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[FOR WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.]

"ONWARD! UPWARD!"

BY ANNA H. MORRIS.

"Onward! Upward!" is our motto,—
Girt with armor for the strife;
Onward in a holy mission,
Woman's purer, nobler life!

Bright has dawn'd the golden era,
Woman rising in her might,
Bursts her time-worn bands asunder,
Boldly battles for the right.

Rising in her new-born freedom,
Proud she soars on eagle's wings,
Tidings fraught with joy and gladness,
To her sister woman brings.

Tidings of a brighter future,
To her sister, true and brave,
Borne to earth with dreary tolling,
From the cradle to the grave.

And to the more highly favor'd,
With the blessings earth can yield,
Tidings of her higher calling,
Of the power she yet may wield.

Bids her shun ignoble fashion,
Rise in glorious womanhood!
Dedicate to sister woman
All her powers of doing good!

"Onward! Upward!" woman's watchword,
Her inspiring battle-cry,
Till before her clouds of error,
Like the mists of morning fly.

Till aroused to mental vigor,
She discerns her inborn power,
Views it as her glorious birthright,
Prized above a queenly dower!

Onward! not the chains to sever,
Forged in love's eternal fire!
Not with man to wage a warfare,
Nor to arouse unholy ire;

But to nobler aims exalted,
Woman seeks a wider field;
Hand in hand with man, as brothers,
She her gentler power would wield.

Love and kindness are her weapons,
Yet more potent far are they
Than the mighty cannon's thunder,
Or the battle's dread array!

She would strive with holy fervor,
All mankind to glorify;
And with truer, subtler instinct,
Would the paths of right descry.

"Onward! Upward!" man and woman
Catch the all-inspiring theme!
And, in the bonds of love united,
Shall the fallen world redeem!

A GIRL in one of our public schools applied to her teacher for leave to be absent half a day on the plea that they had company at home. The teacher referred her to the printed list of reasons that the school committee think sufficient to justify absence, and asked her if her case came under any of them? She naively replied that it might come under the head of "domestic affliction."

IN SPITE OF ALL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME GEORGE SAND.

Translated expressly for Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.

PART IV.

[Continued.]

"Those eyes do intoxicate, people say."

"They intoxicate like champagne, in which vitriol has been mixed. I am no child to take poisons. I was not drunk. Meanwhile your sister and Ortosa hate each other."

"How? They used to love each other."

"The Spaniard petted the little English woman until she found out that the latter, with her pouting mein, and set off by her mourning attire, was making a success of freshness and pretty face. They both sent their arrows at me. Mlle. d'Ortosa used me to irritate her other admirers and send them off humiliated to little Ada. Little Ada made a bold and desperate assault to carry off from the great adventuress the only conquest for which she had any caprice that evening. The assault was rude. Mme. de Rémonville made signals to me with her black eyes to return immediately to her side. Mlle. d'Ortosa forced me to turn my back on her by compelling a half turn with her nervous arm. Every one was looking on this bit of comedy, and to promote peace without making a show of myself, I slipped out of the saloon. I was at Monaco, and there I received Nouville's letter which caused me to start out the same hour."

"And now, Abel, what do you conclude from all this?"

"That your sister and Mlle. d'Ortosa are irreconcilable; one is a corrupt coquette, the other an ingenuous coquette; the result, that your sister will do all she can to turn you from me, not that she cares for me, but because every coquette seeks with annoyance a love of which she is not the object."

I felt that Abel told me the truth, and judged the situation aright.

"I wish, however, to have the clear position. Let us suppose that, in place of being intoxicated by vanity, my sister should be really smitten with you."

"Really! What, after her flirtations, her rudeness and her advance? Why, that is not ingenuous, spontaneous love!"

"Who knows? She is a spoiled child."

"What are you tending to? Even if she should love me."

"It would be a great trouble to me, Abel!"

"The trouble of contradicting her? I would contradict her very much more, I should, if she makes you suffer. I should hate her!"

"Let her make me suffer; that's nothing; I am used to it. But what if she were to suffer herself?"

"I understand; you would sacrifice me, and you believe that would be a way to make me enamored of her?"

"Who knows? With time. Does a man resist a true passion when the woman is young and charming?"

The driver stopped. Abel put his head out of the window and said something I did not hear.

"I thought we were near Givet," said I.

"We shall not be there for two hours."

I did not awake until late next morning. As soon as I had dressed I rejoined Abel who was already waiting for me. He had amused himself examining the factory and machinery, and after a night's rest he had ordered the carriage which was now at my service. I preferred getting to

Givet in the afternoon when I could take the train without going to any hotel, and thus our little adventure would escape inquisitive remark. He reminded me that we should have to wait three hours. To this, however, I made no objection, for I added:

"We both were quite foolish yesterday evening. You entertained the idea of running off with me; and it was all my fault, for I set you off with my reveries about that eccentric individual, Mlle. d'Ortosa, whom I ought to have mistrusted, and from not doing so I have suffered cruelly. I ought also to have believed you when you told me there was some miserable intrigue at work and that my sister was incapable of a serious passion. If, as I believe, there is no question save of a fit of coquettishness, it is impossible there can be any obstacle between us, and I declare to you that I will defend my independence against a simple caprice. I have gone over the whole situation this morning, and I see it very differently from my last night's view in my joy and excitement at meeting you. My sister, not being able to move me, may get angry and leave me; but she cannot do without me, and by gentleness and patience I shall know how to bring her back. You will help me—will you not? She is neither wicked nor foolish. The crisis will pass over. Let us be happy at meeting each other, and say no more of romantic enterprises or of violent quarrels."

My serenity of mind calmed Abel. His ingenuous mind was always open to kindness and justice. Fear drove him out of himself.

"Oh yes, let us be happy," and he pressed my hand to his heart as he had done in the park. "How beautiful the weather is this morning. What a sunrise after the gusty night. Truth is speaking to us and sings her own hymn above the clouds. Ah, I should like to sing too; to run to leap over that little river with you in my arms, fly aloft with the birds, carry you through the rose-tinted clouds that cross the sun. Will this day ever end and the evening come? It seems impossible."

The morning was indeed lovely and the view charming. Through the serpentine valley flowed a limpid stream, dashing at every step against the little dams of rude stone, a moss-covered plank, and then disappearing under the mills, whose dark slate roof, wet with the night rain, sparkled like diamonds in the morning sun. This hamlet was inhabited by laborers and had all the diversity of form and the unity of purpose that should mark a well-ordered republic. All the people worked in red or black marble. In one place they hewed it out, in another they cut it up into slabs, in a third they made mantels and tasteful carvings. The rustics of this district are clever workmen and their homes and utensils are of a sober, pure taste. Their villages are free from the unsavory odors that arise from reeking dunghills that infest the agricultural districts. Here the wealth of the country is meadow lands. All is neat as a garden—indeed, all is a garden. The marble walls which shut in the gorge on the one side and the woods which clothe the hills on the opposite side, the old gnarled roots and trunks in curious contortions, the creeping plants that seem as thick cables binding the rocks together—all is so pure, so brilliant and peaceful. The villagers were all kind and good-humored. Abel chatted with them, and entered into their wants and conditions. They were delighted with him and looked on us as brother and sister. We visited the quarries and inspected the work and material, and we sat down to a simple breakfast of eggs and fresh milk, laid on an enormous flat block by the river's edge. The beautiful morning, the scenery, and Abel's presence all made an event in my life. Our quarrel seemed to have passed away with the night clouds, and confidence was perfect between us. Nor did I stop to in-

quire how a stranger could thus have taken hold of my life. It seemed perfectly natural. The sunshine filled my heart. I took no thought of time. The flowers bloomed and opened before my eyes, and my whole being was suffused with a great love. Abel's words expressed the same sentiment. We were one in heart. We walked, now fast, now slow. We stood still, then hurried on sometimes with a burst of laughter, then almost in tears. The day passed and it was nearly five o'clock when we returned to the village. He was about to run on to hurry up the horses, when, by an almost involuntary movement, I stayed his departure.

He shivered, turned to me, then, almost devouring me with his brilliant eyes, exclaimed:

"Enough! let us go. I have tried my strength. It is over now. Besides, the sun is going down and the wind is rising. It will be as it was last night and my heart is already troubled. Let us go on."

He wrapped his cloak around him and sat with the driver. I was sorry to see him there, now that the rain was falling, and would fain have had him inside the carriage; but had he not said his strength was tried?

On reaching the town he got down, settled with the driver, told him to take me to the depot, and then whispered to me through the carriage window—

"He is a decent man; he will say nothing. He saw with what respect I treated you as the lady I was going to marry. I shall not see you again until your father returns. He told me he would be here in the middle of the month. Adieu! I adore you."

He disappeared, and my heart almost burst with my sobs. I did not doubt him and was sure of his keeping his word. But I had been so happy that I could not but suffer a violent reaction. When I got to our station I found a lively surprise—my father was waiting for me. He had been home some hours, and was uneasy at my absence; but as I had left word I should be back in three days, and he came to look for me by the evening train, I had no time to tell him all I wished to say, for he brought me news that my little god-daughter was ill and needed me. It was the reason for his return a little sooner, and my sister could not come to meet me on account of the child. On getting home Ada met me coldly.

"So you were taking a trip all alone. We are not so gay; we are not. The child has been taken sick away there. It was an alarming bronchitis. Immediate change of air was necessary. The cough is better, but her exhaustion will do her more harm than the disease would have done."

I ran up to the child's bedside. I saw that she had fever. The doctor gave me hopes, and told me not to make myself uneasy, but I saw that he was uneasy himself. I sat up that night. My darling pressed me with her burning lips, and said:

"Now I shall get well; make haste and take me out with you in a boat." An attack of inflammation set in next day, and for three days we were very much alarmed. But it was subdued at last, though the little one was still in danger from exhaustion.

During this time I could not talk with my father nor sound my sister's state of mind. When I had the opportunity of speaking I found that Abel's presence in the neighborhood was unknown, and I considered it better to wait until he came forward. The formal step he had decided to take was the only explanation needed, and would cut short all questions. But it was only the tenth of the month, and Abel did not appear. I did not know where he was, or how to write. Undoubtedly he must have gone away, not to give me annoyance; and I was unable to go out, for little Sarah clung to me so anxiously as to make her mother jealous, and to prevent me from leaving her. One evening, however, where I was taking tea with Ada and papa, I made inquiries about their journey, and I brought up the name of Mlle. d'Ortosa and told them of the visit she had paid me on their account. I expected this would draw Ada out upon Abel's affairs, and I was not mistaken. My father spoke very highly of Mlle. d'Ortosa and of her great success in the world, and added with a smile:

"I am sure, Sarah, that she did not take with you as with your sister, who had quite a violent fancy for her."

Ada cried out that my father was unjust in thinking evil of a person of whom there should be said nothing but good; and, as I hazarded some objections, she took fire, and passed an eloquent eulogium on the beautiful Spaniard that much surprised me. Could Abel have been completely mistaken in their mutual sentiments for one another?

At last the name of Abel came up—Ada said:

"Mlle. d'Ortosa turns all heads, and you will feel her ascendancy, my dear Sarah, like all the rest. It is vain to resist her. See, now! one of your great friends, M. Abel, whom we met often, tried to escape her fascinations. He did not succeed. He was subdued, wanted to flee away—for it is a real misfortune to become enamored of Mlle. d'Ortosa—she never yields herself up. He went away to Geneva to rejoin a certain Settimia—who, by the way, is not

handsome—an old mistress of his that can sing, and with whom he has made some money. Well, then, when they arrived at Monaco, Mlle. d'Ortosa, invited by the princess to a musical *sotée*, was there too. They met at the palace; they met at the sea-side; they met at the hotel, at the card rooms, everywhere, in fact, and Abel committed a thousand extravagances which would have compromised any other woman but *la belle Carmen*. She was amused by it for some days, and then she gave him his dismissal as she had all the rest. I have no idea what is become of him; but he is very intimate with Lord Osborn, and as Mlle. d'Ortosa is at Francoise, you may be sure we shall have the pleasure of hearing that celestial violin before long."

"How do you know all this gossip?" observed my father.

"I know it, because Mlle. d'Ortosa told me herself."

Ada went on babbling a stream of light cynicism that somewhat hurt my feelings. She assumed a certain coolness with me, deliberately told scandalous adventures as the most natural things in the world. Her mourning was very irregular. She dressed her hair with a certain effrontery of style.

"You look at me with an eye a little distraught. Ah! I had almost forgotten you had a little tenderness for this scraper of catgut; but time and the delights of solitude ought to have restored your Puritan equilibrium. Abel is not a butterfly that hovers about the sex to submit himself to their sweet will, or rather, you are not the flower that will make him stationary. He needs plants that impassion even inbrute him. When he is tired of running after *la belle Carmen* he will buzz round some old Settimia, perhaps."

I went back to my little charge without making any reply to my sister's severe jests. I began to detect her bitter spite against d'Ortosa, and that Abel had been telling me the truth; but why did he conceal his having seen Mlle. d'Ortosa a second time after their dispute over him? Abel told no untruths. Perhaps d'Ortosa herself had been fabricating.

Next morning my baby was able to leave her bed. She played about the room with her little brother and the nurse. We were in the library with open windows. The physician had ordered little Sarah to be kept within doors, but she might have a free current of air if it was warm and pleasant. I was near the window when I heard Ada's voice in low tones, with frequent bursts of laughter. And another female voice, Mlle. d'Ortosa's, was replying to her without laughter and very distinctly. I could hear them quite well.

"It is just as I tell you, my pretty dear. Abel is at Lord Osborn's with me; he is not aware of your return. He is more infatuated than ever; his passion for me is noticed by every one at the castle, and at all the houses round about. You can say what you please, but it is becoming serious, and I don't laugh about it. You don't know what a passion can make of a man, even of such a rake as Abel. It begins to trouble me after having amused me. You will readily perceive that I would not marry Abel, still less give him any claims in my heart. I am going away from Francoise. I did not know you were here, and I came over to say good-by to your sister, whom I like ever so much, she is so sedate and interesting."

"I will bring her to you," said Ada.

"No, you need not do that, I want to speak to her alone."

"Alone?"

"Yes; something I wish to say about myself."

"Ah! you are going to give her the details of Abel's infatuation for you!" But Sarah is not careless as I am. She is not in love with anybody, but she is sentimental and has a passion for music. She considers Abel a live archangel, and in place of laughing at him, would take pity on him. She is quite capable of telling you that you are an audacious coquette; that she doesn't believe in your virtue; that your conduct is even more immoral than vice, for that you have no right to wear your victim's hearts on your sleeve, seeing that they are victims of your inconstancy, not of your chastity."

"Is that your sister's opinion, or is it your own that you are so eloquently expressing now?"

"It is just neither one nor other. You know how I adore and admire you."

"I feel it in my deepest heart, my dear."

"As for my sister, she don't know you; but you must take a little care with her; I fear her myself?"

"Why not open your heart to her?"

"My heart? What heart? I have no heart!"

"Oh, then, what serves us women in its stead?"

"What is that?"

"The senses."

"Thanks! I know nothing about it. I am like you."

"Oh, that's all make-believe, my dear. You are like the rest, and your sister, who has great judgment, must have often told you. My dear girl, you think yourself very strong because you are very egotistical; you

think yourself intelligent because you have the notion of wit; you think yourself seductive because you are as pretty as a witch and have a provoking glance; and, lastly, you are a woman, and your widow's cap makes you angry. Now, just try to find a reasonable man who would care for you, and don't run after these Abels, who understand your wild people seeing that they themselves are in the company. See now, I am not giving you your sister's opinion; I am only saying what she might say if you were to tell her what is going on in that brain which serves you instead of a heart. So now, let us kiss each other. Make my kind regards to your father, kiss the babies, and let me go and find Miss Owen by myself. I can find her easily."

The conversation was over. Probably but for the sudden exit of Mlle. d'Ortosa I would have run away if I could. She frightened me. I saw my poor little sister crushed by her in the daring contest she had been bold enough to confront, and I saw her crushed by disdain after being perverted, for Ada had never boasted to me of having no heart, nor had I ever been at liberty to tell her that she had sense. As Mlle. d'Ortosa was ascending the stairs I stepped forward quickly that she might not find me with the children. Correct or not in her manners, it seemed to me that she must carry about her the atmosphere of social corruption concentrated in its most fatal potency, and was obeying the doctor's orders, "plenty of pure air for the little one." I met her on the landing, and she asked me to go to my own room. I did so, and felt my courage revive when I met her face to face.

"Before hearing what you have to say," I began, as I offered her a chair, "permit to say that I have just heard your conversation with my sister."

"I am very glad, indeed, of it; it is what I could have wished; but as I don't intend her to hear what we have to say, allow me to close the windows and door."

She did so, and sat herself at my writing-table.

"And now, listen. I wanted to give a lesson to our little Ada. It is done. She will not attempt to revolt. Don't think me angry with her. I have no spite against children. It is enough that she feels my strength. So soon as she becomes submissive I shall treat her as a good girl; I shall be maternal with her. I will get her a good husband. Her rivalry is already at an end. Honestly she detests your fiancée. He has done her one of those injuries that are unpardonable even by stronger people than she is. He resisted an open appeal before two hundred people."

"Why didn't you tell me that, Mlle. d'Ortosa, when I saw you a fortnight ago?"

"I told you Ada was smitten with Abel; I had no need of proof."

"And is it only out of solicitude for me that you make her suffer? I will not accept such aid. I intend to tell my sister that you have not managed Abel in the way it pleases you to make her believe, and that if he has preferred your society to hers, he has not given you the right to outrage and to amuse yourself at her expense."

"One moment, Miss Owen! It seems as though you thought I had been telling Ada untruths. I never tell untruths. Abel really was enamored of me, and at this very moment I could carry him off from you to the end of the world. Listen, now, like the intelligent, serious woman you are, to what an intelligent, serious woman has to say. Abel tells no untruths—precisely because he is intelligent. His folly is the result of his passions; his heart is sincere. He loves you. You shall interrogate him. If there is in what I now say one incorrect word, hold me no more in esteem. I know he is decided to make full and free confession, if you require it."

I rose to my feet astounded. How odious it was to have to submit to this tyranny and soul examination by a person whose character terrified me. I could not find words to express myself. I shrank from her eye, searching as a probe, but she held me.

"Keep your courage. It is not I who have done all this, but I alone can bring matters to a favorable result for you. When I met Abel at Nice, a month ago, I was not personally interested in you. I had never spoken with you, though I knew you for a person of great worth, and I examined in a new light this artist, whom I had met several times before, without paying him any particular attention. I was cognizant of his whole career, because his name was mixed up in various adventures with women, from Bohemian to princesses. Abel, the violinist, was on my notes as an atom in the world of gallantry, in which many virtues, easy to unmask lie ingrained. Only it is not worth while to unmask them; better know and use them. Notwithstanding his great charm of manner and a certain mobility of feature, he did not strike me as being handsome. He was deficient of distinction, a rarer point than majesty. I was surprised to perceive at Nice that he had gained this point. He carried himself better; he appeared less of an artist, and withal he had made marvelous progress in his art."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TWO INFALLIBILITIES AGAIN.

No. II.

I had no reason to suppose that my first Encyclical would have such an immediate and direct effect upon the Old Catholic Church. It evidently staggered the Pope at Rome, although it does not completely "back him down." He only postponed the promulgation of his infallibility for a week, in consequence. I did not take into account sufficiently the effect of the telegraph in bringing the definitive action of the Head of THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH at New York to the notice of the Head of the Old Catholic Church, at the Vatican, in Rome. But the distance from New York to Rome is virtually extinguished by the telegraph; and, by the same force and rapidity of modern improvement, aided by the spiritual telegraphy of ideas, the newly proclaimed Infallibility of Pure Science has already sprung forward in the acceptance of mankind to an equal rank with the lagging and hesitant declaration of the Divinely-guided Infallibility of the older Pope.

Indeed, the newer Infallibility has, already, by a curious TERMINAL CONVERSION INTO OPPOSITES, become the Older Infallibility. Not to speak of its inherent and absolute title, which I will discuss on other occasions, it has got, in point of time, and in respect to formal promulgation, eight days the start. My good friend Mr. Dana of THE SUN gently reprimands me for a certain unfairness on my part in taking a single day's advantage of so good an old man as *Pio Nono*, but it is his own fault, the fault of his own vacillation and lack of absolute confidence, perhaps, in his position, that he has now lost in addition a whole week, which in the beginning of a campaign of centuries will tell against him fearfully. As *generalissimo* of the opposite army of opinion, I cannot regret any blunders my amiable and distinguished opponent may make in the opening of the war, while, nevertheless, I can sympathize with him, in the embarrassments of his position and in his consciousness of weakness (if his infallibility, not yet proclaimed, admits of such a sensation). It must be remembered that we are both representative characters, and that our struggle of opinion, however severe, does not necessarily involve the slightest lack of personal regard. I have none but the kindest and most sympathetic feelings toward *Pio Nono*, as a man, and I have no reason to believe that *Pio Nono* cherishes any hostile or unkind feelings toward me individually. If he does so now, even, when he comes to know me intimately, as he will when we consult on the final reconciliation of our claims and functions, all such unworthy jealousies will disappear from the breast of His Holiness. But I by no means wish to intimate that he entertains them.

The venerable editor of THE EVENING POST, also, in commenting on the first Encyclical from the New Vatican, in New York, falls into some slight error. With the most kindly and appreciative spirit—worthy of the many years of personal friendship and regard which have existed between us—for the substance and meaning of the Official Document issued by me, he falls into the error of supposing that there is for the present only myself as the sole member of the New Catholic Church. On the contrary this distinctive organization has existed as near to eighteen years as the old Catholic Church to eighteen hundred years, and in the matter of Infallibilities, as in that of Eternities, the difference between eighteen and eighteen hundred is a mere cypher. Besides, in America, there is another TERMINAL CONVERSION INTO OPPOSITES, and *New Things are preferred to Old*. Everybody here wants to live in a new house; in Europe, in an old one. And, indeed, there is a profounder sense in which the latest born individual is the oldest person. I once heard the distinguished Doctor Ritchie, of Edinburgh, exclaim in Finsbury Chapel, raising himself to his full height, to gain emphasis: "I am a great deal older man than my grandfather!" And, indeed, why not? as the race had lived longer in reaching him—as he was the topmost bough of the family tree—and as, personally, he had added his father's and his own inherited knowledge and individual experiences to those of the more ancient member of the family—more ancient in the Ordinary Sense, but less ancient in the Cardinal Sense in which I am now speaking.

So, also, in this fast age, eighteen years is a vast cycle for enlisting adherents and laying foundations—equal nearly to the Eighteen Hundred years previous. It is no part of my policy to reveal, at present, the actual numbers of the membership of the New Catholic Church, and the extent and ramifications of their operations in all countries. What if we cannot, however, speak definitely as yet of 139,000,000 New Catholics, which is the number I believe, reconed in the Old Church. It does not belong to the weaker party to expose the extent of his numerical inferiority.

Terms and Ideas tend constantly to ramify. The very name New Catholic Church is, perhaps, new to many; but there are already three important and well differen-

tiated meanings covered by the name. It will throw light on the subject if we mark these differences:

1. There is the Grand Aggregate of the Protestant and Dissenting and Liberal Christians, what the old Catholic Church writers sum up as "*The Sects*" now tending to develop a higher ground of Christian unity out of their very differences, and so to converge toward some sort of organic embodiment and co-operation. The Evangelical Alliance is a symptom of this movement. The Young Men's Christian Associations are another. The discussion now on foot for the enlargement of the membership of these bodies by admitting the Unitarians, or the Broad Church, is another. This movement toward Protestant Unity tends spontaneously to the assumption of this name—*The New Catholic Church*. The following clipping from *The Evening Mail* of the other day, illustrates this point:

"Rev. John Corder writes thus of the uniting of Christendom:

"Here, then, are two manifestations of Unity—different in kind, and in tendency totally different—the one the logical result of the Papal theory of Christianity, the other the logical result of the Protestant theory of Christianity. * * * When will Protestant Christendom be prepared to pronounce publicly that which is tacitly admitted in the communion of the revisers, that *diversity of belief need not be a bar to Christian fellowship and unity*? When this time comes Christianity will enter on a new era of development. Then Protestantism will take the field as broad Catholic Christianity, clearly distinguishable from narrow Roman Christianity."

The New and True Catholic Church is not to be a mere extension of any of the existing sects, as many, perhaps, most, of the sects suppose. *It has and will have its members in the good and true men and women of all the sects.* Where the Christ-like mind is, there is a member of Christ's true Church Catholic. Charity is its fundamental law, active love its living mark."

2. The specific organization, The New Catholic Church as the Religious or Ecclesiastical Branch of THE PANTARCHY, whether it consists for the time being of many or few, those merely who recognize me, individually, as the founder, head, organizer and conductor of this New Order of Religionists. The New Catholic Church, in this sense, is simply a rallying point for those who believe in a Religious Unity, on the basis of Truth and Goodness, more broadly still than anything which is contemplated by any of the merely Protestant sects. We are as ready to accept to our communion Infidels and Atheists and Pagans as we are Christians. With us Religion means the consecration and devotion of all the powers of the man to the service of that which he accepts as highest and best; with openness of spirit and readiness to learn if there be anything higher and better—so that possibly the individual's creed of to-morrow may not be the creed of to-day—a religion, for the first time, which admits of the correction of its own errors—which rallies and concentrates the religious sentiment of mankind upon Progress, and the constant evolution of the higher powers of man. The New Catholic Church in this limited sense claims no pre-emption right in the name. It would not discourage the use of the same name by the growing mass of Protestant Christians. The President of one of the Young Men's Christian Associations admitted to me the tendency to increased liberality in all those institutions, and said laughingly that, "Probably in 400 years we may get to where you stand. The New Catholic Church of the Pantarchy is peculiar, and can only be understood by being studied in the light of its own purposes and principles."

3. The term New Catholic Church is, in fine, used, in the disquisitions of Integralism, to mean the final Reconciliative Order of the Dogma of the world—that New Catholicism which shall embrace and harmonize Rome and all the Sects, the Infidels and Atheists, and the Religions outside of Christendom, upon the basis of that Universal Science which shall demonstrate that all have been right for their day and generation, and that the fundamental Principles of all are essential parts of a larger Complex of Truth not heretofore distinctly understood—The Church of the Grand Reconciliation—The Millennial Church.

But if truly, as intimated by THE POST, I were the only member of the New Catholic Church, that trifling circumstance would not matter. There was a time when there was only one member of the Old Catholic Church; and also a time when he, addressing himself, according to the record and the tradition, to the subordinate chief of the little flock, which had subsequently gathered around him, said: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I found my church." Peter, whose name is pretty nearly the same as the word for rock in the Greek tongue, had a somewhat rocky or determinate character, which it would seem was the basis of this New Testament pun; but personal character, whether petrous or spongy, is not the true material upon which to found the permanent and final form of the Catholic Church of Humanity. Accordingly, the Old Catholic Church, so founded, was and is provisional, vicarious and transitory, or transitional to the new and Cardinal Catholic Church of the future; to be founded not on the personal character of any individual, but on the

Eternal and Demonstrable Principles of Truth—all Truth, Scientific and Philosophical, and Rational, equally with such as is Inspirational or Revealed.

Christ understood perfectly and intimated clearly this distinction between the earlier and a subsequent development of truth. "I have," he said, "many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." "But when he [or it], the Spirit of Truth, is come, he will guide you into all Truth." It is this "Spirit of Truth," guiding to "the knowledge of all Truth," upon which the religious sentiment of humanity must be finally converged and concentrated; and which must serve as the foundation of the Final Form of the Catholic or True Universal Church—The Church of the Grand Reconciliation of The Mother Church, of all The Sects, and of The Infidel, Atheistic and Heathen World.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

THE MARRIAGE OUTFIT.

Old deacon Brown started in life very poor. He married his wife Susan before the days of hoops, pads, etc. They had been happy in their married life, and unto them was born a beautiful girl whom they named Kate, who, of course, when she grew up, fell in love. Her choice was a poor, but noble young man. The deacon and his wife had taught their child to choose for herself, but to do it wisely, and they were glad to see that she made choice of an estimable young man, their neighbor's son.

Now, Kate took up a notion that she must have a great many articles for her marriage, and to make a fashionable show of dress, during the honeymoon, and as they lived at only a town, she wrote her father a note, requesting him to furnish her a considerable amount to buy her outfit, and stated in it that she expected she would have to send to the city to get all she needed, whereupon the old man made the following reply:

Dearest Daughter:—As you are my only daughter, I may call you dearest truly, for I love you very much. I have considered your note, and this is my reply: I am sorry to find you possessing a weakness of most of your sex—viz., that you think you should have a large outfit for your wedding and honeymoon. When I married your dear mother she had but two calico dresses and other things to fit, and she thought herself well off with them, and I really thought her, as I took her in her calico dress, the prettiest, sweetest girl in the land, and I have never thought otherwise. She has made me a dear, precious wife, and has been to me a helpmate indeed. Now, my dear child, I will not refuse you what you ask, but my observation in life has convinced me that those girls who spend a heap of money to provide their outfits for marriage are generally sure to spend heaps of it afterward, and that often they keep their husbands' noses to the grindstone of misfortune and toil all their lives.

A great many fine things for your wedding and its after incidents will make you no sweeter or prettier to your husband, and may make you a great deal dearer as to his pocket. If the man of your choice really loves you, as no doubt he does, it is not for what you have on, but for the qualities of your person, head and heart, and as he is a man of sense, I have no doubt he will think more of you when he finds that you have not made any great preparations for your marriage. There are many gentlemen in this country, now worth their millions, whose wives, when they married, had no more than your mother. By this I do not mean that you should have no more, but your mother tells me that you now have five neat every-day dresses and four Sunday ones, and really they are a larger, finer and better outfit than many millions of your sex are able to obtain.

I make these suggestions for your consideration, but leave you to follow them or not, as your judgment may dictate, and to show you that this is the fact I inclose you a draft for a thousand dollars on my cashier, which you can use at your pleasure. Affectionately yours,

JOHN BROWN.

Kate did not long hesitate as to her course of action. Her mother gave her a few dollars of her pocket money, and she bought only a simple, plain white dress and appeared in it at the altar, with natural flowers and her own loveliness for adornment.

She drew the amount of the draft in gold, and one month to a day after her marriage handed the amount to her husband and accompanied the gift with these words:

"Dearest—I applied to my father for money to purchase what I supposed I needed for my marriage, and he wrote me this letter (handing it to her husband), and inclosed in it the draft upon which I drew this thousand gold dollars, which I now present to you as the money saved by a victory over a foolish fashion. Have I done wisely?"

"You have, my blessed wife, and are a thousand times dearer to me by your better judgment."

It is needless to add that the husband of Kate is now worth many millions of dollars, and in a delightful old age they often tell their friends and children of the thousand dollars as the foundation of it all.

MUSIC.

Nothing has a more healthful and purifying influence within the home circle than music. It has become so universal as an art that the young of almost all families are instructed in it and devote much of their time to its attractions. No musical instrument is so well adapted to the parlor as the piano, and the great and ever-increasing demand for this has brought many competitors into the field. Almost all of these have special points which recommend them; but for the important details which go to make up a perfect instrument, the "Hallett, Davis & Co." stands in the front rank. If the purchaser's choice falls here, he cannot go far astray.

THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT.

THE CAUSE PROGRESSING.

Charles A. Dana has joined the noble band of advocates for Woman's Suffrage. In the New York Sun of the 22d inst. there appears the following:

The question of Woman's Suffrage has recently been discussed in the Legislature of Connecticut. Reports both for and against the great reform were presented from the Committee which had charge of the subject. According to the Hartford Courant, both these reports were written by women—they being smarter and better informed than the men in the Legislature. The report in favor of woman's suffrage was the work of Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, of Hartford; that against it by Mrs. Thomas Cowles, of Farmington. The members of the Committee who adopted and presented Mrs. Hooker's essay were E. B. Woodward, of Norwalk; John Cotton Smith, of Sharon; E. L. Warner and A. R. Goodrich, all Democrats; with one Republican, Mr. Baker. The minority report was signed by Thomas Cowles, John W. Hall, of Windsor; Ed. B. Landon, of Clifford, Republicans; and Arthur W. Bacon, of Middletown, a Democrat. It is an interesting fact that the Democracy of Connecticut are so much more in favor of woman's suffrage than the Republicans. In this respect they only imitate such distinguished Democrats as Chief Justice Chase and Gov. Seymour, of New York, who are understood to be ardent partisans of the reform. We are also very proud of Senator Woodward. Though his home is in Norwalk, he is a clerk in the office of the Board of Supervisors in this city; and we attribute to the elevated associations by which he has been surrounded and inspired in this centre of pure Democracy his liberal views in regard to the enfranchisement of woman. Let the Democracy move ahead in this direction; let them give the women of our country the right to vote; and the Republicans, who have already repudiated all distinctions of color, will soon be compelled to follow suit, and go in for the universal enfranchisement of all human beings, without regard to sex.

These are just the sentiments we knew would be uttered by Mr. Dana when he spoke. Every sensible and honorable man feels a willingness to give the right of suffrage to woman if she desires it. Universal enfranchisement of all human beings, without regard to sex, does not imply the slightest infringement upon man's dignity, nor the necessity for every woman's becoming a stump orator, nor a deserter of her home and its duties for the rostrum. Nature will certainly regulate this. The greater number of women will prefer the domestic circle, or be forced to remain in what has heretofore been considered her proper sphere. The duties and pleasures of wifehood and maternity will keep most of them at home. They will desire no emancipation from a servitude they prefer. In granting the liberty of the ballot we would not urge the obligation devolving upon woman to use her right. That right should be exercised with discretion, and always with a true regard to her obligations as a Christian wife and mother. We would have all wives obey their husbands, when that obedience does not conflict with some higher duty.

ANTI-WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The following petition is now being extensively signed throughout the country. The arguments used are strong as every one will admit:

The petition of the undersigned to the Congress of the United States protesting against an extension of suffrage to women:

We, the undersigned, do hereby appeal to your honorable body, and desire respectfully to enter our protest against an extension of suffrage to women, and in the firm belief that our petition represents the sober conviction of a majority of the women of the country.

Although we shrink from the notoriety of the public eye, yet we are too deeply and painfully impressed by the grave perils which threaten our peace and happiness in these proposed changes in our civil and political rights longer to remain silent.

Because Holy Scripture inculcates a different, and for us higher, sphere apart from public life.

Because as women we find a full measure of duties, cares and responsibilities devolving upon us, and we are therefore unwilling to bear other and heavier burdens, and those unsuited to our physical organization.

Because we hold that an extension of suffrage would be adverse to the interests of the workingwomen of the country, with whom we heartily sympathize.

Because these changes must introduce a fruitful element of discord in the existing marriage relation, which would tend to the infinite detriment of children, and increase the already alarming prevalence of divorce throughout the land.

Because no general law, affecting the condition of all women, should be framed to meet exceptional discontents.

For these, and many more reasons, do we beg of your wisdom that no law extending suffrage to women may be passed, as the passage of such a law would be fraught with danger so grave to the general order of the country.

Among the ladies who have signed it, and who are leaders in this movement, are:

Mrs. John A. Dahlgren, Mrs. Jacob D. Cox, Mrs. Joseph Hurry, Mrs. Rev. Dr. Boynton, Mrs. Rev. Dr. Samson, Mrs. Rev. Dr. Butler, Mrs. Rev. Dr. Rankin, Mrs. B. B. French, Miss Jennie Carroll, Mrs. C. V. Morris, Mrs. Hugh McCulloch, all of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Senator Sherman, Mansfield, Ohio; Mrs. Senator Scott, Huntington, Pa.; Mrs. Senator Corbett, Portland, Oregon; Mrs. Senator Edmunds, Burlington, Vt.; Mrs. Luke P. Poland, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; Mrs. Samuel J. Randall, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Catherine E. Beecher, New York City.

This article has been well circulated by the press, and the signers have thereby enjoyed a fair share of publicity. That is something gained. Now, however, we propose to cry *halte-là!* to the Anti-Woman Suffrage party. We also respectfully submit the following pertinent questions to these self-selected representatives of their sex:

First—Upon what ground is based the modest yet firm belief that their "petition represents the sober conviction of a majority of the women of the country?"

Second—What are the grave perils which threaten the peace and happiness of these poor ladies, and why do they "shrink from the notoriety of the public eye" if they intend

to make martyrs of themselves? Where would be their glory and renown and the hurrahs of the men, if our petitioners all remained at home, and by a diligent attention to those duties of which they speak offered a practical evidence that they seek no distinction? Bah! this is a halting clause of the "appeal." "We, the undersigned" contradict ourselves when we boldly rush into the very notoriety which we affect to despise.

Third—To which part of the Holy Scriptures shall we turn for particulars concerning our "higher sphere?" To St. Paul? That Apostle always exhibited a special spitefulness toward women—"the weaker vessel." And yet a greater than St. Paul spake never a word of rebuke to these children of His Father.

Fourth—Must all women be held responsible for any defects in the physical organization of a few? And because the few find it impossible to bear heavier burdens, should they attempt to mete out the measure of duties, cares and responsibilities to their wealthier and more vigorous sisters?

Fifth—Statements are not always facts. In what way would the extension of suffrage clash with the interests of those workingwomen who are made happy by the hearty sympathy of "We, the undersigned?"

Sixth—Are we waiting for the ballot to introduce discord into the happy home of the land? Do married men and women never quarrel? Are all husbands sages and all wives angels?

Which would be more detrimental to children—the example of honest convictions and loyal labors, or that of shameful idleness, debauchery and sin? Is divorce a disease which the ballot will foster, or is it not the bitter fruit of that moral lawlessness which is fed and fattened by our so-called laws?

Seventh—Are the discontents of women exceptional? And should not women aid in framing those general laws by which the sex are governed?

Notwithstanding the "grave danger to the general order of the country," which attends the passage of any suffrage law for women, and despite the excellent reasons advanced in proof thereof we "do beg of the wisdom" of clear-sighted men that they be influenced by common sense, consistency and justice; and, moreover, we protest against the "strong arguments" of "We, the undersigned," and utterly deny their right to stand god-mammas for us all, and promise so much in our names. M.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

27 AVENUE DE NEULLY, July 18, 1870.

Home again for a few days, then I good-naturedly promise myself a short sojourn at Havre. For the present I accept the inevitable, and content myself with Paris, and Paris is simply enchanting, the weather is magnificent, and neither shot, shell nor grape are whistling over our heads. There, I do not like to think of that. It hurts me to remember all the good friends so gallantly gone to the front, and to death, perhaps. Good friends on both sides. Do you wonder that I am triste? Ah, these cruel wars! I am half inclined to echo poor Jeanette's musical decision:

"— If kings must show their might—

Why, let those who make the quarrels be the only ones to fight."

Still, it is a wonderful thing to be bound up in a cause as we are in ours. It is more than a promise of victory—it is victory itself. Do you say that I am sanguine? Well, you will see that I am right. In the meantime, and while waiting for that proof, let me give you an idea of what is passing here. The Emperor lies ill at St. Cloud, and therefore will not be able to join the army for some days. Then, doubtless, her Majesty with her nieces, the Duchesses d'Abbe, will go to Villers-sur-Mer. You are aware that the Prince Imperial accompanies his father, to whom he will act as first *Aide-de-Camp*. Ah, well! There are more aching hearts than merry ones in this grand city.

The only *fête* I have been to since I last wrote, and indeed the only one of any importance I have heard of as taking place in Paris, was a concert at the Turkish Embassy. It was eminently successful, both as to the selection of music, the artists who interpreted it, and the company. The gardens of the Embassy were illuminated with colored glass lamps that took the form of fruit of various descriptions, and these large luminous fruits produced an exquisite effect among the leaves, of which there is an abundance this season. The beauty of several ladies among the audience was, as a matter of course, of the Oriental type—large lustrous black eyes, skins of polished ivory, and ample, well-rounded figures. One lady whom I especially remarked wore a toilet that harmonized well with her statuesque form. It was a white China *crêpe* dress; bodice with folds; the skirt almost tight in front, forming a rounded *tablier*, which was trimmed with a fringe of white acacia. This skirt was worn over a white silk slip that was bordered with a deep China *crêpe* flounce, ornamented at intervals with sprays of white acacia.

The lovely Comtesse who was rendered yet more lovely by this exquisite toilet, is the same person concerning whom there was such an ugly scandal, only last winter, when that noted German, the Prince of H—, was here. It is well known that Madame's husband, who is old, is jealous to a shameful degree, consequently the seasons of *les bals maqués* are to him so many occasions for ceaseless tortures and profanities. At one ball given at the Tuileries, Madame met the Prince of H—, who, of course, fell desperately in love. He persuaded *la belle* to grant him an interview upon

an evening when she did not receive visitors. But unfortunately, his Highness conceived it necessary for the romance of the affair, that he should attempt to steal into the *Hotel-de-T—*, in an undignified manner, whereupon he was collared by the keen-eyed *concierge*, who mistook the romantic Teuton for a thief. Imagine the confusion that followed. You may easily do that, but you cannot imagine the rest of the story. Well, *on dit*, that there was yet another party in this occurrence, an illustrious personage who was also an ardent admirer of the charming Comtesse, and that this personage evinced his hatred of a successful rival by political opposition, which has eventually culminated in a war. I know that it seems difficult to believe that so many lives must be lost for a pretty woman's caprices, but then Paradise was lost for less, and through a woman too, as men are proud to remind us.

For the last few days dressmakers have been busily occupied preparing seaside costumes. There is no doubt this season as to the popular material and color for these toilets, as for once opinions appear to be unanimous on the subject. Fine brown Holland and buff cambrics are decidedly the fashion. I know of no word that expresses the particular shade of color; although I call it buff, it is rather the hue of unbleached linen. In fact, the material goes by the name of *toile écru*. Costumes made of *toile écru* are quite as common as those made of striped cambric were two years ago, but there is an immense variety in the price. A costume of unbleached or *écru* cambric, trimmed either with guipure or embroidery, costs 500 francs, and you can also have one simply arranged for 15 francs; the range of price is enormous. As a matter of course, every lady, rich or poor, has one at least of these fashionable costumes, and every dressmaker, from the most expensive to the most moderate, makes them.

I saw some only yesterday at the Maison Roger, and they were made over colored silk petticoats. The prettiest costume was arranged over light blue silk; the short *écru* skirt was trimmed with light blue velvet, and with cuir-colored guipure. Mme. Roger has recently introduced a new tunic, which is the prettiest thing imaginable. It is called the *Corisandre* tunic, in honor of the beautiful Mlle. de Grammont, and is made up in all sorts of materials. I will describe it in pink *crêpe* de Chine. In form it resembles a round tablier, to which very long ends are added. To give a better idea, I will liken it to a large *mantelet à la vieille*, the peléline of which has been placed in front, and the ends at the back; the ends are bunched up at the hips; the trimmings consist of two narrow frills of gauze of a darker shade than the *crêpe*, and festooned at the edge; the ends at the back cross each other, and are gathered up in three different places, forming a sort of graceful cascade. When the tunic is decorated with lace the effect is still more moss-like.

It is incomprehensible, but people never will sympathize properly with the heart troubles of middle-aged men. Every one here who knows your old friend de R— is making merry over his devotion to Miss Lucy N—, a pretty little American, who is very rich and very sentimental. De R—'s love took the form of lunacy the other day, for he presented himself, pistol in hand, before the young lady, and imperatively demanded an interchange of promises of marriage, in default of which he threatened wholesale slaughter. I am happy to add that Miss Lucy got out of harm's way with an alacrity altogether astonishing in one who is always chanting the weariness of existence.

The *fête champêtre* of Madame la Baronne de S— created quite an excitement. It was a success.

The toilets were varied as usual. A very light salmon-colored body and train of the richest colored silk was worn over a petticoat of light brown, made with two plaited flounces, headed by rouleaux of salmon color. One of the prettiest dresses in the garden was a white muslin over light primrose. It just touched the ground, and had a plaited flounce at the bottom, headed by Valenciennes lace and rich insertion, which also went round a panier tunic. The body was slightly full at the waist; the sleeves of the Isabelle shape. On the sleeves were blue bows, and the sash was blue. The bonnet was white, with laburnum about it, and blue ribbons. The mixture was somewhat *outrée*, but looked well.

Amongst young ladies, nothing was so much worn as white muslin, either pure white or over a color, and a good many of the full-colored batiste muslins were to be seen. The most effective of these were worn by two sisters. The costumes were short, of the very deepest rose pink, with flounces edged with lace reaching to the waist. The bonnets white with pink flowers.

Victor de S— has returned from Ems. He tells me that among the illustrious visitors to that favorite watering-place there are at present, besides the Czar and the Grand Dukes Vladimir and Nicholas, the Duchess of Ostgotland, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Prince Alexander of Hesse, and from the far South the Duke and Duchess of Ossuna. The Emperor has been entered on the list of strangers under the name of Count Borodinsky. He appears every morning regularly at the springs, and in the afternoon on the Promenade; he rides out about six in the evening, and sometimes after his return visits the Cursaal. He dresses simply and still wears mourning. A child who sells flowers to visitors is happy to have obtained his Majesty for a customer; she brings him every morning a little bouquet of lilies of the valley, and is generously recompensed for this little attention. As may be supposed, Ems is extremely full. Concerts, balls and *fêtes* are of daily occurrence, and

the French theater was to open on the 1st inst. Though gaming is not carried on at Ems to the same extent as in Homburg and Wiesbaden, there are generally a good many people round the *table vert*, and the Grand Duke Vladimir may be often seen risking a piece or two at *rouge et noir*.

Let me ask a question whilst I think of it. Do you decorate your tables in America? Your dinner and supper tables, I mean. If not, you must begin to do so. Listen to this description of the supper table at the Tuileries upon the occasion of a late ball. The first circular table upon entering was ornamented with foliage, fruit and flowers; the central table with foliage and flowers alone, without fruit; the third with foliage and fruit alone, without flowers. The great novelty in them all consisted in palms, growing apparently through the table-cloth. For this purpose the ordinary top of the table is taken off, and a rough deal cover, with holes in it, is substituted. The plants, in their pots, stand below, and the table-cloth, which is in strips, is carefully ironed down round the stems, so that they appear to be actually growing through the cloth. The effect of the light and graceful foliage of the ferns forming a tracery of green over the table is novel and beautiful in the extreme.

At the grand race for the 400,000 franc prize I noticed a great many of the most elegant Parisiennes in costumes of *crêpe-line*. They wore a first skirt, half train, made of twilled foulard, with a tunic of *crêpe-line* of the same tint, forming a second skirt, draped and tastefully raised; or else of a twilled foulard skirt trimmed to the top with plaited flounces of the same colored *crêpe-line*; waistcoat of twilled foulard, and a close-fitting jacket with long basques, made of *crêpe-line*, and ornamented with Bruges point or a deep moss fringe.

The most fashionable of all trimmings this summer is white lace. Old point-lace stands first, then Point de Duchesse, then guipure d'art and imitations of old point lace. Next to lace, the favorite trimmings are bands of English embroidery, and flutings of white gauze or muslin—either plainly hemmed or edged with Valenciennes lace.

A grand marriage is on the horizon of the French aristocratic world—namely, between M. le Comte de Galve, brother of the Duc d'Albe, and cousin of the Empress, and the charming Madame Bravura, daughter of M. Basilewski, who is famed in St. Petersburg as being some twenty-five times over a millionaire.

A word about hats, and I shall have finished this very long letter. A great favorite is the Henri III., of Tuscan straw; the crown is trimmed round with a quilling of white tulle, edged with lace, and a spiked border of straw rouleaux of faille silk upon the border; on the left side a bouquet of white water-lilies with long reeds and grasses; at the back, bow of black velvet, with long lappets.

For the seaside I also see hats of very thickly plaited and very shining brown straw, with a wide round border and a small raised crown. A large bow of gros-grain ribbon is placed just in front, with a bunch of various flowers.

You are anxious now to hear something of our women, are you not? Alas, I can only tell you that they promise much, but are slow to perform. Madame d'A— is busy with them, however. Truly, your bright example has brought with it an inestimable blessing—it has given many of us great purposes in life. No one is quicker to confess this than is Madame. The good soul labors incessantly. She promises herself the pleasure of writing to you soon, and sending an account of her successes. In the meantime, courage!

Very truly your friend,

FLORE DE VALDAI.

A LETTER FROM A SOUTHERN WOMAN

Our "Appeal to the Women of the South" was not made in vain. The following is one of many of those acknowledgments which serve to convince us that the good and noble of our sex understand and appreciate our efforts:

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, July 19, 1870.

MRS. VICTORIA C. WOODHULL:

DEAR MADAM—In the New Orleans *Weekly Picayune* of July 9, I find a letter from your pen addressed to the women of the South, containing a beautiful tribute to their virtues, and calling upon them to take some interest in the political affairs of the country. I am a native of Maryland, have been living in Mississippi since my marriage in '61; am altogether Southern in my proclivities. More than a year since, I met with Mrs. Stanton's address before the Equal Rights' Association, and was so much struck with the reason and justice of her claims for women, besides being specially impressed by the ability and eloquence of the effort, that I at once became an earnest convert to the "Woman Cause," and since that time have done a vast amount of thinking, but little or no working. I must confess that I have often pondered how, in this matter, the women of the South would eventually be reached. The war has left their conditions so changed, that they have but little affection for the country or people, which permitted an invading army to despoil their homes and make them, as many of them are, wanderers upon the earth. This you will admit is at least natural, but how long-lived it may be will entirely depend upon the magnanimity of the triumphant party. I and mine have suffered also in the conflict, but I now feel reconciled, through the conviction that it is neither North nor South, but God who has done it all—that He has enfranchised the one class so that the enfranchisement of another and better class may more speedily follow—that

these are all links in a glorious chain, in the forging of which some must necessarily suffer, in order that all may be eventually elevated by the blessed reign of good men and good women.

But to return to our Southern women. We have little cause to feel affectionate to the North now, and yet if both would just resolve to let past issues go, and endeavor to make a new future for all, we would be much happier. Therefore I see no reason why some of our *Womans Rights'* papers should be filled with reflections on slaveholders, Southern rights and customs, or anything which tends to keep the flame alive. Let the advocates approach the Southern women in the manner you have done, and they cannot fail to make converts. Let them leave all allusions to past issues out of their appeals, know no Republican, no Democrat, but only the party who will pledge itself true to woman and her best interests.

Having such ardent admiration for Mrs. Stanton, I subscribed last Fall for the *Revolution*, and read it every week with unfeigned interest, but often find in these columns—otherwise so able and so calculated to inspire interest and zeal in the good cause—letters containing slurs upon the Southern people, which I have no doubt would be the means of preventing to a great extent the circulation of the paper in that country (*en-pasant*, whenever I have a number with no disagreeable allusions, I send it to my neighbor so that they may be converted also). For me it is nothing. I look upon this new gospel as the one that will unite the hearts of Southern and Northern women more closely than they have ever yet conceived. I was quite as much surprised as pleased to see your letter in the *Picayune*. I knew the editor to be one of the opposition. The few articles that have been written on the subject for that paper have all indirectly advocated this cause, while I have seen no article opposing it from a woman's pen, although your letter may call forth something of the kind (which I had just as soon see as not, as the opposition side is always to my honest convictions what infidelity is to Christianity). In fact the editor precedes you with a card, as you have doubtless seen, complimenting your effort but protesting against the supposition that the Southern women will ever go out of their imaginary spheres to dabble in the matter: I believe otherwise. The heaven is working, and let me tell you, once get them into the harness and you will have the most earnest, enthusiastic, indefatigable workers you can imagine; but of this be cautious as to how you go about it. It strikes me if you could once reach the minds of the literary women of the South, and get them individually interested, they would spread the gospel far and wide.

Send down such women as Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Livermore, or any true eloquent women who will leave the negro out of the question, and the day will be yours. I think if such women as Madame Le Vert, of Mobile; Mrs. Myra Gaines, of New Orleans; Mrs. Townsend, of North Carolina; Mrs. Sarah Dorsey, of Ashland, Texas Parish, La., and the literary women of the country, whose names may be found in *The Southern Writer*, were appealed to, that they would certainly lend an attentive ear first, and finally a hearty co-operation.

A. S. M.

This letter speaks for itself.

OUR WATERING-PLACE CORRESPONDENCE.

SARATOGA, July 26, 1870.

People of a naturally sober disposition will go to a minstrel exhibition, and laugh at the stale jokes and ridiculous antics of the sable troupe until the tears actually course down their cheeks. The same distortions of countenance and language would in any other place, and at any other time, excite only a feeling of indifference, not to say disgust, and fail to create even a smile. The real secret is, that people go to such places expecting to laugh and to be pleased, and, therefore, do laugh at and enjoy the absurd performance.

The same feeling governs those who visit our well-known summer watering-places, and they imagine they are having a splendid time, when they really are being imposed upon from morning until night, and from night until morning, and submit to all sorts of deprivations and discomforts that they would not tolerate an instant at home. I visited Saratoga during the great race week, which closed on the 21st inst., and, looking with a critical eye at the accommodations provided both on the route and at the hotels, take pleasure in giving my experience for the benefit of those who may follow in my footsteps as the season advances. In the first place, if you are a New Yorker, do not go to Saratoga by the People's Line of boats, described on the bills as "those floating palaces, the Drew and the St. John." The railroad is preferable for the following reasons: By the boats the expenses foot up as follows: Through fare to Saratoga, \$3 50; State room, \$2 50; supper and breakfast—making a very moderate estimate—\$2; and notwithstanding you have bought a through ticket, fare in a rickety stage from the boat landing at Albany to the depot of the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad 25c., the total expense footing up, \$8 25. Time occupied in traveling, sixteen hours. By the through Saratoga expresses on the Hudson River Railroad you can be comfortably seated at dinner at your hotel in Saratoga in less than six hours after leaving the city. The fare is \$4 50, to which must be added \$1 50 for a seat in a drawing-room car if you would go in style; the total expense by the car route thus being \$6, leaving a balance in its favor of \$2 25, to say nothing of the extra time con-

sumed. There is no expense for meals, as you leave New York in the morning after breakfast, and reach Saratoga just at the dinner hour. The cars are certainly much cooler than the close musty state-rooms on "the floating palaces," and the only point in favor of the boats is the dust on the railroad. In the drawing-room cars, however, with their patent ventilators and screens, the annoyance from this source is but slight, and hardly worth mentioning. The first imposition practised by the boat managers is their leaving the city at 6 o'clock in the evening, compelling the passengers to take their supper on board. They reach Albany at 4 o'clock in the morning, going at only moderate speed, and then lie at the dock three hours before the train leaves. They could just as well leave New York at 8 or even 9 o'clock in the evening and make their connections, and the traveling public would not have to purchase a miserable meal on board, and submit to extortionate charges for every item. The second imposition is the charge at Albany for a transfer by stage to the railway depot. Having sold through tickets to their passengers, the injustice of this little arrangement can be seen by every one at a glance. But enough of the routes and their advantages and disadvantages. Once at the Saratoga depot, and you find long lines of hotel stages drawn up awaiting passengers, and the different drivers extol the merits of the Clarendon, Congress, Union, Columbian, and many other establishments of less note. Jumping into the Congress Hall "bus," in three minutes you are at your destination, and are met in the doorway by either Messrs. Hathorn or Breslin, who are always at hand to receive their guests. A room under the piazza is, of course, preferable, but as these are the choice apartments, and are engaged early in the season, a room on one of the upper floors, looking to the west, is the next best choice. Try these, you will get a fine breeze, and the elevator makes them as easy of access as is the second floor. The Grand Union Hotel across the way shuts off the western breeze from the lower apartments, and the upper floors will certainly be found the coolest. The table appointments will be found first-class and the food provided; the cooking and attention of the waiters will prove satisfactory in every respect. There is dancing in the parlors every evening, the music being furnished by a portion of Bernstein's famous band, while once a week a grand ball is given in the ball-room, when the ladies are expected to display their prettiest toilets, and the festivities are kept up until a late hour. An amusing circumstance occurred at a ball at one of the hotels last week. As is the custom, at 12 o'clock the waiters came filing in and served the dancers with claret punch and ice cream. The punch was good, but the cream was like the brine of the ocean, and the expression on the faces about the hall, as first one, and then another, took a good spoonful of the vile compound, was extremely funny. On the arrival of the New York train at 3 o'clock in the afternoon there is a grand rush for the New York papers, and the newcomers are generally astonished when they are called upon for a ten-cent stamp in exchange for a *World* or *Herald*. The newsboys have, however, only been imitating their superiors in a small way by getting up a regular corner, and the matter has been so nicely arranged that competition is defied; therefore, the New Yorker in Saratoga must fork over the dime, or do without his favorite morning paper.

The barbers, not to be behind their neighbors in the art of money-getting, charge fifty cents for hair cutting and twenty five for a shave, and a villainous shave it certainly is in every sense of the word. To have your boots polished in order, an expense of twenty-five cents, while darkies way-lay you on every street corner with broom in hand and brush you whether you will or no; and then want to be well paid for it. In fact one can hardly move without paying for the privilege, and extortion can only be avoided by putting on the sternest countenances and refusing decidedly friendly advances of all kinds.

The scene on the piazzas of the hotels after sundown is of the liveliest kind; the dresses of the ladies are elegant beyond description, and the dazzling brilliancy of diamonds meets you at every turn. Flirtations are in progress in every quiet window-seat, the air is delightfully cool and pleasant, while the myriad lights without and within make up a scene well worthy of fairy land.

Each of the principal hotels claims a large number of notabilities, and the committees of arrangements at the different hotels printed on the outside of the dancing programmes embrace every name familiar in the commercial and political world. At Congress Hall, Com. Vanderbilt is perhaps the observed of all observers. The old veteran sits in a large arm-chair on the north piazza all the afternoon, and dreamily pulling away at a "Partiga" is no doubt engaged in concocting some vast railway schemes or corner in stocks. Belmont and Helmbold are both across the way at the Union Hotel; the former greatly interested in racing matters, although he makes a visit to Congress Spring every afternoon, when the greatest crowd gathers there and partakes freely of the water. Helmbold rides a greater part of the day, and in the evening can be found in the parlors of the hotels, or around at Morrissey's club-house. Lord Woodhouse is claimed by the three principal hotels, and his name has been down on all the dancing programmes as one of the Committee of Arrangements. He seems to possess wonderful powers of locomotion also, as he was announced as at two balls two hundred miles apart last week. On Friday night he was at the ball at Congress Hall in Saratoga, and at a hotel hop at Long Branch, which place really enjoyed the favor of his Lordship's presence.

On Sunday the favorite resort of the gentlemen is "Mor-

ris," where, as they inform their wives, sisters or lady-loves, they go to enjoy the famous fried potatoes prepared there. Somehow or other, however, when once at the lake, sherry cobbles or "Heidsieck" take the place of the potatoes, and the reports of the excursionists on their return are somewhat mixed although they all agree that the potatoes are splendid. More anon. "OLD CHALK."

FROM RICHMOND.

RICHMOND, VA., July 22, 1870.

MESDAMES WOODHULL & CLAFLIN:

There is nothing which delights the cynic more than when Justice Shallow or Dogberry or Bumble the Beadle parody the Chief Justice in Henry the Fourth, and travesty the austere demeanor of the dignitaries and officers of the law; or when some country magistrate justifies the remark of Sam Weller, that these gentlemen "commit themselves quite as often as they do any one else."

The illegal or at least unconstitutional action of the House of Representatives in committing Pat Woods to jail for three months, and in constituting itself into a petty police court by way of upholding the dignity of that body, is so ludicrous as to guard (through the popular contempt with which it is regarded) against the probability that any precedent will be established by this extravagant and arbitrary proceeding.

On the one hand, almost at our own doors, we see inoffensive American citizens killed or wounded in Cuba simply for wearing blue neck-ties, and others massacred for equally simple offences—we see a United States Consul obliged to fly for his life, leaving his property to be plundered—we see United States citizens confined in jail without trial both in Cuba and in San Domingo, and a United States shipmaster obliged, in the harbor of Havana, to take refuge on board a British gun-boat; while an English lady wears her blue ribbon in the streets of the same city without fear, and while a British Admiral sends fourteen marines and a middy and takes a British subject out of prison. Yet this Congress met, sat, deliberated and adjourned without taking one practical step to make a derelict Executive redress these public and private wrongs or exact satisfaction for these insults to the nation which that Congress ought to represent.

But when a drunken brawl takes place out of the District of Columbia, in which an honorable carpet-bagger gets kicked in reverse and his eye "banged out" by an intoxicated Irish rowdy, who besides whipped the Hon. M. C.'s friend and his own friend for interfering, it is argued and assumed that the whole House of Representatives and through that body the whole of this great nation's dignity has been black-eyed and kicked, and, stretching like a piece of India-rubber the prerogative claimed by Congress of protecting its members from molestation outside for words spoken inside its halls or in proceeding to or from them, the House inflicts on him a severe punishment for an offence in which neither of these principles were involved.

The idea seems to be to make the persons of Congressmen everywhere and at all times sacred like that of majesty, and to be inspired by the consciousness that the diminishing respect which so many of their number command must be bolstered up by pains and penalties.

The serious aspect which the matter presented has been lost in the broad farce of the discussion, the trial, the sentence and its consequences. The hilarity which the remarks made occasioned would have rendered any grave action in the affair impossible but for an attempted defence by the Hon. Mr. Eldridge. ("Save me from my friends!") This gentleman in a lugubrious voice read a very prosy speech of an hour's duration, which sent some of his own party to sleep and scattered the others, and thus the other side obtained an "inning" which enabled them to send Pat for three months to jail, instead of back to this place to be dealt with as he ought to have been.

Pat Woods is a broth of a boy, whose habitat is about the market here in Richmond; they say there is no harm in him except Donnybrook Fair proclivities when he takes too much of the *cratur*. Of course his conduct was very wrong, especially as he was a newly-made policeman, and no doubt the Richmond authorities would have been severe enough upon him if left to them.

The injudicious action of Congress has elevated him from an obscure rowdy into political distinction. Never did he dream of such an honor as being brought to the bar of the House. His sentence has made a martyr of him. It appears that he was a soldier in the Confederate army and a brave one, which nobody knew before, and of course he is a *Fayzian*. Therefore, it is argued, he is persecuted. He is safe now to be elected to Congress from Virginia, probably in the place of Porter. If B. F. Butler's amendment had been accepted, incarcerating him till the 4th of March, he would have been sent to the Senate by way of protest.

The assault, it appears, arose out of Pat Woods inviting the Hon. Porter to take a drink, sometime about the small hours of the morning. This hospitable offer was refused in a manner which Pat deemed offensive, and resented with reprehensible vehemence. Pat did not reflect that the honorable member having been in jail in Virginia rendered his being seen in company with a policeman a delicate matter and which might have led to injurious suppositions.

It is reported that Pat now says that "things as come to a pretty pass when a gentleman can't ask an M. C. up to the bar of a public house without being himself hauled up to the

bar of the House of *Rips* and imprisoned;" and, by the way, honorable members are beginning to apprehend that the impression will get abroad that it is contempt of Congress to invite an M. C. to imbibe, which in its results will prove very inconvenient.

Pat says further that "his friends always told him that he should let spirits alone and stick to beer, and now he has followed their advice he has got into *trouble* by meddling with *mane* Porter." It is also related that after the House had vindicated its dignity by sentencing Pat Woods, an honorable member wished to have arrested an unknown delinquent who had several times that morning insulted him by grimacing or "making faces" at him. On pointing out the individual, it turned out to be Gen. S—, of the Treasury Department. The Hon. M. C. was informed that this was the General's normal expression of countenance; that no contempt was thereby intended either to him or to the House, and was finally satisfied with the explanation when the General's portrait was exhibited to him on a fractional currency note.

TRAVELER.

FERNANDO WOOD.

Blood will tell and pluck will make its mark all over the world and in every age. The distinguished man whose familiar name stands at the head of our column is a striking example of these truisms. Fernando Wood was born poor, and was forced to climb the hill of difficulty through many years of his young life. But indomitable will, inflexible purpose, a high aim and an honest endeavor never yet failed of success of some kind, and, when they are united to talent and genius, their possession is sure to make the man of mark in every period of the world's existence.

If we measure social position by the wealth of the individual, we would be forced to say that Fernando Wood won his way from the lowest to the highest social rank. But if we admit that we cannot breed racers from cart-horses, pointers from mastiffs, nor soldiers from cowards, and that ladies are ladies and gentlemen are gentlemen under all reverses of fortune, then we would record that though adverse circumstances overshadowed our hero's family up to the period of his birth in 1812, they were to the manor born and entitled to all the position their descendant's wealth now secures himself and his children.

Henry Wood, the paternal ancestor of Fernando, was one of those Quakers who in 1650, fled during the stern period of the Protectorate in England from his native land to New England. Here he found that the Puritan idea of religious liberty was a freedom to believe their own narrow dogmas, but nothing more. Baptists and Friends found no mercy under the shadow of Plymouth Rock. "*Quakers, Ranters and other notorious heretics*" were banished from the Pilgrim-paternal realm by laws which forbade their stay under penalty of imprisonment, cropped ears, whipping or having their tongues bored through with a hot iron. From such laws Roger Williams fled to Rhode Island, and Henry Wood, the sturdy Quaker shipbuilder, took a sloop which he owned, and escaping with his wife and sons, steered south-west ward, and, doubling Cape May, landed where the winds and waves had waited him, on the banks of the Delaware River, not far from the present site of Camden, New Jersey.

Here he settled, naming his possession Peashore, and here were born and bred the ancestry of Fernando Wood, and here are found at the present day the graves of his forefathers. Lower down the Delaware, the family name is perpetuated in the town of Woodbury, New Jersey, which was settled in 1713 by Isaac Wood, one of the numerous Wood family.

Time rolled on, and though the Wood family wore the broad-brimmed hats and cultivated the peaceful sentiments of the Society of Friends, yet when the war of the Revolution broke forth, several members of the family aided in the struggle, either by girding on the sword or rendering aid and sympathy to the rebels. As might be expected, these chivalric deeds and sentiments did not contribute to the pecuniary resources of the family, and the cloud of poverty under which our hero and his brothers and sisters were born began to lower on the descendants of Henry Wood. Still it did not reach its entire decadence until after the death of Fernando Wood's father and during the widowhood of his mother.

It is remarkable that the ancestry of Mr. Wood on both sides were fighting Quakers. His mother was a Miss Lehman, a descendant of that German, General Lehman, whose name is linked with those of Wallenstein and Tilly. His son, Henry Lehman, the father of Mrs. Wood, emigrated as a Quaker to America before the Revolution, settled near Woodbury, and, like Henry Wood, threw off his broad-brimmed hat and Quaker coat to assume the rebel uniform in the war for the independence of the States, in 1776. But 'tis the man, not his ancestry, from whose history we hope to point a moral while amusing a leisure hour.

Americans love to boast that their great men, their men of mark, spring from the masses and work their way up from the bottom rung of the social ladder. It is a proud boast, a noble ambition. An ambition to make the lives of great men remind us we can make our lives sublime, be our origin ever so lowly. And to the fullest extent is this wish and sentiment of the national heart gratified in the story of Fernando Wood's career. He began in his native city, New York, at thirteen years of age, to earn his own support at a salary of two dollars per week, and rose gradually in a mercantile career, through the gradations of "boy," "clerk"

and "proprietor," until, at the age of twenty eight, we find him emerging from his obscurity, and taking his seat in Congress as a Representative elect from the city of New York. He was at this time a man of wealth, a ship owner and successful merchant, and a man of no mean acquirements, though almost entirely self-educated. He had been an acceptable contributor to the journals of the day, and as much respected by men of intellect as he was growing in popularity with the masses. Though the youngest man in Congress in 1840, we find him associating with such men as Clay, Webster, John Q. Adams and R. M. T. Hunter, and respected for his fearless utterances and modest but firm adherence to his opinions and principles. He first attracted the attention of his colleagues by the successful perseverance with which he advocated an appropriation for an experimental trial of Morse's electric telegraph by that body. Professor Morse wished to run his wires along the railroad track from Baltimore to Washington, but Congress was incredulous and refused to believe the thing practicable. The appropriation was obstinately refused. But the indomitable young member fought bravely for the project. If he could not get a whole loaf, he was willing to take a half one. At last his importunity conquered, and he obtained permission to run telegraphic wires from the Committee-room of the House of Representatives to that of the Senate, a distance of about four hundred feet. So the practicability of conversing by lightning was proven, and to Fernando Wood is due the honor of having seen and appreciated the value of the invention and of obtaining the means for its first trial from Congress.

His speeches during his Congressional term on the Fiscal Bank of the United States, the Tariff, and the Navy Appropriation Bill and the Navy Report, stamped him at once as one of the leaders of that body. Immediately after he sat down after making his first speech, John Quincy Adams came to him, grasped his hand, and said: "Young man! when I am gone, you will be one of the foremost men in this country." We all know how the prophecy has been fulfilled.

The wonder was how so young a man, immersed in mercantile life and struggling through poverty to fortune, could have found time to store his mind with the forensic knowledge he displayed in those speeches and reports. He seemed as fully posted on the necessary financial and technical details as the oldest veteran present, and brought a judgment to bear upon those details that foreshadowed his future career.

At the commencement of this Congressional term, Mr. Wood was married to a daughter of the Hon. Joseph L. Richardson, of Auburn, N. Y., a lady who, singular to tell, was also a descendant of Quaker stock; so that Mr. Wood's children by this marriage can boast a lineal descent in three lines from the fugitives who fled from persecution's rage as the followers of John Fox and William Penn.

When Mr. Wood's term in office had expired, he returned to his mercantile pursuits in New York, and while laying the foundation of his immense fortune by successful merchandising and speculations in real estate, he did not fail to supply the defects of his early education by the most ardent application to study. He was laying the foundation, without being aware of it, for the great work he was eventually called to perform.

Never was there, perhaps, in Christendom a worse governed and policed city than New York was sixteen years ago, when, after the hotly-contested election of 1854, Fernando Wood was declared the victor over three other candidates. He was nominated when corruption in the city government was at its height, when nothing was safe, and when the public finances were controlled by the most unreliable of men. The daily papers teemed with accounts of murders, riots and burglaries. Complaints of official corruption, waste of public money, over-taxation and improper contracting were disregarded by those in power. The streets were filthy to a disgusting extent, pauper emigrants in myriads thronged our thoroughfares, a burden upon our charities or the prey of emigrant runners. When Fernando Wood was elected, order sprang out of the chaos. Reform was the watchword in every branch of the city affairs. He who knew so well how to conciliate and obtain the votes of the rude substratum of society, knew also how to control them.

It was as mayor of the city of New York that Mr. Wood won his greatest fame, and ran the gauntlet of his severest political storm. His name has been literally dragged through public mud, but never did a man bear the spattering with such a dauntless front to the enemy. His inaugural or first message to the City Council was as clear, able and manly as the communication condensing the various reports was complete and minute; while the remedies he proposed for clearing the Augean stables were so practical as at once to command their immediate adoption. What New York now is—the best policed, best lighted, cleanest and most moral city, according to size, in the world—is almost entirely owing to the master-mind whose genius undertook its municipal management in 1855. We owe to Fernando Wood our Central Park, the pride and boast of every New Yorker, the most elegant, delightful, instructive and beautiful pleasure-ground to which the democratic masses are admitted in the world. His re-election to the Mayoralty in 1856 showed the appreciation that all classes had of his services. It was during this term of office that his celebrated war with the Legislature for the control of the police drew down upon him the approbrium of his party and the press. Into the details of that police war we do not propose to enter. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Wood was sustained in the course which he pursued in resisting the law

which deprived him of the control of the municipal police, by the opinion of the ablest jurist of the New York bar, Charles O'Connor, although that opinion was not sustained by the decision of the Court of Appeals, before which the case was tried after the riot which occurred in consequence of Mr. Wood's resistance.

Party combinations threw him out of office until 1859. In that year he was returned to Congress as a representative from New York. In that momentous Congress he was the advocate of peace and adjustment if possible. Ever intensely independent, this advocacy, though on the unpopular side, did not prevent his re-election through each successive term till the present time. His last political contest was with the late lamented Henry J. Raymond, of the Times. Mr. Raymond had approved Mr. Wood's being invited to a seat in the National Convention which was held in Philadelphia at the close of the war. Mr. Wood had gone to Philadelphia without any intention or desire of securing a seat in that body. But Mr. Raymond, fearing that he had come with that expectation, volunteered to advise him "not to make an attempt to secure a seat, as none but loyal men were needed in that body." Mr. Wood, with that bland courtesy which distinguishes him, replied, "I neither expect nor desire a seat in the Convention, Mr. Raymond; but, to prove to you that I have the confidence of Northern men quite as much as yourself, I will run against you in your own district next fall, and defeat your election." He was true to his promise. In October he issued the following proclamation to the

NINTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT—12TH, 19TH AND 22D WARDS.
To the Electors of the Ninth Congressional District.

I present myself to you as a candidate for Representative in Congress.

I am not the nominee, nor shall I ask to be, of any party, faction or convention.

If elected, I shall be as independent as a Representative as I am independent as a candidate.

I would not accept a seat in Congress at this time obtained in any other way.

I desire the election as a popular rebuke to those who utter the malicious falsehood, that, during the war, I was a "rebel sympathizer" and disunionist; and also to be placed in an official position, where, unrestrained by partisan obligations, I may follow the dictates of my own judgment for the public good.

My guide will be the Constitution, as understood and explained by the Fathers of the Republic. On those other grave matters, which are not defined in that instrument, I shall favor a permanent disposition of the unsettled questions affecting the status of the Southern States and people, which shall forever remove all sectional or other differences. I want the principles determined by the war to be speedily recognized and conformed to, so that we may proceed to a serious consideration of the many other interests too long neglected, which vitally affect our prosperity. We have great national resources yet undeveloped, a heavy public debt to liquidate, a grievous burden of taxation to lessen, a devalued currency to redeem, our foreign and domestic commerce to enlarge, new enterprises to open and encourage, and the yet higher obligation to perform of reaching the position which the Almighty designed for us of being the first among the nations of the earth in Progress, Civilization, National Prosperity and Freedom.

FERNANDO WOOD.

NEW YORK, October, 1866.

The result is known to all.

There are two classes of public men. Those who are made prominent by favoring circumstances, party combination or the assistance of powerful and influential friends. Others who take their position by the force of their own individuality, and who, disdaining the aid of superiors or to court the fickle multitude, command both by their fearless independence and innate strength. To this latter class belongs Fernando Wood. There is one admission, though, that must be made by his warmest admirers. Like most self-made men, he is too much inclined to think his whole duty is performed in the accomplishment of his own success as an individual. Such men as Fernando Wood belong more to the world and the great public who need leaders and law-givers than to the domestic or social circle. God made them to serve their day and generation in the most extended public service. Self should be forgotten, and the sacrifice made for the general good should be as complete as that required of Abraham on Mount Moriah. Such a sacrifice never yet failed to meet its reward.

LIFE INSURANCE.

"The first sure symptom of a mind in health
Is rest at heart and pleasure felt at home."

It is in health and vigor that the mind and heart have free action, and that action, when properly directed, seeks the results and satisfactory reward in a happy home. Society, as it now is constituted, has so many requirements upon the head of the family that he is, with rare exceptions, kept busy in providing for the current wants and wishes of the various members of the household looking to him for everything. The man who, by constant industry, can accumulate money beyond his current wants, is an exception nowadays. The mechanic or the professional man who earns more than a respectable living, is indeed out of the ordinary current. If his income increases, so do his expenses, and when old age renders it burdensome for him to work, or if death should strike him down, there is no fund to fall back upon as a result of accumulation.

The merchant who, by happy accidents, may heap up a fortune in a day, is apt to lose it just as quickly. There is no surer basis than life insurance for most families in the absence of an invested fortune. The rest that it gives to the heart of an affectionate husband and father to know that, come what will, his family is provided for by a life or

endowment policy, is an ample compensation for the small amount of annual premiums to be saved from his income, and the pleasure of the feeling of safety which follows does perhaps more to prolong life and to render home happy than any other "domestic institution."

There is no light in which we can view life insurance under which it does not exhibit strong and powerful proofs of its benevolent character and happy results; and every wife or mother has reason to thank God that she lives in an age where, by trifling economy, she may enable her husband to provide for her children should death strike down her strong and loved one. Then may she feel rest at heart and pleasure in her home, and look at the future with confidence as she appropriates, from day to day, that that came to her from the loving hand of her husband as the *summa bonum* of his toil.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

The duty of the philanthropist is to point out the harmony of interests that exists between the extremes of the different grades that society consists of. There are a certain class of would-be reformers who make it their business to stir up strife and contention between these grades, and thus to separate their interests, and to make it appear that they are antagonistic. The number of the latter class as compared with the former gives them a preponderant influence, which, added to the real grievances existing, enables them to create considerable excitement and much imagined wrong, which has no foundation in fact. The laboring classes, being occupied by their labor, do not devote much time to the study of the circumstances that control their condition. They see that other classes fatten from their productions, and, without stopping to inquire why it is so, straightway conclude that they are the subjects of an oppressive power that desires to completely wrest the results of their labor from them, and to always keep them in the condition of virtual vassalage to it. This conclusion rouses the spirit of independence in the laborer, and he determines to redress his wrongs; he sets about forming combinations, having in view the control of wages and hours, not comprehending that the remedy lies deeper than these, or that these would regulate themselves, could the true cause of the condition they rebel against be reached and generally understood. While it is true that capital can never enslave labor to a degree that can be considered compulsory on the part of capital and unnecessary on the part of labor, it is equally true that labor cannot compel capital to its commands. Therefore both these methods of cure should be abandoned and preventive means be resorted to instead. And these it is our duty to point out.

The judicious architect, before pulling down the old structure, provides the material to at once replace it; in other words, he substitutes the new for the old, and in the process leaves no unnecessary interval, in which the fostered interests shall be left to the vicissitudes of anarchy. It is evident from the rapidly-spreading knowledge among the laboring classes, that they will soon demand some modifications in the forms and relations they sustain through them to society. Before breaking down by revolution the present organizations society exist in, and which would end in a period of anarchy, out of which better conditions might grow, the better conditions should be first considered, prepared and determined upon, and, by being thoroughly understood, should be substituted for the present by general consent, without society being compelled to pass through the anarchical period that succeeds all violent disruptions of present forms, whether in government, religion or society.

As society is constructed at present, it must look to legislation to produce forms and to enforce order through them, that society may observe in their operations the better results to them. Society expresses itself most powerfully through legislation. Public opinion is a force capable of many things, but is powerless to redress grievances or to institute the new and better for the old and decayed, unless it is directed by the formulas of law. All the energies of labor reform, then, should be directed to the main point, from which benefit to itself must spring. It should waste no time nor strength upon the minor issues, but concentrate all upon the one strategic point. And when this concentration is effected, it should not fritter away its strength by dealing with the contingencies of the present or in small expedients to enable us to dodge along, simply escaping shipwreck, to be again forced the next day, week or year, to the same expedients to escape similar shoals. Instead, it should direct all its capacities to substitute a new and better foundation, upon which a new and better superstructure of society can be reared. How shall such a work be begun?

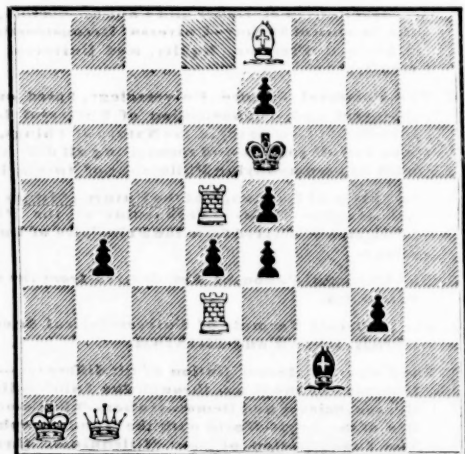
Legislation is the primary constructive point from which better conditions must emanate. The laboring classes then, must see to it that they are properly represented in legislation. Nor should they be deceived into the support of any who by bluster and tongue loudly proclaim themselves the champions of labor, without the understanding or the first principles that control the relations of labor to capital. Let it be set down, once for all time, that he who denounces capital as the oppressor is not the representative labor should choose to right its wrongs. In every community there are some who think a great deal and say little; these, as a general thing, are the antipodes of those who say a great deal and think little. Though the last are usually found floating about the surface of society, it is to the

first, society must look for that wisdom, judgment and executive ability that shall guide it to the desired harbor.

It should be the first duty of the labor interest, in each State or National district, to select and elect one from that class that has calmly observed the workings of present systems and who can show where the cause of existing ills lies. It is to the philosopher, and not to the politician, that the labor interest must turn its eyes, and though he be not smooth of tongue and glib of speech, he will lay such a foundation in law as will produce the conditions desired. Your present representatives, State and National, have shown themselves incompetent to the task you demand of them. Leave them to seek their level, and turn you to others who will not lose sight of your interests in the allotments place and power present. You cannot expect that those who are not of you can appreciate your wants or understand your conditions. Choose from among yourselves and you will not go far astray. There are, however, noble exceptions to this rule of decision. There are those who were reared in wealth whose hearts sympathize with you and who feel quite as keenly as you do the injustice you suffer. In these you will find your best advocates, but see to it that your suffrages are never, once again, worse than withheld. You are in the majority, and the fault is your own if you do not make use of the power you possess. Nominate and elect your own men; if your first choice fails you, try again, and continue trying, until the right man for the position is found; and when found, while holding him strictly accountable, give him your cordial support while he is true to your interests. Most who occupy position now feel compelled to yield principle to the demands of policy, in order to retain it. This must be remedied. None are fit to hold position who will sacrifice one iota of their conviction in order to retain it. Self-interest must be surrendered to those who fill the place, and for the time being it must act as the representative of them and not as its own. It cannot be too strongly insisted upon, nor too often repeated, that it is the first duty of the labor interest to look to it that our halls of legislation are filled by those who understand the true and the harmonious relations of labor and capital.

OUR CHESS DEPARTMENT.

PROBLEM No. 2.—By VICTOR GORGAS, of Hungary.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

ENIGMA No. 2.—By S. LORÉ.



White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 1. (L. von B.)

WHITE.
1. Q to Q B 3
2. R to K 5
3. Q mates
3. Q to Q 4 mates.

BLACK.
P to P (best)
If K to R
If B to R
If P to B 6

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA NO. 1.
WHITE.
1. R to K 4
2. Q to Kt 5 mate
2. Q to B P mate.

BLACK.
P to R
If K to R
If K to R

The following game was played recently in New York, between Capt. Mackenzie and Mr. Carrington:

(Two Knights' defence.)			
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mackenzie.	Carrington.	Mackenzie.	Carrington.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	9. P to Q 4	P to R 3
2. K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3	10. Castles	P to Q Kt 4
3. B to B 4	K Kt to B 3	11. B to Kt 3	P to Kt 5
4. Kt to Kt 5	P to Q 4	12. Kt to Kt 5	P to Kt 5
5. P to K 3	Kt to P (a)	13. B to Kt 5	B to Kt 3
6. Kt to B P (b)	Kt to Kt	14. K R to K sq	P to K R
7. Q to B 3 ch	K to K 3	15. R to K 3 ch	K to Q 3
8. Q Kt to B 3	Q Kt to K 2	16. B to K R 4	P to Kt 4

NOTES.

- The correct reply to white's previous move is Kt to Q R 4.
- This sacrifice usually wins the game and is considered sound.
- The mate is forced in the following manner:
17. R to K 5 ch K to Q R 5 19. R to Q Kt 5 ch K to R 3
18. B to Q R 4 ch K to Q Kt 3 20. Q to B mate.
If 17. K to E 3
18. R to Q 4 ch 19. K to E 4

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1. The Universal Government of the Future—to be the United States of the World—The Pantarchy.
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4. The Universal Science—Universology, based on the discovery and demonstration of Universal Laws, inherent and necessary in the Nature of Things, permeating all spheres and reconciling all differences; with its accompanying Philosophy of Integralism.
5. The Universal Language of the Future—Alwato (Ahl-wah-to)—The Future Vernacular of the Planet based on and derived from the Principles of Universology.
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UNIVERSAL GOVERNMENT.

In consideration of the tendency of things toward the consolidation and centralization of the Governments of the earth, what is the manifest duty of the present? We take it to be the diffusion of knowledge of the principles upon which such a general Government could exist. It would be useless—it would be inconsistent—to assert that there will come a time when there will be but one system of Government upon the face of the earth, and at the same time advance local, sectional, or even national policies. It is consistent only to advocate those principles regarding all the vital interests of the people that would be mutually advantageous and acceptable to everybody everywhere. The framework of a universal Government must consist of principles that will admit of a world-wide application. All the present policies of all nations are in conflict with universal principles, and herein lies the chief difficulty. To convince a people that whatever is for the best interests of all people is best for the individual representatives, requires time, patience and a persistent presentation of comprehensive, philosophic and scientific truth in the face of an opposition which arises out of narrow-minded, sectarian bigotry or that spirit of conservatism which never admits anything until it has been demonstrated and the world has, by its acceptance of it, given it its seal of authority. With all the opposition that could be arrayed against the spread of universal principles, the diffusion of them would not be a difficult task, could those men who are fully convinced of their truth and their ultimate inevitable promulgation be united in the work. There are very many who occupy commanding positions and

who wield vast power and influence who do not feel strong enough within themselves to come boldly and independently forth as champions of this cause. "The Press" most of all—and most strangely, too, of all—fear to touch the subject, lest it may prove too strong food for their weak-stomached and weaker-brained readers. "The harvest has come and the laborers are few;" but though few they be, we have flung our banner to the breeze, determined to stand by it ourselves and to rally to its support all who dare "come out" and say what they think and feel and know to be the truth. Names amount to but little: it is only essential that they indicate somewhat the purpose in view. The essential thing is the truth involved; whether the view taken is legitimate; this having been ascertained, the form it is clothed in is proportionately immaterial. We have no selfish purposes to maintain, hence our columns will be open to all who may advocate and approve or who may criticize and condemn. If we find able advocates, or those who have special capacities for special departments of the work to be accomplished, they will always be heartily acknowledged as our co-workers. To this broad platform we attach but one qualification: we have no space nor patience to withdraw from "the cause" to devote to any who have a personal cause to advocate for special personal ends.

Such interests as the general good of the general whole involves will alone receive support: nevertheless, to do this well, "heads and parts" will be required. There can be no body except there be a head and parts, which while they do not exist specifically for themselves, but for all other parts, do nevertheless have special distinctive and important functions to perform, which renders them greater or less as individual members. Thus the head of any body, though the most important part of the body, would be utterly useless, lacking the parts, and in this sense the parts are equally essential with the head.

We state this thus specifically so that none may have occasion to waste their time and strength in thinking or in endeavoring to prove our object is less or more than what "our fundamental propositions" involve; or that we have yet relinquished any part of the position or responsibility we assumed in first presenting THE WEEKLY to the world. We have continually presented through its columns, in the form of argument, what has been condensed into leading propositions, each one of which arises out of the one great fact of a common humanity—and we use this in its broadest significance. When we say "Our fundamental propositions" we say it with direct and special reference to a common humanity, and seek to express them in such terms as will include all their interests, but with no assumption of individual importance therein.

It may, perhaps, be thought that we have undertaken a thankless task; nevertheless we have undertaken to demonstrate that universal government is the only legitimate result of the governmental order of the universe, and that all philosophical deductions and scientific analysis go to support the proposition. We repeat what has been said before, that it should be the ambition of the American people to begin the constructive part of the work—to lay the corner-stone of the foundation of what shall be a Universal Government; and we shall have accomplished our work if through our efforts this shall be begun by the True Democracy of the United States.

NAPOLEON'S OPPORTUNITY.—Perhaps there never lived until now a person who had it within his power to be of so much advantage to the world and to do the people of future Europe so much benefit as Louis Napoleon. We cannot always determine with exact justice what actuates those who hold power and position, and it may be just possible that those who have a grudge against him may have erred in attributing to him the desire for despotic sway over all he might be enabled to conquer by the French nation. His late action regarding what he knew the nation would demand of him stamps him one of the most sagacious statesmen of modern times, and in the present complications may it not be possible that he foresees the coming of events that the general mind has not caught sight of, and in this foresight takes "the time" again by the forelock while it is yet in his power to control them. Should the powers of Europe combine to exterminate "The Bonapartes" as they did in 1815, there is one avenue by which he might not only escape destruction himself and preserve the integrity of France, but immortalize both himself and the nation he governs. Let him declare for an European Republic and he will at once disarm his most potent enemies and make them feel that their safety lies not in the direction of attempting his destruction. Before monarchies could crush him the entire Democracy of Europe would rally to his standard, and the thrones that now think his ruin certain would themselves see the destruction they are preparing for him staring them in the face, and they would pale before the approaching storm.

THE SEX OF THE MIND.

Everybody thinks that everybody else is just like themselves. A very wise old friend of ours used to say: "There is as much difference in folks as there is in anybody." Everybody thinks that facts come to their knowledge just as they come to the knowledge of all others; that they use the same facilities in obtaining them; that they see and know things just as others, and all others, see and know them.

Now the truth is very different from all this. Nature is never so monotonous—never so partial and piecemeal. She is always infinitely varied, complete, integral, constituting her Unity out of Infinite Variety. Her methods for the variation of any theme or department of being are unlimited in number; but, primarily, they are always two. Everything when it begins to fall into Variety or Complexity begins by a single cut or division into two parts, corresponding with halves. Duality is after Singleness—next after it, and before Plurality. All the early languages have, accordingly, a Singular, a Dual and a Plural Number. The words "both," "either," "neither," "each," referring to two, and not more, are a remnant in English Grammar of the old Grammatical Dual Number. Duality, Polar Oppositeness, or direct antagonism, is everywhere the first or elementary form of Differentiation. Such, then, is the Significance of Sex—for the first time so scientifically defined. Plato had an intuition of this truth—not a scientific or intellectual perception of it—when he said that the man and the woman are the opposite hemispheres of a sundered sphere, and are for that reason perpetually seeking their opposites, as the complementary parts of their own existence.

It is a great step in the direction of the final and satisfactory settlement of all questions touching the equality, the rights, and the mutual relations of the sexes, to gain a clear scientific perception of the nature of sex—of what the French would call its *raison d'être*—the cause in the nature of things of this fundamental phenomenon in the constitution of all organized beings. Science has heretofore failed to account for it. But Science must and will, and, indeed, does now, for the first time, satisfactorily account for it, in the principle just stated—that the first and fundamental differentiation in all things not merely is, but must be, oppositeness of polarity, or an Antithetical Reflection of one Primitive Type of being by its counterpart.

The Unity first breaks into Duality and afterward into Manifoldsness. Indeed, the most fundamental antithesis is that between the Unity and the Duality (Unism and Duism): but the next, and that which we are now considering, is that which occurs between the two halves or parts of the Duad—the two yoke-fellows of the Span.

It is science only, and precisely this analytical and abstract kind of science, which can ever settle woman's rights, or any other rights. Arrogance and assumption on the one hand and vixenish scolding and defiance on the other hand will not do it. All reform will at an early day resolve itself into pure science. Sociology will fill the void left by the declining, fruitless agitation, of which the world tires already; fruitless, not absolutely, not that nothing is accomplished, but that the satisfactory finality will be attained only when science shall have pronounced its verdict on the subject.

Humanity has, therefore, primarily, its two parts or natures, and these are the two sexes.

Just so Thought or Knowledge, in the midst of an infinite variety of shades of character, has primarily two modes or types of being. There are, in other words, two radically different ways in which people come into the possession of the knowledge they possess. These are distinctively Intellect and Intuition; but as the former is more characteristic of man and the latter of woman, they may be called the *Man's* and the *Woman's* way of knowing things.

The two main types or orders of human mentality are the male type and the female type respectively; and this is the fountain head of all minor discriminations of individuality. Men and women never come at their knowledge, even of the same subject, in the same way. They never completely understand each other; and it is this very impossibility of an exhaustive mutual comprehension that makes them so mutually attractive. Whatever we know completely ceases, in a measure, to interest us.

There is, then, sex of the mind, as really and as truly as there is sex of the body. A fundamental part of the apparent differences between the sexes in this respect is no accident of education—no transitory condition—but the very basis of their being. Let not the zealous advocate of woman's rights or woman's equality think it necessary to establish any identity of mental organization between man and woman, other than in the common characteristics of humanity. It is rather their difference of character which establishes their equality of rights; of the right especially to individual freedom to determine the conditions of life appropriate to each. It is precisely because they cannot judge for each other—being radically different—that each sex must be left free to judge for itself.

It is not that woman is without intellect, nor that man is without intuition. Both are endowed with both, and perhaps, in an absolute sense, in an equal degree. But they come at their knowledge through different avenues, or by traveling, as it were, in different directions. Man betakes himself naturally, or in the first instance, to intellectual reflection, and arrives at his intuition finally; woman, just as naturally, decides the matter first, intuitively, and argues the case afterward. They begin their investigation at opposite ends of the stick.

We cannot in the space of a newspaper article discuss philosophically the precise nature of intellect and intuition. They will be best understood, popularly, by just that sexual difference we are here describing, as the man's way and the woman's way of knowing things. They are not, however, merely characteristic of the two sexes. While the lead of the intellect is more characteristic of the male mind, and that of the intuition of the female mind, yet among men and among women the same distinction repeats itself. There are men who are intuitional in predominance, and women intellectual in predominance, for that sex—womanly-minded men and manly-minded women, without detriment to the appropriate characteristics of their sex. Nature intended, also, this very complexity of variety; but this is only a graceful leaning in either sex toward the mental type of the other sex. If it goes so far as to discord with the ideal we entertain of the true type, male and female, we have the womanish man and the manish woman. The terms *manish* and *womanish* are almost the opposites of *manly* and *womanly*, when applied to the opposite sexes from those from which the words are derived. It is hardly less than a very high compliment to say: That a woman has very manly attributes, or of a man: That he is as tender as a woman; but *manish* and *womanish* carry the uncomplimentary, if not the positively bad sense.

It is a point of no little importance to a true Psychology and Sociology, then, to plant firmly in the popular understanding the fundamental idea that there is Sex of the Mind; that, in other words, the woman of to-day is not an undeveloped man, but an undeveloped woman merely; as man is also undeveloped, relatively, to a true and typical ideal manhood.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

THE PRESS—THE PEOPLE—CONGRESS.

During the vacation "the press" of the country cannot be better employed than in the discussion of what the next Congress should do. If the entire press of the country—or the most influential part of it—would unite upon certain principal points and would *continually* press them upon the attention of the people, Congress could not pass them over with indifference. True, Congress enacts all laws, but "the press" is a mightier power than Congress, and can force it in any proper direction, provided it is itself united. "The press," besides possessing the power to control Congressional legislation, also has that of leading the people to a comprehension of political principles and to the adoption of lines of policy indicated thereby; and in occupying this position may well be considered the directing power that guides the "ship of state." There are certain demands the country had upon Congress which were passed by with indifference, not to say contempt, by the Congress just closed. All these and all others that may require attention should be constantly pressed upon the people, and the duty of Congress in the premises plainly pointed out. Should the present condition on the Continent ultimate in a general war, as it is very probable it may, there will arise such subject matter for legislation as will open the avenues to "our country's opportunity" and the way for the display of the profoundest statesmanship that can be based in general principles of constructive civilization. Let "the press" of the country prepare the way.

SOLON was never wiser than when he proposed that the sexes should exercise together in the gymnasium, and we of the present can give evidence of as great wisdom by removing those barriers wherewith the foolish prejudices of successive generations have blocked our paths. Yet for this there is no need of a gymnasium merely. We say let men and women possess that mutual knowledge which can only be acquired by constant intercourse in the daily duties of life. Everything points to this course as the only one really calculated to relieve the chief woes of humanity. Look at the miseries of the generality of married lives. What conduces to these so much as the ignorance which most girls have of men? A boarding-school miss thinks Signor Fascinati a god and elopes with him. A year has not passed when she discovers him to be a rogue. Had she seen more of her hero before she linked herself with him to endure misery for life, she would have known that his brains were shallow and his debts were deep. Of course there is always one way of escape for her—a lover and the divorce court; but this would not be needed if the unfortunate could only have made the acquaintance of her husband before she married him.

THE WAR.

American sympathies, except where German influences interfere with public sentiment, are, for the most part, in favor of France. There has been always a disposition to see "a smart man," in Louis Napoleon since his accession to the Presidency in 1851, and this epithet carries weight with American favoritism. Bismarck, however, has arisen to dispute the supremacy in "smartness" with him, and the iron will and incontestable ability with which that great statesman has broken in the minor powers of Germany until they are but instruments in his hand, cannot but command admiration, even from those who withhold sympathy and approval. But it would seem that while Napoleon, dating his point of departure at the *coup d'état*, has advanced step by step, lifting the one foot only when the other is firmly planted, to a recognition of the right of the people to express their opinion, Bismarck's vast combinations, since his accession to power, have been for the express end of strengthening and consolidating the kingly personal rule. Their several territorial acquisitions—France, of Savoy; Prussia, of Holstein—are questions of no significance to Americans. To Americans, also, it is perfectly immaterial whether the French political boundary be defined at the Rhine or not. The principles on which the Government is based are of far more importance to us. We do not believe that the submission to the public vote of important political changes resulted in a pure, unbiassed expression of the public opinion. Every effort was, of course, made by the Government of France to procure a satisfactory response that would confirm its own position. But that is a practice not absolutely unknown to American freemen in its own administrative procedure. In Napoleon, a ruler upheld on the shields of his legions, it was of enormous significance that he should recognize the right of the nation to approve or condemn. He made them his judges; and though he may have done all in his power to sway their verdict, the verdict still remains as the voice of the people. Bismarck, on the other hand, has labored for the direct aggrandizement of Prussia. His theory of German unity was, the family group of German States, of which Prussia was to be the centre, the arbiter and the executive force. To compass this great design, Bismarck, with the self-reliance of a great soul, has sought no compliances. If princes assented, well—if not, they were constrained in his iron grasp. The people's will was of no account; their weight in the balance was lightness itself.

Thus, then, the conflict is one in which we may see the struggle of two opposing political principles—liberalism being the creed of the military dictator and adventurer, conservatism the doctrine of the noble and the royalist. That Count von Bismarck is honest, no impartial man will deny. His belief in a nation's strength is bound up in—loyalty to—the King, who holds his great office by divine appointment, and morally answerable at the divine tribunal. Whether Louis Napoleon's liberalism be of expediency or of principle is not very important. It is there. He is at least consistent. And his policy, while consulting the general opinion of mankind, has raised his own nation from the mire of contempt to be a ruler and a lawgiver.

What the issue of this battle of gods and titans may be it is perfectly presumptuous to suggest. As probably as anything, having tried each other's mighty strength, they may quit the contest as they commenced. But any great successes gained by France would be viewed with jealousy by European powers. Any serious reverses would end the dynasty of Napoleon III., by provoking the impatience of the French people. On the other hand, much as we hear of German enthusiasm, the antipathy of Germans (other than Prussians) to France, or their new attachment to Prussia is not so absolute as to be an element susceptible of accurate calculation. Prussian reverses would probably result in German disgusts and a remodeling of the Confederation, with other issues, may take place.

If war be the last argument of kings, revolution is the easy remedy of people, during this century at all events. When the earth quakes, it is very sure that many landmarks will be removed.

That the war will be enormously destructive is sure. But that such destruction will make it decisive is by no means assured if the fortunes of the strife should be fluctuating. A couple of great defeats would probably ensure a march on either capital, but even that might not be conclusive against Prussia, though it would be to Napoleon.

FLIRTING AND FREE TRADE.—Some one (a man) asserts that flirting is to marriage what free trade is to commerce. Now, we dare differ. Viewed from a moral point, flirtations too often inspire that freedom of principle, which, in its turn, becomes a stepping-stone to no less an abomination than free love. So, now, if men propose to teach women morality with any success whatever, they should not advance assertions which only strengthen the very evils they pretend to decry.

THE SITUATION OF EUROPE TOWARD FRANCE.

Few movements in history have been so impressive as this interval between the declaration of war between France and Germany and the painfully-expected hour when the great armies shall meet in the shock of battle. It is not that there is anything intrinsically more exciting or terrible about this expected battle than others famous in history. But the distinguishing feature of the present situation is that for the first time the whole civilized portion of the world is, as it were, immediate spectator of the great deeds that are in progress. Never before have the eyes and ears of all intelligent mankind been so riveted on a theatre of war. The conscience and judgment of mankind at large seem to be as actively and hotly engaged in the moral struggle which accompanies and underlies this war as are the belligerents themselves in the hard, material fighting which has to be done. Late inventions bring thus the whole of the vital moral force of mankind to a focus when any great public events are in progress. And no intelligent person can fail to see how this heightens and deepens the interest that attaches to war above all other things. Neutrality is evidently a quite different thing to what it used to be before the new electric bonds were devised that bring all peoples of the world so closely together. This is a powerfully modifying force in current history. Statesmen take but little cognizance of it, but it tells with enormous weight in favor of the moral progress of humanity. The French Emperor did not calculate, we may suppose, for example, upon that almost unanimous burst of execrating disapproval with which his policy has been greeted by the press of the world. The great poet speaks of the man who has a just quarrel in being thrice armed. Surely, in a similar sense, we may pronounce that leader and nation as being perilously weakened who feel that the sentiment of united civilization is bitterly against them. We may depend upon it, that all that is truly intelligent and conscientious in France, in the army and out of it—small portion of the community as that is—hopes but little good and fears all evil to come from this most unhallowed war.

The question of apportioning aright the blame of war between two States is usually one of much difficulty. But in this case there is really no room for doubt or hesitation. There is one fact which has been asserted without contradiction, and which is really decisive on this point, proving to something like absolute demonstration that the Frenchman had determined to fight in any case. It is a fact so astounding and constitutes so bad a breach of all rules of international courtesy and prudence, that were it not for the fact that the Emperor's Government has silently admitted the charge, one would hesitate to believe it. The only written document received by the Prussian Government from the French Government, from the commencement of the difficulty to the outbreak of hostilities, was the *declaration of war*. Magnificent as has been in former days the impudence of France, this may be fearlessly pronounced the most impudent of her international proceedings. But it results from this fact in the clearest manner that all the talk about demanding guarantees from Prussia against the renewal of a Hohenzollern candidature for the Spanish throne was the merest wind. Had there been any seriousness in the proposal—had it been susceptible of being put into a proper shape for the consideration of the Prussian Government—had it in fact been anything but a torch for firing the French temper, it would have been put into proper written form. A proposal so framed might have been seriously treated. But were verbal gossiping demands for guarantees not formulated and probably incapable of regular formulation into a treaty or written engagement, these were mere pretexts for creating confusion and working out a foregone conclusion. The fact that these demands had never been reduced to writing illustrates even more forcibly the gross insolence of the French Ambassador in insisting upon a hearing of them by the Prussian King in the public room at Ems. What was the old monarch to discuss? All history may be racked to discover any such instance of bad faith and bad taste combined as the French action immediately before this war. And verily they will have their reward.

But this bad faith and bad taste are evils inveterate and chronic with the Government of the diseased conspirator who has held France down for twenty years. The most exciting event of the last week has been the publication, by the *Times* of London, of the treaty proposed by the Emperor to Prussia, according to which he was to be allowed to annex the Rhine provinces of Prussia as well as Belgium to the Empire, guaranteeing to Prussia her late acquisitions, an arrangement which was to be secured by an offensive and defensive alliance between the two crowns. The publication of the treaty, as might have been expected, has raised a storm of indignation in England. It is bitterly mortifying to the English Government and people to find that the French Emperor has thus been conspiring against their country while ostensibly maintaining friendship and alliance. The integrity and independence of Belgium England is so pledged to maintain that it would be impossible for her to allow them to be assailed without either defending them or being branded with indelible infamy and dishonor. It now appears that this good friend of England has been endeavoring to absorb Belgium to the prejudice of this his ally, and to create an irresistible military combination against her. Had the Prussian Government listened to these nefarious proposals, a fine mine would have been

sprung on Great Britain. Some fine morning this accord would have been proclaimed, and French troops would have marched into Belgium and the Rhine provinces; while England would have been driven to the alternative of submitting silently to an outrage which would thus have reduced her to complete insignificance in the world, or of fighting the united armies and navies of France and Germany.

These proposals were quietly rejected by Prussia. Indeed, what other result could possibly have been expected by anybody except a French ruler crazed by his own perpetual frauds and equivocations, and disabled, as such tyrants always are disabled, from reading the signs of popular progress and national development. The whole course of the Emperor shows how utterly unable he is to grasp the meaning of the Prussian position and of the German temper and destinies. He inherits in this the blundering folly of his uncle. Nothing is more curious throughout the whole correspondence of the First Napoleon than his contemptuous indifference to, and ignorance of, the temper and tendencies of the great German people. He despised them so heartily and so stupidly that he could never bring himself even to suspect that they might rise against his tyrannical conquest of them and destroy him. His nephew is just as unable to gauge their temper and understand their fixed purposes in this day. The whole power and position of Prussia depend upon her sincere championship of the national cause of Germany. Had it been even possible for her to listen for a moment to the suggestion that she should alienate to France the German Rhine provinces, she would not be holding the position she now does as the leader and candidate of the German people. Truly, those whom God wishes to destroy, He first deprives of reason. By what extravagance of self-deception was that hid from the French Emperor and his advisers which everybody in Europe knows well enough, that old William of Prussia would rather die a thousand times than allow a single mite of German territory to be ceded to France? Hence France fell into the snarl which we now see. The astute Bismarck brought it about that the French Government reduced these burglarious proposals to writing. They were then peremptorily declined, leaving in the hands of the Prussian Government a terrible weapon, most legitimately acquired, to use against France when the right moment should come.

Apparently it has come. England knows now what she might have known all along had she listened to many warning voices, that she has been all along the dupe of the Emperor in her alliance with him. She may now thoroughly understand that the Empire has no vent except in foreign conquest and military action. That the French Empire covets Belgium and if violence can do it will have Belgium, is now as clear as the noon-day sun. Therefore England is driven to consider whether it would be prudent to take the rest of Germany, being overpowered in the struggle with the certainty in that event, of having to fight France single-handed to protect Belgium or abandon that kingdom to her own eternal infamy. In this point of view, certainly it would seem the dictate of the most common prudence to join Prussia and Germany in the war. And there would be no doubt of this were not the Government of England in the hands of devoted, even fanatical adherents of peace. The dispatches which narrate the scene in the House of Commons on Monday night, tell us how Mr. Gladstone replied to questions concerning the ominous French treaty with pale face and stammering lips. This pallor, that stammering, are but too easily explained. Mr. Gladstone is, more than any other English statesman, responsible for the success of the French Emperor's fifteen years intrigue to keep down English spirit by a sham alliance and commercial concessions. He sees now the foolish part which the Frenchman has made him play. He sees that he may be obliged to change the whole tenor of his policy from that of peaceful progress and indifference to international struggles to that of active belligerency, or else disgrace his country and his administration in the eyes of the civilized world. It is impossible not to pity the agony which this sensitive and susceptible statesman must be suffering. But it is equally impossible not to regard it as a just punishment in some measure for a long course of willful self-deception concerning the aims of the French Emperor and the inevitable tendencies of the French Empire. For years has the English Government been warned that the friendship with France rested on a hollow basis which would give way some day. For years it has been again and again pointed out that the Emperor must wage war and win territory; that, in the long run, it would be seen that his throne was insecure unless he won back the whole Rhine Valley. Yet, the British government has always turned a deaf ear, and has cultivated the French alliance almost to the exclusion of other connections. But the decisive moment has come when the chastisement for this folly seems near. Had England allied herself offensively and defensively with Prussia to consolidate Germany, she might have avoided the calamity that is now upon her. As it is, there seems no alternative for her, save the disgraceful imprudence of letting her own duty toward Belgium be perilled on the success of the Prussian arms, or of joining Prussia forthwith. With wiser forecast, she might have gained all her objects peacefully. Now, she must fight, it would seem even, in her own despatch.

THE RE-ARMAMENT AND RE-MANNING of the American Navy is an event of no great importance. It is merely to be ready in case any sudden demand should be made on us, arising out of the complications of the war.

PETER COOPER says crime is owing to the inability of men to get work. How does the same inability affect women—women who in this age of the world are competitors with men in the fields of labor, and deprived of the protection that feudalism and its chivalry afforded them, and unsexed, not by their own actions so much as by the materialism and infidelity of the age? What is it fills our reformatory houses with young woman? The inability to get remunerative labor. Women can get work enough to do, but not at living prices. The young woman who earns five dollars at honest toil that takes all her time, must eke out her subsistence in some way. Sin and crime, or a degrading dependence that ends in sin and crime, must sooner or later be the final catastrophe for the masses of women who work side by side with men for support. *Woman as a worker must always be a sufferer.* While man in the sweat of his brow earns his bread in submission to the penalty of sin, he is blest in that submission by vigorous health, the fruit of toil. The God of nature never intended woman for the same kind of labor. As a helpmate, as the polisher of his rough thought or vigorous work, she will always succeed.

But under our present social organism she is his competitor. Individuals of her sex may outstrip man—their masses must fail in competition and sink down in the unequal contest. Where, then, will we find remedies? Educate thoroughly has been the cry of the reformers of the day. Very good, sisters, as far as it goes; but you will find after everything that can be done in that direction is accomplished, a deeper remedy will have to be applied. Legislation for her must be resorted to. Wise and beneficent laws must be framed with a view and in acknowledgment of her physical disabilities, added to the disadvantage under which she labors arising out of the prejudices of a past age. Those prejudices did not seriously affect her when she was not a worker for daily bread. But now we make her a worker, and give her not one lance of chivalry to protect her when she fails to be both man and woman in her achievements and development. Since we discard the old faith in the semi-divinity of her nature, let us provide for the worn-out humanity of it when it sinks in the strife. Give her the ballot and let her legislate for herself, since she has to work for herself and defend herself. Let her voice be heard and her ballot cast in our Legislatures and Congresses.

Do not let unmanly fears of her desertion of your homes, gentlemen, prevent your aiding her in this endeavor. Nature and religion, true religion, will regulate that for you, without the necessity for unequal and unjust laws.

OUR COMMERCE.—Is it anybody's business that we have no commerce on the high seas where once our white sails dotted the oceans in every direction? Is it anybody's business to take advantage of the opportunity about offering to regain the prestige we surrendered to England on account of her *strict neutrality* during the war? Or are there still "Alabamas" to prevent? Is this a personal, local, sectional or national matter; or is it neither; or no matter at all? Congress seemed to think it was a subject to speculate upon, but outside of that they showed no interest in it. Is there anybody anywhere that has any interest in it; and if so can they speak out? We desire to know where this matter rests. We want to know if anybody thinks it belongs to the Government to look after this interest, and if so, to ask, Have we a Government? We take it that this is something of more importance than the matter of grinding out a few dollars more or less in the form of revenue. Does anybody else think so? If so, speak, and to the point, and continue to do so until it can be determined whose business it is to give attention to this matter, and then continue speaking until it is attended to, for more is at stake than is obvious to the superficial observer.

JOHN REAL shot policeman Smedick, and is to be hanged. It is a deplorable instance of the caprice of law that this man, who suffered abundant deaths from the untiring malignity of Smedick, and killed his persecutor in self-defence, should be hanged, while so many atrocious criminals go unpunished of justice. What an infinite distance we are from right principle, or even from common sense! Real did no more than scores of men do every day without a tenth of his provocation. Assuming Real's story to be true, what redress would a poor, foolish drunkard have against the vindictive spite of a policeman, backed by all the *esprit du corps* of a force which notoriously sustains its own members against complaints of citizens?

LYING DISPATCHES about the war are as thick as flies before thunder. One of these canards is extra pretentious: the secret treaty between France and Prussia for annexing Belgium to France and giving Prussia quiet possession of the German annexations. Another is, Napoleon's intention of proclaiming a Republic if he should be worsted. Neither of these contingencies are so absolutely improbable as to amount to impossibilities, although they are lies so far as the fact is concerned. All these rumors of policy and strategy, however, have significance as showing the uncertainty and wide range of the final issues.

THE "WEST END" HOTEL, LONG BRANCH.—Everything has its two ends, and it so happens that if one end is aristocratic and distinguished, the other end is democratic and commonplace, or something not to be spoken of in polite quarters. In London West End is the Court End, and in our little fashionable watering-place, Long Branch, in New Jersey, which our "Republican Court" is making for the nonce the political capital of the country, the two ends distinguish themselves in a certain far-off echo to the great English metropolis. In short, the West End at Long Branch is the fashionable end; and Mr. James Sykes and Mr. Peter Gardner, gentlemen "who know how to keep a hotel," have availed themselves of the locality and the name for the institution of their luxurious establishment at the Branch, which they call the West End Hotel. Travelers flitting to the seashore for a few days merely, or to spend the season, will, we feel sure, recognize their obligation to WOODHULL & CLAF-LIN'S for calling their attention to this magnificent travelers' home.

IF THERE is upon the face of the broad earth a creature utterly worthless for all the good ends of life, that creature is a fashionable flirt of either sex, for in the species of amusement styled "flirtation" both men and women are equally to blame. By women we do not mean those beings already consecrated and hallowed by all the bitter experiences of life. These live for their duties and perform them nobly. But there are others, and among these idlers on life's highway one notes with pain those young girls who take such precedence in American society. And these are not always the clever girls, but more often only the sweet-faced nonentities who make their social paradise but a barren one at best, and fairly drive men to look elsewhere for illegitimate yet keener pleasures.

As for the men who do this sort of thing—who flirt—well, it occasionally happens that even men act dishonorably.

SOME TIME AGO there were great holes in the luminous solar envelope—popularly speaking, spots in the sun. Those who know were sure that we should have magnetic storms. The heat and drought of this summer are now found out to be because the whole solar system to which this planet belongs is passing through a portion of the great sidereal system, which is subject to peculiar magnetic influences. But the American people have a right to know why is this thus. How comes it that we are passing through peculiar electric conditions—that we were taken suddenly, as it were, in a moment of weakness, as an illustrious statesman classically expressed it, with our breeches down. Our astronomers are to blame. It is easy to prophecy after the event. —From our Pressers can tell us what it is when all is over. We expect to hear from science. How about those magnetic storms? Is this heat and the deluges of soda water and other nectareous drinks a form of magnetism?

WHEN BUSINESS IS DULL, and a fellow has nothing to do, it is useful to make minutes of the skeletons that every family keeps stowed away in the closet. Unearth these little mysteries, and keep a register of them. If you can then make up a society or open a private detective office, based on these registers, you have the double advantage of working both sides—like the city dirt contractors. They are paid to take dirt away from uptown; then they are paid for dumping the same dirt down at the Battery, or at any other city work. Suppose, now, it were a society for putting down gambling—one could be paid for finding out unpleasant facts, and one could be doubly paid for suppressing them. It is a very nice business. Even the risk of a conviction don't much matter. Can a man with five thousand dollars be convicted?

NO BATTLE YET.—We protest. Here is all the world waiting, while the actors are rehearsing. It is very singular, very vexatious, very unfeeling, thus to keep the public picketed in this broiling weather on the tiptoe of expectation, tied up so long by the thumbs. The French guard at Fontenoy said to the English guards, "Gentlemen, pray fire first—after you." They are still even polite now—for they won't put each other to the inconvenience of firing. The weather is too hot. The Prussians have drunk such oceans of lager that they can't march; the French so much absynthe that they cannot keep awake.

THE MITRAILLEUR, or revolving grape-shot cannon, upon which it is said the French rely as an irresistible arm, is, it is believed, a close imitation of the Gather gun, which was brought out in the United States during the war, and offered to the Government, but not accepted. It is capable of throwing three hundred balls several miles in four or five minutes and the fire is concentrated and deadly.

The world may be said to owe the rose, as it is, to the Empress Josephine—probably a greater debt than it will ever acknowledge to the man to whose grand purposes she was sacrificed. From 1805 to 1810, she collected at her favorite residence, Malmaison, the choicest varieties of rose that could be obtained, and thus gave an impulse to its culture. Of roses there were in 1814 only one hundred and eighty-two varieties, and there are now more than 6,000, the poorest of which are much better than any which existed at that day.

FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 24, 1870.

FOR WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

Your paper of yesterday reached here this morning; and it is needless to say that the letter of "Traveler" has created a sensation among the few now remaining in the city, whose dark deeds it so fearfully exposes. I trust "Traveler" will follow up the course he has entered upon on the reassembling of Congress, and thus prevent many of the frauds which are contemplated in the way of land "grabs" and plundering subsidies to companies having no other than a fancied existence.

There are some facts which I believe have come out since "Traveler" left here which relate to the closing scenes of Congress, which may prove interesting to your readers, and I therefore give them. The bill to authorize the purchase of foreign ships was drawn up some time ago, and was intended specially to benefit the slow freight steamers of Williams & Guion. The Senator who introduced it is said to be the agent of that concern in the United States Senate. The ships were gradually to be worked off into an American company, in which certain members of the Post office Department and certain Senators were to be largely interested in the shares; but the Senator from Rhode Island spoiled this little game by his threat of exposure.

When the European war was announced, it was thought a favorable opportunity to renew the scheme, but then an entirely new deal was made. The Secretary of the Treasury became the active leader in forming the plan; and it will be seen he dealt for a double purpose. He is and has for some time been bending all his energies and shaping all his plans to secure his nomination for the next Presidency; but to be successful it requires a larger command of money than percentages from salaries under his patronage can bear. The purchase of these steamers of the German lines afforded all that was desired. A large commission was to have been paid on the sale. Twenty-six steamers, at five hundred thousand dollars each, would be \$13,000,000. Ten per cent. upon this, the commission said to have been arranged for, is \$1,300,000. Senator Sherman's amendment to give 10 per cent. more than cost, is \$1,300,000, thus making a fund of \$2,600,000 to be used to make Boutwell President, and John Sherman Secretary of the Treasury under his administration.

This is a new way of breaking down the interest and industry of the country and plundering the Treasury of the United States. For it is to be clearly remembered that the proposal was that the Government should buy these vessels and pay for them under the plea of wanting them for mail service. The scheme was well laid, the President was successfully deceived into recommending a measure so that whatever disgrace should ultimately come out of it would fall upon him, and not upon Boutwell, Chandler or Sherman, each of whom were believed to be personally in the \$2,600,000 pool, and each to share its financial and political profit.

It is believed the President discovered the trick very shortly after his message had gone in, or at least suspected it, and felt no regret at the failure. Indeed, he may regard those who defeated it as his best friends, for it is certain the working people of the country will not submit much longer to legislation which aims directly at their ruin as plainly as did this measure. Senator Morrill told the truth when he said: "Pass this bill, and you sweep away the ship-building interest of the country and destroy your mechanics." He might have added: "You will sweep them away from their present pursuit, to unite them in a keen hunt to root out and utterly destroy the traitors who sold them out, that they might fatten upon the spoil."

It is said that many of the workmen of this city and of the cities of Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York have been in conference to devise means to protect themselves in the coming session, and some have even so indiscreet as to propose a sort of vigilance committee to take special care of "traitors," but this is discountenanced by the older and more prudent brethren of the respective crafts so far represented.

It was a strange act of moral blindness in urging such a measure as this "foreign purchase." Even the simplest and youngest of the workmen were heard to say: "What do they want with these German ships; they can't use them—the ports will all be blockaded." The reply of one of greater sagacity was near the truth: "They want an excuse to steal money now and to open our laws to admit all the worn-out work of England, so that they and their friends may steal then too; and they don't see that the workmen will find them all out, make them disgorge and then hang them higher than Haman."

The parties who have been active in these fraudulent attempts are still at work. The prize is too large and enticing to be let slip if they can possibly hold it, and hence they are trying to get an extra session called, in the hope they may carry out their nefarious plottings; but it is certain the President will not issue such a call, unless events in Europe so shape themselves as to foreshadow disaster to our country, a shape not likely to form. I shall watch this matter and give you more anon.

The Paris *Le Droit des Femmes* says: "In England the society called the Albert Press, founded by Mr. Fuller & Co., and patronized by the Queen, encourages the laudable aim of developing in woman a taste and talent in the art of decorative painting, and so well does it succeed that today some of the most frequented places in London are adorned with evidence of womanly skill and genius."

WAR NEWS.

PARIS, July 26.—All reports concerning a battle are false. There have been three skirmishes, and not above a dozen men have been killed altogether. There is no sign of a battle for some days to come. French gunboats to operate on the Rhine and the rivers in Prussia are being transported from Marseilles in sections overland.

LONDON, July 26.—The latest news from Berlin informs us that the Prussians are concentrating a powerful force at Mayence. The Prussians are using balloons for observations. The recommendation comes from some American officers in the Prussian camp.

The French force at Thionville, the department of Moselle, is estimated at 80,000 men. The Imperial Guard is at Nancy. A dispatch from Paris announces that the Emperor leaves to-night for the frontier. The environs of Cologne have been cleared of their inhabitants, and buildings and trees will be leveled, in preparation for a siege.

The Algerian forces, consisting of zouaves and Turcos, and filling eighteen railway trains, reached Strasbourg on the 24th, and to-day took up their position at Belfort, close to the Baden line. Sixteen squadrons of Chasseurs d'Afrique arrived to-day, via Lyons.

Dispatches received from Thionville, Gierch, St. Avold, Metz and Bitché state that the army has commenced to move to the frontier. The Imperial Guard has already started.

It is now regarded certain that the Emperor designs closing in on the Prussians between Thionville and Weissenberg, throwing the army under McMahon on the German side of the Rhine.

This army is composed of three corps, commanded by Generals Faily, Douay and McMahon. A force of eight thousand marines, under the command of General de Vassaigne, accompany the Baltic fleet. An attack will be made on Stralsund, immediately north of Berlin.

The excitement occasioned by the publication of the secret treaty between France and Prussia is increasing as the evidence becomes more clear that the document is genuine. Nearly all the journals of London have editorials this morning on the subject, and they are all similar in tone. "France must explain the offensive treaty," are the words of the *Times* and burden of the press of London. There is no question but that the press—the *Times* particularly—is seeking to make this treaty a pretext for the intervention of England in favor of Prussia.

LONDON, July 26.—Earl Granville, in the House of Lords to-night, again referred to the draft of the secret treaty alleged to have been proposed by France to Prussia. He said he had an interview this afternoon with the French Ambassador. The latter told him that the treaty originated with Count von Bismarck, that it never had a serious basis, and was rejected by both parties. The Ambassador protested that France was actually desirous of maintaining peace with Belgium, England and Holland.

Mr. Gladstone informed the House of Commons that advice from Berlin settling the authenticity of the *Times* information regarding the alleged treaty were hourly expected. The British Minister at Berlin had telegraphed that the dispatch containing the original propositions of Napoleon embodied in the treaty existed in Count Benedetti's own handwriting.

Mr. Otway, Under Foreign Secretary, declined when asked to make any communication or express any opinion on the proposal made by Napoleon to annex Holland.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, now that the real designs of the French Emperor are revealed, counsels England to make every preparation for war.

The *Globe* to-day, speaking of the projected secret treaty, says as it embodies propositions made at the close of the war of 1866, its publication at the present moment is consequently unfair and mischievous.

The *Post and Standard*, of yesterday, unite in ridicule of the secret Prussian-French treaty of 1866, while the *Times* has published what purports to be negotiations between Napoleon and Bismarck concerning it. The whole paper is pronounced a forgery, and characterized as "bad French written by a German." The *Times*, however, again asserts its authenticity, and promises that proofs shall be forthcoming.

The news received by way of Berlin is very meagre, which is due to the prudence of the Prussian Government. The Prussian authorities, at the earnest request of Bismarck, have granted permission to newspaper correspondents to follow the army. The telegraphs are closely watched by the German authorities. Frankfurt-on-the-Main has been designated as the Prussian headquarters.

The Government of Belgium has ordered from the harbor of Antwerp the detachment of the American squadron in European waters, which had rendezvoused there in order to watch the progress of events in the North Sea and the Baltic. Its commander was informed that the neutrality of Belgium forbade the presence of a foreign squadron in that harbor. Small-pox has broken out in the squadron, and the fleet will be obliged to proceed to sea under considerable difficulty.

A council of Ministers was held at St. Cloud to-day, the Emperor presiding. The Paris press complains of the extreme rigor with which Frenchmen in Germany are treated, while Germans in France are in no way molested or restricted. *La Liberté* reports that the Empress has said that the only end the war can have is victory for France.

The *Daily News* published a special from Paris yesterday confirming the reports of Napoleon's illness. It announces that it is now very doubtful if operations in the field will be delayed for his presence.

The Prince of Wales has gone to Denmark for the purpose of influencing that country to preserve a strict neutrality.

PARIS, July 26.—The *Moniteur du Soir* notices editorially the treaty proposed in 1866, and says it never had the adhesion of the Emperor. The *Moniteur* adds that such a project did exist, but it was proposed by Prussia and not by France.

The Empress, when at Cherbourg, read to the sailors of the fleet an address from the Emperor, which says:

Though not among you, my thoughts follow you to those seas where your valor will be displayed. The French navy has a glorious history. You will be worthy of its past. When in front of the enemy remember that France is with you, and calls the protection of heaven upon your arms; while you fight on the sea, your brethren fight on the land for the same. Go and show with pride the national standard. When they see it, the enemy will know it unfolds the honor and genius of France.

After the delivery of the above address, the Empress was overcome with emotion. The effect of her visit to the fleet is said to be great.

The *Moniteur du Soir* says it learns from a good source that Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern and his father are in bad

odor at Berlin on account of their renunciation of the Spanish throne. It adds that Count Bismarck had reproached them for their precipitate action, which enables Spain to keep clear of the quarrel and permits France to place more troops on the Rhine, as there is no need to watch Spain.

La Liberté announces that the *Journal Officiel* will publish to-morrow correspondence between the French and Italian Governments, in which the first steps are taken for the solution of the question of the occupation of Rome. The *Liberté* promises that the documents will create a sensation. They show that the Italian Government has not even asked for the withdrawal of the French troops, but France has taken the initiative to that end. The Bourse closed stronger; rentes, 65 francs 80 centimes.

BERLIN, July 26.—The *Provincial Correspondence* says the rapid and vast preparations for war extinguish all feeling of inquietude caused by the boasted readiness of the French to take the initiative, and will, it is hoped, save Prussian soil from the calamities of war.

FLORENCE, July 26.—Minister Venosia has assured the Italian House of Deputies that Italy will not yield to any pressure from France.

A Florence letter of July 12 to the *Paris Debats* says that at the opening of the present French and Prussian quarrel, a great excitement existed in the Italian Cabinet, and orders were sent to the envoys at Paris, Berlin, London and Madrid to report every detail regarding it. General Menabrea was immediately sent on a special mission to Paris, and the king hastened from Turin to his capital.

France has 119 fortresses, of which eight are of the first rank—Paris, Lyons, Strasbourg, Metz, Lille, Toulon, Brest and Cherbourg. The fortifications of Paris are stated to have cost \$40,000,000, and up to 1868 there had been expended on Cherbourg \$34,000,000.

We have been informed, through a heretofore always trustworthy source, of a remarkably quiet and unpretending marriage which took place on the 14th inst. at Portland, Me. The contracting parties were two of our prominent public artists, Signor Brignoli and Miss McCulloch.

We give the news as it comes to us, and are disposed to believe in its correctness. If it shall prove so, our readers will join with us in wishing every manner of prosperity and happiness to the distinguished couple.

GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

Mlle. Nilsson is to be married next spring.

St. Louis had nearly a dozen cases of sunstroke on Monday.

The State of Indiana will be out of debt on the 1st of September.

The Prince and Princess of Wales intend to visit India in the fall of 1871.

The New England yacht fleet arrived at Portland last evening, and were saluted by the Portland yachts.

Gen. Sherman, during the absence of Lieut.-Gen. Sheridan, will act as Department Commander in Chicago.

Catherine Beecher is 70 years of age; Alice Carey, 48; Fanny Fern, 60; and Harriet Beecher Stowe, 56.

Over 250 Cubans were killed in recent engagements with the Spanish troops in Holguin and Puerto Principe.

The shore end of the Canada and West India Cable was successfully landed yesterday afternoon at Batubano.

A Missouri paper announces that "eggs, butter, spring chickens and greenbacks" will be taken on subscription.

Three companies of artillery left Fortress Monroe yesterday for Raleigh, N. C., to aid Gov. Holden in enforcing the laws.

The tower of the church of St. Xavier, in Southwark, was struck by lightning during a heavy thunder storm on Monday evening.

Fashionable people in Dubuque, Iowa, get up a very attractive wedding card by appending the cheering intelligence, "Free whisky."

A ballad on the loss of the steamship City of Boston, which includes a complete list of her passengers, has been published at St. John, N. B.

At the Goodwood races, yesterday, Sir J. Hawley's br. h. Rosicrucian, 5 years, and the Count Bathayany's b. h. Ty-hous, 5 years, were the winners.

An eagle was shot a few weeks ago near Belye, in Austria, bearing a collar with the date 1646, and some arms partially effaced by time and exposure to the weather.

A Constantinople paper gives quotations of female slaves. A negro woman, in good health, brings about \$400; a Circassian girl of twelve, \$1,000; and of sixteen, \$4,000.

A newly-discovered Chinese poem, Li Sao, written 300 years before Christ, is said to prove that the existence of America was known to the Chinese at that time.

A book about Mr. Dickens is soon to be published in London, which will contain an account of a novel written before "Pickwick," which was never published and is now supposed to be lost.

A personal sketch of a Western Senator closes as follows: "He cannot propel himself through the muddy pool of politics at a higher rate of speed than that of a rudderless pollywog through a kettle of cold mush."

A leading physician in Paris, after asking a patient the questions according to formula, as to sleeping and drinking, next demands what newspaper he reads. If the patient be nervous or excitable, the mildest and duldest journal is prescribed.

A German, while shooting on the East Newark meadows Thursday afternoon, discovered a large balloon which floated in the air over his head. He finally fired into it, bringing it to the ground. It might be interesting to know whether anybody was in the balloon.

The employees of the Prussian Post Office Department have memorialized the Chief of Police to stop one of the characters in Wagner's "Meistersinger" from wearing their uniform. They regard the matter as grossly insulting to the dignity of the Government functionaries.

—Catherine Beecher is now 70, Alice Cary 48, Fanny Fern 60 and Harriet Beecher Stowe 56.

—Mrs. Josephine Simpson, of Toledo, is in the lumber business, and not only attends to her own buying and selling, but owns a canal boat, goes into the woods, buys the trees standing, hires her choppers, loggers, etc. She has thus accumulated a fortune of \$20,000.

FINANCIAL.

The excitement in the stock, gold and bond market arising from the European complications, was largely increased last week by the positive declaration of hostilities between France and Prussia, and the effect was a sudden advance of seven per cent. in the gold premium, or from 116½ to 123½ per cent. A subsequent fall to 118½ occurred, then another rise to 120½, and finally, on Saturday afternoon, the market settled down to 119½. On Monday fresh war rumors were circulated, and the premium again advanced about 120, and has been fluctuating since between 119 and 122. In the fore part of last week the money rates advanced to seven per cent. for carrying gold balances and six per cent. on stocks, governments only being charged five. On Friday last, after the decline in gold and the clearing out of some of the large accounts in both stocks and gold, money was offered more freely, and on Saturday the rates were at the old figures—5½ per cent. The advance again on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday tightened the market a little, but not enough to embarrass the operators on the bull side.

The decline during the past week in governments, taking the 5-20s of 1867 as the standard, was only 1½ per cent. The State stocks fluctuated considerably, the heaviest final tumble being in new Tennessee, which fell from 64½ to 58½, reaching again to 61½. Railway bonds, held largely in the foreign markets, met with a fall of from 5 to 8 per cent., but higher prices ruled during the fore part of the present week, and the panic seems to be over.

In the stock market railway shares fluctuated considerably, the Western lines suffering the most, but the ease in money, steadiness of the gold market, the reports of increased summer traffic, and the certainty of abundant harvests and a heavy fall business will soon restore confidence in this department of the Wall-street market. The following table will show the fluctuations in the principal securities since our last issue:

Last Issue:		July 22.		July 23.		July 25.		July 26.	
		Highest.	Lowest.	Highest.	Lowest.	Highest.	Lowest.	Highest.	Lowest.
N. Y. Cent. & Hudson		94½	92½	94	93	93½	92½	92½	90½
R. con. stock									
N. Y. Cent. & Hudson									
R. con. scrip.		89½	87½	89	88	88½	87½	88½	86½
Erie		22½	22½	22½	22½	22½	22	21½	20½
Reading		95½	93½	94½	93½	94½	93½	94	93½
Ohio & Mississippi		34½	34	34½	34½	34½	33½	34½	33½
Wabash		49½	48½	50½	49	49	48½	48½	47½
Northwestern		83½	82½	83½	82½	83½	82	83	82
Northwestern pref.		85½	84½	85½	84½	85	84½	84½	83½
Mil. and St. Paul		60½	59½	60½	60½	60½	60	60	58½
Mil. & St. Paul pref.		76½	75½	76½	76	76½	76½	76	74½
Lake Shore		91½	90	91½	90½	91½	90½	90½	89
Rock Island		113½	112	114	112½	113½	112½	112½	111½
Fort Wayne		93	92	93	92	93	92½	92½	91
Pittsburg		106½	106	106	105½	106½	105½	105½	104½
New Jersey Central		101	100½	100½	100½	100½	100	100½	99½
Pacific Mail		40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40½	40
Western Union		34½	34	34½	34	34½	34	34½	33½
Harlem		139½	138½	139	138½	139½	138½	138½	137

The following comments from the daily press on the situation will be found interesting:

The activity in the money market and the advanced price of gold since war was declared between France and Prussia are misunderstood by the general public so far as their cause is concerned. The popular notion is that the increased activity in our money market and the advance in the price of gold are caused by the withdrawal of European cash in the shape of gold from this market. This is a fallacy. The rate of exchange below the specie-shipping point demonstrates beyond a question that what is called "the balance of trade" at the moment is in favor of the United States. In plain terms, there are at the moment more bills of exchange on Europe for sale than the demand.—*World*.

Whatever the danger of speculating for higher gold on the news from Europe, it is very evident that the temper of the Gold Room is strongly bullish on the progress of the warlike attitude of Europe. Remote contingencies seem entirely disregarded in the present excitement, and although it is a truth as certain as any of logic that a protracted war in Europe will inure to our benefit and pave the way to specie payments, by giving us an ascendancy in the commerce of the world, the temporary and present feeling is that the first battle will sharply advance the gold premium. But that the legitimate reaction will come soon or late is certain, and the speculators who are then loaded up with gold will be subjected to immense losses, is equally certain. The only influence to cause higher gold is the return of our bonds from Europe, and the extent of that influence in affecting the premium we may be able to judge from the premises that Germany will send us few, for the reason that she is without facilities for sending them here, while it is doubtful, even if her ports were open and her steamship lines in operation, whether the amount would be of any importance, when we remember that the Bank of Berlin has agreed to accept our bonds as collaterals for loans, a policy which will prevent realization upon such as are held upon margins or by parties anxious for money accommodation. France holds very few of our bonds, and the capitalists of England are too shrewd not to know the soundness of such securities. The Government market here has been heavily oversold by the foreign bankers resident among us, whose contemporaneous purchases of gold have been the main cause of the advance in the premium. The rise in gold thus stimulated has apparently disproved the arguments that a foreign war will benefit this country, and hence the mass of outside speculators have entered the Gold Room tempted by the hope of a greater rise. Hence, when upon the false report that Russia had joined Prussia gold ran up to 123½, the outsiders came in and were saddled with the gold which the foreign bankers had run up to that price.—*Herald*.

PHILADELPHIA, July 29.—We notice, in a recent Boston exchange, that the accomplished Governor Claflin, of Massachusetts, a relative, we believe, of one of your firm, has purchased for his elegant mansion one of Messrs. Hallett, Davis & Co.'s new Orchestral Pianos. This shows the very high estimation in which these splendid pianos are held. These instruments, we are assured, occupy eight months in their construction. The Philadelphia agents, W. Redfield, Phelps & Co., on Chestnut street, below Tenth, are popular agents.

BREVITIES.

Two girls near Carlinville, Ills., have taken a contract to cut fifty cords of wood.

A paper says that as "the devil has no vacation," churches should not be closed in summer.

A Terre Haute (Ind.) judge has given a man a divorce on account of the wife's horrible profanity.

A new woman's rights journal, entitled *Der Frauen Anwalt* (*Women's Advocate*) has appeared in Berlin, Prussia.

Mrs. Stevens, of the San Francisco *Pioneer*, is generally recognized as "the bewitching little curly-headed editor."

Miss Florence Rice, of Brooklyn, is said to have the finest contralto voice that has been heard in Paris for some years.

There is nothing like balance even in beauty—so our girls tip their hats forward, which offsets the Grecian angle behind.

"Why," said Mrs. Partington, "what monsters them cotton planters are! I'm told one of them has as many as a hundred hands."

Two young ladies of the name of Johnson, living near Dallas, Texas, are cultivating twenty-four acres of cotton with their own hands.

Madame Henriette Hirschfeld, who studied in Philadelphia, has received permission from the Prussian Government to establish herself as a dentist in Berlin.

Blackwood's merciless critique on "Lothair" is said, on the best authority, to be the production of a lady of title, the wife of an eminent statesman and author.

A Nevada editor says that Olive Logan is "the most right-up-and-snappy ebullition of womanly git-up-and-git that we ever had the pleasure of meeting."

The wife of the Rev. Mr. Walker, of Hartford, Conn., is the successful competitor for the \$600 prize offered by M. Hoyt, of Boston, for the best Sabbath school-book.

Charlotte Gullard was the first notable female printer. She was in business for fifty years in Paris—from 1596 to 1556—and was celebrated for the correctness of her books.

A Yankee girl whose wooing and winning by a Nevada man had been accomplished by mail, rejected him on his appearance, because he was "such a little spud of a fellow."

Jane Bretonne, a young girl at Dieppe, has saved the lives of fifteen sailors during the past five years, and wears five medals of merit and the cross of the Legislature of Honors.

Mrs. Irwin, a sister of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, has secured a patent for an improvement in the construction of houses, which, it is claimed, will create a new era in architecture.

The new English Naturalization Act informs its readers that "disability" shall mean "the status of being an infant, lunatic, idiot or married woman." Complimentary, certainly.

Miss Lucy Forest, an American girl, has been graduated in medicine at the College de France, which gives her the right to practice as a physician in any part of the French dominions.

Miss Maria Mitchell, upon whom Vassar's College has conferred the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, is Professor of Astronomy in that institution. Miss Mitchell is a native of Nantucket.

A lady at Williamsport, Pa., has not been able to sleep a wink in a month. Examination into the cause by eminent physicians revealed the terrible truth that her night-gown was out of fashion.

Mrs. Hetty Robinson, the famous million-heiress of New Bedford, is said to speculate in Wall street with great success about twice a year. Last year, half a million was added to her coffers in a single week.

There is a female compositor in the office of the Bridgeport (Conn.) *Standard* whose weekly wages exceed those of any of the half dozen men who set type in the office. She is paid "by the piece," and at the same rate as the men.

Mrs. Stanton says: "If the Prince of Darkness himself should come to me and say, 'Mrs. Stanton, here is money which you may devote, if you please, to the enfranchisement of women,' I should say, 'Devil, I thank you.'"

It is said that in Japan all the women can read, write and cipher; which, in view of the rarity of the last-named accomplishment in this country, suggests the query, hadn't we better send some of our polished American ladies to be Japanned?

Anthony Trollope says: "I do not comprehend the reason for the existence of so many women; although I suppose Providence had some wise end in view, in giving to every man at least eight or ten women to choose from when he is about to select a wife."

There are two ladies in the Post Office Department at Washington who are employed in translating the foreign correspondence, and in keeping up the accounts in foreign languages. They are scholars in four languages—German, French, Spanish and Italian.

Miss Hosmer has appeared in Rome in a new role. A steeplechase came off on the Campagna, near the tomb of Cecilia Metella, for which six horses were entered, several belonging to Italians, one to an Englishman, and one—Blazon—to Miss Hosmer. Blazon won, and was loudly cheered by the Americans present.

The orthodox ministers of Boston have, in solemn conclave, declared that women must keep silent in the regular prayer-meetings of the churches. The only "let up" is "on rainy nights, when few are present and the brethren not out in force, and the meeting drags; then she may be allowed to offer a quiet prayer."

The woman movement in the State of Nevada has an able and influential champion in the person of the Hon. M. S. Bonfield, of Unionville, Humboldt County. The Judge is a leading member of the Democratic party, and voted for the submission of the question for striking the word "male" from the Constitution, in the Nevada Senate.

Miss C. V. Hutchings conducted the orchestra and chorus at the commencement of the Female Normal School at the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening of last week with a grace and skill that won her much applause. This is the first instance in this country, we believe, in which a lady has ever conducted an orchestra in public.

The Emperor of Russia having read in the *World* all about the women employed in the service of the United States Government, has just issued a decree that in future a large number of situations in the Russian Departments on Finance shall be reserved for women. Already more

than twenty young women, after undergoing the requisite examination, have been installed in situations paying salaries of about \$640 per annum.

On July 26, one hundred horses died in our city from sunstroke. On the various car lines, although relays of fresh horses were kept, the poor animals were constantly giving out and falling. It was found impossible to keep the full number of cars running, and none of them made time. At the depots the veterinary surgeons had a busy time.

Woman in Pennsylvania is baker, farmer, teamster, butcher, gardener, whitewasher, cobbler, painter, carpenter, boatman, plowman. She goes a long way ahead of man in persistent industry. The constancy with which she toils from dawn to midnight is certainly incredible. Her capability is only equaled by her strength and endurance.

Sixteen persons died of sunstroke in New York on last Tuesday. One fatal case was reported in Williamsburgh, and four in Jersey City. Several died in Washington, D. C. The thermometer stood thus in our office: 81 degrees at 6 A. M.; 82½ at 8 A. M.; 92 at 10 A. M.; 94½ at noon; 96½ at 2 P. M.; 94½ at 4 P. M.; 93½ at 6 P. M.; 88 at 9 P. M.; and 85 at 10 P. M.

"How does the Empress Eugenie dress?" inquired an inquisitive female of a bachelor friend just returned from Paris. "Like a woman," was the brusque reply. "Of course," continued the inquirer; "but I wish to know whether she wears costly dresses." "I understand you, madam," was the ungallant response, "she dresses like a woman—wearing the most costly garments she can procure."

As a Sovereign, Queen Victoria is the hardest-working woman in England. Her official duties usually commence at 7 o'clock in the morning, one hour before breakfast. Wherever she is, dispatches are sent daily in by messengers, who ride in first-class carriages, bearing what are called baskets. The papers from all the departments are submitted to her. These baskets are dark morocco boxes about a foot in length. These are sent from Downing street, the Admiralty, the Home Department, the Head of the Army, etc. Each basket is locked by the minister who sends it. A card hanging from the inside contains the name of the minister. Every train to Windsor, Balmoral, and Osborne, carries messengers with these boxes. The Queen and the minister alone can unlock them. All these documents have to be read by them, for she signs nothing which she does not read. Every bill, act, treaty, document, petition, or paper requiring her name, are subject to her personal attention. Her Majesty is admitted to be one of the best business women in the kingdom. Each day's business is finished before the day closes. Usually the messenger waits and takes the basket, locked by her Majesty, back to the minister from whom it came. The Queen wields a ready pen and carries on her personal correspondence, which is very large. She pays her own postage like any lady in the land. She has always given personal attention to her children, and their religious training has been the object of much solicitude and care. Her favorite pastime at Balmoral is among the poor, the lowly, and the sick, to whom she talks, reads, prays, and leaves medicine, food, money, and little tokens of her regard.

THE BAIL FIELD.

CONCORD, OF BROOKLYN, VS. OSCEOLA, OF NEW YORK.—A match played on Thursday, July 21st, on the Capitoline Grounds, Brooklyn, resulted as follows:

CONCORD.		O.	R.	OSCEOLA.		O.	R.
Smack, s. s.	4	5	Tilley	5	1		
Rowe, c.	3	6	Sheehan, 2d b.	6	0		
Rankin, p.	2	7	Jackson, l. f.	4	3		
Kochler, 3d b.	5	4	Leary, c.	3	4		
Moody, c. f.	2	6	Dixon, c. f.	3	3		
Duck, l. f.	2	7	Sibley, 3d b.	1	5		
Graves, 2d b.	2	6	Gregory, s. s.	0	5		
Neeffs, 1st b.	1	4	Grady, 1st b.	3	3		
Decker, r. f.	6	3	Chase, r. f.	2	2		
Total.....	27	48	Total.....	27	26		

DININGS.									
	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Concord.....	6	14	2	9	4	2	1	10	0-48
Osceola.....	6	2	0	4	5	5	1	3	0-26

CONCORD..... 1st. 2d. 3d. 4th. 5th. 6th. 7th. 8th. 9th.
6 14 2 9 4 2 1 10 0-48

OSCEOLA..... 6 2 0 4 5 5 1 3 0-26

NOTHING is more certain to modern thought, or more demanded by it, than progress. But there can be no progress when there is no end in view. It is not we who have set this end before ourselves, but it is the thought of that eternal Love which arranges all that concerns us, and which alone can bring it to pass. This end we emphatically call the kingdom of God; the realization of the highest moral and religious task and destiny of mankind, the realization of our moral and religious ideal. We have such an ideal in our minds, we long for it; and it will, it must come to pass. The secret of history, her most sublime subject of contemplation, is to pursue, or at least to form a conjecture of, the ways by which God is leading us to this end. It bestows a higher meaning and dignity even upon individual life, and its small doings, to be able to say, that even our actions, be they ever so insignificant, do, if they be but laudable, contribute to the accomplishment of the high moral task of mankind, and shall be interwoven by God into that great web of history, whose final result is the kingdom of God—the kingdom of truth, righteousness and perfection.—*Luthardt*.

CATCHING A FLY IN CHURCH.—A lady in one of our churches, says an exchange, rested her head on the back of the pew in front, as all devout people do in time of prayer, but in the pew before her sat a young man who neither bowed his head or kneeled. A beautiful plume nodded and danced upon the head of the fair one behind him, occasionally touching the neck of the youth, who evidently considered it a fly or some other troublesome insect. For a time he bore the unpleasant sensation without a murmur, but at last patience ceased to be a virtue, and from the flash of his eagle eye one could plainly see that the hour of "that fly" had come. Instead of saying "Shoo fly, don't bother me," cautiously his hand moved toward the supposed offending insect; then followed a frantic clutch and a spring behind him. Imagine the horror of the youth to find in his hand the nobby hat of the fair one, which he had torn violently from her head, sadly disarranging the contour of braids and chignon. The lady was indignant, of course, and the youth could have been purchased at an immense sacrifice about that time. Explanations and apologies followed, and the disorganized head-dress was put in order as soon as possible, and the devotional exercises were resumed.

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA

RHEUMATISM, &c.

Hegeman's Genuine Medicinal Cod Liver Oil.

Our Oil has stood the test of twenty years, and thousands of patients attribute their recovery to its use. It is warranted pure.

The Most Perfect Iron Tonic—Hegeman's Ferrated Elixir of Bark.

A pleasant cordial, prepared from Calisaya Bark and Pyrophosphate of iron, possessing the valuable qualities of iron, phosphorus, and calisaya, without any injurious ingredients. As a preventive to fever and ague, and as a tonic for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it cannot be surpassed, and is recommended by the most eminent physicians. Sold by all respectable druggists.

Sole manufacturers, HEGEMAN and Co., 203, 399, 511 and 576 Broadway, and corner Fourth avenue and Seventeenth street, New York City.

METROPOLITAN SAVINGS BANK

Nos. 1 and 3 THIRD AVENUE, opposite Cooper Institute.

THIRTY-FOURTH DIVIDEND.

JULY 5, 1870.—By direction of the Trustees of this Bank the usual semi-annual INTEREST, at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum, will be paid on all sums entitled thereto on and after July 15, inst.; or, if not drawn, will be added to the account and draw interest from July 1.

DEPOSITS made on or before July 20 will draw interest from July 1, and SIX PER CENT. allowed on ALL SUMS of \$5 and upwards.

Deposits of One Dollar received.

T. W. LILLIE, Secretary. ISAAC T. SMITH, President.

NORTH RIVER SAVINGS BANK,

corner of Eighth avenue and West Thirty-fourth street.

DIVIDEND.—A Semi-Annual Dividend at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum on all sums from \$5 to \$5,000 will be paid on and after July 13, 1870.

DEPOSITS made on or before July 20 will draw interest from July 1.

BANK open daily from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. and on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 6 to 8 o'clock.

JOHN HOOPER, President.

JAMES O. BENNETT, Secretary.

STEINFELD'S

FRENCH COGNAC BITTERS

FIRST PRIZE



THE FRENCH COGNAC BITTERS, manufactured by the VINE GROWERS' SOCIETY of Cognac, France, under the supervision of the Chevalier Le Roche, M. D., Surgeon-General of the French Army, are the only GENUINE BITTERS imported in this Country, where they were first introduced with remarkable success during the Cholera of 1832. Subsequently, during the raging of the Yellow Fever at Norfolk, Virginia. These bitters were administered by the Directors of the Hospital, where, in both cases, not a single patient who had used them died.

THE COGNAC BITTERS purify the blood and strengthen the system, eradicate the effects of dissipation, maintain the human frame in a condition of healthfulness, dispel the Blues and all mental distempers, and relieve those whose sedentary habits lay them open to depression. They prevent and cure Biliousness and other Fevers, Fever and Ague, Chills, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Dyspepsia, Sea-Sickness, Cholera, Cholera Morbus and every complaint incidental to diet or atmosphere. Ladies will find them a sovereign boon, as they eradicate all traces of Debility, Nervousness, Inertness, and diseases peculiar to the sex. Thousands of Testimonials can be seen at the Office of

S. STEINFELD,

Sole Importer and Agent for America,

67 Warren Street, N. Y. City.

For Sale by all Dealers in America.

THORP'S ALABASTER CREAM, FOR the face, removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples and Sunburn. Price 75 cents. Sold by all druggists. Samples sent on receipt of price. G. B. THORP, Proprietor, 142 Chambers street.

TO THE LADIES!

MADAME MOORE'S Preparations for the Complexion are reliable and contain no poison.

AQUA BEAUTA

removes Freckles, Tan and Moth Patches,

CARBOLIC WASH

cleanses the skin of eruptions of all kinds. 75 cents each. Her

NEURALGIA CURE

needs but to be tried to be appreciated. \$1 per bottle. Sent promptly on receipt of price. Sales-room, 683 Broadway, New York.

THE

Meriden Britannia Co.

199 Broadway, N. Y.

Sole Proprietors, Manufacturers and Patentees

OF THE

CELEBRATED

SILVER-PLATED PORCELAIN-LINED

ICE PITCHERS,

SUPERIOR IN ALL RESPECTS TO ANY OTHERS NOW MANUFACTURED.

THEY HAVE THE UNIVERSAL COMMENDATION OF THE BEST TRADE.

AND ARE ENDORSED BY DR. S. DANA HAYES, STATE ASSAYER OF MASSACHUSETTS, WHOSE CERTIFICATE ACCOMPANIES EACH PITCHER.

THEY ARE NOT ONLY CLEANER AND LIGHTER, BUT ARE MUCH MORE DURABLE THAN THE METAL-LINED PITCHERS.

In addition to our unequalled variety of FINE NICKLE and WHITE METAL ELECTRO-PLATED TABLE WARE, we now offer an entirely new line of Silver-Plated

PERSIAN, ROMAN AND GOTHIC PATTERNS

OF

FORKS and SPOONS

Which for Beauty of Design and Finish cannot be excelled.

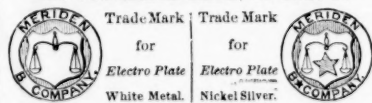
Being extra heavily plated by our NEW PATENT PROCESS, which deposits the silver any requisite thickness on the parts most exposed to wear.

They are unequalled for Durability by any now in the market made by the old process.

All Spoons and Forks Plated by this improved method are stamped

1847-ROGERS BROS.-XII.

AND OUR TRADE MARK, AS BELOW.



Warehouse and Salesroom,
No. 199 BROADWAY,
AND AT THE MANUFACTORIES,
West Meriden, Connecticut.

BEEBE & COMPANY, HATTERS,

AND

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

MANUFACTURERS OF FINE SHIRTS,

No. 160 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SILVER-PLATED

ICE PITCHERS,

WITH

PORCELAIN LININGS.

Lighter, Cleaner and Better

Than Any Others Made.

TIFFANY & CO.,

NOS. 550 AND 552 BROADWAY.

TIFFANY & CO.,

550 and 552 Broadway.

SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED STATES FOR

THE SALE OF THE CELEBRATED

FRODSHAM WATCHES.

These watches greatly excel any others that are made, and, besides the indorsement of the British Admiralty and the first awards of the London and Paris Expositions and the Russian Grand Medal of Honor, have received prizes from the British Government amounting to over \$15,000.

They have also received the approval of wearers in every section of the country, whose names will be furnished on application.

A GREAT OFFER!!

Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, N. Y.,

will dispose of ONE HUNDRED PIANOS, MELODEONS and ORGANS of six first-class makers, Chickering's Sons included, AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES, FOR CASH, DURING THIS MONTH, or will take from \$5 to \$25 monthly until paid; the same to let, and rent money applied if purchased.

Congress and Empire

Spring Company's depot for Congress, Empire and other Mineral Spring Waters.

94 Chambers street, near Broadway.

Free deliveries daily, City and Brooklyn. Natural Waters only.

COAL.—THE UNDERSIGNED IS NOW supplying his customers with the best quality of Red Ash, Lehigh, Locust Mountain and other Coals, at lowest summer prices. J. E. MILLER, 37 University Place, near Tenth St.

National Academy of Design.

The First Summer Exhibition of Pictures and Sculptures now open (day time only).

TWENTY-THIRD ST., COR. FOURTH AVENUE.

NEW UNION HOTEL, SARATOGA.

THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD, With Vertical Railway and all modern improvements, extensive grounds and detached Cottages. Open from June 1 to October 1.

LELAND BROTHERS, Owners and Managers.

THE MANSION HOUSE,

LONG BRANCH, N. J.,

SAMUEL LAIRD,

Proprietor.

HOWLAND'S HOTEL,

LONG BRANCH, N. J.,

HOWLAND & CO.

THE

RAILROAD DEPOT

ADVERTISING AGENCY.

Having purchased the privilege and sole right of Advertising in all the Depots along the route of the Morris and Essex Railroad, I beg to solicit your kind favors.

For those who desire their names and specialties constantly before the public, there can be no better medium, as the Depots are constantly refilling with residents and strangers—the great centre of attraction, both in city and country, being the Railroad Depot.

All Advertisements will be neatly framed and kept in good order.

Parties not already having Show Cards are requested to have them made of the following sizes:

PRICES.

FOR ONE SHOW CARD IN ONE DEPOT.
Size of Frame, 6in. by 9in. \$3 per annum.
" " 6in. by 18in. " 5 " "
" " 9in. by 12in. " 5 " "
" " 12in. by 18in. " 8 " "
For Larger sizes where the Frame is furnished, \$4 per square foot per annum.

DISCOUNT.

For the same Advertisement in more than one Depot, a discount of 1 per cent. for each Depot will be allowed, viz.:

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TEAS AND COFFEES

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GREAT AMERICAN

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Are now supplying all their customers with the

CHOICEST NEW CROP TEAS AND CHOICEST SELECTED COFFEES.

And all warranted to give perfect satisfaction,

at the very lowest prices which the present state of the gold market will warrant, as will be seen by the following

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The qualities of all grades of Teas and Coffees are kept fully up to the old standard, notwithstanding the reduction of prices.

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COFFEE ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY,

ALWAYS UNDER OUR SUPERVIS-

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6:00 A. M.—For Easton, Bethlehem, Mauch Chunk, Williamsport, Wilkesbarre, Mahanoy City, Tunkhannock, Towanda, Waverly, etc.

7:30 A. M.—For Easton.

12 M.—For Flemington, Easton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Wilkesbarre, Reading, Columbia, Lancaster, Ephrata, Luzon, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg, etc.

2 P. M.—For Easton, Allentown, etc.

3:30 P. M.—For Easton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, and Belvidere.

4:30 P. M.—For Somerville and Flemington.

5:15 P. M.—For Somerville.

6 P. M.—For Easton.

7 P. M.—For Somerville.

7:45 P. M.—For Easton.

9 P. M.—For Plainfield.

12 P. M.—For Plainfield on Sundays only.

Trains leave for Elizabeth at 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:30, 11:40 A. M., 12:00, 1:00, 2:00, 2:15, 3:15, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30, 4:45, 5:15, 5:45, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:45, 9:00, 10:45, 12:00 P. M.

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9 A. M.—WESTERN EXPRESS, daily (except Sundays)—For Easton, Allentown, Harrisburg and the West, without change of cars to Cincinnati or Chicago, and but one change to St. Louis. Connects at Harrisburg for Erie and the Ohio Regions. Connects at Somerville for Flemington. Connects at Junction for Stroudsburg, Water Gap, Scranton, etc. Connects at Phillipsburg for Mauch Chunk, Wilkesbarre, etc.

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8:00 A. M.—Through Express Mail, connecting with train at Denville for Bonton, at Dover with Chester Railroad, at Waterloo with Sussex Railroad, at Washington with Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad for Water Gap, Stroudsburg, Scranton, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Carbondale, Great Bend, Binghamton, Syracuse, Oswego, &c.

11:40 A. M.—Lehigh Valley Ex., stopping at Newark, Morristown, Dover, Hackettstown, and Washington, and connecting at Washington with Lehigh Valley Railroad for Bethlehem, Mauch Chunk, Wilkesbarre and all stations on the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

4:10 P. M.—Scranton Express for all principal stations, connecting at Washington with D. L. and W. R. R. for Water Gap, Stroudsburg, and Scranton.

5:30 P. M.—Hackettstown Mail connects with Bonton, Chester and Sussex Railroad.

11:20 A. M., 2:30 and 6:40 P. M. Accom. and 5:30 P. M. Express for Morristown and intermediate stations.

6:30, 7:30 and 10:00 A. M., 2:30, 4:30 and 6:00 P. M. to Summit and intermediate stations.

6:30, 7:30, 9:00, 10:00 and 11:30 A. M., 1:00, 2:30, 3:40, 4:20, 4:50, 6:00, 6:40, 9:00 and 11:45 P. M., for South Orange and intermediate stations.

For Newark at 6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30 and 11:40 A. M.; 1:00, 2:00, 2:30, 3:30, 3:40, 3:50, 4:10, 4:40, 5:10, 5:30, 5:50, 6:00, 6:30, 6:40, 7:45, 9:00, and 11:45 P. M. Trains marked * stop at East Newark.

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For Port Jervis and Way, *11:30 A. M. and 4:30 P. M. (Twenty-third street, *11:15 A. M. and 4:15 P. M.)

For Middletown and Way, at 3:30 P. M. (Twenty-third street, 3:15 P. M.); and, Sundays only, 8:30 A. M. (Twenty-third street 8:15 A. M.)

For Graycourt and Way, at *8:30 A. M. (Twenty-third street, *8:15 A. M.)

For Newburgh and Way, at 8 A. M., 3:30 and 4:30 P. M. (Twenty-third street 7:45 A. M., 3:15 and 4:15 P. M.)

For Suffern and Way, 5 and 6 P. M. (Twenty-third street, 4:45 and 5:45 P. M.). Theatre train, *11:30 P. M. (Twenty-third street *11:15 P. M.)

For Paterson and Way, from Twenty-third street depot, at 6:45, 10:15 and 11:45 A. M.; *1:45, 3:45, 5:15 and 6:45 P. M. From Chambers street depot, at 6:45, 10:15 A. M.; 12 M.; *1:45, 3:45, 5:15, and 6:45 P. M.

For Hackensack and Hilldale, from Twenty-third street depot, at 8:45 and 11:45 A. M.; 12:15, 3:45, 12:15, 5:45 and 6:45 P. M. From Chambers street depot, 9 A. M.; 12 M.; 12:15, 4:15, 5 and 6:45 P. M.

For Piermont, Nyack, Monsey and Way, from Twenty-third street depot at 9:15 A. M.; *12:45, 1:15, 4:15, 4:45, and 6:15 P. M., and, Saturdays only, *11:45 P. M. From Chambers street depot at 9:30 A. M.; *1:20, 4:15, 4:30, 5 and 6:30 P. M.; Saturdays only, *12 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, 529 and 957 Broadway; 205 Chambers street; 38 Greenwich street; corner 125th street and Third Avenue, Harlem; 328 Fulton street, Brooklyn; depots foot of Chambers street and foot of Twenty-third street, New York; No. 3 Exchange Place and Long Dock Depot, Jersey City, and of the agents at the principal hotels.

L. D. RUCKER, June 13, WM. R. BARR, Gen'l Supt. 1870. G'l Pass'g Ag't

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

NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA RAILROAD.—FROM NEW JERSEY RAILROAD DEPOT, FOOT OF COURTLAND STREET. CHANGE OF HOURS, MAY 9, 1870.

For West Philadelphia, 8:40, 9:30 and 11 A. M.; 12:30, 5:00, 6:00 and *9:00 P. M., 12 Night.

For Philadelphia via Camden, 7:00 A. M., 1:00 and 4:00 P. M.

THROUGH TRAINS.

8:40 A. M., Express for Baltimore and Washington; for the West via Baltimore, and for the South via Baltimore and via Washington, with Drawing Room Car attached.

9:30 A. M., Express for Pittsburgh and the West, with Silver Palace Cars, through to Cincinnati and Chicago.

12:30 Noon, Express for Baltimore and Washington, and for the West via Baltimore, with Drawing Room Car attached.

5:00 P. M., Daily, Saturdays excepted, Express for Pittsburgh and the West, with Silver Palace cars through to Cincinnati and Chicago.

6:00 P. M., Express for Pittsburgh and the West.

9:00 P. M., Daily Express for Pittsburgh and the West, with Silver Palace Cars through to Louisville, daily. Through Silver Palace Cars for Cincinnati and Chicago are attached to this train on Saturdays.

9:20 P. M., Daily Express for Baltimore and Washington, and the Southwest and South via Washington, with Reclining Chair Car and Sleeping Car attached.

FOR NEWARK (Market Street Station).

6:30, 7, 7:40, 8:10, 9, 10, 11 and 11:40 A. M.; 12 M.; 1, 2, 3, 3:30, 4:10, 4:30, 5:10, 6:40, 6:10, 6:20, 7, 9, 10 and 11:30 P. M.; 12 Night.

FOR ELIZABETH.

6, 6:30, 7, 7:40, 8:10, 10, 11:40 A. M.; 12 Noon; 1, 2, 3, 3:30, 4:10, 4:30, 5:40, 6:10, 6:20, 7, 8:30 and 10 P. M.; 12 Night.

Tickets for sale at N. J. R. R. Ticket Offices, foot of Courtlandt Street, and in Depot, Jersey City; at Pier 1, North River; and Dodd's Express Office, 944 Broadway.

F. W. RANKIN, Gen. Pass. Ag't. *Daily. F. W. JACKSON, Gen. Supt.

NEW YORK CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—Trains leave Thirtieth street as follows:

8 A. M., Chicago Express, Drawing Room cars attached.

10:30 A. M., Special Drawing Room car Express for Chicago.

11 A. M., Northern and Western Express, Drawing Room cars attached.

4 P. M., Montreal Express, Drawing Room cars attached.

7 P. M., Pacific Express, with Sleeping cars through to Chicago without change, via M. C. R. R. Also L. S. and M. S. R. (Daily).

11 P. M., Night Express, Sleeping cars attached.

2 P. M., Hudson train.

7 A. M. and 5 P. M., Poughkeepsie trains.

9:45 A. M., 4:15 and 6:15 P. M., Peekskill trains.

5:30 and 7:10 P. M., Sing Sing trains.

6:30, 7:10, 8:50, 10 and 11:50 A. M.; 1:30, 3:45, 5:10, 8 and 11:30 P. M., Yonkers trains.

9 A. M., Sunday train for Poughkeepsie.

W. M. H. VANDEBILT, Vice Pres't.

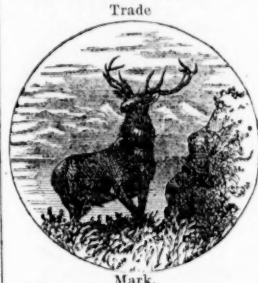
New York, May 2, 1870.

SOUTHSIDE RAILROAD OF LONG ISLAND.—On and after October 25 the trains will leave Roosevelt and Grand Street ferries as follows:

8:45 A. M. Mail and passenger for Patchogue; 10 A. M. for Merrick; 3:30 P. M. Express for Patchogue; 4:30 P. M. Accommodation for Islip; on Saturdays through to Babylon. All trains connect at Valley Stream for Rockaway.

C. W. DOUGLAS, Superintendent.

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CALIFORNIA SEGARS of our "Calistoga" brands we are in regular receipt of.

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CHAS. T. HOWARD - PRESIDENT.

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1 prize of \$50,000 is - - - - - \$50,000

1 prize of 30,000 is - - - - - 30,000

1 prize of 20,000 is - - - - - 20,000

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1 prize of 9,000 is - - - - - 9,000

1 prize of 8,000 is - - - - - 8,000

1 prize of 7,000 is - - - - - 7,000

1 prize of 6,000 is - - - - - 6,000

1 prize of 5,000 is - - - - - 5,000

1 prize of 4,000 is - - - - - 4,000

1 prize of 3,000 is - - - - - 3,000

1 prize of 2,000 is - - - - - 2,000

25 prizes of 1,000 are - - - - - 25,000

50 prizes of 500 are - - - - - 25,000

317 prizes of 200 are - - - - - 63,400

404 prizes amounting to - - - - - \$267,400

Whole Tickets \$20; shares in proportion.

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All Tickets or parts of Tickets ordered by mail will be promptly forwarded to any address on the receipt of the money for the same. Prizes can be cashed by any Express Company, Banking house, or Merchant duly authorized to do so by a legal power of attorney.

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Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Minnesota R. R. Co.'s

FIRST MORTGAGE

50-YEAR

CONVERTIBLE BONDS,

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Henry Clews & Co.,

BANKERS, 32 WALL STREET, N. Y.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR JULY, 1870.

CONTENTS:

THE VAUDOIS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Vaudois burned alive in Paris—The Valleys of the Vaudois—Martyrdom of a Vaudois—Pope Pius IV. and his Cardinals witnessing the Death of Paschal—Vaudois Women buried alive—Thrown from Precipices—Children torn to pieces by Popists—Emplacement—Heads blown off with Powder—Blazing Ovens filled with Vaudois—Fra del Tor.

THE OCEAN STEAMER.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Embarkation—The Main Saloon—The Engineer at his Post—Taking the Pilot—The Captain's Cabin—Captain James Price—The State Room—The Ladies' Cabin—Quarter-Deck—The Galley—Fire-Boom.

DRAMATIC.

Of the few houses that are open, all has been said, there is nothing new. Everything is in the future. Meanwhile what becomes of all our kings and queens, our killing beauties and brilliant beaus, our heavy villains and airy soubrettes, with all the rank and file of villagers, choruses, soldiery, banditti, scene shifter, carpenter, supe and call-boy? Ah! *Qu'en sabe?* Whither do the swallows go when the summer is over, and the dark days and freezing nights take away the sustenance!—when the song of the katydid is silent and the chirp of the cricket is heard no more? An indulgent public pays its favorites magnificently and enables them to enjoy their leisure in shady valleys by the sweet running waters or listening in the calm moonlight to the ceaseless boom of the dashing sea. But it is not given to every one to be a favorite. Time was when actors were a foolish people. Shakspeare was not more extraordinary for his wonderful genius than for that thrift which enabled him to retire from work and live on his savings. Garrick, too, had the double peculiarity of magnificent abilities and of having pockets in which guineas did not burn holes. There have been a few other notables who, having made vast gains, retired to ease and competence. But for the most part they used to spend as fast as they made and die poor. As for the little people, it never was easy, and it is not easy now, to make an overcoat with a yard of cloth. Small wage, even with small expenses, give small show for the spare penny. There is many a young lady or young fellow getting his twenty to forty dollars a week, but obliged to furnish a good wardrobe and to live respectably, if not liberally, because they do good business. It does not surprise me when I am told that such a party has not a thousand or two in a savings bank. But how is it with the rank and file, of whose existence the public is only casually made aware by the obvious fact that flats will not move of themselves, or that a grand procession like that in the *Prophet*, or magnificent tableaux with three or four hundred soldiers and gipsies and peasants as in *Patrie*, must be got together somehow—how do those people get along in the dull time? My dear public, they get along—that's all I know. How, Heaven knows. How do the sparrows live in the winter? The manager pays them just what he is obliged, and no more. He is not grinding or illiberal, but he is business. In private life your manager is a jolly, whole-souled fellow. But the public care nothing about the little people. The stars are the manager's cards. Even if the manager pay them fairly and regularly, they are not able to save much out of their earnings; nor have I yet heard of any manager who pays them moderate wages, just sufficient for food and clothing and a few extras, and when the house is closed takes care of them during the vacation like children home from school, in some picturesque, healthy spot where they can think over art and lay out plans of future triumphs for their revered benefactor. It would be very nice, but dry-goods dealers or milliners or big importers don't do it, so we cannot expect a noble rage of self-devotion from managers. No; the manager's life is one of certain utgo and uncertain income. The dear public is nightly capricious, so the big guns will have their price, and the pairings and peelings and small encomiums fall on the little folk. It is the same everywhere, only it seems a little more hard that those who live to please should not always find it pleasant to live.

My dear public will shrug its shoulders, and say the case is hard, it cannot be denied; but that is one of the incidents of life. Ah, Madame Rose Couleur, how lightly we carry our neighbor's burthens! Do you know that the dull theatre time generally falls in with the dull business time, and when a woman who works on fancy dresses ten hours a day for six dollars a week gets thrown out, she can't turn round to Madame Grosgrain or Miss de la Ruche, and get work. But these things will happen, and when you and I, my dear friend, meet at Saratoga, and chat over our last week at Frou-Frou, it would be very foolish to spoil our pleasant talk by calling up disagreeable images.

I see that a dramatic critic associates Black Crook and ballet and girls out of employ with

the phrase "social evil." Which social evil? There are so many social evils. In the first place, my tender, gentle public rather likes Black Crook and spectacle—calls for it. I can't think that our public in these days of humanitarianism does the thing which the old Roman populace used to do to our righteous horror—see the gladiator struck down, and then torn down the thumb; or even like the old mail-coach contractors run the horses till they drop, and then unhook the traces and leave them. Oh, no! the public don't do that. And so my dramatic friend, who wishes to bear so heavily on that spectacle which the public worship and pays so profusely, please to amend your criticism, and tell us that when a poor little Black Crookite or other waif of fortune, does make a social evil of herself, the gentleman, young or old, who went down the ladder with her, finds the door of virtue and respectability closed, and "Not at home to Mr. Faust" his answer. Also, my critical brother, please tell us that in Murray Hill or the Fifth Avenue, Saratoga or the Branch, there are no soiled skirts under gorgeous externals. The outward show is the sure index of the inward purity.

However, want of wages and starvation and such topics are exceedingly unpleasant, and I don't care to discuss them. I hope all my little friends, whom I miss from their accustomed haunts, are all laid up in lavender, labeled, ticketed and cared for until next season, when they can be found just where they are wanted.

As for the real favorites, they are indeed a happy race. Long Branch has a perfect colony of them, all virtuous, all rich, all happy. Every newspaper you take up tells you how nobly they have earned their millions, and how royally they spend them. Formerly, as I was saying, actors, even of the better sort, were proverbially improvident. Nowadays, to be an actor, lady or gentleman, is to have a heavy salary and a big bank balance, a cosy cottage or a fine farm. Look at Schneider or Booth, Nilsson or Wallace, Fechter or Charlotte Thompson. All make money by hatfuls. Now and then, perhaps, you hear of one that has not got paid; well, there are people everywhere who don't get paid; or of another, after ever so much hard work and spirited outlay, has landed a heavy loss, and has to begin again. Well, that happens elsewhere too; and the feeling public sympathizes in its own way. It knows that just as success is always successful, so also there is no such word as ill-luck. Stupidity, idleness or mismanagement, if you please, but not ill-luck. Whoso succeeds sets him up as a god; whoso fails, write him down an ass. *Bismillah!* it is said.

And so, my beloved friends of the profession, I wish you all manner of holiday happiness. Those of you who are rich and out of town, may they take things coolly; and those who are poor and in town, may they bear things patiently, in certainty that the sun shines on the other side of the cloud.

VANDYKE.

MR. GRAU, notwithstanding the German complications abroad, writes to this country that he has been very successful in the engagement of a dramatic troupe to accompany Mme. Marie Seebach to this country. Among others he had engaged Mlle. Veneta, of the Royal Hofburg Theatre, Vienna, engaged for old woman and leading business; Mlle. Antoine Bessinger, Royal Hof Theatre, Stuttgart, first sentimental and heroine; Mlle. Marguerite von Ziegler, Royal Hof Theatre, Meiningen, for comedy and love parts; Mlle. Elvira Bardenheuer, Stadt Theatre, Amsterdam, for juvenile and utility business; Herr Heinrich Jautsch, Royal Hof Theatre, Meiningen, leading business; Herr Herrmann Harry, Prag Theatre, engaged for intriguing and character roles, second regisseur; Herr Hugo Edward, Royal Hof Theatre, Stuttgart, also engaged for leading business; Herr Ludovic Geiger, of the Lemberg Theatre, engaged for old men and character parts. Negotiations are also pending with several other distinguished artists, whose names will shortly be announced. The debut of the Seebach dramatic organization is fixed for the 12th of September, and "Faust" will probably be the piece selected for the opening performance.

Mlle. MORLACCHI ON A FARM.—At this

season of the year, when the amusement-loving portion of our citizens are obliged, through the discomfort of the heated term, to abandon the various places of amusement, and to depend entirely upon the blessings of memory for the pleasures of the mimic world; and when the mind, by the summer vacation, is forced from the cares of business, it loves to ruminate over its various past enjoyments and call to mind the happy hours passed in witnessing the impersonations of the favorite artist—either in opera, drama, pantomime or ballet. Nor is this all. The artists, no matter in which of the above walks their professional ability may have been directed, who have by their superior talents and culture attracted our admiration and esteem, always create in us a desire, a burning curiosity to know something of their private life, their likes and dislikes, their habits and customs, and above all (if they be not of the male sex) their personal qualifications and moral worth. From these thoughts, and the memory of Mlle. Morlacchi's representation in the Queen City, I came to the conclusion that no more agreeable letter could be written, or one that could give the majority of your readers greater pleasure than a description of a visit to the country seat of the renowned *premiere danseuse*, Mlle. Morlacchi, who has purchased a farm on the outskirts of the town of Billerica, on the Boston and Lowell railroad, about twenty miles from Boston. The farm lies about half a mile from the station, and is easily reached by a pleasant drive through a quiet piece of woods. The farmhouse, if such it might be called, is close to the roadside, under the brow of a thickly wooded hill. It is a modern wooden-framed building, painted in light drab color; there are two parlors on the first floor, which are elegantly furnished with all that art can suggest, and arranged with exquisite taste. Rare pictures adorn the walls, several of them being the original works of old Italian masters. At one end of the larger parlor is an excellent library case, entirely filled with rare books in all the modern languages, the perusal of which seems to afford the subject of this sketch no little enjoyment. Lying upon the several marble-topped tables in the room were, as though just from the hands of the reader, a volume of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," in French; "Don Quixote," in Spanish; Goethe's "Faust," in German; a large volume of "Shakspeare," in English; besides several other of the lesser, though more modern writers, in various languages. In the smaller parlor is the writing-desk, at which Mlle. Morlacchi corresponds with her numerous personal friends, answers the frequent applications for professional engagements, and assigns to paper the various musical thoughts and melodies which are constantly running riot through her brain. Here, too, she has her piano, and in the quiet of the evening, after the duties of the day are disposed of, she amuses herself and gratifies her listeners by her artistic rendering of her own compositions, as well as the works of the best masters.

Her farm consists of about forty acres, the most of which is under a good state of improvement. It is stocked with all the implements necessary for its proper cultivation, besides having the usual complement of horses, cows, sheep, poultry, etc. Her ambition has been to send early vegetables to the Boston market as soon as, if not in advance of, her country neighbors. This she has succeeded in doing, and she speaks, with delight, of having green peas and new potatoes ready for delivery some days before the old resident farmers had thought it possible. She keeps several horses, two especially for her own use; one of them for driving in a basket wagon, the other as a saddle horse, used only by herself, and as she is *au fait* in all that appertains to riding and driving, she excites no little curiosity as she canters through the streets of the town, making her hour of pleasure also one of business, by attending to the errands "up in the village." Mlle. Morlacchi gives her personal attention to every detail connected with the proper management of her venture; rising in the morning at 5 o'clock and spending the greater portion of the day in performing the various duties appertaining to the care of her country place, alternating her hours of leisure between music, reading and horseback-riding.

When attending to her household duties, Mlle. Morlacchi wears a close-fitting calico dress, her hair hanging below her waist in two plain braids; but when going into the woods she dons a pair of trowsers, a coat and hat, and those who remember seeing her on the stage in male attire, will easily picture to themselves the jaunty figure she makes. She has with her, as companion and friend, Mlle. Teresa Antonino, an artist of excellent reputation, who will probably give your readers an opportunity of judging of her ability during the coming winter. Certainly, if appearances are to be relied on, she should at once rise high in the scale of public opinion, for she is a lady of undeniable beauty, refinement and grace.

Mlle. Morlacchi's sister is now in Europe, but will return in the fall, bringing her father with her, as she says she has formed such an attachment for this country that she cannot leave it now, and the family must be here to enjoy its many beauties as well as herself. She is daily receiving letters from various managers urging her acceptance of engagements for the coming season; but she is, at present, unprepared to make definite arrangements, her mind being too much occupied with her novel home cares. She will, however, at the proper time, make her selection of associate artists, and you may, with reason, expect to renew during the coming winter the pleasure of last season in witnessing the performances of this talented lady.

FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, will play it out on that line all summer. In addition to the performers mentioned in our last, the dancers Venturoli, Brunetti and Olbeto have been secured, together with the comedians Geo. R. Edeson and Charles E. Collins, who manage to give a fair midsummer entertainment.

BREYER & TOOHEY'S DRAMATIC COMPANY opened a brief season at Superior, Wis., July 7th, in the "French Spy." Harry Gray, J. F. Breyer, Toohey, Davidson, Maud Davidson, Miss Geneve and Miss Foster are with this company. They closed on July 9 and opened in Duluth July 11.

MARIAN TAYLOR commences a two-weeks' engagement at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on the 18th inst., and she informs managers that she is engaged to appear at the Olympic Theatre, N. Y., early in August.

MISS LOUISA MYERS has retired from the profession. She will hereafter sing contralto in the Old South Church, Boston.

IN ROCHESTER, N. Y., a new theatre is being built. The workmen commenced laying the foundation on July 15. It will be located upon the site of the one recently destroyed by fire, on South St. Paul street. The building is to be a very substantial one, with a handsome front and Mansard roof. The lower floor will be occupied with stores except a space sufficient for an entrance to the theatre, which will be located in the second story. The proprietors are H. L. Meech, of Buffalo, and Mr. Finch, of New York. It is anticipated that it will be ready for business about Christmas.

KINGSLEY'S Dramatic Company closed in Duluth, Wis., July 9, after playing there two weeks.

WALLACK'S.

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FRITZ VON VANDERBLINKINSTOFFEN, THE GERMAN EMIGRANT. In Charles Gayler's triumphantly successful comic and sensational character drama of FRITZ, OUR COUSIN GERMAN! EVERY EVENING TILL FURTHER NOTICE.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

MADAME KATHI LANNER, VIENNOISE BALLET TROUPE, THE GROTO OF THE SYRENS, HIRKA. To commence with the popular Ajax specialty, THE NATIONS, NIGHTLY UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

WOOD'S MUSEUM & MENAGERIE.

GEO. WOOD, Proprietor. First week of the engagement of MR. E. LAMB, MISS ROSA RAND and MISS ALICE HARRISON. Eighth week of the MARTINETTI TROUPE. Every day at 2, and evening at 8 P. M. The new burlesque extravaganza of EAST LYNNE and the comic trick pantomime of the MAGIC TRUMPET, in which the celebrated MARTINETTI TROUPE WILL APPEAR.