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[FOR WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.]

IN THE OTHER WORLD.

BY MARY E. TUCKER.

Nothing is constant here save change,
Even the seasons come and go;
Night veils the day, day dawns o'er night.
I often wonder can this be so
In the other world?

Here Winter brings the beautiful snow,
As fleecy white as the lily's bloom.
Do they have spring buds and autumn's dyes,
Is summer laden with rare perfume
In the other world?

Home and its comforts, social joys,
Are passing sweet in this life we live.
Ah! loving and being beloved is grand!
I wonder if so they take and give
In the other world?

I wonder if so they take and give?
Or if the loving is all for one?
All for one! then a broken heart—
Can a soul by love be lost or won
In the other world?

Are we ever longing for something new?
Trying to find a hidden treasure?
Do the pangs of disappointment come—
Is there bitter in the dregs of pleasure
In the other world?

Are we ever satisfied, content
With our granted meed of love or fame
Does Ambition urge our footsteps on
With a promise of illustrious name
In the other world?

And oh! with an arrow in my heart
And a tortured life from its poisonous sting,
I ask are tongues barbed with the slanderous dart,
Or is there justice where God is king,
In the other world?

I wonder if burning heads grow cool?
If the busy brain with its changing thought
Must ideas coin? Yes, I wish I knew
If the brain's rare gems are sold and bought
In the other world?

If the thought is lettered and sold for bread—
I wonder if He, whose will is might,
Will tell us why these things are so?
I wonder if darkness will be made light
In the other world?

LADIES' APPETITES 350 YEARS AGO.—But, perhaps, the most conclusive evidence that we can give of the good appetites prevalent in those days is the active part enacted by the ladies at table. On October 24th, we find it related in the Earl of Surrey's diary, that two ladies were served for their breakfast as follows: "To my Lady and my Lady Wyndham, peysse of beyt, a gooyse, a breste of veyle roast, a capon." This is decidedly good fare for breakfast only. Few ladies could manage as much now; but, after all, it is perhaps fortunate, as ladies' appetites for dress and other expensive things have not abated, that they can no longer consume a piece of beef, a breast of roast veal, and a capon—just for breakfast.—*Food Journal.*

IN SPITE OF ALL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME GEORGE SAND.

Translated expressly for Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.

PART IV.

[Concluded.]

She fell at my feet, pressed my knees to her bosom and swooned away. Her attendant, who kept her in sight, came forward and helped to restore her. We took her into the parlor and laid her on a sofa. Her maid, who seemed a quiet, kind person, told me she ought to eat something. I tried her. At last I succeeded in persuading her to take some food, and by degrees she recovered her senses. After some wanderings she turned to her servant:

"My good Clary, I am well now. Leave me with Miss Owen. I want to talk to her. You see how kind she has been. You were afraid she would not know me; but you see she does know me and is sorry for me. She is not like those others. If I could only remain near her I should soon get quite well, but I don't want to trouble her. Tell the coachman to give his horses some food, but not to unharness the—"

"Oh! you must stop here an hour and rest yourself," said I; so the maid went away and we were together.

"What a contrast between us," she began. "The two extremes! Reason, goodness, patience; opposed to cruelty, extravagance and devouring jealousy. For, do you know, Miss Owen, I was jealous to death of you. I might let you think that I have forgotten my atrocious conduct, and that I was mad when I wrote you that letter, which must have broken off your marriage. No; I cannot and I will not lie. I was not mad, I was exasperated. The power I wielded over Abel was not enough for me. I would have his love. I could not get him from you. My spite made me offer to marry him. 'No,' he replied—'no! Your lover, yes; your husband, never! My word is given to another. I will never take it back.'"

"Save me! Keep me near you a few days. I know you will bring me back to reason and to my free will. Do this work of charity. Your sister detests me and rejoices at my overthrow, but she will be at Francois this fortnight. Without you I am lost. Save me! take care of me!"

Abel's words. The resemblance was sad, for I had not saved nor taken charge of him, but I saw Mlle. d'Ortosa's eyes fill with tears, and I thought if she could be brought to weep over herself she would, perhaps, be made whole. I was, above all, a curatress. The wrongs done to me might give me an ascendant over her that no one else could have.

"Remain with me! But you must promise me that I shall have a physician's authority, and that you will eat and go to sleep when I wish it, and that your mind, too, shall surely follow my prescriptions."

She promised, with joy, and I sent to the driver and paid him his fare. For several days the people at Francois did not know what had become of her. They took no pains to inquire. When my father returned to dinner he was surprised at finding her installed with me. He had no idea of my grounds of complaint against her. His noble heart would have understood my motive, but I had spared him that sorrow. He was satisfied that poor d'Ortosa had been rejected everywhere else, and had come to me for shelter. He showed her every attention though she was not in sympathy with him.

During her stay she took refuge in the practices of an

exalted catholicism, but these became tedious and unsatisfying, and I found that she was in reality materialist. Several times she endeavored to turn the conversation on this subject, but I persistently declined. My sister's presence at Malgrétout called up something of her old jealousy. She wished still to exercise a sway over Lord Osborn. I handed her a mirror and told her to look at it.

"You are greatly improved since you came here, but even yet you must renounce all plans of conquest. Wait a year. Don't show yourself again, and seek your happiness in a less exalted sphere."

"Would you wish me to marry a tradesman, an artist?"

"An artist? And why not?"

"There is one, the only one. I would have loved Abel, but he insulted me in refusing marriage."

"He is free now, try him again!"

"No, no; it is too late now. I do not love him any more. I would only recall him to avenge myself for his disdain."

After a fortnight of this struggle against herself and her circumstances she was so improved by the order and regularity of my simple household, that she determined to return to Paris, parting from me with much show of affection, and promising not to go much into society; to see but few select acquaintances, on whose kindness she could reckon. I scarcely think she kept her promises, for I received a letter from her in which she told me how ungrateful and hateful the world was, and that there was but one individual whose sincerity and amiability prevented her from cursing all the rest. I heard subsequently that she had made a retreat in a convent for some months, where she was practicing exemplary piety.

I could do no more for her.

My sister returned for a short stay, and went back again. She liked the house, and Lord Osborn was paying her some attentions. I was uneasy, for I knew the young Lord, without being a libertine or indiscreet, had already compromised the names of some ladies. Ada was not a d'Ortosa, and even her skill and strength had not saved her. We went now to Francois to see her, but that only enraged her; and she made display of unusual eccentricity, and affected the companionship of the lightest persons only to aggravate us. It was clear that she amused Lord Osborn, and that she would manage the old lady whom she called mamma. But all this we knew was not marriage, and my father and I were only looked upon as worthy folks, who were trying to push the family fortunes without knowing how to do it.

One day I was reading the paper to my father, baby was asleep on my knees, and little Sarah was rolling on the floor in the skirt of my dress, when Lord Osborn was announced. He entered suddenly before I could get rid of the two children. Papa rose to receive him. I was rising when he said, in his firm, steady tone:

"Remain where you are, pray; it is a position that suits you exactly, and I have never seen anything sweeter than I see now. I cannot understand how a mother can quit her children even for a single day."

I made him a sign not to speak thus before little Sarah, who was looking at him with her eyes wide open. I ordered the nurse to take the children away into the garden. Sarah did not care to go. She looked on every new face with doubt, and exclaimed:

"I don't want them to take you away as they do little mamma."

Lord Osborn took up the broken thread with the same cold intonation:

"I was saying that Madame de Remonville, who has such lovely children, so excellent a father and so adorable

a sister, must be partial indeed to the world to be able to leave them with such facility. I have no ground for regret, for she is the life of my house and the idol of my mother; but I had a conversation yesterday with my mother about her, and precisely for that I am here to-day."

"We hear you, my lord," replied my father, with an accent of dignity, at which our visitor bowed.

"Yes, this is what my mother said to me: 'Madame de Remonville is a fine pearl; there are many envious people, and I am afraid they may get angry with her on your account, my son, as they did with that poor d'Ortosa. They blame her for leaving her family, and I thought I noticed that her family were uneasy. That excellent M. Owen, who has been described to me as gay and lively, is dull and distant with us. Miss Owen, who has such a gift, and never makes a difficulty anywhere else, is visibly affected when she is here. They say she is precise, and I am sure she is anxious about you and her sister. Now it seems to me that Madame de Remonville is not indifferent to you. I don't see why you should not marry her, as you are now thirty, and our men always settle at that age.'"

Lord Osborn stopped, and looked at us. My eyes were cast down, but my father awaited with impatient pride the end of the speech.

"Do you wish to know what answer I made to my mother?"

"We should like to know," answered my father.

"Well, then—here it is, word for word: 'My dear mother, I should be honored in becoming M. Owen's son-in-law; he has been a great lawyer, and his honorable character is worth all the millions I possess. Madame de Remonville is charming and quite capable of turning a sound head; but she is the widow of a man who was not pleasing to me, and I should have some difficulty in forgetting that circumstance. The thing might not be impossible, however, if I was passionately in love with her; she has not encouraged me to fall in love, for she is a coquette, though all in honor, and I am afraid of this shade of female character, having suffered from it. The woman I could love must be quite the opposite; she must be simple, calm, reserved; she must resemble a person I have seen only three times, but who presents to my eyes an image of the good, the lovely, the true. A young woman kind in manner, but with immense moral courage; a child who has immolated herself for the good of others, who, in the epidemic exposed her own life a hundred times, after having ruined herself to save the honor of a name borne by a sister.'"

I wished to interrupt Lord Osborn, and bring him back to the question.

"I am quite in order," he said. "This young girl does not desire to be noticed; on the contrary, she desires to pass unobserved in her little gray dress, which does not disguise the natural and irresistible grace of her person. She avoids *ecarté*, and disdains our false pleasures. Her mind is absorbed in tenderness for her family. She is educated—artist and poet. In fine, to paint her as she is, I would mention one last trait. While all others were dancing and singing, heedless of poor Madame d'Ortosa, and fearful even to think about her, Miss Owen opened the sanctuary of her charity, and became her physician and nurse. It is to that angelic and most superior person I would address myself if I had the smallest hope of being encouraged."

This unexpected conclusion moved my father, who grasped our visitor's hand without being able to reply, but invited me by a look to answer.

I put forward my hand to Lord Osborn. "I appreciate the honor you do me. I am touched by the esteem you express for me. We will keep the secret of this proceeding; and that you may be sure of me I tell you the one secret of my life. I have loved a person whom I have voluntarily renounced; it will be impossible for me ever to love another."

Lord Osborn raised my hand to his lips, saying that this straightforward answer only increased his esteem and respect for me. My father was so surprised that I made him a sign to keep silence. Lord Osborn did not ask the slightest question, nor did he affect any useless regrets; but he retired manifesting a real affection, and I may say that his withdrawal was in the best taste.

"Miss Owen, I cannot leave a fear and a chagrin in a heart like yours. Your sister's presence in my house makes you uneasy, and I would not have her compromised even involuntarily. She likes my house, and my mother would be mortified if she did not remain with us till the end of our fête. I pleaded business this morning when I left Francois and I hinted at a journey. I resolved in case you should not accept me not to return. I leave at once for London and I shall not return until your sister has returned to you."

After his departure, in answer to my father's remarks, I said: "What! would you have me carry off a marriage coveted by my sister? That would be a breach irreparable between us. Don't regret my sacrifice; it is not one.

I could not lead the vain life of Lord Osborn and his mother."

Papa and I went out for a walk, taking little Sarah with us. It chanced that we took the path to the Dames de Mense. This was the very anniversary of the day on which I had seen Abel. On reaching the spot where I had heard Abel play *La Demoiselle*, what was my surprise to find an enormous bouquet of the rarest flowers laid at the precise spot where I had been sitting with little Sarah when Abel made his appearance. "Why, this is for you, my dear; here is your name on the ribbon," said my father.

Whence this homage? Abel was too far away. I went to the old gardener. He said he had seen a working man leave it there an hour ago; he had intended to bring it up to me in the evening. "There is nothing to be surprised about; you are so good that the poor people would do anything to give you pleasure."

"Only the flowers must come from Lord Osborn's conservatories. Do you know Lord Osborn?"

"Oh, yes; he has been here several times and asked me where Mlle. Sarah walked and what places she preferred."

I took the flowers home and set them in a vase. This little event, in which my imagination detected Abel's hand, troubled me.

Ada came over to see us and exclaimed:

"Why! here's the betrothal bouquet!"

"Explain yourself," I said. "Can you tell me whence this bouquet comes? I declare I know nothing about it."

"Will you assure me that Lord Osborn was not here yesterday? Now declare."

"I saw him. Does that offend you, that you seem so agitated?"

"He asked you in marriage. I know all about it. His mother told me. Two or three days ago she insisted on my marrying her son. I laughed at her. She was in earnest. I was obliged to tell her that I might not refuse him. Now, to-day, she says that her son has gone away. It was my sister that he wanted to marry. All this procedure seemed so absurd that I ran over here immediately. But I shall only stop twenty-four hours. I don't want to keep Lord Osborn away from home, though I am mortally annoyed. I have been made a plaything of, and insulted. Lord Osborn paid me marked attentions. Everybody complimented me. It is annoying to have such a beautiful sister. She is so intelligent and so virtuous that she has only to show her face to supplant you on the spot. I shall go to Paris. I shall set up my own establishment. I have become acquainted with such good society at Francois I shall get introduced at Court. I shall be the fashion."

Nothing could shake her determination; she was in earnest. My father assured her that I had refused Lord Osborn. This only made her more angry. I was a fool. It was an affront even to her. I had a mania for sacrifice, as even she was a tyrant and domestic scourge. Of course she would have been annoyed at the marriage, but she recognized its ultimate advantages. She revolted against this system of burying herself.

She immediately began packing up. When I saw her folding away Sarah's clothes, those pretty little things that I had made with so much pains, I asked her whether she really meant to take the child."

"Hold your tongue! Thanks to your spoiling my child. I pass for a bad mother; one of the most odious things in the world. Oh, I know all about it. I don't mean to quit my children, I tell you—never. They shall follow me everywhere. They are my own, and I forbid you to follow me, for whenever they see Miss Owen at my side it will be, 'There, that is the true mother; that is she; she plays Cinderella; her sister dances while she rocks the cradle.'"

This was crushing, but tears, reproaches, supplications were all in vain. My sister's self-love was wounded. The child cried so bitterly at leaving me that I was obliged to go out of the house and stop my ears until I thought she was gone. At the end of the day I came back. I was afraid my people would be uneasy, else I could have stopped all night. My maid wept on seeing me return, and even my father's dog would not take his food. I went up-stairs into the children's room, and the desolation and disorder redoubled my sorrow. Sarah's little bed empty, the baby's cradle empty, the toys thrown about, flowers tossed over the carpet, a little shoe, forgotten, on a chair; it seemed as if brigands had broken in and carried off everything worth taking. When the day came I went down into the garden. I wandered along the paths which lead down to the river, and I sat down on the bench where I had received Abel's vows of affection. I was at the end of all my strength. I fell on the ground, and with head resting on the bench I wept as only people do weep who have struggled with all their force against despair and find themselves at last crushed down and vanquished. Nature sympathized with me, for the wind, driving the leaden clouds along, sighed out plaintive moans, and dashes of rain disturbed the gloomy waters.

I felt myself encircled in two strong but gentle arms. Abel raised me up and pressed me to his heart. He, too,

was crying and sobbing with so much energy that I forgot all my resistance in thanks for his pity, and for the sense of refuge against the horrors of life.

"I know everything," he said; "I have been in hiding here this week. I know all your goodness and self-devotion. I know Lord Osborn's rejected offer, your sister's cruelty and departure. I know now that you are alone in the world, and I offer myself to you, no longer as *fiancé*, but as your devoted friend. I shall go away no more, Sarah, for there is nobody that shall make you suffer on my account. As for Mlle. D'Ortosa it needed no sacrifice to return to you; but I was very culpable in allowing myself to be influenced by curiosity in seeking her acquaintance. I ought to have known the mischief that she would do. Your decision was perfectly just. I did not go to Italy, as you were told. I hired a cottage near Noville, and I set myself in three months' solitude to ascertain whether I was a brute beast, a slave to my senses, or whether I was an unfortunate, whom the success and the excitement of my art made a prey to fancies and wild chimeras. I found in myself the tenderness which I always knew to be there. I am not worthy of you, but I am sure that I can live only for you, and it would be better not to live at all than to live without you. I have bought a cottage within ten minutes' rail from here. I shall wait, without annoying you, until your father returns from his escort on your sister. I am studying. I am taking lessons from Noville. He has explained to me how the written word can convey truth and feeling as well as music can do. I am already able to write letters to you. You shall see that I can be fixed and transformed, and perhaps in time, when you know that I live only for you, you will pardon me."

I did not answer him. He resumed:

"My repentance seems useless to you now. You think only of your own griefs and I am foolish to talk of my hopes. In your moments of distress speak to me of your sufferings. I will forget mine. I will go after the child and kidnap her, if necessary, or I will compel her mother to come back. Shall I start at once?"

"No," said I, "my sister is right, and possibly in her anger the idea of maternal duty may have come up. It would not be for the child's happiness to be divided between us. I have resolved to be calm and to submit. I shall have strength of mind since you are here."

"What do you say, Sarah?" and he seized my hands.

"Am I then something in your life?"

"You are everything. How could you doubt it?"

In a few weeks I shall be his wife.

CITY OF BATAVIA AND MEDWAY COLONY.

The Medway Colony, on the Eastern coast of Georgia, is designed (as far as locating residences is concerned) on the same plan as the far-famed capital of Java, which is said to be the handsomest city in the world. It was from the latter vicinity that the Ramie plants (*Bohemeria Tenuicissima*) were brought to this country. The new Batavia unites all that is advantageous in a sanitary point of view, with oriental splendor. Each residence, painted white, is placed one hundred feet back from the avenue or street, the intervening space being filled with fruit and ornamental trees, all literally alive with birds. Each house has a piazza in front, where lounges, ottomans and hammocks of the nicest description furnish luxurious comfort. The climate is mild, and even in summer the heat is tempered by the sea breezes.

The general temperature throughout the year is, however, considerably higher in Batavia than in Medway, the former having an average of 82 Farenheit, while the latter has 61. This is equaled by Sacramento, Cal., but is three degrees higher than the City of Cincinnati, Ohio.

This Southern colony presents strong inducements to all persons who are seeking a milder climate than our northern region can furnish, especially for the winter months. It is peculiarly favorable to pulmonary complaints, debility, or even old age. There is good fishing at Medway—plenty of oysters, bass, drum-fish, etc., for the place is located upon a salt-water river. The inhabitants are few, but mostly Northerners, and they appreciate deer and wild turkeys, and enjoy hunting. Savannah may be reached in one hour by railroad.

The building sites are one hundred feet front (on shaded avenues), and two hundred feet deep, equal to eight city lots. A "site" does not equal \$100, while the farm-lands, some cleared and some in yellow pine, are rated at \$10 per acre.

It may be added that the German city of New Braunfels, on the Coural, Texas, is on the same model. A full description of this place will be given later.

The trip by first-class steamships, or railroad, from New York, can be made between two and three days. Fare, \$10 to \$25.

The latter part of September being the best season to settle in the South, an immediate selection of building lots is urged.

Be careful what you write to married women; between a correspondent and a co-respondent there is only the difference of a letter.

THE PAULISTS AND THEIR FOUNDER.

BY E. V. B.

On Fifty-ninth street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues, stands the church and monastery of St. Paul. The place is known to the world of New Yorkers as the "House of the Paulist Fathers." Whoever comes to New York and is thrown in contact with the most intellectual classes of Catholics is sure to hear of this church and monastery and Father Hecker, its founder.

It is a handsome stone structure, built in modern Romanesque style, surrounded by beautiful grounds and commanding a view of Central Park. Among the bright flower parterres within the inclosure can frequently be seen, tending and watering the plants or culling flowers for the altars, the black cassocked forms of the high-bred, intellectual priests and monks, whose home and headquarters are here. They are all, with two or three exceptions, converts to Catholicity; they are all men of culture and men whose vaulting ambition and aims would be high and daring were they not moulded to the nobler end of self-sacrifice. They are men to whom the religion of Jesus has become the romance of their lives. Most of them are from families of ample means, whose sons could command the usual gratifications of young Americans of the wealthier classes; but who have forsaken every ordinary ambition for the nobler one of treading the thorny path of self-abnegation as soldiers of the Cross. The columns of that able periodical, *The Catholic World*, are filled, or largely supplied, by the suggestive ideas of these priests. Their Superior is its editor and also the Director of the Catholic Publication Society. He is the popular and renowned Father Hecker, the brother of George and John Hecker, two men whose names in Wall street or at the Stock Exchange or Gold Room are as well known as that of Vanderbilt or Fisk or A. T. Stewart, and whose large fortunes were made by the same indomitable energy and perseverance that have crowned their brother's high endeavor with the only success he coveted, the monk's cowl and cassock and the self-sacrifice demanded for the monastery cell. But readers who take note of the important events transpiring at the present day will observe the fact that the ancient church is putting American machinery into her ark of the centuries, and they will recognize the hand of one master-mind in the work, and in that mind the cool German intellect of Isaac Hecker. Some of this American machinery is the stolen thunder of the Protestant press. The four-page tract as the companion of the steamboat ride they have used most effectively; the Sunday school, with its inspiring hymns, is another; the lecture room is another;—and what is the consequence of this progressive activity and adaptation to the wants of the age? Converts from the highest class of thinkers are turning Romeward every year. It is not so much the number as the quality of the converts which the Old Church is making that astonishes us.

Let us hear what James Parton says about this wondrous Paulist Order:

"This community, in one important particular, differs from other Catholic orders—it exacts no special vows of its members. Father Hecker is an American, a patriotic American, an American who believes in American principles—in short, he is what we used to call a good Jeffersonian Democrat. Being that in politics, he desires to be it also in religion; for he is of opinion that a proposition which is true at the polls cannot be false before the altar. Jefferson says, All men are equals. True, says this American priest, because they are all brothers. Jefferson says, Man is capable of self-government. True, adds Father Hecker, for man is made in the image of his Creator. This Paulist Community, therefore, is conducted on American principles: 'the door opens both ways;' no man remains a moment longer than he chooses; and every inmate is as free in all his works and ways as a son is in the well-ordered house of a wise father.

What a powerful engine is this! Suppose the six ablest and highest Americans were living thus, freed from all worldly cares, in an agreeable, secluded abode, yet near the centre of things, with twelve zealous, gifted young men to help and cheer them, a thousand organizations in the country to aid in distributing their writings, and in every town a spacious edifice and an eager audience to hang upon their lips, what could they not effect in a lifetime of well-directed work? Father Hecker lives so remote from the worldly anxieties, that he did not know the amount of his own salary until I told him. That is not in his department. He has nothing to think of but his work.

"Father Hecker and his colleagues propose to convert us by convincing our reason. There is nothing which they deny with so much emphasis and vehemence as the common assertion, that the Roman Catholic Church demands of man the submission or abdication of his reason. Father Hecker, in his spirited and eloquent little book entitled 'The Aspirations of Nature,' is particularly strong upon this point. 'Man has no right to surrender his judgment,' he tells us. 'Endowed with free-will, man has no right to yield up his liberty. Reason and free-will constitute man a responsible being, and he has no right to abdicate his independence. Judgment, Liberty, Independence, these are divine and inalienable gifts; and man cannot renounce them if he would.' Again he says: 'Religion is a question between God and the soul. No human authority, therefore, has any right to enter its sacred sphere. Every man was made by his Creator to do his own thinking.' And again: 'There is no degradation so abject as the submission of the eternal interests of the soul to the private authority or dictation of any man or body of men, whatever may be their titles.' And again: 'Reasonable religious belief does not supplant Reason, nor diminish

its exercise, but presupposes its activity, extends its boundaries, elevates and ennobles it by applying its powers to the highest order of truth.' And once more: 'There are several primary, independent and authoritative sources of truth. Among others, and the first, is Reason.' These passages are in curious contrast to the wild denunciations of human Reason in which Luther indulges, and which Father Hecker quotes only to condemn: 'Reason, you are a silly, blind fool,' 'Reason is the Devil's bride, a pretty strumpet,' etc.

Our Paulist friends, too, are the furthest possible from being alarmed at the discoveries of science; for they do not insist on the literal infallibility of the books composing the Bible. They would not feel that either the Church or the public morals were in danger if a bishop on the other side of the globe should catch Moses tripping in his arithmetic. With them, it is the Church that is infallible—i. e., the collected, deliberately uttered moral sense of mankind, enlightened by the Author of it, and which is therefore for individuals the supreme, unerring conscience. Galileo would be in no danger nowadays if his discoveries should appear to cast a reflection upon the statement that Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still and they obeyed him. 'The geologist,' observes Father Hecker, in one of his most eloquent passages, 'may dig deep down into the bowels of the earth till he reaches the intensest heats; the naturalist may decompose matter, examine with the microscope what escapes our unaided observation, and unveil to our astonished gaze the secrets of nature; the astronomer may multiply his lenses till his ken reaches the empyrean heights of heaven; the historian may consult the annals of nations, and unriddle the hieroglyphics of the monuments of bygone ages; the moralist may expose the most delicate folds of the human heart, and probe it to its very core; the philosopher may, with his critical faculty, observe and define the laws which govern man's sovereign reason,—and Catholicity is not alarmed! Catholicity invokes, encourages, solicits your boldest efforts; for at the end of all your earnest researches you will find that the fruit of your labors confirm her teachings, and that your genuine discoveries add new gems to the crown of truth which encircles her heaven-inspired brow.'

How interesting to observe the noble heart endowing with its own nobleness whatever it loves! How resistless the influence of this large and free America, which transfigures all things and persons into a likeness of itself!—*Atlantic Monthly*, of May, 1868.

But let us see where the founder of this truly progressive and American Order of Priests was trained for the work in which we find him engaged, the establishment of a community whose aim is to make the printing press the auxiliary of the faith and exponent of the stately decorums and symbolic ceremonies of Rome; for no one will deny that those decorums and ceremonies are essentially Roman in their origin and character.

Isaac Hecker was a young baker of New York; his parents were German. The family was estimable, virtuous and affectionate in their characteristics. The three brothers, George, John and Isaac, were deeply attached to each other, and began business at an early age together as bakers, working at their own kneading-troughs and ovens. But Isaac was not a man to keep his mind from embracing the whole wide range of human thought while making out at his loaves. He nailed his Algebra to the wall above his trough, that he might train his intellect while at his work. But this training was for the purpose of assisting him in the solution of the ever-recurring thoughts, What is man? Whence came he? Where is he going? What is it he should do? Has any truly noble soul, man or woman, ever escaped such queries as these, or fled from them when they came? No, and so we find Isaac Hecker, not long after this, forsaking his lucrative business and making his appearance among the noble seekers of wisdom at Brook Farm. Here, with Hawthorne and Curtis, C. A. Dana and Ripley, he speculated upon the fond delusion of arranging their lives upon a better system of society than that with which they found themselves surrounded. But after nine months abode among them he left, no wiser or better off or nearer the solution of his problem than when he came. He experimented farther with Thoreau with no better success; returned to his brothers and their business still no happier or wiser. Strange to say, a controversy of a very heated character, and violent attacks upon the Catholic Church first led him to consider the claims of Rome to a hearing. He had been brought up with extremely liberal ideas by his Presbyterian father and Methodist mother, so, with no deep prejudices to overcome, it is not surprising that he should become one of an organization affording him the most boundless field for the practice of that devotion to a "cause" for which his ardent soul burned. He was living with Thoreau, in Massachusetts, when the decision that Rome and Reason could be reconciled was made in his mind. He was then twenty-three years of age, and the enthusiasm with which he communicated his decision to his friend is now unabated at nearly fifty years of age. He soon found he had a "vocation," as it is termed. He became a priest, and finally, in Germany, in a Redemptorist monastery, completed his novitiate, and entered that austere order as a monk. But he was destined for a new and peculiar work in the service of the ancient Church. He eventually withdrew from the Redemptorist Order with several other Americans, mostly New Englanders. These monks, with Father Hecker at their head, founded the first new order of the Church in the New World. The sanction of the Pope and Archbishop was obtained, and the Paulists began their work. They procured a small piece of land and began preaching and begging for their House and Order. Twelve years have rolled away since then, and the success of their mission is seen in the handsome church and monastery on Fifty-ninth street which we noticed in the commencement of this article.

But who compose the congregations that crowd the pews and aisles of the Church of St. Paul? Unlike the congregations of most Catholic churches in our city which are made up largely of our Irish citizens, the worshippers at St. Paul's

are mostly Americans, and a large proportion are "converts." The jest is frequently made among the gay Catholic belles of the city, that all the Catholic ladies who have married Protestant husbands take pews at St. Paul's. Here is frequently seen Fernando Wood, whose present wife is a devoted Catholic. Roswell C. Hatch and Professor Mulvany, of Columbia College; Lawrence Kehoe, the publisher of the *Catholic World*; and Dennis Sadlier, of the *Tablet*, are members of the congregation on Easter Sunday and the great festivals of the Church, or when it is known that Father Hecker or Father Hewitt is to preach; while Matthew Byrnes, the great millionaire house-builder; Judge Connolly, Matthew T. Brennan, Dr. Rayborg, of the late Rebel army; Dr. Charles Carrol Lee, of the Federal army; Daniel Shannon and Supervisor O'Day are regular pew holders. McMaster, the spirited and able editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, occupies a front pew near the altar, and here on every Sunday and all Church holidays is seen this devout and zealous convert from Scotch Presbyterianism, worshipping with true Catholic zeal before an altar of Roman magnificence, served by a priest, himself a convert, celebrating the mystery of the mass in Roman vestments and in a Latin service.

Briefly have we sketched the career of the Paulists and their founder to the present day. What they may be and what accomplish in the future of America is to be seen; but it would take no prophet to predict that no slight or contemptible results may be expected from the trained intellects of seven American minds, disciplined by rules based upon the experience of centuries, and adapted by American ingenuity to the wants of the age. Already have they attracted fifteen or twenty young Americans as students for the priesthood to the cloistered seclusion of their monastery, and their influence and popularity among the intellectual classes of America bids fair to equal that of the Dominicans, Franciscans or Jesuits of the past of Europe.

THE NEW AND TRUE DEMOCRACY.

NEW YORK, Aug. 9, 1870.

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY:

In your last issues I have noticed that you speak of a new and true Democracy. It is a refreshing idea new and true, as against old and false. Here is a distinct issue. The new and true (Young) Democracy of New York should—so your last issue says—lay the corner stone of the future government of the world, of which this city shall be the centre and capital. In this season of crumbling governments and prophetic consolidations, and of disintegrating parties, this is a happy thought. New York bid good by to the Democratic party (old) long since, nor has Democracy a stone even left here to rest upon. All of party and of power there is rests upon "Big Six" and on the curbstones. They have a patented machine, by means of which that old savage, Tammany, takes the scalp of all who have a thought beyond the law of its existence.

Tammany is a word of seven letters, and there are an equal number of braves having the machine in charge; all others outside are barbarians, who yell and "go it blind." These run the machine while the braves ride. The city finds the lubricant. Things have run this way very long, and have produced at least seven satisfied men. Why do you come forward with new and true Democracy to disturb them in their peaceful slumbers? The politicians at Washington have run the national Government until we have no ships, no commerce, and no money with which to pay the enormous debt, but a sufficiency of everything to satisfy the maw of all kinds of speculators, and why should New York be behind Washington?

New York is the centre, financially, commercially and intellectually, of America. It is destined to be the proper centre, in all respects, for the world. All New Yorkers believe so, and will, if permitted, make it so; but then old things must become "new," and false things must become "true," and "the machine must be laid aside, so that the heart of humanity and the impulses of philanthropy can find expression among the people, and our city be raised in its course, upward and onward, until a new birth-song of promise shall reverberate through the world, assuring all that New York is not only open for all to enter into her municipality, but that she will receive them into a centre of civilization which requires all to equally co-operate politically and intellectually for the happiness of society and of the human race, and thereby prove that she has a higher conception of government, municipal, national or universal, than the cowardly surrender of all political power, thought and action, into the hands of the private political club of Tammany.

If your "new" and "true" Democracy will rouse the people from their lethargy, and give us a Democracy of the people and for the people, if men and women of thought, character and refinement, will give impulse to so noble a conception, then New York will indeed be what she should be—a city of learning in the light of reason, charity and enterprise, above all other cities—an example of moral purity, and not a dark shelter for crime and the theatre of lawless passions which she now is.

The growing and irresistible influence of women in public affairs may elevate politics above the mere struggle among men for place and spoil. It may transplant the power from the clique of the bar-room to the intellectual forum. It may make refinement a necessity of success instead of coarse vulgarity. If such be the advent of the "new" and "true" Democracy, God speed to it. *Au revoir.*

LAPLUME.

THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT.

WHO ARE REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN?

When we ask this question it is with the view to bring the minds of the present to a calm consideration of what it is that constitutes representative woman. We take it that the word representative means the best representatives of her sex in all general things; and that best means those who accomplish the most for individual and general good. Napoleon once replied that she is the greatest woman who bears the most children. We take it that a woman may be very great in this special sense and still be very small in all general senses. Even in this special respect the woman that bears the greatest number of children can not be considered the greatest woman. But if we add a modifying clause and say that she is the greatest woman who bears the largest number of the most perfect children, we should come much nearer expressing the true greatness of woman in this special sense than Napoleon did.

'Tis true that the special and distinctive feature of woman is that of bearing children, and that upon the exercise of her functions in this regard the perpetuity of the race depends. It is also true that those who pass through life failing in this special feature of their mission, cannot be said to have lived to the best purposes of woman's life. But while maternity should always be considered the most holy of all the functions woman is capable of, it should not be lost sight of in devotion to this, that there are various spheres of usefulness outside of this for woman as there are for man outside of the marriage relation. If the same line and process of reasoning is allowed outside of the marriage relations that obtains within, then it is obvious that woman has an equal mission with man in all things that go to make up a useful and a profitable life. Unless woman is an inferior being in the scale of creation to man, we hold it to be a self-evident truth that she is his equal in all that pertains to life, and that any assumption of superiority over her by man is as purely tyrannical and arbitrary as assumption of authority by man over man is. The denial of equality then, in any sphere of life to woman, by man, irremediably stamps him as the tyrant to the extent of such denial, and equally stamps her as the slave to the same extent. We hold it to be an undeniable and incontrovertible proposition that all the special ills woman is the victim of, as distinguished from man, are the result of the withholding from her—the denial to her—of equality in all respects. Why is there one scale of justice in which prostitution is weighed and its representatives condemned, and scales of an entirely different balance in which licentiousness is weighed and its representatives judged? It is because the inferiority of woman in the scale of independence makes her subservient to the conditions that she may thereby obtain what man, by his superior and self-assumed position, can obtain by different methods. She is the slave of the conditions man imposes upon her, and this is true, though, perhaps, in a less degree, of very many who are not in the above condition. What proportion of marriages are marriages of convenience; and what proportion of married life only differs from prostitution by having the consent and approval of law, which can neither produce nor maintain that law, which should alone be the basis of all marriage. Why are not men prostitutes; and why do they not live upon the sale of themselves as women do? It is because the demand for money is from the other side. Were men in the forced condition of inferiority women are, prostitution would be reversed and men would become the prostitutes and women the respected libertines, whom no contact with man could so defile but that they would be received and acknowledged in the best society, and she who had ruined the most men would be the special favorite among the inferior sex.

Political equality is the equality that woman lacks, and the having of which will remove all those special deficiencies that place her at the foot of the scale of importance. When those who have gained independence enough and have solved the problem of inequality come out and demand for themselves and their sex the right to determine their own conditions, and for it are called all the abusive names opposers can rally and fling at them, it is but natural that these should be hurled back in the teeth of their progenitors with a vehemence which conscious equality must feel. Who shall speak for her who demands the right of suffrage and say that she is not a "good woman and true?" Such representatives of fossilized humanity ought to be well preserved, that coming generations might look upon them and wonder that they could have existed in the latter part of the nineteenth century. But when we are reminded, even as Joeose illustration, that there are people in certain remote counties still regularly voting for Andrew Jackson for President, we should not be utterly lost in amazement at such instances of arrogance and ignorance as the denunciation of woman who makes political speeches and desires to vote, as base and false.

It seems, then, that the wanting of the power to control

their own conditions equally with man is the want in which all the ills of the sex, as contradistinguished from the ills of man, germinate and flourish; and that women can never arise to a plane of equality in anything until this determining power is accorded to them by those who, for purely selfish motives, now withhold it to themselves and make use of the power thus arbitrarily possessed. This is the root of the evil, and they are "the representative women" of the day and age who boldly face the opposing hosts and lay the axe to the root of the evil with a relentless persistence.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE—A BIBLE DOCTRINE.

Let it be distinctly understood that, in advocating universal suffrage independent of sex or color we would by no means desire to emancipate woman from a single duty devolving upon her as an immortal being. Every precept of Christianity bearing upon her duties we would advocate. We would have wives obey their husbands. We would never deny that woman is "the weaker vessel." But by these admissions we would never imply that human laws should be framed binding women to a condition implying weakness or blind slavery. The obedience we would have women render their husbands we insist should be a matter of conscience, and decided privately between the married parties, not enforced by law. It should be a loving service, not a painful surrender, made without affection and unsanctioned by reason. That man is a barbarian who would exact or desire more than this rational obedience. We would be perfectly willing to take the literal rendering of Holy Writ. There is not a line in the Book that enjoins any other doctrine or idea than the one we have advanced. The very fact that wives are enjoined to be obedient to their husbands proves that no law under the old dispensation bound them to that obedience. It was then, and should be now, regarded as a matter of conscience to be regulated by spiritual direction, not legal or civil authority.

Woman is the "weaker vessel," and men need never fear that any laws can emancipate her from her generally physical and mental incapacity to enter all fields of labor, or usefulness, or ambition, as their competitor. The exceptional cases only prove the rule. The exceptional cases prove the necessity and duty of giving the sex the fullest scope for the development of their powers. Would we bind down all women by laws from entering the arena of politics when we are sure that but few, very few, would ever take advantage of the largest liberty that might be granted to them in this particular? Shall we say that the being who brings our children into the world and trains them for future usefulness shall not be permitted to study the science of politics, or that she shall study it only as an outsider having no part in the matter? Is not experience the best teacher in all sciences? Shall we deny to her who is to train the budding thought of our sons and daughters the chance of pursuing this highest of studies by the best of methods, namely, that of her own experience?

Again, since she is the weaker vessel, shall we deny her the protection of the ballot and of making laws for her own government, while we insist that the weakness of the African should be defended by this powerful means of protection. You say that nature points out her sphere. Then why not trust to nature to regulate and define the limits of that sphere. Why prove that you fear nature has not sufficiently enslaved her, by making laws binding her fetters more closely than nature herself does. For nature sometimes violates her laws and lays them aside to create a Joan of Arc, a Catherine of Russia, an Elizabeth of England, a Grace Darling, an Anna Dickinson, a Susan Anthony, a Cady Stanton, a Florence Nightingale, or a Victoria Woodhull, for some particular purpose. Shall we make laws despite the plain teachings conveyed in such cases as these, binding all women to what most women are bound by nature, the little narrow round of duties that belong to a less enlarged development? Shame upon our boasted progress and civilization when such prejudices still enslave men's minds. They are blinded by them to their truest, best interests. For whatever elevates woman must elevate her natural head, her lord and master.

We know that no true woman, no Christian woman at least, will object to this last expression. There is no woman, be her intellectual development what it may, but must feel her nature improved, elevated and exalted by rendering that homage to man—God's noblest creation—that is his due. Yes, in confessing that she—the woman—was made for the man, not the man made for the woman. But let us not be misunderstood. This does not imply that she was made to be his blind unquestioning slave, the toy of his leisure moments, the petted but degraded object of his undisciplined passions, the obedient puppet who would obey his behests, even if that obedience led to sin and crime. There are some commands that husbands unworthy of the name might give, that no intelligent and conscientious woman would dare obey.

The principle involved is simply this: Man should be worthy by his creation and development to command, and whenever he is, and only then, should he be obeyed as lord and master. None but silly, weak, vain and improperly developed women ever object to rendering homage and obedience where they are really due.

If the right of suffrage were made universal, and men and women were properly educated, at the same time as to their positions and duties toward each other, and if men would but be true to nature and themselves, the effect would be to har-

monize rather than agitate the domestic elements. Most men would simply find their votes duplicated. The dignity and importance of their position would be enhanced by the added dignity given their wives by the new privilege.

It is to be regretted that the cause of woman's suffrage has heretofore been espoused by the indignant women shrieking free divorce, free love, free everything advocates. The question should be treated from an entirely different standpoint. It should be viewed as it really is, as one of the great reforms of the age. A reform intended and aiming to benefit men quite as much as women. It is, in fact, a great human rights question.

We need the heart and soul of woman, even more than her quick, intuitive intellect, in framing laws which shall provide for her in the responsibilities which devolve upon her in this utilitarian and materialistic age. Woman is now a worker, an earner of her bread by the sweat of her brow, as well as a bearer of children. She bears about upon her frail body the double curse which fell separately upon the sexes when they were first banished from Eden. Let her decide, herself, at the ballot box and upon the floors of our legislatures, what remedies shall be applied through public sources for her when she sinks down in the unequal contest with man as a bread-winner. Much as we would urge her enfranchisement for the dignity it would confer upon her as a wife and mother, still more would we urge it as giving us an auxiliary in legislating upon all questions that affect her as a worker, and as a sufferer from her unnatural condition as such. For we hold it as an indisputable truth that *woman as a worker is always a sufferer*, and that the largest liberty given her, socially and politically, cannot unmake the fact that, as a rule, she cannot compete with man as a laborer; and if we wish to make her something more than the victim of unscrupulous and brutal men, we must *legislate for her as the weaker vessel forced into the ranks of labor*.

E. V. B.

THE TRUTH OF THE "WOMAN QUESTION."

"One thing," says Mr. Mill, "we may be certain of, that what is contrary to woman's nature to do, they never will be made to do by simply giving their nature free play. The anxiety of mankind to interfere in behalf of nature, for fear lest nature should not succeed in effecting its purpose, is an altogether unnecessary solicitude. What women by nature cannot do, it is quite superfluous to forbid them doing. What they can do, but not so well as the men who are their competitors, competition suffices to excuse them from, since nobody asks for protective duties and bounties in favor of women; it is only asked that the present bounties and protective duties in favor of men should be recalled. If women have a greater natural inclination for some things than for others, there is no need of laws or social incultation to make the majority of them do the former in preference to the latter. Whatever woman's services are most wanted for, the free play of competition will hold out the strongest inducements to them to undertake. And, as the words imply, they are most wanted for the things for which they are most fit; by the apportionment of which, to them, the collective faculties of the two sexes can be applied, on the whole, with the greatest of valuable results."—*Demorest's Monthly*.

A Fifth-avenue lady, grown suddenly rich, sailed for Europe the other day, for the purpose, as she avowed it, of having the portraits of her three children painted by the "old masters."

Seven Ohio girls, sisters, having no brothers, and whose parents were both confirmed invalids, went to Minnesota three years ago, pre-empted a tract of land under the Homestead law and went to farming. They have done the most of the work themselves, felling timber, burning over the land, hauling the stumps, plowing, planting, etc. They were poor when they commenced, having only sufficient money to buy the implements and stock most urgently needed. Now they have a fully stocked farm, are well off, and support their aged invalid parents in great comfort. Several young farmers have made offers of marriage to the young women, but they have been uniformly declined.

THE MERRY WIVES OF HAMILTON.—The White Pine News of the 14th says: A party of our city matrons chartered a coach yesterday and packed it with themselves for a trip to Shermantown and vicinity. They called themselves a lunch party; but we have our own ideas about this. It looked very much as if this lunch business was a "blind," and that the expedition is of a political character. Not a male citizen, excepting the driver, was in the crowd, and he looked chop-fallen that he presented an unmistakable appearance of petticoat subjugation. If this is this secret and selfish way in which women are going to conduct the campaign, we shall countervail them. Men's rights may become a paramount issue of such conducts as those is permitted to go on without let or hindrance. Lunch, forsooth!

A Miss Watson, of Bucks County, Penn., where the people are popularly supposed to be still voting for Jackson for President, has recently cut a large number of acres of grass and wheat, and now proposes to cut forty acres of oats. Naturally enough, the *Tribune* likes this form of woman's rights. It smacks of farming, and is something to the purpose. We agree with the *Tribune*. But we have a suggestion to make to Miss Watson; when she has cut her forty acres of oats in Bucks County, let her thrust her reaper into the editorial rooms of the *Tribune*, and cut down some of the wild oats which are cultivated there so assiduously. If she would reap them all, she would do something worth telling about, and effect a much needed reform at the fountain-head of what now proves to be the source of much twaddle.

Indianapolis is infested by highway robbers, but a brave girl of that town recently outwitted one of them. She was returning home about dusk, alone, in a buggy. She drove along leisurely, her horse dropping his head in a contented way. All at once a man jumped out from a corn-field near by and took her horse by the head. She looked at him in surprise. "I would like to ride with you miss," he said to her. "Most anybody would," she replied, surveying him steadily. Taking the presence of mind for consent, he dropped the bridle rein and took a step toward the carriage. That instant the brave girl touched her horse with the whip, giving the man a sharp cut across the face, and before he could recover himself he was thrown down by the wheels of the buggy, which, with his intended victim, fast disappeared.

INFALLIBILITY.

Rationalistic Decree of the Council of the Scientific Priesthood of the New Catholic Church, against the "Dogmatic" Decree of the Ecumenical Council of the Old Catholic Church.

Primary Power and Perpetuity of the Leaders of Thought.

The Destiny of Humanity under the Evolution of Law, One and Unerring from the Infancy of Eden to the Advent of the In-coming Millennium.

Andrusius, Bishop (Episkopos), Servant of the Servants of Truth, with the Approbation of the Integralistic Council, for a Perpetual Remembrance Hereof.

The Eternal Principle of Truth and Goodness in the Soul of Things, working to the end of Man's redemption from evil and suffering on earth, and in whatsoever other worlds, predetermined, from all Eternity, the ultimate establishment of the New Catholic Church—The Church of the Grand Reconciliation—The Millennial Church, on earth, and in Heaven and Hell—the Reign of God's Truth in all Spheres; "in which Church as in the house of the living God" all living intelligences shall be united in the rational perception of The Identity of Law in all spheres, and in the supremacy of Truth; for which reason Jesus Christ, "before he was glorified," proclaimed that the First or Old Catholic Church built on Peter was merely provisional, transitional and evanescent; making use of these sacred and blessed words: "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." And again: "But when he (or it), the Spirit of Truth is come, he will guide you into all truth."

Wherefore, even as he recognized the existence in the divine economy, of Different and Successive Dispensations, saying that God permitted to the Jews, because of "the hardness of their hearts," things which by a higher and subsequent standard of truth were not permissible, so he himself instituted, for the childhood of Christianity, an unreasoning Church, which was to be transcended and superseded when he, the Spirit of Truth—the Modern Scientific Spirit—should come. "He willed that there should be" successive Evolutions and Developments of the Truth, "even to the consummation of the world. Moreover, to the end that the whole human family whom "God hath made of one blood" should come to be "one and undivided," and that the entire multitude of men may be brought into "oneness of faith and of communion through priests" and priestesses of The Truth, "cleaving mutually to each other," he placed "The Spirit of Truth" above Peter and all the Apostles, "and established in" it a perpetual principle of (this) Twofold Unity (Duism, Unism), "and a foundation," visible to the reason, "in whose strength the eternal temple might be built, and in whose firm faith the Church might rise upward until her summit reach the heavens."

"Now, seeing that in order to overthrow, if possible, the New Catholic Church, founded on "The Spirit of Truth," the "powers of" Traditionary Superstition on every side, and "by a hatred which increases day by day," are assailing her foundation, which was placed by God; We, therefore, for the preservation, the safety and the increase of the New "Catholic flock," and with the approbation of the "Integral" Council, "have judged it necessary to set forth the doctrine which, according to the" newest and most advanced knowledge of this intelligent age, and of the deepest thinkers and wisest of men, all honest investigators "must believe and hold touching the institution, the perpetuity and the nature of the sacred" *arcana* of Truth, "in which stand the power and strength of the entire"—that is to say, of the New and Integral Catholic "Church," and to explode and refute "the contrary errors so hurtful to the" progress of the race.

CHAPTER I.

"OF THE INSTITUTION OF THE" INTELLECTUAL "PRIMACY" "IN THE" GLORIOUS DISCOVERY OF THE UNIVERSAL UNITY OF SCIENCE AND LAW.

"We teach, therefore, and declare that, according to the testimonies of the Gospel, the ulterior and final Primacy of jurisdiction over the whole Church of God was promised and given immediately and directly" not "to the blessed Peter" nor to any other blessed man; but to "The Spirit of Truth" which was to come after and "guide" us "into all Truth." Abide, therefore, beloved, in "the love of the truth," *found where it may be and lead where it may*, commended to you in 2 *Thes. ii.*, 10. "To this doctrine so

clearly set forth in the sacred scriptures, as the" New "Catholic Church" will always understand it—"are plainly opposed the perverse opinions of those who, distorting" the deeper meaning of the true Gospel, deny that reason and intellectual truth are paramount over any provisional commission which Christ may have given to "blessed Peter" or any other blessed individual;" or who assert that this Primacy "of the Pure Reason" over Tradition and uncertain History is not to be believed in.

"If, therefore, any one shall say" that the personal authority of "blessed Peter" or any other blessed man, though he may be "the prince of all the apostles," is paramount to the enlightened convictions of the human reason, let him be—not *anathema* (*cursed and damned*)—but *instructed*, and *blessed* with a better understanding.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE PERPETUITY OF THE PRIMACY OF TRUTH "IN THE HOLY SUCCESSION OF ALL" THE GREAT THINKERS.

What is imbedded in the fundamental beliefs of mankind must needs stand through all time. The Individuality of every human being is back of all authority, and judges all authority. The human reason rightly claims to judge of the truth of every proposition. To the blessed Socrates who, with agonizing earnestness, first raised the question: What is truth? and to the blessed Martin Luther who vindicated the rights of man to continue to inquire; and to the noble army of the martyrs of scientific and intellectual truth in revolt against the "Dogmatic" utterances of the Old Church, the world and the Church of the Future will stand bound in perpetual gratitude.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE POWER AND NATURE OF THE PRIMACY OF THE ABSTRACT TRUTH.

"Wherefore, resting upon the clear testimonies of" the Absolute Reason, "and following the full and explicit decrees of" Scientific Demonstration, "according to which all" enlightened intelligences "must believe that" Truth "holds" rightfully "the Primacy over the whole world, and that ANDRUSIUS is the successor of the blessed SOCRATES and of the blessed MARTIN LUTHER, and of the whole hosts of the blessed martyrs of the Intellectual Emancipation of Man; and the prince of the Apostolate of Science; and the head of the New Catholic Church, and the father and leader of all Pantarchians, and that to him, in so far as he abides in "the spirit of the truth" "full power of feeding" influencing and guiding the new "Universal Church" will be given, we decree that the Universal Church become one fold under the guidance of the discovered and demonstrated Unity of all Law, in the Universe of Being. "This is the doctrine of the" New and True "Catholic Church, from which no one can depart without loss of the" benefit which would be derived from believing it.

"Wherefore, we condemn and reprobate the opinions of those who say that" the human reason is not to be relied on, and who use their reason to demonstrate that the reason should not be used. "And since, by the divine right of inherent and absolute truth" science presides over the the ultimate convictions of the human mind, "we also teach and declare that" the Church of the Future must be in full accord with the demonstrations of science and with the rational convictions of the human mind. And whoever says or teaches the contrary, let him be not *anathema* (*cursed and damned*), but *instructed* and be *blessed* with a better understanding.

CHAPTER IV.

OF THE INFALLIBLE AUTHORITY OF "THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH" IN TEACHING.

The New Catholic Church also holds that the true basis of teaching is knowledge; that blind faith gives place continuously to advancing information; that truth undergoes a succession of unfoldings; that the latest phase of the mental posture of the world is higher and better than the earliest; that in a word the New Catholic Church, and the Pantarchy of which it is a branch only, is a later, grander and holier Dispensation than that of Jewry or of the Old Catholic Church, or of the Protestantism of the Past; and that they are destined to absorb into themselves, reconstruct, enlarge, organize aright, govern scientifically and practically, and finally *glorify* all Human Affairs.

"And if any one shall presume, which God forbid, to contradict this our definition, let him be"—not "*anathema*" (*cursed and damned*), but *instructed* and *blessed* with a better understanding.

A lady correspondent, who has made it a point to examine into the matter, writes that women shoppers will unmercifully snub a saleswoman, will rudely contradict her statements to the goods being examined, in fact, show themselves wholly ignorant of the most ordinary rules of good breeding, and then complain of impertinence if a word is returned, or of inattention if the girl manifests her self-respect by remaining silent. If being waited on by a salesman their conduct, it is stated, is just the reverse.

UNISM, DUISM, AND TRINISM, ILLUSTRATED IN OLD CATHOLICISM, PROTESTANTISM AND NEW CATHOLICISM.

UNISM is the Principle which prevails in any primitive undifferentiated condition of things prior to analysis, differentiation or divergency. It is, therefore, the Primitive Unity unbroken into Duality, the first stage of schism, and of course unbroken into other and ulterior minuteness of sectarian division—all represented—on to complete individuality and disintegration, by the primitive duality or first schism.

Of course, before a thing is broken it is a unit. The Principle which represents it in that state is Unism. Another new technicality for the same idea is *Synstasis*—that primitive *standing-together* of all the parts and properties which occurs before they are abstracted by analysis, whether in *thought*, which is *metaphysically*; or in *act or fact*, which is *chemically or mechanically*; or in that still higher and compound sense in which the Individuals of any consociation or community separate themselves in conduct and opinion from the prior blended unity of the whole social unit—the community the church, the political party, or whatsoever other aggregation,—which last is *socially or sociologically speaking*.

1. The Old Catholic Church is then *Unismal* or *Synstatis* in character. In all aspects it centres and pivots on the idea of Simple and Absolute Unity; and as the Unit, or the Number One, is *prior in order*, and by analogy, *prior in time*, to Two and Three, in the numerical series, so this primitive Unity-idea of the old Catholic Church cleaves to the related idea of Priority in Time, or of a Higher Antiquity, than other ecclesiastic conceptions. The old or Mother Church claims also *Universality*, which is only another aspect of *Unity*; Invariability of Organization, the same; Unity of Doctrine, also the same. The newly defined dogma of Papal Infallibility is merely the last word of this reiterated and all-pervading sentiment in behalf of Simple, Undeviating and Absolute Unity; hence, also, the opposite sentiment of hatred for schism, for pronounced Individuality, for the Right of Private Judgment in matters of conscience (which everything is, or should be, or at least may become), which opposite doctrine is, on the contrary, the Soul of Protestantism.

The Old Catholic Church thus stands, representatively, for Unism; for the idea of a *fundamental and absolute Unity at the heart of things*; and this hold of our fundamental belief on the idea of a Fundamental and Absolute Unity is the *Fundamental Principle of All Religion and of All Truth*. Unism is the Fundamental Principle of All Things. Such is the last word of the Verdict of Universal Science on this subject. The fundamental Doctrine of the Old or Roman Catholic Church cannot, therefore, and ought not to be set aside in the Grand Reconciliative Ecclesiastical Constructions of the Future.

2. Protestantism-and-the-Christian-Protestant-World is, on the contrary, just the opposite, in its fundamental nature and function, from that of Catholicism-and-the-Catholic-World. It is, therefore, *Duismal*, or *Analytical*, or *Differentiative*, in character. Hence the Protestant World breaks up into sects, and these into smaller sects, and these dissolve into individuals, each being his own church, and having his own creed—as a natural and proper result of the fundamental doctrine of the Right of Private Judgment. The Old Catholicism represents a Primitive Unity, and, therefore, Institutionalism. Protestantism represents the secondary, but equally necessary and more advanced stage, of Divergency, Individual Development and pronounced Personality—less *infantile*, verging on and transitional to the adult age and character of the human mind.

3. Finally, The New Catholicism is the *Scienco-Philosophic Reconciliation of Unity with Diversity*; of Institutionalism with Individualism; of Centralization with Decentralization and Divergency; of the Mother Church with the infinite variety of Sects and Individual reflections of the light of truth, in a Higher and Complex Unity, illustrating that Infinite Variety in Unity which is the divine plan of the structure of the whole Universe.

1. The Old Catholic Church, to resume, is, therefore, Unismal or representative of the idea of Simple Unity.

2. The Protestant Churches are Duismal, or representative of the idea of fragmentary Sectism, and ultimately of Individual Diversity and Divergency.

3. The New Catholic Church is, in fine, Trinismal, or representative of the idea of the *Higher or Complex Unity of the Unity and the Variety*, in the bosom of a higher and broader Catholicity, which shall embrace all mankind.

The word Catholic signifies Universal. Applied to the Old or Roman Christian Church, it is a patent and obvious misnomer. That cannot be universal which is surrounded and limited by Sects which are excluded, and which in turn exclude it, and reduce it to a mere Sect. If a slice be cut off from a loaf of bread, what remains of the loaf cannot claim to be the whole loaf. The New is, therefore, the only True Catholic Church. It will absorb into itself and reconcile the Old Catholics and the Protestants, in that mediatorial Harmony which is the spirit of all true religion, and which will be the Millennial Glory of the Catholic Church of Humanity, in the Future.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

HOW I BECAME A PAGAN.

I was once a good orthodox Christian. I used to repeat the catechism and the Nicene Creed every Sunday evening, without any mental reservation whatsoever. But I am a Pagan now, and believe in the transmigration of souls. I am sure of it. Will you pretend that Mrs. Frances Augusta Searl, who sits in the library yonder, stockaded all round with dictionaries, cyclopedias, and other great columbiads of literary artillery, is the same little Fanny whom I wedded, just twenty years ago? Do you assert that the voice from behind the screen, saying, "Mr. Searl, will you see why the cook don't send up dinner?" is the same that used to say, in the sweet courtship days, "Are you sure, Charley, you won't be ashamed of your foolish little wife?"

The lady yonder is an uncommonly superior woman. She belongs to the true Vashti order. I try to feel her great condescension in abiding under my roof. I abase—yea, prostrate—my Pagan soul before her shrine daily. People grasp me by the hand and say, "What a privileged man to be the husband of Mrs. Searl!" and I try hard to realize it, saying over and over, "For these thy mercies, Lord, make me duly thankful." You see, though a Buddhist, it is not easy for me to forget the Christian forms of my childhood. I have never had the courage, though sorely tempted, to ask my august spouse for what dereliction in the premundane state of her existence she was condemned for a time to unite her destiny to mine.

But the great, wearying, never-answered cry of my heart is, What has become of my little Fanny? Sometimes, sitting silent by my lonely hearth, when chill November nightwinds wail around the house, and the rain beats passionately against the windows, I seem to hear my lost Peri tapping at the casement, and start up in great afright; but my wife looks up quietly from her proof-sheets, and says, "What is it, Mr. Searl? I hear nothing;" and I slink back discomfited and abashed.

Well do I remember the time when the spirit of my Fanny began to be rapt away from its earthly tenement. I have lamentable cause to remember it, being unwittingly its occasion. Let me save my sorrow by rehearsing it.

We had a literary association in our town, in which I had always taken a deep interest, being, in fact, one of its founders. For a time it flourished mightily. All the *élite* of our vicinity gathered at its weekly debates to enjoy the intellectual jousts of our young lawyers, editors, students and rising men. What rough sport it was! How savagely we handled our opponents! How unfeelingly we tweaked their noses, stretched them on racks, scorched them over hot coals! and how amazingly they recuperated! How gallantly they "came to time," eager to retaliate every indignity upon our heads! What an easy way we had of cutting all Gordian knots of politics! At length we grew weary of the fray, and perhaps felt that we should soon have no more worlds to conquer.

What demon then prompted me to move the honorable chairman that the accomplished ladies who had graced our high debates with their presence be invited to enliven our meetings by reading original essays? What fiend inspired me to support my motion with so much spirit that it was carried by acclamation, I all the while dimly conscious that little Fanny was tugging at my coat-tails to make me sit down? A moment more and Mrs. Charles Searl was appointed essayist for that night two weeks, and she turned to me with such an *à la Brute* look of reproachful despair as quite transfixed me with remorse.

"How could you, Charley?" were the first words sobbed out on the night air as we emerged into the darkness of the street.

"Indeed, little Puss, I never thought of their pouncing on you. I supposed, of course, they'd choose some of those learned grimalkins that write for the *Thimbleton Herald*. But you'll go through it famously. Don't you remember how you won the first prize for composition at school? You may command me for anything you like; I'll be your serf, scullion, pen-mender and slave generally; or you can send me out to pasture with old Roan, seal me up in alcohol, like a young alligator, or put me in a mild pickle, warranted to keep two weeks."

My original recipe for disposing of household cares so amused Fanny that she quite recovered her spirits, and even began to discuss topics for the essay.

What a delightful brigandish life we led for the next fortnight! We dispensed with all dainty civilizations, that the young housekeeper and maid-of-all work might devote herself to her task. I broiled the beefsteaks, made the coffee and turned the muffins to *save her time*, she all the while standing majestically over me to see that one thing was not overdone nor another underdone, brandishing the toasting-fork and reciting passages from her essay with a tragic Sidons accent. How she held me by the button, when I was starting for my office, to practice surgery on her impotent folk—to lop off the redundant limb of a sentence, to make a crutch for a halting metaphor, or to cry bravo when she had, at last, wrought out some fancy just to her mind.

Finally, the labor, which had grown to be one of love rather than of duty, was finished—a little diamond edition of Fanny's quaint and beautiful fancies, done up in spotless note paper and satin ribbons. Then we rejoiced and made much of it, as parents rejoice over their first babe on its baptismal morning.

On the eventful evening I escorted my young wife into the hall, dazlingly lighted, and graced with all the fashion and intelligence that our provincial town could boast. Like a frightened bird she cowered at my side, after glancing furtively round on the well-packed tiers, flustering, "I can never, never do it, Charley."

"Why, yes, Puss, you can do it splendidly; and if I see you begin to falter, I'll just throw my hat at you to take off people's attention."

She laughed in spite of herself at the absurdity of my expedient for supporting her, and before her spirits had time the president came down and escorted her to the desk.

Never shall I forget the deathly feeling I experienced for the first five minutes. Never for myself, on college stage or at the bar, had I felt such a horror of suspense. So parents feel, I suppose, when their white-lipped sons come forward at their first junior exhibition. For a moment the president consulted her as to the arrangement of lights—announced her name, and retired to his sofa. The audience instantly hushed into an utter silence. Then there stole out from behind the reading-desk a low, quavering, pitiful voice, that suspended my pulse with sympathetic terror. For a few moments it went unsteadily on, then paused, while an entreating eye sought me out and rested imploringly on my face. Involuntarily I raised my hand with my hat in it, as if to protect her. That moment saved her. My odd device for supporting her seized her excited fancy, and the image of

the hat, whirling through the air, demolishing lights and startling the audience, so turned the current of her thoughts, that she recovered from her "stage fright," and went on with perfect self-possession. The people, their tense sympathies relieved, settled themselves to comfort. A good rapport was established, and the reader threw herself heartily into her subject.

How beautiful she looked as she stood there in spotless white, the glossy leaves of the myrtle contrasted against her fair braids, cheek and eye all aglow with the unwonted excitement! What a golden nimbus seemed to my enthusiastic fancy to encircle her! How I wondered if this radiant young creature, all poetry, all sentiment, all wit, who seemed "too bright and good for human nature's daily food," could be the same little wife whom I petted, scolded and caressed, and who scolded me, too, sometimes, in her loving, wilful way, and cried because she made mistakes in cooking!

The last page was turned, the chairman was leading her back to my side, when the entranced hush of the hall was broken by such rounds and repetitions of applause as might well bring a glow to the cheek of any prima donna. Tenderly I drew the warm mantle about my treasure, wrapping her carefully as if she were a rare Dresden vase, while our friends gathered about us, overlapping each other with outstretched hands and hearty praise. That was the apotheosis of my Fanny. Long let that inspired hour remain in my heart, for there she was beautiful, and still she was mine!

But yet from that hour "I reckon loss of Eden and all my woe." Then she ate the heavenly, baneful hasheesh that spread a subtle intoxication through her brain. From that fateful evening a new light, brighter but less sweet, stole into the clear eyes of my household divinity, and a new passion began to usurp her soul. Fool that I was, I did not perceive, as I related to her the flattering comments of the press on her essay, and the enthusiastic praises of friends, that I was assisting a transformation that was to make me lonely and homeless in my own house.

The metempsychosis of my wife at which I have hinted was not sudden, but came gradually, insidiously, like all the great and hopeless manias of life. Its first symptom was an unnatural pre-occupation of mind. Beforetime, her bright, merry table-talk had been wont to enliven me after the drudgery of business like a sparkling wine, but now she would sink into fits of silent abstraction, and perhaps put salt instead of sugar into my coffee. She ceased to rehearse the foolish, delightful pleasantries of the neighborhood over our dish of tea, and grew sharply intolerant of prosy old ladies who made nothing of devouring a whole morning at a morsel. She forgot my birthdays, and planned no pleasant surprises for our wedding anniversaries. Finally, she became nigardly of the evening—that delicious *dolce far niente* season, when once we sang and talked together as we listed, went over and over the romance of our courtship, and counted the golden argosies which our Spanish ships were sure to bring home. Now she would listen absently to my conversation, then fall into a profound reverie, next seize her writing desk, leaving me to the uncut magazines or an arm-chair nap.

Thus matters went on, our lives falling more and more apart with the years, till I awoke at last to the conviction that the dear little wife who had seemed a part of my consciousness was, after all, but a beautiful myth, a mocking lusus of my bachelor fancy; or that the inexorable powers had transferred her spirit to other realms, leaving in its room another soul—loftier, it might be, but unmet to me. I could not accept the first hypothesis, so the last was forced upon me, and to this modified extent I confess myself a Pagan.

It is many years since my household disaster. We still dwell together—my transphered wife and I. We long ago removed to the suburbs of a large city, where my spouse finds congenial associations. She has grown famous. So importunate have become the demands upon her by ravening publishers and a hungry public that I should be a brute indeed to hint any private and prior claims to her time and thought. She has always some craft on the stocks—now a stately three-decker, then a fairy pinnace with gossamer sails. If not engaged in construction she is polishing and sand-papering her work to faultless perfection.

I will not deny that I myself enjoy a mild lunar light reflected from her central effulgence. I attend her to *soirées* and *conversations* as humble companion, and am introduced as the husband of Mrs. Searl. Coming home from town by rail some officious fellow with whom I fall into conversation volunteers to show me the villa of the distinguished writer, and perhaps adds, "They do say her husband is a surly curmudgeon, with no appreciation of her genius." If I venture to take a morning saunter among my shrubberies I shall probably find some audacious tourist taking photographic views or gratuitously trimming my hedges. Ten to one I shall next stumble on a newspaper reporter, who will take care to have me inventoried, in his next issue, among the fountains, alcoves and other properties of the domain. Only the other day our butcher's bill was feloniously purloined from the table by some memento-hunter. It would not surprise me to see it produced to answer the question (only changing the gender),

"Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great?"

The Delivery Company leave boxes of aromatic "Frances Augusta Soap" and genuine "Searl Baking Powder," with compliments of the enterprising donors, collecting enormous fees therefor; and every day the carrier makes a "general delivery" at our door. Presentation copies, in "gilt and blue" and patrician bronze, of trashy books, usurp my library shelves, till well-thumbed Izaak Walton and Sir Thomas Browne are thrust into an ignoble corner.

We receive frequent deputations from the "Tallow Dip Mite Association," the "Porringer Aid Society" and other worthy charities, each soliciting my wife to head its list of lady patronesses and overwhelm its rival with merited confusion; but I am happy to say she has not yet undertaken the rôle of philanthropist. When that day comes I shall sit, like the meek Jellyby, with my head against the wall, if indeed the momentum of her reputation does not crush me out of life altogether.

My wives dines with her club once a month, leaving me to discuss my solitary meal as best I may. But these seasons are not without their alleviations. It is then that Tom Burton, my old college chum, is most apt to drop in. In fact, latterly he comes at no other time. In the old reign of Fanny the First he supped with us at least once a week. What stores of anecdotes we told of boyish pranks played on verdant freshmen and obnoxious tutors! How "the rafters roared" with boisterous college songs! and how, with promise of oyster-scallops, my little wife would coax Tom to rehearse certain passages in our old life, vaguely hinted and then suppressed, which had piqued her woman's curiosity!

Now we sit together over the coals telling the same thread-bare tales and seducing each other into the belief that we are uncommonly merry fellows.

Tom is the sole confidant of my transmigration theory. I cannot say he is exactly a convert, for his turn of mind is not speculative, but he always nods sympathizingly to my suggestions and quotes Hamlet—

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of."

I don't despair of making him a good Buddhist yet. One thing is noticeable. He always speaks of Fanny and Frances as two separate beings, never in tone or expression confounding their identities. Practically, I am persuaded, we don't differ.

One memory, almost too sacred to profane by words, has greatly confirmed my transmigration doctrine. Many years ago my little daughter, the sole prop of my heart, lay on her dying bed. My wife, absent to fulfill some literary engagement, was hastily summoned. Before her arrival seemed possible, and while I watched alone in the silent chamber, a presence glided in and knelt by me. I looked, and lo! the mournful, loving eyes, the very soul of my lost idol, sought the face of the child. It was she; I clasped her to my widowed heart, and together we wept tears bitter and sweet beside our dying babe.

My comforter tarried with me many days. She leaned upon my arm when they lowered the little coffin into its wintry grave. She helped me plant primroses and fragrant white lilies by the sacred mound in the spring; but when summer brightened I saw, by well-known portents, that new disasters awaited me.

One morning an elegaic ode lay on my dressing-table. The spell had again wrought upon my dual wife, and my Fanny had again returned to the beautiful gardens of the Assuri that lie just beneath the heavenly Mount Mienmo.

I rest in the belief that in any sore distress the mighty Vishnu shall decree for my further establishment in virtue, he will send her to assist and comfort me, till I, too, purged from all material grossness, shall with her be absorbed into the divine essence. C. A. HALBERT.

CAN WOMEN FIGHT—The annals of the middle ages are full of the noble deeds of women. When Edward III. was engaged in his Scottish war, the Countess of Marli defended Dunbar with uncommon courage and obstinacy against Montague and an English army. And, contemporaneous with her, Jane, Countess of Montford, shut herself up in the fortress of Henneburn, and defied the whole power of Charles of Blois. Clad in complete armor, she stood foremost in the breach, sustained the most violent assaults, and displayed a skill that would have done honor to the most experienced generals. Marzia, of the illustrious family of the Maldini, sustained, honorably, a siege against the Papal troops of Cesena, ten times more numerous than her own. Jane Hachett repulsed, in person, a body of Burgundians when they besieged the town of Beauvais. In the chivalrous ages women not only attacked and defended fortifications, but even commanded armies and obtained victories. Joan of Arc, a simple and uneducated shepherdess, was the instrument of that sudden revolution in the affairs of France, which terminated in the establishment of Charles VII. on the throne. Agnes Soul aroused this king to deeds of glory when sunk in enervating pleasure. Alruede, Countess of Bertenora, advanced in person with an army to the relief of Ancona. Bona Bombardi, at the head of her brave troops, liberated her husband from captivity and imprisonment. Isabella of Lorraine, when her husband was taken prisoner, rallied an army for his rescue. Margaret of Anjou was the life of the Lancastrian party in the wars of the Roses, and defied, herself, the Duke of York at Wakefield. The Countess Matilda sustained sieges against Henry IV., the great Franconian Emperor.

AN OLD ROMANCE—There is a young lady in Cleveland, the only daughter of a bankrupt Syracuse (N. Y.) merchant, who is now supporting her parents in affluence on a small fortune she made in the Venango oil region. When misfortune overtook her parents—that was in 1866—and she saw her father, whom she fondly loved, bending under the weight of want and declining health, she secretly resolved that with her own fair hands she would earn a competence for his declining years. With that thought pervading her whole being, and in full possession of her faculties, she provided herself with male attire, severed the beautiful locks which had been the pride and the admiration of numerous beaux, stained her face and hands the bronze color of the farmer, and, with a small sum of money which she had realized from the sale of her trinkets, she made her way to the Pioneer Run, where, under the name of Billy McGee she soon ingratiated herself into the good-will of a crew of drillers, who first learned her to turn a drill, and then secured her a position on a drilling well. From drilling for wages she went to drilling for small working interests, by which she became owner of interests in several fair wells. Having accumulated a little money, she ventured to put down a well on her own account, succeeded, tried another, again succeeded, and at the end of two years she left Shamburg, with \$13,000, retired to Cleveland, provided a home for her parents, resumed female attire, and now, with hands and feet enlarged by toil, she passes in her promenades the worthless butterflies of fashion with a proud consciousness of her superior worth.

Great men are not always infallible in their own families. We all know that George W. caught it right hot from Lady Martha's tongue, on occasions when he did not toe the matrimonial mark properly. Indeed, if we are to credit traditions, the Father of his Country—our country—was made to stand round quite lively whenever Martha was in a bad humor, and her temper was none of the sweetest, as we all have heard. Special dispatches from Europe to the New York papers affirm that the Empress Eugénie is displaying some of the same symptoms, and, rolling up her sleeves, has "gone into this fight like a man." She gave the Emperor a severe wiggling on hearing he had sent his horses to the front; said the idea of his riding on horseback in his present state of health was preposterous; declared that he should only ride in a carriage. To all of which the Emperor shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. After her return from Cherbourg, and since Napoleon's departure, she declared her intention of going to the front to take care of her family, and was only restrained with great difficulty. We like this in Eugénie; it shows that, whatever may be her qualities as an Empress, she is a good woman and loves her husband and child; that her heart is more sensitive to their danger than to any other claims. We feel that Lady Martha would have done the same thing under similar circumstances, and we can pardon many thorns where a rose is fragrant with such incense of affection. *Vive l'Impératrice!*

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

One of the great questions of the day, if not the greatest, is the true relations that should exist between labor and capital. It is one fraught with more direct benefit to a greater number of people than any other question even the external appearance of being. The real merits of the question are of much greater significance than is generally supposed, even by those who raise it. The welfare and the individual rights of three-fourths of the people are at stake. The question assumes this shape: Labor has, by its continuous efforts, produced a certain amount of wealth from the use of the materials nature presents, that has not been required to support and sustain the general life of man. By certain advantages, either of general policy or of individual acuteness, certain individuals have accumulated more than their necessities demanded should be expended, and this accumulation has become an added power to that possessed by the individual previously, which power endeavors to maintain itself partly at the expense of that which first produced it, and to transfer just so much of the cost of its production from itself.

That such conditions can exist and really increase in power and importance, so that they can virtually control legislation, gives evidence that principles are operative that do not promote the interests of the entire people. There must be a fault somewhere, which fault it is necessary to discover and expose, and then remedy. Now, where does this fault really have beginning? It is in certain protections and guarantees that law extends to individuals, which permit them to have an advantage over those with whom they sustain the relations of society. These laws arise out of false conceptions of the principles of common equality and economy, which pertain to man as a common fraternity. In legislation that first allows and then fosters such departures, then, must the point at which reform must begin be sought. Any attempt to teach the general mind can have no practical effect, unless, finally, the result of the teachings express themselves through legislation. Legislation presupposes legislators, and to have the right kind of legislators involves the necessity of the laboring classes giving sufficient time and attention to the matter of nominations and elections to insure that those who will represent their true interests shall be returned.

Although the remedy for all the laborer's ills must be sought through legislation, there are, nevertheless, many fallacies still received, even by the laborer, that have the direct tendency to degrade labor and to elevate the position of capital. One of the principal of these is a false monetary basis, a false representative standard of values, which is arbitrarily imposed upon the people with no positive and absolute value within itself, except that which such arbitrary law gives it. Gold as a standard of values has been set up and worshiped so long, that people submit to its decrees with about the same appreciation of its real merits that they have of the mysteries of religion as expounded by their paid oracles, who have constituted themselves into authorities to declare "Thus saith the Lord." The people have surrendered their reason in these matters to these self-constituted authorities, and so have they surrendered common sense to the god of value.

Another, and almost as important fallacy, is that of interfering with the natural ebb and flow of the products of the world by imposing upon certain of them such tribute as makes it pretty nearly impracticable for them to find their way to the locality of natural demand, in order that a special few who inhabit that locality may produce the same at a greatly increased cost, which the consumer must pay in order to obtain it. It does not matter how this plain statement may be twisted and bent by the alluring sophistries and glittering generalities of the protectionist; a plain statement, viewed with clear light, needs no authoritative sanction to determine its truth. If it is any benefit for a thousand men to pay one man ten per cent. more for a desired article, because it is of home production, than it could be purchased for from a foreign producer, we should be most happy to have it demonstrated. The argument used is that by that one man being protected in its production he is thereby enabled to give employment to a certain number of laborers. But to make even this tenuous upon their own statement, they must at the same time prove that those laborers would not have been able to apply themselves to any other labor during the time required to produce the article in question. This at once leads to such an intricacy of cause and effect that those who attempt to solve the mysticism prefer to accept the declaration that protection is a good thing rather than acknowledge that they are lost in the fog and obscurity they have been sent to explore to find the required evidence.

Another extensive popular fallacy is that of the continuation of special protection to monopolies after their existence as monopolies is assured, which renders them perpetual taxes upon the labor that must make use of them, and perpetual patents upon the industry of the country, by which a few already plethoric capitalists become still more obese. The great systems of internal improvements of the country belong to the country, and the country should so arrange their conduct that the people could make use of them at the least possible expense of support.

It is these and sundry like matters that the laborers of the country should require their representatives to understand and act upon, and they should cast their vote for no one that will not, at all times and under all circumstances, advocate and vote for the greatest good of the greatest number. In his way labor may hope to arise from its present position of degradation to sit side by side with capital in all public and profitable positions and those of honor and trust.

FROM CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, July 20, 1870.

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY:

When packing my trunk, preparatory to coming here, the thought uppermost in my mind was the writing of another letter, colloquial and gossip; for I said, "I have been sadly delinquent to my duty, and instead of furnishing a weekly letter I have written but one for three weeks." "Now, young lady," addressing myself to the glass, of course, and giving a few finishing dabs to my side frizzes, "you have lazed about long enough; you may be prosy, and all that, you know, but that does not exonerate you from keeping your word. So the moment you reach Chicago, mind, no sight seeing until you have put down in black and white all that you have gathered for that purpose within the last two weeks, and started it off for New York; then play if you want to."

That was the longest sermon I had ever preached to myself, and it quite exhausted me; but I took a hearty dinner immediately thereafter, which restored me somewhat, and then I took—the train.

At a small station on the way, however, I witnessed an incident which knocked all my pre-arranged plans into "pi," and so filled my brain with thoughts of children and their training, that I must perforce write of that or nothing.

Some people had come down to take the train for Chicago. The friends who had come to see them off consisted of (as I judged) a mother, two grown daughters and a young son. There was the usual weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth on the one side—which was out on the platform—and the hardly repressed tears, for the sake of appearances, by the departing ones within.

The little boy stood with both fists in his eyes, apparently convulsed with grief. That was what first fastened my attention. My sympathy was aroused; and I leaned out and looked in to determine, if possible, the exact nature of the parting which could so affect a young child. While doing this, something in the boy recalled and riveted my observation exclusively upon him.

This something was a quick, furtive glance from underneath first one fist and then the other, each being dug more desperately into the socket of the eye instantly the purpose of peering out had been satisfied.

The train was taking its word or water, and I had ample opportunity for watching him.

Seeing he was not observed by friends, either in or outside of the cars, he gave his eyes a last fearful and fast rubbing, to impart the requisite degree of redness, and then, dropping both hands despairingly down at his sides, edged round into a commencing position, on exactly the line of vision between the two parties, and followed the conversation from one to the other, with his irritated eyes, until they had both noticed and pitied him. Then he dropped into the background again, to repeat the same *chef-d'œuvre* of deception, which was accomplished three times over during the delay of the train.

The made grief of this precocious deceiver was so apparent to me, and the simulation so complete and effective upon those for whom it was acted, that I was absolutely frightened; not so much by the occurrence itself, however, as by the thoughts which it suggested.

The first thought, born of my woman's nature, carried me over a period of years, when, grown to manhood, I saw his leave-taking with one, not whom he loved (for, unless wonderfully changed, no such depth of feeling could be possible to him), but who probably loved him; and I fancied all the heartaches and weary waitings of the deluded girl who should be so unfortunate as to believe in him. Then I examined him more closely and decided it was not nature, but art. But why art? Simply because imitation was the predominant characteristic of the boy. Thus I was led to wondering whether the emotion of grief was natural or acquired; and if acquired, which seemed to be fairly proven in this case, what right had parents to set an example, which, followed, would never, under any circumstances, be productive of anything but pain.

Naturally from this point my thoughts took an inverse turn; and, going back to first causes, I wondered by what right people brought children into the world with such unevenly developed natures; and, as in reply to the question, there came the remembrance of a conversation held with Stephen Pearl Andrews on that very subject only a short time before. He said, and I agreed with him, that the human race would never be better until women could choose the father of their children; or, in other words, until the propagation and improvement of the human species became a scientific study—that mental and physical deformity, idiocy, and all the crime and illness of which these are the causes, would continue to degrade the race until motherhood became a condition of choice instead of compulsion. So illustratively he cited to me the wonderful improvement of all kinds of stock, within the last few years, as a result of the art of breeding.

And not to be behindhand with proofs for my side of the argument, which you no doubt will conclude, and, rightly, too, was a plea against the present marriage system. I referred him to the hundreds of children on Randall's Island, each and every one of whom is an abortion of nature; from the born idiot to the child whose supreme animal cunning is mistaken by superficial observers for intelligence—this being its deformity. Every one of them more or less diseased, all of them a reproach to the parents, a curse to themselves and an expense to the State; and in

every case where I had been able to investigate, I had found they were the fruits of unwilling cohabitation.

When men and women come to regard the begetting of a human being as *not a result*, but a *first consideration*, then, and not until then, shall we have manhood and womanhood in all the perfection and grandeur originally designed by nature. S. F. N.

OUR CHESS DEPARTMENT.

CHESS-PLAYERS' DIRECTORY.

The New York Chess Club meets daily at No. 54 East Ninth street. Chess Up-Town—Knickerbocker Cottage, 456 Sixth avenue; Young Men's Reading Association of the Nineteenth Ward, Terrace Garden. Down-Town Chess Club—Café Europa, 12 and 14 Division street. Down-Town Chess Rooms—Café International, 192 Chatham square, near Bowery. Turner Hall Chess Club—Nos. 52 and 54 Orchard street. Henshel's Chess Rooms—Bowery, corner of Stanton street. Brooklyn Chess Club—No. 280 Fulton street. Williamsburgh Chess Club—No. 43 Mezerole street.

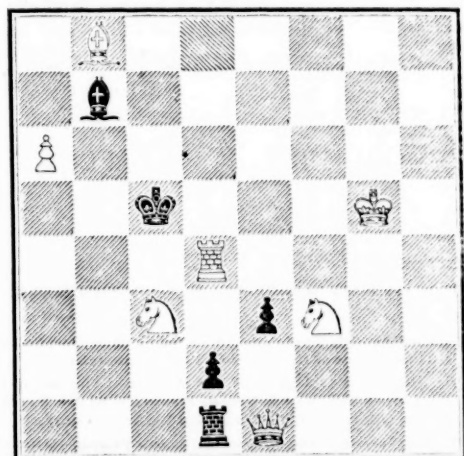
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Address all communications on the subject of Chess to Chess Editor, WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, 21 Park row.

C. H. WATERBURY, Elizabethport, N. J.—Contributions from you are always welcome. Hope to hear from you soon again. You are right about No. 1.

R. D., Boston.—The match between New York and Brooklyn is nearly concluded and beyond redemption for the Brooklynites. We hope they will do better next time.

PROBLEM No. 4.—By C. H. W., of Elizabethport, N. J. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

ENIGMA No. 4.—By E. B. Cook.

K 4 Q 2 K Kt 8 K B 3
K R 4 K Kt 2

WHITE. White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3.
WHITE. 1. Kt to Q sq. 2. Kt to K 3. Q to K 7 mate.
BLACK. 1. K to K 4. 2. K to B 3.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA NO. 8.
WHITE. 1. Q to Q Kt 7 ch. 2. Q to K R 7 mate.
BLACK. 1. K to K 4. 2. K to B 3.

CHESS IN PARIS.

The following game was played between Messrs. De Riviere and Newmann in the tourney for the Emperor's prize, and has, we believe, never been published in America.

(Evans' Gambit.)
WHITE. De Riviere. 1. P to K 4. 2. K Kt to B 3. 3. B to Q B 4. 4. P to Q Kt 4. 5. P to Q B 3. 6. Castles (b). 7. P to Q 4. 8. P to K 3. 9. Q to Q B 2. 10. R to Q sq. 11. B to Q 3. 12. P to K 3. 13. B to K Kt 5. 14. B to K R 4.
BLACK. Newmann. 1. P to K 4. 2. Q Kt to B 3. 3. B to Q B 4. 4. B to Kt 3. 5. B to Q R 4 (a). 6. Kt to K B 3. 7. Kt to K P. 8. Castles. 9. P to Q 4. 10. B to K 3. 11. P to K B 4. 12. Kt to Pat B 6. 13. P to K R 3. 14. B to Q Kt 3.
WHITE. De Riviere. 15. Q Kt to Q 2. 16. B to Kt 3. 17. B to R 7 ch. 18. Kt to K 4. 19. P to K 4. 20. B to K 4. 21. Q to Q 3. 22. P to K 3. 23. K to R 3. 24. Q to K Kt 3. 25. P to K 3. 26. R to K sq. 27. K to Kt 2 (d). 28. K to B 3.
BLACK. Newmann. 1. Q to Q 2. 2. R to B 3. 3. R to K 4. 4. R to K 4 (c). 5. B to K 4. 6. Q to K 4. 7. P to K 4. 8. P to K 4. 9. P to K 4. 10. P to K 4. 11. P to K 4. 12. P to K 4. 13. P to K 4. 14. P to K 4. 15. P to K 4. 16. P to K 4. 17. P to K 4. 18. P to K 4. 19. P to K 4. 20. P to K 4. 21. P to K 4. 22. P to K 4. 23. P to K 4. 24. P to K 4. 25. P to K 4. 26. P to K 4. 27. P to K 4. 28. P to K 4.

NOTES.

(a) B to Q B 4 is now preferred, but the move in the text has its merit and leads sometimes to some very intricate positions.
(b) In reply to Black's previous move, White should play P to Q 4 before castling.
(c) Very ingenious. He obtains two minor pieces for his rook and a better game.
(d) This move loses the exchange. He should have played R to K 2.

A WORD IN BEAUTY'S EAR.—It is doubtless a fine thing to be a handsome young woman, with a liberal pa', and nothing to do but to eat, sleep, dress and amuse one's self with making a set of chimes composed of the hollow heads of admirers and hangers-on; but unfortunately this delightful state of affairs may possibly come to an end. The financial parent may decrease, and the men get tired of having a belle's favorite airs played upon the aforesaid chimes, composed of their skulls, and the sceptre of the reigning beauty be laid as low as the smirk of that social cripple, the wallflower. So it behooves her who in the "insolence of beauty," "piles that ground with Muslim slain," to bear in mind that Time "is no respecter of persons," and that charms of person, unaccompanied by more lasting qualities, will not always carry the day, and that men's hearts are not unrepentant, which are to be continually set up for the knock down. Selah!

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No. 21 Park Row, New York.

All subscriptions, advertisements and business letters must be addressed to

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WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

OUR FUNDAMENTAL PROPOSITIONS.

1. The Universal Government of the Future—to be the United States of the World—The Pantarchy.
2. The Universal Religion of the Future—to be the New Catholic Church—Its Creed, Devotion to the Truth, found where it may be, and lead where it may.
3. The Universal Home—Palaces for the People—Domestic and Industrial Organization—The Scientific Reconciliation of Labor and Capital—Sociology, or the Science of Society—Universal Reconstruction on a basis of Freedom, Equity, and Universal Fraternity.
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6. The Universal Canon of Art, derived from the same Principles.
7. The Universal Formula of Universological Science—UNISM, DUISM and TRINISM.
8. The Universal Reconciliation of all differences—The Harmony of the Race, through the Infallibility of Reason, Science and Demonstration—The Co-operation of the Spirit-World with the Mundane Sphere—The Inauguration of the Millennium, through Science, aided by the ripening of the Religious Sentiment in Man, and the confluence of the Two Worlds.

The following is an extract from the editorial columns of the *Herald* of the 6th inst:

"End this war when and how it may, we feel satisfied that it will be found, in spite of its promoters, to advance the popular cause. It will shake the foundations of thrones the wide world over. When it has ended and the smoke has disappeared and the grass grows green over the thousands slain, it will not, unless we greatly miscalculate, be so difficult as it now is to see in the far distance 'the parliament of man, the federation of the world'—one great all-embracing nationality, speaking the same language and worshipping the same God. Such is the future which lies before us, and this war will not have been wholly in vain if it hasten on this desirable consummation."

THE DEMORALIZATION of the French army seems to have been communicated to Wall street, where the "bulls" and "bears" are about as badly at fault in finding a basis of operation as Napoleon has been. Gold, which on Saturday closed firm at 121 3-8, sold on Wednesday evening at 115 3-4. Query—Where has the 5 5-8 per cent. found lodgment?

UNIVERSAL GOVERNMENT.

The indications of "the times" are so fraught with prophecies for the future that we can scarcely turn our attention to any part of the world without some striking signification being met which, wherever it may be, declares for the future unity of the entire race under one universal form of Government; declares for one nationality; one people having one common humanity, one common interest and one common religion. All fundamental truths are universal truths; all scientific truths are universal truths; all philosophic truths are universal truths, and all principles are universal principles. It is this universal unity that exists everywhere in all substantial things that forms an unyielding basis such that no perfect structure can be reared, if its use shall be of any less application than is true of principles that form the basis.

All philosophy and all science teaches that unity is the true and universal principle. The essence of religion is also in the most essential sense unitary—one common Father, God; one common brotherhood, man. The only deduction that can be drawn from these self-evident truths is that of one common Government, which must supervene just so soon as these principles of religion are really the fixed belief of the Christian world. That it is not now the chief work of religionists is because they do not really and fully believe what they profess and lay down as the basis of the religious idea in man, to wit: The Fatherhood of God over the whole human race. They affect to believe this, and in a manner they do believe it, but in the manner that constitutes a basis of works they believe it only so far as man shall accept and affect to believe just what they do, which to them is the only plan of salvation. The true worker in the cause of Universal Government must be the truest Christian, for the first naturally precedes and presupposes a common religion.

It was said that look where we may over the earth, the workings of its peoples point directly to unity: they are becoming assimilated in a most extraordinary manner, as compared with any preceding period: and the spirit of rivalry and enterprise is rife even among those nations that until the last few years have shut themselves in from contact with civilization; but what can resist its diffusive power when the thoughts, wishes and commands of our hemisphere are instantaneously made known to the other through the medium of the telegraph. Time and space are annihilated, and this, too, conduces most directly and forcibly to unity in all important things. When interests become so nearly related as this indicates, the relation calls for uniform control; and uniform control means one Government. One Government for all nations and peoples is not so far removed from present conditions as might be supposed. Were there one General Directing Head for all nations, even as they are now constituted, there would scarcely be greater proportionate divergence of interest among the several nations than there now is between the several States of this Union. The several Kings, Emperors, etc., would bear the same relations to the Great King or Emperor that the several Governors of States do to the President of the United States; or what would be more nearly true, the several National Governments would bear the same relations to the Universal Government that the Governments of the several States do to the General Government of the United States. It would not be then such a terrific step as at first glance appears necessary to consolidate all Governments under one Government.

While the evidences of unity are to be found in all the means that commerce makes use of to render the interests of all one, special indications in all the principle affairs of individual nations are equally apparent. China even—that nation that has remained steadfast to one system of Government these thousands of years—is actually seeking intercourse with the nations of the world, where but a few days ago she rigorously closed her doors on all comers. Thus civilization is left free to penetrate to and permeate a people that comprises about one-fourth of the entire inhabitants of the globe. It is also to be remarked that when once the civilization of the New World shall have fully attained a foothold in the Celestial Empire its principles will spread with wild rapidity; for this is one of the methods of nature. That which resists external influences most perfectly and stubbornly, when once it yields, yields with a rapidity proportionate to the strength and completeness of its previous resistance. It may, therefore, be expected that before the nations of the elder civilization shall embrace the newer in its fullest extent, that these Chinese will have rushed upon and gained it, once again making true that "the first shall be last and the last shall be first."

We, therefore, confidently and boldly proclaim that all principles and truths, and all the accumulating evidences of their operations, point with an unerring finger in the direction of a universal government, in and under which there will be a unity of purpose and a mutuality of interest that will forever bind the whole human family with inseparable and fully recognized bonds of a common

brotherhood. The results that must follow such a consummation we have endeavored in "our fundamental propositions" to reduce to simplest forms of expression in which it is possible to embrace such comprehensive ideas; and it matters little to us who shall treat them with either ridicule or contempt, or their authors as "lunatics" or "asses." We remember that the past has furnished many most remarkable cases of insanity and of semi-relations to the "Queen of Night." We remember that Galileo was insane, because from the study of universal principles and from observation he saw that the earth must be a globe in motion. Later we remember that Columbus, Harvey, Luther, Fulton, Morse and hosts of others, were deemed insane by just such devotees to the existing order of things, as now proclaim those insane who assert a universal government, to be followed by a universal religion, universal industrial and social organization, universal language and in their attainment, finally the millennium. If the insanity that is predicted of us shall in the future become of as great importance to the world as the insanity of those named has, we shall not have lived in vain. It is one thing to see a fact after it has been demonstrated. It is quite a different sort of sight that sees those things that are to come.

ILLEGITIMACY.—The term is not used here in the special and restricted sense it is usually applied regarding the birth of children outside the formula of marriage, but in that more general sense that applies everywhere. It is one of those terms of convenience that has no intrinsic meaning at all. Science nor philosophy know any such thing as illegitimate results. Everything is a legitimate result of sufficient producing causes; or what is still more strictly true, everything is a series of facts evolved by the general order of the universe. It is often stated that such and such conclusions are illegitimate, and here we find the true and only justifiable use of the word. If a conclusion is illegitimate, it means that the result arrived at does not follow from the causes assigned, but this does not presuppose that it does not follow from some cause, or that the supposed causes do not produce a legitimate effect. It will be seen, then, that an illegitimate effect is one that is assigned to causes that have no connection therewith; in other words, that the true cause of the effect or the true premises of the conclusion have not been arrived at.

In the common use and acceptance of the term it means just this and nothing more: it means that a certain specified fact did not occur according to the customs for the time adopted by society, and, therefore, that it does not belong within its pale. Society in this case makes for itself a standard of legitimacy that neither science, philosophy nor religion justifies or sustains, and which is, therefore, purely arbitrary. The days of authority, however, are numbered, and the era of scientific demonstration and a rigid adherence to religious ideas, bereft of constructive superstition, will be ushered in and become the only standard by which effects shall be adjudged legitimate or illegitimate. When this era dawns upon the world the latter term will become obsolete. These two meanings of the word Legitimate or Illegitimate are, the one of them the Ordinary meaning, and the other the Cardinary meaning of the word.

NEW YORK CITY'S WHARVES AND PIERS.—It is needless to consume time and space by depicting the condition of our wharves and piers. Everybody knows what it is, but everybody does not understand their uses and abuses. It has been the practice to consider them at the disposal of ships, etc., in the order of their coming. This, so long as there was no regularly arriving and departing lines of carriers, was well enough, but when we have numerous lines of steamships that arrive and depart with the utmost regularity, the practice becomes impossible of execution. Every line requires its specific place, and will have a specific place if it must go to other cities to find it, as some have been obliged to do.

There is a prospect of a change for the better in our system of wharves and piers, by which all the water front can be utilized, and it is to be hoped that the rules adopted for their government will be such as shall invite rather than repel use. A great commercial city, such as New York is certain to become, should be fully alive to everything that tends to draw commerce to its merchants. No pains nor means should be spared to not only make it the greatest of all commercial centres in the world, but to make it the one where ships of every nationality will find the best conveniences and the most perfect regulations.

Suppose our city fathers take this matter in hand and give it the attention it deserves. If some of the little party or personal schemes should suffer by the withdrawal of the required time and thought, the greatest interests of the city will be subserved thereby, and we take it that this is of primary importance. Give the public requirements all the attention they demand, and if there be any room left for smaller matters, attend to them. The people will find no serious fault if primary duties are performed.

UNISM, DUISM AND TRINISM, IN THE GOVERNMENTAL SPHERE.

This article should be read in connection with Mr. Andrews' article on Unism, Duism and Trinism in the Church, page 5.

UNISM, in the Governmental Sphere, is Despotism or the superior authority of a central and pivotal character, whether called Caesar, Emperor, King, Chieftain, General, Captain, Headman, Foreman, Boss, or what not; is the Unity expressed in and through this pivotal personage and is the collective unity of the whole society which is so centered and represented in the pivot. Governmental Unism culminates in the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings.

DUISM, in the Governmental Sphere, is Divergency into Small Nationalities under Individual Chiefs as in revolt against a higher central authority; Democracy and Republicanism, branching into the Sovereignty of the Individual, on the one hand, and into Constitutionalism, as defining and establishing the rights of Individual men, on the other hand; the Doctrine of the Diffused or Universal Rights of Man as contrasted with that of the Divine Right of Kings.

TRINISM, in the Governmental Sphere, is the Universal-logical theory and Demonstration that Government, scientifically organized, as it will be for the whole earth, in the future, will recognize and vindicate, in its constitution and administration, both the Democratic and the Despotic Principles harmoniously adjusted in a third form, which is the Higher and Complex Unity. The basis here is Voluntarism in government; the acceptance of no leader or governor, except spontaneously and willingly; the payment of no taxes by assessment, and only voluntarily; the perpetual sanction of the right of revolt, or the substrate reservation of the Sovereignty of the Individual or Subject—but with all this, implicit subordination to all true superiorities, the most utter loyalty to the institution and the leader accepted; and while accepted; who must depend, therefore, for the continuation of his authority solely upon his continuous manifestation of those sublime qualities of heart and mind which shall inspire and command the support of his followers or subjects. Such is Pantarchism, and it is propounded as the model form of government.

The Pantarchy establishes itself, however, as *Imperium in Imperio*, in respect to any and all existing governments; but so diverse in kind from them as not, in any sense, to conflict with or antagonize them; while yet it claims to transcend them; to be Cardinaly whereas they are Ordinary; and while also it tends, and intends, peacefully to absorb them all, ultimately, into *acknowledged subordination to the Pantarchal Supremacy*.

UNISM, DUISM AND TRINISM, IN LINGUISTIC, OR IN THE DOMAIN OF SPEECH, OR OF LANGUAGE AND LANGUAGES.

(See Preceding Article.)

The idea of a Universal Language or of One Language for all the Nations of the Earth is not wholly unfamiliar to the minds of men. One of the old prophets speaks of the time when mankind shall all be "of one lip." Bishop Wilkins, Vidal, Fairbanks and some others have made various efforts to invent a Universal Language. Max Müller commends and defends the effort of Bishop Wilkins. Meantime, a sort of general and spontaneous expectation has sprung up in the popular mind, nowhere very clearly stated or defined, that we are to arrive in the progress of the events of the world, at some sort of Universal Language. The idea generally is that by the extension of travel, and commerce, and all sorts of intercourse, more and more rapidly and familiarly, some one of the languages of the earth, probably the English, will take the lead of all others, become a sort of common matrix, absorb the other languages into itself, and so become, by mere spontaneous aggregation and blending, the one Universal form of human speech.

There is, indisputably, such a tendency existing and even rapidly augmenting in the world. But all such unaided and unguided development being spontaneous, is Natural, merely, as contradistinguished from Scientific or Artistic. The Principle involved is, then, NATURISM.

But Universology lays another and wholly different but not incompatible foundation for a Universal Language. This begins in Universal Alphabetic Analysis, and in the *new and positive discovery that every sound of the human voice, vowel and consonant, is inherently laden by Nature herself with a distinct and peculiar meaning*. Building on this foundation, the Technicals of All the Sciences will be wrought out anew, and in a strictly scientific manner; and these alone will constitute an Immense New Universal Language (Universal in its Sphere), more regular and fundamental than the chance-begotten, *Natur smal* Universal Language, to result from mere aggregation. The Principle herein involved is SCIENTISM.

Finally, the Interblended and Compound Resultant of

the Naturisms-and-the-Scientisms is the Artismus of Language, and indeed, as of all other things, and so of The Universe at large. The Principle involved here is ARTISM.

And again, finally, NATURISM is identical with UNISM; SCIENTISM is identical with DUISM; and ARTISM is identical with TRINISM. Such, then, is the Unism, The Duism, and the Trinism of the world of *Linguistic—quad erat demonstrandum*.

WHAT WE AIM AT.

THE UNIVERSAL MOVEMENT—now begun, or rather the movement for universal ends, is the newest, the truest, and the grandest movement yet initiated among men.

It is not merely a widening of the horizon of philanthropy, but a lifting of that horizon, of the sky that usually bounds human aspirations, and of the brightest zenith of human hopes.

The efforts of humanitarians have heretofore aimed at little more than the steady regulation and judicious apportionment of the *meum* and *tuum* of social order, and the lubrication of our social movements by that amount of courtesy and charity which would prevent disastrous conflicts.

The universal movement now initiated aims to establish an entire accord and harmony among men, not only with each other and with the highest wisdom of inspired living teachers, but equally in accord with the loftiest and holiest influences of that spiritual realm, in which a boundless sphere of love, of sympathy, and of prescient wisdom, imparts the influence of a diviner life to those who seek that higher communion.

But it is not merely as an enlargement of the sphere of thought and action, nor as ennoblement of our lives and aspirations, that we present the *movement for the universal*. It is by and through those lofty aspirations and the all-comprehending philosophy of which they are a part that we aim to renovate—to emancipate and to bless the toil-worn, crime-stained and blood-besprinkled race of man—to put an end to the grim diabolism of war, that is now desolating the centres of civilization—to extinguish pauperism and crime—to make a world so rich in its enjoyments and so altogether lovely—that mere existence will be an inestimable satisfaction, and suicide will cease to be even a possibility.

We may not dwell, as other reformers, with frequent iteration upon special reforms and special evils, for we aim to introduce all true reforms, and to abolish all real evils, by introducing that grander wisdom and more tenderly-loving purpose before which all evils, from the least to the greatest, will vanish as the fogs and the deadly miasms of the night before the rising sun.

PANTARCH, POPE, POPULARITY.

The *Tribune* of Wednesday, August 10, suggests the urgent necessity that STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS, *Pantarch*, should *rendezvous* at once in France "to start the Pantarchy" in that sorely distraught and hard-pressed, grand old nationality, and to save it from ruin; and the *Tribune* sees no other hindrance upon this voluntary hegira of the Pantarch than the protest which would natrally be made "by the spirited editors of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY." But the *Tribune* forgets that the Older Pope from Rome is soon to be expected in New York, and that by appointment, Mr. ANDREWS, in his capacity as head of the New Catholic Church, adjunct to his office as the Pantarch, is necessarily detained at his post here to meet His Holiness on his arrival, and adjust the Preliminaries of the final consolidation of the Two Infallibilities. Thus the Trinismal or Hingewise Complexity of his Supreme and Elevated Position begins practically to declare itself. (Order the Burgundy).

LAWYERS, AHoy!—A CRITICAL LEGAL QUESTION—LADIES, BEWARE!

The Common Law of England is the Common Law of the State of New York, and of most of the States of the United States. Not only so, but the Statutes of England passed to certain dates, arbitrarily fixed upon in the legislation of the several States, are appended to the Common Law, and have become part of the Common Law. The Grand Juries of the city and State are inquiring, it is understood, whether the following statute was ever of force in this community, and whether, if so, it has ever been repealed:

LADIES, ATTENTION!—The English Parliament, in 1670, passed an act that "all women, of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, wives or widows, that shall, from and after this act, impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of his Majesty's male subjects, by scents, paints, cosmetics, washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the laws in force against witchcraft, sorcery and such like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void."

THE MARRIAGE TIE.

Why should not the marriage tie be neutral and impartial? It is not so—for there is no equality where *obedience* is exacted. It is this flagrant injustice which leads to more than half the troubles of wedded life. In fact, marriage should be like the religion which consecrates it, not a mere act, but a condition—not a self-imposed slavery, but a mutual acceptance of moral duties and responsibilities. In order to attain this desirable condition, the word "obey" must be struck from the marriage service, or else a similar promise of submission must be exacted from the man who takes to himself a wife. Then let wedded life be gone through like a campaign, in which two united forces contend against all opposition, and uncomplainingly share together the heat and burden of the day.

Let there be no affectation of misgiving lest this just concession should demoralize the sex. Practical equality cannot be in the slightest degree detrimental to a woman whose mind has been cultivated aright. It may be urged as an argument, however, that there is really no importance attached to the promise by those who make it. Just so; but then, why needlessly offend heaven with such trifling?

M.

FRANCE AND GERMANY, AND THE CRISIS IN EUROPE.

The ignorance of plain facts that stare people every day in the face, and yet somehow cannot get themselves understood, is quite the most astonishing thing of all the astonishing things the world has to show. A fortnight ago, the Press of the whole world, and every talking man outside of Germany, were discussing the chances and probabilities of the coming fight with the strongest prepossession in favor of French success. The utmost advantage for Prussia deemed possible by the unenlightened imagination of men in Europe and America was, that her stubborn resolution might dispute and long make doubtful the triumph of the French arms, perhaps even, after all, make of the whole war a drawn battle. That the outset of the struggle would witness brilliant French triumphs appeared to be everywhere, outside of Germany, a foregone conclusion. No concession in favor of Prussia was made in all this shallow and foolish writing and talking beyond the admission that the vast resources and patriotism of Germany might wear out French successes even, and so at last close the struggle by the exhaustion of both nations. But the shallow imagination of the whole civilized world was with showy and shallow France. And neither was its reason sufficiently active, nor its knowledge ample enough to allow of a due estimate of all that overwhelming array of causes, distant and near, which, to those few who could weigh history, past and present, made overwhelming success on the part of Germany a thing as little doubtful as a mathematical inference.

Behold the result. Before the close of one week from the firing of the first cannon, France is visibly defeated, and the war is everywhere regarded as morally even if not physically determined. The world's history has not the parallel of this horrible collapse of a great nation. The French troops have exhibited marked and even decided inferiority in the field to the German regiments. In hard fighting and in strategy the French army is proved to be no match for the German array. In a few days' fighting, with no crushing losses of men or material, the French army has been reduced to a condition of chaos as regards its tactical positions and its moral conditions, and the Ministry and the people of Paris have been obliged to change their confident "On to Berlin" for a half despairing "We must save the country." The infirmity of human knowledge and forecast was never so strikingly exhibited. And it may be said with emphasis that these extraordinary and almost universal blunders show that people all over the world—journalists and public alike—ought to go to school again to learn history as well as to observe the plain facts before them, instead of being misled by foolish fancies and phrases. After a sufficient course of such discipline, it may be possible for them to distinguish Charlatany from sincerity, pinchbeck from gold and a people decadent and demoralized at bottom, though splendid at surface, like France from a healthy, vigorous, deeply taught, deep hearted, firmly disciplined, tranquilly noble, physically abounding nation like Germany.

It would require a substantial volume to unfold the whole chain of historical argument by which the absolute hopelessness of France in this contest with Germany might be demonstrated. But the facts before the eyes of everybody who could use their eyes, before the struggle began, were sufficient to have inspired the gravest misgivings. And there were many more facts, not so close to the surface, perhaps, but easily to be known, which might have deepened the misgiving into a certainty of French failure. First and most obvious among the elements to a conclusion was the utter precariousness of the French Empire as a political and military institution. Events may seem to have placed a century between this date and that of the last charlatan effort by which Napoleon the Third attempted to bolster up his throne—the *plebiscitum* of the 8th of May. But, in truth, this incident, which revealed the utterly rotten condition of the Empire, was separated from the declaration of war against Prussia by an interval of seven short weeks only. That the French army was, in a politico-military sense, demoralized at that date was abundantly proved by the 50,000

votes which it recorded against the Bonaparte dynasty. The unhappy and failing Emperor, of whom it is now justly suspected that he is not in full possession of his faculties, rushed to the conclusion that war, and war alone, could again unite the army, the people and his dynasty. But such an experiment was the impulse of unreasoning despair. For two years before the plebiscite France had exhibited her profound dissatisfaction with Imperialism as a political institution, and all that was intelligent among her people demanded free institutions. A policy of peace and liberalism, had the crimes of the Empire and the condonation of them by the French people left the possibility of such a policy, might have warded off the catastrophe which has befallen Emperor and people. But for the crimes and blunders and follies of the Empire, be it well observed, Frenchmen were as responsible as the Emperor himself. Therefore, when the Emperor determined that he would appeal to that criminal vanity which poisons the French nature and quench the desire for domestic liberties in German blood, he found willing accomplices, even in all those who, a few weeks ago, had been clamoring against him; and he, as well as the French nation, precipitated themselves into the most ill-considered war of modern times, willing to murder Germany that French vanity might be satisfied, and, as God's justice would have it, utterly unable to make an estimate of their physical power to consummate so great a crime.

A fortnight of active hostilities has dissipated their atrocious plans, and revealed what ought to have been known before, that France was in no condition to make war. Emperor and Empire were alike broken in the back, and had been so for a long while. The man himself had been notoriously incapable for years past of taking a definite resolve about any critical question. Always ambiguous, always equivocal in thought and utterance, his disorders had deepened his irresolution into a peculiar form of mental insufficiency and indecision for which peculiar forms of nervous disease alone could account. Conceive the abomination of desolating folly which made such a man imagine he was equal to the task, greatest of all which the faculties of man are ever called upon to discharge, of wielding half a million soldiers in the field, and conducting at the same time the whole political and diplomatic business of France at a crisis when, by waging war, he made the pretension of controlling history and re-adjusting the destinies of mankind. The human mind stands aghast at such a portrait of unreason in a Prince and people. This one fact alone, to a master of comparative moral anatomy, is sufficient to suggest that inability to realize and grasp facts in the French mind, which alone sufficiently accounts for the despair and humiliation that is overtaking them.

For nothing but a miracle can save France now. She has broken down altogether. It is not merely a collapse of an army, it is a collapse of a nation. With an overwhelming German army in her territories, her wretched and fraudulent Government and institutions have gone utterly to pieces. The Olivier administration, most criminally fatuous of all the administrations known to human annals, has been obliged to retire after an outburst in the Chamber, which suggests that Frenchmen may very probably save Germany some trouble by beginning, after their old pleasant manner, to cut one another's throats. A stern soldier has been placed at the head of affairs in Paris. The marshals in the field have invited the Emperor to return to Paris, which he has refused to do. The next step may be to place him under restraint. And then—chaos. French marshals never could agree among themselves, and, in presence of the horrible uncertainties of the future, they are tolerably sure to begin to look out each one for himself, and to use all the sight left to them, in the midst of the black darkness of the hour, in trying to catch the first glimpse of the rising sun, that they may prostrate themselves before it. Panic, moral terror, distrust of everybody will run like a devouring flame through the French ranks, and that ignoble French cry will soon be uttered with the lips, as doubtless it is already in the hearts, "Sauve qui peut." From no quarter of the horizon is help visible, is help possible. The telegraph which records all stupidities of all correspondents with a sublime or ridiculous impartiality, talks of Austria, of Italy, rushing to the rescue of France. Such rubbish can impose on no one. In the present destruction of the French power there is more to be gained by helping to gore the wounded beast to death. Eagles may quarrel over a carcass, but we never heard of any rushing to help a dying animal. Europe may quarrel over the body of France, but no power dare, no power can, no power will lift a finger, march a man, fire a shot or cover a single sheet of paper with ink to save her from her doom.

But the *levée en masse* of the whole French people? He must be foolish, indeed, who expects anything from that except worse confusion to France. Against German battalions hasty popular levies will be about as effective as sheep against wolves. These armed multitudes are more likely to be the raw material of future civil war in France. The army, if the jealousies of its leaders and the fears of its officers leave it in effective existence, will indemnify itself for its humiliations by re-establishing "order" in all probability, which means by massacring the unfortunate civilians who may strive to set up a Republic. But the whole prospect is too desperate and uncertain to justify specific prophecy. The only point of certainty in the situation is that ruin has befallen France, the ruin either of indefinite occupation by German armies, or of hopeless domestic anarchy or slavery, or both. She has so completely lost all

political equilibrium, all power of reconstructing herself, that it might be the best thing for her unfortunate people to have their destinies guided and controlled by Germany hereafter. It is hardly to be imagined that the German power will be so unwise as to leave her in a position that admits of her taking a slowly prepared revenge hereafter on Germany for her present misfortunes. All sentiment should be thrown aside by Germany on this occasion. Ideas of mercy to a vanquished foe are very well, indeed, in their place; but it is a plain political duty of Germany so effectually now to cripple France as a national power as to prevent the possibility of these calamities and misfortunes. Cruelty to individual Frenchmen or Frenchwomen is happily impossible to the German nature. Nothing of that kind need be deprecated or feared. The action of Germany should and will discriminate between Frenchmen and France. The first should be spared, nay, treated with the most delicate and chivalrous forbearance. But on the second, Germany should execute justice of offended civilization completely and inexorably.

European history is entering into a new phase. The collapse of French power, so dramatically and appropriately accompanied as it will be by the fall of the Pope's temporal power, indicates the final displacement of Latin and Roman influences as a controlling agency in European civilization. Teutonic freedom, nature, geniality, development, the free lungs, the loving heart, the ever-growing intellect will now definitely replace the narrow and heartless systematization of life, which is the essence of Roman and Latin civilization. And most remarkable is it to observe how that Latinism falls with a great ruin at the moment of its culmination. Papal infallibility is the last and the most logical development of the Latin principle, which makes of government a sacrosanct thing. It has been made possible for a Council to declare it as a Catholic truth by the continued support of skeptical French bayonets. France and the Papacy fall at the same moment with a great ruin. Divine Providence takes the Pope at his word. Being declared virtually the equal of God, he cannot possibly require French bayonets to help him any longer. Such is evidently the opinion of Providence, and few judicious persons will be found to differ from Him.

It is a privilege, though a melancholy one, to live at a moment when such great events are being transacted: a melancholy one we say, because this great ruin of France, though just, cannot but inspire deep compassion. Folly and falsehood must reap their own bitter harvest. But, though the *fond* of the French character is so defective, there is so much that is bright and engaging in its surface, and French intellect has played so brilliant a part in the history of the European mind, that the exultation which wise minds need must feel at the victory of German civilization over the gilded barbarism of France needs must be tempered with much tender regret. But the progress of mankind is inexorable in its claims, and people of inferior moral calibre are certain, sooner or later, to be replaced by those who are stronger and wiser. France has been upon the whole an evil and destructive element in modern civilization. Her career has been for centuries a long equivocating policy between light and darkness, liberty and slavery, advance and retrogression. Always has she placed her own will, her own caprice, her own desire above all other considerations. If these coincided with justice and wisdom, it was well; if not, these must give way to French glory and French interests. There is an end of this. Frenchmen have hitherto believed that the world was made for France. They have now to learn that France must be subordinated to the world. If there is sobriety enough in the French nature to survive that lesson, France may yet have a useful career; if not, she will perish utterly, strangled as is just, with her own conceit.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—If there is one thing more than all others that demonstrates that we are not yet civilized as a nation; that we are still very nearly related to barbarism, it is that the taking of life is tolerated and advocated. There is no proposition that is plainer than that there can be no complete justice awarded by man to man as penalty or punishment for so-called crime. "Vengeance (justice) is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." No human being, nor no number of human beings, can determine the real extent of any crime, nor the cause that led to it, and consequently cannot mete out payment for it. The whole idea of punishment is entirely wrong. Where do we obtain the right to punish what we can neither comprehend nor measure? It is more than probable that if any of "the twelve" who decide that the prisoner is guilty were placed in precisely the same circumstances he was, they, too, would have committed the same deed; and the same will apply with equal force to the members of the community who support the laws that punish. It is no credit to this or that man or woman that they have not committed murder, burglary or any sufficient crime to bring them before the bar for trial. Had they been situated as the murderer was, and withheld from the deed, then would they be conditioned to say, "I am stronger—am better than thou." It cannot be proved that all the hanging that has ever been done ever prevented a single murder being committed. It may be argued so, but where is the proof. Punishment does not lie within the province of man. It belongs alone to God. But self-protection does belong to

every man, and just here begins the true principle by which those unfortunates should be treated, who, from more unfavorable circumstances than society in general are subjected to, become its reproach, when they should add to its honor. Protection is the right of individuals and of society; but punishment belongs alone where complete and perfect justice can be meted out, and from which no human being can escape though he be hanged by his brothers for having trespassed upon human life.

WHAT IS PROSTITUTION?—Webster says, and every body accepts and endorses the definition, that it is "the act of setting one's self to sale, or of devoting to infamous purposes what is in one's power." On general principles, then, how many persons of both sexes are guiltless of prostitution? Specifically, as applied to women, "setting one's self to sale" implies a necessity. If a wife submits to cohabitation with her husband against her inclination, she does so from necessity—a necessity imposed by the power of the marriage rite. Both acts are prostitution of the body because they are an *abuse* of the body. Which, then, is the greater act of prostitution of the two—the one enforced by senseless conditions, or reasoning men?

IT IS NOT our purpose, nor indeed is it possible, to transfer to our columns all the good things which the Press of the Country is so generously and profusely saying of us. But we adopt no policy so absolutely, as not to admit of any exception; and anything, which is intrinsically such good reading as the following extract from the editorial of the New York *Despatch* of August 7, is its own sufficient apology.

"INFALLIBILITY" VS. A NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH.

We had an "Imperialist" organ in New York a year or two ago, which might not be out of place now as a champion of Louis Napoleon's dynastic war. It died prematurely. Some zealous friend of Pio-Nono has now an opportunity of issuing an "Infallibilist," with a better prospect of vitality. Something of the kind will soon be necessary, if Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews goes on flourishing his sleds, hammers and Damascus sabres of logic and wit in the face and eyes of Roman Catholicism. In later numbers of Woodhull & Claflin's *Weekly*, this trenchant and subtle reformer boldly avows his purpose to found a "New Catholic Church;" whereupon the New York *Sun*—representing a perpetual Nominating Convention—at once proceeds to recognize "one universal government" for "all the world and the rest of mankind," under the title of the "Pantarchy," and names Stephen Pearl as the first "Pantarch."

"In three or five years," says Mr. Andrews, in rejoinder, this suggestion "will be looked back to as the proudest utterance that the *Sun* ever made." And forthwith the new Pantarch proceeds to accept both title and authority, and to organize his New Catholic Church on the basis of a Pantarchy. "All the Sects, the Infidels, the Atheists, and the religions outside of Christendom" are to be embraced and harmonized (together with Rome herself) "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."

Here, then, as we have before noticed, the "old Adam" of Romanism and Dogmatism, represented by the Pope and the creeds, are to be confronted by the "New Adam" of an enlightened free Press and Universal Government, represented by Woodhull & Claflin's *Weekly*, and Stephen Pearl Andrews as the Grand Pantarch. We want that New Catholic Church hurried up; and if the Pantarchy can only begin in New York City, and the Pantarch take charge of municipal affairs and police matters, discover the murderer of Nathan, and hang him, build a steam railway to Westchester, and settle New York elections for half a century by a single plebiscite, we shall really feel inclined to "jine that Church." Let us await events. The battle is between Pope Pius and Pantarch Stephen, "May the best man win!"

We learn that the *National Intelligencer*, for so many years one of the political and intellectual monuments of our country, is to be revived, at New York, under the management of that vigorous thinker and earnest sociologist, Alexander Delmar. Whatever may be thought of the views to be advocated, there can be no question of the ability of Mr. Delmar to say, in precise terms and good English, just the thing he means. After stating the general views to be advocated in this new old newspaper, he adds:

The *Intelligencer* will oppose any further payment of the principal of the debt, and will advocate the reduction of taxation on all sides—Federal, State and municipal, and without regard to whether it be in custom duties, internal revenue, or local taxes on real and personal estate, believing that in reduced taxation only is to be found that element of lower prices for the necessities of life, which is adequate to save the working classes of the people from the constant encroachments of money power, and preserve the nation from destruction, and place it on a favorable footing in competing for the commerce of the world.

The *Intelligencer* will give special attention to the subject of wages, trade strikes, labor movement, and the like.

The Hon. John C. Connor, a Congressional representative of Texas, and a representative man of the South, writes the following:

WASHINGTON, July 15, 1870.

DEAR SIR: It affords me great pleasure to hear that you are about to publish the *National Intelligencer* at New York, in order to avail yourself of the superior facilities which that great city affords for preparing and distributing the journal. The *National Intelligencer*, for nearly three-fourths of a century, has been the leading organ of American conservatism, and in its treatment of national topics has ever been comprehensive in its grasp, critical in its method, and dignified and graceful in its tone. These qualities should commend it as well to those desirous of cultivating a good style, as to those who desire to be conversant with public affairs. I recognize the advantages of publishing the *Intel-*

ligence in New York, and trust its removal may be the signal for a large increase of that support which it deserves at the hands of the Southern people.

Yours, very truly
Hon. ALEX. DELMAR.

JOHN C. CONNER.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

27 AVENUE DE NEUILLY,
PARIS, July 28, 1870.

My sphere now is politics. I am a politician, *au bout des ongles*. Yet be not alarmed, dear ladies, I shall not attack you with a speech. I simply state this fact in order to prepare you for any little outburst which may occur in my letter. Nor shall I trouble you with warlike details. But you must permit me to give such items as may not have reached you—items concerning the good deeds of good women. These, the Empress among the number, are busily employed for all brave men who have gone to conquer or die. Last week her Majesty received the delegates of the *Société de Secours*. She also gives them the use of her apartments in the Exhibition building of the Champs Elysées, where presents of every kind are now being sent. The Empress contributes a large sum of money. An appeal has been made by the *Société* to the women of France for volunteer nurses, and such bright examples as Florence Nightingale, Miss Stanley and their female staff, were cited in order to inspire emulation and courage. Nor were others forgotten. The Grand Duchess Hélène Paulowna, of Russia, who was followed to the battle-fields by nearly three hundred of her countrywomen; the undaunted lady nurses in the American armies; the noble lady of Brescia at Solferino, and the volunteer sisters in the Swedish and Danish war. This *Société de Secours* was originated eleven years ago, and is a magnificent international association for the relief of the wounded in war. It is formed from all the countries of Europe, and associates its humane aid for all.

But I must touch a little upon the novelties this side of the Atlantic. In the first place, let me assure you that the Louis XVI. style is decidedly in vogue; it has declared itself in the most original form. Some of the most stylish costumes are made of unglazed chintz or of *toile de Perse*. The surface of this material is dull, like *cretonne*—in fact, it is *cretonne*, covered either with Persian designs or studded with small bouquets of flowers, absolutely like curtains and furniture covers. It was thus that Marivaux's pretty *soubrettes* used to dress; and now even marchionesses do not disdain costumes of *toile de Perse* when they take their morning walks in their parks. The present style of cut, make and looping up of these costumes adds such grace to their originality, and re-introduces this old fashion under such a novel form, that there will soon be quite a rage for *toile de Perse*. The Duchess de Mouchy was one of the first to adopt a chintz costume. The Princess de Bagun ordered one directly she saw the first; and now the Empress has commanded more than one, so that *toile de Perse* will be decidedly the fashion.

Costumes are made in three different parts at the Maison Roger—a petticoat, a skirt looped up in the *soubrette* style, and a *casaque*. The manner of looping up is indescribable; it looks very full, is very unstudied, and yet the folds fall so as to have a jaunty, smart effect. Both petticoat and skirt are trimmed with several flounces of white muslin, vandyked and festooned at the edge. A coquettish *casaque* forms the third portion of the costume. It is made with a *basque* very short at the back, with two wide square *basques* at the sides, and a round *basque* in front; pagoda sleeves; trimming of vandyked muslin to correspond with the skirt. In order to add to the originality of this novelty, the skirt is frequently replaced by a petticoat of black silk. I certainly admire these petticoats with white *piqué* costumes.

With dresses of *toile de Perse*, Leghorn hats with broad brims are worn, and these are ornamented with gay bouquets of variegated flowers. A gauze scarf with a single end floats over the back.

First-class dressmakers (who are not milliners) now send a bonnet home with every costume, for the reason that it is considered in bad taste if the entire toilet is not *en suite*. An order for a bonnet now comes regularly with the order for the dress. Sometimes the name of the milliner is indicated, and sometimes the selection is left to the dressmaker; it is the only sure method of having a harmonious toilet, and no other than harmonious toilets are worn now. Of course you must have confidence in your dressmaker to give her this latitude; but no lady who pretends to good management would ever employ an incapable dressmaker, for a well-made, well-selected toilet lasts infinitely longer than when the whole affair is a disappointment as to effect and make. I now invariably pursue the plan of ordering a costume and bonnet from the same artiste, and the plan answers admirably.

By the way, when I was speaking of chintz dresses I should have mentioned Madame Emile Ollivier as I last met her. She wore then only a simple cotton dress—a pink cambric—but it was fashioned so gracefully that the fair young wife of our Prime Minister looked like one of Watteau's shepherdesses. The round pink petticoat was flounced and embroidered. A Louis XV. cambric *casaque*, white striped with fine pink lines, was worn over this petticoat. This simple toilet, in either mauve or blue, is one of the most appropriate *negligé* costumes a lady can wear at this time of the year.

Another exquisite novelty is the Christine of Sweden bodice. It is precisely the Louis XIII. bodice as we see it in

Flemish pictures by Terburg and Mieris, and almost without exception those masters painted it in white satin. It is now made in the leading houses in Paris in *faïlle* and cashmere. The bodice is low and square; it forms a waistcoat with square *basques* in front, and the waistcoat is buttoned to the point. At the back the bodice forms rather a long *basque*, and two shorter ones at the sides.

Women's rights and women's wrongs are always the topics of the day. Among the fresh privileges that are being granted to the rebellious sex, is the heavenly happiness of being entertained at mess. One of our regiments had a large ladies' dinner party lately at Versailles, and an English company at India—the 21st Hussars—has been similarly inspired. Of course, these gentlemen are all exceedingly civil, but we, who are clear-sighted, can plainly see that this is only the first step toward beseeching us to join their ranks and fight their battles. I, for one, shall do nothing of the kind. I shall only fight for women.

I have been reading in an American journal some admirable articles upon "The White Slaves of New York." I would like the able writer to know that the modest Briton traffics in such merchandize. These, however, are veritable slaves—and women at that! Do you desire an instance? Well, a Georgian girl, who some time ago was sold to a British subject, and claimed the protection of the British Government when on board a steamer in the Persian Gulf, has occupied a good share of official attention since she was brought to Bombay. The last we hear is that a good deal of correspondence and minute writing has taken place in the Supreme Council about her. Some of the members have suggested that measures should be taken at once to prevent the recurrence of similar offences in this country by an Act of Legislature, and that when a foreigner sells a slave to a British Indian subject, punishment should be provided for the offence of purchasing. The expense of maintaining the slave in British territories until arrangements can be made by Government to send him or her home should be defrayed by the purchaser, and the expenses also of the home voyage should be paid by him. The Governor-General is said to have approved of the suggestion, and to have desired that a bill should be introduced into the Legislative Council to the effect described.

It is satisfactory to know that the British Government has taken the matter in hand. By all means let us have freedom. There will be no peace until then.

Very truly, your friend,

FLORE DE VALDAL.

FROM SALT LAKE CITY.

SALT LAKE CITY, Territory of Utah,
July 27, 1870.

MRS. WOODHULL:

One week ago we were in New York, and to-day in the midst of the Mormons. The city of the saints is beautifully laid out with enormously wide streets, running east and west, as a general rule, bordered by finely grown shade trees, and currents of fresh-flowing water on the margins of the sidewalk promenades.

All of the twelve apostles reside in much more elegant structures than the apostles who were called into the service of the Saviour. In charmingly verdant inclosures, studded with fruit trees, are inviting residences. Good taste is exemplified in every direction throughout the nineteen wards of the city, while its twenty-five thousand inhabitants are rapidly on the increase.

These Mormons are grossly misrepresented. They are neither fools or ignoramus. Our arrival, Monday, July 25th, was at the close of a celebration commemorative of the first day they entered this magnificent valley. Fireworks, firing guns, etc., proved that they love noise as much as the gentiles of New York and Boston on the 4th of July. The multitude of spectators was an element of surprise, who had been gathering for hours to enjoy the spectacle of bursting rockets and Roman candles. The number of women with babies in their arms was a living evidence that neither drought or the occasional plague of grasshoppers interferes with a luxuriant crop of children.

They are an industrious people, who actually thrive by minding their own business. Salt Lake is destined to become a great city, which never would have had existence had it not been for Mormon enterprise, goaded on by persecution.

There are good hotels, well conducted, reasonable in charges, and public buildings peculiar in architectural developments. The Mormons have an immense brain power when they feel a necessity for exercising it in defence of their institutions. A strong will is a force that can move mountains. Persecution will neither lessen their numbers numerically, or check their progress. Laws against the great sin of the age, polygamy, must be inoperative while women voluntarily determine to be sealed to matrimony, even if they are at the attenuated distance of from number two to thirty in a husband's affections.

President Brigham Young received us with courtesy becoming his official position. The first apostle of the twelve, Mr. Smith, who will be the next in succession should he outlive the great father of more children than any other man on the Continent of America, is a strong representative of the majesty of the Church of Latter Day Saints. He has good sense, discretion, a pleasant expression, and the muscular energy of a Nemean lion. He is the coming man among the Mormons elect, if his days reach to three score and ten.

Ogden, on the line of the Pacific Railroad, is exclusively a widely-spreading Mormon settlement. They have the bit between their own teeth, and therefore already feel their vigor. A branch road, their own property, admirably managed, follows the shore of Salt Lake to Salt Lake City.

Mr. Hooper, their representative in Congress, is a genial, pleasant gentleman. In conversation with the writer, he observed he had but one wife—nor (parenthetically), he observed, had he use for any more! He is good at repartee and anecdotal wit. When first in Congress, a few years since, a telegraphic dispatch announced to him that he had just had a daughter born. By some unaccountable blunder of a messenger, the message was delivered to another member of the House of the same name, who was horror-stricken with the intelligence, as his wife had been in Europe for two years!

No doubt the railroad intercourse with the heretofore outside barbarians will considerably modify Mormonism, but not obliterate it, as often predicted. Any scheme which holds out the brightest prospects for happiness in this wicked world and in the next, however absurd or opposed to the common sense of mankind, cannot be suppressed, even by statute laws, the solemn emanations of legislative bodies, if a plenty of women are introduced.

Without women in excess of the mails, Mohammedanism would die out almost in the time it took to wither Jonah's gourd. There would be no followers of Mohammed without women; nor could Mormonism survive their separation from the multitudinous households of the faithful.

Here in Salt Lake City are numerous school-houses, and elevated branches of knowledge are taught by the best qualified instructors. There is a mercantile institution with *Holliness to the Lord* over the door. The sign looks no more out of place than texts of Scripture on the old stone edifice in the grass-market of Edinburgh, once occupied by that heroic war-horse of Scotland in the defence of his theological opinions, John Knox, now degraded to an ale-house.

If your readers really desire to know more of the Mormons—how they look, what they say, and their probable future position in history, they can have the whole on another occasion.

All the railroads from New York, and particularly the Erie, are admirably managed. The Erie far excels all the others in respect to positive comfort in traveling, and those on the road, from conductors to brakemen, actually give additional popularity to that magnificent highway for cars, by their obliging manners and attentions to those under their care from one section to another.

The Pacific Railroad is an eighth wonder of the world. Its completion, perfect management and glorious influence on the political character of a great nation, is the event of this age.

ART AND ARTISTS.

The Summer Exhibition of the Academy of Design is still open. But to judge from the number of visitors one meets, it is fair to presume that all the patrons of art are out of town, in the woods and wilds by the salt-sea wave, making acquaintance with nature and qualifying themselves for sound judgment of future works of art. Many of the best pictures have been removed from the gallery, but enough remain for a fair show, the new numbers commencing at 478, although from the way in which the pictures have been moved around, it is difficult to find those which one seeks. The only way is to look at the picture, and then find its number and description on the catalogue.

No. 478. The Death of Daniel Webster, though painted by Ames, has nothing to take it out of the ordinary range of such pictures. The composition and attitudes are conventional. The likenesses are, it is to be supposed, accurate, but there is little appearance of that affliction in the friends and relatives which I should expect at an approaching demise. The dying man himself is full of strength, and seems to be engaged rather in a polemical discourse with the bystanders than in those sad, half-spoken, half-guessed adieus, and words of sorrowful remembrance which usually accompany the passing away of the dying. The painting itself does not show as careful work as Mr. Ames' productions usually display.

481. J. M. Joy, from Scotts Border Minstrelsy, I have already noticed. It has vigorous drawing, the figures are well conceived and the whole picture is effective. The picture may mean anything in which a band of mounted men meet a knot of warriors on foot, which want of specialty has reference to the obscurity of the subject rather than to any demerit in the composition. This picture in a European gallery and with the stamp of a well-known name would be accounted good.

482. The head of a young lion in Central Park—Abbott H. Thayer—is a fine picture, carefully painted and full of expression. The calm dignity of the royal beast looking out fearlessly from his great eye is striking, while the mechanical performance is excellent.

486. The Castle of Chillon, by J. A. Richards, though more ambitious, is far from as pleasing as 296—a brook scene in Devonshire—by the same artist. As a study it would be excellent, as a finished picture it has an air of incompleteness. Anything from T. A. Richards' easel is sure to give pleasure, but the able artist is not exempt from the duties of good work.

487. By Julie H. Beers, a bit of cool green landscape, with water, is very pleasing.

489. An autumn afternoon—J. B. Bristol—is full of the warm, rich color and varied foliage characteristic of our fall

landscapes. The distance is indistinct; this, however, is only the more natural and characteristic of the season of the year in which the clear, bright, high lights of summer begin to be dimmed with the haziness of moisture and slow evaporation.

A very able and well-painted picture is that by Mignot (not numbered). The subject is a Central American scene, with cocoa palms, tropical plants, adobe houses, with their coarse red tiles grown over with creepers, their balconies and piazza. The figures that give life to the scene are well drawn and full of character, while the light and shade is judiciously toned off into that reasonable contrast which leaves room for nature, and does not consist of a broad dab of brightness in contrast with a bit of stygian gloom.

496. The weaver—E. W. Perry—is a hard bit of realism: carefully drawn but as unpoetic in its treatment as the weaver's beam itself. However, it is bold, clear, cut drawing, although the coloring is thin and dry. The subject must be herself a model artisan to live in an apartment of such manifest poverty, with such spotless propriety.

499. "The Appointment." William Magrath. A young lady in a leafy covert waiting for her friend, as is evident from the open letter and the torn envelope on the ground. The accessories of tree and leaf are better than the principal figure in which the impatient expectancy and the good drapery are slightly matted by an imperfect outline.

507, 508. Two fine pictures, by Daniel Neal, I have already noticed. On recurring to 507, the interior of St. Marks' and examining the work carefully, it is impossible but to be struck at the admirable concurrence of materials and effects. The great gilt cross at a little distance has all the shimmer and glitter of the metal, so also the gilt capitals of the jasper and porphyry pillars. The variegated marble which, at the spectator's standpoint, has the transparency of the precious polished slabs themselves, are found to be worked up in the broadest, boldest, not to say coarsest manner. The colors at some places have been laid on in masses with the palette knife. It matters little how Raphael or Rubens produces his results so long as they are produced. The sublimer, the idea, the easier and the more vigorous the manipulation, the greater the artist.

In the statuary room there is a noble marble bust of the late Charles L. Elliott, by C. Calverley. Busts give little scope for the display of the sculptor's fancy, because the artist is tied down to the realizing of a correct likeness. To turn a butcher into a prophet would be as unlawful as to convert the prophet into a butcher. The highest fancy is permissible only in ideal composition. But in Elliott the sculptor had a grand subject in which the idealism stood before him reduced to a personality. The lofty forehead, the overhanging intellectual brow, keenly perceptive power of those eyes, were intellectual attributes which called for no enunciation; while the flowing locks and the beard of antique redundancy supplied all the element of the picturesque. The skill of the artist has lain here in his ability to give life-like expression to the dumb stone. The workmanship is admirable.

472. A statuette, by Carl Muller, is a fine piece of work, though the subject is somewhat sensational. And the muscular strength requisite to sustain such a weight in so unusual a position, is scarcely sufficient in the figure.

LESTER.

FINANCIAL.

The effect of the great European war on gold and "Governments" is, of course, the great topic of discussion among business-men of all classes and occupations, but more particularly among capitalists and the banking fraternity. The variety of opinions held and promulgated is puzzling, confusing and calculated to unsettle the mind of any but the most clear-headed thinker upon such subjects. The German bankers will tell you one thing and the American bankers another, and their opinion is certainly daily backed by heavy operations in the Gold Room and Government Board. There is one point in the controversy that is unquestionably undeniable, and that is, if the war is long continued both powers engaged must have money to carry it on with. Money is cash and cash is gold, and the simple problem that comes before us, then, is the discovery of the source from which this gold must flow. The people of Germany and the people of France will not supply it, because they have always been famous for hoarding it up at such times. Now, will the \$1,200,000,000 worth of five-twenty bonds of the United States held in Europe be sent back to bring about this necessary gold supply, or will the people hide them away as they do their gold? The exports of gold since the beginning of the war excitement throws more light upon the matter. For the week ending July 16, the amount forwarded was \$2,740,367; for the week ending July 23, \$6,101,352; for the week ending July 30, \$6,935,847, and for the week ending August 6, \$3,834,871, a total for the four weeks of \$19,612,337, or at the rate of nearly \$5,000,000 per week. It is true that this has been done without sending any, or but few, bonds back here, and it is altogether likely that the sum represents the balances usually held by foreign banking firms in the New York market. Admitting such to be the case, it is then plain that Europe has as yet taken no gold from our markets for her direct necessities. The French and German people have not yet become impoverished, and the war drain for gold has yet to come. The people will hoard their gold to the last, but the stings of poverty may compel many to sell their United States bonds if the war should be of long duration, and in

the fall we may witness a steady flow of bonds to the West and gold to the East. There is another reason why they will be induced to part with bonds readily.

The average cost of our securities in Germany was not over 60 in gold, and they are now selling at 83, and, therefore, their very stability which has raised them to a profit may be the chief reason for their sale. Now, what effect will the return of large quantities of these bonds have upon the commercial world here? Gold, under the Legal Tender Act, is not lawful money; therefore, its loss ought not to affect us. But it always has and probably always will, and the reasoning is thus: The loss of gold by the banks, as they reckon it, is a loss of "legal revenue." This implies a contraction of loans, and a contraction of bank loans of course makes money tight. Lower prices on the stock exchange and produce markets would be the natural sequence. If the war continues, with gold going to Europe in exchange for bonds, and legal tenders to the West in exchange for wheat and corn, it will not be at all surprising if the country is devastated by one of the most terrible panics in its history, and a collapse in prices that will be simply fearful. How far the export of breadstuffs and cotton will go toward balancing the return of the bonds is an important question and one that can only be solved by time and the result. The best plan will undoubtedly be to operate moderately and carefully in the purchase of stocks of goods that cannot be easily disposed of, so that when the crash does come it will be somewhat equally distributed. Poor men have no interest in the matter any way, for a fall in flour from eight to four dollars a barrel means a fall in wages from four to two dollars a day, and the result would neither be improving or damaging.

Gold, which has been falling all the week, took quite a decided tumble this morning, declining to 117½. The general opinion seemed to be that the resignation of the Ollivier Ministry indicates an early peace. The Government market was firm in the face of the gold decline, and prices at noon were United States 6's 1881, reg. coup., 114½@114¾; 5-20's 1862, coup., 112@112½; do. 1864, coup., 111½@111¾; do. 1865, coup., 111½@111¾; do. 1866, coup., new, 109½@110; do., 1867, coup., new, 109½@110; do. 1868, coup., new, 110½@110¾; 10-40's reg., 104½ bid; do. coup., 107½@108; currency 6's, 111@111½. The stock market was fairly active, and buoyant and prices ruled as follows: Delaware and Hudson, 119@120; Canton, 61½@63½; Western Union, 34½@34¾; Adams Express, 68½@69½; Wells Fargo, 13½ bid; Merchants' Union, 38¾; N. Y. Central Con., 95½; N. Y. Cent. Scrip., 90½; Erie, 22½; Reading, 96¾@97; Lake Shore, 93½; Chicago and Northwestern pref., 86½; Rock Island, 113½; Milwaukee and St. Paul, 61½; do. pref., 77½; Ohio and Mississippi, 34.

ITEMS ABOUT WOMEN.

Miss Rose Ellis is the best shot in Scott County, Ind. The sweetest of strains—trying to lift a pretty girl on a horse.

Madame Susloff is a Russian doctress, with large practice, in St. Petersburg.

Wyoming wants to test a principle by choosing a woman as delegate to Congress.

An exhibition of feminine work of all kinds is to be opened in November at Florence.

The free-lovers pretend that they are in favor of marriage, but "on the European plan."

Why should young ladies never wear stays? Because it is so horrid to see a girl "tight."

Women delegates were refused seats in the Ohio Congressional Conference by a vote of 88 to 65.

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

Miss Likelike Kewaukeseowamwaka leads the choir in the Kawalahoe Church, Sandwich Islands.

Louisa Mulbach has just completed a novel which she calls "Eugenie, or Mistress and Empress."

Not less than fifteen American lady artists of note are now residing in Paris, Rome and Florence.

Young women are never in more danger of being made slaves than when the men are at their feet.

When Cincinnati girls hire out, they stipulate for the use of the dining-room and parlor with missus.

It is reported that Patti's collection of jewelry is far more extensive than that of the Empress Eugenie.

Several of the Indian colleges will have large numbers of young ladies in the Freshman class of next year.

Mrs. Helmbold is among the high-flyers at Saratoga who attract the attention of journalistic correspondents.

"Beauty," says a French writer, "is all the virtue of some people, and virtue is all the beauty of others."

Madame Clara Schumann has been elected an Honorary Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music of Stockholm.

The ladies are all grieving about the war in Europe, as it will raise the price of silk dresses, gloves and laces.

A Woman's Suffrage Society has been started in Prague, and a journal of the same character will soon follow.

Miss Snead, one of the teachers at the Holyoke Seminary, at Kalamazoo, Michigan, has fallen heir to \$50,000.

Miss Ruth Dinsmore, of Whitley, Indiana, comes into a fortune of \$60,000 by the demise of her lover in California.

A girl near Dayton, Ohio, recently won a bonnet by throwing her father twice out of three times in a wrestling match.

A young Welsh girl in Montana has taken out naturalization papers, pre-empted a claim of 160 acres, and is building a house thereon.

A young lady in town, who was boasting of her teeth, was asked if they were natural or artificial. "Neither," was the reply; "they are gutta percha."

"Mother," said a little five-year-old child, "sister Mary swears." "Why, what did she say?" "I heard her say she wouldn't wear those darned stockings to church."

The editor of the *Santer News* returns his grateful thanks to the kind and patriotic lady who sent him a magnificent peach, measuring eleven inches in circumference and weighing thirteen ounces.

Miss Anna Morrison, a beautiful California girl, is stumping the State in opposition to woman suffrage. She doesn't believe women should speak in public, and she talks all the time to show her consistency.

One young man and four young ladies were baptized in Rum River, Minnesota, while the thermometer was twelve degrees below zero. Their wet robes froze stiff almost as soon as they came out of the water.

Louis Napoleon will soon leave Eugenie and go to Nancy, and, notwithstanding that he is a married man, anticipates entering into another engagement, if not more than one. Was there ever anything like French morals?

A tall, masculine-featured woman, fifty-seven years old, and weighing 180 pounds, has been elected Justice of the Peace, at South Pass, Wyoming territory. She wears a calico gown when on the bench, and is said to make an impressive court.

A formal fashionable visitor thus addressed a little girl: "How are you, my dear?" "Very well, I thank you," she replied. The visitor then added: "Now, my dear, you should ask how I am." The child simply and honestly replied: "I don't want to know."

Christine Nilsson receives, it is said, £150 a night at Drury Lane, the largest sum paid to any lady since the days of Jenny Lind. Adelina Patti receives £100 a night at Covent Garden; and Mongini, the tenor, £80 guineas. Mlle. Irma de Murska is paid upon the same scale.

A physician, walking in the street with a friend of his, said to him: "Let us avoid that pretty little woman on the left. She knows me, and casts on me looks of indignation. I attended her husband." "Ah! I understand. You had the misfortune to dispatch him." "On the contrary," replied the doctor, "I saved him."

A San Francisco lady correspondent in noticing the fact that two miles of houses in that city are occupied by fallen women, wonders how many miles of houses it would take to accommodate the men who wrought all this ruin, and who now move in respectable circles, cheered by the smiles of 'virtuous' women, to whom their characters are well known.

At Zurich, the question of admitting female students to a share of the highest scientific education, and of university diplomas, seems likely to be practically solved. At present, fourteen ladies attend the lectures of the Faculty of Medicine concurrently with the male students; and last year two ladies, one Russian and the other English, passed their examination for the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

We have received from W. Jennings Demorest, 838 Broadway, charmingly illustrated editions of Jean Ingelow's "Songs of Seven"; Poe's "Raven," and Schiller's "Song of the Bell." Accompanying these were "La Belle Fleur de Polka," by Miss Vienna J. Demorest, and "There is a Land," arranged as solo, duett and quartette, by the same young and highly-gifted artists. Also, two magnificent chromos, which are offered as prizes with that fine magazine, "Demorest's Illustrated Monthly."

"Dido et dux." "Did she, indeed—how many?" "Et tu, Brute."

Apologies of eating, not ducks but turkeys. The late Judge Mathews, of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, was a gourmand. He was said to have said that, "A turkey is a very unhandy bird—rather too much for one man, and enough for two."

"Sir," said the astonished landlady to a traveler, after he had just sent his cup forward for the seventh time, "You must be very fond of coffee." "Yes, madam, I am," he replied, "or I should never have drank so much water to get a little."

Adultery—The wrong man in the right place.—*Figaro*.

"I say, Pat, do you say neither or neither?" Answer—"Na-ther."

THE GROWTH OF THE AMERICAN PIANO TRADE.

A few days ago we gave the statement of the sales of the twenty-six leading piano firms in this country for the year 1869. A similar statement was published three years ago, and the comparison is very favorable. The deductions to be made from this are instructive. They show that the piano business is not as liable to those immense fluctuations as many other enterprises, and that as a whole, with but few exceptions, it has moved steadily forward. We take the returns of 1866 and 1869, which show an increase as follows:

Weber, New York.....	206 per cent.
Hazleton, New York.....	53 "
Hallet & Davis, Boston.....	47 "
Steck, New York.....	45 "
Decker, New York.....	44 "
Emerson, Boston.....	44 "
Haines, New York.....	40 "
Chickering, Boston.....	26 "
Steinway, New York.....	20 "
Knabe, Baltimore.....	4 "

This comparison shows that the average increase is about 45 per cent., except Steinway and Chickering, whose sales were then large, and that Weber's sales increased 206 per cent. in three years. Weber's return in 1866 was \$72,421, and in 1869, \$221,444.

Hallet, Davis & Co.'s New Grand Piano.—The ORCHESTRAL PIANO is the name of a new instrument which Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co. have just produced, which has commanded the admiration of all artists and critics who have examined it. It is a grand piano, but the case, instead of being hollowed out on one side, is made straight, so that both sides are alike. We noticed one of these Orchestral Pianos at the warerooms of Messrs. W. Redfield, Phelps & Co., 927 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, on our recent visit to that city. It is creating an unusual interest in musical circles.

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 Poughkeepsie, Rhinebeck, Bristol, Catskill and New
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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, Litz, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg, etc.
2 P. M.—For Easton, Allentown, etc.
3:30 P. M.—For Easton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, and Belvidere.
4:30 P. M.—For Somerville and Flemington.
5:15 P. M.—For Somerville.
6 P. M.—For Easton.
7 P. M.—For Somerville.
7:45 P. M.—For Easton.
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.; 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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8:00 A. M.—Through Express Mail, connecting with train at Denville for Boonton, 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 Val. Ex., stopping at Newark, Morristown, Dover, Hackettstown and Washington, and connecting at Easton 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.
3:30 P. M.—Hackettstown Mail connects with Boonton, Chester and Sussex Railroad.
11:30 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 11:20 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, 11:20 and 11:40 A. M.; 1:00, 2:00, 2:30, 3:30, 3:40, 3:50, 4:10, 4:30, 4:50, 5:10, 5:30, 5:30, 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 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 Sullivan 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 *11:45 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.; *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, 5:15, 5:45 and 6:45 P. M. From Chambers street depot, 9 A. M.; 12 M.; *12:15, 4:15, 5:15, 6 and 6:45 P. M.
For Piermont, Nyack, Monsey and Way, from Twenty-third street depot at 9:15 A. M.; *12:45, 3:15, 4:15, 4:45, and *6:15 P. M., and, Saturdays only, *6:45 P. M. From Chambers street depot at 9:30 A. M.; *1, 3:30, 4:15, 4:30, 5 and 6:30 P. M.; Saturdays only, *12 midnight.

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L. D. RUCKER, June 13, WM. R. BARR, Gen'l Supt. 1870. G'l Pass'r Ag't.
*Daily. †For Hackensack only. ‡For Piermont and Nyack only.

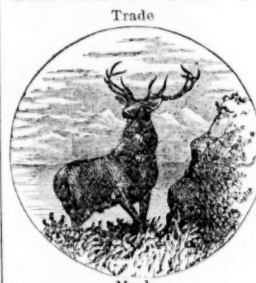
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For West Philadelphia, 8:40, 9:30 and 11 A. M.; 12:30, *5:00, 6:00 and *9:00 P. M., 12 Night.
For Philadelphia via Camden, 7:00 A. M., 1:00 and 4:00 P. M.
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12:30 Noon, Express for Baltimore and Washington, 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.
9:30 P. M. Daily Express for Baltimore and Washington, and the Southwest and South via Washington, with Reclining Chair Car and Sleeping Car attached.
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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, 6:30, 7, 8:20 and 10 P. M.; 12 Night.
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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 11:30 A. M., 1:30, 3, 4:25, 5:10, 6 and 11:30 P. M., Yonkers trains.
(9 A. M., Sunday train for Poughkeepsie.)
WM. H. VANDERBILT, 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 Slip; on Saturdays through to Patchogue; 6:30 P. M. for Merrick; on Saturdays through to Babylon. All trains connect at Valley Stream for Rockaway.
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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

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DRAMATIC.

This summer has been an unfortunate season for the theatres. The public, supreme of will in such matters, have decided, will ye nill ye, that it was too hot to go to the play. The suggestion is half absurd under any circumstances. Why cannot theatres, or any large edifice, be kept cool in these days of superabundant mechanical contrivance? There certainly is no inherent difficulty that cannot be overcome. However, the thing has not been. *Le roi le vent*. The king will have it so, and there is no more to be said about it. In the matter of necessities there may be room for discussion and change of opinion, but in the matter of amusement and superfluities every man is his own lawgiver and physician, makes his own rule and writes his own prescription. Argument is thrown away. Even if convinced of the justice of a proposition, the recusant has but to say, "I don't like it—it is merely a matter of taste," and the cause is out of court.

When the hot nights are over, we are to have great things again. Mr. Jefferson will again give us "Rip Van Winkle." Will the public ever tire of seeing Joe Jefferson? What would the piece be without him? The same play by another actor—who would go to hear it? It is a favorite, however, with the women. Is it true that women like a play in which a woman, not being absolutely brutalized, gets the worst of it. In the "Rent Day" the woman is badly served, in the "Honeymoon" Indiana is outrageously reformed, and here again, in "Rip Van Winkle," Mrs. V. W. acts with no more severity than is perfectly reasonable for her drunken, ne'er-do-weel husband. His is the case where a man, not being positively bad or cruel, is yet negatively evil by worthlessness and injustice; entailing all sorts of discomfort and sorrow on his patient partner by a persistent course of wrong-doing, in which good-humor is the only redeeming point. And yet scarcely any spectator, and most particularly woman spectator, but thinks Rip injured by his wife's just complaints and outraged by her severity. And I think, as a rule of life, woman thinks every other but herself signally wrong in such case, and that had she only had the management of Mr. V. W., she could have made something of that poor fellow. And so on through the whole range of female characters in which feelings only are hurt. Nancy Sykes is personally brutalized; Mrs. Haller, in the "Stranger," is a wrong-doer, and has lost tone herself, but I am inclined to think, notwithstanding her pathos, she gets but little sympathy from her sex.

At Niblo's Garden, Mr. Lawrence Barrett will commence an engagement there as Legardere, in "The Duke's Motto." Mr. Barrett, for several years associated with Mr. McCullough, as manager of the California Theatre in San Francisco, has not acted in New York for some time. But he is very well known here as an artist, and the esteem in which he is held—as a man of distinct and uncommon ability, devoted to his profession, loving it dearly and pursuing it in a high spirit—warrants the anticipation that he will be received with sincere pleasure by the theatre-going public.

At the Olympic, Mrs. Oats and Mr. Fox, with Miss Marian Taylor, the clever English blonde, will give us little Faust. The merits of the two former are so well known as to require no trumpet. Of Miss Taylor, less is known here, though she has made herself a name in London, and possesses a cultivated voice of an agreeable style, and doubtless as the blonde Marguerite will make a hit, though I confess to a weakness about seeing Marguerite, the most touching of all womanly sorrows, turned into a jest. Another, the true Marguerite, will be given us by Mr. Grau, who has just arrived home from Europe, at the French Theatre, who will present the famous German actress, Marie Seebach, in German drama. She has long held the palm for representing that part. Seebach is a beautiful woman, richly endowed with intellect and emotional fervor, speaking in one of the sweetest voices ever heard. On the German stage, Marie Seebach's career seems to have been one of continuous and unclouded prosperity. Her great successes have been made at Munich, Vienna, Hanover and Berlin—places where acting is sternly judged, and where pretence goes but a very

little way. Marie Seebach was born at Riga, in Russia, in 1837, and is now, consequently, in the meridian of life. Mr. Grau is said to have engaged a capital company to co-operate with this eminent player, and something like a repetition of the excitement occasioned by his presentment of Ristori is anticipated. Mr. Daly contemplates a revival of one of Moliere's comedies, and he has projected a new comedy, on the basis of the posthumous sketch by Sheridan, of a play to be called "Affectation." Probably, also, Mr. Daly will revive "Fernande," "Frou-Frou," and "Twelfth Night." The new season at the Grand Opera House will be devoted to French Opera Bouffe, for the revival of which it is understood that preparations have been made on a liberal scale of expenditure. Wallack's Theatre will be devoted to comedy of the most choice description. The opening piece of the season will probably be the latest and rarest comedy sensation of London, "The Two Roses." In the company, next season, Miss Madeleine Henriques, Mrs. Barry, Miss Effie Germon, Miss Mestayer and Mrs. Setton, Mr. John Brougham, Mr. Charles Fisher, Mr. John Gilbert, George Clark, Mr. Williamson, Mr. Ringgold and Mr. Rockwell. Mr. Wallack himself remains for the summer at Long Branch. Mr. Lent's New York Circus, which has been amply successful in its tour of the rural districts, will return to town next month, and offer its customary galaxy of athletes and skilled gymnasts, clowns and horses, at the iron tent on Fourteenth street. The Museum has not been closed. It is an institution for all time. Just now Mr. Albert Aiken is playing there, in "The Witches of New York." Frequent changes of programme may, of course, be expected; and it is not likely that a manager so experienced as Mr. George Wood will fail to provide some positive and victorious novelty with which to open the new season.

VANDYKE.

RHYMES FOR THE WORKINGMEN.

Arouse! arouse! ye workingmen,
And let your power be known;
Take pattern from the working bee,
Drive from the hive the drone.

Too long you've suffered vaunting might
To rule each passing hour;
Too long your labor-hardened hands
Have lifted pride to power.

Too long the honeyed words have fallen
Smooth from the lips of wealth;
Too long your rights have been ignored
Or borne away by stealth.

The Ship of State—the staunch old craft,
So stout and true of yore—
The moneyed power threatens now
To sweep her to the shore.

Then seize the helm, ye workingmen,
Man every brace and stay,
And get her seaward, as ye can,
And on her prosperous way.

She'll brave a thousand years of storm,
The tempest's loudest roar;
Let but the laborer's Union-Jack
Float proudly at the fore!

So rouse! arouse! ye workingmen,
And let your power be known;
Take pattern from the working bee,
Drive from the hive the drone!

LITERARY.

The *Overland Monthly* for August, comes freighted with an unusual amount of very interesting descriptive matter. "A By-Way in Norseland" is a graphic sketch of a little country, not frequently made mention of in history, but which possesses many items of sufficient interest to repay the general reader. "The Yuber Hydraulic Mines" is full of interest to those at all interested with the various formations of the earth, and notices the *fluvial* and *glacial* theory of the origin of these mines. "Sheep Farming in Australia" gives accounts in detail of what is not generally known to people not locally familiar with that distant country. "Collectors and Collections" refers to some of the most valuable libraries extant. "Waysides of Nature, No. 11," conducts the reader two-thirds round the immense valley which the Coast Range and the Sierra Mountains enclose, and is very readable. Of the same character, also, is "Caravansaries of San Francisco." These, with several minor articles, compose the *Overland*, which everybody can spend a profitable hour in digesting.

One fact is prominent in regard to all

of our most popular literary mediums, and it is undoubtedly a reflex of the general demands of the public mind. What is presented is mostly descriptive of what is, and not inquisitive as to why it is, nor suggestive as to what shall be. Historical anecdotes and geographical sketches still find greater favor with the people than either science or philosophy, and those whose business it is to supply the literary tastes of the people with food prefer rather to cater to the existing appetite than to endeavor to expand and improve it, so that it shall crave all that civilization can offer.

MME. DEMOREST'S *Mirror of Fashion* has many good things in all departments it professes to treat. "Jennie June's Talks with Women" is not only particularly practical, but also is eminently suggestive of woman's future and her capacity for usefulness. The novelettes are well written, while the general matter shows a deal of tact in its selection.

Of *Harper's*, the *Atlantic*, *Putnam's*, etc., it is enough to say they fully sustain their well-earned reputations. If the people of this country are not diffusively intelligent, it is not for lack of the means of becoming so. Our numerous monthlies and many of our best weeklies, if combined, contain the essence of all there is of present civilization. The people need but to make a judicious selection from them to have all the means of knowing what the world is and what is going on in it both in nature and in mind.

IMITATORS of the example of Peter Cooper and George Peabody—we mean their example in giving away their money—are making their appearance from day to day. The latest instance is that of Sir Francis Crossley, of Halifax, England. He not long ago gave to the town of Halifax a public park, and more recently he has made donations amounting to \$200,000 to various benevolent institutions. The remarkable thing about this last act is, that it is accompanied with a stipulation that the money thus given shall be invested in United States Government bonds, and that they shall not be abandoned for any other security until the Government redeems them. In that case they are to be reinvested either in other United States bonds or in some good United States railway stock, which has paid a dividend to its original shareholders. Sir Francis is reported as saying "that he regards himself as a steward of whatever wealth the Lord has given to him, and that the conviction has grown with him that there is no enjoyment which riches can secure that is to be compared for a moment with that which springs from devoting them to the promotion of the well-being of our fellow-men, both for time and eternity." This is a good sentiment and should be cherished by all of us.—*N. Y. Standard*.

IMPROVEMENT BY REPETITION.—How a story improves by repetition was shown a short time since by the great publicist, Deak. He was said to have been in the Zoological Gardens of Pesth, and to have offered a bear a roll of bread stuck on the point of an umbrella. Bruin, so the tale went, had seized not only the bread, but the umbrella, and torn the illustrious deputy's property to pieces. "See," Deak had exclaimed, throwing himself into a theatrical attitude: "See! even bears can be ungrateful." Some one mentioned this story to the subject of it the other day, and asked him if it was true. "Quite true," was the reply, "only with this little difference—that it did not happen to me, but to an old woman. Moreover, it was not a bear, but a monkey that did the mischief; and the monkey did not seize the old lady's umbrella, but her hat. The dame was very sorry about her hat, but I certainly did not hear her say anything. In other particulars the story is true."—*Globe*.

THE SERVANT OF THE PERIOD.—Cook—"Yes, Susan, I'm a writing to Mary Hann Miggs. She've applied to me for the character of my last Missus, which she's thinkin' of takin' the sitiuation." Susan—"Will you give her one?" Cook—"Well, I've said this: (reads) 'Mrs. Perkins presents her compliments to Miss Miggs, and begs to inform her that I consider Mrs. Brown a respect'able young person, and one as knows her dooties; but she can't consensly recommend her temper, which I had to part with her on that account.' It's allus best to be candied, you know, Susan."—*Punch*.

A CURIOUS SENTENCE.—The following curious sentence, "*Sator arepo tere opera rotas*," is not first-class Latin, but may be freely translated, "I cease from my work; the mower will wear his wheels." It is, in fact, something like a nonsense verse, but has these peculiarities:

1. It spells backward and forward all the same.
2. Then the first letter of each word spells the first word.
3. Then all the second letters of each word spells the second word.
4. Then all the third; and so on through the fourth and fifth.
5. Then commencing with the last letter of each word, spells the first word.
6. Then the next to the last, and so on through.

JOSH BILLINGS thus speaks of a new agricultural implement, to which the attention of farmers is invited: "John Rogers' revolving, expanding, uncerimonious, self-adjusting, self-contracting, self-sharpening, self-greasing, and self-righteous hoss-rake iz now and forever offered to a generous publik. These rakes are az eazy to keep in repair az a litching post, and will rake up a paper of pins sowed broad kast in a ten aker lot of wheat stubble. These rakes can be used in winter for a hen roost, or be sawed up in stove wood for the kitchen fire. No farmer of good moral karakter should be without this rake, even if he has to steal one."

THE moment of death, which is thence most appropriately called dissolution, is that in which the chief or ruling monas dismisses all those subordinate monades which have hitherto been faithful vassals in her service. I therefore regard the quitting life, as well as rising into it, as a spontaneous act of this chief monas; which from its very constitution is utterly unknown to us.—*Goethe*.

WHEN the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Calvary entered the town of Dawson, Georgia, in the spring of 1865, among those who welcomed them was a negro woman whose appearance denoted extreme old age. Impelled by curiosity one of the "boys" rode up to her and asked, "How old are you, auntie?" "Well, chile," she replied, "I don't exactly know how old I is, but I was here when C'lumbus come!"—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

A PARIS correspondent estimates that twenty thousand sound people are imprisoned as lunatics in France simply to get them out of the way.

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