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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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TO

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THROUGHOUT

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VITAL INTEREST

TO THE

COMMON PEOPLE,

and will never be allied to any political or other party. It will, in the broadest sense, be

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FOR A FREE PEOPLE,

in which all sides of all subjects may be presented to the public, we only reserving the right to make such editorial comment on communications as we may deem proper.

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THE REPUBLICAN AND THE DEMOCRAT,
THE RADICAL AND THE CONSERVATIVE,
THE CHRISTIAN AND THE INFIDEL,
THE ROMAN CATHOLIC AND THE PROTESTANT,
THE JEW AND THE PAGAN,
AND THE MATERIALIST AND THE SPIRITUALIST
MAY MEET IN A

COMMON EQUALITY AND BROTHERHOOD,
which we believe comes from the fact that
GOD IS THE FATHER OF THEM ALL.

THE LOGIC OF SOVEREIGNTY.

THE CONSTITUTION THE SOVEREIGN WILL OF
THE PEOPLE.

SEX A COMPONENT PART OF RACE AND COLOR.

THE SUPREME COURT SUSTAINS THE POSITION.

CONSTITUTIONAL EQUALITY.

To the Hon. the Judiciary Committees of the Senate and the
House of Representatives of the Congress of the United
States:

The undersigned, VICTORIA C. WOODHULL, having most respectfully memorialized Congress for the passage of such laws as in its wisdom shall seem necessary and proper to carry into effect the rights vested by the Constitution of the United States in the citizens to vote, without regard to sex, begs leave to submit to your honorable body the following, in favor of her prayer in said Memorial, which has been referred to your Committee:

The public law of the world is founded upon the conceded fact that sovereignty cannot be forfeited or renounced. The sovereign power of this country is perpetual in the politically-organized people of the United States, and can neither be relinquished nor abandoned by any portion of them. The people in this Republic who confer sovereignty are its citizens: in a monarchy the people are the subjects of sovereignty. All citizens of a republic by rightful act or implication confer sovereign power. All people of a monarchy are subjects who exist under its supreme shield and enjoy its immunities.

The subject of a monarch takes municipal immunities from the sovereign as a gracious favor; but the woman citizen of this country has the inalienable "sovereign" right of self-government in *her own proper persons*. Those who look upon woman's status by the dim light of the common law, which unfolded itself under the feudal and military institutions that establish right upon physical power, cannot find any analogy in the status of the woman citizen of this country, *where the broad sunshine of our Constitution has enfranchised all*.

As sovereignty cannot be forfeited, relinquished or abandoned, those from whom it flows—the citizens—are equal in conferring the power and should be equal in the enjoyment of its benefits and in the exercise of its rights and privileges.

One portion of citizens have no power to deprive another portion of rights and privileges such as are possessed and exercised by themselves. The male citizen has no more right to deprive the female citizen of the free public, political expression of opinion than the female citizen has to deprive the male citizen thereof.

The sovereign will of the people is expressed in our written Constitution, which is the supreme law of the land. The Constitution makes no distinction of sex. The Constitution defines a woman born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, to be a citizen. It recognizes the right of citizens to vote. It declares that the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of "race, color or previous condition of servitude."

Women, white and black, belong to races, although to different races. A race of people comprises all the people, male and female. The right to vote cannot be denied on

account of race. All people included in the term race have the right to vote, unless otherwise prohibited.

Women of all races are white, black or some intermediate color. Color comprises all people, of all races and both sexes. The right to vote cannot be denied on account of color. All people included in the term color have the right to vote, unless otherwise prohibited.

With the right to vote sex has nothing to do. Race and color include all people of both sexes. All people of both sexes have the right to vote, unless prohibited by special limiting terms less comprehensive than race or color. No such limiting terms exist in the Constitution.

Women, white and black, have from time immemorial groaned under what is properly termed in the Constitution "previous condition of servitude."

Women are the equals of men before the law, and are equal in all their rights as citizens.

Women are debarred from voting in some parts of the United States, although they are allowed to exercise that right elsewhere.

Women were formerly permitted to vote in places where they are now debarred therefrom.

The Naturalization Laws of the United States expressly provide for the naturalization of women.

But the right to vote has only lately been distinctly declared by the Constitution to be inalienable, under three distinct conditions—in all of which woman is distinctly embraced.

The citizen who is taxed should also have a voice in the subject-matter of taxation. "No taxation without representation" is a right which was fundamentally established at the very birth of our country's independence; and by what ethics does any free government impose taxes on women, without giving them a voice upon the subject or a participation in the public declaration as to how and by whom these taxes shall be applied for common public use?

Women are free to own and to control property, separate and apart from males, and they are held responsible in their own proper persons, in every particular, as well as men, in and out of court.

Women have the same inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness that men have. Why have they not this right, politically, as well as men?

Women constitute a majority of the people of this country—they hold vast portions of the nation's wealth and pay a proportionate share of the taxes. They are intrusted with the most holy duties and the most vital responsibilities of society; they bear, rear and educate men; they train and mould their characters; they inspire the noblest impulses in men; they often hold the accumulated fortunes of a man's life for the safety of the family and as guardians of the infants, and yet they are debarred from uttering any opinion, by public vote, as to the management by public servants of these interests; they are the secret counsellors, the best advisers, the most devoted aids in the most trying periods of men's lives, and yet men shrink from trusting them in the common questions of ordinary politics. Men trust women in the market, in the shop, on the highway and the railroad, and in all other public places and assemblies, but when they propose to carry a slip of paper with a name upon it to the polls, they fear them. Nevertheless, as citizens women have the right to vote; they are part and parcel of that great element in which the sovereign power of the land had birth; and it is by usurpation only that men debar them from their right to vote. The American nation, in its march onward and upward, cannot publicly choke the intellectual and political activity of half its citizens by narrow statutes. The will of the entire people

is the true basis of republican government, and a free expression of that will by the public vote of all citizens, without distinctions of race, color, occupation or sex, is the only means by which that will can be ascertained. As the world has advanced in civilization and culture; as mind has risen in its dominion over matter; as the principle of justice and moral right has gained sway and merely physically organized power has yielded thereto; as the might of right has supplanted the right of might so have the rights of women become more fully recognized, and that recognition is the result of the development of the minds of men, which through the ages she has polished, and thereby heightened the lustre of civilization.

It was reserved for our great country to recognize by constitutional enactment that political equality of all citizens which religion, affection and common sense should have long since accorded; it was reserved for America to sweep away the mist of prejudice and ignorance, and that chivalric condescension of a darker age, for, in the language of Holy Writ, "The night is far spent, the day is at hand, let us therefore cast off the work of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light. Let us walk honestly as in the day."

It may be argued against the proposition that there still remains upon the statute book of some States the word "male" to an exclusion, but as the Constitution in its paramount character can only be read by the light of the established principle, *ita lex scripta est*; and as the subject of sex is not mentioned and the Constitution is not limited either in terms or by necessary implication in the general rights of citizens to vote, this right cannot be limited on account of anything in the spirit of inferior or previous enactments upon a subject which is not mentioned in the supreme law. A different construction would destroy a vested right in a portion of the citizens, and this no legislature has a right to do without compensation, and nothing can compensate a citizen for the loss of his or her suffrage—its value is equal to the value of life. Neither can it be presumed that women are to be kept from the polls as a mere police regulation. It is to be hoped, at least, that police regulations in their case need not be very active. The effect of the amendments to the Constitution must be to annul the power over this subject in the States, whether past, present or future, which is contrary to the amendments. The amendments will even arrest the action of the Supreme Court in cases pending before it prior to the adoption of the amendment, and operate as an absolute prohibition to the exercise of any other jurisdiction than merely to dismiss the suit.

3 Dall., 382; 6 Wheaton, 405; 9 Id., 868; 3d Circ., Pa., 1832.

And if the restrictions contained in the constitution as to color, race or servitude, were designed to limit the State governments in reference to their own citizens, and were intended to operate also as restrictions on the federal power, and to prevent interference with the rights of the States and their citizens, how then can the States restrict citizens of the United States in the exercise of rights not mentioned in any restrictive clause in reference to actions on the part of those citizens having reference solely to the necessary functions of the General Government, such as the election of representatives and senators to Congress, whose election the Constitution expressly gives Congress the power to regulate?

S. C., 1847: Fox vs. Ohio, 5 Howard, 410.

Your memorialist complains of the existence of State laws, and prays Congress, by appropriate legislation, to declare them, as they are, annulled, and to give vitality to the Constitution under its power to make and alter the regulations of the States contravening the same.

It may be argued in opposition that the Courts have power, and should declare upon this subject.

The Supreme Court has the power, and it would be its duty to so declare the law; but the Court will not do so unless a determination of such point as shall arise make it necessary to the determination of a controversy, and hence a case must be presented in which there can be no rational doubt. All this would subject the aggrieved parties to much dilatory, expensive and needless litigation, which your memorialist prays your honorable body to dispense with by appropriate legislation, as there can be no purpose in special arguments "ad inconvenienti," enlarging or contracting the import of the language of the Constitution.

Therefore, Believing firmly in the right of citizens to freely approach those in whose hands their destiny is placed, under the Providence of God; your memorialist has frankly, but humbly, appealed to you, and prays that the wisdom of Congress may be moved to action in this matter for the benefit and the increased happiness of our beloved country.

Most respectfully submitted,

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

Dated New York, January 2, 1871.

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]
LABOR AND CAPITAL: A DISCOURSE.

BY J. ROSE.

[CONTINUED.]

CAPITAL.—The aim of all, by any, every means,
Is wealth; and after all you say, it seems
To me the path's alike for me or you:
Choose for yourself, and having chosen, do
Leave me in peace; upon its very face
'Tis clear you cannot occupy my place;
Such of your class as stride above the rest,
And show themselves of fertile brain possessed,
Do oft become the very middle men
That you make such complaint of, and when
You rail at them you know that you yourself
Would do the same if it would gain you wealth.

LABOR.—What I would do does not affect the case;
The principle's the same whatever place
I occupy, that principle is this:
All my directed labor is amiss,
The system wrong that makes it a disgrace
To use my labor in its proper place;
My task's the most unpleasant you will grant,
Men only take to labor when they can't
Avoid it, then their friends commiserate
Their great misfortune, present fallen state,
And they who dine and wine at their expense
While they could roll in gaudy affluence
Would scarcely recognize them any more,
And if they called would keep them at the door.
You go to business in the morn at ten,
Return again at four or five P. M.;
At church I find you in the foremost seat,
When home I find you in the clearest street,
All dally sprinkled, and all duly swept,
The paving in the neatest order kept,
In their stables I always find you there
Ensconced, of course, in the orchestra chair,
No matter where I look or where I go,
You take the lead and I must sink below
Your level. Comfort, cleanliness, respect
For you; for me, contumely and neglect.

CAPITAL.—Good heavens, forbear this rabid dialogue,
The ravings of a carping demagogue,
I pay for all I have, and if I choose
To buy such comforts, would you them refuse?
The privilege extends as well to you
As me; pray tell, what would you have me do?
The laws apply with equal force to both.
To help you forward I am nothing loth,
And as to mis-directed labor, pray
How can I more than you prevent its sway?
If people hap to fall in their estate
And then are shunned by those they knew of late,
How make you me delinquent or to blame?
Your very fellows often do the same.

LABOR.—A carping demagogue, because, forsooth,
I tell you plainly what you know is truth,
You answer that you pay for all you buy,
Of course you do, and shall I tell you why?
Because exchanging goods that I have made
Is so remunerative, so well paid,
That you can every whim or wish appease,
And still retain enough to grant you ease;
I would not wish one pleasure to withhold,
Nor would I deny your comfort or your gold,
In truth I'm pleased at your prosperity,
But should not also some extend to me.
Come, tell me frankly, do you think I fare
Commensurate with you, and is my share
Of recompense proportionate to yours?
For my complaint have I not ample cause?
All luxuries are open, I agree,
Alike to be procured by you or me,
And yet to me the simplest are a myth
For lack of means to purchase them wherewith.
I do not make complaint that they are there,
I simply claim that I should get my share;
What would I have you do? A simple thing;
Reward me so that my exertions bring,
With ordinary care, sufficient pay
To keep me when my vigor's passed away.
How dare you say the laws have equal force
When magistrates, without the least remorse
Imprisoned simple bricklayers, because,
According to some obsolete old laws
All combinations, by whoever made,
Supposed to clog the intercourse of trade,
Are criminal? The rules the men applied
For years were acquiesced in, nor denied
As right, until at last the judges belied
This law by which the laborer must be squelched;
Yet brokers, bulls and bears meet every day
And hellow back and forth in fierce affray,
Bonds, shares, stock, scrip, certificates are sold,
And "corners" planned for "bailing," "bearing" gold,
The winning gamblers boisterously glad,
The frantic losers sometimes going mad,
While lawful commerce stands confused, surprised,
Her proper channels almost paralyzed,
The while the laws of course are quite forgot
In silence pigeon-holed and left to rot
Till some trade combination shall arise,
When laws and jails are dangled to its eyes.
I hold you not responsible at all
For middle men, I merely wish to call
Your notice to this fact, "They get the spoil
Who thus evade their share of useful toil;
Again, if here or there by giant stroke
Of fortune some poor man discards the yoke
Of labor, you will warmly shake his hand
A bait him in your set to take his stand—
Your equal. Why? to solve I do not care,
The simple, glaring, staring fact is there.
That wealth alone is social standing's gauge,
And labor is downtrodden in our age.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Strictures on Ruskin's Lectures before the University of Oxford.

BY JANUARY SE ELE.

Mr. Ruskin, in his lectures on Art, recently delivered before the University of Oxford, assumes the oracle upon this subject, and speaks like one who has an authentic mission to the world and a genuine message to proclaim to it. Those who have watched the public career of this extraordinary man extending over considerably more than a quarter of a century, observing with what enthusiastic devotion, persistency and courage he has labored in the domain of Art; with what religious faithfulness he has followed in its divine footsteps; with what a noble and unselfish idolatry he has worshipped it—enthroned upon the stars of God, and surrounded by all Heaven's colossal hosts of sublimity and beauty in form and color, in spirituality and intelligence—who have read the history of the revelation which art has made to his spirit in the beautiful scriptures which are known by his name, and have seen how earnestly, and with what a great sincerity he has endeavored to refine and exalt men by the truths which he proclaims in his holy gospel of beauty, so fresh and dewy, so radiant with the new life and its immortality of ineffable, unspendable glory—we say that those who have watched him laboring in this domain, worshipping at this shrine, for the generous purpose of doing good to mankind by teaching them how to make their own lives beautiful, and to weave the forms, harmonies and the flowing graces, and all the fair concords of color into the coarsest and vulgarest, as well as the most chaste, rare and costly materials—from clay and wood, and iron up to copper, gold and silver—that the utensils of the household as well as the house itself in its design and ornamentation, might reflect the soul of man in all his surroundings, and nature herself be finally brought to bear the impress of his individuality through this All-Creative Art—which, not only asserts itself as witness to the emancipation of the human spirit from the aboriginal thralldom of matter and attests its spirituality and its immortal essence, but clothes the universe with the living garments of his renewed life and genius—those, therefore, we say, who have been thus observant of these high matters in the career of Mr. Ruskin, will be the last persons to deny his right to assume the oracle upon all matters connected with art, or to deny his right to be man's supreme—if not infallible—teacher of its mysteries in this our day and generation.

Nor shall we demur to his assumption of this honor, or ever come to think that his teachings can in any wise be invalidated by the sorrowful conclusion at which he arrives in the course of lectures that he delivered before another university not long ago—namely, that his whole life had been a grand mistake; that he had spent it to no purpose, and that, looking back upon it, it lay there, weltering in the beautiful sunlight of God, a desolate and dreary waste. Since the patriarch Jacob uttered those heart-breaking words, "Three score years and ten has thy servant lived, and he has not known one happy day," these of Ruskin in the lectures alluded to are the most pathetic, the most touching and the most sorrowful. He mourns over the decay of faith in man; over the terrible and appalling atheism of Art, as a consequence of this dire vastation of the human spirit in its holiest attributes and offices. He sees in the mad divorce of Religion and Art the death of the latter, and the privative isolation of the former. For there can be no such thing as Art, whether in painting, sculpture, architecture, literature or music, unless a deep abiding faith in the integrities of the Universe, and in the Maker thereof—a great reposing trust, a profound reverence—as "seeing Him who is invisible," and believing in Him through his wondrous works of unsearchable wisdom—there can be no such thing as art, we say, unless these things be at the bottom of it, and are the source of its inspiration. Science has blotted God out of the kingdoms of His own creation, or at least, this is what the Positive Scientists claim for it as its mightiest Hercules labor of the Nineteenth century. It is an idiot's claim, the claim of a one-eyed Polyphemus, that can only see what lies straight before it, and thinks that its small field of vision comprehends the immensities of all being and creation. It is a childish picking up of pebbles and shells on the sea shore—the shore of the Eternal Sea, which no man has ever navigated, which no man ever will navigate and live. Science in itself is the noblest of all intellectual realizations. It is the great solvent of all structures, vital and inanimate. It reduces solids into liquids and gases, and finally pushes the tenacities of matter into intencities, almost to immateriality, and calls them forces, and at last a force. 'Tis a great triumph and the discovery of the conservation and correlation of forces is one of the supremest honors won by the human intellect. But to call the last force God, or to give out as authoritative that Huxley has found God in the protoplasm of a vile stinging nettle is the most comical and degrading of all known blasphemies, and a libel upon science.

And because Ruskin saw these tendencies of the modern science toward atheism, and the inevitable uprearing of a ghastly skeleton, with one eyeless socket in the middle of its forehead, as a substitute for God—that all the bright rainbows of his hope burst into promiscuous rains of color around his great, strong, passion-stre heart, and he fell into his sublime despair. If science kills religion and puts out the spiritual eyes of the soul, so that it can no longer realize in any vital way the Fatherhood of God—the hope of heaven and

the belief in immortality—if it be no longer possible for the Infinite to flow into the being of man—if inspiration be dead and a brutal materialism be the end of all things—Ruskin may well despair. He knows, of course, that this is anything but the true gospel of science; but it is the modern gospel thereof. He knows, also, how imperceptibly it has influenced the mass of mankind, and their outlooks into time and eternity—how it has made men hard, coarse, granite-hearted worshipers of stocks and stones and gold, and their moral correspondences of lies, thefts and frauds, until their progress is like a cow's tail, all downward, licking up the mud and filth by the way, and fit companions for the lowest wretches in the foulest hells.

For the truth is broad and open respecting the moral condition of man upon earth to-day. Whatever rises above and beyond the region of matter—whatever claims to exist that our fine scientists cannot cut with their knives or prove tangible in their crucibles—is hooted at as a fanatic's dream, or an illusion of the superstitious mind. Hence, science has stripped the universe of all the attributes of beauty, sublimity and glory, without which neither art nor poetry can exist. The human imagination itself is put under the ban by its outrageous claims to speak for both God and man upon the earth. Hence, says Mr. Ruskin, there must be a complete total and radical change in man, in his belief and in his final interpretations of science—which last must be regarded as revelations from heaven to subserve a heavenly (it also at present an inscrutable), purpose—the end whereof, 'tis certain, will be the exaltation and happiness of man, instead of being regarded as revelations of the laboratory, and ministers to the conceit and vain-glory of the manipulator, concerning whom Mr. Ruskin says: "That which you—students of art—have chiefly to guard against, consists in the overvaluing of minute though correct discovery; the groundless denial of all that seems to you to have been groundlessly affirmed; and the interesting yourselves too curiously in the progress of some scientific minds, which, in their judgment of the universe, can be compared to nothing so accurately as to the woodworms in the panel of a picture by some great painter, if we may conceive them as tasting with discrimination of the wood and with repugnance of the color, and declaring that ever this unlooked-for and undesirable combination is a normal result of the action of molecular forces."

We can see by this passage how deep in this man's consciousness lies the accursed fact of man's utter fall and moral degradation through the false gospel—or devil-spell of "some teachers of science," and especially of those who publish the insane doctrine of the "molecular forces." Hence, there is no chance for art in this generation or this age. It is too death-dealing, too profane and void of holiness, purity, love and faith to make art possible. It will take a new age and new men to build up a national art—or any art; men who are trained to nobleness, honor, virtue and religion, and who start their art life upon the basis of these attributes, full-blown and in glorious perfection within them.

If, however, Mr. Ruskin made us sad by his announcement that his life had been a failure, and that all his enthusiasm and high purpose were wasted, inasmuch as the instructions he had to offer were not acceptable teachings to practical artists, and that his exaltation of the only great artist the age had produced was too great for him to find disciples, except in rare instances well known—if all this made us sad, we have these later teachings as a cheering set-off against them, not that he retracts what he had before stated, but because he herein gives us new and beautiful lessons in art, and sets before us in battle array some of the grandest and most thoroughly earnest thoughts in the interest of human liberty and progress which the culture of the age has contributed, and which are destined to become the leaders of the civilization that is to be. He sets at naught the old superstition, even in its tenderest alliances with art, unless the aim and the achievement thereof be the exaltation of the human spirit through its innate instincts for beauty, and its obedience to those intellectual discernments which recognize it as an independent existence. Superstition degrades art and debases man when it converts the impossible to the possible—when it uses the realistic power of art to render historical or dogmatical statements absolute, when in the nature of things they can be only probabilities, which no mathematics can demonstrate as certainties. To take, for example, the classic conception of Pan, and paint him upon the canvas as a genuine portrait of the Christian Devil, is to work in insincerities, is to assume an impossibility, and compel the mobilities of painting so to represent the plagiarism as to invest it with the form and features of a possible and actual Devil; and when by the commands of superstition, this monstrous and obscene image is sacredly believed in, as a part and parcel of religious faith, we have a consummation of art degraded and man debased and demoralized, which is by no means a pleasant subject to contemplate.

No matter how cleverly a given work of art may be wrought out, so long as it is insincere it is immoral; and this universe is not the work of immoralities, nor can any good and true thing be immoral. A high and beautiful religious feeling, a holiness of life and a purity of purpose, must be the base work of all art whatsoever and wheresoever, if beautiful and sublime results are to be accomplished. For what is art but the expression in form and color of the truth and reality of nature? We may, perhaps, go even a step higher than this, and say it is the supreme effort of the soul to interpret the divine as well as the beautiful in nature! For we may repose absolutely in this faith as a

sure and certain truth, that behind the phenomenal, and as the efficient cause thereof, exists the great spiritual world, so long the hope of the pietists, the dream of the poets, and now the demonstrated reality of the philosophers, whereof all material forms and substances, all creatures animate and things inanimate, are the shows and correspondences. There is no flower, nor weed, nor dandel, nor magnificent combination of woodland scenery, of cloud-land—"gorgeous land," as Coleridge proclaims it—to be in one of his fine sublimities of enthusiasm over the impassioned glory of the firmament—no stormy seascape, drowning moon and stars, nor any other creatures in the programme of infinite existence, that is not the illustrated fable thus expressed, of the divine mind and his spiritual kingdom.

Nature has undoubtedly her favorites specially selected from the mob of insincere men to perform her sacred work, and these are they who give to us all the immortal examples of art. With these high priests of the beautiful there are no summer performances, but all the seasons are alike productive and the harvest-honors of a beautiful and golden fruitage. No man can play at art, or at life, or at anything.

Making no haste,
Taking no rest,
Ever fulfilling
Thy God-given 'heest.

This is the divine admonition to all men in these modern times, which, of all others that ever were, are serious, solemn, earnest working times.

The artist, too, of all men, perhaps, except the man of letters, must bring to his divine employment all the wealth of culture, both intellectual and moral, which he can gather from the eternal stores and granaries of learning. He must be a great believer, a devout lover, and a holy worshiper of truth in all its geometries. He must be a seer and revealer, sphynx and Cosmos, with his soul-side always open to the infinite. Forever on the alert, no form nor voice, no sound nor harmony, no evanescent light nor dreamy shadow, nor wild wonder of color, nor harmonies nor contrasts must escape his all-seeing eye and all-hearing ear. He must represent Providence to his art, remembering the Egyptian symbol as given in the Treatise of Providence preserved by Synesius in the miscellanies of Plotinus—the symbol of the Two Pairs of Eyes, upper and under; the upper being open always when the under are shut, and the under open when the upper are closed.

And he shall be a good man, with a great heart of love, and a tender conscience of integrity, and a sweet behavior of righteousness for his moral life: not a vain boaster, not a proud Pharisee, who knows everything, can do everything, and is everything. Such a man can have no roots in time or eternity, but is all bubble and burst, vanishing finally into the empty inane. To believe rightly and with intelligence, at the compulsion of proofs irrefutable, is the first condition of healthy spiritual production; while, on the other hand, ignorant belief is the brutal Thug of the soul, always lying in wait for its life, and by the evil influences which it engenders destroying the lives of all that it reaches. Pride, indeed, of any sort is the enemy of all good in man. It is satanic, and shuts out every beautiful and blessed influence from the soul's sanctuary. Mr. Ruskin admonishes his students to guard against the fatal darkness of the two opposite prides—the pride of faith, which imagines that the Deity can be defined by its convictions; and the pride of science, which imagines that the energy of the Deity can be explained by its analysis.

In this proposition Mr. Ruskin indicates precisely the two great rocks upon which man, sailing in the arrogance of selfishness over the shallow waters of life, must infallibly split, unless there come to him out of the pitying heavens the pure angels of God's mercy, with voices of timely warning, to effect his rescue. And touching this pride of faith Mr. Ruskin has no mercy for it, because "it invests every evil passion of our nature with the aspect of an angel of light, and enables the self-love, which might otherwise have been put to wholesome shame, and the cruel carelessness of the ruin of our fellow-men, which might otherwise have been warned into human love, or at least checked by human intelligence, to coagulate themselves into the mortal intellectual disease of imagining that myriads of the inhabitants of the world for four thousand years have been left to wander and perish, many of them everlastingly, in order that, in fullness of time, divine truth might be preached sufficiently to ourselves." The "pride of science" resolves itself into the pride of the intellect, which challenges God Himself, questions His wisdom, doubts His truth and claims His omnipotence. Mr. Ruskin warns his auditors to shun both these prides, to be modest in their thoughts, because all our thoughts are but degrees of darkness. What, indeed, can we know at the best? The brassy walls of the Finite shut down upon our grandest efforts and hinder us from the infinite attainments. The wise man compares what he is actually capable of achieving with the immeasurable empire of thought and work which he has no faculty for grasping, or for so much as conceiving, and he bows before the immutable and eternal law of his nature in its relation to the universe, and confesses that he is but a weed upon the wall.

But neither does Mr. Ruskin intend by his criticisms to deprive men of all faith because he denounce faith in its pride and selfishness. It is the infernal not the supernal aspect of it that he battles with; for while the one kills the other makes alive, and keeps the holy fires continually burning upon the soul's altars. Religion is its most vital element, and it holds to all things that are ancient sacred and venerable, cloth-

ing them with the inspirations and reflections of prayer, and the poetry of a most fragrant worship; making it the friend instead of the enemy of the human race by enlarging through its influences the boundaries of thought, hope and immortality, and opening up to man all the kingdoms of the invisible world as his final heritage. A very different sort of faith to that which piled the green faggots around the noble forms of the martyrs of history, with Bonner and Gardiner, those high priests of its hatred and malice, taunting their burning victims amidst the raging flames of their funeral pyre! Ruskin is for faith in beauty and in the religion of good works. But he is not for the pride of faith nor the pride of science; and he says to his hearers, his art-students: "I very earnestly warn you a most allowing either of these forms of egotism to interfere with your judgment or practice of art. On the one hand you must not allow the expression of your own favorite religious feelings, for any particular form of art, to modify your judgment of its absolute merit—nor allow the art itself to become an illegitimate means of deepening and confirming your convictions, by realizing to your eyes what you dimly conceived with the brain—as if the greater clearness of the image were a stronger proof of its truth. On the other hand, you must not allow your scientific habit of trusting nothing but what you have ascertained, to prevent you from appreciating—or at least endeavor to qualify yourselves to appreciate—the work of the highest faculty of the human mind, its imagination—when it is toiling in the presence of things that cannot be dealt with by any other power." In other words, to take care not to check the imagination and conscience while seizing the truths of which they alone are cognizant, because they value too highly the scientific interest which attaches to the investigation of Second Causes.

Now in all these preparatory statements and warnings, suggestions and advices, we discover presently what does not show itself at first on the surface, that Ruskin's object is not only to clear away the rubbish of ignorance and insanity which has so long clung to art like black barnacles to a ship's bottom, preventing its free course and enlightened progress, but also to clear away the prejudice and false principles which have hitherto obstructed and thwarted the human mind in its conceptions of the nature, character and requirements of art, and introducing in the stead of these the best experience and the highest wisdom of the most cultivated living professors of it; that thus there may be a sort of conservation and correlation of the two forces, so-called, of man's mind and art's revelations. He makes a thorough thing of it in these art expositions, and exhausts the whole mine of art's wealth. The relations of art to man, to man's life, to the universe and to the spiritual world, he shows with more or less vivid clearness, power and beauty of expression throughout these lectures. We mark with pleasure, amounting almost to a holy joy, how he insists at the very beginning upon goodness, purity and self-sacrifice in man as the primal necessities of all excellence in art.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A HEROINE OF THE REBELLION—EXPLOITS OF A NON-VOTER.

The Pittsburg (Pa.) Chronicle of the 17th of December gives the following touching story of a lady who gave her services in defence of the Union while thousands of her able-bodied fellow-citizens remained at home to do the voting:

Yesterday there arrived in this city a woman who tells a startling and romantic story. She claims to have well-authenticated papers to support her story, and refers confidently to distinguished military men who, she says, are acquainted with the facts of her case. Briefly, the story she tells is this: She was left an orphan at the age of thirteen years, by the death of her mother. This left her without a relative in the world. The mother, on her death-bed, left her in the care of an old Indian woman, who at once removed with her to St. Paul, Minnesota. There, after a few years, the Indian woman died, and the girl was left alone in the world. To the course of time she was married, and lived with her husband at St. Paul until the war broke out. Then the husband enlisted in the Thirtieth Missouri Cavalry Regiment. She said he was the only human being on earth who cared for her, or for whom she cared, and she resolved to accompany him. Accordingly, she says, with his consent, she donned masculine clothing and joined the same company with her husband. All through her connection with the company, she states, no one but her husband and the captain knew of her sex. She served in the ranks until the battle of Stone River, when her husband was killed and she wound d in the leg. With this wound she was kept for a considerable time in the hospital, and when partially recovered was discharged from the service. She did not leave the army, however, but entered the secret service as a spy. She crossed the lines as a deserter from the Union army. She succeeded in getting all the information she wanted, and then she got hold of a suit of female clothing, in which she attempted to leave the rebel lines, but was captured and sentenced to be hung as a spy. She says she was placed under a tree, and the rope placed around her neck, but for some reason the execution was postponed and she was taken to Tallahoma. Here, after a few days, she was recaptured by our own men. After this she quitted the secret service and dressed in the proper clothing of her sex. She entered for a time on hospital duty as a nurse. She worked at this for a time and then returned to St. Paul. Here she married a second time, her husband being a discharged soldier from an Illinois regiment, who had been discharged on account of his failing eyesight. Eventually he became entirely blind. At the close of the war, the woman says, she was admitted to the Grand Army of the Republic. Some two years ago she took her husband to New York to place him under the care of an eminent oculist. The treatment has availed nothing, however, and now she is trying to raise some money to take him home and support them during the winter. As we have said, she arrived here yesterday on that mission, and was here this morning. We have given her story as she herself gave it, and submit it without comments.

CONSTITUTIONAL EQUALITY IS POLITICAL EQUALITY.

Women are Citizens of the United States and of the State in which They Reside, and as Citizens have Equal Political Rights with Men.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

1. "THAT ALL PERSONS BORN OR NATURALIZED IN THE UNITED STATES, AND SUBJECT TO THE JURISDICTION THEREOF, ARE CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES AND OF THE STATE IN WHICH THEY RESIDE; AND THAT NO STATE SHALL MAKE OR ENFORCE ANY LAW WHICH SHALL ABRIDGE THE PRIVILEGES OR IMMUNITIES OF CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES."

2. "THAT CITIZENS OF EACH STATE SHALL BE ENTITLED TO ALL THE PRIVILEGES AND IMMUNITIES OF CITIZENS IN THE SEVERAL STATES."

3. That as the women citizens of Wyoming do possess the "QUALIFICATIONS REQUISITE FOR ELECTORS OF THE MOST NUMEROUS BRANCH OF THE STATE LEGISLATURE," it follows that the citizens of each State, though entitled to the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States, are debarred from exercising these privileges and enjoying these immunities, and, therefore, that the United States does not guarantee to every State a common form of Republican Government, because it permits a portion of its declared citizens to be deprived of the right to vote, who are thus debarred from joining in the support of its organic law.

4. "THE RIGHT OF CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES TO VOTE SHALL NOT BE DENIED OR ABRIDGED BY THE UNITED STATES OR BY ANY STATE ON ACCOUNT OF RACE, COLOR OR PREVIOUS CONDITIONS OF SERVITUDE," which is an admission by the Constitution that citizens of the United States HAVE THE RIGHT TO VOTE.

5. Women, white and black, belong to races; although to different races. A race of people comprises all the people, male and female. The right to vote cannot be denied on account of race. All people included in the term race have the right to vote, unless otherwise prohibited.

6. Women of all races are white, black or some intermediate color. Color comprises all people, of all races and both sexes. The right to vote cannot be denied on account of color. All the people included in the term color have the right to vote, unless otherwise prohibited.

7. With the right to vote sex has nothing to do. Race and color include all people of both sexes. All people of both sexes have the right to vote, unless prohibited by special limiting terms less comprehensive than race or color. No such limiting terms exist in the Constitution.

8. That women are the equals of men before the law: that they are, equally with men, amenable to the law, and that they, equally with men, contribute to the support of the law, but, nevertheless, men debar them from having any voice in the law. "No taxation without representation" was the principle upon which our fathers fought the Revolution, and yet their sons compel women to submit to the same arbitrary rule.

9. "This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made, or which shall be made under the authority of the United States SHALL BE THE SUPREME LAW OF THE LAND; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby; ANYTHING IN THE CONSTITUTION OR LAWS OF ANY STATE TO THE CONTRARY NOTWITHSTANDING;" in the face of which, as the cap-stone of all that goes before and for all that may follow after, the several States do make and enforce laws proscribing the rights, and thus virtually declare that citizens of the United States are not equal in the States.

Children, their Rights, Privileges and True Relation to Society.

No. IV.

If there is one thing in the whole round of individualized life which should be considered more important than any other, or even all the rest, it is the individualized ex-

istence of the human. If life be analyzed with the view to discover the ultimate purposes of creation as represented by the part this planet fills in the solar system, it will be found that no higher evolution is possible than that of mind, as individualized in the human.

Human mind consists of all grades of comprehensive-ness and refinement, from the mere brutal to the angelic. The best aim a human being can entertain is to attain the highest perfection in intellect, morals and in spirituality. The best endowment a human being can have is such an organization as will admit of and render easy the acquisition and evolution of these beauties of the inner life. Mere physical beauty and perfection, although a thing more to be desired than all other material things, cannot compare with that richer endowment of interior beauty. A beautiful fiend is the most sorrowful sight the world can contemplate, next to which is an angelic soul resident in a material deformity.

Material evolution has culminated in the production of the human form, and it is made male and female, not by mere chance, but that further, greater and nobler ends may be gained. These ends are arrived at through the union of the sexes and by their reproducing their kind. The grandest purpose of human life, then, must be the reproduction of the most perfect specimens of their kind, and this is the logical deduction to which all sensible, reasoning persons must arrive. If this be so, then nothing should be held so important as a perfect understanding of the laws which control all things which are involved in the processes of nature relating to reproduction.

Instead of this being a subject to be tabooed, ignored or ridiculed, it should be raised to the one standing first in importance over all other subjects for general discussion, both verbal and written. The entire practice of the world is in direct opposition to this proposition. Reproduction, instead of being made the chief aim of life, is about the only part of it which is left to "luck and chance." Teach, read, study everything else, but this is too delicate a subject to admit attention; everybody should show their wisdom, sense and breeding by a studied avoidance of it, has been and still is the practice. Thanks to the spirit of progress which is abroad in the world, this stupidity, this ignorance, this vulgarity, aye, this brutality, is declining and the age of reason and common sense is advancing to occupy their place. Nevertheless, it is ground which must yet be approached carefully and surveyed but partially, in order to insure countenance from those who should give it attention. And this is why we have endeavored to show the importance and the necessity of it at such length.

The New York *Tribune* asserts that the cause of half the vice among us is the ignorance of parents of the fact that certain nervous and cerebral diseases transmitted from themselves tend to make of their children from their birth criminals or drunkards, and that only incessant and skilful care can avert the danger. The editor then goes on to philosophize in this way:

"A man may drink moderately but steadily all his life, with no apparent harm to himself, but his daughters become nervous wrecks, his sons epileptics, libertines, or incurable drunkards, the hereditary tendency to crime having its pathology and unvaried laws, precisely as scrofula, consumption, or any other purely physical disease. These are state truths to medical men, but the majority of parents, even those of average intelligence, are either ignorant or wickedly regardless of them. There will be chance of ridding our jails and almshouses of half their tenants when our people are brought to treat drunkenness as a disease of the stomach and blood as well as of the soul, to meet it with common sense and a physician, as well as with threats of eternal damnation, and to remove gin-shops and gin-sellers for the same reason that they would stagnant ponds or unclean sewers. Another fatal mistake is pointed out in the training of children—the system of cramming, hot house forcing of their brains, induced partly by the unhealthy, feverish ambition and struggle that mark every phase of our society, and partly for the short time allowed for education. The simplest physical laws that regulate the use and abuse of the brain are utterly disregarded by educated parents. To gratify a mother's silly vanity during a boy's school days, many a man is made incompetent and useless. If the boy shows any sign of unnatural ambition or power, instead of regarding it as a symptom of an unhealthy condition of the blood vessels or other cerebral disease, and treating it accordingly, it is accepted as an evidence of genius, and the inflamed brain is taxed to the uttermost, until it gives way exhausted."

When a paper, which so religiously ostracizes so much which is involved in the principles of general reform, as the *Tribune* does, comes so near to the "root of the matter," it may be seriously considered whether the time has not arrived in which to speak directly to the point. If these effects follow from the causes cited what is the remedy? All who will stop a moment and calmly consider the situation will agree with the *Tribune*, and go still further to say that many other vices not mentioned by it

are attributable to the same sources. The question for the reformer, then, is not how much of the so-called evil of the world has its origin behind the individual enacting it, but the vital question is, How shall this damnation be made to cease?

One thing is certain, that if parents continue to produce children under these circumstances the effects will continue. The remedy, then, is twofold: first, and mainly, to prevent, as much as possible, the union of persons addicted to these false practices; second, to endeavor to reform those who are united.

A positive assertion is here made. No two persons have the right to produce a human life and irremediably entail upon it such a load of physical and mental hell as the *Tribune* cites; and if they do they should be held accountable to society for the evils resulting therefrom. It is the merest sham of justice to punish the drunkard for the sins of his or her parents. It is the most superficial nonsense and the purest malice to curse the bad fruit which grows in your orchard because you do not take care of the trees; but it is not more so than it is to curse and punish children for the crime of their parents. From whatever attitude this question is viewed it cannot fail to become obvious that society is working at the wrong end of the dilemma to regenerate the world. Regeneration must continue indefinitely. But give proper attention to generation and the end is half accomplished from that time.

We come back, then, to the original proposition, that society is itself directly accountable for the ills with which it is affected, and that it should be held accountable to the children it produces and turns loose into itself rather than that they should be made accountable to society for their shortcomings. And this is the inevitable logic of common sense, and is supported by the analysis of all facts

(For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.)

THE TEMPTATION.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

'Neath the shadows of the trees,
The moony shadows of the trees,
Waving in the moony breeze,
All alone I sat and thought
Of the things my life had brought.

Calm the landscape lay around,
Calm and still it lay around,
Save that the woods anon did sound
With the night bird's gushing song
Borne the starry air along.

And as I gazed and mused the while,
Sadly gazed and mused the while,
Two spirits sought me with their guile;
The one was fiery, dark and grim,
The other fair as seraphim.

Unto me the former spoke,
Half whispers were the words he spoke,
But they seemed my heart to choke;
Whispers dry as fiery rust,
Choking all my heart to dust.

"Thy life has brought thee naught," he said,
"But pain and sorrow—naught," he said,
"And thou art living with the dead;
All is empty as the wind,
Kiss and cast thy life behind."

"Alas!" I answered, "truth is thine,
I live with death and truth is thine,
The moon upon a grave doth shine;
My grave, my living grave, and I
Had better quench my life and die."

"Aye! quench thy life, for death is naught.
But silence," said he, "death is naught
But dreamless rest from pain and thought;
And life itself is but a dream,
And nothing is as it doth seem."

"Nothing is, I know it well,
As it doth seem, I know it well;
But is there neither heaven nor hell?
And will the grave my soul destroy,
And let me rest from all annoy?"

"There is no heaven nor hell," he said,
"No God, nor heaven, nor hell," he said;
"The grave is but a dreamless bed
Where thou shalt rest forever more
Senseless, soulless, ever more."

And these words, "forever more,"
These cold, dark words, "forever more,"
Dropped down upon my cold heart's core
Like dark mold dropped on coffin clay,
When "dust to dust" the priest doth say.

My heart went out and all was dark,
And nothing saw I—all was dark;
My soul was withered to a spark
Flickering, in its pallid fire,
Flickering, ready to expire.

And there I sat, the moon above,
The starry night, and moon above;
The night-bird singing to his love—
Dark I sat and well-nigh dead,
Ready for that dreamless bed.

Dark, and ready, vaulted round;
With thick-ribbed darkness, vaulted round;
My limbs in icy iron bound,

Whose icy fangs pierced to my blood
And froze it in its crimson flood.

And thro' the darkness as I sat,
The vaulted darkness as I sat,
Horrid wings of owl and bat
Flapped and fluttered—and I felt
Their burning eyes the darkness melt.

Shrieking, screaming as they flew,
Jibbering, screaming as they flew,
They pierced my being thro' and thro',
Rattling in my veins the blood
Now frozen in its crimson flood.

And ever and anon there came
Wild voices, unto me there came
Cloven tongues of fire and flame;
"God and heaven, and hell are not,
The grave is all and thou shalt rot."

"The grave is all, and rest is there—
Dreamless rest forever there!
And mad hope and mad despair,
And mad'ning thought no more shall be
Thy companioned misery!"

I listened powerless as a child,
Powerless listened as a child;
While these words my heart beguiled;
Listened, for I longed to die,
Loathed the life, I could not fly.

"Look around you thro' the earth,
Around you look all through the earth,"
Said he, "and read the mystery book
Which has a thousand spirits shook,
Brave enough on it to look."

"What do nature's secrets say?
Tell me what these secrets say;
But that she with life doth play,
Making a bloody holiday
Of each sun-masked, smiling day?"

"In the soil and air and sea,
Soil and air and boundless sea,
In water-drops and leafy tree,
Millions of teeming worlds there be,
Read and tell me what you see."

"Tiny creatures swarm and tare,
Swarm and one another tare;
In pin-point worlds and sparks of air,
Whirlt monsters gorged upon their lair,
Midst bloody seas around them glare."

"She is a fury in disguise,
Malicious fury in disguise;
Love beams in her beauteous eyes,
But her love all life destroys,
And she rejoices when life dies."

"She is benevolent and good,
Benevolent and very good;
I hear the priest say in his hood,
Whilst she shrieks for bone and blood,
Loving evil more than good."

Then the dark and lured form,
The spirit's dark and lured form,
Stood before me like a storm
Thunder-laden, lightning-charged,
Vastly looming, hate-surcharged!

And he poured into a cup,
Poured into a golden cup,
"Poison!" bade me drink it up,
Drink it to the dregs and die,
From the life I could not fly.

Poured it with his burning hand,
Held it with his burning hand:
"Drink!" he said, "wilt thou withstand
The draught that ends thy life and thee?
Drink! and die eternally!"

Like a corpse galvanic-stricken,
A dead corpse galvanic-stricken,
Some mystic power my arm did quicken;
Up it shot and seized the bowl,
Seized, and I could not control.

Seized and gripped it with a grasp,
Grim as death that gripping grasp,
Seized that poison of the asp,
Which the spirit dark did pour,
To quench my life forever more!

"Drink! and die!" with louder voice,
"Drink!" he cried, with louder voice,
Malice ringing its rejoice
At the triumph he had gained
O'er my spirit, sunk and stained.

And I raised that golden cup,
To my lips that golden cup,
And the poi-on bubbled up
In globes of fire, like fiery eyes,
Bubbling, gloating o'er their prize.

Another moment and the doom
Which I had sought, the fatal doom,
Had wrapped me in its fatal gloom;
But the dear God I had forsworn,
Took pity on my soul forlorn.

Took pity on my dying soul,
My trembling, flickering, dying soul,
"Gaiest the dark and demon ghoul;
Sent that other spirit fair,
To rouse me from my dark despair."

"Man!" he said, "undying man!
Unmanly and undying man!
Know you not the righteous plan
Of the God that made us all,
That on demon help you call?"

"Demon help! that helps to death;
Helps with lies and helps to death!
Strangling out the mortal breath,
Strangling with the snakes of hell,
That with them thy soul may dwell!"

"Spurn the demon's evil lie!
Rouse thy soul and spurn the lie,
For thou shalt never, never die!
Rouse thy soul and be thou free
From the lie of destiny!"

"Unto heaven whose starry spheres
Heavenward beck—those starry spheres
Teaching how thro' blood and tears,
Man, like Christ, his soul may save
From the darkness of the grave."

"Lift thine eyes and raise thy hope,
Crush despair, and raise thy hope,
And anew begin to cope
With thy life thou say'st has brought
Sorrow, pain and hopeless thought."

"Cope anew, with might and main,
For the good, with might and main,
There is blessing in the rain,
And the darkness hail and snow,
Blessing wheresoe'er we go."

"Hast thou eyes to see the dark,
Owlets' eyes to see the dark,
Stony, staring, stiff and stark,
And no under-eyes to view
The light beyond it streaming thro'?"

"Unto all men it is given,
All sons of men the chance is given,
To sink below or rise to heaven;
Wilt thou sink in coward mood,
Sink, and perish in thy blood?"

"Wilt thou sink or wilt thou soar?
Take thy choice to sink or soar;
The choice will thine be never more,
Never, never, never more!
The choice will thine be never more!"

And these words like flames of fire
Smote my soul like flames of fire!
Rising, said I, "Demon! Liar!
Demon, lying tempter—go!
Back to hell thy lies I throw."

"Back to thee, and back to hell,
All thy sorceries back to hell,
For now I know thee, know thee well,
Once more 'neath God's own heaven I stand,
Saved by God's Almighty hand."

"Never more will I repine,
O, never more to doubt incline,
Thou' sorrow, pain and woe be mine!
Never more shall darkness sit
On my soul the Lord of it!"

"These shall be my cross of Christ,
These my thorny cross of Christ!
And my soul shall keep its tryst,
With my Saviour at this tree,
On my hill of Calvary."

"But this tryst shall be for praise,
Love profound and highest praise,
That he hath redeemed my days,
Snatched my soul from death and given
Me to dwell with him in heaven."

MONEY AND CURRENCY.

EDITORS WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY:

I have constantly advocated the abuse of specie as currency, or the representative of other things, believing, as you do, that all the labor involved in the production of gold and silver for this purpose is wasted.

I have often expressed, and still entertain the opinion that there is more idle coin in the Bank of England than the whole world really needs, and that we of all others should avoid the waste, and discourage by every possible means such a needless extravagance as our present system requires.

But I have never yet been able to discover any mode by which we could effect our transactions understandingly without referring to some standard of value which has a cost measured by labor, and all experience seems to have proved that gold and silver possess the qualities which fit them for this use. They cannot be obtained without labor, and they are eminently useful, and therefore desirable for certain purposes; so that they have a commercial value independent of legislation, which can only say in what form they shall be used as money.

It is claimed that Congress can, under the constitution, coin money, and fix the value of the same. Congress can and should see that there is a standard fixed by which we can make our contracts for the payment of money, and this standard should never be changed without providing for the consequences. But it can never make a half dollar worth as much as a whole one, nor make paper serve as money, except so far as when due, it will pay and purchase upon the same terms. The power of paper or any form of currency is contingent upon the disposition and ability of the promisor. But the purchasing power of coin, or of gold and silver in any form, is absolute and universal, not because legislation has so decided, but because they cost labor, and are useful as merchandise to exchange for other things among all nations, civilized or savage.

In my judgment, we must have either gold or silver, though not necessarily in the form of coin, for that presupposes its use as currency, to which we object.

Let us suppose that in the case used for illustration on the third page of your last number, the parties had been sufficiently well informed to stop the production of silver for coinage, after having determined by experience how much labor the production involved, and then made all their paper to promise a service or value to the holder, equal to the quantity of silver mentioned in the contract.

This is practically the result now all over the world; for, notwithstanding the great and unnecessary use of coin as currency, the amount of that and bank notes together is not more than five per cent. of all our transactions which are effected mainly by checks, drafts, bills of exchange, and other forms of commercial paper, all which, when due, promise specie as much as bank notes, which are themselves not money, but checks of the cashier, countersigned by the president.

All paper when matured is currency, but not money. Gold and silver are not only money, but can be used as currency, though, as we perfectly agree, they should not be

so used, because they cost too much originally; are less convenient for use, and, if lost, diminish our wealth in the aggregate so much; while paper, costing but little, may be lost or destroyed, and not diminish our real wealth at all.

The destruction of a portion of a fractional currency or other note does not change its power or value for use so long as the signatures or other characteristics which gave it value originally remain intact. There is no value in the paper itself, and yet the United States Treasurer congratulates himself, I suppose, upon having deducted more than \$186,000 from the amount of such notes when presented for redemption!

We can hardly expect much reform in our finances while their management is in the hands of parties who believe in keeping one hundred millions of idle gold on hand, and permitting at the same time the circulation of seven hundred millions of inconvertible debt which they call money and currency, though it is, in fact, neither of these.

Our true policy would be to place the legal tenders and national bank notes on interest; provide for converting them into a consolidated debt with interest quarterly in London; repeal the Legal Tender Act, with provisions for the currency contracts now existing under it; repeal the National Banking act, and substitute one providing for free banking and the issue of notes upon the single condition that ample security be supplied that they shall be equal to specie at the great commercial centres, so that not only all people in their private transactions, but equally the agents of the Government, could use them safely in place of coin, and permit them to go to pay our debt and stop interest.

I repeat that there is more gold in the Bank of England than the whole world needs in coin, provided, of course, we are supplied with a legitimate truly national free banking system, which shall give us just the right kind and quantity of paper, costing nothing, but having always the same power as specie.

D. W.
Boston, Dec. 26, 1870.

We have been so accustomed to think of gold as money instead of as a product, that it is the most difficult thing imaginable regarding this question to look at it with an analytic eye. When we think of discarding gold as a standard of values we fail to see the logical result of it; it must not be forgotten that if gold be dethroned as the money god, that it will be just as valuable to us as it has been, and that it will be just as much sought as a product as it has been as money, while the country will have its money beside. So that the result will be that the business exchanges of the country will virtually be facilitated by the total amount of the currency in circulation, and the country enriched to the legitimate extent thereof.

Another consideration which has a great and direct bearing upon this question is, that the science of wealth is not understood. It has been the practice to consider a person wealthy; a city or a State increasing in wealth as the price in the number of dollars which they possess increases. This is an utter fallacy; a deception. To illustrate: A barrel of flour will do just so much toward supporting life, it matters not if it cost a dollar or a hundred dollars. The actual, the absolute value, then, of anything and everything is not the number of dollars it will bring, but the actual amount of material good it can promote. Hence, the labor which is given to the production of gold is not wasted. A currency which truly represents that which alone is wealth, and that is labor, is the nearest possible approach to the principle of money. Money, whether it be gold or paper, or whatever it might be, could not support life a day; it can neither be eaten, drank nor worn; but labor can and does produce that which is eaten, drank and worn, and hence it is that labor is the only capital a country or a people has, and whatever may be formulated as money to represent it that is the best money which comes nearest being a perfect representation of it.

Wealth, then, is not in the dollars and cents, but the quantity of products possessed, which a gold or silver dollar has no more scientific relation to than a cord of wood has. The gold of the world cannot stand for its wealth, neither is it its wealth, but such a representative as would stand for it is money, or the representative of wealth. A dollar does not necessarily require to be qualified by the word gold. A paper or a wooden dollar would have just as much significance as a gold dollar; but to be sure, we have not had the necessary experience to teach us that anything is money but gold, and, to use a vulgar phrase, "That's what's the matter."

We do need a method by which to affect our transactions understandingly, and that method can only be a standard which shall measure and be measured by all labor, and not by that portion of it which produces gold. Why should this portion of labor more than any other portion be made to stand for all other? Has not a bushel of wheat real value everywhere on the face of the earth as well as gold, and has not a yard of cloth value also? Nor can legislation change the real value of either the wheat or the cloth; it cannot enact that a year's labor shall produce more or less than it naturally will. It may provide so that it shall cost more or less in the number of gold dollars, but with a currency which stood for labor it could produce no such constant changes as has always been the case not only of trade, but of production.

Congress may make a dollar worth as little as a half dollar, but there is one thing Congress cannot do, and that is to make a half barrel of flour feed as many people as a whole barrel, and it is for this very reason that everything which labor produces has a purchasing or exchanging power which cannot be affected by legislation; and hence it also is that the total of labor should be the basis of a money standard.

This will be pursued next week, and we are extremely obliged to our correspondent for bringing up the points he has in this most important question of money.

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

THE IDEAL.

BY E. G. HOLLAND.

- I.
Seek not in forms of solid fact,
Nor in scholastic lore,
Nor yet in studied word, or act,
The wings by which ye soar.
- II.
Had we the sum of nature's laws
Within our code inscribed,
We might, in their obedience, pause
For Life not thus inhibited.
- III.
Experience doth not satisfy,
So mangle its domain;
The Actual, we constant try,
And from it turn again.
- IV.
Over the Earth, starred Heavens spread,
In Mystery divine;
Over the clouds the Rainbows shed
The hues we ne'er define.
- V.
Over the Earth's well-trodden plain,
The Mountain's crest uprears;
And Peace in sacred Heights must reign
Far o'er our toils and tears.
- VI.
Over that narrow, actual life,
Ordained for each to lead,
Ideal skies stand o'er the strife,
And give the light we need.
- VII.
As Earth and Sky, as Plain and Mount,
As Cloud and Rainbows' hue,
Evolves from one creative fount
In accord high and true.
- VIII.
So man's Ideals here should wed
His toils of enterprise,
That life disclose, whatever be said,
United earth and skies.
- IX.
All the professions men pursue,
All Art and Science grand,
Are each degraded by the view
That works with sordid hand.
- X.
The Artist, who alone may strive
The public taste to please,
How he may best in guineas thrive
And live in wealth and ease.
- XI.
Is all unworthy of his call,
Which came from Beauty's throne,
Before whose image he should fall,
And worship her alone.
- XII.
The Possible our heart inspires;
The Unseen moveth all;
The kingdom of the Heart's desires,
Which stands when Kingdoms fall.
- XIII.
These move than all we lose or gain,
Or know of Actual things,
The inward power of Man sustain,
And make him King of Kings.

"TIME AND LABOR."

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY
HON. JAMES D. REYNERT,
AT BREVOORT HALL.

[CONCLUDED.]

Not so here! How different, how sublime the contrast! The Old World sunk in the iron grasp of petrified institutions; the New World bounding onward with elastic grace. The Old World chained to antiquity; the New World free, through the triumph of self-government. The age of republican liberty had come, and with it that life which drew inspiration from the love of a common cause among men, expressed by what now appeared in fact a "public opinion."

Human nature in its development proves at each step the perfect wisdom, as a political maxim, of the Divine law, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Men love all those who are instrumental in advancing their own aspirations; men are linked to all those with whom they have a common cause. The common cause of all men is personal liberty and national freedom. All rational, humane men do therefore love such as advance this cause. Hence, as each realizes the intimate relation he stands in to his fellows, the more of civilization he possesses, and the more does the great rule guide his soul. This is the benefit of political liberty. It opens wide the door of civilization and benevolence.

Such are some of the events which have marked the time of the world's history. Yet this is on a grand scale. Each of us has a private history full of event — a little or no importance to others, but for ourselves — it fills our space — it marks our time — that time in which we bloom, ripen, wither and drop off — our own part of the great, mysterious system of change.

We have a history "proportioned to the flying hour, where evanescent moments wing their flight;" a history which all men seem to wish to pass through as rapidly as possible, and yet they complain of its shortness. The boy longs to be a man; the man of business longs to make his fortune, then his fame, then his ease. The girl longs to be a woman, perhaps a mother. The politician wishes to blot out that time which separates him from power. And thus we pass on and travel through time, as if it was a country filled with wilds and empty wastes, which we could only hurry over that we might reach those settlements or camps which, like imaginary posts, are scattered up and down the path of life, and from which

"The present joys we doubly taste
By looking back with pleasure to the past."

How false is the incessant hurrying through time! As we can only realize time by events, so we can only obtain our idea of the value thereof by what is accomplished within certain periods. Thus, when we sleep soundly, without dreaming, we have no perception of time, or the length of it during sleep, and from the moment we leave off to think till the moment we again commence to think it seems no distance.

So it is with men who have but few objects of thought. They fix their thoughts so intently on a few subjects that they take but little notice of the many events around them. They are absorbed, and their minds revolve around the same point of contemplation. They let slip out of their account a good part of duration, and think time shorter than it is; or, in other words, they "lose time." But, on the other hand, by employing our thoughts on many subjects, or by entertaining a quick succession of thoughts and ideas, we increase our estimate of time and realize more of it, and hence different men have different conceptions of the extent of the same portion of duration.

To illustrate, let us take a piece of the history of the prophet Mahomet: It is said that the Angel Gabriel took Mahomet out of his bed to give him a sight of all things in the seven heavens, in Paradise and in hell; all of which the prophet took a distinct view of, and after having held ninety thousand conferences with God he was brought back again to his bed. Now, all this was done in so short a space of time that Mahomet on his return found his bed still warm, and he caught an earthen pitcher in its fall, before the water was all spilt, which was upset at the very moment when the angel woke him up! This is indeed "*multum in parvo*," or a celestial *coup de temp.*

We will not comment upon these fables but simply draw attention to the fact that we can extend our time beyond its natural dimensions by diligent application to our pursuits, for the hours of the wise man are lengthened by the cultivation of his ideas, while those of the fool are shortened by blind indulgence in his passions. The time of the wise man is long, because he distinguishes every hour by useful or amusing thoughts. The time of the idler is also long, because he does not know what to do with it. The one is always enjoying it, while the other is always wishing it away.

How different is the retrospect of life to the man who has grown old in knowledge and wisdom to that of the man who has grown old in ignorance and folly! The latter is like the owner of a barren country that fills the eye with the prospect of naked hills and deserts, unproductive and unprofitable; while the former beholds a spacious landscape, divided into beautiful gardens, green meadows and fruitful fields. He can scarcely cast his eye on a single spot that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower.

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, "Time is my estate" — an estate which will always abundantly repay the labor of industry; but without this, worthless.

Among these brief glances at time and events, the past, the present and the future is what we study, in order to make a proper use of the present and to find a pleasant hope in the future. Recollection, observation and anticipation are the geni of those three periods. When we turn our eye to history, then it is the recollection of past cruelties and wrongs which have marked the paths of princes and the dominion of the sword. It is the bitter sufferings of humanity, under the iron heel of antiquated institutions which lead us to scan the past, observe the present and ponder on realities for time to come. The footprints of time have advanced, and the old traveler has told his tale. He points us onward yet, and his long finger reaches far into the future.

Lift the veil, then, and let us see no more history written by the blood of oppression. Let this land of ours be a true missionary among nations, teaching by precept and by example; bringing mankind nearer in sympathy and harmony; breaking down the barriers of ignorance by the use of all progress, of inventions, of the arts and sciences, guided by true devotion to the Great Maker of all things, so that *labor, enterprise and industry* shall truly fill up *time, space and motion*. Then history shall record the time when man's worth shall be universally acknowledged; when moral right shall at least equal physical force; when titled knight-hood shall bow to toiling industry; when those who build shall be exalted, and the oppressor and destroyer shall hide or shame! For true it is:

That man, unpraised above his fellow,
Oft forgets his fellow then —
Masters, rulers, lords, remember,
That your meekest hind is man!
Men by labor, men by feeling,
Men by thought and men by fame,

Claiming equal rights to sunshine,
In a man's ennobling name.
There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little weed-clad rills,
There are feeble inch-high sapplings,
There are cedars on the hills!
God, who counts by souls — not station,
Loves and prospers you and me,
For Him all vain distinctions
Are like bubbles in the sea!
"Tolling men" alone are bullies
Of a nation's wealth and fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same;
"Time" was stolen from the feeble,
For the ease of Royal Jays;
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifted up his voice.
Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper,
While there is a sunny right;
God, whose starry universe is singing,
Boundless love for you and me,
Sinks "Oppression" with its titles
As the pebbles in the sea!

THE DRAMA OF THE CLOUDS ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

BY MRS. EMILY VERDERY BATTY.

I have seen most of the noted mountain views of the United States west of the Mississippi, and not one of them equals in extent, combined with variety and beauty, that to be seen from the point of the bald and battle scarred ridge looming up above the little hamlet of Chattanooga, known as Lookout Mountain.

This view is beautiful at all times. At high noon, when the magnificent array of mountains piled on mountains, valleys smiling in luxuriance between, and rivers flashing like silver ribbons, all lie gleaming under a flaming Southern sun; in the golden flush of sunset with the rainbow-tinted clouds and turquoise-blue sky above; at dewy eve, when the deepening shadows are beginning to obscure the vast expanse below; or under a brilliant moon, it is beautiful, beautiful always, beyond the power of words to describe. But go at sunrise if you would witness, amid this matchless scenery, the most wondrous drama of sunshine and shadow, mist and cloud, in elemental war with wind and breeze that ever thrilled the human soul with a sense of the sublime and the beautiful.

One midsummer, before "fierce Battle had stamped his iron hoof" amid all this wondrous beauty, I visited Lookout Mountain with a party of gay and happy pleasure seekers.

Among our company there seemed to reign a general feeling of congeniality and that happy good-humor which make the chief charm of such a gypsy jaunt. Many and frequent were the excursions we made, in parties of two and three or more, to the various points of interest; for our stay on the mountain lasted several days longer than we had anticipated, so charming did we find our surroundings, so pure and exhilarating the mountain breezes.

Some bled to the waterfall, some to the cave, some to Leonora Spring, and others to the Point. But only a few rose in time to see the sunrise from that spot. All who did however, brought back wondrous accounts of the strange, weird and beautiful display they had witnessed.

Of course I determined to see it, but intentionally postponed my visit in order to secure that complete solitude necessary to some minds for the perfect enjoyment of such a scene.

One night, hearing no orders given for "the ponies by daylight," I slipped out quietly and told Eph to have my pony at the door and call me before day. The order was faithfully obeyed, and before dawn the next morning I had achieved my object and was at the point alone. Slipping from my saddle I secured my pony to a sapling. It was quite cold, for at this elevation, even in midsummer, the temperature is very chill at daylight. So, unfolding the blanket-shawl I had brought and wrapping myself in its folds I took my seat on the overhanging rock and waited the coming dawn.

How sweet is that indescribable calm, mingled with happy expectation, that fills the mind of the early riser. All was silent, save the distant sound of gurgling water, or the occasional tinkling of a sheep-bell, or that low murmur made up of all sounds in nature. But as daylight increased, first from one and then from another leafy covert broke sweet, low chirrups, betraying the presence of the numerous feathered songsters who were soon to trill forth their matin hymns.

About twenty minutes after my arrival I could begin to distinguish objects and obtain a view of the vast expanse before me.

I seemed seated on an immense cliff, many hundred feet above an ocean of mist, stretching to the horizon on every side. It seemed rippled, too, in great waves, just like the ocean — only they were motionless, not tossing and restless. Here and there, the vast expanse was dotted with blue islands, the tops of the highest mountains piercing through this cloud ocean, which now changed every moment. It was gray when first discernible, then white with dusky shading, then the loveliest varying tint of rose color, touched with amber, and finally, just before the sun burst up over it, it became a sheet of molten gold, dotted over with islands of lapis lazuli.

At the moment when the sun's first beams kissed only

the highest peaks the scene became one of unearthly beauty. Indeed, standing upon that high, lonely cliff, it was hard to realize that I was not in another world, a realm of cloudland and shadow, peopled with winged songsters of every variety of plumage, from the jetty feather of the great vulture, to the brilliant plumes of the blue-jays, redbirds and yellow orioles, or the soberer and softened dress of the mocking-birds and thrushes.

Suddenly the whole varicolored ocean below me seemed agitated, waving and bending. The vultures, like great black things of fate, wheeled now above and now below its surface. The innumerable birds hovering over it, now dipped beneath, and anon pierced up through its golden glory, filling the clear morning air with their ecstatic melody.

But not long did this part of the wondrous display last: "for only once does morn her sun-dyed garments use;" "The pearl'd raiment, argent and d'amber, are now thrown useless by." The sea of mist breaks into flying cloud masses under the rays of the sun, "dappling the landscape o'er," with flying shadows beneath them. Now white as snow, and silvered in the full blaze of the sun, they move, like things of life and thought, some with slow and solemn motion, others flying like swift messengers, casting their fantastic shadows on the sea of hills and mountains rapidly unveiling to view.

Now they break into still smaller masses and scarf-like wreathes, which, assuming every variety of form, fly, like white-winged angels, before the morning breezes. Now one curls, like a lace scarf, around the shoulders of this blue hill, while another drops, like a bridal veil, over the head of that high peak. Now two from opposite directions meet, join hands, and sail away on sleeping wings, far, far, among the blue hills in the distance.

All this wondrous phantasmagoria and fairy transformation scene had been enacted in less than thirty minutes. I stood like one entranced. Beneath me rolled the blue waters of the Tennessee, washing the base of the vast mountain mass where I stood, the steamboats and rafts on its surface reduced to the proportions of toys. It would, like a belt of liquid steel, through the whole of the illimitable prospect before me, diminishing gradually to a thread of silver where it was first seen in the dim distance.

Slowly I turned and left the point. Fain would I have lingered there alone all day. But the keen mountain air had done its work, and the strong necessity for breakfast reminded me I was human. Little "Whitefoot," too, began to whine, and paw impatiently. So, mounting, I galloped quickly back to the hotel.

The impression which this wondrous display made upon my mind was similar, in one respect, to that of my first visit to Niagara. For days after I left, the Falls, above all other sounds, right and day, there seemed ringing in my waking or dreaming ear, the sound of the great Cataract. So for days and weeks after leaving Lookout Mountain, I had only to close my eyes, and before my mental vision rose the panorama of the weird, cloud phantom scene I had witnessed. Nay, to the present day, it frequently rises, amid all other memories, "A thing of beauty and a joy forever."

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

BY C. B. P.

NO. VI.—(CONCLUDED.)

How aptly the Son of Man fills the pattern of Phœbus Apollo! As per Mr. Cox, "He is called Son of Zeus, because the Sun, like Athena, or the dawn, springs in the morning from the sky; and Son of Leto, because the mother, as going before his rising, may be considered as the mother of the Sun." Phœbus was born in the bright land, whence the nectar and ambrosia, as the milk and honey in the Holy Land of Jewry. "These legends must be sought in the beautiful Cloud Land," where abode the Shekinah.

"Lycia is a word which, like Delos, means the Land of Light, and reappears in the Latin words—*lux*, light; *lucet*, to shine; and *luna*, or *luna*, the moon. Orygia is the land of the quail, which was said to be the earliest bird of spring; hence the quail land, because a name for the East, where the sun rises."

We find this quail-land in connection with the dewy and frosty manna in Israel. A wind from the Lord fetches the quails, which are rather difficult to chew, not being so spiritual as the dewy manna with its milk and honey from the pure white land. These quails might fly, in the midst of heaven, to the supper of the great God, but they should not be eaten at breakfast while the dew or hoar frost is on the ground. The right quail in the right place as well as the manna.

"Why did Phœbus so soon leave his birthplace? Because the sun cannot linger in the east when he is risen; and so the poets sang how Apollo went from land to land, although he came back with ever fresh delight to his native Delos, as the sun reappears morning after morning, glorious as ever, in the east. At first he was swathed in golden bands, which denote the mild and gentle light of the newly-risen sun; but presently he became the Chrysos or God of the Golden Sword, and his quiver was filled with arrows which never miss their mark." He fights with "the great dragon or snake which appears in all solar legends." As the man of war in Jewry and Almighty his name his bow abode in strength, and he fights like hell in St. John's Revelations against the great snake.

So the Son of Man, or the sun of heaven, is ambiguously

born—goes up to Jerusalem and returns into Galilee, and waxes strong in spirit from the mild and gentle light of the newly-risen sun. The Essenes, or first Christians, greeted the rising sun as the One who "was, and is, and is to come," being the "Strength of Israel" in the solar legend. So Apollo, with his star of the east, "filled the heavens with the brightness of his glory." Then, having kindled on his altar the undying fire, he taught the Cretans the sacred rites of his worship, and charged them to deal truly and righteously with all who came with their offerings to his sanctuary."

"As the rays of Helios penetrate all space and spy out all hidden things, the idea of wisdom was early connected with the name of the Sun-God. Thus Apollo is said to know the mind of Zeus more intimately than any other of the gods, and although he may impart many secrets there are others which he must never reveal." I have many things to say unto you but you cannot hear them now.

"Neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son and to whomsoever the Son will reveal." As the sun was said to toil for the children of men, so "my Father hitherto works and I work." The sun toiling for the children of men and taking away their sins, could well declare, in wisdom's name, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Judas, the betrayer, was that same old serpent which deceiveth the whole world.

That Max Muller and Mr. Cox have laid hold of the tap-root of the old theologies there can be no doubt, and this is the most essential work to be done; but there is so much of collateral nature in frank branches and leaves, sustaining much fruit of knowledge, which they have not eaten to become as gods, that they seem not to see that the substratum of the Indo-European mythology, is none the less basic for the Semite as well; for the root of the matter is of that universal Tree of Life whose branches grew into every kingdom of heaven, so that the birds of the air lodged therein. It shaded all the mysteries, and was on earth as it is in heaven. It had a physiology that blended with the solar and astro-spiritual worship—the physical or natural, the foundation thereof, and the spiritual in every manifestation in accordance therewith. Initiation was the mode whereby one became instructed into the kingdom of heaven and personification, or deification of the spirit of nature in whole or in part, made the totality of the Godhead. Of this the Sun was the most visible presence of creative power, and the air his spirit or breath, breathing life into all things. On this basis rest the Hebrew and Christian scriptures, blended with the various spiritualisms of their times.

In a note to Dr. Oliver's "History of Initiations," it is said that St. John used the machinery of the Persian initiations for the role of his vision. But the Persian role rested upon the common ground-work of all the ancient religions, the manifestation of the spirit, or the living God in all nature's realms, earth, sea, air, the sun and heaven. The stars were his ten thousand saints, his angels, his spirits, his ministers of flaming fire as created out of himself, and therefore the sons of God, among whom was Satan, walking to and fro and up and down the earth. The ancient initiates into one religion would pass readily into another by their common Freemasonry or mystic tie. Cephalos, the head of the Sun, or his angel, could speak with a loud voice, to such as had ears to hear, and in the congregation of the Lord, the Phallic rite of circumcision bespoke the covenant with God.

So even to this day Freemasonry can have no Proserpinean bid for the various religions of the world, but all must meet upon a common level as brethren in the Godhead. Even the "Heathen Chinese," if duly signed and sealed, may be a dear brother in the Lord upon the Masonic plane of doing the Word.

FREE TRADE vs. PROTECTION.

NEW YORK, Dec. 2, 1870.

MESDAMES WOODHULL & CLAFLIN:

In replying to the last article written by the volatile and ingenious Mr. B., on the above subject, I wish it distinctly understood that I do so, simply with a desire to disprove his fallacious theories, and to prove, by irrefutable facts, that a high "protective tariff" is essential to the well-being and prosperity of all classes of citizens of our country.

When I took up the gauntlet so defiantly thrown down by Mr. B., I did so with the impression, however erroneous it may have been, that his sole desire was to have a truthful and strictly relevant argument on the merits and demerits both of "Free Trade" and "Protection." In view of this I was extremely surprised to find Mr. B. indulging in insignificant and unintelligible twaddle about the injustice done by "protection" to the laboring classes of the United States. After confessing to "considerable entertainment" from the perusal of my former article, he proceeds to delight his readers by some magnificent "ground and lofty tumbling" in regard to what he is pleased to term his "fundamental proposition." He says that I admitted a certain statement to be true, and then went on to show that it would not do to act upon the truth. What I said was substantially this, "that although a protective tariff on foreign importations enhanced the price of the home-made article, it would be detrimental to the interests of our laborers, to remove said tariff. This is undeniable, and we look in vain through Mr. B.'s ingenious though assuredly not instructive article for some refutation or explanation of this fact."

Mr. B. is evidently a keen appreciator (!) of the fitness of things. He says that I would make "an excellent person to grant absolution for sin," leaving the reader to infer

that he is eminently fit to receive such absolution. We would respectfully suggest to Mr. B. to confine himself in the future strictly to argument, and leave the public to decide between us. It is exceedingly unbecoming and undignified in Mr. B. attempting to occupy a dual character, that of judge and advocate at one and the same time.

As Mr. B. does not attempt to deny that "Protection" is, for the time being, necessary to the prosperity of our country, I take it for granted that his only objection to it is its alleged antagonism (?) to the equality of all citizens. This is one of the many absurd theories by which Free Traders defend their policy. I maintain that a policy which ultimately tends to benefit all classes is innately the only basis upon which equality can rest. Mr. B.'s "Baconian" intellect does not perceive this, although it is an indisputed fact.

The special object of "Free Trade" is to secure low prices for everything, and this necessitates low wages for all classes of artisans and laborers. Now, I contend that in this free and enlightened country, low wages tend to sap the self-respect of our American laborers, and, thereby, lead to the demoralization of American society. The artisan who receives a salary of \$2,500 or \$3,000 a year, feels himself more or an equal footing with the rich merchant than he would if he received \$50.00 or \$1,000, although he could purchase as much for the latter amount as he could for the former. This is not the case in Europe. The mechanic in the Old World feels himself more oppressed, and is, therefore, not able to realize that he is as good a man as the rich merchant. This explains why European society is not affected by the extremely low prices prevalent there.

But Mr. B. grasps further "in the ways that are dark." He says that he considered my fourth paragraph a "Free Trade" argument, and then sets about refuting said argument. This is extremely ludicrous, and shows that Mr. B.'s "Free Trade" fanaticism has got the better of his discrimination. He calls my arguments paradoxical, thereby admitting that, although seemingly absurd, they are yet true. Let Mr. B. calm his excited nerves, and he will prevent his "astatine" qualities from appearing in public discussion.

It is to be regretted that the space you can allow for this important subject is limited, and, as I have already taken up the share allotted to it, I must conclude.

Respectfully, FELIX YELLENIK.

Titration is one thing. Argument is something quite different. An examination of another's propositions and arguments is always legitimate; but to state that another's arguments are fallacious and then not to attempt to prove them so is not legitimate nor profitable.

We have thoroughly examined the correspondence referred to, since the receipt of the above, and without any prejudice we must concede that "B" has confined himself more strictly to the question than F. Y. has.

We have not been shown what "B's" "fallacious theories" are, nor have we discovered the "ground and lofty tumbling" mentioned.

Nor can so-called "facts" be accepted as such unless proven to be facts: the mere assertion that this or that is thus and so is no proof. We must confess that we think F. Y. has more assertion than proof. Outside of the opinion given by "B" that F. Y. "would make an excellent person, etc.," we fail to see that he has not confined himself to argument. "B" did not say that for the time being protection was necessary to the prosperity of our country; if we understand "B," he virtually says that as present business is predicated upon the higher prices of protection, that an immediate step to Free Trade would carry ruin where a gradual process in the direction of Free Trade would admit of such an adjustment of values as need not necessarily do injury to any.

A plain proposition of principle can not justly be called an absurd theory, and it is as yet a mooted point whether protection is the best policy for all classes.

We do not consider the reference made to "B" in the next to the closing paragraph of the above to come within our limits of admission, but we permit it to appear and shall also allow "B" to reply if he see fit once more.

After which all discussion upon this point must be confined strictly to argument, which we shall be glad to give space to at all times.

The order issued by the King of Prussia to his soldiers on the 6th of December last is full of bombast, often of fury, and mostly signifying nothing. To wit, he says that the French have often outnumbered the Prussian soldiers, but that the latter have always gobbled them up, notwithstanding; and that the hostile armies which approached on every side to raise the siege of Paris have been driven back howling to their intrenchments—and His Majesty instances Metz as a signal Prussian victory. We know how vastly superior the French soldiers have always been compared with the Prussians in point of numbers, and we all remember how a certain French General gave up his command because he did not see the patriotic fun of pitting one Frenchman against three Prussians, and could get no accession to his own troops to enable him to meet the Prussians upon anything like an equal footing. And so much for the numerical superiority of French over the Prussians. As for the Metz victory, it was simply a Bazaine villainy. Bazaine sold the city and the army to King Bill for Napoleon, when his time shall come.

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WEEKLY.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

To one and all of the papers, which are pouring in to us from all parts of the country, we return sincerest thanks for the very complimentary notices given of "Our Pet."

We value these as an evidence of a real growth of a love of principle in the minds of the people, in contradistinction to a cringing policy, which prostitutes the truth the heart knows, to the supposed demands of customs and society.

We have always spoken through these columns fearlessly in the advocacy of what we feel to be the right and the truth, and shall ever continue so to do.

That this course has the general appreciation of the Press we know, although some prominent representatives of it are afraid to acknowledge it to their readers.

Again we say, Thanks for the encouragement given us in our endeavor to establish a paper above the level of time-serving journalism.

A LAST EFFORT OF THE WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

HORACE GREELEY PUT FORWARD AS NEGOTIATOR.

At the commencement of this session of Congress the operators in "Western Union" shares felt tolerably certain of their ability to induce the United States Government to take these securities off their hands *at par*. The coolness which premeditated such a scheme has only been equaled by the resolution with which these men have fought to have it successful. The prize was worth the effort. A watered stock having an intrinsic value of perhaps not five millions of dollars, rated by its owners publicly at *not over thirteen millions*, as we have shown in our issue of the 31st December last, in a long history which we then gave of the company, was to be palmed off for the stupendous sum of forty millions! And this great fraud was to be practiced on a tax-burdened people that gamblers and speculators might unload a stock which they had so watered and abused as to make it a drug in the market and at the same time an instrument to keep the charges to the community for telegraph messages unreasonably high in consequence of this very watering.

We all know what a practical fraud any such thing as leaving the question of the value of the shares to an "arbitration," which would commence with a preconceived notion of forty millions of dollars in the "plan," would be. We can, therefore, appreciate a new move of the interested parties in inducing Horace Greeley to go to Washington, and there tell the President of the United States that the Western Union Telegraph Company would sell out to the Government for \$30,000,000, or, if that did not suit, would leave the sum to *arbitration*! \$30,000,000!! Almost as impudent as the \$40,000,000, when the shares of the concern are now quoted at but forty four per cent., and are kept as high as this figure by manipulations, after having been about thirty per cent all summer. Forty-four per cent. on the shares only makes the entire fancy value put on the whole property, so kindly offered at \$30,000,000, something over \$17,000,000!

But Horace Greeley, though visionary sometimes, is too honest a man and too deep a thinker to be a safe ambassador for such schemes. The *Herald* says that after delivering the message he bluntly told the President that he did not favor the idea of the Government managing the telegraph business of the country, that it would be better to allow it to remain in the hands of a private company, that it might, like the Post Office, not be self-sustaining, and become a burden on the Public Treasury. In addition to this he feared it might lead to "centralization," which he opposed.

If Horace Greeley used these expressions he proved by them that though, like other men, he might at times be duped, he would never be a willing partner in the infamous scheme to deplete the United States treasury for the benefit of the present holders of the Western Union Telegraph bubble stock, who, unable to unload it in any other way are now trying to saddle it on the working people of the country by a sale to their representatives in the Federal capital.

There is a late English transaction in telegraphs which should serve as a caution to our Government in buying this Western Union affair at any price at all—far more so at such absurd figures as are being suggested. The Government of Great Britain has finally sold its property, the Alexandria and Malta Telegraph—which cost it a few years since twenty-one hundred thousand dollars; and it has succeeded in getting for it just one hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars!

THE ST. CLOUD SECRETS.

The private diepatches, telegrams, letters and notes to Napoleon just before the war, from his wide-spread ministers, consuls and officers of state, both at home and abroad, which were found by the Prussians at St. Cloud and published last week in the *Herald*, are the most astounding examples of suicidal policy and deliberate deception, also, of an emperor by his ministers, which are to be found in human records. The history of the Franco-Prussian war could not be written in the absence of those amazing documents, and they determine who would war under pretense of not wanting, and how France finally bullied Prussia into the very fight that Prussia herself wanted, more even than France wanted.

THE AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Very *à propos* to the thorough exposure of this project which we made last week, comes the report of the detection of extensive smuggling operations, involving a loss to the Government of thousands upon thousands of dollars. In examining again the impudent requests of the American and European Company by the light of the new evidence presented in the history of these revenue frauds the complete adaptation of the company's asked-for privileges to the carrying on, on a more gigantic scale, of the same species of smuggling, is really startling.

If the single cargo of a small coasting schooner can, by the connivance of detectives and surveyors of the Custom House, cheat the United States out of \$30,000 of duties in gold—if, in the space of five months, a few small coasters have been able to defraud the Government out of \$200,000 in duties, with the complicity of its own officers, and in a way almost impossible to detect—what might be expected from the cunningly got up scheme of the steamship company? The whole plan and every detail of it, devised by the projectors of the company, and for which Congressional sanction is so coolly invoked, is the bitterest satire that could be written or acted on the supposed inability of legislators in this country to legislate properly on commercial matters. A body of men, knowing nothing of, and not engaged in, foreign commerce, petition in fact, if not in so many words, for a close monopoly of it, for all the privileges to "smuggle," as a corporation, on a large scale—for power to ruin any rivals in either branch of its operations, and to drive off all private merchants—for an enormous mail subsidy and total independence of the Postmaster-General—and, lastly, as a compensation, we presume, for the origination of such a scheme, a gift of lands, worth thirty-two millions of dollars, coupled with the shallow mockery of promising to pay for them a fourth of their value at the end of a five years' credit! Not only is this a bald fraud, but the giving away of the public lands to corporations is an outrage anyhow. What was the object of the clause in the Constitution of the United States disavowing rights of primogeniture? Simply to avoid the evils of overgrown, entailed estates to our body politic. In this way the great hereditary landed estates of England have no parallel in this country and their evils and oppression are alike unknown here. But against the distinctly-expressed advice and opinions of the fathers of the country—the framers of the Constitution—we are listening to projects for creating the very worst kind of hereditary landed estates, and giving them to perpetual corporations that never die, and, bad as this may seem, in this particular case it is even worse, for the question is to give these lands to this company as a recompense for opening on us a Pandora's box of ills!

NEW PACIFIC RAILROADS.

A WORD OF ADVICE TO SOUTHERN INVESTORS.

The insecurity of investments made in the shares or bonds of any trunk railroad running through and opening a new country has been exemplified over and over again in the history of railroad speculation. Whatever such a road may ultimately be, successful or unsuccessful, it must await the slow development of trade and settlement along its line before it has a chance even for success. That much is certain; and while this development is taking place the property most generally ruins its first owners and then passes into other hands, even if its construction has been ever so honest and proper, a most unlikely circumstance in these days.

The Union Pacific Railroad ought to have been an exception to this rule, because it was the *sole* trans-continental road, and the recipient of millions of money in aid from the Government and of nearly twenty five millions of acres of public lands, yet in the first year after its building comes a crash in all its securities—the payment of interest is considered doubtful—its land grant bonds sell for but 55 per cent., its income bonds at 32 per cent., and its shares at 10 per cent.; and, to add to the disaster, the Government will be likely to step in and hold the lands as a guarantee for the payment of some \$8,000,000 it has advanced as interest on bonds issued for the company's account.

If this rule is then so surely settled as to include even a company like the Union Pacific, starting under such auspices of material aid from the Government, not only in lands but in actual cash, how certainly it will include other roads to the Pacific relying only on land grants and those private means which it can pick up here and there and day by day, by the sale of bonds to persons with more money than wit, need scarcely be explained.

We are led to make these remarks from a knowledge that great efforts have been made by certain parties interested in Western railroads, or projected "Pacific" roads, to create a market for "securities" throughout the South, after having completely failed in doing so in England and on the Continent. They hope that the profits made by raising cotton will be diverted from investment in the South and taken to these roads. It would be an unwise act in Southerners not to rather apply their means to their own local affairs which need them, but still more unwise to invest their capital for the benefit of Northern bankers, speculators or road-builders, *where it will almost certainly be lost, in whole or in part*. Such shares or bonds of an unfinished road are not allowed to be dealt in at the Stock Exchange. There is therefore no market ready in case the holder wishes to realize. There is, in fact, no criterion of any marketable value beyond the mere *ipse dixit* of some banker, whose interest it is to sell, for there are no quotations; and in case of any accident or delay in the work the "securities," so-called, would be and remain altogether unsalable, and practically worth little more than waste paper, for their delusive and only basis would then be on wild lands, waiting the completion of the road before being even accessible!

We shall soon lay before our readers some data on these subjects which will be interesting, and convincing of the correctness of our advice; meantime we earnestly caution them against such investments. Let them keep out of experiments to be made on their means for the benefit of shoddy bankers in this city, and only place their money where, when they want it again, they can have a reasonable expectation of finding it. Can private bankers dealing in "land grant" railroads, which render them liable to be forced to use balances, deposited with them, in such a way as to eventually lock up indefinitely these funds, should they be unsuccessful in selling the railroad securities to outsiders, offer in the few millions of dollars made by them during the war, and one-half of which is perhaps now wasted, a safer guarantee to private accounts than did the old United States Bank with its paid-up capital of \$35,000,000? And yet that bank was ruined by entering in cotton bills, and railroad "jobs" of small amount compared to present inflations.

THE Parisians, notwithstanding the wonderful series of misfortunes which have befallen them, are plucky to the last, and if they perish at all it will be with Prussian bullets in their hearts. It is said that they are abandoning the outermost forts of the city's defences in order to concentrate their power and hurl it all the more effectually against the besiegers. But the citizens are not satisfied to see a soldier idle. They insist upon it that Trochu shall make an overwhelming sortie against the enemy, and drive him as Falstaff says, "like a lot of bitch's pups, sixteen to the litter," into the Seine and into the Rhine. "What are soldiers for," they ask, "but to fight? They are trained to it and paid for it, *sacre mon dieu!* why don't they do it, and keep doing it all the time?" The citizens being such importunate patriots we shall doubtless hear more thunder bye and bye.

AMERICAN SHIP-BUILDING.

ENGLAND'S POLICY—PRIVATE IRON SHIP-YARDS—THE FAILURE OF CANADIAN SHIP-BUILDING.

Rumors have been circulated, during the recess of Congress, that an early attempt will be made to revive American ship-building interests, and that assistance and Government patronage will, after the policy which the practical experience of Great Britain has so thoroughly vindicated, be given to private "yards." There are certainly few subjects which can appeal more directly for attention than the present state of our naval and commercial fleets. General Hovey, lately Minister to Peru, in a communication to the State Department says: "Peru has unquestionably, the finest navy on the western coast of South America, and that fact alone, in my opinion, has compelled a peace with her sister republics." This is a sentence very pregnant with meaning, for in it we see that a powerful navy is not only a protection in war, but makes war, with its terrible demands on commerce, treasure and life, improbable. It will take but a few moments of reflection to cause an admission, however, that the creation of an efficient navy is, in these days, more intimately connected with the protection and care of private ship-yards than would appear at first sight. The requirements of ship-building have so entirely changed within the past ten years, that while in former times no private ship-yards could compete in its appointments and facilities with a Government yard—at present a Government yard does not possess, and, if possessing, could not possibly use with any reasonable economy the facilities of a first-class private yard. Besides all this, the Government yard would be dependent for material upon branches of industry, coal and ore mining blast furnaces, etc., which in all their requirements of capital, skilled mechanics, miners, transportation and administration, could only be induced to exist by the encouragement and demand from private yards. It would therefore be better, on the face of the thing, to do away with Government yards, except for repairs, and develop in every possible way private works. This again leads to other considerations. There are no first-class private yards in the United States, nor are there likely to be until our Government does as Great Britain did, and aids greatly in their establishment. The capital required is very large—too large to be aggregated from private means, except by the active co-operation of Government; and were it even so aggregated without that co-operation the necessary Government inspection which did so much in the commencement for England's marine, would be wanting and its absence would seriously affect and retard the practical results of endeavors to re-establish American commerce. Here in New York we have lately had testimony bearing on this matter in the facts connected with four small iron coastwise steamers, the production of "yards," which in England would be fifth-rate, but here are certainly considered superior to any "yards" we have. Well, one of these new steamers has her butt ends fastened with a single row of rivets! She is not fit to go to sea at all, and yet is running on an exposed ocean route. The other three ships all broke down at sea nearly at the same time.

It is a mistake to suppose that the financial measures of the Government or the "tariff" are the causes of the depression in American ship-building. The troubles lies much deeper. An entire change has taken place in the craft itself, and it is now the head of a long train of industries ramifying through the country, all of which require to-day its stimulus for their prosperity. Formerly timber was cut, a raft was made and floated to the ship-builder; now the colliery, with its invested capital, skilled management and miners, the iron-ore banks, the blast furnaces, the rolling mills, railroads, the highest attainments in engineering, chemistry, geology, permanent investment of vast sums of money for various purposes—all must come in before the ship-builder is thought of, and when he is he finds he needs a very different skill, very different assistance, very much more scientific acquirements and vastly more capital than in other days. Great Britain promptly recognized all these things and wisely established private yards with public aid and under rigid Government inspection. In this way she developed her resources, last year producing 107,427,557 tons of coal, worth at the pit-mouth \$134,284,410, and 11,508,525 tons of iron-ore, valued at \$18,022,800; the total value of her crude mineral products, including coal, being \$232,248,455. She established her commerce, her iron merchant ships are seen in every part of the world, she encouraged her manufactures, she has private ship-yards employing 5,000 men each, building vessels for every country, and she has economically built and kept to a proper standard a navy of 586 vessels, 269 of which are now in commission in all parts of the globe. These are principally as follows: 14 armor-plated iron

screws, 9 do. wooden screws, 4 do. turret screws, 1 do. ram twin screw, 3 do. turret twin screws, 1 do. corvette twin screw, 1 do. double turret twin screw, 2 iron screw wood-cased corvettes, 11 iron screw troop ships, 4 armor-plated twin screw ships, 5 iron screw storeships, 2 armor-plated screw sloops, 2 do. corvettes, 1 iron screw frigate, 3 armor-plated iron gunboats, 2 twin screw tugs, 23 paddle-wheel tugs, 1 iron screw floating factory, 5 iron paddle boats, 4 iron floating batteries, 1 tank provision ship, 2 screw tank iron ships, 39 screw ships, 58 sailing ships, 30 screw sloops, 20 screw corvettes, 28 screw frigates, 15 screw gunboats, 17 twin screw composite gunboats, 2 screw block ships, 4 screw surveying vessels, 1 screw and paddle ship, 5 paddle yachts, 7 paddle sloops, 11 paddle ships, 1 screw and paddle storeship, 11 twin screw gunboats, 3 paddle despatch vessels, 1 do. surveying vessel, 1 do. frigate, 1 do. distilling ship, 56 screw gunboats, 113 harbor service ships, 25 coastguard cruisers, 32 do. watch vessels, 19 ships now building.

Now in order to prove that facts bear out our assertion, that a solution of this question of ship-building industry was involved neither in the tariff nor in any supposed financial difficulties arising from the Government currency, but waited solely upon the inauguration of such wise measures as those by which England in ten years has built up her great iron ship-yards, we have only to point to the present condition of ship-building in a country possessing timber, cheap labor, skilled ship-carpenters, exemption, almost, from taxation, and *Free Trade*. Here are conditions upon which "quasi" revenue reformers predicate great things. The country is Canada. See how her ship-building has progressed—backward. At Quebec, in 1853, there were 43 vessels built, 48,039 tons, averaging 1,117 tons each. In 1854, 44 vessels, 49,951 tons, averaging 1,021½ tons each. In 1863 there were 63 vessels of 54,287 tons, averaging 862 tons. In 1864 about the same. In 1867, 16 vessels, averaging 939 tons. In 1868, 34 vessels, averaging 697 tons. In 1869, 30 vessels averaging only 496 tons. In 1870, 18 vessels, averaging 604 tons. There is now nothing doing there. The ship-carpenters are idle or going into other business, and the trade is entirely dying out. There is not the least prospect for any improvement in it.

There is another reason not often thought of why government should act wisely and liberally and promptly in establishing and supporting private yards on the Atlantic coast. This reason is found in the rapid increase of our Pacific Empire; not only is it desirable that government inspected American built ships should have the carrying of the great trade which is opening on the Pacific coast, coastwise and to the almost illimitable markets of the far Pacific and Indian Oceans, and waiting on the products of our Pacific fishing, mining and agricultural interests, but States, growing as rapidly as those on the Pacific will very soon have the power and will to cause such support to be given, but not on the Atlantic coast. This is a contingency, political, commercial and industrial, which it is well to think of. We do not object to such aid, when in the fullness of time it is needed, going to the West coast, but when the Atlantic seaboard requires encouragement it also should have it and it requires it now.

A VOTER AND NON VOTER—MEMBERS OF CONGRESS. TAKE NOTICE.—Two Constitutional "persons" offered their ballots at the recent election in Mecon, Georgia. We give the conversation as it occurred between each person and the election inspector:

Non-Voter offers a ballot.

Inspector.—We cannot take your vote, madam.

Non-Voter.—Why not? I can read and write, and understand perfectly the political issues involved in this election. I pay city and county assessments and internal revenue taxes. I keep a store, buy and sell goods, sign checks, and give receipts.

Inspector.—We know all that, madam, but we cannot take your vote.

Exit Non-Voter.

Voter appears, and offers a ballot.

Inspector.—What is your name.

Voter.—I dunno, massa. I see sometimes called Ole Jo, but most allers Ole Cuss.

Inspector.—What is your age?

Voter.—Look a-yere, massa, I see jes a hundred.

Inspector.—Where was you born?

Voter.—Golly, I dunno dat. My ole massa said I wasn't born at all, but dat I jes cum yer on a flat boat.

Inspector.—Take his ballot.

PROGRESS.—Mrs. Clara H. Nash has been appointed a Justice of the Peace by the appreciative citizens of Columbia Falls, Washington County, Maine. Mrs. Nash is thoroughly versed in jurisprudence, and is a partner in the practice of law with her husband, F. C. Nash, Esq., at Columbia Falls. Mrs. Nash is a non-voter.

THE NEGATIVES OF THE CONSTITUTION.—Somebody said the Constitution knew no North, no South, no East, no West. We say it knows no sex, no color, and no condition.

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE.

The "Home"—"Lycoming"—"Farmers and Mechanics," and other Companies.

CONTINUED SATISFACTORY FALL IN REAL ESTATE PRICES.

We had occasion many weeks ago to refer to the extravagant commissions paid to its agents by the Home Insurance Company, of New Haven, and we very plainly stated what must be an ultimate result to such foolishness added to the low rates in competition for risks. That result has now come. The Home Insurance Company has "exploded," and the usual examination, which is always made when too late to be of any benefit, reveals exactly what might have been expected by any one conversant with the present *in-vile* condition of insurance matters. The outstanding risks of the company are enormous. Its capital has completely disappeared, and its liabilities, of course, must remain unliquidated. How the company has been conducted may be inferred from the facts that the actual assets are but a small percentage of those heretofore stated to exist! Bills receivable for nearly \$40,000 yield less than \$7,000. \$162,000 in the hands of agents dwindle to but \$54,000. Losses are said to be claimed under policies not recorded in the company's registers, and the losses so far entered are double the estimate. As a matter of course there are rumors also of an over issue of stock, though that can hardly make any practical difference, for all the shares are under such a showing absolutely worthless; and most likely all debts, losses, or otherwise, owing by the company will not bring any percentage at all.

The Great Western Life Insurance Company, of which we spoke last week, is finally in the undisputed possession of a receiver; and, after a series of "Pickwickian" speeches in court, which read like a page from Dickens, and in which some of the most remarkable statements were made with the intention of completely whitewashing the managers of the late concern, they have been allowed, to use the expression of their counsel, to "withdraw to the honorable retirement of private life;" and as they had, before this, been unsuccessful in a fire insurance company, it is to be hoped they will remain there so far as insurance matters are concerned.

All the risks of the Grocers' Fire Insurance Company of this city were assumed by the Greenwich Insurance Company on the 28th December, 1870.

The long time which has been occupied in winding up the affairs of the Dorchester Fire Insurance Company, of Boston, has at last been unsatisfactorily accounted for. The treasurer of the institution, in whose charge matters were left, concluded to consider himself as the undertaker, and to be remunerated for burying the corpse. He took his own way to get this remuneration, and appears to have devoted the assets to paying himself a salary, and buying the stock of the company. The shareholders did not see it in the same light, and have "gone for that Hadden Chinee."

We twice lately referred to the Lycoming Mutual Fire Insurance Company. Its agent found considerable fault, naturally, at such comments as we had to make, and called upon us, offering, as evidence of our mistaken notions, the circumstance of the company's having been admitted to do business in Massachusetts after its examination by the Insurance Commissioners. We are always ready to rectify an error we may commit, though we must say we have never yet seen reason to change any opinion on insurance we have advanced, and in this case an investigation only confirmed us in our belief. That the Lycoming Company, even in its own native Keystone State, does not enjoy the credit which its agent would willingly have us admit it does, the following extract from an article published in the "Legal Opinion," of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, clearly intimates:

"Our particular objection to mutual fire insurance companies is THE INEFFICIENCY of the securities they present for the adjustment of losses. If every note the company held against policy holders was the first lien against the latter's real estate, the securities would be just as good as those presented by any first class stock company in the country. But the case is very different, nearly one third of the policies are issued on personal property owned by parties who are perfectly irresponsible, and from whom, if sued on their notes, a sufficient sum could not be collected to pay the costs of the suit, while the policies issued on buildings are held by another large class who is property is overwhelmed with judgments and mortgages and from whom if suit was brought, nothing could be collected. We ask, therefore, of what value are the notes of such policy holders? How supremely ridiculous it is for a mutual fire insurance company to present these notes as a part of its assets. The "Lycoming" hold the private notes of 19,070 persons to secure the payment of \$12,154,470.64 at risk. It would be an interesting, but instructive, labor to examine the dockets and find how much of the property of these 19,070 policy holders is already covered with mortgages and judgments, and how much more might be covered before the company's notes are sued out and become a lien upon the property left unencumbered. The total liabilities of the company for losses and borrowed money on the 8th of July, 1870, as published by its officers, were \$69,976.93 to meet, which the company has NOT A SINGLE DOLLAR OF CASH IN ITS TREASURY, but depends on the mere promissory notes of several hundred policy holders. Unfortunately, how-

ever, for the Company, the policy holders are now alarmed at HIGH ASSESSMENTS and refuse to pay. The Company brings suit and obtains judgment, whereupon policy holders in various parts of the State have appealed their cases, thus postponing the matter to an indefinite period, and meantime policy holders who have suffered fire losses must wait for their money."

Now, what does the agent think of this statement, direct from the capital of the State in which the Company holds its corporate existence? He may claim the Company to be good and that these notes will yet be collected. It may be all as he says. We don't take the trouble to even consider that argument—what we say is, that whatever under the name of insurance does not provide for PROMPT, immediate, full indemnity under the policy, in case of loss, is a prostitution of the name of insurance, an evasion of the substance, a delusion and a snare, breaking the very essence of the contract, which is to put the holder of the policy just where he stood before, and in an immediate condition to proceed with his business. This is the view which public policy and private right alike take of the question and we commend its consideration to the "Lycoming" people.

It is stated that the Farmers' and Mechanics' Life Insurance Company, the concern which tried so hard to do a "co-operative" business—and we guess any other kind of business it could get hold of—then amalgamated with the "Peabody" under peculiar circumstances, has had to resort to paying its employees in its own notes or due bills, sold at a large discount. A company which cannot meet its own office expenses is not the very best in the world to fulfill promises of insurance made for the benefit of "widows and orphans." If the Superintendent of Insurance at Albany would pay a like visit of inspection to the "Farmers' and Mechanics'," the "American Popular," or the "Merchants'" as that he has lately paid to the "Great Western," he might decide some questions the community are interested in having solved.

Of general insurance news we learn that two new companies are projected in Texas. One a life company with the enormous capital of ten thousand dollars (!)—the other to do a general insurance and banking business. There is abundant room and profit for the first, if properly managed. The North American Life, of New York, is said to be negotiating for the risks of the English Life, of London, and from Baltimore we hear of a new fire company with a pretended capital of \$1,000,000, and still owing for its office furniture! The experience of our merchants with the "United States" and other Baltimore companies will probably warn them in this.

Considerable anxiety is beginning to be expressed about loans out on bond and mortgage. This class of securities is principally held by saving banks, insurance companies and retired capitalists. The very large number of foreclosure suits and the continued fall in value of real estate are attracting attention, and, to others than those directly interested, are a source of pleasure, for the extravagant prices heretofore demanded have been outrages on the population of the city. The daily quotations of real estate prove that this evil is slowly but surely correcting itself. Unlike other kinds of property, real estate is expensive to keep, and speculators in taking it and holding it at prices which sensible people would not look at, have, for once, overreached themselves and assumed a load of tax and interest charges they are but too glad to back out from. Prices, although still exceedingly high, are *bagatelles* to what they have been, and the difficulty of making sales is constantly increasing. With the spring there will not only be many foreclosure sales but a large amount of suburban property will be thrown on the market, so that prices promise to be kept down permanently.

We, last week, spoke of the sale of a house in Twenty-third street; a recent sale, by order of the Supreme Court, of a four-story, brown stone front house and lot, 24x103, in Fourteenth street, shows that the same depreciation in fancy value steadily holds it own. This last-named house was sold on 30th December for \$20,000.

One of the local causes of the dislike to Staten Island real estate—the lack of proper water—is likely to be an additional reason for a decline of value in Westchester County. It appears that the great bulk of the water in the Croton River is furnished by lakes in Putnam County, all leased to the Croton Aqueduct Department. These lakes have had their outlets graded by the engineers some feet below their natural level. They now scarcely overflow a hoghead an hour. The brooks, streams and wells have become dry and one-half the value of Putnam County is being destroyed. The miasma from the exposed mud in the lakes has caused chill and malarial fevers never known before there. The wells are principally above the lake level, and are thus drained, while the river absorbs the underground currents and springs, and throughout its course as it furnishes the Aqueduct supply, it does so by depriving the country it passes through. At Croton Falls is the commencement of Westchester County, and at Purdys, Sing Sing, Bedford, East Chester, Westchester, Mamaroneck, Rye, New Rochelle, Mount Vernon, two-thirds of the wells are exhausted and the county population is becoming much troubled.

KING WILLIAM gave a reception on the 3d inst. in the palace of Versailles, to the officers of the German army, in honor of the new year. He told them that he had not done all he wanted to do, and all he meant to do, inasmuch as there were great obstacles in the way which had to be overcome before he could seat himself on the throne of the Napoleons, and cry "*Quod erat demonstrandum!*"

GREAT FIGHT ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

BEECHER VERSUS LIVERMORE

N. Y. HERALD AS BOTTLE-HOLDER.

The *Herald* reported, in one of its issues of last week, that there had just been what it calls in "ring" classics, a "tussle" in Boston "between Miss Catherine Beecher and Mrs. Livermore, both women of strong minds, on the question of Woman Suffrage." Our gallant contemporary, who always goes in for a good fight, and isn't at all particular whether the combatants be men, women or dogs, gets up an unwonted amount of enthusiasm over this rather small affair of the "tussle," and backs the "Beecher," who comes of a long line of fighting ancestors, and is the sister of her brother Henry, who wears the belt as champion of the shoulder hitters in all the "wit encounters" of these pugilistic times. It is true that the "Livermore" has also a splendid record, and is well trained with plenty of science in her fists, and that she has won many a battle by square fighting, and was never known to come the "Beecher" dodge of getting down in a fight to escape a settler on the frontispiece; and, indeed, that she is altogether of a longer reach than her antagonist, and a more liberal dispenser of her scientific favors at the scratch; quite as brave also, and of a generosity amounting to chivalry, which, in the politics of the ring, is deemed a great fault. Upon the whole, however, they were pretty well neglected; and having thus introduced them in a blaze of "ring" eloquence, following the *Herald's* key-note in this respect, we will now say good bye to all that sort of thing, and address ourselves in sober and earnest language to the debate and its issue.

The *Herald* makes no secret of its own personal sympathies in the matter. It takes up with the common-sense view of the question, which is nonsense stuck about by authority and high-sounding names—the veriest "tinkling of brass" in all sensible ears—just to give it a fictitious weight and currency, with the mob of respectable fogies who don't like to be meddled with in their opinions—very conservative old fogies who hate all revolutionary doctrines and say of women as blunt Sir Samuel Romilly said of the reformers of England in his day: "What do these dissatisfied beggars want? I am well enough content with things as they are, and if they don't like the country, d—n them! let them leave it." So the *Herald* becomes the partisan of Miss Beecher and common sense, and insists upon it that the position of women in America shall remain as it now is and ever has been—neither better nor worse. The El Dorado of civilization no doubt is this immutable and eternal position of our very happy women! "How can they be better off?" asks the self-satisfied, self-complaisant Miss Beecher! "Almighty Joves that they are!" echoes the flippant *Herald*, with something very like a licksplittles mincing intonation in his voice, "how can they be better off?" and all their "strenuous supporters" outside.

Thunder afar,
Up to the Morning Star.
Old fools catch the sound;
Bellow it around.

And death-heads answer from their winding shroud,
Back to Miss Beecher who *Herald's* it aloud.

"The genius of the Beecher was on the right side of the question," says the *Herald*, but this is calculating without the host, and we demur to the reckoning. Once upon a time the genius of the Beechers was always upon the right side of the question; but in this instance—the most momentous that it ever undertook to deal with—it is not only not on the right but tectotally on the wrong side.

The Beecher genius is in its dotage, and pipes its shrill treble down the wind to try and make believe that it is still masculine; whereas it is brave and manly no more, truthful and eloquent no more, the defender no more of right against wrong—if this female sample of it be its best showing—but totters impotent and emasculate to its final dissolution.

We all know what woman's true position is in the world, and how gradually—thanks to the Livermores and the Anthonys and Lucretia Motts and, farther back, the Mary Wolstenclafes and Mary Shelleys and Fanny Wrights—how gradually she has emerged from the downright barbarism of her condition in the feudal times, when she was a mere beast of burden, or animal to breed from, and has become that wondrous half of the modern civilization, with which the other half—just beginning to wake up to her claims and rights as an integral part of the social fabric—don't know what to do. Miss Beecher and the *Herald* say, "Let her be as she is!" She has no rights as a woman that man is bound to respect. She comes to us, from the days of Cedric the Saxon, with Garth's brass collar around her neck, and her name inscribed upon it as Cedric's born thrall. Her husband sells her by law—which, to the everlasting disgrace of mankind, still exists—tied to a halter in the public market-place; and only yesterday, one of our noblest women, with hundreds of thousands of dollars at her command, was sold by her husband to another woman and his debts were paid with the proceeds of her villainous degradation.

Woman owns immense property in this country, and pays her taxes like any other man. She is in all respects as much of a citizen as man is, and yet he deprives her of the right to vote in protection of her own interests; and Miss Beecher

and the *Herald* indorse the injustice, and call upon God to put His seal upon it and make the wrong respectable.

Is it not time to put an end to this anomaly in human society? If the Catherine Beechers who now clog the wheels of progress, and stand forth as the enemies of their sex, and therefore of the human race, doing their utmost to cement the chains of their degradation, giving to man the same power over them as he possesses over his horses and dogs, and other chattel property, if we say they consider this to be their mission, and they are satisfied to be the puppets of man's caprice—the playthings of his passion—the wretched serfs of his supreme power and authority, and prefer to be voted for in the simplest concerns of life, and dawdled upon his knees after the manner of courtesans, and the rest of the pretty sinners of that ilk, instead of being exalted to the true place of their honor and dignity in the State by the recognition of just and equal law, if such be their will and pleasure—well, we all remember the above quoted words of Sir Samuel Romilly, and with a mighty emphasis, even more mighty and crushing than that which he used upon his occasion, because more terribly in earnest, we repeat them, and say: Let these miserable women traitors to women remain in that old condition of woman's servitude, dishonor and degradation; let them as wives be the slaves of their husbands, as they swore to be at the altar; let man rule over them as he always has done, with a rod of iron; let her be compelled, as now, to beg for pin money of her husband, and be refused; let her beseech him to permit her to pay a visit to her special friends, and be obliged to haggle with him as with a Jew for the odd coppers to buy refreshments on the journey, and to go without them, if, indeed, it should please his majesty to let her go at all; let all the unrepealed laws to her injury be dragged from their dirty hiding-places, and put into active operation against her liberty and happiness, and there are plenty of such; let her see bad men elected to enact bad laws for the ruin of trade and commerce—for the crippling of free thought and free speech, while she has no power, in any legal way, either to protest against the outrage or presently to elect good men in the place of such; let these wagers of war against women's rights, we say—these Miss Beecher women especially—if they prefer to remain under the bondage which we have indicated above, let them remain under it by all means, and lick the dirt from the naked feet of their oppressors; but do not let them interfere with that grand and sublime majority of noble women who prefer freedom and the full rights of American citizenship to any other social position—to any pyramids of dollars, and to all the insane flattery of the pimps of existing society, who tell her how beautiful she is, what fine eyes she possesses, knowing also how to use them, and that "she is a queen among the gods." She answers: "A hundred times rather let me be the equal among men! The chaste wife of one husband, the mother of true, just and noble citizens!"

The *Herald* says, with an impertinence only equalled by its stupidity and its covert immorality, that "what a woman could do to advance her position by obtaining the privilege of voting, she can do as well now by exercising her irresistible influences upon men who have votes." But it hardly follows, otherwise then as a *non-sequitur*, that because Bully can play the deuce with Brag by planting a pair of blows with his fists between his two eyes, without any knowledge whatever of science—it does not follow we say that, he won't do the mischief quite as effectually with a knowledge of the "science." Besides which the question is not now and never was whether woman could promote her interest better by the exercise of her "irresistible influence upon men who have votes"—then by the exercise of the franchise in her own right; this is not the question, but is a mere ducking under and dodging of it. The real question is whether she has or has not the right to vote. If she has—and we feel absolutely sure that this right is accorded to her and to all "persons" citizens of the United States—it is a downright lie to her understanding to suppose that she can be enjoined out of it by such blarney as that of her "irresistible influence." Because the man who edits the *Herald* could edit it quite as well without pay as with pay, is that any reason why this editorial laborer should go without his hire? Not a bit of it.

Besides which, the *Herald* knows that women never will exercise any lasting influence over "those who have votes" until she is a voter herself. If those who have votes listen to her now-a-days it is not because she has wrongs to right, but very often, and perhaps in the majority of cases, because she has favors to confer. The *Herald* is well posted in this amorous diplomacy, as the whole tenor of its article proves. It is a low and vile pandering to the lowest feelings and vanities of a woman's nature. She is to exercise a licentious influence over man by her winning smiles and her beauty—not by the superiority of her moral nature and the cunning of her intellect. This is what the *Herald* is driving at, and this is the low animal standing which is his ideal of woman proper. It is the very thing we have been fighting against all our lives. A true woman will always have a legitimate and beautiful influence over man, and the higher her development the higher and nobler will this influence be. But it will never be directed against his manliness to induce him to vote as she pleases, or as some miserable politician wants her to induce him to vote. It will be used to strengthen his virtue and integrity as a voter, not to undermine these noblest attributes of his character. But, after all, we have nothing to do in this argument with her personal influence one way or another. Give her the political influence of a

voter and she will fall into her place, and her vote for good will outweigh all the evil voting in the land, and soon secure for us a government worthy of a great and a free people.

It is bad enough, however, for the *Herald* to advocate this immoral influence of women over man in order to wheedle him out of his vote, and compel him by her beautiful sorceries to forswear herself upon his citizenship, like a Jew upon the Koran; but for Miss Beecher, a woman, and more than the better half of a preacher of the gospel to thus turn to degrade her sex, it is simply damnable! There has been something too much of this influence in political affairs all the world over—in Republican "White Houses" as well as in monarchical courts. Is it not possible to drive Miss Beecher for very shame out of her unholy position? Why does she want to make courtezans of her entire sex? Does she pretend to shrink from such a representation of her position? Then, if this be not the true condition to which she would reduce women by depriving them of their right to vote, and using them instead, as base wheedlers of men to wheedle their votes out of them by the "irresistible influence" aforesaid, we should like to know what it is that she aims at? Her whole argument, like the *Herald's*, will bear but one construction. She seeks in it and by it to deprive woman of her legal right to vote, which is secured to her by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution—a right which would ennoble both men and women and eventually regenerate the entire nation—and aims at the still deeper degradation of her sex by converting every member of it into a blandishing Nell Gwynne, for the common destruction both of men and women in this country.

THE LAST RELIC OF BARBARISM.—The political inequality existing between men and women. Why should it remain?

DEATH OF THE CANER'S MOTHER.—The mother of Preston S. Brooks, the man who caned Mr. Sumner in the Senate Chamber, some years ago, died last week in South Carolina. The caner himself died before the war.

A HEROINE OF THE WAR.—We publish in another part of our paper a scrap of the history of our rebellion, which shows what women can do, and how valuable sometimes are their services. This is not an isolated case by any means. Hundreds, we might say thousands, of female non-voters were in the armies of the North, rendering valuable services to the cause of the Union. Read the account, Senator Sumner; read it, all you national legislators. You will find in it food for reflection.

THE TRAITOR BAZAINE'S APOLOGY.

Bazaine, the greatest traitor of modern times, who sold his country and his army to the enemy with which his country was fighting and his army was pretending to fight—this man has been forced to write an apology for his Metz treachery. By this he proves that he was, after the fall of the Emperor, a mere trickster, who offered, and, as we all know, sold to Prussia his magnificent army, designedly for the ruin of the *de facto* French Government and for the final service of the French Emperor, when it should please King William and Bismarck to reinstate him upon his throne.

ACCORDING to the correspondents of the English journals the resources of Paris are by no means exhausted, either in food or in powder and shot. The men, too, are in "tip-top" condition, and what is said to the contrary is only a part of the accustomed lies and misrepresentations of the Prussians and their paid blowers. Let the reader ask himself, if the Parisians are in so disastrous a condition as they have been represented to be, why it is, with all the combustible materials which are known to be in their bowels, that they don't burst up and go into annihilation? What is the reason, also, that King William, who is so anxious to crush the French nationality, don't begin his threatened bombardment of the city, if it really be so weak, incapable and easily to be overthrown? The truth is that there are, according to the always well-informed *Pall Mall Gazette*, provisions abundant in Paris for all the people for three months yet to come, and plenty of ammunition; and there is great hope yet for the French cause.

A NEW ADVERTISING DODGE.

Whatever the name of the man may be—the store-keeper we mean—who has lately arrested and imprisoned so many first-class ladies on charges of petty stealing, 'tis certain that he will gain nothing to have it pronounced any more by just and good citizens. Eurostratus set fire to the Temple of Diana that he might make his name immortal. But a law was passed which enacted the death penalty against any one who should ever name the man's name thereafter. So, if this man be content to render his name infamous, provided that he can only advertise his store, he has certainly succeeded in both instances, for the store is so widely advertised through the infamy of the owner's name, in connections with the transaction alluded to, that not a lady has been seen inside its walls since the last honest woman was arrested there and thrown into prison as a thief.

THE LAST NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Last New Year's Day was the cheeriest and happiest that our citizens of New York have celebrated for many years. The weather, although not so sunny and beautiful as we could have wished it, was, on the whole, propitious, and from morning to night the streets were alive with vehicles, crowded with young, middle-aged and old men who were all bound on jolly visitations to homes and ladies that were very dear to them.

'Tis a beautiful custom, and all the more delightful and inspiring because it is free from formality and the restraints which society imposes upon all ordinary introductions. We were much pleased to notice, also, that the visitings of young gentlemen to the younger ladies of the households were unaccompanied by those "unfortunate manifestations of conviviality," as Teufelsdröck calls them, which have been but too common in previous years. There was less dissipation, too, among the populace than is usual on these occasions; and at 6 o'clock in the evening, walking from Wall street to the ferry, we saw but two fellows "crowned and drunken" during the route, and these but very feeble imitators of Bacchus in his highest glory. May all that end soon, and temperance and happiness and love reign on the earth forever!

THE NATHAN MURDERER FOUND.

What are all the newspapers—the great leading journals of this, the true Metropolis of the United States—what are they all doing that they can afford to keep silence while the grandest criminal discovery that has ever been made in any age or country is the most prominent topic of the popular conversation? Can any one, who understands what circumstantial evidence is, read the Count Johannes' brilliant memoir of Young and of the almost undoubted murderer of Mr. Nathan, and of his compelling of him to acknowledge that he knew, not only who the murderer was, but *how*, and *why*, the murder was committed, and what poor old Nathan's last words were before the fatal blow from the "dog" came crushing down upon his brain—can any one, we ask, read this fine piece of legal rhetoric and logical acumen and not be convinced of its truth, and that the noble Count has at last got the "right pig by the ear"? Such obtusely as this would imply does not exist, we feel quite sure, in New York journalism. Why, then, do not the great journalists take up the subject, and help the Count by strengthening his hands with encouragement and sympathy? It is a concern of mankind, and not of a person or persons, or of a party or parties.

If the Army of the Loire be annihilated as we are told it is by the not very truth telling wires, how is it that the intelligence is not confirmed by the Prussians? So great a disaster as this would be to Paris—which means France—would be joyfully thundered by them into Trochu's ears, because it would be the most terrible and tremendous news that he could possibly receive, inasmuch as the Army of the Loire was his chief outside hope. But the Prussians are silent; and the French Gen. Ducrot is also very quiet, and undemonstrative. All which argues well for France. True, the Army in question has been beaten, but it is still on its legs and in full force, and has not been much hurt in any of its armaments. It was defeated from a cause that can be easily remedied—namely, bad generalship. Put an efficient soldier at the head of this army and it will yet astonish the Prussians and redeem the honor of France.

A DREADFUL railway accident occurred yesterday. 3d inst., on the iron bridge over the Nonco-nah Creek, about ten miles below Memphis, on the Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad, said to be occasioned by the breaking of an axle of the front passenger car. Two cars, the forward and second, were hurled over the bridge into the river below, catching fire on the way and smashing to pieces by the fall. Strange to say, the rear cars were not injured at all; and what is quite as strange the locomotive and tender got over without any damage. Two colored men were killed, and one white man, named Davis, was seriously injured. The conductor, named Peter Kirby, though terribly burned himself, having had a stove thrown upon his chest, managed to get free, and then set to work to help the poor negroes, who were being literally roasted alive in the burning carriages. He deserves the highest honor for his bravery and humanity.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—I can inform any one interested of *hundreds* of Wheeler & Wilson Machines of twelve years' wear, that to-day are in better working condition than one entirely new. I have often driven one of them at a speed of eleven hundred stitches a minute. I have repaired fifteen different kinds of Sewing Machines, and I have found yours to wear better than any others. With ten years' experience in Sewing Machines of different kinds, yours has stood the most and the severest test for durability and simplicity.

LYNDENVILLE, N. Y.

If a Man Die Will He Live Again?

BY JULIETTE T. BURTON.

JOB ASKED.—"If a man die will he live again?"

And the question is still reverberant, whilst every intelligent creature awaits the answer. The theme must be one of vital interest as long as the tenacious cog or ever revolving axle of *desire* controls the machinery of men's minds.

When thought no longer expires, when reason ceases, the soul rests contented, there will be no repetition of Job's interrogation, but so far, man realizes a want, finds that he does not get his quota, his abilities have not had a fair test, he thirsts still for knowledge, has craving for human affection, his own power to love is not exhausted, when he arrives at the summit of perfectness in art, science or moral beauty, he finds that he has achieved but a beginning. He knows that the avenues of learning are too long the fields of virtue too broad, the mantle of love too capacious, and his own capabilities too extensive, for a lifetime of three score years and ten to fit and finish. Then life is so good, so enjoyable, so beautiful, that he is loth to give it up, and he cries to the author of it to teach him if there is not another side beyond the river of death, where he may take up the severed threads of existence and go on weaving the woof of his life.

Theory may be colour de rose, swift tongued, may split emotion in sweet harpings of pathos, may kindle zeal into hot fires of passion, yet fail to feed the mind, hungry and thirsty for truth. It is the conserve, the dessert. The *real* meat and drink of a soul in the crisis of suspense must be fact. Fact is a giant, which gives bone and sinew to its adherents and ark of rest, a book whose teachings is infallible, a house whose summ't reaches heaven and never falls.

"If a man die will he live again?" Who? what? which? answers this question? Humanity awaits the solution of the important problem of its future.

Does the religion predicated upon that thesis the ideal faith, twine conviction with knowledge, shows man a hereafter? In the crisis evolved by the great dissolvent death, when the bread angel holds over the receding vital fluid this last suffocating fold, does faith bring its substance in tangible entity, and lay itself bare before the actual sight? If it does, then, the problem is solved; but if supposition alone stands as a test with its shadowy form, and man makes no sign except to the text "I hope, I believe that I shall live again," then are we unsatisfied: the question remains unanswered.

Human affection is the great permeating principle that harmonizes human existence; it is the most potent incentive—longest lived and holiest. All things else sink into insignificance when we weigh against them the importance of the preservation of the ones dearest to us, and in the ending of such ties by cruel death. Who has not realized that the words uttered by tenderest sympathy has failed to effect serenity, has left all gaping the bleeding wound of separation which no theory that has ever touched man's ear can cure. Fact alone could serve to turn the doubtful paraphrase, "She liveth," into a reasonable function. Sight, touch, hearing, are the organs through which consolation may be best applied.

Sight is better than report; and man's mind is so constituted that evidence through his own senses alone can convince his reason. The entertainment that Abraham used to give to angels is said to be revived in this unfolding era; but men are often just as blind as was Abraham. The idea itself, in the abstract, is poetical and beautiful. The real philosophy of the advent of spirits, who were once sentient bodies as we are, is worth the effort of a search. If one will go to its root they will find whether or not, as is asserted, that analogous fibres point its existences in reasonable science as old as the creation of sentient beings. If spirits assume their familiar shapes, and our little children, passed away years ago, can touch their lips to ours; if we can feel the caress of a dear mother; if, through the organism of another, our friends can send messages, whose tenor is confidential—known only between two in life; if, under certain conditions, hands and faces of a wife, a husband, may appear in aurn, the mysterious spirit dialect may reach our ears, or a tiny pencil point write before our eyes, without contact with mortal hands, the names of those departed—is it not worth while to look to it for the answer to the question, "If I die shall I live again?"

If spirits come back to us we have only to obey St. Paul's injunction to "Try them to prove them." The Catholics recognize their common appearance in our midst, their ability to move ponderable substances, to communicate and show their forms—but aver that they are evil. According to St. Paul this can be obviated by refusing to entertain such as through their signs or language prove themselves to be lying spirits. One should call and accommodate only the beautiful individual characters who were in human form and relation nearly associated with them. Evil cannot for long prevail. Good is the stronger power and must overcome. Theosophy itself would fail in its design if it allowed the continued working of evil influences in our midst. As "every man standeth or falleth to himself" in behalf of the solution of the individual soul's future, is it not better for each one to take the liberty of searching a matter, however unfashionable or obscure, from which the truth may be adduced? Free thought is man's birthright, and investigation his prerogative. Nature is vast. Nothing never was; something always was. Intuition is strong and wise, and reaches farther than any prescribed tenet or order; and woe to the restrictions of form or fashion which would crush its most beautiful feature—an appetite for knowledge of its own immortality.

Who is there that breathes that will not, in the chambers of his mind, agitate into thrilling volubility the question, "If I die will my soul live again?"

GEO. L. CLARK.

THE

HERCULES

MUTUAL

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE

UNITED STATES.

This Company is fortunate in having for its President JAMES D. REYMERT, Esq., a gentleman eminently qualified by his personal characteristics, as well as by his training as a lawyer, to conduct a Life Insurance Company to firm-founded success.

While Mr. REYMERT is a thorough believer in the propriety and necessity of prudence and economy in Life Insurance management he also understands the advantage of a judicious expenditure of money. He considers the funds of his Company a sacred trust, to be administered with strict regard to the interests of the policy-holders, of whom he is the trustee. He does not believe in sitting still and waiting for business to come to the office, and, while he will spend no money without seeing clearly that the investment is a legitimate one, he will pursue no "penny wise and pound foolish" policy, but will plant the seed in order that he may reap the harvest.

We are happy to say that the "HERCULES" is already doing a business sufficient to make its success certain, and that it is steadily increasing. The office has been removed from 241 Broadway, to a very much pleasanter and more convenient location, more easily accessible to out-of-town agents, and more agreeably so to city people, at No. 23 Union Square, and what is by no means an unimportant consideration, is about one-quarter of the rent previously paid, thus making an annual saving of eight thousand dollars.

The HERCULES issues all approved forms of policies, and makes them non-forfeitable; gives liberal limits for residence and travel; thirty days' grace is allowed in the payment of premiums, which are in all cases cash, as are also the dividends, in which all the policy-holders participate. Intending insurants may place their funds in the hands of the "HERCULES," feeling certain that they will be safely and wisely invested for the benefit of the assured, and that all claims will be promptly settled in cash; and that no honestly obtained policy will ever be disputed after it shall have become a claim on any frivolous or merely technical grounds.—*The Technologist.*

THE

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THE

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The *Chronicle*, of Chicago, Illinois, of date November 3, 1870, says: "The HERCULES LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, having removed to its new and commodious offices, No. 23 Union square, is about to press its claims for business. The successor to Mr. Mills, as Secretary, is the former Chairman of the Finance Committee, Mr. Aaron C. Allen, late of the firm of Lee & Co., manufacturers and wholesalers of leather. Mr. Allen will bring to the duties of his new office a business experience and energy of character, which must materially aid the Company. Mr. Reymert, the President, and Mr. Allen, express a determination that the 'HERCULES' shall be a giant in strength as well as in name."

The *Insurance and Real Estate Journal* of February 5th, 1870, says: "The stockholders of the HERCULES MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY held a meeting on Saturday last, for the purpose of electing a President, instead of W. G. Lambert, resigned, when their choice fell upon James D. Reymert, Esq. It was also ordered at the same meeting to increase the capital stock to \$128,000, on which the additional \$28,000 was immediately subscribed and paid by the old stockholders. The stockholders could not have selected a gentleman better qualified for the position to which they have preferred him than Mr. Reymert. Besides being a most eminent lawyer, Mr. Reymert has been a Senator, with large experience as a legislator, and his name is now prominent as one of the additional judges of the Court of Common Pleas, and, as he possesses a most extensive influence, such an accession to a young Company will be greatly promotive of its rapid progress and distinction."

"Wm. R. Morgan, Esq., a gentleman of great wealth, so well and favorably known in financial circles, was appointed Chairman of the Finance Committee. We are not surprised that the original stockholders so ardently subscribed for the additional capital of \$28,000, for with the advantage of such able management, and a predisposition among the American people to insure their lives, there is no doubt but that the Company is destined to a most brilliant success."

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GOLD LOAN.

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SEVEN PER CENT. GOLD BONDS

OF THE

MONTICELLO & PORT JERVIS
RAILWAY COMPANY,

20 YEARS TO RUN,

Secured by a first mortgage on the road to the UNION TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK CITY, where principal and interest are payable in gold. INTEREST QUARTERLY—January, April, July and October.

The road is bonded at \$20,000 per mile, and is built in the MOST SUBSTANTIAL MANNER. Connects Monticello and Port Jervis; has a LOCAL TRADE ASSURED, which will net sufficient to pay the interest on the bonded debt, the expense of operating the road, and LEAVE A LARGE SURPLUS to be applied to a sinking fund.

It passes contiguous to a large number of VALUABLE BLUE-STONE QUARRIES, and runs through and near some 15,000 acres of heavy timbered land, ALL OF WHICH, when marketed, will come over this road, so that its local trade is MORE THAN SUFFICIENT to meet all demands. Besides these assurances, the time is not remote when this will form a link in a TRUNK ROAD from Ogdensburg to this city.

The undersigned offer the remainder of the bonds at 87 and interest in currency, with privilege of advancing price without notice; and we recommend them as desirable for permanent investment, having THE FULLEST CONFIDENCE that they are FIRST-CLASS SECURITIES.

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(OF NEW JERSEY.)

First Mortgage Bonds,

INDORSED BY THE

NEW YORK AND OSWEGO

Midland Railroad Co.

The only railroad now building from New York Harbor toward the West is the

GREAT MIDLAND ROAD.

The First Mortgage Bonds of the MONTCLAIR RAILWAY COMPANY (the New Jersey section of the Midland) are now offered to the amount only of

HALF A MILLION DOLLARS.

They are payable, principal and interest,

IN GOLD.

The rate of interest is 7 per cent., payable semi-annually, FREE FROM GOVERNMENT TAX.

These bonds are secured by a first mortgage to MARCUS L. WARD and ABRAM S. HEWITT, Trustees, on the most valuable and profitable portion of the MIDLAND RAILROAD, the traffic of which alone suffice to pay a fair profit on the cost of construction.

THE MONTCLAIR RAILWAY, having been leased perpetually to the New York and Oswego Midland Railroad Company, becomes an integral part of that great work, and its bonds are guaranteed by that Company.

NEARLY 200 MILES

in extent of this important Railroad is now completed and in successful operation; and the MONTCLAIR RAILWAY, constituting the Eastern terminal section—40 miles in length, is in process of rapid construction, and will be completed by December, 1871, simultaneously with the entire line, thereby establishing a new route from New York westerly by way of Oswego 50 miles shorter than by the Central, and by way of Buffalo 70 miles shorter than either the Central or the Erie route.

We recommend these bonds as a safe and valuable investment, because—

First. They are secured by a first mortgage on the MONTCLAIR RAILWAY and all its franchises, and each Bond bears the indorsement of the

NEW YORK AND OSWEGO MIDLAND RAILROAD COMPANY.

Second. The local traffic of this road must be large, as it connects New York City with its most attractive suburbs, thereby insuring a profitable business to the road.

Third. The franchise of the Company, embracing lines of railway and branches to be built, and an independent ferry across the Hudson River, all of which are included in the mortgage, confer a value on these bonds in addition to that afforded by the main line.

Fourth. The entire capital of both Companies, amounting at the present time to nearly \$8,000,000, paid in, all of which has been faithfully devoted to the economical construction of the road, is liable for the payment of these bonds.

Fifth. The large rate of interest,

PAYABLE IN GOLD COIN,

affords to holders of the Government Bonds a great inducement to change their investment. For instance:

A Government Bond of \$1,000 costs (say).....\$1,100
yielding an income of.....60
\$1,100 invested in Montclair Railway Bonds, at par, yields an income of.....77
Difference, \$17, or 28½ per cent.

These bonds are issued in denominations of \$1,000, \$500 and \$100, respectively. For sale by

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8 Per Cent. Interest

First Mortgage Bonds!

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Prices to all Purchasers.

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which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

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which, for power and quality of tone, delicacy of
touch, perfection of mechanism and durability and
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Every Piano is Fully Warranted.

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P. M. Silver Palace cars are attached to the 9:30 P.
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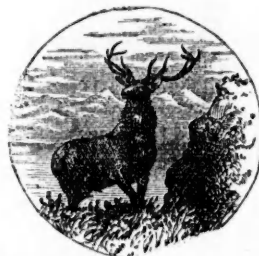
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At less than Gold Cost.The above Goods are in Elegant Paris-made Fancy
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To know by SIGNS, to judge the turns of fate,
Is greater than to fill the seats of State;
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Determine Fortune in her second cause.
These are a book where-in we all may read,
And all should know who would in life succeed,
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LONDON ROYAL NECTAR GIN.

A pure and unsurpassed Diuretic Stimulant, Tonic
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NEW METHOD FOR THE PIANO FORTE,
Recently published by Oliver Ditson & Co., is the
best book of the kind in market, it being a
key to all similar publications.

Mrs. Paige will give lessons to pupils, and fit Teach-
ers in a remarkably short space of time.

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Gloves, Hosiery, Embroideries, Feathers, Flower
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MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS

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No. 160 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



J. R. TERRY,
IMPORTER, MANUFACTURER AND
DEALER IN

HATS & FURS,

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NEW YORK.

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Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, N. Y.,
will dispose of ONE HUNDRED PIANOS, MELO-
DEONS and ORGANS of six first-class makers,
Chickering's Sons included, AT EXTREMELY LOW
PRICES, FOR CASH, DURING THIS MONTH, or will take
from \$5 to \$25 monthly until paid; the same to let,
and rent money applied if purchased.

TO THE LADIES!

MADAME MOORE'S Preparations for the Com-
plexion are reliable and contain no poison.

AQUA BEAUTA

removes Freckles, Tan and Moth Patches,

CARBOLIC WASH

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

NEURALGIA CURE

needs but to be tried to be appreciated. \$1
bottle. Sent promptly on receipt of price
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The United States mail steamer

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Captain E. A. DELANEY,

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sey.—Passenger and Freight Depot in New York,
foot of Liberty street; connects at Hampton Junction
with the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad,
and at Easton with the Lehigh Valley Railroad and its
connections, forming a direct line to Pittsburgh and
the West without change of cars.

ALLENTOWN LINE TO THE WEST.

Sixty miles and three hours saved by this line to Chi-
cago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, etc., with but one change
of cars.
Silver Palace cars through from New York to Chi-
cago.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

Commencing May 10, 1870—Leave New York as fol-
lows:

5:30 A. M.—For Plainfield.
6:00 A. M.—For Easton, Bethlehem, Mauch Chunk,
Villamont, Wilkesbarre, Mahanoy City, Tunkan-
ock, Towanda, Waverly, etc.
7:30 A. M.—For Easton.
12 M.—For Flemington, Easton, Allentown, Mauch
Chunk, Wilkesbarre, Reading, Columbia, Lancaster,
Sparta, 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., 12:00 M., 1:00, 2:00, 2:15, 3:15,
3:30, 4:00, 4:30, 4:45, 5:15, 5:45, 6:00, 6:20, 7:00, 7:45, 9:00,
9:45, 12:00 P. M.

FOR THE WEST.

9 A. M.—WESTERN EXPRESS, daily (except Sundays)
—For Easton, Allentown, Harrisburg and the West,
without change of cars to Cincinnati or Chicago, and
out one change to St. Louis. Connects at Harrisburg
or Erie with the O. & R. Regions. Connects at Somerville
or Flemington. Connects at Junction for Strouds-
burg, Water Gap, Scranton, etc. Connects at Phillips-
burg for Mauch Chunk, Wilkesbarre, etc.

5:00 P. M.—CINCINNATI EXPRESS, daily for Easton,
Bethlehem, Allentown, Reading, Harrisburg, Pitts-
burgh, Chicago and Cincinnati. Sleeping cars to Pitts-
burgh and Chicago. Connects at Junction with D. & L.
and W. R. R. for Scranton.

Sleeping Cars through from Jersey City to Pitts-
burgh every evening.
Tickets for the West can be obtained at the office of
the Central Railroad of New Jersey, foot of Liberty
street, N. Y.; at No. 1 Astor House, Nos. 254, 271, 280
Broadway, at No. 19 Greenwich street, and at the prin-
cipal hotels.

R. E. RICKER, Superintendent.

H. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

LETTER FROM J. STUART MILL.

HIS VIEWS ON THE LABOR QUESTION.

The following letter from J. Stuart Mill was recently received by Mr. Wm. Deatly, author of the "Laborer," who furnished it for publication in the *Cincinnati Gazette* of September 30; and in these times when the relations of labor and capital and other questions of political economy are being handled with too little consideration by crude essayists and mere demagogues, it is refreshing to get a word from a clear thinker and mature student of such subjects, though we may not be ready wholly to approve his views:

BLACKHEATH PARK, KENT, AUGUST 27, 1870.

DEAR SIR—I thank you for your book, which I only now have had time to read. The circumstances under which it was written and printed do great honor to your energy. The same want of time which delayed reading it, puts it out of my power to review it, as you request, or to do more than give a brief indication of the points on which I agree or differ with your opinions.

You have shown real discernment by the clearness with which you have seen and stated a truth, which, obvious as it appears to those who see it, most people do not see at all; namely, that one of the principal reasons why the labor and productive resources of civilized populations go no further than they do in benefiting the mass of the people is the quantity of human labor expended in doing or making things which are useless, or worse, things which are not objects of rational desire.

You have seen through the superficial appearances which make shallow people fancy that the purchases made by the rich for unproductive consumption benefit the poor by giving them employment. I hold with you that in a good state of society, all persons capable of working should work at something useful, at least till they have earned a right to repose.

But I think your conception of usefulness is too narrow, since you seem to consider no labor useful but that which is employed, directly or indirectly, in producing the necessities of life.

I think you wrong in your condemnation of the payment of interest. As it is for the advantage of the community that the people should not consume all they produce, but should economize in their personal consumption to add to the funds employed in raising useful products, it is desirable that, out of the produce raised by means of their savings they should receive some remuneration for their abstinence.

Your condemnation of commerce is also a mistake, in my opinion. You look upon commerce as an exchange of the necessities of life for useful luxuries; but it is often an exchange of useless luxuries for necessities of one kind or another. In any case it is a means of obtaining commodities at a greatly diminished cost in labor and abstinence; and whether the commodity is necessary, a convenience, or a luxury, the saving of labor, at least, is a good.

You consider a paper currency resting on convertibility into gold to be liable to dangerous fluctuations; but you do not appear to see that a paper currency, not convertible at all, but lent by the State to all who ask for it and can give good security, would be a thousand times more disastrously fluctuating, as an inconvertible currency has always proved itself to be when tried.

But what surprises me most is your hostility to (fire) insurance. It would be desirable that your State should take insurance business into its own hands, but until it does there is no employment of capital that endures more to the best interests of mankind than when it is employed in enabling people to provide beforehand against the unforeseen accidents of life—a provision which most people have not the means of making with certainty. It is a mode of taxing the fortunate for the relief of the unfortunate, with this advantage, that those who pay the tax are greatly benefited by relief from anxiety about the future. I am, dear Sir, yours, very sincerely,

J. S. MILL.

WOMEN AS MANAGERS.—The Parliament of Great Britain is still in doubt whether married women ought to be allowed to own property; whether, in fact, a woman who, so long as she remains unmarried, may own and manage property as freely as a man, shall, on marriage, forfeit this right. One of the ablest arguments used against the "Married Women's Property Bill," in the House of Lords, lately, was Lord Westbury's, who remarked that a wife might receive a legacy of a hundred thousand dollars, and might, if this bill became a law, expend it on a diamond necklace, "instead of employing it for the general comfort and maintenance of the household."

A *Speaker* remarks on this, that, as a matter of business, she could hardly do better than buy diamonds, which, it seems, are rapidly increasing in value; but it adds, very justly: "We will admit what Lord Westbury means, that it would be a selfish investment—and what then? Do we prevent selfish investments on the part of husbands, more especially if they are pecuniary? Lord has a legacy of £20,000, does any law bind him to expend it on the general comfort and maintenance of the household, or is he precluded from 'cropping' it on a horse race, or expending it at Poole's? The capacity of extravagance in the sexes is at least equal, and why is the woman alone to be punished for it by a sentence of condemnation?"

But more can and ought to be said. The capacity for economy is greater with women than with men. Wherever women are trusted to manage affairs involving the expenditure of money for useful purposes, they are found to be more economical than men. Ask any mechanic who takes his weekly wages home to his wife and makes her the treasurer, and he will tell you that the wife is a far better manager than he would be. Many men in every community owe their prosperity to the good management of their wives; and few men who have tried it have ever regretted making their wives, in the fullest sense, the partners in their business, and the controllers of all their expenditures.

It may be said that this is true only where the money to be expended is of small amount; but this is not so. There are not a few wealthy business men who have found their wives the most capable and wise counselors; and whoever has tried the experiment, even in a large and wealthy household, knows that a woman will make the allowance for family expenses go much further than a man could.

While the English are still debating whether it is still safe to trust married women with property, in this country it is becoming a custom of business men to set apart a sum of money for their wives, and let them keep separate bank accounts; and whoever has tried this has found an astonishing development of prudence and skillful management in women, who, before, appeared to have no capacity for business.

We hear much of the extravagance of women; but, as a rule, men spend far more money on luxuries than women; and if any man thinks his wife extravagant or careless in money matters, we advise him to divide his income with her, give her a bank account, and let her manage her household affairs, he giving advice when asked. He will presently discover if his wife an amount of tact, care, judgment, forethought and skill in management which will greatly increase his admiration for her, and the exercise of which qualifies in an independent way will make her life happier, and largely increase her usefulness as a member of society and as an educator of her children. —*Exchange.*

MADAME RALLINGS, Importer, 729 Broadway, is prepared to show some elegant novelties in Carriage and Walking Costumes, in a variety of colors. Saccos, Lingeries, etc.

A SPIRITUAL ARTIST TALKS WITH DANTE.—A CORRESPONDENT OF THE BARON ADVERTISER WRITES FROM HAVANA:

And now a word or two for remarkable persons whom I met in Florence. One of the most interesting was Mr. Kirkcup, the English artist, whose name will always be connected with Dante on account of his exertions in restoring the Grotto portrait of the great poet, which can be seen in the frescoes of the Bargello Chapel. Mr. Kirkcup is an ardent spiritualist, and believes that Dante visits him constantly. He speaks of Dante as he would of our next-door neighbor and most intimate friend. Dante, he says, is a little vain of his personal appearance, and has been so gratified with the discovery of the Bargello portrait, which is a pleasing one, that he secretly influenced the Italian Government to make Mr. Kirkcup a Baron and confer on him a distinguished order. It is a very curious story to listen to the old gentleman's talk on the subject.

"Dante," said he, "told Regina (a deceased friend of Kirkcup, through whom he believes that he receives spiritual information) that her guardian spirit held a higher rank than his. He begged her to ask this angel to promote him. Regina did so, and the request was granted. As soon as he received his new appointment, Dante called on us dressed in his new costume."

I asked, of course, what was the difference between the new and the old dress.

"Oh, the first was all white! After his promotion his dress was blue, rose color and green. And I assure you, Dante was well satisfied with the change."

Mr. Kirkcup lives in a queer old house at the end of the curious Ponte Vecchio. Its wide windows look out upon the Arno, and the river washes its foundation; the building used to be occupied by the Knights Templar. The rooms are filled with all sorts of rare old things, pictures, engravings, illuminations, bits of majolica, Venetian glass, all huddled together without order among the shreds of some brilliant initial letters painted by Gaddi. On an easel was a half-finished picture, for Mr. Kirkcup, though over eighty, still keeps up the practice of his art.

HALL, DAVIS & CO.'S PIANOS.—The following testimony is from one of the most successful teachers in New York: "It gives me great pleasure to add my testimony to that which you already have in favor of your pianos. I have had the opportunity of examining pianos of the best makers, and being a great lover of music have taken much pains to get the best pianos for my own home. Several years since I purchased one of your seven-octave instruments, which has given me the most perfect satisfaction. It is unsurpassed in every essential particular." W. Redfield, Phelps & Co., 927 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, are the agents, and are very popular.

CHARITY BALL.—January 19.—At the New York Academy of Music, in aid of the State Hospital for the Insane, under the auspices of four hundred ladies and gentlemen of the cities of New York and Brooklyn. Tickets to be had of the managers and at the principal hotels. President—Mrs. J. Roosevelt; Vice-Presidents—Messieurs Richard B. Connelly, Ann S. Stephens, E. B. Phelps, Park Godwin, James Brooks, E. A. Raymond, L. H. Wales, D. T. Blodgett; Secretary—Mr. Ralph Mead, Jr.; Treasurer—Mr. Henry Clegg; Assistant Treasurer—Mr. E. A. Raymond.

Of all things in which parents should take interest none is of so great importance as that of education. In selecting schools sufficient deliberation is seldom had. The whole future of a child's life may be darkened by a false step. The parents are comparatively few people who are fitted for having charge of the young. It requires the most exquisite tact, the most comprehensive grasp of character, as well as an almost infinite adaptation to circumstances. The instincts of childhood are always pure and true. They should never be stunted and bearded by an unreasonable curriculum, which is directed so as to avoid the quicksands and shoals which certain predispositions might drift them toward. True education is not so much the stuffing process as it is the weeding or eliminating process, by which the whole mental strength may be exerted in producing a mind capable of the highest and noblest purposes of life. Most of our boarding schools teach those things which relate too palpably to the external, and therefore to be deprecated. There are, however, some whose principals have the true idea of education. Among them may be mentioned the School for Young Ladies, at No. 15 East Twenty-fourth street, under the charge of Mesdames Millard & Carrier, whose advertisement appears in another column.

PROF. HUXLEY AND THE BIBLE.—I can give you the most emphatic assurance that he does not hate the Bible. Like myself he rather loves and reveres the grand old book. I once heard him say, in regard to the education of his own children, that if nobody else could be found to do it, he would teach them the Bible himself. In a competitive examination upon the Scriptures, canonical and uncanonical, I would back Mr. Huxley against nine-tenths of the clergy. I say uncanonical, because he has also the Apocrypha at his finger's ends. I never heard a heartier Amen! than I did from him in response to some passage in the baptismal service at the christening of one of his boys. He had no notion that I should tell you this; and bear well in mind that I do not mention it to bamboozle or hoodwink you into the notion that he is taken in by any trick with the current theological notions regarding either the Bible or the baptismal service. I mention it to illustrate to you that large-heartedness and freedom from bigotry which, even now, enable Mr. Huxley to feel and respond to much that is noble and beautiful in the creed of his youth. —[Dr. Tyndall in London News.]

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold regular Sunday sessions, morning and evening, at Apollo Hall, in 26th street, near Broadway. The following talent is engaged for the current season: Miss Lizzie Doten, Professor Wm. Dutton and N. Frank White.

Nothing marks the character of a man more distinctly than his dress. It is not necessary that a person should have a two hundred dollar suit of clothes or be well dressed. Dressing does not consist so much of the material worn as it does in the style of its make up. Few people are adapted to conduct a Ready Made Gents' Clothing Emporium. It is a difficult task to have clothing to suit and to fit all customers. But if there is one who more than any other has overcome all these difficulties it is Randolph, at his Clothing Emporium, corner of Great Jones street and Broadway. He not only sells to everybody, but he fits everybody to whom he sells. If you want to be "fitted" instead of "sold," go to Randolph's. If you want to be sold instead of fitted go to some one who will force bad fits upon you if he can't fit you well.

Notwithstanding the unwarrantable duties levied on imported teas, the United States Tea Company, by their immense importations and sales, are enabled to offer the public A 1 pure teas at very reasonable prices. The establishment of such vast companies in specific lines of trade is one of the specialties of this fast young age; but in none of them are the beneficial results more apparent than in this of tea. This company extend every facility and accommodation to all customers.

Everybody wanting anything in the line of "dressing for the feet," are referred to the advertisement of Porter & Bliss, in another column.

DR. HELMHOLD DINES THE PRESS.

The renowned Dr. Helmholtz last night paid a felicitous compliment to the agency through which his wonderful medicines have been heralded to the world, by giving a dinner to the Press at Willard's Hotel. Among those present were Colonel Charles Cornwall, J. R. Young, New York Standard; Colonel Jones, Chief Warden, W. B. Barr, and J. R. McKee, New York Associated Press; Richard Evans, American Press Association; William P. Copeland, New York Journal of Commerce; W. W. Warden, New York Post; J. N. Barritt, Washington Sunday Herald; George Gideon, Esq., Colonel Thomas B. Florence, Sunday Gazette; O. K. Harris, Boston Journal; T. B. Connery, Republican; E. Harrington, New York World; D. D. Zone, Philadelphia Ledger; J. R. Noah, Alta Californian; W. B. Shaw, New York Commercial Advertiser; W. C. MacBride, Chronicle; the representative of the Star, and others.

The dinner was worthy of the man who can afford the luxury of a six-in-hand team, and who has palatial residences at all the watering-places, and a winter palace in New York city. The edibles were of the best, supplied by Sike's famous larder, and the wines were unusually choice, and by the time the good things of the board had been fairly disbursed, the gathering was rife for that other feast of reason and flow of soul we read about, enlivened by an amount of wit, humor and sentiment as could only be developed by such a conjuncture of journalists, bonvivants and public benefactors.

Dr. Helmholtz, the genial and witty host, was, of course, the target of a large amount of complimentary remark, which he bore blushing, but doubtless with a moderate consciousness of the justice of the panegyrics bestowed upon him. The invincible Doctor was then and there put in the field as the candidate of the press for the Presidency, and it was stoutly maintained that a man who had the brains to make a fortune by the use of printers' ink was the man of all others for them to sustain. It was all very well to talk about generals and statesmen, but give us the man who can invigorate a whole nation by his bracing medicines.

After brilliant speeches by Dr. Helmholtz, Colonel Florence, Captain Connery, General Cornwall, Alderman Gideon, Colonel Jones, Messrs. Barr, Warden Copeland and others, the company adjourned, with three cheers for Dr. Helmholtz, and with the hope that the strength of his wonderful Bachu may never grow less.—N. Y. Star.

The Dining Rooms of Nash & Fuller, 39, 41 and 43 Park row and 147, 149 and 151 Nassau street, are becoming the resort of all business men in that vicinity. These gentlemen know just how to provide for and wait upon their customers. Everything the market affords in season is always at hand. There is never any vexatious delays caused by sending out to enable them to fill orders.

Besides these perfect arrangements for food, they have not neglected a due regard for "drink." Pure liquors and wines of all kinds, to meet the desires of all are a specialty at this place.

In short, all the inducements of a first-class restaurant are to be found at Messrs. Nash & Fuller.

There have been many attempts made to combine the usefulness of a sofa and a bed in one article of household furniture, but it may be said they have been total failures, and it had come to be thought that nothing could be invented which would present the elegance of a first class parlor sofa and also possess all the convenience and comfort of the best bed. All the difficulties, however, have at last been overcome in the combined Sofa Bed, manufactured by Wm. S. HUMPHREYS, 634 Broadway, who presents the public with an article of furniture which no critic could detect was anything more than a sofa when closed, and which no one would ever suppose could be converted into a sofa when in its bed form, and yet the conversion is made instantaneously. It is the desideratum long sought but never before attained.

JUST OUT.—Addresses by Thomas Gales Forster the distinguished Spiritualist speaker. Young & Da is, No. 137 Broadway, room 13, have reported verbatim, and published in handsome pamphlet shape, the addresses of this eloquent speaker. They are remarkable for strength of reasoning and fluency of illustration; besides which, they contain themselves with demonstrating the philosophy of the faith of the spiritualists, without degrading the religious tenets of other denominations. They are not merely applicable to the dates of publication, but are, by their purity and power, invested with a character for permanency which will cause them to be always regarded as among the finest and most vigorous arguments in favor of the faith which they sustain. Should these pamphlets meet popular favor and remunerative demand, other equally able and characteristic addresses by the same speaker will be presented in the same shape.

"Willard's," at Washington, is still the favorite resort of all who visit the capital. If a stranger is in the city he can always be found by going to "Willard's." The immense popularity this hotel has gained may be traced directly to its talented and obliging proprietors, Messrs. Sykes, Chadwick & Tanager. Though the two latter gentlemen have now retired from the management, Mr. Sykes is a host within himself, in more senses than one, and fully sustains the very enviable reputation of this far-famed hotel, than which none in the world is more widely known.

We take special pleasure in calling the attention of all our readers who need dental service to Dr. Koonz, at No. 1 Great Jones street, New York, who is both judicious and scientific in all departments of dentistry. His rooms are fitted tastefully and elegantly, and being constantly filled with the *dile* of the city, testifies that his practice is successful. He administers the nitrous oxide gas with perfect success in all cases.

MADAME RALLINGS, Importer, 729 Broadway, has a rich and elegant assortment of Bonnets and Bound Hats, the most exquisite novelties imported; all the new colors.

E. HOWARD & CO., No. 15 Maiden Lane, New York, make the best Stem-Winding Watch in the country. Ask for it at all the dealers. Every watch guaranteed.

CORPORATION NOTICE.—PUBLIC

notice is hereby given to the owner or owners, occupant or occupants of all Houses and Lots, improved or unimproved Lands affected hereby, that the following Assessments have been completed, and are lodged in the office of the Board of Assessors for examination by all persons interested, viz:

1. For building sewers in Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth streets, between Fourth and Fifth avenues.
2. For building sewers in Forty-eighth and Fiftieth streets, between Eighth and Tenth avenues.
3. For fencing lots corner Fifty-second street and First avenue.
4. For fencing lots in East Fifty-first street.
5. For fencing lots corner Madison avenue and Twenty-seventh streets.
6. For flagging north side Forty-first street, between Broadway and Seventh avenue.
7. For flagging Rutgers slip, between Water and South streets.
8. For setting curb and gutter and flagging Sixty-fifth street, between Third and Fifth avenues.
9. For laying Nicolson pavement in Forty-fourth street, between Madison and Fifth avenues.
10. For laying Nicolson pavement in Forty-third street, between Madison and Fifth avenues.
11. For laying Nicolson pavement in Fifty-sixth street, between Seventh and Ninth avenues.
12. For laying Nicolson pavement in Cliff street, between John and Frankfort streets.
13. For laying Belgian pavement in Fifty-first street, between Second avenue and the East River.
14. For regulating and grading, setting curb and gutter in Eightieth street, between Eleventh avenue and the drive.

The lands embraced by such assessments include all the several houses and lots of ground, vacant lots, pieces and parcels of land situated on—

1. Both sides of Sixty-seventh street, between Fourth and Fifth avenues, and both sides of Sixty-eighth streets, between Madison and Fifth avenues.
2. Both sides of Forty-eighth street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues, and both sides of Fiftieth street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues.
3. The property situated on the corner of Fifty-second street and First avenue.
4. The north side of Fifty-first street, between First and Second avenues.
5. The west side of Madison avenue, commencing at Twenty-seventh street, and running southerly fifty-six feet from—
6. The north side of Forty-first street, between Broadway and Seventh avenue.
7. The south side of Rutgers slip, between Water and South streets.
8. Both sides of Sixty-fifth street, between Third and Fifth avenues.
9. Both sides of Forty-fourth street, between Madison and Fifth avenues, to the extent of half the block on intersecting street.
10. Both sides of Forty-third street, between Madison and Third avenues, to the extent of half the block on intersecting streets.
11. Both sides of Fifty-sixth street, between Seventh and Ninth avenues, to the extent of half the block on intersecting streets.
12. Both sides of Cliff street, between John and Frankfort streets, to the extent of half the block on intersecting streets.
13. Both sides of Fifty-first street, between Second avenue and East River, to the extent of half the block on intersecting streets.
14. Both sides of Eightieth street, between Eleventh avenue and the Public Drive.

All persons whose interests are affected by the above-named assessments, and who are opposed to the same or either of them, are requested to present their objections in writing to Richard Tweed, Chairman of the Board of Assessors, at their office, No. 19 Chatham street, within thirty days from the date of this notice.

RICHARD TWEED,
THOMAS R. ASTEN,
MYER MYERS,
FRANCIS A. SANDS,
Board of Assessors.

OFFICE BOARD OF ASSESSORS,
NEW YORK, DEC. 30, 1870.

CORPORATION NOTICE.—PUBLIC NO-

tice is hereby given to the owner or owners, occupant or occupants of all Houses and Lots, improved or unimproved Lands affected thereby, that the following Assessments have been completed and are lodged in the office of the Board of Assessors for examination by all persons interested, viz:

1. For laying Belgian pavement in Light street from Canal to West street.
2. For laying Belgian pavement in Fifty-eighth street, from Lexington to Sixth avenue.
3. For laying Belgian pavement in Fifty-ninth street, from Third to Fifth avenue.
4. For regulating and grading, setting curb and gutter, and flagging Fifty-sixth street, from Tenth to Eleventh avenue.
5. For regulating and grading, setting curb and gutter, and flagging Seventy-eighth street, from First avenue to Avenue A.
6. For regulating and grading, setting curb and gutter, and flagging Fifty-sixth street, from Third to Sixth avenue.
7. For building outlet-sewer in Sixty-second street and East River, and in Avenue A, between Sixty-first and Seventy-first streets, with branches.
8. For building sewers in Water, Monroe, Pitt, Clinton, Grand, Mangin and Goerck streets, Manhattan lane, and Avenue B.

The lands embraced by such assessment include all the several houses and lots of ground, vacant lots, pieces and parcels of land, situated on—

1. Both sides of Light street, from Canal to West street, to the extent of half the block on the intersecting streets.
2. Both sides of Fifty-eighth street, from Lexington to Sixth avenue, to the extent of half the block on the intersecting streets.
3. Both sides of Fifty-ninth street, from Third to Fifth avenue, to the extent of half the block on the intersecting streets.
4. Both sides of Fifty-sixth street, from Tenth to Eleventh avenue.
5. Both sides of Seventy-eighth street, from First avenue to Avenue A.
6. Both sides of Fifty-sixth street, from Third to Sixth avenue.
7. The property bounded by Sixty-first and Seventy-first streets, Second avenue, and the East River, and the property bounded by Sixty-second and Sixty-eighth streets, and Second and Third avenues.
8. Both sides of Water street, between James and Oliver streets; both sides of Monroe street, between Gouverneur and Montgomery streets; both sides of Pitt street, between Broome and Delancey streets; both sides of Clinton street, between Grand and Division streets; both sides of Grand street, between Ridge and Columbia streets; both sides of Mangin and Goerck streets, between Grand and Broome streets; both sides of Goerck street, between Stanton and Houston streets; both sides of Manhattan lane, between Houston and Third streets; both sides of Avenue E, between Third and Fourth and between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets.

All persons whose interests are affected by the above-named assessments and who are opposed to the same, or either of them, are requested to present their objections in writing to Richard Tweed, Chairman of the Board of Assessors, at their office, No. 19 Chatham street, within thirty days from the date of this notice.

RICHARD TWEED,
THOMAS R. ASTEN,
MYER MYERS,
FRANCIS A. SANDS,
Board of Assessors.

OFFICE BOARD OF ASSESSORS,
NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 30, 1870.