal force to all other producers. They realize just so much less for their products than they should, as they are compelled to pay more than they ought for costs of transportation.

Do people realize the magnitude of this matter? The government has placed these railroad companies in the position to filch from them an amount equal to that required to maintain itself, and which, if so applied, would relieve them from all kinds of taxation.

By Section VIII., Paragraph 1, of the Constitution of the United States, government is granted the power to provide for the general welfare. Does the kind of legislation referred to provide for the general welfare? No, a thousand times no. The general welfare is by it sacrificed, and a few railroad managers made money-kings, who are ambitious to obtain the power to control not only the condition of the producing and consuming people, but also to dictate to the government which created them—a more unlimited, unwarrantable, unjustifiable and insolent ambition and contempt for the public than was that of an Alexander or a Napoleon.

Listen to what the Lancaster (Penn.) *Intelligencer* says of perhaps the most corrupt of all railroad monopolies, the Pennsylvania Central Railroad:

"The Pennsylvania Central have nominally bought up a majority of the members of the Legislature, who have bound themselves to vote as they may be directed. The agents of the railroad could be seen at all times in the lobby or on the floor of the two Houses, watching the course of legislation, and forwarding or checking the passage of bills. No men in Harrisburg are better known, and none have a more destructive and well-recognized avocation than these lobby agents of the Pennsylvania Railroad. They have learned by long experience how to ply their foul trade successfully, and are adepts in all the arts of intrigue, and skilled in every species of corruption and bribery."

Not long since, when the question of adjournment was before the Legislature, a member rose and said in effect: "If Thos. Scott has no more business with the Legislature, I think we should adjourn." Now, this Thos. Scott is the Vice-President and the active manager of the affairs of the road. Mr. Scott lately became President of the Union Pacific, and thus virtually controls a line of railroad extending from New York to San Francisco, by which immense power, it is said, he intends also to control the next Presidential election. It remains to be seen whether the working men and women of this country will continue criminally blind to their interests and permit such a scheme to be consummated. Whatever party Thos. Scott supports may be set down as certain to be entirely antagonistic to their interest, no matter by what professions they may seek to obtain support.

What is true of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Com-

pany and its managers, is true to a greater or less degree of every railroad company in the country, and not only of every railroad company, but of every other monopoly which dominates at the expense of the productive interests of the country at whose expense all monopolies must flourish, if they flourish at all. The power these corporations possess is full of danger to the people of this country. Combined, they can control all legislation and carry every election. The *New York Tribune* has long since spoken editorially thus: "Now it is plain that American people may not be alarmed at the power of these corporations, but they may have upon the future of the country upon the permanency of its institutions and the perpetuity of its political liberties, but, in view of possible consequences, we think we are justified in cautioning the people against the consolidation of a railroad oligarchy which may prove as dangerous to the nation as was the South Sea Company in times past."

This is one of considerable interest to the American people, and the election of members to the next Congress should be graduated accordingly.

We know that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company controls the railroad of that State, that the Central and Erie control that of New York, the Baltimore and Ohio that of Maryland, that all the railroad interests of every State control the Legislatures of their respective States, and that the combined railroad interests of all the States can control Congress.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TRIBUNE ON VALLANDIGHAM.

THE *N. Y. Tribune*, of the 29th ult., says:

A writer in the *Chicago Press of Age* (a paper which claims to have news from the next world as well as this) says that Mr. Vallandigham and three other members of the Committee on Resolutions in the Ohio Democratic Convention contended half a day in committee to retain in one of the resolutions the word "sex," the effect of which would have been to commit the Democratic party of that State to Mrs. Woodhull's doctrine, that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments of the U. S. Constitution guarantee suffrage to women. In other words, Mr. Vallandigham wanted to say, not that he was at heart in favor of woman any more than of negro suffrage, but that, as the Republicans had enfranchised both classes, he, as a Democrat, had concluded to submit! If he had lived to see the absurdity of this construction of the amendments exposed in the Supreme Court, he would no doubt have submitted to that also with an equal grace, and left the women to gain the ballot as they might, without his help. Meanwhile, before the decision could be reached, he would have enjoyed a cheap fame among weak men and silly women, whose views of constitutional law are as important as those of the Bungtown Debating Society.

We do not know whether most to admire the effrontery of the above or to despise its insolence. However, the method of this is a favorite resort of the *Tribune* when driven to the wall, as it is often its fate to be, when it discourseth of its neighbors' principles, in which kind of commodity it does not ever pretend to deal.

It has frequently been our duty to call the "big dailies" to account for lax statements and inconsistent logic and inconsequent argument, but they ignore our points and facts and defiantly strut along in their accustomed air of supremacy, in which their practice has so legitimately made them adepts.

That portion of the article which relates to Mr. Vallandigham we do not so much wonder at. Nothing that great and independent man could hold to, would be allowed by the *Tribune* as honest conviction; therefore, the imputation that he desired to enjoy a cheap fame among weak men and silly women, is in perfect keeping with its usual practice in its treatment of opponents.

But let us see about the "weak men and silly women," who they are, that they may consider the estimation in which the *Tribune* holds them, and from it learn the estimation in which they should hold the *Tribune*, and what its opinions and precepts are worth. In the estimation of the *Tribune*, all people—men and women—who think as Mr. Vallandigham did and as Mrs. Woodhull does, that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments guarantee suffrage to women, are of this class.

First upon this list of weak men and silly women there is no doubt Mrs. Woodhull stands, for it was she who first brought that construction of the Constitution before Congress, and through them the general public. Secondly upon this list as supporting and advocating this construction General Butler and Judge Loughridge stand, as the minority of the Judiciary Committee, who so thoroughly controverted the position of Judge Bingham, who was so far obliged to accept the situation as to be compelled to acknowledge that even women are citizens. Then there are Senators Sumner, Wilson, Pomeroy, Nye and Stearns, and Representatives Banks, Laurence, Ela, Arnell, Julian, Woodward, and many others equally well known and able; then there are Phillips, Smith, Pillsbury, Curtis, Clafin, and hosts of representative men, and Mrs. Mott, Stanton, Hooker, Davis, Miss Anthony, and many other representative women. Now these are some of the "weak men and silly women" whom the *Tribune* would hold up to ridicule because they would probably have lauded Mr. Vallandigham for the bold and rational position he urged the Democracy of Ohio to take, that they might be the "party of progress and of advanced ideas;" and they the persons "whose views of constitutional law are as important as those of the Bungtown Debating Society."

Perhaps the *Tribune* might be induced to give a few speci-

mens of its views of constitutional law regarding this matter of impartial suffrage for all citizens. We have never seen anything of this sort in its columns. Perhaps it will show us the consistency and the right by which men assume to say that women shall not vote, when they possess all the requisites men possess, except that they are women. It has never done so as yet. "Mrs. Woodhull's doctrine" is that the Constitution guarantees suffrage in common to all citizens, unless they forfeit it; and that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments prohibit that suffrage shall be abridged by any power or denied to any citizen.

The Constitution was framed by "We, the people," from whom it acquired all its vitality. None of the inalienable rights of the people could be sunk in the Constitution. The rights of the people exist independent of the Constitution, and no Constitution or law can deprive any of the people of such rights. If any part of the people are prohibited from the exercise of any of the rights which other portions do exercise, and which they do not acquire from the Constitution, then such prohibition is tyranny and not a just government.

Now the Constitution does not say that women citizens shall not participate in suffrage; but, on the contrary, it affirms that women are citizens, and that one of the rights of a citizen is the right to vote. Where does the *Tribune* man acquire his right to say that Mrs. Woodhull shall not vote; or where do men acquire the right to say that no woman shall vote? They do not acquire it from any power whatever. It is simply an assumed power, which they exercise without any right, and we defy the *Tribune* to controvert this position.

It is a very nice thing for great newspapers to dodge the question and go along, utterly ignoring all law and all right, and seeking by blackguardism and disparagement to blunt the force of right and law; but the *Tribune* may awake to the consciousness that nice things don't last always, and that presumption will not always be able to resist the logic of right and reason; nor the plain letter of the law, though that law is so carefully hedged about by male executors.

This question of woman suffrage has got to be met squarely and faced without dodging. Nor can it be evaded as a question of expediency. It is not for men to ask what women will do with what is theirs by right. Do men stop to ask the foreigner who desires to take out his naturalization papers what he will do with his right to the ballot before they grant them; and do they refuse them if they have reason to believe their use of it will be unfavorable to them? We are not so informed. No man dares to interfere with any other man to prevent, to deny, to abridge his use of his right as a citizen of the United States and of the State wherever he resides, to vote.

But men deny the ballot to all women. Now we again ask the *Tribune* to show us their authority for such denial, and to point us out their constitutional right to dispossess one-half of all citizens of a right which the other half claim and exercise.

THE *Anglo-American Times*, commenting on Mrs. Davis' Apollo Hall resolutions, sails about in the mist, either of the most complete ignorance or of the most sublime indifference to both fact and consistency. Its utterances smack so strongly of that kind of dogmatism which the church has so long dealt in that we do not care to any more than call attention to its strange mixture of assertion and assumption. It says: "We cannot walk through our neighbor's garden nor help ourselves to an apple from the stall in the street." Now we could not make a stronger statement of freedom than that. It is precisely what we contend for: that all our neighbors—every individual of them—shall be protected in his or her right to his or her garden and stall. We believe that every child of humanity, male and female, has the absolute right to decide for him or herself who shall occupy what it is theirs to give or withhold, and we do not believe either in forcible entry or in forcible or legal detainer. Any law which is made to limit this individual right is arbitrary or despotic. The *Anglo-American Times* must learn to distinguish between individual freedom outside of the pale of the law and that individual despotism which seeks to subvert these rights by the aid of law; then it may discourse of free love and its methods, and we shall feel that it may be of some service to notice its arguments, but before we can answer there must be argument; and until it has arrived at such discretion it would manifest a prudent foresight in keeping silence.

THE *Tribune* is hurt for the good fame of journalism by the miserable jests and petty anecdotes, mostly lies, about Mr. Greeley, that disgrace the columns of contemporaries. It instances the *Albany Argus*, Pomeroy's *Democrat*, and the *New Haven Register*. We are glad the *Tribune* discounts perversions and personality. It is so much more dignified to deal with the deeds and the words than with the doer or the speaker, and it is so contemptible to mystify truths by personal depreciation.

WE HAVE covered ourselves with glory in Corea. A desperate engagement, in which five hundred Coreans were slain on one side and three Americans on the other, proves the equality of the contest. The Coreans murdered a shipwrecked crew; we civilized them with eleven-inch shell. At this rate, Corea will soon be a habitable country, fitted for a missionary establishment and capable of improved commercial relations.

"VIRTUOUS" SHREWS vs. "OUR PRIESTESSES."

"Let him without sin cast the first stone."

"She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She were a wight—if ever such wight were
To make fools and chronicle small beer."

"Virtue is nothing but a voluntary obedience to truth."

MY COUNTRYWOMEN—Souls possessing strong detestation of wrong should possess, too, the noble courage to make virtue as fearless and as attractive as vice dares to be.

No humane ear should be too fastidious to hear the vilest details; no eye too timid to look upon the appalling picture of woman's degradation, until the heart throbs with just indignation, and an agonizing pity that will rouse the conscience to such restitutional efforts as shall purge life of its foulest crimes.

Woman's salvation is begun when she realizes that the misery of her sex lies at her door; and that to be uncharitable and unhelpful is to be unwomanly—and to be unwomanly in these regards is to stain the soul with the guilt of Cain. She should realize that it is her sin that

"Loveliest things have mercy shown
To every falling but their own,
And every woe a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame!"

To bring about this needed realization she must know herself; and as "the proper study of mankind is man," my humble lessons plead for her honest consideration.

Man has long enough been the false interpreter of woman's spiritual loveliness, worth and "sphere;" and it is time she taught him nobler "arts of love." When she clearly understands that he has no divinely authorized right to arrogate to himself the situation of, or the control of her conduct in, her "sphere"—her sphere! naturally elevated so many degrees beyond his own, by the metaphysical sympathies of her love and motherhood!—she will create for him a purer and a happier world. For her organism being of finer and more bountiful complexity, and her affections being in closer harmony with Divine will, it is for her to see to it that the fruit of her womb ceases to be brutal and sensual.

While the ballot will prove an instrument of power in assisting sound-hearted women to attain justice for their sex, they have a broader and a higher field of duty—that even the to-be religious politics shall yet deem their firmest foundation—which they must sow and reap before they can perfect their noblest ideals of right. And their first necessary duty is to reject the popular feminine ideals, that are far too Utopian for a world of rugged realities—that can be beautified only by the polish of truth—and have swept to despair and destruction thousands of earth's loveliest!

The world should be no more of a flaming terror to woman than to man; and will not be when she gets the sense and courage to lay a subduing hand upon the roaring, devouring lion of sin, whose masterly savagery crushes, with relentless fury, the strongest and boldest of her sons whom, too, she must cease to have perish. Her affection, more than man's strength, must rescue, save and shield. This is her "mission;" and her best "sphere" is "at home" with the world. Her tender truth and genuine gentleness is destined to conquer.

Only persistent personality of woman can give that balance of moral power the world needs. Every link of her chains of slavery to old forms, and old codes, and old laws that is loosed gives to her, and through her to the world, a new peace, a new happiness, and a new and a higher and a more blessed intelligence. So mote it be.

To abolish the two legalized hells of man's rapacious lust of woman—"necessity" and marriage—we have but to strip the glittering lie from the respectable one to see from out the guilty corruption of both spring a heaven-born chastity that will scorn self-sale and give us nothing but immaculate conceptions! So mote it be!

The Immaculate Conception was but a love conception blessed by wedlock's proper chastities; for "Joseph knew not Mary till she had brought forth her first born son: and they called his name Jesus."

We have two forms of worship that assert the passion of a mysterious, unwritten word, known only to the holy initiated! Yet there seems to be as good men who are neither Freemasons nor Roman Catholics as those who are. Jesus, whom they profess to love, and whose example they pretend to follow, taught no mysterious, selfish doctrine. He openly taught that truth, mercy, purity of heart, charity, forgiveness and love comprised the whole law. And such a character as Jesus is possible to humanity in multitudinous repetitions when women brush from heart, brain and soul the silken webs of specious cunning subtly woven to enslave her truth, enslave her will and subjugate her reason. Wherever man has organized an institution to protect, provide for, cherish and consecrate woman, he has been careful to monopolize the authority, emoluments, freedoms and pleasures—as witness our churches! our marriage sanctuaries! Brigham Young's Utah! and the Oneida free lovers! And such grandiloquent sublimations of esthetic ethics as what the "Godlike" brain and heart of man has conceived and achieved for his superior in all but the ruder forces! It is time for woman to comprehend the errors he has blindingly and wickedly led her by, and resist them.

Mysticism and superstition have ever been and always will

be the supreme fascination of ignorance. This obscuration of the simplest truths of nature is the worst of all. It is a fatal error which seems every hour to be upon the verge of being corrected. The inquiry is a constant one: "What is the truth?" Instead of Faith, Science, Holy Ghost, should be returned woman, man, and the spirit of love. There is no truth but that God gave to man the power of reason, and ruler strength, and the intellectual nature that he might dominate the intellect, and the heart of woman. And, therefore, it is not true that in making woman man's "helpmeet" God designed her lower intellect, more metaphysical soul and tender heart to serve man only as a sacrifice—to bear the infirmities of his passions, reason and will. Where such doctrine is taught and believed, good is perverted, virtue is outraged, vice reveals, and the devil exults over a sham piety and an iniquitous respectability! And the most of this we owe to church divines!!!

It is chastened and exalted hearts and souls the world requires, and not longer a superstitious reverence of forms, ceremonies and institutions that warp the faculties, rob life of its best joys, and obstruct the communing soul's brightest visions of heaven!

Pride and lust and need take refuge in prostitution—and marriage; and if "necessary" and "better" for men, they are alike sure moral, spiritual and often physical death to woman. Man is exultingly cruel to woman's holiest affections, and will be until old Thor is subdued in him by the resolute divineness of her truth.

God "joins together" only those who love, and the love of man and woman, though by its own natural laws evanescent, is too sacred to be "sundered" by atrocious religious, social and legal interdictions!

As lust is not so native to woman's nature as to man's, when he is no longer the pecuniary "oak" around which she, as "clinging tendrils," must "twine" (ahem!), his gold will not tempt her—"charm" he never so wisely—"from her path of true virtue."

Marriage and popular opinion block the best possibilities of woman's true usefulness. Abolish the one and reform the other and there would abound more general kindness and universal good-will than is now bred in the soul-narrowing precincts of animal selfishness, that "grows by what it is fed on"—pap of erudite "divines," whose immense "opportunities to judge of married life in two widely different sections of society" failed to divine woman's "hidden spirit," that a man, man-appraised, never can fathom—politely termed Christian homes! Instead of the strife, misery, turmoil and gloom that now reign in even "pious" families, we should have liberty and happiness of individuals. Justice and virtue ever go hand in hand.

"Men who have strong excitations of passion are able in intellect;" "the warmest vein has clearest brain;" but in woman the same organization is considered as immodest and masculine, though it be just as intellectually sympathetic; and prudes of both sexes feel this superior personal magnetism so antagonistic to their stupid calibre that, like unto all envious inferiorities, their aversion is immense, and their intensified malignancy strengthens our popular "virtue," which has become such absurd, imbecile cant as to disgust every honest heart and convert society into a topsy-turvy element of damnation!

"Virtuous" shrews are women who are unvirtuously married, and the young and old maids who are willing to be; and all are morally insane, because always suicides of their best affections! Their reasons for detesting the free-love principles are too manifold for particular classification, but may be perspicuously summed up under the head of disappointments, bitterness and a vindictive hatred of seeing others enjoy what they have never experienced. The wicked perversities and venom of these shrews are but the effects of causes which I purpose reviewing, viz.: shame of woman's illegal love and the moral degradation of marriage.

"More in sorrow than in anger," it should be mentioned of these shrews that they all "lay the flattering unction to their souls" that their conceits of jealousy, envy, selfishness and malice are loftiest virtue, and die as they live—self-deceived!

In times one grade more barbarous it was a pride with the black race to be owned by the most opulent among the "chivalry." And now women, lifted to places insulting to virtue and to those who "fall" for bread because of the world's scorn for a pure love that was too trusting, triumph with such base display as stamps them upper courtesans, though they do bear the names of men who own them, and live with no others! I believe it is better, under God's judgment, for the despised priestess than for those masked stumbling blocks!

And then the protected beauties of the respectable matrimonial markets! How they do "jig, and amble, and lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make their wantonness their ignorance," until they make men mad with lustful passions that demand the society of the priestess before they are fit to re-enter the hallowed (?) home circle! Those market beauties practice many of the priestess' artifices to attract, and prefer husbands who have been trained by them—proud of a conqueror of their sex!—a hero, who purchases woman's shame for his manly pleasure!—a man who stimulates his passion for excessive indulgence until he is accomplished in "the ways of the world," and is wise enough to marry! I fail—do not you?—to see the point of difference in honor and health of a girl selling herself to one such reputable under the marriage sanction and a girl selling herself

to a number of supporters—a variety as great as if she were a prostitute, and for which "purity" and "modesty" are sold for the same price!—It is a poor rule that would make the priestess more than the wife, nor lives in more torture, nor has more difficulty for society is as inevitable to one as to the other.

The negative goodness of women, who are more cowardly than unjust in their estimates and principles, is prolific of great social mischief that blossoms vice and ripens crime.

They still live in close family and cordial, social and pleasant business relations with men they know frequent hints of female debauchery, or keep as many mistresses as they can afford, yet they—these modest, gentle, devout women—will "cast down their eyes"—oh, so virtuously! if they pass a priestess on the street; and these same "priestesses" make it safe for virtue to walk the street. Ah! what a reward they do get, to be sure!

I suppose it is "jolly" for the "virtuous sisterhood!" but, alas! the "frail" have a coin righteously equivalent, and as apt are they in its circulation. Let the devout take heed in their refined, exclusive and double-distilled piety, for God is not mocked.

With what becoming ridicule and indignation the respectable *roue* and unvirtuous shrew laugh at love and denounce the priestess. It must be that it towers above the "light of the sublime," and that is why they so often knock their prayers against the thunderbolts of Almighty God's wrath, that deals them "vengeance" and sons and daughters that scourge humanity.

Subtly cunning shrews seek popularity by accepting the vulgar estimate of vulgar men for those women who contend with them for success in the "pursuit of happiness;" but feminine intellect and courage are marching the world on to the bright goal of truth that the not far distant future will see irresistible to progress.

Intellectual shrews of "mental temperament," often possess rarified ecstasies of high-pressure "morals" that so sap their physical vitalities that they kindly "go to their graves like beds," to give the "dearly beloved," whom they so jealously guarded (?) from other women's attractions, another "partner of his bosom."

Shrews of a superfluous amount of self-esteem and excessive moral vanity are generally husbanded by profligates who make peace at home by flattery and falsehood.

They are taught to, and do, believe themselves paragons of every female excellence; and the gay deceivers chuckle over the cheap strategy that enables them to combine a virtuous establishment with a home hospital for their rakish lordships.

But the most highly prized are the gentle, "kindly affectionate" shrews who sacrifice themselves to outrage as a wifely duty, to keep the dear "better half," you know, true to his marital vows and honor. Now, it often happens that these same "better halves," if they are "strictly moral," will kill off three or four, and sometimes four or five, of—to use a "fine figure of a woman, Pip"—the angels who so delight in domestic martyrdom.

But I am "fully persuaded in my own mind"—as St. Paul (who now venerates his mother, as he must have sworn to do before he was ever let out of Purgatory) sanctioned—that God does not judge they "have fought the good fight" in keeping such unholy "faith" as permitted their lords to finish their course by laying them so untimely under the sod.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand married women are those wives who wed for lust, for companionship, for support, for position, for not to die an old maid, for respect to ripen into love, but which never does; and these are our fiercest denouncers of free love! And those married and single women of "the highest respectability" and "best circles" who meet their lovers at temples of assignation or elsewhere surreptitiously, are the most intolerant and vixenish in their judgments of priestesses! So much for the devil's own cunning and craft.

"Passion is logical."

No one knows better—none have a better chance to know—than the priestess how many and how revoltingly hideous are the household skeletons that grin in ghastly horror at the gilded mockeries held in such high repute throughout our land, yclept Christian homes! Her feasts of forbidden pleasure have purchased for her a knowledge of man's depravity that bears no taint of envy for the wife (if her own outfit and establishment are as fine). And who can wonder that sometimes she avenges the wrongs of woman, by tempting to deeper ruin and ignominious death the creature who is wont to set those places where vile "men do congregate" in a roar "with his flashes of obscene wit," generated from his dishonor of womanhood?

The stock-breeders carefully protect the brute mother. Husbands debase man's "God-like reason" below brute instinct by outraging their pregnant and nursing wives!

The stock-breeder is most careful that the brute sire is sound in every part. Our statesmen reverse this benign prescription in their statutes for humanity: they license all uncleanness to "go in unto woman." The priestess should resist unto death, if she must, the black, inquisitorial enactment of most hellish injustice! It is better that she, or some one else, should die resisting it than submit to fiendish "ordinances" emanating from men, who use money and brains (?) to riot in woman's degradation.

The majesty of right is superior to any iniquitous device,

which should be hurled into the hottest caldrons of the bottomless pit (and its framers with it), though favored by every sleek and villainous fool on this terrestrial globe!

Hypocritical respectability and sham virtue should not be allowed to shuffle the responsibility for corruption on the already too much burdened and wronged priestess. And virtue errs in keeping silence while the vulture lust is deepening the shame on the heads of helpless women.

Social degradations are as fatal to a nation's prosperity as are political degradations.

Woman must save her sex, by ceasing to excrete it for what she tolerates in man. A woman who, for social popularity or success in business, thinks to "set a value on chastity," by denouncing her own sex to the advantage of the other, is mistaken and unworthy of the name and love of woman, and she finds her pleasures and business "full of penances." So mote it be!

It is claimed and proclaimed by men that "women are the first and worst to injure their own sex," by spiteful defamations. But, verily, I say unto you that men instigate, encourage and delight in venomous gossip about every woman but their own. Of course it is only mean men who do these things; but, my dears, mean men are largely in the majority, and are permitted the ascendancy in society by the quiescent sanction of "moral men and women," who seem to think the might of goodness consists in every meekness—"meekness that is weakness"—which, as the world goes, is only another name for moral cowardice.

Why, you must needs know, it is mean men's mission to bully all genuine worth—that "gins to pale its intellectual fires" under their baleful influence, until perfect virtue shall owe the devil's backbone a debt of gratitude that eternity alone can cancel! For only indomitable will, and steady warfare on his satanic majesty's tough equilibrium, can ever so perfect earth's obedience to Divine will as to anticipate its millennial dawn by a growth of souls "earnestly good for Christ's sake!"

Man is for the world's rudest toil, and for woman's lover and friend. Woman is for the world's finest work, and for man's lover and friend. She is not his to own, as doll, victim, drudge, nurse, subject, companion or wife! She belongs to herself—even more than man belongs to himself. Both will be happier when mutually dependent on, and independent of, each other. And when this good time comes, girls will not mature earlier than boys, by having their maternal instincts prematurely developed by nursing the odiously inevitable doll in their enforced seclusion to the house.

It is not true delicacy to ignore the evils of demoralizing disease. Lustful fathers and unwilling mothers have given the world rank growths of infant sensualists, whose artificial practices, even before puberty, are as prevalent among girls as among boys, and induce those desires of mind and body that no pure-feeling and sound-health woman ever has. Let pious, moralistic statesmen and the priesthood look well to the rotten households that flood the cesspools of vice and crime!

The tree of love, when transplanted from nature to the rank and gross garden of matrimony, withers and dies—from an excess of conjugal decorum and fidelity! As reasonably expect a plant to thrive in uncongenial soil, with its roots exposed to an arid sun!—though its petals were reduntantly showered with the choicest dews of friendly sympathies and care!

Hearts chastened and ennobled by an experience of true love can never express a "claim" upon others that do not voluntarily find in them superlative happiness and content. Then how silly and wicked and infamous it is to hold in legal or jealous bondage an unwilling heart! If the priestess' sin is greater, or more degrading, I fail to see it. And wives and husbands, all over the land, are doing this—committing this heinous sin—this degrading "duty"—for the sake of "honor" and support! Are such a people Christians, or honorable, or virtuous?

The state will have good citizens when it provides, with honor, homes for its children and pregnant mothers. It is a sacred duty which should not be left to universally odious charities. Every man and all property should be taxed to secure for woman's holiest sphere the peace and health of virtue.

The fearful desolation that seizes the heart that is homeless should not be allowed to blight youth and motherhood in a vaunted Christian land.

"Glorify a lie, arm and equip a lie, consecrate a lie with solemn forms and awful penalties, and, after all, it is a lie. It rots a land and corrupts a people like any other lie; and, by and by, the white light of God's truth shines clear through it, and shows it to be a lie."

So mote it be. Affectionately yours,

DARL ST. MARY'S.

AMERICA, January, 1871.

A TRIPLE alliance between Russia, Prussia and Austria has been talked of and contradicted. For all the contradiction, it is not impossible. Russia and Germany stand face to face. Austria is in danger of being crushed between the upper and the nether millstone. Russia has not relinquished nor will she relinquish her desire for Constantinople. Better, indeed, would it be for Europe and the world if Russia, and not the Turk, were on the Bosphorus. The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, a well-informed paper on European politics, favors the possibility of a union between Austria, England and Prussia, to control Russia and keep her back from the Mediterranean.

FRANK CLAY;

HUMAN NATURE IN A NUTSHELL.

BY JOSHUA ROSE.

(CONTINUED.)

DCLIV.

Let not one reproach distress you: I forgive the broken word,
And my heart will still impress you in its shrine unseen, unheard;
But the hallowed place within me thou hast filled shall vacant be,
None on earth shall ever win me, have the love I gave to thee.
It shall stand a silent token of the jewel I have lost—
Every loving word once spoken now exacts a pang as cost.

DCLV.

Yet I think you once did love me, though I were but a transient gleam—
You, so pure, so far above me, loved me—was't a pleasant dream?
Woe you once in fancy clinging fondly to my long embrace,
Turning those blue eyes so winning timidly up to my face!
Was it sweet, my darling, tell me, in the past, to think of me?
Ere this cruel blight befell me, did you love to think of me?

DCLVI.

Must I bid you farewell, darling; can you utter this decree?
Loudly still my spirit's calling your return again to me.
I reverse each kind word spoken and forgive each harsh one said,
Though my heart is almost broken, kindly still I bow my head
To your last adieu in sadness, though it wounds me to the core—
Was my dream a happy madness, has it fled for evermore?

DCLVII.

Cease, oh wounded heart, thy burning; realize thy saddest fears,
When her face confronts thee—turning—hide and ease thy pain in tears;
Arms that once outstretched to greet her, eyes that strained to see her
form,
Feet that once tripped light to meet her, dreams that brought her night
and morn—
Learn her presence is forbidden, stand and watch your vision fade,
Let each loving thought be hidden 'neath the pall that she has made.

DCLVIII.

Over her memory ye may weep, turn your faces to the past,
And every hallowed word may keep every fond remembrance cast
To the cherished hours now vanished, once in ecstasy embraced,
Now at last forever banished, though they cannot be effaced.
Yet I charge you that you never let one little thought rebel—
Love her still the same as ever, even though she broke the spell.

DCLIX.

Take my letters from their places, never more must they be read,
Look thou not upon their faces, bind them close and mark them dead;
I will tear me from thy pages, at whatever pain and cost,
They shall lie unread for ages, labelled, faded, shattered, lost.
Should one fond remembrance thrill you, as your fingers lay them by,
Do not try to crush it, will you, breathe at least a parting sigh.

DCLX.

When the world is cold and cheerless, no caressing hand is near,
When thy burning eye is tearless, think of one who holds thee dear;
If, in solitude despondent, thoughts of me shall come to chide,
Know my heart still beats respondent, though 'twas coldly cast aside;
If regret would fain depress thee, know my lips will never blame,
That my voice will always bless thee, always love thee still the same.

DCLXI.

When thy silent tears are falling, and thy head in grief is bowed,
When thy spirit's vainly calling for the love it craves aloud,
When despair is darkly creeping and thy breast in pain is beating,
When thy unloved heart is weeping, icy coldness all its greeting,
When thy fainting bosom's rending, pride, neglect or harshness chill,
When thy soul in grief is bending—turn to he who loves thee still.

DCLXII.

Yet Cora still maintained a silence deep
And dark, and as mysterious as death,
And quite resolved in her own mind to keep
The secret in her breast; that not a breath
Reproaching him for falseness would she heap
Upon him; she would sooner die beneath
Her grief than should be said that she was slighted
By one—he to whom so long she had been plighted.

DCLXIII.

So Frank concluded Mr. Grey had broken
His promise and rescinded his permission
To their engagement; but why not have spoken
Upon the subject ere this prohibition
Of correspondence. This Frank thought a token
Of dire displeasure, and he made decision
To write to Mr. Grey to ascertain
Why his consent had been withdrawn again.

DCLXIV.

'Tis very wrong at all times to invoke
Parental aid in any love affair,
For in such case a spirit is awoken
Of opposition nothing can repair.
They look on interference as a yoke,
And every word you utter will impair
The cause you wish to aid, and breed disorder,
For young folks won't be thought to love to order.

DCLXV.

Some call young persons thoughtless; 'tis not so.
I hold them up as patterns of forethought.
Forbid a miss from meeting with her beau,
No matter, then, what mischief may be wrought,
They're sure to meet in spite of all, although
You threaten dire vengeance if they're caught:
They'll have their fun, providing they begin it—
It may be folly, but there's method in it.

DCLXVI.

But if you interpose slight opposition,
Assume the role of "cruel parent,"
They'll secretly lament their sad position,
And thinking they are martyrs, will be lent
A magnet that will make a new condition
That which will shape their love just as you meant.
But give them opportunities to meet,
Then wait—they'll ask forgiveness at your feet.

CANTO XII.

FORMATION OF SHELL.

DCLVII.

Frank's troubles very quickly multiplied;
One day he went to work, and saw men glide
One to the other with mysterious mien.
And much he wondered what it all could mean.
Some had their arms most threateningly upraised,
While others frowned and loweringly gazed
Upon him or contemptuously leered
When passing him—just audibly they sneered.

DCLVIII.

And when the foreman came along he paused,
Remarked to Frank, "See, now, what you have caused—
One of the oldest hands has been dismissed
And others will be yet, if you persist
In doing work so quickly. They compared
His time with yours, and instantly declared
That being so much longer he must be
Discharged; he has a wife and family."

DCLIX.

Frank answered, "Then I leave at once your service,
I cannot work for one who thus would serve his
Good workmen in so base, unjust a manner;
Make out my pay, I will not lift a hammer
Again within these walls; I here resign
All pay for uncompleted work of mine."
The foreman answered, "I will draw your pay
At day-work rate, so work till noon to-day."

DCLX.

That Frank had left was quickly whispered round,
And many of the oldest hands who found
Such fault with him indorsed his present action,
Nor did they fail to show their satisfaction.
In earnest tones the leading men conversed,
And much of their ill-feeling was reversed;
Some said he'd done all that could be expected
And that his manliness they much respected;

DCLXII.

While others came and told him that his leaving
Proved to them his uprightness; and believing
That he had acted as he thought was best,
They hoped that all ill-feeling now would rest.
"A matter of the past," Frank made reply,
"Not one of you is more surprised than I
Am at this episode; to-day at noon
I'll meet the workmen in the engine-room."

DCLXIII.

The engine-room the men appropriated
To hold their meetings in, when they debated
Upon those questions which affected them
As a community of workmen.
They settled Frank's accounts in proper form,
And then he found his occupation gone.
When dinner time arrived the work-bell rang,
And Frank made to the men a short harangue.

DCLXIV.

He told them he had strived to get promotion
By showing aptitude in his profession,
And that of course he'd not the slightest notion
That it would injure others; his impression
Was that employers, finding his devotion
To business, would advance him; but a lesson
Had been administered he'd not forget,
Although he owned he learned it with regret.

DCLXV.

That now he was not in the least surprised
That they were angered at him and demurred
To his late course; but he had not surmised
That capitalists would ever have inferred
That one's superiority comprised
Detraction for the others; in a word,
That they would make the labor of the best
A means to deprecate—oppress the rest.

DCLXVI.

That he had thought trades-unions a mistake
And quite superfluous, but was convinced
They were the only means the men could take
For self-protection; companies evinced
A selfishness almost enough to shake
His faith in human nature, yet he winced
More thinking private firms should act so wrongly
(Frank argued this idea very strongly).

DCLXVII.

"I did too much, they were dissatisfied;
You did too little when compared to me;
So that my aptitude as thus applied
Did me no good and you an injury.
The more I worked for them, the less they tried
Proportionately to pay me; thus you see
I merely had my labor for my pains—
You suffered, while they grasped at all the gains."

DCLXVIII.

Frank having thus concluded, one replied:
"The piece-work system often has been tried
And always with this same result; wherefore,
Because they hold a man is not worth more
Than so much daily wages; if by great
Exertions one should e'er contrive to make
More than the sum, at any sacrifice,
However cheap his work, they bate the price."

DCLXIX.

And so Frank left, filled with much discontent
And sick at heart, so Mrs. Blair suggested
That he should take a trip down into Kent,
So that his mind and body might be rested.
They packed his trunk, and that same week he went
To Canterbury, where he was interested
With ancient castles (one has now, alas,
Been improvised a factory for gas).

DCLXX.

And as he entered through the city's gates,
Whose years outnumbered royal houses, state,
He gazed in awe upon the crumbling wall
Which saw them proudly rise, ignobly fall.
Here Saxon Druids, Norman monks, and priests
Had marched to sacrifices, fasts, or feasts;
Here Brother Ethelbert conveyed in pride,
A thousand years ago, his Christian bride.

DCLXXI.

'Twas here the daughter of King Caribert
First saw her liege lord's savage vassals girt
With skins of beasts, and jealous Angles stare
Upon their king's new bride, so weak, so fair.
One Christian bishop only had she brought,
Her sole adviser in the Saxon court;
'Twas their pure lives sowed faith among a race
The grandest, greatest, richest on earth's face.

DCLXXII.

Here Wolsey, in embroidered silk and gold,
His retinue, eight hundred strong of old,
Had passed; two robed priests the pageant led,
Each bearing silver pillars o'er his head,
On which each bore a cross or crucifix,
Proclaiming he held two archbishoprics,
Well might the mighty cardinal be vain
As legate, minister, and chamberlain.

DCLXXIII.

Here an archbishop head of yore would bring,
More as its value than that of the king,*
And William laid the tyrant's grasping hand
Of confiscation on the great Stigand.
Here Rufus crushed the church beneath his feet,
Then feared eternal punishment to meet;
When dying craved forgiveness of Anselm,
In dread such guilt his soul would overwhelm.

DCLXXIV.

King Henry here walked barefoot to the shrine
To make atonement for the murderer's crime;
Here Chartham's parson cried in violent tones,
"We'll knock out old A'Becket's glassy bones."
Here Laislon showed the barons Edward's charter
And gave to liberty the Magna Charta;
Here weary pilgrims wended in a line
And came a hundred thousand at a time.

DCLXXV.

Thus mused our hero as his transfixed gaze
Surveyed this city of the ancient days;
The shadowed vista of departed time
Wrapped him in awe mysteriously sublime.
The air seemed redolent with deep mystery,
Each stone a page of olden history;
He stood entranced, his senses seemed to flutter,
And then a hand-cart knocked him in the gutter.

DCLXXVI.

He rose and went to the "Red Lion Inn."
Redressed and dined, resolving to begin
His ramblings through the city, by inspecting
The aged landmarks, no single one excepting.
The old cathedral bell tolled out the hour
As he surveyed in awe the belfry tower;
He entered in the ancient porch at last
Where pilgrim, priest, and king had often passed.

DCLXXVII.

Beside "A'Becket's" shrine he silent stood,
And saw the stone where ran the saintly blood,
Where Louist knelt for ailing Philip's sake,
And Craumer prayed ere martyred at the stake.
The stones worn hollow by the knees
Of pilgrims who had come for centuries;
The varied colors of the window panes
Seemed but to mark anew the bloody stains.

DCLXXVIII.

Here hangs the coat of mail of "Ye Black Prince,"
O'er which five hundred years have shadowed since;
On "Cressy's" Field it saw the foeman flee,
Its mighty bearer crowned with victory.)
Alone uninjured of all monuments,
Here bearing record of the incidents
Whose memories seem floating in these halls,
Engraven on these holy shrines and walls.

DCLXXIX.

Then as the evening shadows softly fell,
And from the lofty spire tolled out the bell,
A sudden tumult; cry of fire was heard,
The verger sped away without a word
And left our hero by himself alone;
He stood in silence, compassed by the gloom
Surrounding him, the solemn vibrates
With memories of kings, priests, and primates.

DCLXXX.

He passed along and sat within a niche
Where the stained windows cast a halo rich
And mellow in its shadows o'er the spot.
[The verger locked the door: he had forgot
Frank's presence in the holy temple—he
Sat pensive 'neath the spell, the memory,
The glories of the holy spot had cast
Upon him, and he fell to sleep at last.]

DCLXXXI.

Grand music seemed to float upon the air,
Faint lights and forms to glide, now here, now there,
White robed spirits every niche to haunt,
Low voices swell into a holy chant.
A long procession swept the silent aisle,
Pure waxen tapers lit the antique pile;
The Roman, Briton, Saxon, and the Celt
Before the holy altar humbly knelt.

*Archbishop's head and king's head were ancient co'ss.
+King of Paris.

THE TIGHBORNE heirship case is one of the most extraordinary instances of legal badgering and torture that has been met with in the history of jurisprudence. A lawyer may ask a witness any question he pleases on cross examination to test his credibility—may suggest any immorality, crime or dishonor, provided only that he abstain from making a direct assertion. The witness must answer everything, keep his temper and treat his tormentor with respect; and this is in the pretended interest of truth. In this country the lawyer is happily no better than another man—and he more frequently than not gets as good as he gives. What a gain to justice it would be if the lawyers had but one neck. The laws are made by lawyers whose whole life is spent in showing how they may be broken with safety. One lawyer in a village can't live; a second, and everybody is at odds with his neighbor.

WE ARE constantly adding to our list the names of public men whom, for their declarations that women have the right to vote under the Constitution, the *Tribune* calls "weak men." Here is another specimen:

Old Ben Wade, who has read Butler and Loughridge's report upon the Woodhull memorial, declares in unmistakable language his belief that women are clearly citizens, and under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments have the right to vote. Thus one after another of the "lights" of republican principles gives in adhesion to the "Constitutional Equality" of women, and in favor of woman suffrage. To the previous list we now add Ben Wade and Senator Morton, who recently declared for woman's political rights in the most striking and earnest language.

THE grand review of Paris furnished a *fete* to the pleasure-loving Parisians, so long shut off from holiday and festival. "A nation which recovers its elasticity of spirits in this rapid manner can hardly be said to be effete." So says a contemporary. The Parisians are not the first people who have shrieked *Panem et Circenses*, nor did their applause at the show of the gladiators or the martyrdom of the saints save their antetypes from the Goth and the Vandal. Again: "The national spirit is shown in the eagerness with which the new government loan has been taken by the people." True, it is national spirit; and while the people support political and personal iniquity, profligacy and recklessness, what right have the people even to offer a protest? They tolerate the criminal, and condone the crime.

THE London press is exercised at a "smart dodge" played by the Brothers Johnson. One Johnson was passing along the river Thames in a steamboat and fell overboard. The other Johnson happened to be on London bridge when his brother fell in. He sprang off the bridge into the water, some hundred and twenty feet, and rescued the drowning man. The very newshoys of New York would have called it a "put-up job;" but the simple penny-a-liners of London took it in and are now disgusted at their own credulity. And these were the men who settled the Alabama treaty with us, and we allowed them to get away with the pot. Well, well, well!

THE Empire of Germany—the consolidation of the most enlightened populations of Europe—has a military power exceeding even that of Russia. Moreover, the army is to be rearmed and remodeled. This is, of course, for peaceful purposes—not so much the extension of a German frontier as the expression of German freedom. The standing army, with its pipe-clay regulations and extinction of individuality, is the heaviest of all drags on liberty. The doctrine of passive obedience spreads like a cloud over the whole people.

THE *Tribune* tells us that a "young lady student in the State University of Missouri has gained the first prize for Greek scholarship. Miss J. F. Ripley has the honor of being the first woman who has ever surpassed the young men in such a contest." The first perhaps in Missouri; but there have been women who knew Greek before to-day. It is not very much to know Greek—better to know English. Still, as a time-honored test of capacity, we suppose Miss Ripley will be held competent to vote for an assistant alderman—perhaps even a school trustee.

THE CHARLESTON REPUBLICAN is one of the best-edited papers in the South. A recent article, "The Modern Samson," on the International Society, is a piece of excellent writing, a little in advance, we should fear, of the Southern mind. But an honest journal will write its public up to its level, not itself down to theirs. We can but deserve well. If the prizes are unfairly placed just now, it will all come out right at last. Its poetic taste is very refined and we are indebted to its columns for many a charming bit.

HOW COMES it that Mr. Greeley in his speeches South congratulates that section on their good order and social recuperation, ridiculing the idea of ku-klux—while the *Tribune* hashes up the old story of ku-klux bands and negro intimidations. Can it be that H. G. toddlers for Southern popularity while the *Tribune*, having no Southern circulation, panders to Northern prejudice?

THE *Globe* has found out the secret of living. Without the vigor of the *Telegram*, or the refinement of the *Mail*, or the news of the *Commercial*, or the solidity of the *Post*, it yet contrives to dodge along. Small wit, very small wit, is the staple. But a wriggler has as much right to live as a whale.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MRS. STEARNS ON THE WOMAN MOVEMENT.

The following letter we have reason to believe is from the pen of Mrs. Stearns:

Mrs. Stearns is one of the most estimable women of the woman's rights movement. That she is not sufficiently advanced to perceive that woman suffrage is but an item, the political item, in the woman question, is not to be imputed to her as a reproach. We none of us can attain our full stature in a day. Mrs. Stearns expresses her views honestly and fearlessly, and we like her none the less that she does not put her foot down until she sees that the ground is solid. She will come to the front in time. Such a woman cannot but see that "the times are out of joint" and that a total upheaval and new settlement of surface and subsoil are the only way to permanent adjustment. The woman question means the relations of woman "to herself, to man, to society." Place for Mrs. Stearns! although she do halt midway. She will take up her staff and her burden anon:

MR. EDITOR: Although, perhaps, not yet converted to the doctrine of woman suffrage, you doubtless heartily believe in one right for woman, and that is the right to be heard, and since the day has already come when the friends of woman suffrage are many, I would esteem it a very great favor to be allowed to address these friends through your columns. Would say to them "be of good cheer," although just at present the cause that is dear to you seems by some to be much misunderstood. This will continue only until those who labor in this cause have had a further hearing.

Some of the leaders in this reform have, perhaps, made a mistake. They have undertaken to act upon what may be called a new principle among women, although it is a very ancient and time-honored principle among men. Men who are known to be very weak morally, are often called great, because of having merely intellectual strength. Such men cannot be discarded, they say, because their services are needed. And, indeed! are they not men and brothers? So they cover up their weakness with the mantle of charity, associate with them freely and put them in high places. Yet, alas! for the women who have ventured faintly to imitate man's example, and allow a woman a place to work among them, although known to live with a husband from whom she has been once divorced. To explain upon what principle they did this, they passed, at a recent New York convention, the following: "Resolved, That, as in our two resolutions, our sires and sons asked no questions of the loyal soldiers who fought the battles of freedom by their side, as to their family faith or form, so the noble women of America in this struggle for enfranchisement, will welcome to their ranks, regardless of her antecedents or surroundings, every earnest woman who, with pen and tongue, comes with the inspired word for the hour."

How came they to do this, do you ask? It may be briefly told. A woman went last winter from her home in New York City to Washington, was received into the best society, and appeared in all respects like a pure, true woman; was accompanied by that truly noble and refined Christian woman, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, and many others, upon the platform at Lincoln Hall, where, in a manner graceful and modest, she gave, before one of the largest and finest audiences ever assembled in Washington, her argument, claiming that women were already entitled to protection in the exercise of the elective franchise by virtue of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the National Constitution. Many wise men applauded and generous women admired her, and they went so far as to pass a resolution soon after commending her for this signal service, and promising to work heartily with and for her in the attempt to secure suffrage for women in this manner.

Of course they were astonished and grieved when they learned, last month, from her own acknowledgment, that she was not, in her daily life and practice, helping to keep sacred the marriage relation. What did those ladies and their associates, who met in convention in New York, after carefully and prayerfully considering the matter, conclude to do? As before said, they exercised something of the spirit of tolerance that men show toward men, and let her remain a speaker and worker among them. Knowing as we do how well they knew that they would be misunderstood and condemned by many, can we not see something heroic and worthy in this action? As they had reason to expect, some malicious ones have since been accusing them of having avowed themselves free-lovers, and these same malicious ones have even tried to make the whole woman suffrage idea appear to be one and the same as the evil doctrine of "free-love." Friends, be not alarmed at this. The intelligent people of this country know too well the personal character of the women who took this action to be at all misled by such false statement. They know what an angel of purity and goodness that dear old Quaker lady, Mrs. Lucretia Mott, has been all her life, in her family and out of it, and they know that she is Lucretia Mott still. They know that Mrs. Stanton, a cherished wife and honored mother, is not less pure and womanly than she, although the latter lady has been much misapprehended and misrepresented. They know that Mrs. Hooker is sweetly pure and truly Christian, like them both. These three ladies, ripe in years and rich in soul, may be the ones chiefly responsible for this action, while noble Miss Anthony, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Griffing and others merely acquiesced in their judgments. They who

know anything of the motives which inspire the great mass of woman suffrage advocates, know that the better protection and preservation of all things pure and sacred is what they chiefly labor for. The influence of their example and their teaching all tend this way. Themselves, for the most part, happy and honored wives and mothers, they wish the same happiness to others. Feeling that they owe their happiness chiefly to the fact that they are blessed with good and faithful husbands, they long to aid in choosing men who will make and execute such laws as must surely make the number of impure and unfaithful husbands begin to grow "beautifully less." And yet, knowing that there will not soon be, nor perhaps ever, a sufficient number of good and virtuous men from among whom each and every young woman may accept a husband, they ask for equal educational and industrial rights for young women, in order that those who do not marry may be so strong, and pure, and true, and self-reliant that they may be happy and honored without.

Believing that these equal educational and industrial opportunities must reduce the number of those "marrying for a home, with little or no love to bind them," they believe likewise that the number of divorces must as a consequence be greatly reduced. Under this system of better laws and equal rights, there would be as many marriages as now, and yet fewer unhappy ones. As a rule, the marriage relation would be made more beautiful and sacred by the greater mutual love, purity, and fitness of those entering into it.

This is the vision that the woman suffrage advocates have in their mind's eye, when they repeat their daily prayer, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." Ah yes, rest assured friends, these noble workers look for better times for suffering humanity than now, when free-loveism in all its forms, so far from spreading, shall have learned to hide its diminished head. In these days too many husbands by far are found to be "free-lovers" to be compatible with a healthy state of public morals, or to make uniformly healthy and happy the wife, the children, and the home. Knowing that this sin of making so free of love(?) and so light of the marriage vow, is the cause of untold misery both among men and women, the woman suffrage advocates want to try, at least, the effect of the woman's ballot in putting a check upon it, and putting in its place obedience to marriage vows, health, purity and peace.

The members of the American Woman Suffrage Association, meeting in New York last month, took occasion to refute the false statements of some of their opponents, in the following language: "Resolved, that the claim of woman to participate in making the laws, and to equality of right in all directions, has nothing to do with special social theories, and that the recent attempts in this city and elsewhere to associate the woman suffrage cause with the doctrine of 'free love,' and to hold it responsible for the follies and crimes of individuals, is an outrage upon common sense and decency, and a slander upon the virtue and intelligence of the women of America."

And the representative of still another branch of workers feels it her duty to offer her protest against the acceptance of any women as leaders unless they are known to live the purest of lives, and to hold the marriage relation in highest reverence. She says, "We are convinced that the mass of the good, earnest women of the country will only allow themselves to rank as followers of those who by purity of life, nobility of purpose, and elevation of character, have won their right to wield the sceptre of an exalted and conspicuous station. Our reform has heretofore been led by noble women who gravitated to the position they held through force of intellect and moral worth. A nobler band of women never trod the earth! and it is in vain now to ask those who have been educated in the school of the past, to swear allegiance to a different order of leaders in the present." And yet all these women are by some abused and will be, simply on account of the shortcoming of one, and the mistake of the few who, imitating man's example, have allowed her to remain among them.

What makes this woman's connection with suffrage more especially unfortunate for the cause is the fact that this one advocate of "free love" chanced to edit a paper, in which she assumes to speak for the many; and, in the last issue of that paper, marriage is openly declared to be "the greatest evil of the age," and now the suffrage leaders see the need of giving tolerance to the woman, only on condition that she will cease to try to make the righteous cause of suffrage appear to be one and the same with the unholy idea of "free love." In doing this she does rank injustice to all.

But let us be patient. What seems to us to be so great a misfortune may, after all, result in much good. Her avowal of free-loveism makes it necessary for us to disavow it, and we shall at last be understood. It will be known that the freedom for women for which we ask is simply the freedom to do whatever is noblest and best in the service of God and humanity. Freedom to help to make human law and custom in harmony with the Divine law. Notwithstanding this disavowal of all sympathy or connection with "free love," we shall perhaps have to reiterate again and again the same disavowal, and shall have to affirm and reaffirm our utter loathing for the whole doctrine before our opponents will cease to misrepresent us. Still, let us be patient and serene. It has been truly said that "it is the work of a great soul to bear calumny with calmness."

Louis Napoleon's impress is still to be seen in Paris if not his Empress.

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Contemporary with Sam Houston was Francisco Xarfe Chas. Fournier, the founder of the French community at Fort Belknap which bears his name, and which our friends will remember it was attempted some years ago to carry into practical operation in various parts of the United States. At

I find it necessary, therefore, first to enlarge the meaning of ordinary Positivism beyond the indicated following elements (enlarging on it, as enlarged, if you will, the conventional Scholasticism): and then to distinguish the whole of the Ordinary System of Positivism by a specification of the new-calling it, for instance, Proto-Positivism: by first of all, and then to venture upon the New and High Development founded in Enlarging the same Old Definition for the new stage of Positivism.

Background **Methods** **Results** **Conclusions**

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

in the end

...the State is constituted from the sovereignty of every individual wrought into the experience of the whole and presided over by science; Centro-Pantarchal.

Stato sta the spiritual branch of the pantarchal government—predominantly masculine.
Stato sta the temporal branch of the pantarchal government—predominantly feminine.
Stato sta the integral or many-aspected pantarchal theory and scheme of government.

This series of namings may be contracted to merely :
Stito or stit.
Steto or stet.
Stato or stat.
Stoto or stot.
Stuto or stut.
Stuito or stuit.
Stoito or stoit.
Staito or stait.
Stauto or staut.

It will also be found that in the precise order of this series the governmental idea is steadily evolving itself, or developing.

First is personal government, more or less despotic, centering in the king or other representative individual—stuto.

Second is relational government, limited monarchies, republics, etc., in which rights are defined and regulated by the constitutions and laws—steto.

Third is Plutocracy—stato—the government of the nations, whether monarchical or republican, by the capitalists. We are just passing now through the transformation from steto to stato; from the government of laws to the government of riches; from republicanism to plutocracy or "Commercial Feudalism," foretold by Fourier half a century ago.

The remedy for this state of affairs, the solution of the stat, is propounded by Comte, in the division of the governing authority into a spiritual and a temporal branch—the spiritual to consist of a new priesthood of the learned, who shall renounce wealth, themselves, but organize an influential counterpoise over the mere plutocratic governors, who shall then be recognized and aided by the priesthood and the people, and held responsible, as the temporal government.

These two branches of the Comtean or proto-positive system of government are stot and stut. These vowels, o and u, are bastard vowels, this discrimination being vague, as not guided by any positive canon of criticism such as university supplies. They are, therefore, clarified, exalted and rendered cardinary instead of ordinary in the corresponding Neo-positive aspects of universal government denoted by stot and stut.

Stuit is the state as constituted from a central corps of governing geniuses who shall first have completely individualized themselves, or learned self-government, and who then unite to govern others by attraction, and is of course mainly future.

Stoit and stait are public and domestic, respectively.
And, finally, staut, is Integral Pantarchism, embracing, unifying and reconciling all the other powers.

The scale is more properly twelve. One step has been omitted here for special reasons.

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

LETTER ON INDIVIDUALITY FROM JOSIAH WARREN.

To Mr. Andrews:

Sir—I feel myself called on to find fault with your classification of myself and others in the last number of this paper (of the 24th June). You say, in effect, that I have started a "school" of "Individualists" who define and demand

rights, mostly . . . while 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 always be found to be.

I find fault with your classifying all those who realize the universal, ever-present individualities of persons and things as being the followers of me, or any body else.

There is something very repugnant to one conscious of acting from his own knowledge, to be tacked to an *ism*, without his knowledge or consent—to be made one of a string of dried herrings upon a stick, to be carried about by any one man. A clear perception and appreciation of Individuality is the end of all this violation of *Individual Sovereignty*; and there is no propriety, but an offence, in implying that intelligent people do not use their own faculties, but take their thoughts on the authority of other people.

I have often met those who, having read or heard something on Individuality, have exclaimed, "There! that is just what I have felt and seen more or less clearly all my lifetime!" They were not of my "school," but of their *own* school; which was their life's experience.

COMMENTS.

FREE TRADE IN GOSSIP.

It is characteristic of Mr. Warren to find fault with *being classified*. It is alike honorable to his heart and to his fidelity to principle as he understands it, that he objects equally to other people being classified as his followers, or as belonging to his school, and to any allusion to himself as having founded a School at all—since some people are partially self-educated into the same ideas without having availed themselves of his aid. He adds: "A clear perception and appreciation of Individuality is the end of all this violation of Individual Sovereignty." What Mr. Warren means in this is that it is a violation of A's Individual Sovereignty if B speaks of him as belonging to a particular class or school of thinkers, or as the follower in any respect of any other man—at least, without the previous consent of A. Now, I delight in this ultraism in the application of a principle, mainly because one can understand it. One sees exactly where the doctrine stands, and can either accept or criticise and object or reject with equal intelligibility.

Now, the simple fact is that Mr. Warren has founded a school, very technical and exact in its terms, and very important in the world, and has furnished us with this very phrase, the Sovereignty of the Individual, which enables us to talk more understandingly on this subject; and has given to Individuality itself the technical significance which results from the impress of his own genius. No declination on his part of the honor of this accomplishment makes any difference in the fact, nor dispenses others with the right and the duty of honoring him accordingly. Unconsciously he still maintains his position, in the face of his disclaimer, as a *master* and an expositor of his distinctive doctrine. In the sentence I have just quoted he comes forward to tell us how "Individuality" is to be understood and how it should modify our conduct; and, he adds, "there is no propriety, but an offence," in doing any other way.

Again, it makes no difference that some people have not needed Mr. Warren's instructions so much as some others. I was one who did need them. I am proud to have belonged to his school, and, if he doesn't exclude me, to belong there still. Nay, I don't see that he can exclude me. I owe an immense debt of gratitude to him for the indoctrination which I got in his school; and he shall not prevent me from always being true to the acknowledgment of it. I am not only a follower of the doctrine but I am and shall be a follower of Josiah Warren personally, a subject of his Intellectual Kingdom, as long as I live; and it is a part of my mission, I believe, to help take the nonsense out of Young America on this very subject of schools, masters and pupils. It is as honorable, in its degree, to be a pupil as to be a master; and it is treacherous and ungrateful not to acknowledge our intellectual indebtedness; not to delight in knowing and having others know who our masters have been. "Call no man master" is a half truth, and means in the sense which suppresses our own freedom and individuality. "Call every man master who really is so by the supremacy of his ability and sphere" is the other half truth, which counterpoises the former. It is a sneaking and weak policy to refuse honor and gratitude to those who have taught us or guided us, and who have, perhaps, generously sacrificed their lives or the best part of them in acquiring the power of doing so and in doing it.

Vindicate and abide by the exact truth in the matter, whatever it is, is the axiom which covers the whole ground.

But I have not done with the subject. Mr. Warren objects to being "tacked to an *ism*," to being "made one of a string of dried herrings upon a stick, to be carried about by any one man;" that is to say, he objects to folks being classified, and objects on the ground that it encroaches on their individuality to do so. Now, I think that Individuality is a somewhat larger thing than Mr. Warren would make of it; that he has shown, perhaps, somewhat more skill in elaborating his doctrine abstractly than he shows in applying it practically; that he would, in other words, if left entirely to his own Individuality, narrow and belittle his doctrine, instead of magnifying its many-sidedness.

I recently put the question to Mr. Bergh, jocosely, whether it is not cruelty to animals to prevent bull dogs from fighting. I now put the question to Mr. Warren, seriously,

whether it is not an encroachment on the individuality of Classifiers to prohibit them from classifying; whether if I tend by my organization and conviction of uses to throw men and things into classes on the ground of their common or general peculiarities—whether I have not the same right to do so as he has, if organized or convinced otherwise, to individualize them, by throwing them out of classes altogether. Men are quite as apt to object, also, to being taken out of the class to which they think they belong, as they are to object to being confounded with a class to which they think they do not belong.

But in neither case do we actually put a man into or out of a class by telling where we think he belongs. We have a right to think him into or out of any class, because we are so organized that we cannot help ourselves, cannot do otherwise. Who, then, has the right to say that we shall not *say* what we *think*; or even endeavor to make others see what we see and think?

Classification is just as essentially a natural and necessary operation of the human mind as Individualization; is indeed only another and in an important sense a higher instance or kind of Individualization. Mr. Warren cannot think of a particular red-haired man without strongly tending to think of the other red-haired men and women in the world with whom he seems naturally to be classified; so of tall men and short men, lean men and fat men, etc., on to infinity. *The individuality of classes is as infinite and as important—in the higher scientific sense, more important—than that of Individuals.* Science consists in part of nothing else but classification.

We begin thought by a sort of crude first-blush Classification, the Unisimal Stage of mental discrimination. In this we generalize upon too narrow a basis of facts, and without Analysis and Individualization, and hence our first Classifications are mere crude aggregations—but so natural still that we cannot avoid them. We then learn to *Analyze* and *Individualize*. This is the Duismal Stage of the mental Evolution, and rectifies the errors of the first. But to stop there is to rest in a new error, or at a new stage of imperfection in the process. The Third and Final stage (Trinismal) is a new and true Classification based on the Unity of Resemblances evolved from the Analysis and Individualization—which is Higher Type, the Extracted Essence of Individuality itself. Or rather, the Trinism, is in its own higher sense, the Tri-unism, or the holding in a Balanced Vibration, before the mind of both the Individuality and the Class. To adhere exclusively to either is to be a *Simplist*—not an Integralist, which is far higher and better.

Practically, it is the same as in theory. We cannot live an hour without classifying the people about us. We are always hanging everybody on sticks like dried herrings; and it is convenient, and right, and necessary, that we should do so; only let us cultivate *also* the power to take the herrings off the stick and judge of every one of them separately. The doctrine of doing these opposite things (Unismal and afterwards Trinismal, the Class—Duisimal, the Singling of the Individuals) is Integralism. It is the doctrine of looking "two ways for Sunday." Everybody who can't do this is a Simplist, a Sectarian, and, if he is attached to his half-truth, a bigot. And there are very few people who can. Men need to have their minds stretched enormously to render them competent to see the different sides of a complex Truth—and all Truth is complex.

The remedy, therefore, for the evil which Mr. Warren feels does not lie, except transitionally, in the direction he is looking—his suppression of the right to classify folks. Transitionally, it is well for him to urge just what he is urging, as it wakes people up to the preception of the wrong; and his remedy is the only one that can be resorted to, *before the Sovereignty of the Individual is conceded*.

But the moment that concession is made it doesn't matter how much people classify us—as soon, that is to say, as they abandon the right to do anything more about it than to think as they must, and to say, if they choose, just what they think. The concession of our right to be and do as we must or choose, takes the sting out of their opinions, whether thought or expressed. Conceding a right to others restores, therefore, a right to ourselves—which is the sublime operation of Freedom everywhere.

But until you concede the right to everybody to be what they are, whether as to personality or class-affiliations, you may well be called on to shut your mouth; for every time you criticise you also encroach. You assert, in thought at least, an authority to interfere; you imply a hostility; you declare war—and the lover of peace, like Mr. Warren, is justified, then, in appealing to you to close your lips. But the moment your right is conceded to be let alone, it becomes your business to harden and reconcile yourself to the free expressions of the ideas which your conduct inspires in other minds, lest you be found suppressing *their* Individuality. More than this, these classifications and criticisms, offensive and injurious before, become now most precious means of instruction and self-improvement to all of us. We may well repeat, each one of us, Burns' little invocation:

"O! wud some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us."

And there is nothing that can help us to do so more effectually than to unloose the tongues of everybody and set them to wagging in perfect freedom about us all.

This is free trade in gossip. Gossip is the most precious privilege in society. Every old lady and many a young man and maiden knows that fact instinctively and helps to vindicate the right to it. The wrong is not in the gossip. *It is in the claim which accompanies it to make our opinions authority for the conduct of others.* Give up this latter claim and we may all revel in gossip every day and hour; we may classify everybody in ten thousand different ways just wherever we think they belong; we may never hesitate to say what we think, because everybody will be free to attach just as much or just as little importance to our thinking as it may seem to go for, to them.

Hurrah, then, for *free trade in gossip*; after the principle of *social non-interference* shall have been radically introduced and established. This franchise is the premium on the adoption of this fundamental canon of true social order and intercourse. Nothing delights everybody so much as *expressing* and personalities are legitimate, when freedom has first been conceded.

I reserve a portion of Mr. Warren's letter for further comment in another number. S P A.

OUR INDIAN TROUBLES—THE CURE

BY JOHN B. WOLFF

NO. 1.

Having ascertained to some extent the causes which have produced the present effects—the very roots of the trees bearing the bitter fruits the nation has been eating—it is meet that the axe should be laid into the root. This will be done boldly and fearlessly, notwithstanding the facts that no member of Congress has had nerve enough to attempt the construction of a bill, nor even the defence of one already constructed, exhaustive of this subject. The Indian committees to whom this subject belongs as a specialty have found no time to digest or present such a bill, and the *dernier resort*, the forlorn hope of the Administration, the new departure on Indian affairs, the voluntary pious commission, instructed and encouraged by special order of the President, have also failed to do anything more than slightly modify a small part of the abuses, and utterly failed to digest and recommend any generic plan adapted to the whole work now and forever.

A few fundamental principles and immutable facts constitute the key to the solution of this vexed and refractory question. We have our choice of destruction or preservation, of public support or self-support. If these Indians are entitled to life, then they are entitled to that life in the way they elect until the pressing demand of increasing population requires a change of method and a reduction of quantities.

For the present, at least, a large part of them may and should, as matter of economy and right, be left on their original reservations and lands, with or without government aid, as may be deemed best. From these lands, all whites, except those required by the necessities of the Indians themselves, and such as may be compelled to pass as travelers, and as travelers only over their lands, should be excluded entirely and completely. But some man will say, the American people will not stand this; but if we mean to deal with the Indians honestly they must be made to stand it. This will necessitate troops. Not at all. The Indians should have full power in the premises to protect themselves from all trespassers. There they should be allowed to remain until the conditions are favorable for the next step in the programme.

The next step after determining to deal with the question fairly, is to withdraw all the troops from within the reservations of these Indians as have not ceded their lands, unless they, the Indians, willingly consent to have them remain. The demand of Red Cloud, for the removal of Fort Fetterman, was legitimate, and should have been granted. And this rule should be applied to all of this class of Indians. Then all the military establishments in the States, where there are no Indians, should be disbanded, and the large and valuable reservations disposed of for the benefit of the taxpayers.

Having disposed of these items, and acting on the assumption that we do not mean extermination, we would consider the question of

RESERVATIONS.

The points to be aimed at are—1. The concentration of the Indians. If possible they should be collected into one grand district, with reservations, graduated to numbers and advancement. But as this is impossible, and would be unjust, two or three at most would be necessary to meet this part of the conditions with which we have to deal.

These reservations should be selected first of all with regard to the self-support of the Indians under new and improved methods. The history of human progress shows that the first and natural step toward the application of labor to the development of the means of support is the pastoral—keeping herds of stock, subsisting from the milk and flesh, and covering themselves with the skins.

The Indians do this practically with the wild animals, and keep, besides, large herds of horses, which constitute their chief wealth. To say, then, that they are already herdsmen is certainly true. Here, then, we find a capacity on which we can predicate their self-support within a very short time. The mistake of our civilizers has been crowding the Indian too fast. We have forced on him new methods of support in advance of his capacity—a new God and religious faith, and a new form of government. The first, great and only legitimate object of the government is to educate them easily and economically into new, permanent and certain means of self-support; and to protect them perfectly from all depredators, until they are self-protecting as well as self-supporting, or are incorporated with the body politic, and so have a common share of the blessings and cursings of our civilization. The duties of the government are material and moral only so far as relates to civil duties, and it should not only not attempt to impose any new system of religion, but so far as any such imposition may tend to distract the mind of its wards and so prevent the material duties of the government, it should prohibit the same. This is doubtless shocking to our pious friends; but they may console themselves with the fact that the Indian's acquaintance with the Great Spirit is closer than their own; that he has a better morality, a better humanity, and a better show for heaven than the great majority of orthodox Christians.

A sensible Methodist lady, the daughter of a minister and

a missionary of twenty years' standing, said thus: "I am done with teaching the Indian a new God and a new religion. He has those adapted to his present condition and is satisfied. I take from him those and give him those he cannot understand. I make him unhappy and confused and so defeat myself." She might have said this of every human being, and so have found an argument to stop all officious intermeddling in matters of conscience. But the point is this: The reservations should be selected with due regard to the pastoral, and then the mixed pastoral and agricultural pursuits.

It will be said that the Indians will waste the original stock. Only ignorance says this. Many of the Indians of the southwest have large herds of sheep and goats, produced from stock taken from the whites; they spin and weave; they make baskets and bottles of willows which will hold water; they have neither wheel nor loom, and yet they make blankets in colors and impervious to water. And here it may be said that every annual report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs proves that they can be made self-supporting in a short time if properly treated.

Inasmuch as the mountains are full of the precious metals coveted by the white man—the arable land is limited—the snows often deep, the winters long and the cold severe, and above all, inasmuch as the mountain regions are infested with that curse of curses, the grasshopper, which consumes all before it when it comes, no mountain reservation is safe for the proposed changes necessary to educate them into self-support.

SMALL-POX has broken out in politics. Vaccination would not at first sight seem a subject for political antagonism. But just as a hot-tempered man will quarrel on the turning of a straw, so in an excited condition of the public mind, any little spark may bring about a mighty fire. The British government favors prevention of disease. Vaccination is supposed to prevent small-pox. A large number of medical men and well-informed laymen say that vaccination is a humbug, that it does more harm than good—introduces the positive to escape the possible malady—nay, more, that vaccination is no preventive unless oft repeated; therefore, vaccination is odious and people won't have it. Hence fines of the rich, imprisonments of the poor, and much strongly expressed disgust. Now we come to the political problem. What right has the majority to inflict on the minority a real suffering and annoyance, on the plea of public good—not forgetting how illusory and phantasmal is that same "public good." Has Jones a right to lay hands on Brown's baby and vaccinate it for fear Jones' boys shall catch the small-pox? What would Brown do in that case? Jones knows how it is himself. But if all the Joneses in the world enter into compact against the health and happiness of little Brown, what difference does that make, except increase of force?

Sorositis has just held its last seance and has adjourned for the season. According to Eleanor Kirk Sorositis is not a woman's rights society. "Never was a greater mistake; the object of the Sorositis is to bring together women engaged in literary, scientific and philanthropic pursuits with a view of rendering them helpful to each other and useful to society." If this be not a phase of women's rights we shall be glad to know what is. Sorositis, however, has had its uses, though they might have been deeper and broader. It served to show even that women have some life—some ambition outside the four walls of the family home, free from the influence and control of the men. The assertion of social independence goes straight to the root of the matter.

Does the public know or does the public care about the wages that women receive in stores? Male mechanics insist on eight hours a day. Ten hours is still the rule for both male and female mechanics. In stores young women are expected to be educated, to behave well and dress nicely, and most of them fill this bill. They work from eight in the morning to nine in the evening, and six dollars a week is counted good pay. Seven and a half cents an hour. But there are more who work for three cents an hour than for seven.

THE SPECIAL fitness of women for teaching is a favorite proposition with educational writers. It has been repeated with such iteration in Superintendents' and Commissioners' reports, that we may as well accept it as settled, for all practical purposes. The result has been female appointments in the ratio of about thirty women to one man. But still the men have the best places, and are paid double wages. This is precisely one of those grievances that never will be settled without the woman's vote.

THE VINDICATION OF LA COMMUNE.

The very general condemnation passed upon the Paris Commune is a striking instance of the proneness of humanity to judge without hearing the other side. Isolated and voiceless, the Commune stood at first at the mercy of the representations of its enemies, and at first the verdict adjudged against it by the general sentiment of civilization was guilty on every count of murder, arson, robbery and malicious mischief. That it raised a wanton standard of revolt; that it robbed the Bank of France, sought to destroy the nation's monuments of glory, and essayed, in its final agony, to consume the city in one great conflagration, are the charges made against it by the Thiers government, and these charges

have met a ready belief. In the sacred name of justice, it is time to set the errors of this belief right.

After the battle of Sedan the city of Paris led the way in casting down the empire and uprearing the republic, and the nation at large ratified that course. When the war closed France stood before the world as a republic, and to avert the restoration of either imperialism or monarchy the Commune sprang into existence, and the city of Paris took up arms. With our ideas that all rightful governmental power is of the people, and that those to whom authority is delegated have no right to use it longer or for any other purpose than may be indicated by those who delegate it, there is no room to blame the Commune for opposing violence to the action of the Versailles Assembly. That body was elected for the specific purpose of negotiating a treaty of peace with Germany, the understanding being that it would then issue writs of election for a new Assembly, to settle upon a form of government for the nation, dissolve itself and go home. This understanding was violated. The men elected to negotiate the treaty went beyond that negotiation. The body which was to yield to a freely elected successor constituted itself its own successor, and against this usurpation La Commune drew the sword. Non-resistance to tyranny the English-speaking races have been accustomed to denounce as slavish ever since the days when the Stuart claim of passive obedience was indignantly scouted; and the Paris Commune, in refusing to sit down tamely under an insolent arrogation of power, but acted in the best spirit of England against James the Second and America against George the Third.

But, says some one, perhaps, while this may be so, and while the Versailles Assembly indubitably did go beyond the special purpose of its creation, what can be said for the Commune in its robbery of the Bank of France, in its destruction of the Column in the Place Vendôme, in the assassination of the Archbishop and the priests; and in its attempted burning of the beautiful city of Paris? Let us consider these grave charges one by one. First comes the Bank question. There is before us a document issued from Versailles after the fall of La Commune, by the Deputy Governor of the Bank of France, in which he says: "After sixty-seven days of the reign of the Commune—that is to say, of terror—the bank is intact. In spite of numerous direct and indirect attempts, no armed force has invaded it." This is strong testimony, but he gives yet stronger, saying that this result was attained "by the concurrence of the delegates of the Commune, who, without interfering in the administration of the bank, deferred to every requisition for whatever interested the preservation of this great establishment." Coming to figures, he shows that all the money La Commune took from the bank was some \$1,750,000 belonging to the city of Paris, which La Commune claimed to be, and that the Versailles Government was even allowed to draw out 7,290,000 francs from the national fund proper. These statements from the bank itself effectually dispose of the robbery charge against La Commune. Now for the destruction of the column in the Place Vendôme. Behold, said La Commune, the blood shed by the First Napoleon; look upon the giant Caesarism built up by the Third; consider the false love of glory fostered like a cancer at France's heart by this Bonaparte dynasty, and say if we were wrong in hurling down that monument which pointed impiously to heaven as an applause for past and an incentive to future wars, tyrannies, taxations, conscriptions, exiles and sheddings of patriot blood? Coming to the lamentable death of Monsieur Darbois, where is the evidence that he and his reverend brethren met their unhappy fate by order of La Commune? In the heat and fury of its death-fight La Commune was kept too busy by the Versailles soldiery in front to be able to turn its guns on hostages in the rear. Cowardly stragglers, too faint-hearted to stand shoulder to shoulder with their comrades against the divisions of the Assembly, may have skulked back, and we believe did, among the nurses and wounded and prisoners, and there exhibited the proverbial cruelty of the craven by massacring these defenceless ecclesiastics; but the formal sign-manual of La Commune is not, and cannot, be shown in the matter. The last charge is that La Commune plotted the destruction of Paris in the spirit of a fiend from Hades itself, and here again let us consider the facts. "Blow up or burn the houses which interfere with your plan of defense," was one of Gen. Dombrowski's orders, and "The barricades ought not to be assailable from the houses," was another. These mandates give the key-note to the conflagrations. They were strategic. Take the map of Paris and mark the site of each Communist barricade with a blue line and the locality of each fire with a red, and wherever the red line is found a blue one will be found close by—mute but conclusive testimony that La Commune was not an incendiary, but a belligerent, and, like every other belligerent the world over, burned only any cover in front of its works which might shield an attacking force from the fire of those fortifications. It is said La Commune loved the irreconcilables and hated the churches, but the fact is that not one church in Paris was burned by it, while two famous theatres, the Lyrique and the Porto St. Martin—in which the plays of those famous Radicals, Felix Pyat and Victor Hugo, were often represented—were unceremoniously burned to the ground. The secret was that, as it happened, no church impeded a barricade, while these two theatres did. Under Napoleon the Third, Paris was cut in many directions by broad avenues to facilitate the use of cavalry and artillery against the populace; and to counterveil this policy, by securing their flanks with heaps of ruins, the Communist leaders used, like all other military men in like case, the torch.

Wrong, no doubt, the Commune did; it was overweighed, driven to bay, denied quarter; and human nature when pressed too hard is capable of an appalling retaliation; but aside from the inevitable horrors of a great death-struggle, each day makes it clearer that this wonderful uprising—a phenomenon never paralleled in political history—is unstained with those deliberate crimes heretofore almost universally believed to be justly chargeable to its account. Time tries all things, and will vindicate the Paris Commune.—*Wilkes' Spirit*.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

The mails for Europe, during the week ending Saturday, July 8, 1871, will close at this office on Tuesday at 10 A. M., on Wednesday at 12 M., on Thursday at 12 M., and on Saturday at 7½ A. M.

P. H. JONES, Postmaster.

Greeley's favorite advice to young men—Westward, hoe!

The following remarks of Hon. O. P. Morton are extracted from the New York News reported an interview had with him at the General Session.

11-1-1954 (cont.) 23. From the Library
of the University of Chicago at the discussion of
the W. J. 24. The following notes:

Sgt. William J. ...
Sgt. M... it was a very disgraceful affair.
Sgt. W... The worst feature of it was
that it occurred under such poor conditions,
and the effort suffered without. I am not a strong
believer in the future interest with me that the de-
cision was made to convert us to the cause.

San William—Some ladies in Wayne County—Miss Way, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Seaton and others of this. As good and pure women as ever lived, but not young and pretty to boast of. That was the trouble.

Then, still in the same movement, she threw our little circle into a flutter. "O, my dear woman, whose self-reliance is equal to any man's, whose life has been bearded around by man's, to be told that she—she plumed up in the pretty I-have-all-the-time-to-kill-and-air, and chirped:

"I should be sorry to see women at the polls. I, for one, would never go. I think the polls would be given up to a bad class of women. A bad class of women would control."

Senator Morton.—That argument will not hold. There have always been good men who stayed away from the polls. They have not been controlled by bad men. No. We must view this question on the broad ground of humanity ; not looking at the favored few who are lifted above the chances of poverty and injustice, but at the masses of honest working women who will be benefited by the right of suffrage. In the single city of New York, for instance, there are 30,000 women supported by their needle. The deprivation and wrong that many of them—the most of them—suffer occasionally crops out in the newspapers, but the half has not been told. The only way to remedy these ills is to give these women the right to vote. Give them that right, and they would be a power in the land that men would respect. Men have a way of respecting power.

Sun Woman—A saleswoman would then be of as much count as a salesman?

Senator Morton—Precisely. She would stand the same chance for success in business and social elevation. With suffrage would follow a perfect equality of rights; and as for voting, as far as my observation goes, women are not slow to avail themselves of every privilege accorded them, and when with suffrage would come the responsibility of law-making, every conscientious woman would feel it her duty and make it her pleasure to vote.

in giving these views there is much more of a discursive
 le than prevailed in the conversation, which was general
 d vastly entertaining. I saw that the Senator's remarks
 d an impression on the fair opponent of woman's suf-
 ge.

It is well known that Senator Morton is General Grant's right hand supporter, and that he is a most sagacious and strategic politician. He is the best representative of Grant's publicanism, and perhaps is more feared and hated by the democracy than any other person in Congress.

in view of his position and influence in the Republican Party, and his adherence to the succession of General Grant, the above remarks have a peculiar significance, and are very suggestive that woman suffrage is to be the "Grant New Departure." New Departures are altogether too much in vogue for the Republicans to remain outside their pale.

General Butler has made some "New Departures" as the candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. The various branches of the Democracy are attempting "New Departures" of all varieties and colors in all the States. Why should not the Republican party make a "new departure"? Can it be possible Senator Morton has sufficient sagacity to perceive that the woman question is really the one upon which the next general election is to be fought and won or lost? Or has Vallandigham's advice to the Democracy roused the stolidity of General Grant and his supporters to an unpleasant contemplation? If the Democratic party adopt woman suffrage first, as a plank in their new departure, General Grant and Senator Morton very well know that the proposed Republican cake upon which they desire to feast another term will remain unbaked—in short that it will be dough.

We commend these utterances of the honorable Senator to the careful and candid consideration of unconverted Republicans, and their importance to that of all people who are in favor of the elevation of woman to the exercise of her human rights.

The New York *Herald*, quoting from and commenting upon General Butler's manifesto, published in the Newburyport *Herald*, says:

The irrepressible General Ben Butler is ambitious of becoming Governor of Massachusetts, and has, through his local organ, announced the platform on which he proposes to contend for this honor. It is a sort of "new departure." General Butler has had several departures during his political career, and generally takes a new one when there is a chance to make anything by it. He is in the habit, w.o. of putting forth fresh political kinks to try how they may take—just as a man tries the mettle and speed of his horse before putting him on the track. Still there come out of his large and active brain many good ideas. With all his vagaries and summer-saults, he sometimes proposes valuable reforms, and advocates them with vigor. His Newburyport organ says the General is a representative man of the new era of progress and of the great principles of democratic liberty underlying the Republican faith. The prominent points of this new departure,

as laid down in this organ, are "the country's unity and indivisible nationality; its future of continental expansion and power; American citizenship; the equality of all men before the law, their education and enfranchisement; the interests of labor and the improvement of the condition of working men; the cause of cheap transit and intercommunication by railroad and telegraph; the overthrow of monopoly, however respectable or securely entrenched; a revision of the tariff and the internal excise, corresponding to the demands of a wise revenue reform; the question of temperance and of social science, including that of woman's advancement in industrial opportunity and civil right." This is a very comprehensive platform, and aims to bring upon it all the woman's rights advocates, temperance people and those who enjoy a drink, with every kind of reformer; and has, moreover, a place for the American Commune. If this does not take in Massachusetts, we know not what will. General Butler's organ feels quite sure it will. "As respects," this paper says, "each and all of these considerations, the only sure basis of popular progress or of Republican success, with General Butler for the nominee, there will be no element wanting in the representative character of the candidate." This is conclusive. General Butler can represent all these reforms and many more if needed. He is the man for Governor of Massachusetts.

General Butler, perhaps more than any other prominent statesman, commands and retains the devotion and adherence of his admirers and supporters. Few there are who, once having acknowledged the power of his giant intellect, have departed therefrom. In Congress there are very many upon whom he can rely with confidence for all emergencies. He does not often use his full power, but when he does his blows are fatal.

As a statesman he is an acknowledged authority. As a judge of constitutional law he has few peers and no superiors. While to these two qualities he adds all the power, ingenuity and diplomacy of an accomplished politician. No person can calculate with such unerring certainty the results of political movements. He has not entered upon the Gubernatorial race in the old Bay State without a full knowledge of the situation.

We have been careful observers of General Butler's course ever since the Charleston (S. C.) Convention, and though no public man has had such torrents of newspaper abuse, he possesses the confidence of the people of the whole country in a more diffused and general manner than any other politician ; and in an election springing spontaneously from the people he would command the most votes, though it is very doubtful if he could at present secure a nomination from politicians in a national convention. That is to say, he is more popular among the people than among the politicians.

A great many people believe General Butler to be destitute of moral principle. Never was greater mistake made than that. So far above the commonality does he rise in moral principle, that he may not be understood ; but a careful observer of his greatest actions has no difficulty in discerning that right for the sake of the right, truth for the sake of truth, is his deepest guide. This may not be transparent in all things, but it is in a sufficient number to point unerringly to the fact. In the present condition of society and politics there is little scope for the display of the better talents of really great men, while the number of these is most lamentably small, so small indeed that there is no common standard of measurement by which the general public can arrive at their dimensions. After times will name General Butler as one of them.

Those who are familiar with the political reforms that have been advocated from the first in these columns—now consolidated as the principles of the Cosmopolitical Party—will at once perceive the analogy between them and the "prominent points" of General Butler's "departure." Especially will this be seen in the matters of revenue, internal improvements, equality, labor interests, finance and monopolies, *all with International tendencies.*

To all of these principles the government of this country must yield acceptance and legislation as the only sure basis of progress and success. If the Republican party do not avail themselves of the salvation offered them another party must come up to secure the success they prophesy. General Butler, more and better than any other public man, is the embodiment and representative of these progressive principles and advanced ideas. And with the *Herald* we coin in saying: "He is the man for Governor of Massachusetts," and for still higher position when that is gained.

[Translated for Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

The Franco-German war did not develop much in the way of scientific novelty; unlike our own war, which led to much enterprise and spirited investigation in every branch of the military art, applying all the newest results of modern discovery to the service of war. The Parisian balloon mail service, though not new, extended the knowledge of aërostation, and brought a scientific toy into practical everyday use. M. Simonin, an able writer, and one of the corps of aerial voyagers, has written a memoir on the subject, which, though it does not add much to the general body of information, is of considerable interest, and shows how the service was managed. The balloon is, as almost every one knows, made of a strong tissue of silk or muslin, thoroughly varnished inside and out, and covered with a strong netting, from which the car is suspended. The utility of the varnish is to render the machine waterproof. An india rubber cloth has been tried, and was found excellent on account of

its imperviability, but its weight was objectionable. Very thin sheet copper was also tried and found satisfactory, so far as ascension and lightness went, but it was, of course, difficult of transport when the machine was exhausted.

The Parisian balloons were made at the two depots of the Great Northern and of the Orleans Railroads. The interruption of the traffic by the blockade made the spacious buildings useless, and they were placed at the service of the government. At the Northern depot the balloon was made by the sewing machine, at the Orleans by hand. Messrs. Yon & Dartois had charge of the Northern factory ; the well-known aeronauts, the Brothers Godard, had charge of the others. The full-sized pattern of the balloon is first drawn on a horizontal ground plan, then the stuff is cut in gores, and the edges are sewed together. The sewing machines had the preference for speed of work, while the hand work was preferred for its solidity, especially at the points. When the balloon is thoroughly sewed it is varnished, and then air is injected. The balloon, when thus blown out, betrays any fissures, which are carefully stopped. Naturally it will not rise, being only filled with air. There it lies on its side, a monster egg. At the big end is the valve, carefully closed. The little end terminates in a kind of cylindrical sleeve.

The envelope of the balloon is covered with a strong, light netting, which ends in a circle of wood, to which the basket or car is suspended. The car contains sacks of ballast, and the grappling-iron and cable by means of which the aerial traveler stops the machine when he desires to alight.

The balloons were principally made by female operatives. The cloth was stretched and carefully inspected for flaws. Then a lye was applied to get rid of all dressing, and next the varnish put on. Madame Eugene Godard had charge of the workshop. The rigging and completion of the balloons were intrusted to a detachment of sailors.

The gas may be pure hydrogen, but this is costly, and its use involves considerable trouble ; otherwise it is only a fifteenth of the weight of atmospheric air. Ordinary gas carburetted hydrogen is the article used for inflation ; this is half the weight of common air, and the balloon can be filled from any of the street mains. The balloonist during the siege used always to convey a covey of pigeons with him in a cage. The pigeon express brought back dispatches from the point at which a descent was made. When all is ready, and the " Let go " given, the balloon mounts slowly until a point is reached at which the weight of the balloon equals and is balanced by the decreasing density of the atmosphere. The balloon is now swept along by the current of air. It revolves constantly, but this is said not to produce giddiness, possibly because there are no surrounding objects on the same plane for the eye to note. Below him the traveler sees rivers in silver lines, the cities, with their roofs glittering in the sun, and the fields, marked out by roads and hedges like the pattern on a table-cloth or chessboard. The earth is a vast raised map, tinted and planned by a mightier hand than that of man. Now and then one is plunged into a white fog—dense, palpable ; then the earth is invisible, and one drifts one knows not whither.

Whatever pains may have been taken to make the balloon air-tight, some gas will escape. In like manner this escape is replaced by common air, the result being a steady increase in the comparative weight of the balloon. To maintain the equilibrium ballast is thrown out; the mixture of air and gas in the inside, and the decreasing density outside, are against the balloon; the discharge of ballast is the only thing that procrastinates the moment when the machine must return to earth. Handful by handful ballast is thrown out, and the balloon keeps rising and falling, but always getting heavier, until at last it is time to make a descent. It is now necessary to manage matters carefully. Trees, lakes, houses must be avoided—the descent is the most dangerous part of the business. The valve is opened; the balloon approaches the earth, the anchor is dropped, it catches, drags, the great machine bounds and leaps like a fiery horse, but coolness and experience in the aeronaut bring the voyage to a successful termination. The ordinary heights attained are from three thousand to twelve thousand feet. Gay Lussac ascended to 20,000, and Glaisher attained to nearly 35,000; but the danger to life, from impeded respiration, at this immense height, prevents the experiment being repeated. It is almost needless to say that with so inflammable a medium as gas the use of fire in any shape in the balloon is an absolute impossibility.

In traversing the Prussian lines during the siege of Paris, the balloon mail agents incurred considerable risk. The Prussian bullets reached over three thousand feet. In the latter part of the siege the balloons were sent up at night, as well to avoid the Prussian missiles as to mislead the enemy. But the remedy was worse than the disease. By night it was impossible even to read the barometer, the balloon's only compass. The use of the balloon has served to demonstrate its extreme unreliability in the present state of aerostatic science.

THE TRUE WAY TO SECURE BEAUTY - How is to be the use of cosmetics and artificial appliances to the skin and complexion that we must expect to attain personal comeliness, but by keeping our blood pure and healthy. Dr. Walker's Vegetable Vinager Bitters will effect this result. It is the great blood-purifier, increasing the power of digestion and assisting the absorbents into healthy action, whereby all impurities of the system are carried off and the processes of Nature to effectually cleanse

ART AND DRAMA.

SCHAUS' GALLERY, on Broadway, is always a place of pleasant and profitable resort. The pictures for sale are selected with an eye to the market certainly that is fair and reasonable, but there is something beyond that; the picture fancier may rest happy in the conviction that what he sees there has some merit beyond its money value or its attractiveness to the eye. Mr. Schaus is a connoisseur as well as a dealer. He buys what he can sell as a man of business, he deals in what is good as a matter of taste—a happy union of the *utile* with the *dulce*.

"But what is a statue?" I once heard a lady ask of a friend, who was trying to make her see things. "But what is a statue?" What makes the difference between one piece of stone-cutting and another? There was the whole question in a nutshell. Woman-like, as some men say, though men do the same thing, she went on to answer herself: "It seems to me that you are unreasonable, and that your criticism is more matter of caprice than of judgment. You say this is good and that is bad and that other middling, and yet I can discern no difference: they are all very nice and white; they are very smooth and polished, only some are perhaps prettier subjects than others; but you don't seem to care anything about the subjects. And there's that real pretty one, that has all the nice work about it, the dead bird and the flowers, and the tear on the child's face, so that anybody who reads the inscription can see how real it is—only you pretend not to like it at all, and say it isn't art. If that isn't art, I should like to know what you mean by art? I have no patience with people who can't make a picture or chip marble themselves, and yet pretend to find fault with those who do. I don't think it's right; no, I don't. You found fault the other day, with poor little Rose Chenille, and I am sure she's as cunning as she can be, and ever so sweet."

The party thus adjured gave it up. When I came to look the difficulty squarely in the face, it is a hard nut. Is there any law of binding obligation? Are Michel Angelo, Titian, Albert Durer, Reynolds, Delaroche Millais, Rosa Bonheur, all under one common working rule? Is one's taste or sympathy the sole canon? Is all criticism a knowledge of technical slang? High light and middle light chiaroscuro and impasto, composition, foreshortening, breadth, treatment, and so forth, rounded off with the big sounding name of popular artist and wealthy owner, and the inevitable dollar and cent.

Schaus has two statues on exhibition, by Marshall Wood, an English artist, now, I believe, in this country. The one in the inner room is *Proserpine*; that in the open gallery represents "the Song of the Shirt"—both life-size female figures. These statues seem to fulfill in more than common degree the conditions of art—reality without conventionality, refinement without weakness. The "Song of the Shirt" is personified by a young girl very thinly clad sitting with a coarse shirt on her knee in the slightly inclined attitude of one thinking over the past and patiently awaiting the future. Coarse, sensational appeal to sympathy has been avoided; art, sculpture especially, if sometimes necessarily conventional, can never be vulgar or appeal to low motive. The original picture—"the woman clad in unwomanly rags"—if it excite pity as it inspires repugnance and gives offence, heightening the effect to positive pain. This girl only calls up deep sympathy for her sorrows without the alloy of distaste for her condition. Independently of the poem she is a satisfactory realization; taken with the poem she is not the sewing woman of Hood. The repulsive is absent, as marked a feature in the dolorous "ones of 'stitch, stitch, stitch,'" as in the battle pieces of Callot or the horrors of Caravaggio. The frame is attenuated and delicate, not bony or sordid. The left hand droops and the right hand rests on the shirt across her knee. Thus they are more in harmony with the plaintive resignation of the features than had they been crossed with any gesture of despair. Hood's shirtmaker is a woman in the lowest depths of hopelessness, to whom the base, mechanical, soul-crushing labor is a degradation. The marble figure has lost nothing of womanliness, and though sad and heart-stricken retains all her humanity. This is poverty, the other indigence. It is an able composition and in itself quite satisfactory, but it is not Hood's shirtmaker. The *Proserpine* is a charming composition, abounding in life and grace—buoyant as a nautilus in sunny southern seas—as nearly an embodiment of motion as is possible in solid marble. The foot just poised in the thoughtless, happy trip of innocent youth, the drapery waving in the breezy morn, as she gathers flowers in the plain of Enna. She has not yet seen the terrible god of the lower world, and her features have that air of cheerfulness that comports with perfect health; capable of great expression, but in the serene fearlessness and tranquility of innocence. In the profile there is a slight suspicion of a smile, the *sourire* *sorriso* not of humor but of sympathy, which may at lightest provocation break into joyous, ringing laugh. This smile is not seen in the full face. The face is of the Greek cast, though the forehead is higher than usual in the Greek type of woman head, and thus a nobler and more intellectual outline is gained—more conformable to the modern woman ideal. To my mind, this figure is greatly preferable to Canova's dancing nymphs.

W. H.

FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY WOMEN.

It is an undoubted fact that in all popular movements women play a prominent part. Their sympathies are generally dictated by the heart rather than the head, while their excitable dispositions, and the ease with which they are misled, cause them to be made powerful agents in turning the heads of the masses, and making them fanatical assistants for good or bad.

During the bloody Revolution of 1788, Therognie, better known as Marianne, the name of her native village, used to walk the streets of Paris dressed as a trooper, with a plume on her helmet, a sash trailing the ground like that of a cavalry officer, and a couple of pistols at her waist. Screaming out her orders of command, she headed the insurgents, and broke

down the gates of the Tuilleries, capturing the cannon which had been placed there to mow down the people, and they attack the royal palace. At the celebrated attack upon the Bastille she led the charge and received a sword of honor on the spot. During the fighting in October she commanded a regiment of women, and led them to Versailles. She subsequently rode on horseback with Jourdan beside the captured king, following without signs of sorrow; also the procession which bore on pikes the heads of Varicourt and Desbutes. Therognie was made commander of the third army corps for her brilliant services, and bore the title of General. The tragic termination of the Girondin drama caused this Amazon at last to perceive what outrages were committed in the name of Liberty, and she tried in vain to stem the revolutionary torrent. In so doing she was suspected to be a traitor, and the populace which had elevated her to the military pinnacle on which she stood, clamored for her blood. The *Mégaras*, who were known as the "Furies of the Guillotine," demanded her instant execution; but, through the aid of a faithful friend, she was enabled to fly from the city, where blood flowed like water.

In 1793 the beauty of Liège, a similar character, but who had not attained the reputation of Therognie, was stripped naked on the 31st of May, and was publicly flogged at the Tuilleries. This torture more painful than death, caused her to lose her reason. After the flogging she was rolled in the mud, and was afterward taken to the Salpêtrière mad-house and dung into a loathsome underground cell, where she languished for a number of years, but would never consent to wear any clothes, merely covering herself, when the coldness of the weather required it, with a filthy blanket. Naked she used to crawl about on the flags of her cell, occasionally putting her hands through the bars of her cell, all the while screaming like a fury for the blood of Suleau, and imagining she was speaking to the same mob which had witnessed her public chastisement.

Next among the celebrities of this class ranked Louise Andu, called the "Queen of the Market Women." Her reign of glory was, however, short. In the National Library at Paris there is to be seen, at the present moment, a steel engraving representing the return of Louis XVI. and underneath is inscribed "Queen Andu was the heroine of these days." On the 5th of October, 1788, at ten o'clock in the morning, she placed herself at the head of 800 women as resolute as herself, who marched from the Champs Elysees to Versailles as quickly as regular troops could have done. On her arrival there "Queen Andu" gave orders for the close observance of those suspected of being traitors to the cause, administered the oath of fidelity to a regiment of French dragoons, seized four private carriages which had been surreptitiously gagged to carry "the tyrant" to Metz, then seated herself on a gun-carriage and returned in triumph to Paris. As a recompense for this feat she was incarcerated, through party intrigues, in the prisons of Chatelet and Conciergerie. In 1792 she distinguished herself in the fighting on the 10th of August, and received from the Commune a sword of honor. On the same day Jane Lacombe fought with such intrepidity during the attack upon the Tuilleries that a civic crown was awarded her. Previous to distinguishing herself in this manner she was a second-rate actress at a small theatre; but, after giving up her Theatrical pursuits, and dressing herself as a man, with sword in hand, almost always on horseback, she inspired even her partisans and followers with a sentiment of fear. Nevertheless she was shortly afterward denounced as having royalist tendencies and was thrown into prison.

In the revolution of 1838 and 1840 a large number of women took an active part in the revolutionary strife. On the 23d of June, 1848, and 10 o'clock in the morning, two thousand insurgents, carrying thirty banners, marched through the boulevard of St. Martin, and arrived at the gate of St. Denis, entering the adjoining streets at a smart trot. Almost in a minute three barricades were formed of carriages, planks of wood and bars of iron, taken from the boulevard of Bonne Noaville by the women and gauds of the neighborhood, before the gates St. Martin and St. Denis, and upon the boulevard near the gate of St. Denis. Toward noon the National Guards attacked the last mentioned barricade, compelling the rioters to take flight. Seven men and two women remained firm, however. One of the men, with a red flag in his hand, placed himself upon the wheel of a carriage, and tried to encourage those who remained, who instantly reopened fire upon the National Guard, who returned it, and a perfect rain of bullets fell among the devoted. The man with the flag soon fell to rise no more. Then transpired one of those wondrous scenes which were common in Revolutionary Paris. A beautiful girl, with flowing golden hair, wore the dead standard-bearer, and, seizing the flag, waved it aloft, and, marching with a dignified step, with word and action commenced taunting the National Guard. In the meantime the firing from the barricade was kept up with redoubled energy, and the bold girl had reached the soldiers, who stood petrified at her intrepidity, and allowed those in the barricade to fire three times before they replied, shooting the girl dead. The other woman then rushed forward and seized the flag, and lifted the head of her predecessor to see if life was extinct. She then hurled stones at the National Guard, but soon fell mortally wounded. The barricade was then abandoned. The following day, the 24th of June, the insurgents had spread considerably. Hundreds of barricades were erected by the aid of women, and the insurgent force threatened to invade the Luxembourg. Women were detected by the authorities carrying cartridges in milk-pails, in baskets, in loads of hay—many of them having helped to make them. A young girl was detected carrying letters, stating the position of the troops, as cart papers.

During the present siege of Paris these acts of feminine heroism have been repeated to no small extent. A large number of them were killed and wounded at the night at Neuilly, among them a vivandiere, who had been struck in the head by a ball, put her handkerchief around the wound, and rushed again into the thickest of the fray. In the Sixty-first Battalion there was a woman who had not several gendarmes and police agents at Chateaufort a vivandiere loaded and fired her gun without interruption, and was one of the last to retreat. The cantiniere of the Sixty-eighth Battalion was instantly killed at the commencement of the engagement by the explosion of a bomb.

Among the most courageous of their number was the wife of the Communist General, Citizen Eudes. On the 3d of April, eight dead men, Communists, were brought to the office of the Mayor, in the District Vaugrard. Numerous wives and mothers from the adjoining neighborhood came to see the bodies, and tried by the flickering light of a lantern to see if any of those near and dear to them were among the number. The ninth body brought in was a beautiful young "cantiniere" whose body was literally ridged with balls.

But a fortnight ago a woman who had just discharged her gun commenced an angry discussion with another of her sex, who asserted that mothers should stop at home and take care of their little ones. In a paroxysm of anger the female warrior was about to strike the woman who advocated stay-at-home women, but her arm remained inactive, her eyes became fixed, an ashly pallor overspread her face, and she fell down dead, a victim to heart disease.

The ladies are contributing considerably to English war literature. "Our Adventures During the War of 1870-71," by two English ladies—Emma Pearson and Louise McLaughlin—is just published, and another lady has written a journal of the siege of Strasbourg.

Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose is something of a lioness in London. On a recent Sunday, South-place Chapel was crowded with a thousand people to hear her address upon Robert Owen, and so completely did she charm the audience that three times applause began and had to be checked.

WOMAN ITEMS.

Harvard has one lady student of Divinity.

The unfortunate ex-queen Carlotta is again said to be dying.

Miss Edith O'Gorman, the escaped nun, is lecturing in Connecticut.

Girls are received as pupils in the Amherst, Mass., Agricultural College.

Edinburgh has eleven lady students, six of them in the medical department.

Pittsburg, Penn., is agitating the subject of establishing a female college.

The bouquets thrown to Patti at her last Paris appearance filled eight carriages.

Women should never be lawyers; they would constantly have writs of "attachment."

Mrs. George Vandenhoff will appear as a lecturer next season, and Mrs. Geo. Landor as a reader.

Jenny Lind is so embarrassed in her pecuniary affairs that she thinks of opening a singing school in Paris.

The young ladies of Schaa have formed an organization the object of which is to intimidate young men and make them stop wearing moustaches—they tickle so.

The lady student who carried off the chemical prize at the University of Edinburgh was the highest of 240 candidates. Having been declared ineligible to receive the prize on account of her sex, Sir Titus Salt sent her £100, but she declined to accept it.

Mrs. Moore is of the stuff heroes are made of. Recently, at Nashville, when her son fell down a well twenty-four feet deep, she neither faint nor screamed but instantly swung herself down, "hand over hand," caught the child with her feet, drew herself and son up again, and then, woman like, spanked the boy for falling in.

A poor colored woman in New Haven recently bequeathed between two and three thousand dollars—money she had saved by a life of toil in washing and scrubbing—to educate any poor colored student who might enter Yale divinity school to become a preacher; and if no colored student is presented, then the money may be applied for the benefit of a white student.

Henry Ward Beecher says: "There is nothing more offensive to me than to be greeted in that rough, religious way. 'Well, Brother, how is your soul to-day?' None of your business. It's a kind of familiarity I don't relish. If my father were to come to me and put his arms around my neck, I should look up pleasure; but should a stranger do the same thing, I should resent the action as an insult. And what I won't permit to be done to my body, I shall not tolerate on my soul."

Mrs. Laura Curtis Ballard, now in England, sends to the *Revolution* an account of an institution soon to be opened in London, under the direction of Miss Emily Faithfull, for the purpose of training young ladies in domestic economy. Miss Faithfull has the support in this enterprise of many men and women who do not sympathize with her in her views of woman's political equality. Among her co-workers are the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury, the Countess of Warwick, Ladies Alfred Churchill, Collier, and Blanche Balfour.

Our people are too widely inclined to shun the quiet ways of productive labor and try to live and thrive in the quiet paths of speculation and needless traffic. We have deplorably few boys learning trades, with ten too many anxious to get into business—that is to devise some scheme whereby they may live without work. Of the journeymen mechanics now at work in this city, we judge that two-thirds were born in Europe; and the disparity is steadily augmenting. One million families are trying to live by selling liquors, tobacco, candy, &c., in our cities, who could be spared therefrom without the slightest public detriment; and if these were transferred to the soil, or employed in smelting the metals or weaving the fabrics for which we are still running into Europe, our country would increase its wealth at least twice as fast as now, and there would be far less complaint of dull trade and hard times.—*Commercial Traveller*.

George Sand does most of her writing at night, generally between midnight and 7 in the morning. She works without a plan. All she requires is some point of departure, some incident which she gradually develops by a sort of deduction, which, though absolutely arbitrary, is often very artistic, but in which logic has no share. Sometimes this process leads her to impossibilities, where she can go no further. Then, without regret, without vexation, she rises, and begins something else. She is extremely methodical in everything relating to the material part of her work. She writes on letter paper sewed together in a copy-book of ten pages. She places "lines" under each page, so every page contains the same number of lines. Each line contains the same number of letters, so that each full copy-book contains almost exactly the same quantity of printed matter. Why? Habit. Besides, it is easy to reckon the manuscript; so many copy-books filled by her are the number of a printed volume; and if it is known she works by the novel. So long as she has not 400,000 letters she continues to write; when this number has been attained she begins to think how she shall end the novel. These copy-books, all of the same size, are sent to the printers, who respect them, and return them to Mme. Sand. She has them bound, and her son takes pious care of them.

There is something a little absurd in the state of uncertainty that just now afflicts the British Parliament concerning the question whether married women shall be allowed to hold property. They have been obliged to grant the right, but they are dubious about the expediency. Lord Westbury seriously thinks that if it was allowed a woman might, for instance, receive a legacy of \$100,000 and then spend it on a diamond necklace "instead of employing it for the general comfort and maintenance of the household."

The *Spectator* says: "We will admit what Lord Westbury means, that it would be a selfish investment—and what then? Do we prevent selfish investments on the part of husbands, more especially if they are peers? Suppose my lord has a legacy of £20,000, does any law bind him to spend it on the general comfort and maintenance of the household, or is he precluded from 'dropping' it on a horse race, or expending it at Poole's, or giving it to a mistress? The capacity of extravagance in the sexes is at least equal, and why is the woman alone to be punished for it by a sentence of confiscation?"

We illustrate Lord Westbury's position so perfectly that he could find entire congeniality in our management of affairs, for while we allow boys and girls to receive educations almost equal in our public schools, we let the boy use his as he pleases, but to the girl we dictate terms and only allow her to learn upon condition that she afterwards teaches, and then can carry on our system of impartiality by telling the boy that if he chooses to use his education in this way we will pay him one-third more than we do his sister, who works upon compulsion.

There is no lack of romantic stories regarding distinguished personages, and the Napoleons have their full share of them. Eugene, in truth, is a woman of destiny, and in that respect fully the equal of her husband. To show that this is true, we have the story, more or less reliable, of Josephine's betrothal ring. "Eugene's father," we read, "while serving in the

First Napoleon's army, resided in Paris. In 1809, a little girl, Maria Montijo, about three years old, went to play in the Tuilleries with her nurse. There she met a boy who gave her a gold ring. As the children were strangers to each other, and did not meet again, the owner of the ring remained unknown, and so the little Maria kept it for a plaything. That ring was Josephine's, and the little boy was Louis Napoleon, who had run away with the ring. The loss of the ring was a bad omen to Josephine, for a year afterward she had to resign in favor of another. Little Maria kept the plaything till she grew up. At sixteen years of age she married, and became the mother of Eugene, whose birth took place May 5, 1826. Her mother engraved this date on the ring she had worn so long herself, and when Eugene was older, gave it to her. When quite a child Eugene went to London to pay a visit; there she became acquainted with Louis Napoleon, who saw the ring, with the date and Josephine's name on it, and knew it had belonged to her. From this circumstance Louis looked upon this little Montijo as attached to his house, and twenty years afterward it became a fact. After a time Eugene's mother came to regard the token as of great importance, and formed a plan of bringing the two families together. That was the secret of so lovely a woman as Eugene's remaining single till the age of twenty-six. A crown awaited her, which was never lost sight of."

Among the coming musical events next season will be the *debut* of Mme. Annie Butler, a young talented lady who possesses a soprano voice of remarkable sweetness and purity of tone. She is the daughter of the late Wm. Newman, the well-known caricature artist on Frank Leslie's. The concert will be given at Association Hall, September 7, and Mme. Annie Butler will be assisted by a number of first-class artists, including Mme. Filomene, A. L. Mora and others.

A Spirit Seen by Lord Brougham.

The late Lord Brougham attended several spiritual seances, and has written that he considered modern Spiritualism to be "a rain cloud in the most cloudless skies of skepticism." That seeing mediumship was developed in himself at least, once in his life is proved by the following extract from the first volume of his autobiography, published by Blackwood & Co.: "A most remarkable thing happened to me—so remarkable that I must tell the story from the beginning. After I left the high school I went with G—, my most intimate friend, to attend the classes in the University. There was no divinity class, but we frequently, in our walks, discussed and speculated upon many grave subjects, among others on the immortality of the soul, and on a future state. This question, and the possibility, I will not say of ghosts walking, but of the dead appearing to the living, were subjects of much speculation. I had actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement, written with our blood, to the effect that whichever of us died the first should appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts we had entertained of the 'life after death.' After we had finished our classes at the college, G— went to India, having got an appointment there in the civil service. He seldom wrote to me, and after the lapse of a few years I had almost forgotten him; moreover, his family having little connection with Edinburgh, I seldom saw or heard anything of them, or of him through them, so that all the old school-boy intimacy had died out, and I had nearly forgotten his existence. I had taken, as I have said, a warm bath, and while lying in it and enjoying the comfort of the heat, after the late freezing I had undergone, I turned my head round, looking toward the chair on which I had deposited my clothes, as I was about to get out of the bath. On the chair sat G—, looking calmly at me. How I got out of the bath I know not, but on recovering my senses, I found myself sprawling on the floor. The apparition, or whatever it was, that had taken the likeness of G—, had disappeared. This vision produced such a shock that I had no inclination to talk about it, or to speak about it even to Stuart; but the impression it made upon me was too vivid to be easily forgotten, and so strongly was I affected by it, that I have here written down the whole history, with the date, 19th December, and all the particulars, as they are now fresh before me. No doubt I had fallen asleep; and that the appearance presented so distinctly to my eyes was a dream, I cannot for a moment doubt, yet for years I had no communication with G—, nor had there been anything to recall him to my recollection. Nothing had taken place during my Swedish travels either connected with G— or with India, or with anything relating to him, or to any member of his family. I recollected quickly enough our old discussion and the bargain we had made. I could not discharge from my mind the impression that G— must have died, and that his appearance to me was to be received by me as a proof of a future state." This was on December 19, 1799. In October, 1862, Lord Brougham added as a postscript: "I have just been copying out from my journal the account of this strange dream: *Certissima moris imago!* And now to finish the story begun about sixty years since. Soon after my return to Edinburgh, there arrived a letter from India, announcing G—'s death, and stating that he had died on the 19th December."

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Erotion, the Genius of Love and Fidelity, the husband of Astraea and father to Hesperia, after many wanderings in search, at last joins the objects of his love and care. Reunited, 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 Fraternia.

At first liberty and love prevail, but Astraea discovers the presence of a serpent who breathes on her a subtle poison, and she (with Erotion) is slain.

Lamia, 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, Callos, who, in the guise of a poet and magician, holds sway even over Lamia. 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 Lamia, and her son.

Lamia, 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 Callos 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 Lamia. She witnesses in Athens and Crete the deeds of horror and the tortures inflicted upon the oppressed. Callos 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 Lamia hold away, and at last wakens the voice of war; when Astraea, not dead, but only withdrawn for a space, turns the sword of Lamia 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. Astraea and Erotion are again the attendant and abiding souls of this fair land; they witness with rapture and benedictions the union of Callos and Hesperia, who rule with undivided sway over the most lovely empire of the earth.

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