

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT! UNTRAMMELED LIVES!

BREAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

VOL. 3.—No. 5.—WHOLE No. 57.

NEW YORK, JUNE 17, 1871.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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LOANERS' BANK
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
(ORGANIZED UNDER STATE CHARTER.)
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56

107

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We buy and sell, at current rates, all classes
of Government Securities, and the Bonds of
the Central Pacific Railroad Company; also,
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We buy and sell, at the Stock Exchange,
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the same manner as with National Banks.

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STATE RAILROAD BONDS.

A First-Class Home Investment.

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**RONDOUT & OSWEGO
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Principal & Interest Payable in
Gold.

Seven per Cent. Semi-Annually.

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

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

The 36 miles of road operated for three months is
already paying net earnings equivalent to 7 per cent.
gold, on its cost of construction and equipments.
The issue of Bonds is limited to \$30,000 per mile of
COMPLETED ROAD, the coupons payable in gold in
this city.

PRICE OF THE BONDS, 90 IN CURRENCY.

Full particulars of the above may be had of, and
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Edward Haight & Co.,

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Financial Agents of the R. & O. Company.

56

81

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14 WALL STREET.

Four per cent. interest allowed on all deposits.

Collections made everywhere.

Orders for Gold, Government and other securities
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MIDLAND BONDS

IN DENOMINATIONS OF

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

These favorite SEVEN PER CENT. BONDS are secured by a First Mortgage on the great Midland Railroad of New York, and their issue is strictly limited to \$30,000 per mile of finished road, costing about \$40,000 per mile. Entire length of road, 345 miles, of which 220 have been completed, and much progress made in grading the remainder.

RESOURCES OF THE COMPANY.

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

Total.....\$14,000,000
Equal to \$40,000 per mile.

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

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

New York, Dec. 2, 1870.

Messrs. GEORGE OPDYKE & Co., New York:

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

The earnings for the month of October, from all sources, were \$43,709 17, equal to \$294,510 04 per annum on the 147 miles of road, viz.: Main line from Sidney to Oswego, 125 miles; New Berlin Branch, 22 miles.

The road commenced to transport coal from Sidney under a contract with the Delaware and Hudson canal Company in the latter part of November. The best informed on the subject estimate the quantity to be transported the first year at not less than 250,000 tons, while some estimate the quantity at 300,000 tons. This will yield an income of from \$375,000 to \$450,000 from coal alone on that part of the road.

Taking the lowest of these estimates, it gives for the 147 miles a total annual earning of \$809,510 04. The total operating expenses will not exceed fifty per cent., which leaves the net annual earnings \$449,755 02, which is \$314,525 02 in excess of interest of the bonds issued thereon.

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

D. C. LITTLEJOHN, President

N. Y. and O. Midland Railroad Co.

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

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

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LINK-MOTION,

LOCK-STITCH



Sewing Machine

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

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Seven first-class Phelan Tables.

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Wholesale Store—71 BROADWAY.
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PIANOS!

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AND

MELODEONS,

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

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

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

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN,
With Nitrous Oxide Gas.

No extra charge when others are inserted.

SPLENDID SETS, \$10 to \$20.

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Between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets east side.

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VIEWS, ALBUMS, CHROMOS, FRAMES.

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

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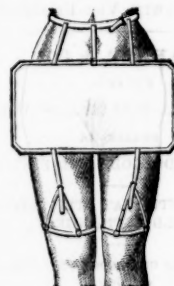
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AND

LADIES' PROTECTOR.



NO MORE COLD FEET—NO MORE
DEFORMED LIMBS.

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

The trade supplied at a discount.

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OR MRS. C. A. GAYNOR,

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SALVE**

RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.
BEST SALVE IN USE.

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It entitles the holder to attend as many regular lectures as he pleases until he is graduated.

The institution is known as "The Eclectic Medical College of New York," the only one of the kind in the city, and is located at 223 East Twenty-sixth street. All particulars ascertained from PROFESSOR COMINS, 174 East Twenty-sixth Street, a few doors from Third Avenue.

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Specimen copies sent free.

News-dealers supplied by the American News Company, No. 131 Nassau street, New York.

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

All communications, business or editorial, must be addressed

Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly,

44 Broad Street, New York City.

OUR readers will observe a change in the make-up of our paper. The increase of our advertising patronage has made it necessary to give this department a more conspicuous position, thereby bringing names and professions more immediately before the eye. It will be noticed, also, that simultaneously with a reduction of half our selling and subscription price, we give a paper cut and stitched. Thus the paper is more readable, and the file can be more perfectly kept.

The large circulation to which we have attained—WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S being confessedly "the most influential and most widely circulated woman's rights paper"—renders the paper an excellent medium for advertisers.

RAILROAD CONSOLIDATION.

The growth and development of great moneyed corporations is one of the features of modern times. Co-operative enterprise has achieved social and material results that exceed in mere magnitude the greatest works of one-man power. The Roman military roads, the pyramids, or the Chinese wall, are small by the side of our railroads, our docks, our canals, while their intellectual merit, and their uses for human advancement and happiness far outweigh the results of enforced labor—as witness the triumphs of machinery and electricity. Nevertheless, these splendid results are not unattended with regrets. The shield of life always has two sides. The cost at which we purchase our material progress may possibly be too great. The isolated efforts of the individual man, trivial as may be their issue, yet serve to develop his capability and to perfect his character; he is energized by labor, and his conflict with nature and necessity makes him more a man. In our delegation of effort and responsibilities by individuals to corporate bodies we gain ease, but we lose independence of action, and still more, we lose occasion for thought and self-reliance. This condition may easily extend itself from the sphere of personal life to that of social and civil life.

The devolution of administrative power into few hands by reason of incorporated capital was feared and predicted by some far-seeing observers many years ago. But the gains were so immediate, the risks so remote, that little pains were taken, especially in Anglo-Saxon communities, to guard against a possible future evil. Freedom of action, impatience of governmental or official control, are characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon mind. Among races more accustomed to parental government, official interference is not only tolerated, it is sought and accepted. For this reason railroad companies and other vast combinations of capital sprang into life in England, and for a long time remained free from government visitation. But the tendency toward irresponsibility, and to the enhancement of corporate rights at the public expense, was soon detected, and legislation was had, and a jealous care taken that companies should accomplish little without full notice to the public, and their plans being accomplished they should still be held to a strict account. In our freer, younger, more self-reliant community, we despise all such precaution. The people are a law to themselves, their ballot is all sufficient, and every man has a right to sit under his own fig tree and eat the fruit of his own vine without let or hindrance. Sometimes, indeed, those of his neighbor.

But there is a limit to liberty, and certainly there should be one to public indifference. The consolidation of our great railroad systems into one management would inaugurate a millocratic despotism, whose powers would exceed those of any autocrat in the world—whose influence would extend through every legislature in the country, and would control all taxation, State or national. The public convenience is the nominal basis of private or corporate privilege. Vain words! If Vanderbilt, Gould, and Scott regulate our incoming and outgoing, and hold the legislatures of Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, and Ohio in their breeches pockets, where will be the independence of the citizen? Let public duty come into collision with private interest—let

cheap freights and fares compete with low dividends; whose interest would kick the beam?

This corporate money system ought to be a plank in the people's platform, and we are not a day too soon.

EUROPEAN SOCIETY must be in serious danger of overthrow. The land tenure agitation, led by Mill and supported by scions of aristocratic houses, either for political distinction or from sheer nothing-to-do-ism, strikes at the root of aristocratic privilege and power. The temperate *Pall Mall Gazette* admits there is room for apprehension in conditions which make the whole permanent property of a country the heritage of about one and a half per thousand of the population: not so much as matter of prosperity or of utility, but as matter of sentiment and the stability of political institutions. The *Saturday Review* finds danger to public morality in the existence of "a class to whom labor, whether of brain or hand, is alike strange. Money, which brings with it no obvious duties, or finds in its possessors no disposition to discharge those it does bring, can hardly fail to be a disastrous inheritance."

CONSTITUTION, LAWS AND COMMON SENSE.

We are not wont to be either impertinent or pertinacious when what we consider concerns the opinions of others who are equally with ourselves entitled to freedom of thought and speech. But when we see a set of individuals assume the dictatorial role, and attempt to maintain it by brow-beating, by appealing to the prejudices of sectarian ignorance and intolerance, and utterly ignoring all reason and logic, we cannot forbear to do what lies in our power to expose these pretensions. And this becomes a duty not to be shirked when the matters involved do not relate specifically to the individual actors, but to a larger class of people who struggle for justice.

The American Woman's Suffrage Association is an outgrowth of the original Woman's Rights movement, and is composed of those very respectable men and women who assume to themselves all the virtue, honor and honesty there is in the movement. They assert, indeed, out of time and everywhere, that suffrage is all that women want, that political enfranchisement is all they lack to become the equals of man, while those from whom they first received vitality and life as strenuously declare that they demand social enfranchisement throughout, and that political equality is only a small portion of the equality which women lack as compared with men. With the differences between the two branches of the movement we have little to do, but when one travels out of its way to vilify and defame the other we have a right to call them to order, and then proceed to reply to the inconsequent and illogical methods proposed, by which they seek suffrage.

These good people proceed just as though there had been no legislation affecting this question, and utterly ignore the existence of the constitutional guarantee of citizenship, and also the fact that States are absolutely prohibited from interfering with this constitutional guarantee, and never a word express as to what course Congress should take, or whether they should move at all; but, singularly enough, berate the States for giving no attention to a matter which they gave entire control of to Congress.

These great political women, however, must have forgotten themselves in their expression of approbation of General Butler's course regarding the report upon the Woodhull Memorial. This inadvertency, unluckily for them, betrays the feeling which underlies their action, and reduces them from the standard of reformers, political economists and philosophers, to the plane of the merest demagogues. Why do they not rally to the support of General Butler and the "fifty-five," and concentrate their strength on Congress instead of dividing and weakening their power among all the States. The highest official authority of Congress, the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, earnestly considered this question, and though a majority reported adversely, their reasons and arguments were so weak and watery that even those who were opposed to Woman Suffrage said "if that is the best that can be done to stop this thing, it is a foregone conclusion." But there is an insuperable objection to their having anything to do with the Congressional movement, and this is, it did not originate in the ranks of the American Woman Suffragists, nor did it come from "pure hands." Time, the great leveler of all distinction and the great renderer of justice, will enter against them its verdict of disapproval.

Lest these wise persons may still say there is no foundation for the claims set up against women's rights under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, we propose again to hastily review the ground as it is.

The Fourteenth Amendment declares that women are citizens. The Boston Daniels cannot deny that. The Supreme Court of the United States have already decided that the term "citizen" confers "the actual possession and enjoyment of the perfect right of acquisition and enjoyment of an entire equality of privileges, civil and political." And to put the case forever beyond doubt, the Fourteenth Amendment declares that no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens; and the power was also conferred upon Congress to

enforce these provisions by appropriate legislation. Will these Daniels please inform us if Congress has enforced the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment by appropriate legislation, and if they have not, whether it is not their duty so to do under their oath of office, which they are obliged to take to give vitality to the provisions of the Constitution?

But, say some Infallibles, the privileges and immunities mentioned in the Fourteenth Amendment do not include the right to vote. Very well. What then? If the Fourteenth does not explain this to their satisfaction, let them move on to the Fifteenth, and see what that has to say about it. It is as follows: "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied." Then the right to vote is a citizen's right, and how can these professed friends of Woman's Enfranchisement ignore these plain provisions? They know better, because they are neither ignorant, imbecile nor stupid, but, like the Pharisees of old, they declare that no good can come out of Nazareth.

But to go further and deeper. What are these amendments that contain these provisions, and how came they in the Constitution? Congress certainly did not put them there. But the States did. Congress proposed them, and asked the States to so act upon them as to make them a part of the supreme law of the land, and three-fourths of the States complied. Now they are the direct creations of the States, and by them the States conferred the power on Congress. Do the States also retain it? Can the right to do the same thing consistently exist in two distinct centres of power. No! this power has passed beyond the States, and by their own voluntary acts is delegated to Congress, and it is the duty of Congress to exercise this power. We ask Congress to provide the means by which the right of woman citizens to vote may be exercised equally with men. It is not to be expected that Congress will move in this matter unless importuned. The right exists. Is it beneath the dignity of woman to ask Congress to say to the States; You shall not prevent woman citizens from exercising this right? If you deposit money in a bank it will not be given up to you unless you ask for it. It is not supposed that its officers know the money is required unless the demand for it is made. So also is it with the right of women. The power to protect the exercise of all the rights of citizens is deposited in Congress. Hence it is the duty of those who want to exercise this right to go to Congress and ask for protection in it. It seems to us that this is so plain that "he who runs may read."

We will also call the attention of those professed suffragists to one more very pertinent fact. The State of Massachusetts, through its Legislature, legislated upon and approved the Fourteenth Amendment, which declares that women are citizens. Now we would ask these professors if this action of the legislature did not virtually repeal everything in the Constitution of the State not in harmony therewith, and if the term male citizens was not killed dead thereby. Put on your thinking-caps and study the proposition a little seriously, if you have never entertained it, and perhaps you will come to the conclusion that all knowledge and all wisdom is not confined to the Boston wing of suffragists. The State Constitutions are already amended, and everything in them not consistent with the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments stands repealed.

We now are prepared to show the women who follow where these lights lead that they are false lights, and really intend to keep out at sea instead of quickly and safely landing in the haven of acquired constitutional right. They know, first of all, that women who have come to the comprehension of their rights want to exercise them; and they also know that there is no earthly hope of this, through the appeals to the States, in time to participate in the next Presidential election. This dividing of the force, and drawing off a part thereof from making the attack upon the key to the position of our opponents, is a game played directly into the hands of the Republican party. They confess that they have met with no success, but on the contrary, that in each case they have been treated with the utmost contempt. Was this the way Congress treated Victoria C. Woodhull? No! They saw at once that she had struck a chord that it would not do for them to ignore. Among them there are statesmen, judges of constitutional law, who can rise above the prejudices of time and circumstance, and consider things in their legal aspect. This they did, and the greatest of them all pronounce the verdict that plainly indicates the ground upon which this battle for freedom should be fought, and upon which it will have to be fought before it is won. What do the great proportion of the legislatures of States know about constitutional law? Who should expect them to treat such a question with the dignity and consideration its magnitude merits? None but these magnates who shrink with such holy horror from any freedom except that which they can be instrumental in extending.

If the next Congress do not enact laws to enforce the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment regarding women citizens, it will be because these Pharisees will divert from the strategic point all the influence which they can control, and fritter the same away in vain attempts upon State Legislatures, who snub them simply because they know they have nothing to do with the question in its national sense and bearing.

And if there be a failure we do not intend these people shall escape the responsibility.

TO THE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM

THROUGHOUT THE

UNITED STATES, CANADA AND ENGLAND.

On account of the very extraordinary and widespread demand which has sprung up for the WEEKLY since we began the exposure of the enormous frauds and villainies which are practiced upon the people, under the authority and countenance of Government, by soulless corporations and organized monopolies; and the still more extraordinary demand since it has come to be recognised that the movement inaugurated in Congress the past winter is, when consummated, to accomplish the elevation of woman to equality with men; all of which, in connection with our desire to give the people of this country what they have long been thirsting for—AN ORGAN FOR FREE SPEECH—has induced us to reduce the price of

THE WEEKLY TO TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM; so that it may come within the means of every family in the country.

We trust that the friends of "Equality for Woman" and of such reform in government as shall restore it to the people by wresting it from the hands of the politicians, who are the hired or purchased slaves of the growing Money-Power of the country, which is scheming to usurp our liberties, will spread far and wide the announcement we here make.

The WEEKLY will always treat, from the standard of principles, all subjects which are of

VITAL INTEREST TO THE COMMON PEOPLE.

It will be, in the broadest sense,

A FREE PAPER FOR A FREE PEOPLE,

in which all sides of all subjects may be presented to the public, so that they may decide for themselves what is the best truth, instead of, as heretofore, being told authoritatively that this and that are thus and so.

The editors will always reserve the right to make such editorial comment, as they may deem proper, upon all communications, but will not be held responsible for opinions expressed otherwise than editorially, whether comment is made or not. All articles without signature are editorial, and are not to be considered as the expression of editorial opinion.

Here, then, is a platform upon which

THE REPUBLICAN AND THE DEMOCRAT,

THE RADICAL AND THE CONSERVATIVE,

THE CHRISTIAN AND THE INFIDEL,

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC AND THE PROTESTANT,

THE JEW AND THE PAGAN, and

THE MATERIALIST AND THE SPIRITUALIST,

may meet in a common equality and brotherhood, which, we believe, is literally true of the human race, since

GOD IS THE COMMON FATHER OF ALL.

SEND IN THE NAMES.

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

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

There is but one thing wanting to secure such action as every lover of equality must desire, and that is to pour in upon Congress such a mass of names as will convince them that the people really desire and will sustain them in securing equal rights to all citizens of the United States. Every one who reads this should constitute him or herself a committee of one to obtain all the names possible as signers to the petition below, and mail the same to Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, Washington, D. C., Secretary to The National Woman Suffrage and Educational Committee:

To the Congress of the United States:

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

JUSTICE.—Under the dignified and gallant caption of "A Squabble Among the Petticoats," the New York Herald of Sunday, 28th ult., publishes an admirable letter from Mrs. or Miss E. A. Jennings (we believe the former), in answer to a drivelling "persimmons and prunes" communication, from another sister, previously published under the heading, "Views of a Sensible Woman." Mrs. Jennings prides herself as wielding not only a sarcastic and caustic pen, but one also from whose tip the evidence of deep and earnest thought is transmitted to the paper. The religion, modesty, purity and womanliness contained in the letter with the editorial sneer for caption, is worth more than the namby-pamby platitudes of a thousand such as that over which the complimentary heading is placed.

THE BOSTON CONVENTION ON FREE LOVE.

If the constitution, by-laws, or what not, of the I-am-holier-than-thou branch of the Suffrage movement do not permit the consideration of "side-issues," what business have they to travel outside of these limits to introduce, discuss and adopt free-love resolutions. It seems to us that they are peculiarly sensitive about this business, that they thus rush forward at every opportunity, attempting to make the people think that they are free from "such nonsense." Or is it to be understood that they believe in the free-love theory, but wish the world to understand that Woman Suffrage has nothing to do with it? It is a queer way some have—and quite an effectual one, too, with the easy-going, care-for-nothing sort of people—to make a great noise about somebody else, or something else, that the public attention may be diverted thereby from themselves. This pretence holds, we say, with some, but with those who understand human nature and are up to the ways of the world, it only invokes scrutiny.

Without pretending to a perfect knowledge of, or caring a fig about, the history of the *personnel* of either branch of the woman movement, we are led to suspect that this over-pious, over-sensitive, Boston wing have much more to conceal than their more outspoken and indifferent sisters of Apollo Hall, from the very fact that they make such persistent effort to fix public attention on their rivals, for which they should be very thankful.

Concretely we agree with that part of their adopted free-love resolution which declares that "The right of woman to participate in making the laws she is required to obey, has nothing to do with special social theories;" that is: A person may desire suffrage, and have no conception of a more extended application of the same principle involved in its withholding. But we should be pleased to have these wisacres tell their followers how the special social theories which are the subjects of legislation are to be disconnected from the rights of women to participate in making the laws they presuppose. It seems to us that in this they are in the slightest degree foggy; but we have no doubt that they made the most intelligent proposition possible under the difficulties of the situation. That the situation is difficult becomes apparent when we consider how perplexing it is to accept two propositions of a syllogism and reject the third. For how can people be entitled to and exercise free thought and free speech, and not exercise their legitimate sequence, free action?

These people who are so persistent in washing their hands of Apollo Hall may think and speak freely, but they do not wish it understood they act consistently therewith—whether this is from fear, cowardice, or whether it is an effort at deception, is not entirely apparent. Speaking for ourselves, we desire it distinctly understood, that we not only think and speak freely, but that we also act in the fullest accord with, and fully up to the measure of our thought and speech, whenever possible, and we trust our acts will justify a high grade of thought and speech. To be free in thought and speech, and to be restricted in action, is no freedom; but a half-and-half, hybrid sort of despotism, only two-thirds of the way removed from the despotism under which the Hussites suffered at the stake. The only difference between the despots of different centuries is in the degree that public opinion will permit their reign. That of the fifteenth century led those who struggled for religious freedom by the way of the rack to the stake; that of the eighteenth, those who struggled for political freedom by the way of the Bastille to the guillotine; that of the nineteenth leads those who struggle for social freedom—to remove the last remaining barrier to complete individual freedom—by the way of the bar of public opinion to the judgment seat of respectable conservatism, where sit the self-appointed, self-avowed, and self-presuming judges of the main-springs of individual action.

The judgment which four centuries has rendered upon those who burned John Huss, and that which one century renders those who thought to annihilate the French Revolutionists, is light in comparison with what that will be which one generation will hurl upon those who, without the possibility of being able, or caring, to understand what individual freedom means, seek to ruthlessly murder the character, standing and influence of those now declaring for that freedom. Mrs. Livermore, in the Boston Convention, said that it was necessary to disavow free-love objects, especially as the head of a paper that claimed to lead in the movement (the Woman) had been charged with advocating and practicing free-love. Of course this reference was to this journal and to Mrs. Woodhull.

Now, we demand of Mrs. Livermore what right she had to stand up in a convention and make this intended slur upon Mrs. Woodhull, when she knew that those to whom she spoke would infer that she intended to say that Mrs. Woodhull is a bad woman, after the vulgar acceptance of the term free-lover. If Mrs. Livermore had any right to thus attempt to defame Mrs. Woodhull, she should have stated what her free-love theory is. She had no more right to take that occasion to make base insinuations than she had to put her hand in Mrs. Woodhull's pocket and steal her money; speaking after the manner of Cassio, she who steals money steals trash; but if it were possible for her to filch a good name, she takes that which can do her no good and makes the object poor indeed. Now, Mrs. Livermore knew very well that Mrs. Woodhull's theory of free-love is not that which should be denominated free-lust. It may be pos-

sible that the souls and minds of her kind of people are not sufficiently broad to take in the full meaning of the word freedom. There is but one freedom in the whole world. All distinctive freedom is but limited bondage. To be free in part is to be in part a slave. Mrs. Woodhull claims to be wholly free—to be an individual sovereign in every way which pertains to individual freedom. But when she deals with matters which belong to association, none will be found more willing to defer to its legitimate demands—always, however, reserving the right to object to illegitimate things.

The following resolutions, introduced at the Apollo Hall Convention by Paulina Wright Davis, cover the whole theory of freedom—of which free-love and political freedom are only parts. Can Mrs. Livermore grasp the idea?

FREEDOM TO DO RIGHT.

Resolved, That the basis of order is freedom from bondage; not, indeed, of such "order" as reigned in Warsaw, which grew out of the bondage; but of such order as reigns in Heaven, which grows out of that developed manhood and womanhood in which each becomes "a law unto himself."

Resolved, That freedom is a principle, and that as such it may be trusted to ultimate in harmonious social results, as in America, in harmonious and beneficent political results; that it has not hitherto been adequately trusted in the social domain, and that the woman's movement means no less than the complete social as well as the political enfranchisement of mankind.

Resolved, That the evils, sufferings and disabilities of women, as well as of men, are social still more than they are political, and that a statement of woman's rights which ignores the right of self-ownership as the first of all rights is insufficient to meet the demand, and is ceasing to enlist the enthusiasm and even the common interest of the most intelligent portion of the community.

Resolved, That the principle of freedom is one principle, and not a collection of many different and unrelated principles; that there is not at bottom one principle of freedom of conscience as in Protestantism, and another principle of freedom from slavery as in Abolitionism, another of freedom of locomotion as in our dispensing in America with the passport system of Europe, another of the freedom of the press as in Great Britain and America, and still another of social freedom at large, but that freedom is one and indivisible, and that slavery is so also; that freedom and bondage, or restriction, is the alternative and the issue alike in every case; and that if freedom is good in one case it is good in all; that we in America have builded on freedom, politically, and that we cannot consistently recoil from that expansion of freedom which shall make it the basis of all our institutions; and finally, that so far as we have trusted it, it has proved in the main safe and profitable.

While Mrs. Livermore and others labor for that special freedom which finds expression politically, we, with others, labor for the principle entire and for its application to all things related to human life and experience.

The same idea of freedom in regard to love was put before the public in the columns of Mrs. Livermore's *Woman's Journal*, of which we imagine she must have been slightly oblivious when she stood up to denounce Mrs. Woodhull for advocating and practicing a no broader theory—for advocating a greater than political freedom—regarding love than is the following:

"The love that I cannot command is not mine; let me not disturb myself about it, nor attempt to filch it from the rightful owner. A heart that I supposed mine has drifted and gone. Shall I go in pursuit? Shall I forcibly capture the truant, and transfix it with the barb of my selfish affection, pin it to the wall of my chamber? God forbid! Rather let me leave my doors and windows open, intent only on living so nobly that the best cannot fail to be drawn to me by an irresistible attraction." Here is the ring of a true and noble soul that must draw "irresistibly" kindred souls to itself. This is all we have asked or ever expect will be realized by our ideal womanhood—our perfected social system: the law of love, supreme above all selfishness, drawing to itself irresistibly, and holding by its supreme power heart to heart and soul to soul in deathless embrace.

Really, Mrs. Livermore, it is a rather delicate thing for the "pot to call the kettle black," or for those "who live in glass-houses to throw stones," and you very well know that most people do live in these brittle tenements. Mrs. Woodhull, however, wishes to most distinctly assert that the freedom she claims for herself she as freely accords to everybody else, and that she will throw no stones, except to protect her own house; and that as she does not assume "to be without sin among you," she will not throw the first stone at anybody. We desire to correct Mrs. Livermore in her statement that this paper "claims to lead in the movement." It never made any such claim, and does not now make it. It has always been free and independent of all movements, and will always remain so. But this assertion only maintains the standard of truth, honesty and sincerity which of late Mrs. Livermore has followed whenever she has referred to us. She has one merit at least—she is consistent in her determination to be unjust. But she may rest assured that her attempts, whatever they may be, if not based on the desire for truth, will not redound to her benefit ultimately, no matter how much present good they may seem to give in vitality to the question of suffrage, which is but a "side-issue" when compared with Social Reconstruction entire.

Bowen's bigamy case proves the facility with which irregular divorces can be obtained. Everyone knew that before Bowen was brought into court. What does the use of these very facilities and the number of divorces prove? They prove the larger number who would get them if they could, did not poverty and social opinion prevent. Men and women do not seek divorces without motive. If they abhor each other, they cannot by compulsion be retained in bonds of love—scarcely in bonds of outwardly decent observance. There is need of amendment.

A NEW GOVERNMENT AND THE COSMOPOLITICAL PARTY.

NO. VI.

MONEY, FINANCE, EQUILIBRIUM.

[CONCLUDED.]

Everybody who knows anything about the relations of money to the people prefers such a money as we have indicated to all other kinds. It is really the greenback system extended to all uses for which money is required, and to which is given a fixed measure of value. All people at present interested in national banks and high interest-paying bonds are constitutionally opposed to such a change in our money system. This, however, should not deter its introduction and use. The people's welfare is what should be consulted, and made the test of all propositions that are to become theirs to practice under. National banks and all banks of issue, with their drain upon the people to make their immense profits, should be done away, and banks simply as depositories for the accommodation of the people alone exist.

But one of the chief benefits which would come to the people from the proposed currency would be the interest which would accrue to the government—all the people—for the use of this money. In other words, all the interest now paid to banks of issue for loans would, for the same convenience, be paid to the government. A part of the people, for the use of money belonging to all the people, themselves inclusive, would pay interest to the government therefor. And what more legitimate method of governmental support than this, if by it all other means of taxation could be annulled?

Some object that the very numerous and intricate methods which it would require should be resorted to would prove unmanageable, and that corruption would inevitably creep in and undermine its usefulness. Let such consider our almost perfect postal system, and how well-balanced are all its movements and checks, and find therein their answer. Would there be more intricacy in the proposed system than there now is in the present? Do not all national banks, though nominally distinct, really have a common fountain head in government? Does not all their currency come from government? Suppose all these banks, instead of being independent institutions, were an organized system, having a common head, as the banks of New York City virtually have in the Clearing House. Would not that be a condition so nearly related to the system which would be required as to show its entire practicability?

This system of finance would be the grand exemplification of the system which has been put forth called "Mutual Banking." For all the people comprising the nation are united in uttering a currency for common use, of which, if individuals require more than they chance to possess, they can obtain it from the government by securing its return and paying the standard interest.

With such a currency system once inaugurated, the country would begin a gradual process of general prosperity. Wealth, instead of accumulating in a few hands, would continually tend to an equal distribution among all producing people. A large part of the speculative mania would be rendered futile, and those now devoting all their time to hatching schemes by which to defraud the producing classes of their wealth, would be compelled to turn producers themselves. It is calculated that one-tenth of the adult male population of this country is engaged in speculative pursuits. In other words, they "live and grow fat" from those who are engaged in production. It should be the object of all reform to make a nearer approach to a system of complete justice and a perfect equity. Any reform that does not base itself upon such a proposition and whose outlook is not in this direction is no reform, does not deserve the serious attention of any. There is scarcely an idea prevalent in the community of what true justice and equity consist. But it may be stated as follows: No person has any just claim to the ownership of anything which he did not produce or which he did not acquire by an equitable exchange of something which he did produce. Tested by this rule, the accumulated wealth of the world is in unjust hands; it is held by those who have a no better title thereto than if they had actually stolen it. That is the word which best expresses the manner of its obtainment. It has been fraudulently obtained. And one of the most effective methods of remedying this growing evil is to attain to a true money system—one founded in the requirements to be met and based upon that which it is to represent—that which it is to be used to exchange. Anything that departs from these standards is not scientific money. That which has these for its standards is a scientific money. For there are requirements to be met and means are invented having in view the principle of adaptation of means to ends.

Aside from all that has been said, there is a general principle rising into the comprehension of humanity which must of necessity dethrone that which has so long been worshipped as the money god. The day for arbitrary rule and standards is drawing to a close, whether they be standards of materiality or spirituality; of morals or intellect; of despotism or democracy. Gold is an arbitrary money standard, and with all others of like character must fall. The tendency of the world is against it, and its doom is already sealed. It has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

The interest of the common people, who should always

hear every new Christ, gladly demands a reform in our monetary and financial systems. We are aware, however, that there is a deal of prejudice in their minds in favor of "hard money," and they must be awakened to the fact that hard money is a myth—a play-upon-words—a deception practiced upon them by those who have played the part of "the appropriators of wealth" for these many years, and who would still continue to filch year after year all that the "toiling millions" can compel nature to yield up to them. In this process the laboring classes are the mere avenues through which the earth pours its wealth into the coffers of the capitalists.

Justice for the wealth-producers is what we demand, and as one of the most important means of securing it we propose as the next plank of The Cosmopolitical Platform: A reform in our system of finance, by which the arbitrary standard of ancient and feudal despotisms shall be removed; by which the true source of wealth shall become the basis and the security of a national currency, which shall be made convertible into a national bond, bearing such a rate of interest while in the hands of the people as shall secure an equilibrium between the demands of all the varieties of exchanges, and between the supply of money by which to effect them, the bond being also convertible into money again at the pleasure of the holder, by which system of adjustment "Plenty," equally with "Tightness," shall be banished from the financial centres of the country; and which in its practical workings shall secure such pecuniary equality between the employing and laboring classes as will forever make poverty and its long list of consequent ills impossible in our country.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, May 29, 1871.

MY DEAR MRS. WOODHULL:

Sympathizing as I do with your mode of treating the great reformatory questions of the day generally, you will pardon me for offering a friendly criticism in regard to the only one which I have engaged in actively, or feel competent to discuss, and perhaps find some new light which may be of service.

I refer to the financial question, as it appears in your last number on page 8, in which you object to the use of gold as money, and to the issue of notes by banking institutions.

My own mind did not obtain rest on this question of money until I separated it from the term currency, and made it simply the measure or standard, by which prices could be expressed with currency, which consists of all those things with which we effect our commercial transactions, and which promises to give when mature, or payable, the same value we could obtain for gold itself. The bank-note has really no more power than the check, or other paper, convertible at the clearing-house into funds equal to gold, and is not any more money. It has more general acceptance if issued by responsible parties, and especially if it is accepted as it should be for government revenues; and therefore becomes the leading kind of currency, and determines the character or quality of all other kinds which are practically convertible into notes; or, at any rate, into bankable funds.

In order to secure the issue of just the right quantity of this kind of paper, and of such quality that all can take it safely, and dispense, as you and I desire to do, as far as possible with gold, I have proposed to confine the issue of notes to such as can deposit with the proper officer an amount of valuable securities in addition to the working capital of the bank, sufficient to make it safe for the government to promise that when they reach their natural clearing-house, or commercial centre, they shall be as good as specie bonds to the holder, or the banker pay a penalty for failure which would render the second offence impossible; and we should also require that there should be a reasonable proportion of the profit on the circulation of the notes paid into the treasury, leaving a sum sufficient to compensate the banker for his expense and risk, but not enough to tempt over-issue for profit.

My belief is, that although not so much as five per cent. of our real currency consists of notes, there might be, under a proper system, as much as 1,000 millions of dollars kept in constant use, and a revenue of four per cent. per annum derived from their circulation, say forty millions of dollars.

Take your own house, or any other which has means, and propose that, under a general free law, the notes will be supplied, provided there is first, real loanable capital; and second, an amount of other property which can be pledged for your proper performance of duty, as our agent in issuing the notes.

All we ask is, that you shall make the notes equal to specie at the Clearing House, and all you have to do is to take the right kind of commercial paper. Is not that true?

It does not appear to me that we have anything to say about the number of banks, their location, amount of capital, amount of loans, notes issued, amount of idle reserves, rate of interest paid or received, or other matters of constantly varying detail; but that all these, so long as you redeem the notes, will properly adjust themselves by the action of the natural laws of trade.

And it also seems as if the redemption of your own notes promptly could compel payment at maturity of all other paper, and thus lessen the danger of inflation and over-trading. The amount of your notes, as well as that of all other paper, would depend upon the magnitude of our transactions, and I trust we shall agree that there is no other paper standard. Legislation cannot do it, any more than it can

determine the value of gold, which, as you have well said, depends upon supply and demand, and varies according to the amount of labor required for production.

There is, perhaps, less reaction than there would be with any other substance yet known, on account of its great fluidity, or the readiness with which it goes where it is wanted, and therefore it is accepted as money. But, its use as currency, or as a basis of our currency, in the shape of idle reserves, I think ought to be discouraged, and I shall hope that you may see the possibility of doing this, if we can but get our government back to the old standard, and then provide for the issue of notes, as I have already proposed.

If it does not appear plain to you, and you cannot obtain some corresponding or similar idea from friends in the other world whom you can trust, then perhaps you will permit me to explain further.

My only purpose, so far as I know myself, is to place the real truth before the conductors of the public journals, hoping that, sooner or later, it may be accepted. I have no personal ambition, and am only fighting as a private in the great battle for true freedom, in which you are so earnestly engaged. You have, as I said at first, my entire sympathy in your purposes, and I offer this only because, from my taste and long-continued intimacy with financial questions, I may claim to have some right to speak upon them.

Truly and respectfully yours,

DAVID WILDER.

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

WORDS.

BY JULIETTE T. BURTON.

There's ne'er a word that has been told,
Which, spoken through a spirit cold
Or warm, has ever yet been lost;
But either sighs and tears have cost,
Or smiles and pleasant fancies brought.

A word! why, 'tis as mighty as a fire
Of great proportion; in its ire
Burning out all the gladdest things
That rich enthusiasm brings;
Heaping ashes where ambition grew,
Where hope was leaving grief in lieu.

A word has crushed the tender bloom
Of love; has hastened to a doom
Obscure sweet aspiration; and
Has still a very keen demand
For human sympathy, and laid
Ground for misanthropy instead.

Again, a single word reversed
Has copious streams afresh coerced,
Toward all that fills the widest scope
Of joy, philanthropy and hope;
Has turned a widow's drooping weed
To consolation's richest seed;

Has crushed to atoms grim despair,
And from the ruins built things rare;
Has scattered to the winds mistrust,
And wove a fabric of staunch trust;
And harmonized and humanized and fed
The spirit, till to God 'twas led.

WOMEN who get into a full car or stage do so at the peril of not finding a seat. True, that a man with a sense of decent courtesy will not allow a woman to remain standing unless he be himself really tired after his day's work. In this respect the workingmen are quite as polite as, relatively more so, than their brothers in broadcloth. But women have, in a great degree, brought incivility on themselves. They are unthankful for small favors, and specially uncourteous to one another. Men will take note, however, that, over and above the question of self-sacrifice, the first element in a noble, chivalrous character, women are disqualified by their physical structure from swinging and jolting about on their feet in vehicles, particularly while they wear that vile invention, the high-heeled boot. It is true that they need not ride when the car is filled. In other words, in our present state of locomotion, they can walk. No man will say that. Women be grateful; men be considerate!

IN WISCONSIN there are probably not fewer than 20,000 women at work in the field. They are not only Germans, Irish and Scandinavians, but Yankees; not only the poor, but thousands of the fair and intelligent classes. When the pinch comes, it is common for girls to hang up the rolling-pin, shut up the piano, and go to the field and help their fathers. They ride a reaper as skillfully as any man; they rake and bind dexterously; they direct the cultivator; they run the threshing machine; they pitch the bundles; in extreme need, they can give their arms and ingenuity to that bucolic architecture, building the load and stack. A blue-eyed girl in central Wisconsin last year sheared forty sheep in a day and received \$4 for it. A hundred thousand Western women are working in the field this season.

GREAT JOY.—The thieves, prize ring supporters, and rowdies and roughs generally, are in great ecstasies over the departure of Judge Dowling. If they could only get rid of Giant Judge Bedford, they would hold high carnival in the city of New York.

OUR INDIAN TROUBLES, THEIR COST.

\$30,000,000 ANNUALLY WASTED.

BY J. B. WOELF.

We make a startling declaration, and yet a true one. There is no department of our government where there is such unjustifiable and unproductive expenditure of means as in the management of our Indian affairs. If we put the expenses at the moderate sum of \$10,000,000 per annum as an average, it reaches the enormous amount of \$1,000,000,000 in 100 years. But when we come to see that a single year has cost one-tenth of that, and that for years it has exceeded \$40,000,000, we will begin to comprehend the magnitude of the expense and the necessity of reform.

From the beginning of the government there has been but little use for a standing army, except for the use of the Indian management. It is, therefore, time that nearly all the military expenses, during times of peace, are chargeable to the Indian Department.

According to Giddings, the Florida war cost \$100,000,000. There were about 495 warriors to whip; we lost 1,800 soldiers, besides citizens; killed less than 100 Indians; and conquered a peace by capturing Ocoola while under the protection of a flag of truce. Is not this a beautiful picture? Fifteen men, and \$1,000,000 for every Indian killed, and a success secured by a violation of the principles of honorable warfare. This occurred under the administration of Van Buren, and the military command of General Jessup. It is well to remind posterity, that this was the war of extraordinary resources and strategy; that blood-hounds and treachery were the weapons with which a great nation and a great army conquered a handful of savages, whose chief offense was that they refused to render back fugitives from the legal justice of slavery.

We will be pardoned for digressing here to say, that Ocoola, the chief of the Seminoles, when he found himself perfidiously betrayed into the hands of his enemies, utterly refused to eat the bread of treachery, and, literally, STARVED TO DEATH! A monument is his due; oblivion is his reward. A greater may have been, but a braver never. Blood-hounds, Treachery and Starvation were the legitimate auxiliaries of this infamous war, and equally in amous waste of life and treasure. Its history is one of the darkest spots in the civilization of the century. We shall find, as we proceed, that all our Indian affairs have been managed with the same reckless disregard of life and expenses. A fair estimate will show that we have paid on an average, at least, \$500,000 in money for every dead Indian, and interest at the rate of two whites for each Indian killed by the regular army in fair fighting. For we cannot include, in regular and legitimate warfare, the entrapping and attacking of camps of old men, women and children, sick with smallpox, and unconscious of impending danger, and their indiscriminate slaughter by the soldiers of a civilized and Christian nation. It can then, with these exceptions, and in accordance with the primary allegation, be demonstrated that we are paying the price named for dead Indians; and it can and will be shown that all this expense utterly fails to accomplish the results for which it is intended. The costs of our Indian affairs include the permanent investments in the forts, post, camps and munitions of war; the direct expense of the army, the annuities, the salaries of the agents and superintendents; together with the Indian Bureau, under the jurisdiction of the Secretary of the Interior. All these are parts of one "stupendous whole," whose body money is, and gain the soul. We are not permitted to enter the secret archives, and drag forth to the sunlight, from their hiding places, all the facts in detail, which go to make up the sum of this villainy and mismanagement; but we have secured a sufficient amount to enable us to sustain our affirmation. And here we will say, that every department of the government should be compelled to publish an accurate statement of all its transactions quarterly, and these should be in such form and place that any citizen desiring to investigate the doings of public servants could do so without hindrance. But we mean this subject for a future and separate article.

But before proceeding to details, let us inquire what all this expenditure is about. There are scattered over the domain claimed by the United States, much of which still remains in the hands of the original proprietors, about 500,000 Indians all told. One hundred thousand of these, it protected from the whites, would be self-supporting by civilized methods; 75,000 of these have no agents, and transact their own business with the government through their own delegates. Among these 75,000, there is little crime, no absolute want and more general and equitable distribution of the comforts of life than can be found in any ordinary town or city of the United States. They have legislatures, laws, courts, high and common schools, banks, manufactures, commerce, in fact, all the conditions of self-support; these, therefore, cannot be considered in our estimate of the number of the wards of the nation. There are 200,000, more or less, who would be self-supporting in their normal state if simply let alone; and there exists no reason for disturbing them. We have now reduced the wards proper to 200,000.

But we must not stop here; for not one-half of these are very refractory. Here, then, we have the tempest in the teapot. A great nation of 40,000,000 of people without ability to manage 200,000 untutored savages, without less than \$30,000,000 and about 500 lives per annum. Admitting the cost as low as stated above, it would make \$150 per capita—men, women and children. But taking the estimate of Commissioner Taylor and other competent men, this cost falls little short of \$50,000,000 per annum, or nearly double the sum assumed.

But as it is our purpose to fall below rather than exceed the actual cost, we purpose to furnish the authorized data on which our calculations are based, which will show that we are safe in assuming that the actual cost is over \$40,000,000 per annum, or one-third the entire expenses of the government. By this rule we have \$2 per capita for government expenses of whites, and \$200 to govern Indians. This is much of an elephant which tax-payers have to support.

AN ESSAY ON GOVERNMENT BY SARAH E. SOMERBY.

Let bigots and conservatives be contented to live only in the past, but let those who feel the living impulses of the present, seek to bring forth and give the world a genuine freedom. There are very few individuals who understand the meaning of that word prated so much about—Freedom! Even here in America, the boasted land of liberty, the word is a misnomer. It means anything and everything, as you have a mind to apply it. But we do not intend in this essay to deal metaphysically, but will apply our logic to the passing events of the hour. What are the demands of to-day? One of its demands are for women. That she shall have a voice in all the political and civil institutions of our land. There are a few who demand this, the majority of our women have not yet asked for the ballot. Either they have not yet considered the subject, or are doubtful as to the benefit to be derived from it. Let me then ask of those who are demanding the elective franchise to look well and deeply into this subject. Let them ask themselves the question, am I capable of daring that which man as yet has failed to do, produce a perfect system of government? That our present system of government failed to meet the wants of humanity is a fact patent to all.

In many respects it sanctions terrible abuses. It allows frauds and evils to fall upon persons who have no voice in the matter, and can find no way of redress. Some will say this is not the result of the system, but of persons who get into office. But is not getting into office a part of the system, and is not any government faulty which puts it into the hands of the few to rule the many? How are our elections gained. More by excitement than sober, common sense. The free use of money, noise of bells, music, fire rockets, and plenty of whiskey are the means used to gain and success. Bad persons sit in legislative halls, whilst good ones, who are above such petty meanness, are left at home. Dishonest politicians care little for our laws or institutions. If they can make money, they will override and overrule them all. Individuals in power will administer laws according to their own interpretation of them, and their selfish interests will be maintained at the expense of those who have no way of remedying the evil. Why, I would ask, are so many persons entirely devoid of honor and integrity foisted into office by political tricksters, and those who have some petty plan or fraudulent speculations to which they wish to gain the government's sanction, and from which they will realize large sums of money, and will reward their constituents accordingly. Indeed does not our government on the whole seek more to extend its territory, and get rich as a nation, than it does of expressing and administering unto the needs of humanity? I am aware that there are in our midst many praters and babblers about philanthropy and justice. I do not wish to follow in their track, but I do wish to call upon the best minds of this age, both men and women, and ask them to solve the problem from whence these evils arise, and what we shall do to extirpate them? Will the few women who will use the ballot be able to purge and purify the system of these corruptions? No! it cannot be done! It is not in the power of the political parties of to-day to remedy the evil. The love of party-power is so great that it swallows up all sense of honor and justice. Good men are every year ceasing to use the elective franchise, and for the very reason that its power is made by designing men ineffectual in gaining the object for which it was intended. But, says one, what do you propose to do? give up all forms of government? Not quite that, but I would do away with a system so complicated in its machinery that even the best of minds get engulfed in its intricacies, and know not how to find their way out. Any government which does not realize and express the needs of its people, must necessarily become onerous and burdensome. The reason women to-day are asking for their rights, is because under the present form of government they have never been fully represented; neither can they ever be under a man-made government—it is all and ever has been one-sided. It is masculine, representing force and subjugation. This may have been well enough for a time, when a rude and untraversed country was to be subdued. In those times woman needed all her vitality to keep the home, and raise children to people this growing country. As long as men did their duty well, women was unmindful that her voice should be heard in making laws. But now that great wrongs obtain among us, in the shape of war, rapine, and murder,

she feels that the Lord will not hold her guiltless if she sit quietly by and offer no protest. And now, women of America, in what shape, and how, shall our protest be made? I would utter mine against a government founded on force and military despotism; might, never made right, nor never will. The sooner we learn this, and seek to rectify our mistake, the sooner we shall have peace and harmony. There is no reason why women should not join with man in adjudicating, and settling all difficulties, and now that our political questions are involving social and moral ones, it is high time that she made herself heard and felt as a power in the nation. And now the question comes, how, and in what way is it best for us to express ourselves? If you can show me that it is best to follow existing parties I would be willing to do so, but as yet I fail to see good resulting from such a course, but I am fully and irrevocably committed to the cause of freedom. That is my watchword, and I will follow it, for it only develops truth. Freedom first politically, then socially and morally. Now, as I have said before, the parties to-day have no power to remedy the evil. Then would it not be best for all good men and women, who see this fact, to unite themselves in one party founded on justice and truth, as taught in the unerring laws of nature? A party which shall revolutionize and change our present form of government, expunge and repeal all laws which do not represent and express every individual. In order to do this we need an army of brave men and women, persons who are uncompromising in their integrity, who see that truth needs no policy or expediency, but naked and alone conquers all difficulties—men and women who cannot be bought and sold to the highest bidders. God grant that we may find many such in this hour of our peril. I feel and know that every right belongs to me that man possesses, and I feel my capability of using and applying my mind to every measure of reform equally with him. If I am kept from using the ballot, no one can keep me from studying political economy, or showing grave errors which exist in all departments of a government of which I am a participant. I cannot but look at this beautiful structure as perfect as possible, perhaps under the times and conditions which gave it birth. But now it has become ill-proportioned, its timbers are rotten, and its walls are hung with dust and cobwebs. The noble men who gave us the Declaration of Independence, and founded our Constitution, have given place to a set of political hucksters, vermin of the lobby, bloated corporations, railroad kings, and corrupt judges. When these knaves, and fools, can ride roughshod over them all, political demagogues can and do have the power to involve us in great swindles, and gigantic wars. Let us for a moment look at the war through which we have just passed, with its loss of half a million of men, and thousands of millions of treasure. And I here make bold to say, had the true desires of those murdered men been known, it was not to go to war and kill their brothers, but the majority of them were drafted, bought and compelled to go—the rich, and those who could obtain money, by any means, bought their substitutes. No; life is dearer to men than money; the home circle is the seat of life, and it should ever be cherished. Has woman no right to say whether she will give up her husband, sons, and brothers, to be starved, burned, and slaughtered? Have thousands of good and true men and women no right to be heard against this wholesale bloodshed? If this subject had been looked at from all standpoints, fully considered, we should rise up *en masse* and declare against it. And now, even now, while the tocsin of war in Europe is still sounding, and we in this country have just emerged from a terrible war, we know not how soon we may be involved in another. The very existence of standing armies presuppose war; the military tactics and daily drills fire the passions of men for a field of actions. Let us look for one moment at the immense cost of the preparations and executing of war. The sums of money expended would give a home and educate every poor person in the land. The cost of our late war would have bought every slave in the South, and here I deny that any real benefit has, or ever can be, derived from fighting. If the few are benefited it is at the expense of the many, therefore it cost more than it comes to. But it is not my intention here to dwell upon the exegesis of war. I have said enough to prove that our government is every day growing more and more despotic. Our Constitution declares that we have a right to life, liberty and happiness. I have shown that under this government individuals are deprived of all of these. Then where is our freedom, our liberty or our happiness? We shall not find it by mingling in the unclean and unrighteous political organizations of to-day—from them we shall gain nothing. They must go on from worse to worse, until they break to pieces, by their great wrongs and injustice. Then while this disintegration is taking place, let us men and women of the future lay our plans for the good time coming. Let those who feel the life-throbs of a genuine freedom, study well how to bring forth and develop a new and glorious republic, in which every man, woman and child shall be fully and rightly represented. Men and women represent the positive and negative forces of nature, and must act conjointly to produce anything perfect. When this is fully understood and acted upon, we shall be able to produce a system of government which shall bear equally alike upon all. We shall then see and understand that no one can obtain anything at the expense of another, without doing an equal injustice to both parties.

Then let those of us who feel and know that which I have

said is true, bend all our energies to tearing down the false and rearing up the true. We want men and women who dare speak the truth in the face of any and all opposition; who will unmask fraud and deception wherever they find it. We do not need an arbitrary system of government, but we need councils, suggestion and conferences of the best minds among us concerning all matters relating to the welfare of humanity. We have now in our midst a true democracy, a love of country and a grand patriotism. This exists among the laboring classes, those who get their living honestly and not by public plunder. Let the genius of America, composed of the great, grand and good of both sexes, call this power into action, give it full sway to express itself, make known its wants and desires, and soon it will free the land of corruption, and tyranny will give place to justice and freedom. It has been repeatedly said that women possess more purity than men. I think that such a statement is the result of illegal reasoning. We cannot arrive at a just estimate of the fact only as we make the same conditions and circumstances to bear equally on both. All men and women should have alike the responsibilities of life. If woman mingles more in State affairs, and helps to lift the burden from man's shoulders, he will have more time to share with her the pleasures and duties of home. How true it is that as fast as a man-made government has become one-sided and demoralized, so is the social circle; and a woman-made home will become equally so. The home sphere does not sufficiently enlarge the intellect of women, neither does State affairs develop a true-love nature in man. Therefore these two conditions must be commingled in order to enlarge the natures of both men and women. The sexes, as yet, have never truly understood the relation they bear to each other, neither can they till they have perfect freedom of action in every department of life. The talk of getting out of one's sphere is nonsense, and arises from the prejudices of ignorant people; these prejudices must and will give way before the light of reason and common sense.

The life of a nation is as the life of an individual. We learn wisdom by our experience. If we are able, through suffering, to make a just discrimination between good and evil, we shall learn to seek for the one and avoid the other. I know that this knowledge only comes through long and bitter experience; but the wise and good among us are not few—they are many. There is a deep undercurrent of justice and truth underlying even the present disintegrating state of society, and as the hard crust of selfishness and tyranny falls off, it will give place to the warm sunshine of a true humanity and a genuine freedom. All I have to ask here is for men and women who see the truth and love it, to hold themselves aloof from that which is evil and in the end always brings disaster and defeat. There is an old saying that if you come to two roads, and know not which to take, stand still and take neither until you find out. It is better to stand still than to rush into difficulties.

That woman will have her political rights is only a question of time. Nothing can keep her from it. Having long ago settled that in my own mind, my essay has not been to argue how we shall get the ballot, but as to how we should use it when we have it.

These few thoughts I leave with you for your careful consideration.

MORITURUS.

A SPRING LAMENT.

The sweet, wild pansies bloom upon the meadows,
The happy sunshine flits in lights and shadows,
The song-birds, in this sweet spring-tide of flowers,
Wake hope and joyance in the morning hours.

The late hill-snows are melting to the river,
Into the Ocean of the Past forever;
The spring grows warm, and I but linger here,
A fluttering leaflet in the fresh, green year.

Yet still the sweet, old beauty sets one yearning—
Almost I feel the lusty life returning;
And fain would sing, swan-like, ere yet I die,
One last, low note of lingering melody.

The bright birds round my casement-pane beguiling
The hours in grateful indolence—the smiling
Bursts of sunshine, as they come and go,
Warm my chill heart with an ecstatic glow.

Oh! to be up, and staff in hand a-roaming
My heathy hills from morning-tide till gloaming!
Oh! for another stroll in this sweet spring,
That mocks me thus with its glad welcoming!

Must it be so—that this young hour of dreaming,
That this sweet snatch of Paradise unseemingly,
A living hope in every transient breath,
Must melt into the shadow-land of death?

I have my sunshine and my golden meadows—
I feel the darkness of the coming shadows;
The good, sweet company I loved of yore
Fades fastly from me now, forever more.

And this is life, and this a poet's yearning!
Is it, ye gifted, worth such passionate earning?
Still, the great heart, the noble voice shall give
A watchword to the younger ones that live.

Bloom, my sweet meadows! Ring, my loved spring voices!
Oh, blessed earth! wherein one heart rejoices;
The passing soul, in thy glad welcoming,
Sees but the dawning of the Eternal Spring!

—Once a Week.

THE ORDER OF EQUALITY AND JUSTICE.

We take pleasure in presenting to our readers in this week's issue, the platform of the Order of Equality and Justice. We understand that this order lies back of and underneath all of the movements of the working women of Boston, whose sole battle cry, during the last three years, has been "JUSTICE AND NOT CHARITY." We do not know the number of its members, or any of its secrets, only that on its broad platform stand many of our noblest and most influential men and women, who have the true interests of the working people at heart, and who believe that the interests of the capitalist and the laborer are identical. No one can take exception to the purpose of this Order, whatever may have been their feeling toward secret societies heretofore:

PLATFORM OF THE ORDER OF EQUALITY AND JUSTICE.

It is our aim to secure "the supremacy of man over his accidents."

To free laboring men and women from the tyranny of capital, and to deliver both the working people and the capitalists from the immoralities which are consequent upon that tyranny:

To emancipate woman, or the female-man, and to place her in her appropriate sphere, as the natural and necessary complement and equal of the masculine man; and,

In general—To secure even justice to all classes and persons who are oppressed by the existing false civilization.

We hold that charity, when it takes the form of organized alms-giving as a substitute for organized justice, and gives back to labor what has been filched from it by organized oppression, becomes an outrage and a fraud, and is an addition of insult to injury.

We hold that such organized charity tends, on the one hand, to demoralize the rich and the powerful, blinding their eyes to the iniquity of their privileges, and, on the other hand, to degrade the recipients of the bounty, who, by accepting back a part of their own product (not as a right, but as a favor, when they are justly entitled to the whole) sanction the existing outrages of civilization, and humiliate themselves in their own eyes, by wounding their own self-respect.

We hold that the present condition of the oppressed classes is such, that it has become both their interest and their duty to demand justice as divorced from mercy. We hold, also, that, if justice were done, the wronged people would be in a position to extend christian charity, alms-giving and mercy to the oppressors who have robbed and coerced them from generation to generation.

We demand the shortening of the time of daily toil, that the laboring people may be able to restore the balance of their moral, intellectual and physical natures, which, in many of them (for instance, in some of the women and children employed at long hours by the chartered corporations) has become profoundly disordered by habits (often handed down from parent to child through many generations) of unduly prolonged work in avocations which demand, in predominance, the exercise of the physical faculties.

We demand, also, that the relations of the production, exchange and distribution of wealth shall be regulated anew, and on the principles of exact justice.

We do not ask for a community of goods; and we do not require that any member of this organization should divest herself, or himself, of her, or his, property, to the value of a single cent, for the benefit of the poorer members. We look for an organic change in the social order, consequent upon rejuvenation of the christian religion; and, until that change occurs, the richer members of this society are acknowledged to have the same right, in this association, to administer and control their own wealth, in accordance with their own private convictions of duty, without being influenced by the private or collective opinion of the poorer members (provided they do not intentionally employ it to defeat any of the general aims of the association), as the poorer members have to support their poverty with dignity.

Entertaining these sentiments, we uphold this institution, not as a sure asylum for the distressed (which it certainly is not), nor as a charitable organization, but as a union of sisters and brothers, who meet freely on the broad basis of equality for the furtherance of general aims.

Inside the four walls which bound the covenanted area of our equality, the members are all of them sisters and brothers; but, outside those walls, they extend to each other such fraternity as may be commanded by their own convictions of duty, or, where the voice of conscience is silent, such fraternity as may accord with their own inclinations. Mere membership in this organization shall never imply constrained social recognition, or the privilege of asking charity as a right. No assessments, in money, except the *pro rata* contribution of each member to defray the necessary expenses of the meetings, shall be levied on any member without her or his individual consent. At no regular meeting shall there be any business transacted, having for its object the private emolument or secular advancement of any member or members.

The rights of a minority, if that minority consist of but a single person, shall always be respected. Energetic action, and sacrifices, shall be demanded from the officers only, or from those who are clothed with honor and distinction by the

association, and never from those who are timid and retiring, or from those who prefer to remain in obscurity. The association demands willing service, and will accept no other; and it is instituted, not for the organization of a tyranny to be exercised by the officers, or by the majority, but for the comfort, consolation and moral growth of each and all.

Restless energy, the love of responsibility and distinction, and the desire of usefulness, tempered with the sentiment of justice, shall be regarded in this institution as indications of strength, and of capacity for office and honor. And the by-laws and regulations of the society shall be so constructed as to place in the hands of officers, especially of the president, the greatest possible number of the elements of sovereignty, and, at the same time, to absolutely guarantee the private liberties of the individual members.

Ambition, emulation, the love of distinction, and other like energetic sentiments, which are powerful either for good or for evil, as they may be directed, shall be steadily watched in this association, in order that they may be kept within due bounds, and properly utilized for the common good.

Gratitude, a reverence for all excellence, delicacy of sentiment, tenderness of feeling, sincerity, charity in forming judgments of character, patience, unobtrusiveness, fidelity to contracts, and whatever else is, or ought to be, of good repute, shall be steadily encouraged in this organization.

Envy, jealousy, malice, hatred, unkindness, and all iniquity which is, or ought to be, of evil repute, shall be steadily discountenanced in this organization.

Proposals for membership shall lie over, and be reported upon by a committee; and no person shall be admitted as a member except by a two-thirds vote of the members present at a meeting duly notified beforehand to act upon the application.

No person, not of lawful age, is eligible to membership.

Ancient custom shall have the force of positive regulation, and shall not be overruled, except by a two-thirds vote.

The Platform is the matter of the contract on which this society is founded; and it shall be, therefore, forever unalterable, except by the unanimous consent of all of the active members of the organization.

Any member who, by impoliteness, headstrong obstinacy, or other evil behavior, shall make herself, or himself, intolerably uncomfortable to the rest of the members, may be suspended from membership for such time as the society may decree by a two-thirds vote.

Any person may withdraw from the organization, or from any particular branch of it, by submitting a written statement of the fact of her, or his, withdrawal, together with a signed obligation not to divulge (except in giving testimony before a competent tribunal) to any person not of the society from which she, or he, withdraws, anything or any part of anything which has come under her, or his, observation, or to her, or his knowledge, at the private meetings of such society.

We, the undersigned, women and men, standing on the foregoing Platform, having the aims, holding the views, and making the demands therein stated, do hereby agree and covenant with each other, that we will, in our stated confidential meetings, respect each other's personal and private liberty, regard each other as equals, and treat each other as the grown-up, and reciprocally independent, sisters and brothers of one united, well ordered, moral, high toned and self-respecting Family.

And that we will never, in any way whatsoever, make known (except at the demand of a competent tribunal of justice) to any person not of the Order, anything, or any part of anything, either said or done at any confidential meeting of the Order, or divulge any action or any part of any action, that the Order may take, or may have taken.

And we do further covenant and agree, that we will cheerfully submit to such necessary discipline as shall be in accordance with the constitution unanimously adopted by the members of the Order.

To the performance of all this, we pledge our sacred honor.

THE WORKINGMEN of the Ninth District of this city have organized a Workingman's Mutual Protective Association; the object of which is to provide workingmen a free library and reading-room, and to discuss questions of importance to the laboring classes. Office-holders and politicians are precluded from becoming members, so as to avoid the possibility of the association ever becoming a political party machine. This is a move in the right direction, and one that ought to be successful. Its success in the Ninth District will lead to its extension to every district in the city.

The promoters are appealing to well-known citizens for means to carry this praiseworthy object into operation, and so far as they have gone have met with decided encouragement; but being workingmen they are dependent upon their evenings to solicit aid, which renders it a naturally slow process. The members so far enrolled are all actual producers.

No subscriptions are received until an amount sufficient to carry the plan of operation into effect appears on the subscription list. We shall report progress of this organization as it proceeds.

Mr. Greeley is spoken of by one of the Western papers as "a pillow of the Universalist Church."

An exchange speaks of Henry Ward Beecher as having a noble seven-by-nine countenance.

INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS vs. THE RIGHTS OF THE COMMUNITY.

THE TEST OF GOVERNMENTAL CONTROL.

THE APPLICATION TO SOCIAL ORDER.

The simple question of marriage is one which is yet to convulse the world. Marriage, in its natural sense, is one of the most easily comprehended and easily applied of all the relations of life. It is the attempt made to compel nature to conform to arbitrary law that is producing the conditions which may ultimate in social anarchy; or which, if people will turn to the other alternative—social science—in an immediate reconstruction of society upon the basis it will furnish.

It is attempted by the conservatism of the age to prevent the question of marriage from being considered scientifically and analyzed upon the basis of fact. All facts are required, instead, to be subservient to a law which is enforced without any regard whatever to nature.

A very pertinent question arises at the outset of this subject which requires to be settled before any real progress can be made in reaching the legitimate general conclusion, and that is: What is marriage? Is it a principle of nature outside of all enacted law? or is it a law outside of all nature? Self-assumed virtue steps up and declares nobody except itself has any right to decide these things, and that everything which does not come to its standard is neither marriage nor law, but license and lust. But, as the formula by which marriage has been consummated has changed at various times during the past, may we not take it for granted that it will also change at some future time. It is, therefore, a legitimate subject for discussion.

It is admitted by everybody that marriage is a union of the opposites in sex; but what constitutes it? Where is the point before reaching which is not marriage; and having passed which, is marriage? It is necessary to determine this before it can be decided what relations law sustains to it. Is it when two meet and realize that the love elements of their natures are harmonious and that they blend into and make one purpose of life? or is it when a soulless form is pronounced over two who know no commingling of life's hopes? Or are both these processes required—first, the marriage union without the law, to be afterward solemnized by the law? If both terms are required, does the marriage continue after the first departs? or if the restrictions of the law are removed and the love continue, does marriage continue? or if the law unites two who hate each other, is that marriage? Thus are presented all the possible aspects of the case. Can the respectable conservatives determine which is marriage?

The courts hold if the law solemnly pronounce two married that they are married. But is this really such a marriage as this enlightened age should demand? It is a stupidly arbitrary law which can find no analogies in nature. Nature proclaims in broadest terms, and all her subjects re-echo the same grand truth, that sexual unions, the result of which may be production, are marriage. By analogy the same law ascends into the sphere of and applies among men and women; for are not they a part and parcel of nature in which this law exists as a principle? This law of nature by which men and women are united by love is God's marriage law, the enactment of men to the contrary notwithstanding. And the precise character of this marriage must be determined by the character of those united.

Either the first or the last proposition must be the true one. Marriage must in reality either consist entirely of law or entirely of nature. There can be no compromises between law and nature. Law cannot change what nature determines. Law cannot compel two to love; in fact, it has nothing at all to do with love or its absence. Love is superior to all law, and so also is hate; therefore, if love have anything to do with marriage, law has nothing; and if law have anything to do with it, love has nothing. And there is no escaping the deduction.

If the test of individual freedom be applied to this matter, will the same deduction be the result? Two persons, a male and a female, meet, and are drawn together by a natural feeling—a mutual attraction—which is denominated love. This is a matter which concerns these two, and no other living soul has any human right to say aye, yes, or no; simply because it is a matter in which none except the two have any connection. It is theirs to decide—to determine—if they shall marry; and if they do so decide, no law which may be in force can any more prevent their union than a human law can prevent the transformation of water into steam, or the confluence of two streams. They marry and obey a higher law than man can make—a law as old as the universe, and as immortal as the elements.

These two unite sexually—are married by nature and by God. This is done, if the marriage be genuine, without any special volition on the part of either; that is, they are married because they love, and they love because they could neither prevent nor assist it. Now, suppose after this marriage has continued an indefinite time, the unity of their natures departs, can they prevent it? It came without their bidding, it may also go without their bidding. And if it go, does not their marriage cease?

In this whole process these two have exercised their right to pursue happiness, and not having infringed upon anyone

else's right to the same, there is no call for law to modify, protect, or punish this exercise. A freedom which belongs to the individual has been exercised, and no other individual's right has been trampled upon. We then must conclude, if individuals have the constitutional right to pursue happiness, that all laws of marriage and divorce are despotic and relics of barbarism; and that instead of such as now exist there should be those enacted to protect individuals in their pursuit of happiness.

Government has duties to perform; no powers or rights to exercise. These belong entirely to individuals whom government represents. It is one of the rights of a citizen to have a voice in determining what the government shall be. Government may regulate the exercise of that right, but cannot prohibit it. To love is a right, higher than any constitutional right. It is a right with which constitutions have nothing to do, because in its very nature it is independent of constitutions and laws, and exists in spite of them. Governments might just as well determine that people shall not think, or how they may think, as to attempt to determine that they shall not love, or how they may love, or that they shall love. When they attempt to deal with these things they depart from their legitimate limit and sphere, and assume the role of the despot.

Even if a majority of the people desire such interference, the matter is no better. Individual rights are interfered with, and no enacted law, no matter how large a part of the community approve it, has any right whatever, under our form of polity, to trespass upon the rights of such as do not give it their support—those who desire to be governed by such, may, but none can be compelled. In other words, the individual has the absolute right, under our government, to pursue happiness in his own way, so long as he remains in his own sphere, and there is no authority or power granted by the Constitution to enact laws to interfere therewith.

Laws for the protection of individuals of the community are eminently wise and proper, and, withal, constitutional; that is to say, in regard to love; that no person should be allowed to compel another to consummate the sexual union against his or her wish and will. Individual tyranny forms no part of the guarantee of, or the right to, individual freedom. And just here is where the stumbling-block about this matter lies.

TENNIE C. CLAFLIN.

I'M GROWING OLD.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

My days pass pleasantly away.
My nights are blessed with sweetest sleep.
I feel no symptoms of decay,
I have no cause to mourn or weep;
My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false nor cold;
And yet of late, I often sigh—
I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy to rhymes,
My growing love of easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
My growing fear of catching cold,
All tell me, in the plainest voice—
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes,
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
I'm growing deeper in my sighs,
I'm growing careless in my dress,
I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing wise, I'm growing—yes—
I'm growing old!

I feel it in my changing taste,
I see it in my changing hair,
I see it in my growing waist,
I see it in my growing hair;
A thousand hints proclaim the truth,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That even in my vaunted youth—
I'm growing old!

Ah me! my very laurels breathe
The tale in my reluctant ears;
And every boon the hours bequeath
But makes me debtor to the years;
When flattery's honeyed words declare
The secret she would fain withhold,
And tell me in "How young you are!"
I'm growing old!

Thanks for the years whose rapid flight
My sombre muse too gladly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That tint the darkness of their wings;
The light that beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly mansions to unfold,
There all are blest and none shall sigh
I'm growing old!

BUSTED.—Thus says the Atlanta Constitution of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN's and the Cosmo political party. Not much. WOODHULL & CLAFLIN's still lives, and exchanges with the Constitution. The Cosmo-political party is not a thing of small-potato politicians, but a matter of truth and principle; the fact is of value, not the name; and the fact survives.

Burglar—Judge Dowling's on the sea.

Prize-Fighter—There let him sink, and be the sea on him.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

No. III.

But how shall we get at the "root of the matter?" There is but one way, and that is to go back to the beginning and build better, by putting no bricks in the walls of the edifice to be erected except such as have been trimmed, squared and tested by the principles upon which all government should be constructed.

The people who maintain the present government in this country are not aborigines. As people they have no primordial right to the soil upon which they live, any more than they have to the air they breathe, which is fully as important to life as is the soil. How comes this distinction made by men between the elements upon which human life depends? How is it that, in an aggregate population of forty millions of individuals, that less than a fortieth part have usurped the right to all the soil which belongs by natural right to the whole? This is an inequality of most alarming proportions. Every fortieth person has usurped the natural rights of the other thirty-nine, and, what is worse than all, they are protected in it by the government.

If a person have in his possession a stolen article, it matters not through how many hands it may have passed, it is nevertheless stolen property and may be reclaimed upon proof of ownership. Now, let us try the professed title to the soil by this rule, never minding the practice by which it was obtained, which, by the way, reminds us of that which prevailed in the armies during the late war: a person would steal a horse and "swap" him, and thus obtain one of his own. Suppose a person were to go into the public domain—there is a great deal of unappreciated meaning in that word—and fence off three hundred and twenty acres of soil and call it his own, and should afterward sell the same to another person, who should take possession thereof, and that not long thereafter Uncle Sam should pass that way and observe what had occurred, and the question of title should arise, could the party in possession hold as against Uncle Sam? Not a bit of it. Let me ask what better title any person has to any soil he may profess to own than this one would have. It does not matter through how many generations it may have descended; traced far enough back, the title will be found to have been a squatter's, and that that squatter took possession of some of the public domain, which belonged to all the people as represented and organized in government.

The conditions of ownership of soil are founded on no better principles than that would be had the whole present population of this country been suddenly transplanted to its soil from some other country, and had "grabbed" their present possessions. On principles of human rights, there would be no distinction between this process and that by which they do possess it. Whatever legal rights there may be, they can never destroy human right.

The first government this country knew after its discovery held the public domain in trust for the people; as they increased the number for whom the government held, the public domain also increased. It was neither the people nor government who owned the soil. It was landed upon, seized, and retained. Such a procedure should be called stealing. Its people or government never had a just title to a foot of soil in this or any other country, and cannot convey such a title.

The soil upon which we stand is as common property as the air is by which we are surrounded. It is really a wonder that schemers have not before this set afloat some feasible plan for bottling the atmosphere, and dealing it out for considerations to those who should be so unfortunate as not to have "gobbled" some on their own account. For our part we can see no difference in principle between dealing in air, soil, or water. They are all composed of the same elements, and are constantly being converted into each other. Thus then we arrive at the foundation for all material monopolies. From this process of stealing the rights of the people all the other and lesser thefts have come, by which the great proportion of people are defrauded of their natural inheritance. Two wrongs can never make one right. If a few people have possession of the rights of the many, the many may reclaim them, and the few cannot retain them. The few must give way to the many.

Every person whom this government represents has a natural, human right to the use of his just proportion of the public soil, and government should secure this right to all, they, individually, paying to the fund for its support a certain amount of the proceeds obtained by its use. This is the true use which should be made of the public domain.

WATERING PLACES.—All the fashionable summer resorts are now in full blast. The season will be gay; the hotels will be crowded, flirtations will run riot, money will be freely spent, and superficial happiness and joy and hilarity will reign triumphant throughout the summer. In September will come the reaction. Broken hearts and ruined reputations will come sneaking back to the city. Squandered fortunes will leave bankrupt wrecks. Confidence between husbands and wives will be destroyed, and unquiet houses will result. Domestic peace will depart from many a family. Health, from excesses, will wax into decline, and the devil will reap a general harvest. Oh, the watering places! what misery they entail. But such is life!

NEW POLITICAL DEPARTURES.

The old parties, Democratic and Republican, Radical and Conservative, are getting new departures nearly every day. Clement L. Vallandigham, of Ohio, the old progenitor of copperhead politicians, has given his views, and they carry him directly to the door of the Radical camp. Jeff. Davis, the great rebel head centre, has decided that the Southern Democracy must sustain the "lost cause." Horace Greeley has been permitted to flaunt his old white coat in the face and eyes of the non-reconstructed Southerners, because he favors general amnesty. And General Sherman, who mowed a swath forty miles wide through the Southern country from the Mississippi to the sea, is "hail fellow well met" with the great Southern leaders, because he pronounces the murderous ku-klux gangs a bug-a-boo. We shall watch the movements of the political leaders of both parties until they get so mixed up that their identification is not discernible, and then our new departure, which will be the party of progress and advanced civilization, will shine out in all its fine and attractive proportions.

WILL WOMEN go to the war, asks many a man who distinguished himself by staying at home and avoiding the draft. The women North and South had their full share of the trouble. The French women have recently borne their part, and among the communists they exceeded the men. They had their clubs and their meetings. One of the women speakers is thus reported: "Men are laches," she cried, "they call themselves the masters of creation, and are a set of dolts. They complain of being made to fight, and are always grumbling over their woes; let them go and join the craven band at Versailles, and we will defend the city ourselves. We have petroleum, and we have hatchets and strong hearts, and are as capable of bearing fatigue as they. We will man the barricades, and show them that we will no longer be trodden down by them. Such as still wish to fight can do so side by side with us. Women of Paris, to the front!" This is sad, but it is also terrible.

ONE of the speakers at the Woman Suffrage Convention, on Tuesday last, in Boston, was Mrs. Margaret Lucas, sister of the great English reformer, John Bright. She considered the movement almost an assured success in England, the question being an open one before Parliament, and both Premier Gladstone and his opponent, Mr. Disraeli, inclined in its favor. A petition, with nearly a quarter of a million names, has recently been presented in Parliament, protesting against the licensing of vice, in opposition to which the women of England are making a mighty effort.

WEARY CLERGYMEN.—The ministers of New York and Brooklyn, having become weary of trying to save souls, are now looking with longing eyes toward Long Branch, Newport, Saratoga, Cape May, Sharon Springs, White Mountains, the Catskills, Lake George and the Delaware Water Gap, and a few would like to take a trip across the plains and visit the Yo Semite Valley if their congregations would only say the word, accompanied by a few hundred dollars. Poor human nature!

PRIZE PACKAGES.—The attention of the authorities has not been drawn to the nuisance of vending prize packages a moment too soon. But the raids of the police should not be confined to the poor street peddlers. They should look to the great originators, such as the "Century" Lorillards, who, with other rich yacht-owners, are yet practicing that petty swindling business.

If those women's weekly had been misled into the irregular publication of a public document, or if it had copied a bogus paper from a convicted murderer, how the *Tribune* would have gone for the blunder and the want of principle. But when the *Tribune* filches a treaty and forges an appeal, it is commendable consideration for public curiosity.

THE ROTHSCHILDS WANT TO BUY THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—It is reported that the Rothschilds have offered to take the entire debt of the city of New York at a reduced rate of interest. Look out, Comptroller Dick! August Belmont wants to get the management of the Ring into his hands. A dangerous man is Belmont.

THE ADRIAN (MICH.) JOURNAL has a long extract on the sorrows and trials of the Princess of Wales and the depraved tastes of her husband. The *Adrian Journal* doubtless copies this from English papers; and some day there will be a law suit for libel, if not for treason.

A BALTIMORE grand jury made a presentment against Morris Hull, editor of the *Crucible*, for blasphemy in denying the divinity of Christ. The nineteenth century has no inquisition fires; but the inquisition bigotry still lives.

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

Good wine needs no push.

The gambler's idea of Heaven—a pair o' dice.

The wags in Paris reverse the old proverb, and say "It's a wise father that knows his own child."

PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

SCRIPTURALISMS.

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

There is nothing so difficult as a "beginning." This is fact, and will ever so remain. We accept it as being no less true of world-making than it is of poetry. And if, with the flight of Noah's dove we take swiftest wing far over the dismal waters back to the earlier period when turbid chaos, black as starless night, sluggishly reposed, o'er-swept by breezes of thickened air—as sang the Phœnician priest-poets—still we should find no "beginning" there.

For though the protege of Pharaoh's favorite daughter, deeply profound as he may have been in all the philosophy and learning of Egypt's brilliant court, is supposed to have intimated such an era in the history of our globe, yet we have long felt the Mosaic description quite deficient. His ideas of that uncertain period, when the earth was without form and void, appears to us very indefinite at least, and vague.

Skillfully cultured and mediumistic as he doubtless was, the Jewish compiler and leader has given us in his Genesis a description, solemnly grand it is true, of an epoch in the story of the human race, perhaps of a radical transformation equal to him with an absolute creation.

"Rivers to the ocean run, nor stay in all their course,

Fire ascending seeks the sun, both speed them to their source."

Standing out on the promontory of a near planet, and sweeping at a glance the vast star-gemmed horizon around, far off we see reflected through a shaft of misty light a fusing mass crashing through space with a terrifically hissing noise. As the flaming spheroid rapidly recedes in the far, dim distance, the noise becomes less harsh and more euphonious; and through the firelight's evanescent glimmer above we see the shimmer of a misty belt—the rising of the sweat or steam from the burning mass below. Dewy and dense the circling arch of moisture thickens and descends, at the first drop by drop, thin, wavering and slow—back toward its source.

The seething noises of combustion are lost for a short season in the intense heat of the molten mass, and the rising flame carries the moisture again up to the dewy nebulae of the earlier misty meeting. The fire burns on until the vast vapory mass above of condensed, though now cooling, steam begins to descend in showers; and circling the globe with a firmament of water, fearful combustions occur and terrible explosions scatter the dew in columns and clouds, only to descend again in showers of mist and rain, which, falling on the flaming chaos, increases the disorder and confusion till the vast molten mass expands, breaks, and bursts into immense fissures, through which the quivering water falling, vast chasms are caused, the expansions increasing until the cooling process produces contraction and hardening of the outside crust, and giving rise, as told us by the wise, to the immense mountains and hills of our now habitable and beautiful earth, then without its present "form," certainly, and of animal or vegetable life also "void;" and though the firmament was moving, forming, the "mountains trembled, and the hills moved lightly." No birds as yet perched upon them, nor did man yet walk, joint tenant with the beast, the dark, dreary waste. Darkness again, impenetrable blackness and gloom shrouded thickly the face of the deep.

The divine effulgence of the sun, moon, and the stars, though speeding through space at the velocity of 200,000 miles a second, had not reached the point in space round which our thought now revolves. But at length, after many transforming cycles, the first gleam of joy-inspiring light appeared like a clear diamond setting on the bosom of the deep, sparkled and spread over the entire face of the once gloomy waters. "Light, more light still," moved and imparted its life pregnant heat over the broad expanse, until from the moving bosom of the earth, standing out of the water and in the water, the crude forms of vapory vegetation, electrified with the birth-throes of life, came forth, until by the multiplicity of natural increase, every seed after its own kind, our beautiful globe was clothed in all vegetation's manifold and varied grandeur. However, beautiful flowers, sweet language of the angels, lifted their tiny pellets, speaking petals and blooming leaflets to the fragrant and balmy zephyrs, then sighed away to communicate their joy to higher, at least vocalized organisms; and anon, the grateful birdling, newly lighted on bush and tree, quickly sang melodious and sweet.

The life essence of matter was organizing, moving amid the animalculæ of the waters everywhere. The snail, the reptile, in every gradation, the fish, crowded the watery element with swelling life.

The same great all-sustaining essence anon was acting, moving on the boundaries of another world; and soon the immense forests, covering the earth in primeval glory and verdure, echoed to the neighing of the zebra, the hyena's whine, the panther's scream, the parrot's chatter, the hoot of the owl, the tiger's growl, the lion's terrific roar. Life, organized animal life, vocalized nature's vast and divine assemblage everywhere. Above, high as progressive life may go, a vast chain of being, of changing and endlessly organizing life, without beginning or end of days, all hidden yet from man, for as yet he was not.

"The process by which our bone, muscle, blood and brain

are created," says Professor Youmans, "is started in the leaves, the transformation passing first through the vegetable and then the animal. But the leaf can no more carry on this process of itself, than a water-wheel can turn without the water. The leaf is the media through which the sun operates. The interior processes of utilization are going on at night; but it is only in the light of the sun that the leaf itself is active. Through its influence the particles of matter are whirled through the vortex of life. The atmosphere is made the source of all living things, and to it they all tend in return. It is giving back its dead through every expanding leaf, but the plants are tissues woven in the grand loom of the air by the magic shuttle of the sun."

Thus life is the divinest effulgence of the stars. For our sun is a star, and the stars, like it, are suns. The heat of the sun is sufficient to melt its way through a solid zone of ice, one hundred feet in thickness, in a single year; and the projection of a mass of ice, forty-five miles in diameter, into the sun, year after year, at the velocity of light, would diminish its temperature but one degree. Yet we receive only one part in 2,300,000,000 of its heat. The rest is diffused throughout space. The chemical and physiological forces of the sun's rays are broader and higher in their sweep than the law of gravitation, the effects of which are shattered in our hands. By them the complications of the universe are explained. The conditions and attributes of the mind itself are regulated and affected by the constitution of the atmosphere, which is in the hands of the stars. The brain is dependent on the circulation, and that in turn on the atmosphere. And thus in the language of the poet:

"Through the ages
One increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened
With the process of the suns."

But to descend, only a moment, to the bottom of the deep. At the time of the soundings for the laying of the telegraph cable, many specimens of the surface soil covered by the North Atlantic for many miles were brought up to the sunlight, and found, under the microscope, to consist almost entirely of the skeletons of living organisms, with a well-defined shape and structure, each about one-hundredth of an inch in diameter. The North Atlantic, for some 1,700 miles, is known to be a prodigious plain, so level, indeed, that a wagon may traverse almost the whole of that distance, though the depth of water varies, indeed, from ten to fifteen thousand feet, and the whole is covered with a fine mud, which, when exposed to the air, dries into a grayish white substance, which proves to be substantially carbonate of lime, says good authority. The quantity and area of this chalky substance is immense, attaining in many places a thickness of more than a thousand feet. It is traced on the continent of Europe from the north of Ireland in a southeasterly direction for 1,140 miles to the Crimea, and from the south of Sweden for 840 miles to beyond Bordeaux.

The famed white cliffs of Albion are cut chalk, yet so brilliant in their calcareous whiteness as to dazzle the sight. The same formation is also found in North Africa and Central Asia. Forming thus, therefore, so important an element in the crust of our globe, we may well exclaim: "What is it? and whence?"

"Chalk," says Professor Huxley, "is the dried mud of an ancient deep sea, and is the architect of living organisms," of which, indeed, more than three thousand distinct species of aquatic animals have been discovered, all of which, far as they can be recognized, must have inhabited salt water; which fact is to-day regarded as proof additional that all the vast area of dry land now occupied by carbonate lime, including large parts of Great Britain, France, Germany (no wonder these latter named people are so warm in temperament and blaze forth in the fire of war), Poland, Russia, Egypt, Arabia, and Syria, was once the bottom of the sea.

And now, when we consider the time—nay, the vast unknown cycles—it has required animalculæ only the hundredth part of an inch in diameter to heap up a mass often more than a thousand feet in thickness—"the Florida Reefs," says Professor Agassiz, "have been thus not less than 75,000 years accumulating"—a faint idea may possibly be gained of the great period during which this ocean must have existed. A single inch of this chalk, it has been calculated, must have required at least a year to accumulate, and yet with such a starting point, it is beyond the power of even Science to approximate the period after the chalk was upheaved and converted into dry land; and the soil anon so changed that forests grew over it—the stupendous ages during which the monster animals roamed in savage domains. Ah! this beautiful earth of ours has been the rugged theater of vast changes: transformations stupendous in degree indeed, as they have been slow and gradual in their improving progress.

It has been proven that during the chalk period, not one of the present great physical features of our globe existed, and that all the mountain ranges have been upheaved since that time. Still, more prolonged successions of similar transformations must have occurred before, and the oldest seabeds that we now possess are the wear and work of rocks that have been formed slowly amid still older oceans.

Difficult indeed, then, will it ever remain for man to approximate to a period in the wonderful story of our globe anything like a beginning. And the Jewish historian has doubtless displayed greater wisdom in the opening ambiguity of his Genesis, than he should have done had he attempted to be more definite.

REICHER,

THE WEEKLY BULLETIN

OF THE

PANTARCHY,

INDIVIDUALITY AND PANTARCHISM.

A FRAGMENT FROM A COMMUNICATION THROUGH A TRANCE MEDIUM.

You must learn the alphabet of our conditions of motion before you can realize the philosophy of association with men in the form. We are not far from you, since we passed from the carnal or corruptible habiliment and have put on the sublimated form of spirit. First of all we will tell you that from the material comes out the spiritual, just as the asphodel rises up in beauty from the dunghill. From the fibrous tissues of flesh, muscle, blood and bone, set in shape of man, woman, child, or embryo in the womb, there issues when such is rotten with ripeness, and falls off, another form like it in shape, but with perfect motion, velocity, attribute and design. This form has a condition here, which condition is the consequence of its own action, intention, purpose and fulfillment, whilst it occupied the clay or carnal fabric. If you lay a platform of beautiful design, and promptly execute the command which your own intuition prompts and your judgment measures, you will be fit for a high niche in a fair mansion in our realms. Your appointments will be illuminated by the reflection of your beautiful deeds, and will invite a still diviner light. If you waste your time and run counter to the dictates of your better nature, despising the law of charity and universal benevolence, slighting the revealings of your inward monitors, then the page of your future will be blotted by the consequences of the misapplication of your talents for good work and purpose, and you will have to commence to climb from the footrungs of the ladder until you have undone what you have done, or until you have learned what you failed to learn. Do not let your banner of right principle trail to the ground; set your standard high until it is dipped in the inspiration of Heaven. Work for the prize of a high mark; scorn not, hate not, be rid of avarice, and be content with such things as you have. Those who are at the helm of your life will help to navigate the sea of time; will bring your vessel safe into port—if you abide firm and strong—by the master-hand of your journey. After your allotted years have cast their shadow behind you, there are those who will take your spirit from its rotting tenement and bear it to its appointment. These friends are never too far off to press the juices of affection into your soul—when you call, they stand by.

But we say again, work out your own salvation; strive to achieve a perfect fulfillment of beautiful conduct. The offering of good works attracts the good and the wise. When you squeeze a flower in your hand the sweet aroma touches your senses, calls up reminders of old days, wakes up sentiment, secures refinement, and creates good resolves and earnest invocations. Aspiration reaches the senses of spirits, and on the same current they wait back inspiration. Become familiar with such spirits as you like, by calling upon them, and you may secure their aid whenever you need it.

CONSTANCE.

CORRESPONDENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

Glorious and rollicking Miss Kate Stanton, the future chief justice of the United States, at present law-student in the goodly city of Providence, R. I., and guest and private secretary to the Right Honorable Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis, founder and historian of the Woman's Rights and Free Suffrage Movement for the world—glorious and rollicking Kate Stanton sends me a batch of correspondence which prudence, the better half of valor, hinders me from publishing. I should be afraid to let out all that Kate says, for fear that it might shock the piety of Mr. Beecher; and he might then accuse her of blasphemy—for she calls somebody Old Cockorum! and that is the definition, I believe, of blasphemy.

S. P. A.

EMPIRE HOUSE,
SYRACUSE, May 30, 1871.

S. P. ANDREWS:

Dear Sir—It is now about half a year since I have seen or heard anything of you—what has become of your book, and what are you doing in matters of progress? and many other things I would ask if in reach.

I saw it intimated that you were supposed to be the author of resolutions adopted by the Woman's Suffrage Convention, and I saw your announcement of their meaning. This putting an end to personal inquisition over women is a very important thing indeed.

I had hoped to be in New York long ere this, and to have had some time to use my pen, but I have been working very closely and laboriously on certain machinery which is now nearly finished, and will produce valuable financial results this summer which will enable me to have a little freedom.

There is an opportunity for exercising the science here

which I must not neglect. The head of Ruloff has been preserved. I shall go to Binghamton to-morrow to examine it.

It is a remarkable fact that there is not a man living, so far as I know, competent to make a correct report and scientific exposition of that cranium. So I think it my duty to meet the occasion. It will be a fine opportunity to illustrate a true anthropology.

I have thought of making a paper for the *Galaxy*; if so, I might send it to them through Dr. Coan, if he is still in New York. The *World* would be a very good medium, but I am not on any footing with its editor and would not like to put forth such a paper in a journal that would not speak in a becoming way of its author, or did not know enough of him to recognize him as of some authority in science. Perhaps Croly might treat the thing handsomely, perhaps not. I thought I would ask your advice on these points, and thus elicit from you a letter, in which you might, at the same time, tell me something of yourself and progressive matters in New York, for I have an impression you are not much addicted to correspondence.

I hope you are finding your way to a larger sphere of influence and usefulness. My path lies through invention in physical science to results that will emancipate me, and give me ability. I hope to give the world a joy, and help its earnest reformers.

Yours truly, (in haste for the mail,)

J. R. BUCHANAN.

RESPONSE.—I am interested in what you say about Ruloff. I will make inquiries on the points on which you wish my advice and advise you. I am impatient for the time when you will feel ready to return to the field of your peculiar and exceedingly important scientific discoveries and pursuits.

S. P. A.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN EXTRACT.

BANGOR, Dec. 27, 1870.

S. P. ANDREWS:

My Dear Friend—Now I have your letter of December 17. The days and nights are long to me, but I waited patiently for it. Much to my loss and regret I had not seen your paper for two or three weeks, and knew of no extra efforts on your part, yet, holding your letter in my hand, I could not doubt the soul I trusted. I do not know that unseen powers uphold and bear us on, but one thing I do know, that strange things have come to me within the past year, and led me to do many things not according to the conventionalism or wisdom of the world, which have proved to be good to me, and served to help me keep my faith in my Divine Trinity, viz.: God, Love and Humanity, which faith has been so sorely tested of late, I am glad that you could enter into my life enough to know how terribly real it is; that you do not turn coldly from me, but are willing to give me your best thought, and bid me hope and struggle. Each day shows me more and more certainly that I cannot live the life I live; some of the fetters must be broken, or the physical life must end.

MATILDA.

WESTERN RURAL OFFICE, CHICAGO, May 27, 1871.

DEAR MR. ANDREWS—As we occasionally fail to get, or are late in receiving, a copy of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, we did not know of the death of Mrs. Andrews until we saw it in the *Tribune* of this city, which copied a portion of your tribute to her memory.

Allow Mrs. Lewis and myself to express to you our deep sympathies in the loss of your companion. We both know that she was, indeed, a good, true and great woman, though conscious that you have a better appreciation and estimation of her true worth than can any other.

I am gradually recovering from the embarrassments into which my failure with the *Univers* carried me, in the face of a year's depression of business in the West, which all publishers have felt so sorely.

Mrs. L. and myself are to be in New York soon, and hope to be able to see you personally. You have our warm personal friendship and esteem always.

Yours, &c.,

H. N. F. LEWIS.

May 29, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. ANDREWS—Thanks for your kind note. I think, although we have so rarely met, that there must have been considerable spirit talk these many years past. Either I have read your individual sovereignty, or else I have gone over that ground in my own thought. It's all as familiar as A B C, and universology in its spirit is an open book to me. Alwato is not so yet: I cannot commit anything easily to memory. I only take ideas, and incorporating them they become mine, just as the food I eat comes to be my flesh.

Is the book coming out better? Thanks, many thanks for your kindness in reading that proof. I thought to see you again the day I was in New York. I thought you were looking worn and sad that day. Is it not nearly time for you to come and take your rest here?

How are matters progressing? I see that queer old woman is found; now I hope they will have the good sense

to put her in an asylum, where she seems to belong. (My pen seems to have got a hitch, and as it is a new one I must honor it by resting it soon.)

It is very lovely in the country now, the air so sweet and fresh that I wonder any one can endure the dark dens of the city. I am driven to write Mrs. Lewis, who was at our morning conversation, and at some time will you give me her address, that I may do so.

Kindest mother's love to Victoria; that name I regard as significant.

Ever yours, with much respect,

PAULINA W. DAVIS.

Mrs. Carrie Lewis, Cleveland, Ohio, is the address you want. S. P. A.

NOTICES BY THE METROPOLITAN PRESS OF THE PRIMARY SYNOPSIS OF UNIVERSOLOGY.

[From the New York Standard, May 27, 1871.]

THE PRIMARY SYNOPSIS OF UNIVERSOLOGY AND ALWATO. By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS. Published by Dion Thomas, New York. Price \$1 50.

If we had a lifetime at our disposal for the investigation of this heterogeneous display of rhetoric and reason, we might perhaps arrive at some clear and definite idea of what Mr. Andrews is about. As it is we rise from his work dazzled by his universological vocabulary and ratiocination, and blinded by his shower of "artisms" and "anthogones," "bitrinacrias," "echosophts," "endolexics," "sequisms," "theandrics," "modelic spheres," and what he calls "the Re-installation and Renewed Glorification of the Acquisition of the Alphabet." Possibly, Mr. Andrews may understand what he means to say; we have no disposition to deprive him of the credit of whatever general intelligence and special scientific knowledge he may possess. But if he ever wishes to popularize his ideas he must learn how to clothe them in lucid language and attractive style. It is difficult enough to promulgate new theories (however important may be the facts which they represent), even though they be presented with every grace of rhetoric; it is impossible to do so where not only none of these graces are present, but where the language, almost from first to last, is characterized by an almost maniacal incoherency. It is sad to see a man of brains wasting enthusiasm over a delusion; it is pitiable to see him endeavoring to make converts through language that is unintelligible.

[From the Evening Post, May 31, 1871.]

THE PRIMARY SYNOPSIS OF UNIVERSOLOGY.

It cannot be denied that a universal language would be a great boon to the people of this planet, far higher and more beneficial than a uniform system of coinage, or a common standard of weights and measures. Indeed, as the greater includes the less, all other universalities of usage and custom would necessarily follow the reduction of human speech to one established form and shape. Theorists have hitherto devoted much study to this subject, and, like the universal solvent or the secret of perpetual motion, a form of speech for all mankind has more than once been thought on the eve of attainment. The latest ardent worker in this vast field—Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews—has given many years of the closest thought to the solution of the occult problem, and has published the earliest results of his labor in a little volume of less than two hundred pages, entitled "The Primary Synopsis of Universology and Alwato, the New Scientific Universal Language." The treatise of Mr. Andrews is of so abstruse a character that it would be impossible to present its arguments even in outline, in such manner as to make them comprehensible to the general reader, within the limits of a newspaper notice. It is not by a cursory reading of the book itself that any intelligent conception of his meaning and purpose may be attained, and any one who should take it up with the idea that he will see through the matter at a glance had best turn to something else. We may say, in brief, however, that the dominant idea of the essay is that language in man and substance in nature are closely correlated; that every sound in the human voice is burdened with significance, and, consequently, that lying far down below the varying and discordant forms of speech in use among men, there is a universal alphabet, on which as a basis the ultimate common and consensuous language of all mankind will be built up. And the work of Mr. Andrews differs from all other efforts in the same direction in this, that he assumes to have discovered an already existing foundation—not to have constructed one of his own. And as music is coeval with sound and therefore long preceded scientific notation, so the thorough basis of universal language has always underlain the forms of its expression, however unlike these may appear; which thorough basis it is his claim to have detected and brought to recognition.

It is the purpose of the author to publish at an early day another work in prosecution of this theme, under the title of "The Basic Outline of Universology." Of the forthcoming work Mr. Andrews says: "Whether this treatise shall meet at once with the welcome reception and grateful appreciation of many minds—the anticipation of which has seemed to brighten my solitary path in the deep recesses of abstract contemplation for thirty years—the event alone can determine." To this we will now add that in any event his patient and persevering efforts entitle him to the thankful respect of all thinkers and scholars. At some future time we may recur to the subject.

[From the World (N. Y.), June 3, 1871.]

THE SCIENCE OF SCIENCES.

THE PRIMARY SYNOPSIS OF UNIVERSOLOGY AND ALWATO, THE NEW SCIENTIFIC UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE. By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS, member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, etc.; author of "The Science of Society," etc. New York: Dion Thomas. 1871.

In the publication of this work Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews makes the most extravagant claim for it and for himself ever put forth by any writer since the invention of printing. The pretension of the book is enormous, for it claims to be not only the summation of all philosophy, science and religion which has hitherto been known, but it also claims to present the outlines of a universology, a science which includes every domain of nature and thought throughout the

universe. Claims so extravagant will of course repel not only the average reader but the great majority of those who are well read in philosophy; for the true scientific spirit is essentially modest, and those who know the most are the only ones who fully comprehend how little they really do know. Yet in spite of the feeling of repugnance with which most persons will take up this book, it is nevertheless worth reading. Mr. Andrews may be a pretentious charlatan, but he certainly is no fool. His book shows study, a mind of very wide grasp, and a command of language quite unusual to American writers upon philosophical subjects. Those who read his work, however, will be repelled at the very outset by the terms of which he makes use, and by the words he invents to express what he deems to be new meanings or shades of meaning which he is unable to express in ordinary language. Those who have read German, French, Scotch and English metaphysicians, and have thoughtfully studied them, will be amazed to find a book written in a language and with a nomenclature in great part new, and which has to be mastered before the writer's meaning can be comprehended. Mr. Andrews claims to be the very prince of human thinkers; to be a very Ossa in comparison with such waris as Aristotle, Bacon, Descartes, Spinoza, Comte and Spencer. The following extract from this work will show in part the enormous claim which the writer makes: "Universology is the centering and all-inclusive one grand science, unifying and interpreting and expanding all the known sub-sciences, and developing a crowd of new and hitherto unthought of sciences, and reconstructing education. Integralism is the new and final philosophy; the all-sided and complete reconciliation of all possible sectarian divisions in all spheres; not as extinguishing individual differences, but as softening, co-ordinating, and utilizing them; and finally Pantarcuism is designed to be the ulterior planetary and scientific organization and administration of all human affairs; protecting and subserving the utmost practicable range of individual freedom in the bosom of a presiding organic unity; the harmonically constituted Polity or Activity of humanity, centered by religion as the irradiating spirit of the whole. United, they may be conceived of as the inauguration of the millennium, through intellectual discovery and science reconciled with inspiration and all the experiences of the past. Such is the nature and spirit of the programme to which the world is now invited. Affectional enthusiasm and a new religious fervor, based on intellectual gratification and triumph, demanding as their completion the sanctified and consecrated best exertions, in the future and from this hour, of every individual member of society in behalf of the universal good of our collective humanity."

"And again, in conclusion of this special work, universology, as such, is a determinate Science, as much so as geometry or chemistry, and is not to be classed with any speculative theory or so-called system of philosophy whatsoever; but it is at the same time a Method still more distinctively than science, and as a method it is characterized: (1) by a primitive radical analysis of the elements of all things—that is to say, by the analysis of the elements of each particular sphere or domain of being or things; (2) by the discovery of the existence of universal echo, analogy, or reflection as between the elements of each domain, or of universal analogy in elements; and (3) by the demonstration thence of parallel series of evolution, from analogous elements, in all spheres; and so of universal analogy also in elaboration of results, both in respect to what is in nature and to what remains to be accomplished by man. The student-reader is reminded that this work is only the glimpse of an outline of an immense fabric. He may see, as the child sees at first, only a blurred image of the new world which it opens; it is, nevertheless, a new world of ideas, and it will clear to his vision as he advances."

He further claims that his new science is, "in a word, the redi-covery and the expansion in the modern scientific spirit, of the half-completed mathematical doctrine and discoveries of Pythagoras, the old Greek philosopher. It claims to be more abstractly and more metaphysically profound than Kant or Hegel; more analytically and specifically positive than Comte, as preparatory to a larger, more scientific, and more powerful synthesis of ideas and of society than that which he proposed; more varied and magnificent in its outlook for the future of humanity than the semi-scientific dream of Fourier; more accurately correspondent than Swedenborg; more exhaustively and minutely a philosophy of the sciences than Spencer; more beneficently regulative of human administration than all the merely experimental governments, and more truly religious than the church; in a word, to be whole or integral; and all this, not as any miracle, but as the simple and natural result of recurring for first principles to mathematical (the only certain) origins, carrying back all possible conceptions to this primitive source, and deriving thence, by a simple and infallible deduction, the unitary laws which permeate and regulate all the sciences."

Of course claims so vast will be met with unbounded ridicule—whether justly or unjustly time alone will determine. It is generally admitted that so far in this country we have produced no great philosopher; no first-class writer upon scientific and philosophical subjects. America has, as yet, no distinctive philosopher, unless Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson may be regarded as such. But while Emerson has had great influence upon the American mind he cannot be said to have instituted a school of thinkers, as did Bacon, Comte and Spencer. Mr. Andrews asserts that he has discovered the great universal science, to include all other sciences and philosophies, in certain universal analogies. And he insists that, having mastered one domain in nature, the key to the universe is thus secured, for every other domain simply repeats or echoes what is found in any one department. It will prejudice Mr. Andrews' philosophy very much with all modern thinkers—especially the followers of Mill, Comte and Spencer—that it rejects the doctrine of the relativity of human knowledge. He insists that not only phenomena but also noumena exist, and can be proved. Hence ontological studies are re-admitted into the domain of philosophy, if Mr. Andrews' so-called discoveries have any value at all. As an evidence of the fertility of this new philosophy he presents to the world a new language, or rather its outlines, which he declares to be the "language of man." He says he has discovered this new tongue; that it has a valid and scientific basis as the speech of the race, precisely as music has its science of harmony, and chemistry its science of the analysis and synthesis of matter. It is within the power of philologists to easily put Mr. Andrews' philosophy to a crucial test by examining the language which he asserts is the rudimentary speech of the human family. His claim is that nature has charged every possible sound of the human voice with certain meanings, which he undertakes to interpret. He does not claim any originality for this fundamental idea of his new language, for

he admits his obligation in this respect to Socrates, Plato, Heyse and Max Muller, all of whom have pointed out the connection between sound and sense in language.

Mr. Andrews made his first appearance before the American public as a lecturer upon Pinan's phonography. This system of short-hand being based upon the primary sounds of the human voice, it was his study for years to find out the possible meanings to be derived from the primary sounds of not only the English, but of all languages. It is within the knowledge of the most careless reader that certain elementary sounds, such as the consonant made by the tongue on the roof of the mouth (R), represent the harsher emotions. That, on the contrary, the L sounds predominate in the expressions of softer emotions. Upon these hints Mr. Andrews has founded his language, which he asserts is not arbitrary, but natural; not invented, but discovered. As we have said, this is a matter for philologists to pass upon; and if Mr. Andrews' claims in reference to his newly discovered language are shown to be invalid his whole philosophy confessedly falls to the ground.

The temptation which Mr. Andrews offers to his readers to ridicule not only his new scientific language, but the nomenclature which he employs throughout his work, is very great. Even so careful a paper as the *Nation* yields to this temptation so far as to overlook whatever of real merit the book contains, and reads President Barnard a severe lecture for having given a qualified endorsement to Mr. Andrews' pretensions by signing a request for the publication of his large and forthcoming work upon universology. President Barnard, however, replied by asserting that in the course of a personal interview which he had with Mr. Andrews he was struck with the remarkable clearness and precision with which the latter stated his views. It should be remembered that during the present century philosophical writers have invented more than one new system of nomenclature, and have coined multitudes of new words to express ideas for which the language offered no exact expressions. The accepted nomenclature used by all writers upon philosophy has established itself in spite of the ridicule with which it was originally received, by its undeniable fitness for the purpose for which it was invented. When Sir William Hamilton wrote of the "conditioned" and the "unconditioned," and endeavored to show what the intellect is capable of "cognizing," he met with the ridicule which afterward attached to Mr. Herbert Spencer and his fondness for such terms as "differentiating," and which now is so freely showered upon Mr. Andrews. While no one will countenance a neologist who coins unnecessary words simply from a desire to gain credit for originality, every intelligent man must admit that theology and philosophy, sciences in which mental operations are made the data upon which the writer bases his investigations, have each acquired a distinct nomenclature, consisting of words which were coined because the necessity of such coinage was apparent. If Mr. Andrews has coined only such words as are better fitted to express his meaning than any words which are found in the English dictionary, the end in view fully justifies his conduct. Whether his nomenclature is to be ridiculed or justified depends wholly upon its fitness for the purpose for which he created it. And that the remarkable aptness of many of his new terms must be conceded will doubtless be the judgment of most of his readers. It is true that "elementism," "duismal," "artology," "singuloid," and "trinism" are words which at first sight seem the offspring of affectation and a foolish desire for the reputation of originality. The question in regard to them is, however, do they express more accurately than any words already recognized as lawful the particular meanings which the author has used them to represent? If so he has the same authority for their use which has justified other philosophical writers in adding to the English vocabulary words which had previously no existence.

It is the misfortune of Mr. Andrews that he has heretofore been known chiefly as the advocate of certain unpopular social theories. His book, however, is entitled to be judged not by our prejudices against the author, but solely upon its merits. It is the precursor of a volume of more than nine hundred pages, in which the theories which are merely epitomized in the present work are to be elaborately set forth. In spite of the social views of Mr. Andrews, and in spite of the enormous claims which he makes in regard to universology, he may possibly be the Jacob Boehme, the Fichte, the Hegel of America. At all events he deserves a fair trial. A jury of philologists can easily test the value of his new language. He himself is willing to intrust his entire claims to their verdict upon this one question. When pretensions so great can be tried by a test so simple, it is only fair to insist that the test should be applied, and that ridicule shall be silent till the verdict is rendered.

EXTRACTS FROM SWEDENBORG.

The writings of Emanuel Swedenborg are an immense treasury of profound truths which are gradually working their way into the understandings of the world despite the rough covering under which they are concealed; but they can be made to reach the popular mind more rapidly, I think, if I help a little to strip off the covering. Swedenborg conceived his truth and wrote it out in the theological forms into which he was educated (a hundred years ago), modified by a spiritual enlightenment of his understanding similar to, though different from, as his followers claim, the now common experiences of Trance Mediums among the more modern Spiritualists or Spiritists. He is a cross, therefore—as to the form of his thought—between the dogmatic Theologian and the Spiritualist—and as neither Theology nor Spiritualism are popular in this Positivistic age, this fact constitutes the hard rind of his doctrine to which I have alluded as that which it may be wise to try to strip off as a means of communicating his thoughts more popularly. He is also symbolical, and symbolism is not popular.

Underneath all this, and as to the substance of his ideas, Swedenborg is a profound philosopher, who has contributed almost more than any other single writer to the intellectual wealth of the world.

Let the reader who is repelled by talk about Heaven and Hell and the Lord, understand by Heaven True Order of Human Relations and Conduct and Condition in this or in whatsoever other world; and by Hell the opposite state; and

by the Lord, Truth and Goodness embodied in the man of supreme excellence presiding over the true Society (Heaven), and his character repeated in the angels about him, the Court of Heaven; and by Satans and Devils, let him understand men governed by selfishness and low or base views and aspirations (Hell); and by the men of this world, the intermediate spiritual *bourgeoisie*, for whom the Lord and Hell, the principles of Good and Evil, are still in strife for the possession of their souls. The following extract will then, I think, become lucid.

In other words, take Swedenborg's vision of the Spirit world to be a real insight into the spirit of what exists in this world; as a prophecy of what will exist more markedly as the organization of the Pantarchy as a Celestial Earthly Order of Society progresses; and of what is true in principle, eternally and universally; and its wisdom may be appropriated without obstruction from the form in which it is enveloped and concealed. S. P. A.

Man is led of the divine providence to such things as do not lead astray, but are serviceable to him with reference to eternal life, for these things also refer to eminence and opulence. It may be shown that this is the case from what has been witnessed by me in the heavens. The heavens are divided into societies, in each of which there are the eminent and the opulent; the eminent being in such glory, and the opulent in such abundance, that the glory and the abundance of this world are, with respect to them, almost as nothing. All the eminent, however, are possessed of wisdom, and all the opulent of knowledge, because their eminence originates in their wisdom, and their opulence in their knowledge. This eminence and opulence may be acquired in the world, both by those who are eminent and opulent in it, and also by those who are not so; for they are acquired by all who love wisdom and knowledge. To love wisdom is to love real uses, and to love knowledge is to love acquaintance with goodness and truth for the sake of these uses. When uses are loved in preference to self and the world, and acquaintance with goodness and truth is loved for the sake of these uses, they then occupy the first place, eminence and opulence the second. This is the case with all who are eminent and opulent in the heavens; from wisdom they regard the eminence, and from knowledge, the opulence, in which they live, precisely as a man regards his garments.

The eminence and opulence of the angels of heaven shall be also described. There are in the societies of heaven superior and inferior governors, all arranged by the Lord, and placed in subordination to each other, according to their wisdom and intelligence. Their chief, who excels the rest in wisdom, dwells in the midst of them, in a palace so magnificent, that nothing in the world can be compared to it. Its architectural features are so astonishing that I can with truth assert that they cannot, even to a hundredth part, be described in natural language; for it is Art herself if there realizing her own skill. In the interior of the palace are apartments and chambers, all the furniture and ornaments of which are bright with gold and various precious stones, and in such forms as can be imitated by no artist in the world, either in painting or sculpture. What again is marvellous is, that every individual thing, even to objects the most minute, is adapted for use. Every one who enters sees the use for which they are designed, and perceives it too as if in each case it transpired through its own form. But no wise man remains long with his eye fixed upon the forms; he rather in mind contemplates the uses, because these gratify his wisdom. Around the palace are porticoes, paradisaical gardens, and smaller palaces, each in itself a heavenly spot clad in forms of beauty peculiar to itself. Besides these and many other magnificent objects, there are troops of attendant guards, every member of them clad in splendid garments. The subordinate governors enjoy similar magnificence and splendor, according to the degrees of their wisdom, and their wisdom again is according to the degrees of their love of uses. Such objects belong not only to those in authority, but also to the inhabitants, all of whom love uses, and perform them by means of various occupations. There are however but few things which it is possible to describe, while those which surpass description are innumerable. The latter, being in their origin spiritual, do not fall within the ideas of the natural man, and therefore not within any expressions of his language beyond these, that wisdom builds herself a habitation, making it suitable for herself, and that then everything which lies most deeply concealed in any science, or in any art, hastens to her assistance and does her bidding. This is now written, in order that it may be known that all things in the heavens also refer to eminence and opulence, but that there eminence is the eminence of wisdom, and opulence the opulence of knowledge; and that such are the objects to which man, by means of the Divine Providence, is led by the Lord.

From the time of St. Peter (supposing that the apostle ever was in Rome) to Pius IX., there have been about three hundred popes of one sort or another. It would be difficult to give the exact number, for no two historians are agreed on the matter. Frequently there have been two popes at the same time, occasionally there have been three, and the Council of Constance had to adjudicate on the claims of John XXIII., the Italian pope; Gregory XII., the French pope; Benedict XIII., the Spanish pope; and Martin V., the German pope. Nineteen popes have been driven out of Rome, and thirty-five have never entered it; eight popes have reigned less than a month, forty popes one year, twenty-two popes two years, fifty-four popes between two and five years, fifty-one popes between five and fifteen years, eighteen popes between fifteen and twenty-four years, and the apostle Peter is the only "pope" who has reigned twenty-five years. Of the popes thirty-one have been declared usurpers and heretics, twenty-six have been deposed, twenty-eight have been kept in the chair by means of foreign intervention, eighteen were poisoned, four strangled, one (John XII) while in the act of adultery, by the indignant husband. One-half of the popes (153) have shown themselves totally unworthy of being considered the "Vicars of God." Six, notwithstanding their vows, have had children. Urban V. confessed his fallibility, and submitted to the censures of the council. Victor III. and Adrian VI. publicly acknowledged that they had committed sin.

To be afraid of yourself is always cowardly; it is bad enough to be afraid of others.

Men's idea of pretty women—A thing of beauty is a toy forever.

ONE'S PRIVATE FOXES.

The condemnation of the sensational novelists, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, does not lie in their extravagance but in their clumsiness. Their materials are right enough, like the Frenchman's plum pudding, but they are not properly handled. It angers very little knowledge of the world to suppose that all society is as it seems to be on the surface, and that those highly respectable ladies and gentlemen whom one meets everywhere are just as one sees them in friendly drawing-rooms, with no history to speak of; that no secrets of a doubtful kind stand like ghosts between husband and wife as they smile to each other across the dinner table; that when Miss Lucy returns from her solitary walk in the gardens, no memory of a stolen meeting flushes her fair face with a brighter glow as she endures her little brother with unwonted amiability, and sings papa's favorite songs without too much reluctance. Every now and then, when the concealing barriers break down, and the world is admitted to see the interior of its neighbors' gardens, a cry of condemnation goes through it, and people who have substantially the same skeletons stowed away in their own outhouses hold up their hands in pious horror as the bones are unearthed and exposed to public view; and those whose vitals are at this moment being consumed by foxes out of the same nest when they learn the history of their neighbor's secret pains, say with wondering faces, "How could they have borne their lives, knowing what they did, and deceiving us as they did?"—the truth being that we all, save a few exceptions, have our own foxes gnawing at us beneath our cloaks; only we agree to carry on the cheat, and not to turn king's evidence against each other. When by chance one of us drops his cloak and discloses the fox, the rest feel themselves bound to be as indignant as if the thing were unparalleled.

But apart from the moral slips and secret sins of which most of us are unhappily conscious, and to hide which from the prying eyes of the world we bear so much with such sad fortitude, we all have our foxes of sorrow, of unknown pain, of hidden perplexities and anxieties, gnawing at us leisurely, while we make ourselves to look enviable in the eyes of our fellow-men, and assist with serene courage at pleasures which are tortures. If we play our part well, no one guesses at what we are hiding. Indeed, were we to say that such and such a fox was at this moment eating its way to our very vitals, the skeptical would think we were romancing to give ourselves interesting airs, and the unsympathetic would assume a fault where we had indicated a sorrow. Wives just beginning to question the character of their husband's relations with their most intimate friend, but obliged as yet to receive her with all accustomed cordiality, to be seen with her in public, to make much of her in private—have they no fox under their shining satin clothes? no sharp white teeth striking into their hearts while they smile and kiss and say kind words, and go out to balls and parties radiant and delightful? Men whose affairs are going wrong, and to whom it is a matter of life and death to keep up appearances to the last moment, what do you think they are hiding when they give their grand entertainments, telling their best stories, making their funniest jokes, laughing their loudest laughs, all the while their fox is biting deeper and deeper, and every moment brings them nearer to the inevitable end when they must fail, and in their failure confess all? And men—and women too—who are beginning to realize the dreadful fact that their whole life is a gigantic failure, that they have missed their way once for all, and that the sole thing left to them now is to bear their sorrow so that no one shall see it—to hide their foxes under their cloaks so that no one shall suspect the burden they carry—what sharpness of secret pain is not theirs, while they listen graciously to the story of puerile troubles borne impatiently, and give sympathy for pin-pricks.

The sensational novelists are right if also wrong. We are not all murderers or forgers or bigamists, as they make out, but most of us have a certain thread of tragic romance woven in with the dull commonplace of our lives which the world at large does not see; and whoso has a secret, personal or belonging to the family—a secret which it would damage him to have known—carries a fox under his cloak. These secrets are of all kinds, and but few of us escape the possession of one or the other.

FROM the recent reports of the Hon. Edward Young, chief of the Bureau of Statistics, we learn that prior to 1820 the aggregate of the immigration had been roughly estimated at 250,000, but since the enactment of the act of 1819, the average arrivals have been at the rate of thirteen per cent. each year, thus adding to our population in half a century over seven millions and a-half people, principally from Germany and Great Britain. Deducting women and children, forty-six per cent. have been trained in industrial pursuits or in skilled labor, and ten per cent. to mercantile or other professions; the proportion of females being forty per cent., there is only left about four per cent., which might be regarded as uneducated or unskilled. Fred. Rapp, one of the commissioners of immigration of New York, has estimated the average value of each emigrant at \$125.00. Mr. Young, in the course of his investigation, reaches a different conclusion, and gives it as his opinion that each emigrant as producer and consumer is worth forty dollars per annum; this capitalized gives \$400 as his average value, so that the amount of wealth landed on our shores during the past year foots up the enormous amount of \$285,000,000, and during the last fifty years the increment would be \$6,243,880,800. He says:

"It is impossible to make an intelligent estimate of the value to the country of those foreign-born citizens who brought their educated minds, their cultivated tastes, their skill in the arts, and their inventive genius. In almost every walk of life their influence has been felt. Alike in the fearful ordeal of war and in the pursuits of peace, in our legislative halls, and in the various learned professions, the adopted sons of America have attained eminence. Among the many who rendered timely aid to our country during the late war it may seem invidious to mention a single name, except for the purpose of illustration. In the year 1839 there arrived at the port of New York, in the steamship *British Queen*, which sailed from the port of London, a Swedish immigrant, better known as Captain John Ericsson. What was his value to the country, as estimated on the 9th day of March, 1862? Was it eight hundred, eight hundred thousand, or eight million dollars?"

A merciful man is merciful to his priest.

The prostitutes in St. Louis being licensed, it is proposed, now, to license the prostitutes. Its a poor rule that won't work both ways.

"BREAD for the victims of tyranny and avarice" is the sensation heading of an appeal for the victims of the last mining disaster. These be brave words. What do they end in? A collection of thirty-three dollars. This ought to be no question of private benevolence. Accidents through tyranny and avarice ought to be impossible, if there be any virtue in democratic institutions, by which the life of the poor man should be held infinitely more precious than the property of the rich. If it be so, that the rich grow richer and the poor poorer, and that the rich man may grind the face of the poor with impunity, a republic is no such great things after all.

OUR LATEST INDIAN TROUBLE.

W. N. Byers, of the *Denver News*, seems to be dissatisfied with Mr. Wolff's articles on the Indian confusion, and manifests both his spleen and incompetency as a journalist by attacking the writer, rather than the manner or matter of the subject. We happen to know that Mr. W. is endorsed by some of the first men of the country, and Mr. W. has handed us the following endorsement which we think amply justifies us in permitting him to thoroughly ventilate the incompetency and haste of the Indian muddle:

To all whom it may concern:

We take pleasure in commending John B. Wolff as a man thoroughly competent on our Indian relations and troubles, and his plans of treating the subject as eminently worthy the attention of all persons desirous of correct information.

WM. LAWRENCE, (H. R.), Ohio,
G. M. CHILCOTT, Col.,
A. J. BOREMAN, (U. S. S.)
WM. JOHNSON, Ohio,
O. CLEVELAND, (H. R.)
W. D. KELLY, (H. R.)
JOHN A. LOGAN, (U. S. S.)

Colonel Adair, of the Western Cherokees, a gentleman of culture and high official standing with his tribe, says of Mr. Wolff's bill, introduced by Fitch of Nevada, "It is the best digest of Indian affairs ever framed into a bill."

But aside from these endorsements, Mr. Wolff's articles speak for themselves. Mr. Byers, of the *Denver News*, should not forget that thieves are wont to cry "stop thief," that his own reputation and character are not wholly veiled; that a man who was cowarded by a woman, and deserved the chastisement, is too low in the scale of humanity to be authority anywhere; and as he has not shown any irregularities in the articles on which to base any such charges as he makes, we take it for granted that the world will assign him to his proper place as interested in plunder from the public crib, or popular opinions, by which he gets gain, rather than getting rid of our Indian troubles entirely, on the basis of national justice; and the reduction of the public expenses by the amount of the difference between a rational policy which is economical and curative, and an irrational policy, expensive and destructive. We hope Mr. Byers can take a hint; if he cannot we know of a compulsory process.

A WALK TO MY OWN GRAVE.

There! do not stop to cry.

"The path is long?—we walk so slow?"

But we shall get there by and by.

Every step that we go

Is one step nearer, you know;

And your mother's grave will be

Such a pretty place to see.

"Will there be marble there.

With doves, or lambs, or lilies?" No.

Keep white yourselves. Why should you care

If they are as white as snow,

When the lilies cannot blow,

And the doves can never moan,

Nor the lambs bleat—in the stone!

You want some flowers? Oh!

We shall not find them on the way.

Only a few briar-roses grow

Here and there, in the sun, I say.

It is dusty and dry all day,

But at evening there is shade,

And—you will not be afraid?

Ah, the flowers? Surely, yes.

At the end there will be a few.

"Violets? Violets?" So I guess,

And a little grass and dew;

And some birds—you want them blue?

And a spring, too, as I think,

Where we will rest and drink.

Now kiss me and be good,

For you can go back home and play.

This is my grave here in the wood,

Where I, for a while must stay.

Wait—will you always pray,

Though you are sleepy, at night?

There! do not forget me—quite.

Keep the baby sweetly drest,

And give him milk and give him toys;

Rock him, as I did, to his rest,

And never make any noise,

Brown-eyed girl and blue-eyed boys,

Until he wakes. Good bye,

And—do not stop to cry!

—[The Golden Age.]

Philadelphia has female undertakers who are ready to undertake anything from men up.

EVERY person born in the United States is a citizen. Every citizen is entitled to vote. Such are the words of the Constitution. But it is objected that usage stands higher than words. Here, now, is a curious thing. Do presumed intentions of law-makers transcend their express writings? This is to invalidate the whole basis of written contract. The Statute of Frauds was passed to do away with all misunderstandings about meanings. What I have written I have written. There is no going behind the *littera scripta*. This Constitution interpretation question will be a stumbling block and an offense to many. No lawyer will for a moment affirm that express words written can be neutralized by presumed meanings, unless fraud be imputed.

The *Herald* used to be the friend and apologist of Louis Napoleon. Then came Sedan. Up went the republic. Trochu was its idol—Gambetta its protege. Down they went. Next enters Thiers into its fickle favor. The Communists were odious, damnable—their doctrines were heresies. Properly was in danger. Now that the Commune is dead, and that the American people recognize that Thiers and the Versailles mean Bourbonism, Bonapartism, imperialism or monarchy, the *Herald* begins to see that there was something in those Communists after all. They sacrificed themselves on the altars of principle. Excesses were not principles, nor were they confined to the people.

THE *GLOBE* says a woman has the same right to get drunk that a man has; only being a woman, her intemperance appears a little more glaring. It is so; but it should not be so: man being the nobler animal, the head, his want of sobriety, chastity and the other virtues should seem worse in him than in the weaker vessel. The very purity and perfection of woman disqualify her from the exercise of her intellect and her energies, and are a reason for keeping her at the wash-tub.

AN ELEMENTARY ORGANON.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

SIR—The popular discussion of the question of female suffrage would be assisted, if it were possible to reach any satisfactory deduction regarding it through reason, life or natural law.

It may be well to say, in the way of preface to the three or four points hereafter suggested, that it is quite impossible to excite my fears regarding what some people consider the assured consequences of female suffrage. My apprehensions will not be aroused by asseverations that it must upset the State, demoralize society, break up the family order, ruin the nature and life of woman, or, in short, that it can seriously disturb, in any way, the fundamental genius of creation. I have great faith in nature and human nature, which are too broadly and deeply based to be easily subverted. Putting away, therefore, all fears, all prejudices and all side issues, it would seem that the question of woman's suffrage must be considered directly in reference to—

1. Its relation to the life-nature of womanhood itself, and the consequent position of woman in the organic system;
2. Its relations to the State and the conduct of political affairs;
3. Its relations to society, and to those vital, fundamental, necessary functions of sex, which lie at the basis of a properly-defined communal order;
4. Its relations to the just rights of woman, as legitimately established and lawfully enforced.

Now, let these several points be recapitulated in their order:

First, let female suffrage be considered in its relation to woman herself. If the organization, history, and experience of woman indicate her instinct, attraction, or adaptation for political life;—or, if they indicate her intrinsic antagonism thereto,—we may, in either case, accept the indication as a guide in the right direction. If, again, woman's organic position, as determined by her special nature, indicates the necessity or advantage of her taking part in government and its administration;—or, if it indicates that her participation therein is not only unnecessary, but must be to her disadvantage,—we have, in either case, another indication that may be accepted as a basis of judgment.

Secondly, let female suffrage be considered in its relation to the State. If there be ground for believing that woman's admission to political life would be advantageous to the State and its interests, or would elevate the conduct of public affairs;—or, if there be ground for believing that it would be detrimental to the commonwealth, harmful to the great complex of administration, and confusing in the event of war—we have, in either case, another indication of value in the formation of opinion. (Let it be here observed, in the form of a parenthetical note on one of the preceding points, that the responsibilities of the Republican voter must not be ignored; nor must it be forgotten that those whose votes establish a policy for the government are, by that fact, bound to take part in the means necessary for its enforcement; in other words, it cannot be permitted, for example, that any class of voters shall turn the scale for peace or war unless they are ready to carry out their policy and accept all its consequences.)

Thirdly, let female suffrage be considered in its relation to the order of society. If there be reason to suppose that woman's entrance into political life will be advantageous to society and the family, and will benefit her in the vital relation she sustains to the other sex, and to the human race;—or, if there be reason to believe it must operate injuriously in regard to these fundamental and necessary concerns,—we will, in either case, find an indication of value in reaching a judgment.

Finally, let female suffrage be considered in its relation to the pure rights of woman, as a constituent element of the State and of society. If it appear that it is necessary for woman to take part in politics as the only way of securing and enforcing her explicit and legitimate rights;—or, if it appear that the Legislatures and courts of every State are ready to give proof of their purpose to assure her every just guarantee for the security of person, liberty, and property,—the fact, in every case, will help us in arriving at an opinion on the suffrage question.

The popular arguments on a matter of such great practical importance should be reasonable and orderly.

JOHN SWINTON.

FRANK CLAY;
OR,
HUMAN NATURE IN A NUTSHELL.

BY JOSHUA ROSE.

[CONTINUED.]

DLXXXI.

Chant, then, your national songs, vaunt national pride,
And taunt me with a want of patriotism;
And when your empty railings shall subside,
And you have sung your native catechism,
I'll catch the echoes; they shall be applied
To all mankind devoid of your sophism,
The good you wish on your own land to fall,
That will I supplicate to grant to all.

DLXXXII.

When native bards sing native prejudice,
They sing the demon's music; for their song
Appeals to human passion, human vice,
And prompts their victims to uphold their wrong;
The tyrant's plot, and at their mere caprice,
The weakly are downtrodden by the strong,
Then, 'neath their chains, do other peoples groan,
Forged by the hands that gail beneath their own.

DLXXXIII.

When Dr. Watt his nursery ditty wrote,
Forbidding letting "angry passions rise,"
I wonder if he thought how great the mote
Within each people's or each nation's eyes,
Who, when their neighbors fight, so glibly quote
Philosophy; but should a case arise
In which they think their interest is concerned,
Fight, and have their own philosophy returned.

DLXXXIV.

When Frank went home that night he told his friends
The way the men had acted. Mr. Blair
Said, "Frank, if I were you, I'd make amends
By giving up the contracts. I'm aware
That trade-clubs always succeed in their ends.
I knew a man who fought them for a year;
Though his employers backed him, 'twas no use;
They drove him from the shop by sheer abuse.

DLXXXV.

"And I, for one, don't blame them for their action;
They but defend themselves from imposition
The trade has rules—if it permits in'traction
Of them, 'twould bring the men to this condition:
The masters would construe the trade's inaction
As weakness; acting on which supposition,
They'd take advantage, may be lower wages;
I've seen this thing before in various stages."

DLXXXVI.

Here Mrs. Blair broke in with, "Do you mean
To say that they are right to vent their spleen
On Frank, because that he is most successful?
I really call such conduct most disgraceful.
If they could take the work, why don't they do it?
I wouldn't budge an inch, Frank, if I knew it,
A pretty thing, indeed, for them to say
How much you shall or shall not earn per day!"

DLXXXVII.

Frank here replied, "It is by competence
I must advance myself. What were the use
Of being skillful, if in the defense
Of others, I must, having learned, refuse
To practice what I learned? I've no pretense
For martyrdom; the path that I shall choose
Will show that even workmen can attain
Position if they seek it might and main.

DLXXXVIII.

"I mean to show the humblest artisan
That if he studies his employer's interest,
And proves to be a persevering man,
And being competent employs all zest
In his vocation, by such action can
Advance himself, mount to the highest crest
Of affluence and ease, and thus to teach
Him that advancement is within his reach."

DLXXXIX.

We now will in the workshop-office look.
The foreman, superintendent and a clerk
Are there, abstracting items from a book,
Comparing, with the others, Frank Clay's work.
The task complete, the superintendent shook
His head, remarked, "From this 'tis clear some lurk
Their time away, and idle round the shop,
And now do I insist that this must stop.

DLXL.

"See," pointing with his finger, "Clay was ten
Days on those 'quadrants'; here's another one,
The work the same, took fourteen days, and then
Had some assistance; these side-rods were done
By Clay in just six days; but here again
A similar pair took nine, another run
Through full ten days, 'tis clear you let them shirk
Their duties, do not keep them to their work.

DLXLI.

"Now, here you see young Black has been two weeks
Upon these axle-boxes, while Frank Clay
Was only half so long, which plainly speaks
A fact that cannot be explained away.
Black is either incapable or ekes
His time out; therefore, mark you what I say,
A month from date, if I find the time charged
To vary so, then some will get discharged."

DLXLII.

The foreman answered, "Sir, to speak the truth,
Frank Clay is so unusually expert
At all he takes in hand, though still a youth,
The best hands can't keep up with him, exert

The utmost skill they can, and then, to boot,
He's always actively on the alert,
And schemes new methods or some new appliance
That sets all previous notions at defiance."

DLXLIII.

The superintendent answered, "You can take
The self-same methods, teach them to the rest;
I care not what particular change you make;
Do what you think will serve your ends the best;
But I insist there shall not be so great
A difference in the cost of work; the test
I shall apply amounts to simply this:
The time of their work must approach to his."

DLXLIV.

The consultation over, each went home;
The foreman muttered "D—n" (short for confound it),
I always let such expletives alone;
But he, when angry, very often found it
Slipped out, and that in not the sweetest tone,
And if then took to task, he'd thus expound it:
"It came out unawares, I didn't plan it,
I really must reform this habit, d—n it!"

DLXLV.

Well, he was out of temper, that is, vexed,
And didn't fail to say so to his wife;
Then added, "Curse his Yankee hide, the next
Time that he gets me into any strife,
I will forgive him; I am quite perplexed
Just how to act; already there is rife
Among the men threats boding him no good;
Some think he'll leave—I really wish he would.

DLXLVI.

"I had none of this trouble ere he came
To make all hands dissatisfied with me;
The men for many years have worked the same
As now, and no one thought to disagree.
The superintendent now does nought but blame
Me and the lower foreman, saying we
Must lower the pay, or push the work along;
This piece-work system is entirely wrong.

DLXLVII.

"It makes the man who is the most efficient
The standard for the rest; employers will
Not hold him as unusually proficient,
But that the others lack the proper skill;
And, judging them as being so proficient,
Of course they plot and plan to lower still
The workman's pay; no wonder they oppress
Him as the cause—one can expect no less."

DLXLVIII.

A Boston merchant once, a foolish man,
Who had an hundred thousand dollars to lose,
Came to New York to trade upon the plan
Of perfect honesty, and told the news
To an old New York merchant, who began
To question such absurd, utopian views,
And said, without one thought of being witty,
"You'll have no competition in this city."

DLXLIX.

But then the world is better than they say it is,
Although some turn the whites up of their eyes,
And threaten pandemonium for our gayeties.
Most people don't pretend to be so wise,
And were all preachers, where would be the laities,
And then how could our Ward Beechers arise,
To teach the Gospel on the way, so new,
That designates St. Paul a "blear-eyed Jew"!

DL.

Oh, Henry Ward, that's talking rather strong,
That is, for gentlemen of your vocation;
At least some say so, still they may be wrong.
You can, we know, deliver an oration
That draws together a more numerous throng
Than any other pastor in the nation;
You fill the house, from *parquet* to the *gallery*,
Amuse the most, and draw the largest salary.

DLI.

You say you've "knocked the bottom out of hell,"
Colenzo tinkered at it a long time;
Tom Paine attacked it some time back pell-mell;
You operate in quite a different line;
You give much smaller doses, merely tell
Them bit by bit, you don't explode the mine
So quickly, and you're right—they'll only learn
By having a "little sugar put in their'n."

DLII.

Some say you only lecture; may be so,
But having had my joke, I'll speak my mind.
You may not hurl to Hades down below
Like Chadband, every sinner that you find;
Nor, sighing, cast your eyes to heaven, as though
You were the most devout of all mankind;
And if you lecture, you are most didactical,
Pre-eminently just, and always practical.

DLIII.

And if your sermons are sometimes political
And so beard vice in its most subtle den,
Let editors get angry, and be critical,
They do not like your truths of public men;
And if they loudly dub you as heretical,
It is because their interests guide their pen,
The world at large will own you are its creditor,
Be it as pastor, lecturer or editor.

DLIV.

Whew! I must get upon the track again,
And come back to my tale once more *allons*.
I must not wander off from my refrain,
And so *retourneons nous a nos moutons*,
I hope the English reader will refrain
From sounding o-n-s in French as ong;
I often heard them do so at Boulogne,
And say, "Jer say, Mounseer, cur say tray bong."

DLV.

I've often heard of speaking double Dutch,
But speaking single Dutch is quite enough
To all who wish to learn if there be such,
To get the accent you must stuff
The consonants in your throat, then use as much
The gullet as you can, and speak as gruff
As possible, feed on Limburger cheese,
Smoke and drink as much lager as you please.

DLVI.

Pshaw! where are all our heroines and heroes?
There's not one wounded, killed or even cheated;
They're nothing but a pack of common zeros.
I feel ashamed of how they have been treated;
But now have at them all. So here goes—
I've saddled Pegasus, am fairly seated,
So now we'll scamper o'er 'th' ethereal plane,"
And find Frank, Cora, Pete, or Ella Paine.

DLVII.

Frank: Wait, I left him "in a world of trouble,"
And as a novelist should leave him there
For some short time. His lot is not a bubble
Of fiction, 'tis, I honestly declare,
Based on a fact that I *myself* could couple
With names and dates and places, tell you where
The whole transpired, and cite the entire case;
No fiction, like "Put Yourself in his Place."

DLVIII.

Miss Cora, yes, I ought to make excuse
For having a chief heroine so tame.
If I continue this way she will lose
All right to such cognomen to lay claim;
But I must write the truth. I'd rather choose
To sacrifice her title, chance of fame,
Than make her ruin all her parents' hopes,
By running off at night by means of rope.

DLIX.

She's just a common, everyday, good girl,
No flirt or schemer, no heartless coquette,
Or butterfly of fashion, who must whirl
To court levees; the belle of all her set,
But an obedient, gentle, home-spun pearl,
With not much to repent of or regret;
She loved her father and adored her mother,
And ne'er spoke harshly even of her brother.

CANTO X.

DLX.

Of Pete, to speak plain truth, I'm half ashamed,
And yet, much as I wish, he can't be spared.
You see by what this novel rhyme is named,
It is imperative that these be paired,
The good and bad, and I must not be blamed
Because I have struck boldly out, and dared
To paint man as we find him every day,
For many men do worse than I can say.

DLXI.

However, Pete was made an alderman
Of New York City, and he took the stump
In favor of his party; he began
By a grand speech; he spouted like a pump,
And placed all his opponents 'neath a bun
Of coming extirpation in a lump.
He took broad views of women, land and "niggers,"
And fortified his case with actual figures.

DLXII.

He said, "I charge our rulers with hypocrisy,
With being European imitators;
As hostile to our national democracy;
As being foes to all but speculators;
And they are building up an aristocracy;
There's Joy, who holds eight hundred thousand acres
Of land in Kansas, granted for a song.
How long, oh people, will you stand this w o r g ?

DLXIII.

"The Union Pacific Railroad hold
About a hundred million acres, and
Last Congress, to some speculators sold
Two thousand five hundred square miles of land
For nineteen cents an acre, we are told.
For every plot resold the cash in hand
Received by them was ten dollars an acre.
Think of this each Republican law-maker.

DLXIV.

"And these same railroad companies now charge
Unreasonable tolls of freights and fare,
Imposing on the traveling world at large:
Five cents a mile's the cheapest anywhere.
Beyond the broad Missouri this surcharge
Is levied on the people, and they bear
This rate unknown. Where, on this continent,
The railroads are not subsidized a cent?

DLXV.

"The rich are getting richer, but the poor
Are getting poorer day by day. How long
Shall toiling masses suffer and endure
To be downtrodden by the moneyed throng?
Shall government exist but to inure
The weakly to the power of the strong,
And make each village, city or metropolis
A hotbed of vast corporate monopolies?

DLXVI.

Look, now, at Pennsylvania. There, we learn,
The railroad magnates, having grasped the mines,
By wielding their vast influence, can turn
The State laws as may suit their grasping minds,
And treat the people with an unconcern
Unknown except in ancient feudal times.
At Harrisburg, the legislators meet
To tread the people's rights beneath their feet.

"Frank Clay," together with "Labor and Capital," will shortly be published in book form. For particulars, apply to J. Rose, 560 Hudson street, New York.

* New York Herald.

ART, DRAMA, MUSIC.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—The show of portraits this season does not exceed the average in quality. Portrait painting is the great stand-by of the young artist, and the most readily intelligible result of art to the ordinary art patron. The poor merit of *fac simile* resemblance is appreciable by the duller critic. For the very reason that portraiture is an easy popularization of art, its practice ought to develop more of art principle. Each artist has the duty not only of making the pot boil, but of cultivating the public taste. This very cultivation implies expansion—whereby a better class of patrons are reached at the top, while a wider range of patronage is gained at the foot of the social pyramid. American art has spread out wonderfully within the last twenty years, and as the public taste for pictures increases, so will the artists increase in number and their productions in value. We shall no longer require to go to Europe for our mint mark or imprimatur, nor will fair American pictures be passed by well-intentioned ignorance, in the belief that imported trash is better than native mediocrity. But before we achieve success we must deserve it. One of our chief artists, looking round the exhibition, laid down, as he walked, a canon of art in reference to portraiture. He premised that the public—the picture-buyers—needed instruction in art as well as the student and artist. The one should be taught what to make, the other what to buy. "There are," he added, "treatment, composition, and all other incidents of art, even in portrait painting. It is not enough to make a likeness. There is attitude; there is style; there is temperament. The subject is to be represented, not only as he is, but as he may be. It is the ideal man, with that expression most characteristic of him—the smile or the scowl, the easy grace or the stiff awkwardness; not as he is at 12 o'clock on Wednesday, but as he is always and habitually to those who best know him. We don't want him formal and uncomfortable, consciously sitting for a portrait in fact. We want to see the soul that informs the face, and color, animation, clothing, gradation, harmony. Yes, an artist is wanted to paint a portrait as well as to paint a crucifixion or a last judgment. The Venetian grandees of Tintoret are born nobles, nobly treated. If we have a money-grubber or a sensualist nobody, of course, wants a Raphael or a St. John."

How far are we toward this standard in our present collection? There are two good portraits—283, "Wendell Phillips," by William Page, and 284, an elderly man, by Von Schack, immediately over it. Page's portrait, with its large, luminous eyes, pleasant smile, clear complexion and expressive countenance, is a picture. It may or it may not be like the original, but it fixes attention, excites imagination, and is evidently somebody painted by somebody. It is not that it is a pleasing or interesting face. Mr. William Sykes would not show an interesting physiognomy, but doubtless his "mug," drawn by an artist, would be striking enough not to be passed over with indifference. The most decided features might, in unskilled hands, result in the most unsatisfactory picture. Von Schack's old gentleman is in like manner a living original. He appeals right from the canvas as a thing of consciousness. The painting is careful; it wants the delicate skin texture of Mr. Page. No. 279, portrait of a lady, by H. P. Gray, is a bold, dashing, effective, sketchy figure, with good attitude and animated expression, but sadly deficient in careful finish. The drawing is better than the coloring. Those hands are certainly not skin. The face is color, not complexion, while the drapery wants tone and depth. The Belmont picture, opposite, painted by J. B. Irving, is a very pleasing subject, and the fair skin is the nearest approach to skin among the portraits. But the drapery wants tone and gradation. This picture of Gray is decidedly inferior in finish to that other by Irving. But there is so much more decision and character about it, it is so much more lifelike, so much less artificial, that it is more acceptable in its carelessness than the other in its painstaking formality. If the one picture be coarse, it is full and vigorous; if the other be labored, it is flat and feeble. Sellstedt paints himself—No. 270—a picture in which the artist looks out of the canvas a living man. The coloring is somewhat muddy, but time will perhaps harmonize and grade that lack of transparency. To the public it seems a very small matter to paint a suit of clothes or a dress. But just as it is with skin, so is it with drapery or garments. It is of value that we should know whether the attire be leather or broadcloth. A buff coat has its distinctive texture, as different from that of a linen cloth, as a flower leaf is from a piece of wood. The exact delineation of such surfaces is not the highest aim of art; nevertheless, it too has its value. We want not only to know how the great man or the sweet woman looked, but we like to know what was worn, and how. Our painters are deplorably careless. It would seem that, with rare exceptions, if the picture be good enough to satisfy the patron, it is good enough to satisfy the painter. Not of such stuff comes fame or true self-satisfaction. The artist must paint without reference to pay. Whether he paint for tens or for thousands, it is of the essence of art that he should do his very best; nay, that in that very best there should be something yet to do.

BOOTH'S THEATRE.—The "Man o' Airie," performed at the Princess Theatre, London, for one hundred nights, has been brought out at Booth's. The story is that of a young, soft-hearted and soft-headed Scotch mountaineer, ambitious of the delusive glory of a poet. So he writes a book of poems, and in casting about for a friend to assist him in searching out a London publisher he finds a friend who wheedles the poor poet out of his £300 ready cash, and reduces him and his family to the first principles of human equality, absolute helplessness. *Jas. Harebell* (Mr. Lawrence Barrett) is the poor, credulous, generous-hearted, soft-headed, cracked-brained

poet, and his dear and rascally friend is *George Brandon* (Mr. J. J. Howson) who, to raise the wind to keep himself from drifting among the breakers, contrives to bring about a marriage engagement with *Miss Steelman* (Miss Teresa Selden), daughter of *Lord Steelman* (Mr. Anderson). The scene of the first act is Lord Steelman's country house in Scotland, in which *Sir Gerald Hope* (Mr. Sheridan), who likewise has his eye upon the young heiress, brings *Mr. Brandon* to close quarters by threatening to expose his unfulfilled gambling liabilities unless by to-morrow morning he comes down with the money. In this extremity *Brandon* finds in *Harebell* the friend in need, and, by trumping up a story of distress and sympathy, gets the needed. In the second act, *Harebell's* cottage, the happy scene of peaceful rural life, is turned into chaos by *Brandon's* disclosure of the crushing fact that *Harebell's* money is all gone beyond recall, and that his only alternative is a clerkship in his lordship's business house in Edinburgh. In the third act we find *Harebell* installed as the clerk, his wife and baby dead, his surviving boy at his side, and his faithful old serving man, *Saunders*, still vainly endeavoring to instill some ideas of Scott's practical sense into his weak head. But crushed by the complete disclosure of *Brandon's* villainy, poor *Harebell* becomes deranged, delivers his boy in charge to his lordship, and wanders off to the river, where it is supposed he has been drowned. In the fourth act, after a lapse of twenty years, he is discovered at the inauguration of a statue in honor of himself as the poet of the poor. Of course, *Brandon* fails with the heiress, and *Sir Gerald* is the happy man. This is the plot. As a Yankee would say, "the hett of the work" falls upon Mr. Barrett, and he does it well. He was called out at the close of each act and was warmly applauded throughout. Mr. *Glassford*, as *Saunders*, comes next in the honors of the house, and makes a first-rate, practical, hard-headed Scotchman. Miss *Livingston*, as *Mary Harebell* (the wife), fills the character satisfactorily, and Miss *Selden*, as the heiress, we are only sorry has not more to do in the illustration of the sensible, sagacious and lovable woman. The play was neatly performed throughout; but the story is a sad one and does not leave a satisfying impression on the mind. In fact it is somewhat monotonous and heavy.

BOWERY.—Now that Bowery pieces flourish on Broadway, those who desire to see them at their best and played to a competently critical audience, should go to the Bowery and see "Pomp." It is one of the very best nigger pieces of the day—full of pathos, fun, dance and song. The piece illustrates social life in the Southern States in the old slavery days, and the principal interest turns upon the fidelity of a plantation hand to his master. Two effective sensation scenes are introduced in the second act. The villain of the play, Joe Hunter—personated by J. Winter—attempts to destroy Colonel Greyson and his family by blowing up a Mississippi steamboat, upon which the principal characters of the piece are assembled, and gives an opportunity for a strong sensation scene. The Colonel and his family are almost miraculously saved by the devotion of the nigger Pomp, and the audience are at the same time treated to a real live explosion—boat, bales, and niggers being blown about in real Mississippi style. The amiable Joe Hunter, having failed to accomplish his purpose on the river boat, next tries his hand on the railway, and in order to wreak his vengeance on the Greyson family opens a swinging bridge to allow the train, which he suspects to bear the objects of his vengeance, to plunge into the river; but the irrepressible Pomp arrives in time and sends the ruffian to his last account, turns back the bridge and hangs from one of the sleepers while the train dashes past at lightning speed in safety. This triumph of virtue naturally brings down the house. Mr. J. C. Campbell's impersonation of the nigger Pomp is artistic and effective. In the course of the play he sings quite a number of humorous nigger melodies and dances several breakdowns, at the same time mingling a good deal of pathos in the more serious situations. Mr. Campbell received much applause during the night. It is intended to keep "Pomp" before the public for one fortnight, when Mr. Campbell's engagement will come to a conclusion.

Tom Taylor and His Plays.

The admirers of Tom Taylor's popular plays will be edified by the following narrative, which is given by correspondent of the London *Athenaeum*:

On the first night of one of Mr. Taylor's "new" pieces, I remember to have sat next to a very intelligent member of the press. He is an experienced dramatic critic. Upon my observing that there were good points in some of Taylor's plays, my neighbor admitted the fact; but he supplemented his admission with the remark that what I had admired belonged to other men than the reputed author. "Surely," said I, "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing" was written by Mr. Taylor." "Ah," said my new friend, evidently commiserating my ignorance, "I perceive you have not read 'Une Femme qui deteste son Mari,' by Madame Girardin." "Well," said I, "what of 'Still Waters Run Deep'?" "There is a sort of thing called 'Le Gendreau,' by C. de Bernard," was the reply. "I suppose you will admit that the drama 'To Oblige Benson' is the creation of the gentleman whose name appears on the title-page?" I remarked. "You have never read 'Un Serice a Blanchard,'" was the rejoinder. "Well, what of 'The Hidden Hand'?" was my next question. "The scene is in Wales, and the persons of the drama are Welsh." "I refer you to 'L'Aieule,' by D'Emery and Edward," was the reply. "Surely you will admit that 'Payable on Demand' is the invention of Mr. Tom Taylor?" I asked. "I take the liberty of referring you to 'Furieuse Kohlen,' was the curt reply. I then introduced "Babes in the Wood," "An Unequal Match," and "Victims." "It is clear to me," said my interlocutor, "that M. Cormont was before your time." I began to be confounded.

"May I ask you," said I, turning to my informant and looking him steadily in the face, "if you have

seen the play entitled 'Nine Points of the Law'?" "I have," was the reply of my imperturbable informant, "and I have also read 'Clover Cottage,' by Savage." "I suppose I need not inform you," continued my communicative friend, "that Madame Pfeiffer had something to do with 'Twist Axe and Crown,' that Mr. Gilbert is not altogether unacquainted with 'Mary Warner,' that 'Piot and Passion' was claimed by John Lang; and that Mr. Taylor's most popular drama, 'The Ticket-of-Leave Man,' is a version of MM. Brisbarre and Nus's 'Leonard'?" All this information was not altogether new to me; still, I desired to encourage the conversation.

"May I venture to ask," said I, "if you have reason to suppose the drama we are now witnessing is derived from any foreign original?" My friend was expanding his crushed hat. "Certainly not," he replied with emphasis, pointing to the stage, whereon they were roasting Mrs. Rousby; "I know no other dramatic author who, left to himself, would conceive the notion of presenting before an audience such brutal realism as that." And my friend left.

WOMAN ITEMS.

In Brooklyn, a Woman's Rights woman is reported to have named her three boys Susan, Mary and Kate.

The female writers of America are now furnishing a large amount of excellent reading in prose and verse to the magazines.

The Methodist Conference of Western Pennsylvania have opened Allegheny College, at Meadville, to women as well as men. This is one of the oldest educational institutions in the State.

In Wisconsin, a woman supports an invalid husband by working a forty acre farm, and in addition contributes \$300 a year to the support of his poor old grandfather.

Madame Canda, formerly a resident of New York, has recently died at Boulogne, in France. She was the mother of that Charlotte Canda whose untimely death is commemorated by the elaborate monumental tomb in Greenwood.

A young man says there may have been such a thing as true love in old times, but that now the notion is entirely obsolete, you ask a lady now-a-days to share your lot, she immediately wants to know how large that "lot" is, and what buildings there are upon it.

London has a poor woman's club, "The Berners." It has 350 members. The house is supplied with a drawing-room, coffee-room, and a reading-room furnished with newspapers, periodicals, and books. The subscription is seven shillings a year, with an entrance fee of one shilling.

The Empress Eugenie has presented Lady Burgoyne (wife of Sir John Burgoyne, in whose yacht, the *Gazelle*, she escaped from France, and landed safely at Rye), a costly gold locket, set with diamonds, with a most exquisite likeness of Her Majesty enclosed, as a souvenir of that memorable voyage to England.

At a Court ball in Berlin, Bismarck was much pleased with the wife of a foreign diplomatist present. With characteristic audacity he reached out to pluck a flower from a bouquet she carried. Rapping his knuckles with her fan, she said: "Pardon, Mr. Count, but that flower is not a German State; you must ask for it."

LADY'S APPETITE.—The daily allowance to the maids of honor attached to the Court during the reign of Henry VIII., was a gallon of ale for breakfast and a chine of beef; a piece of beef and a gallon of beer for dinner; in the afternoon a gallon of ale and a maniple of bread; and for supper a mass of porridge, a piece of mutton and a gallon of ale; after supper half a gallon of wine and some bread.

"This ought not to be," says *The Universalist*. "A woman makes application to teach school. The Board of Education find that she has been divorced, and think it prudent to reject her. Her husband, meantime, though well known to be a libertine, is elected to the Legislature and takes his seat among the honorable law-makers of the State! It is not creditable to our civilization that there should be one code of moral laws for women and another for men."

Miss Elizabeth Garrett, now Mrs. Garrett Anderson, has vindicated woman's claim to medical science and skill. In opening the summer course of lectures at Surgeons' Hall, Edinburgh, Dr. Keiller stated that had Miss Elizabeth Garrett entered into competition at the written examination of the previous year she would have carried off the first prize. Dr. Keiller said that he had the satisfaction of telling her that she was entitled to the first medal, and that if there were to be many graduates like her the male students might have no small difficulty in keeping their ground.

An exchange thinks that if we are to have a female candidate for the Presidency, she ought to be young and pretty and fascinating. "Then let us nominate Col. Susan B. Anthony by all means. A younger, prettier or more fascinating political girl is not to be found on this continent. 'The beautiful and accomplished President' would sound deuced well in the newspapers, and if Susan couldn't produce that sound it would be no use for anybody else to try." If the poster that pouts such stuff has one tenth of Susan B.'s power and pluck, he might be something better than an unknown scribbler on a country journal.

Within the past ten days five girls under fourteen years of age have committed suicide in the United States. One of ten years hung herself because her brother died. Two between twelve and fourteen poisoned themselves in consequence of love disappointment. One of eleven told her companions she intended to jump off a cliff until she killed her elf, and did so, dying the next day. The fifth, only eight and a-half years of age, threw herself into a mill-pond because her mother insisted upon her wearing copper-toed shoes. To these may be added the novel suicide of a little girl twenty-one months of age, the child of Mr. William Deavers, residing near Alexandria, Va. The child held her breath while in a pet, as children frequently do, and died, although she was perfectly well before the crying fit.

Miss Esther Johnstone, a young Englishwoman, died lately at Chalons-sur-Marne, France, and was interred with full Prussian military honors. Having been attached to an ambulance corps, she resolved, on the cessation of the late war, to remain with the Prussian sick and wounded, to whom she was indefatigable in her attention. She made the small-pox patients her special care, and, while attending on them, was seized with disease and carried off in a few days. The Prussians resolved to give her the honors of a military funeral, and this was done with all the formalities that usually attend the obsequies of an officer. The generals and officers at Chalons-sur-Marne, together with about five hundred of the inhabitants, accompanied the corpse to its resting-place. A monument has been erected by the soldiers to her memory.

CHINESE WOMEN.

BOUND-FOOTED AND THE LARGE-FOOTED.

Mrs. S. L. Baldwin, the missionary to China, lectured in Philadelphia recently. Of the women in China she said:

"The women of China are divided into two classes—the bound-footed, who are the ladies, and the large-

footed, who are the common class. The latter carry the burdens, do all the drudgery and out-door work, while their husbands do nothing. When a little girl is born, the parents think the gods are angry with them, and they hold a consultation whether she shall be allowed to live or not. If she is, when she arrives at the age of four years, they hold another consultation whether she shall be a bound-footed or a large-footed woman. If she is chosen to be bound-footed she is not permitted to do anything, but if otherwise she has to be the family slave. I have seen a woman with four children strapped to her back and rowing a boat, while her husband laid in the cabin smoking his pipe. Girls have no choice of their husbands; the young girl is sold by her parents at the highest price they can obtain for her. She never sees her husband, nor he her, until after they are married. If he chooses, he can obtain a divorce from her for talking too much; if he becomes poor, or gets tired of her, he sells her again. In the coldest weather, the large-footed women are not allowed to wear stockings, and cannot dress in any other color than black or blue. The manner in which they make their feet small is by binding the four toes under the foot, which they keep bound up for about eleven years, when the foot becomes dead. I have walked through the streets when the women would brush against my dress so as to see my feet, so they could tell to what class I belonged. I would say to them: 'I will show you my feet, but do not pull my clothes, as it is rude.' When they would examine my feet they would exclaim: 'Why, have you no real ladies in America?' And the only way I could make them believe that we had was by telling them that women read books like the men, which utterly astounded them, as the real Chinese lady is brought up in the utmost ignorance, and they only marry in the rich families because they know and do so little, and need so much waiting upon that it takes a rich husband to support them. If you ask a Chinese woman how many children she has she will give you only the number of boys. She has to be asked the second time how many girls she has, as they are thought so little of that in many cases they are killed as soon as born. A large-footed woman told me once that her first child was a little girl, and she described to me how she loved the little one. 'My husband went out,' she said, 'and brought in a tub of water. I begged him to spare its life, but he took the little one and put its head in the water and held it there till it was dead.' Her second babe was a daughter, and it was served the same as the first; the third child was a boy; he lived until he was about four years old, then the gods got angry and killed him; then my husband died, and now if I eat anything that is nice, and if I wear good clothes, my relatives become angry and treat me harshly.' Even in our Christian churches in China the women are not allowed in the same room with the men, but are partitioned off in a lattice-work room."

Mrs. Elizabeth M. Miller, daughter of Mr. Gerrit Smith, sends to us from Geneva, N. Y., a manuscript written, "as she says," "by my dear friend, Mrs. Booth, who died in New York several years ago—a little poem which, to me, is exquisitely beautiful."

I SHALL BE WITH THEE.

I hear a footstep in the hall,
I see a shadow on the wall—
A moving shadow dark and tall—
A voiceless shadow—this is all,

No gentle footfall near the door
Thrills to my heart across the floor,
And I am weary, thinking o'er
That music I shall hear no more—
That tender music, soft and sweet—
The melody of coming feet;
I cry, and echo sends the call
Back to my heart—and this is all

I feel a soft hand on my head,
A hand whose touch seems overspread
With balm-like that the lilies shed
O'er the white bosoms of the dead,
And I am chill while memories fall
Like odors o'er me—that is all.

I feel the rhythm and the rhyme
Of thy dear life keep sweetest time
With God's sweet sounds, and overclimb
All sounds with which they interchange.
I see thee—hear thee—feel thy breath,
In the still air which answerseth
With lightest kiss whenever I call,
'Mid tears for thee—and this is all.

I cannot hear thee in the hall,
Nor see thy shadow on the wall—
Yet I shall hear an angel call
My name down the Jasper wall—
For when the leaves of autumn fall,
I shall be with thee—this is all.

—Golden Age.

THE NEW ORLEANS *Republican* has lost its clock. A thief in the last depths of despair tried an editorial sanctum. He could find nothing but a duster and a clock, and he dusted them both. The *Republican* has hitherto always been on time; was, in fact, one of the "liveliest" papers in the South. It will now have an excuse for being behind hand. *Republicans* have lost a great deal of time. They will have to wake up without waiting for that clock. An hour hence it was not too soon, now there is just time, an hour hence it will be too late.

A really good watch is certainly a desirable possession and those manufactured by Messrs. Bonedict Brothers of 691 Broadway, have a fine reputation as good time keepers and in the quality of the materials composing them. Their store is also rendered attractive by a splendid display of silverware and articles of jewelry, any of which would gladden the heart of the recipient. The elegant watch and chain lately presented to Dr. James Peck, the popular conductor of the Church Music Association, at Steinway Hall, was purchased of them.

A DREAM.

Back again, darling? O, day of delight!
How I have longed for you morning and night.
Watched for you, pined for you all the day through,
Craving no boon and no blessing but you;
Prayed for you, pleaded for you, sought you in vain,
Striving for ever to find you again;
Counting all anguish as nought if I might
Clasp you again as I clasp you to-night.

Oh! I have sorrowed and suffered so much!
Since I last answered your lip's loving touch;
Through the night watches, in daylight's broad
beams,

Anguished by visions and tortured by dreams,
Dreams so replete with bewildering pain—
Still it is throbbing in heart and in brain;
Oh! for I dreamed—keep me close to thy side,
Darling, oh, darling—I dreamed you had died!

Dreamed that I stood by your pillow and heard
From your pale lips love's sweet, half-uttered word!
And by the light of the May morning skies
Watched your face whiten, and saw your dear eyes
Gazing far into the Wonderful Land—
Felt your fond fingers grow cold in my hand:
"Darling," you whispered, "My darling!" you said
Faintly, so faintly, and then you were dead.

Oh! the dark hours when I knelt by your grave,
Calling upon you to love and to save;
Pleading in vain for a sign or a word,
Only to tell me you listened and heard;
Only to tell me you listened and knew
How all my soul was in anguish for you;
Bitter, despairing, the tears that I shed,
Darling, oh, darling, because you were dead.

Oh! the black days of your absence, my own!
Oh! to be left in the wide world alone!
Long, with our little ones clasped to my breast
Wandered I, seeking for refuge and rest;
Yet all the world was so careless and cold,
Vainly I sought for a sheltering fold;
There was no roof and no home for my head;
Darling, oh, darling, because you were dead!

Yet in the midst of darkness and pain,
Darling, I knew I should find you again!
Knew, as the roses knew, under the snow,
How the next summer would set them aglow!
So I did always, the dreary days through,
Keep my heart single and sacred to you,
As on the beautiful day we were wed;
Darling, oh, darling, although you had fled!

Oh! the great joy of awaking to know
I did but dream all that torturing woe!
Oh, the delight that my searching can trace
Nothing of coldness or change in your face!
Still is your forehead unfurrowed and fair,
None of the light lost out of your hair;
None of the light from your dear eyes is fled—
Darling, oh, how could I dream you were dead!

Now you are here, you will always remain,
Never, oh, never, to leave me again!
Now has it vanished, the anguish of years!
Vanished—nay, these are not sorrowful tears;
Happiness only my cheek has imperiled,
There is no grieving for me in the world;
Dark clouds may threaten, but I have no fear,
Darling, oh, darling, because you are here!

FLORENCE PERCY.

IT'S VERY HARD.

[From the Grand Rapids Eagle.]

It's very hard that some should amble
Through ways to me so rough,
That some should never feel the bramble,
That fastens on my cuff;
That things should be so strangely fixed,
That everywhere I see
Their milk and honey ready mixed,
But not a drop for me.

It's very hard that some one's got,
His farm on top of my land,
That I must mourn a vacant lot,
And own no low or high land;
That some should lose a wealthy aunt,
And gain thereby a penny,
While mine, though she should die for't, can't
Give or bequeath me any.

It's very hard that some should dash off
Their "doggerel mixed with sense,"
And with no effort bear the cash off—
Their rhyming recompense;
And that, too, when they are not well,
While I ne'er get a groat;
Or only now and then can sell
Somebody with my note.

It's very hard that some can thatch,
Their heads with wreaths of laurel,
While on my crown I only catch,
The records of a quarrel;
The dulcet muse of all the group,
Won't come when I invoke her;
While others, helped by all the troupe,
Enchant a female broker.

It's very hard that some should amble
Through ways I find so rough,
And live at ease, while I must scramble
For what is scant and tough.
Yet there's one hope that to me clings,
Through fortune's wildest caper—
That I may have some hens and things,
And be reprinted, even without my share of
credit as author, in Woodhull & Claflin's literary,
sensational, woman's rights, free marriage and di-
vorce, and Fourteenth Amendment patent for woman's
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Through Express Trains leave Chambers st. at 9 a. m., 11 a. m., 5:30 p. m., and 7 p. m., daily. Leave 23d st. at 8:45 a. m., 10:45 a. m., and 5:15 and 6:45 p. m., daily. New and improved Drawing-room Coaches accompany the 9 a. m. train through to Buffalo, connecting at Hornellsville with magnificent Sleeping Coaches running through to Cleveland and Galion. Sleeping Coaches accompany the 11 a. m. train from New York to Buffalo and the 5:30 p. m. train from New York to Buffalo and 7 p. m. train from New York to Hornellsville, Buffalo and Cincinnati. An Emigrant Train leaves daily at 7:45 p. m. For Port Jervis and Way, 4:30 p. m. (23d st. at 4:15 p. m.)

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

For Piermont, Nyack, Tallmans and Way, from 23d st. Depot, at 9:15 a. m.; 1:15, 3:15, 4:15, 5:15 and 6:15 p. m., and Saturdays only, 11:45 p. m. From Chambers st. Depot, at 9:30 a. m.; 1:30, 3:30, 4:15, 5:15, 5:45 and 6:30 p. m.; and Saturdays only, 11:20 midnight.

Tickets for Passage and for Apartments in Drawing-room and Sleeping Coaches can be obtained, and orders for the checking and transfer of baggage may be left, at the Company's offices, 241, 529 and 957 Broadway; 205 Chambers st.; 33 Greenwich st.; cor. 125th st. and Third ave., Harlem; 338 Fulton st., Brooklyn. Depots foot of Chambers st. and foot of 23d st., New York; No. 3 Exchange place, and Long Dock Depot, Jersey City, and of the Agents at the principal hotels.

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7:30 A. M.—For Easton.
12 M.—For Flemington, Easton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Wilkesbarre, Reading, Columbia, Lancaster, Ephrata, Lititz, 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.
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