

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT! UNTRAMMELED LIVES!

BEAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

VOL. 3.—No. 7.—WHOLE No. 59.

NEW YORK, JULY 1, 1871.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE
LOANERS' BANK
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
(ORGANIZED UNDER STATE CHARTER.)
"Continental Life" Building,
22 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

CAPITAL.....\$500,000
Subject to increase to.....1,000,000

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

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A. F. WILMARTH, EDGAR F. BROWN,
EDGAR W. CROWELL, ARCHIBALD M. BLISS,
DORR RUSSELL.

This Bank negotiates LOANS, makes COLLEC-
TIONS, advances on SECURITIES, and receives
DEPOSITS.

Accounts of Bankers, Manufacturers and Merchants
will receive special attention.

FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST paid on
CURRENT BALANCES, and liberal facilities offered
to our CUSTOMERS.

DORR RUSSELL, President.
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TANNER & CO.,

BANKERS,

No. 11 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

DEALERS IN

STOCKS, BONDS, GOLD AND EXCHANGE.

ORDERS EXECUTED AT THE STOCK AND
GOLD EXCHANGES.

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Buy and sell at current market rates, the FIRST
MORTGAGE EIGHT (8) PER CENT. GOLD
BONDS of the ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY
RAILROAD COMPANY.

Interest, payable August and February, in New
York, London, or Frankfort-on-the-Main, free of
United States taxes. Present market quotations, 97½
a 98½c. and interest.

TANNER & CO.,
No. 11 WALL STREET.

56 107

8 Per Cent. Interest
First Mortgage Bonds!

OF THE

ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD
COMPANY.

Principal and Interest Payable in Gold.

105 MILES COMPLETED and in operation, the
earnings on which are in excess of interest on the
total issue. Grading finished, and ONLY 6 MILES
OF TRACK ARE TO BE LAID TO COMPLETE
THE ROAD.

Mortgage at the rate of \$13,500 per mile.
Price 97½ and accrued interest.

We unhesitatingly recommend them, and will fur-
nish maps and pamphlets upon application.

W. P. CONVERSE & CO.,
54 PINE STREET.

TANNER & CO.,
11 WALL STREET

HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH.
OFFICE OF
FISK & HATCH.
BANKERS.

AND
DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

No. 5 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.,

Opposite U. S. Sub-Treasury.

We receive the accounts of Banks, Bank-
ers, Corporations and others, subject to check
at sight, and allow interest on balances.

We make special arrangements for interest
on deposits of specific sums for fixed periods.

We make collections on all points in the
United States and Canada, and issue Certifi-
cates of Deposit available in all parts of the
Union.

We buy and sell, at current rates, all classes
of Government Securities, and the Bonds of
the Central Pacific Railroad Company; also,
Gold and Silver Coin and Gold Coupons.

We buy and sell, at the Stock Exchange,
miscellaneous Stocks and Bonds, on commis-
sion, for cash.

Communications and inquiries by mail or
telegraph, will receive careful attention.

FISK & HATCH.

BANKING HOUSE

OF

HENRY CLEWS & Co.,

No. 32 Wall Street.

Interest allowed on all daily balances of Currency
or Gold.

Persons depositing with us can check at sight in
the same manner as with National Banks.

Certificates of Deposit issued, payable on demand
or at fixed date, bearing interest at current rate, an
available in all parts of the United States.

Advances made to our dealers at all times, on ap-
proved collaterals, at market rates of interest.

We buy, sell and exchange all issues of Government
Bonds at current market prices; also Coin and
Coupons, and execute orders for the purchase and
sale of gold, and all first class securities, on com-
mission.

Gold Banking Accounts may be opened with us
upon the same conditions as Currency Accounts.

Railroad, State, City and other Corporate Loan
negotiated.

Collections made everywhere in the United States,
Canada and Europe.

Dividends and Coupons collected.

RAILROAD IRON,

FOR SALE BY

S. W. HOPKINS & CO.,

71 BROADWAY.

JOHN J. CISCO & SON,
BANKERS,
No. 59 Wall Street, New York.

Gold and Currency received on deposit, subject to
check at sight.

Interest allowed on Currency Accounts at the rate
of Four per Cent. per annum, credited at the end of
each month.

ALL CHECKS DRAWN ON US PASS THROUGH
THE CLEARING-HOUSE, AND ARE RECEIVED
ON DEPOSIT BY ALL THE CITY BANKS.

Certificates of Deposit issued, payable on demand,
bearing Four per Cent. interest.

Loans negotiated.

Orders promptly executed for the Purchase and
Sale of Governments, Gold, Stocks and Bonds on
commission.

Collections made on all parts of the United States
and Canada.

CALDWELL & CO.,
BANKERS,
27 Wall St., New York.

Order for Purchase and Sale of United
States Securities, Stocks, Bonds and Ameri-
can Gold promptly executed at the usual
commission.

Collections promptly made in all parts
of the United States and Canada.

Interest, 4 per cent., allowed on de-
posits, subject to sight draft.

J. OSBORN.

ADDISON CAMMACK

OSBORN & CAMMACK,

BANKERS,

No. 34 BROAD STREET.

STOCKS, STATE BONDS, GOLD AND FEDERAL
SECURITIES, bought and sold on Commission.

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY.

\$330,000 IN GOLD
DRAWN EVERY 17 DAYS.

Prizes cashed and information furnished. Orders
solicited and promptly filled.

The highest rates paid for Doubloons and all kinds
of Gold and Silver and Government Securities.

TAYLOR & CO., BANKERS,

No. 16 Wall Street.

SAM'L BARTON.

HENRY ALLEN.

BARTON & ALLEN,
BANKERS AND BROKERS,
No. 40 BROAD STREET.

Stocks, Bonds and Gold bought and sold on com-
mission.

NEW YORK
STATE RAILROAD BONDS.

A First-Class Home Investment.

FIRST MORTGAGE
GOLD BONDS

OF THE

ONDOUT & OSWEGO
RAILROAD.

Principal & Interest Payable in
Gold.

Seven per Cent. Semi-Annually.

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

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

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

PRICE OF THE BONDS, 90 IN CURRENCY.

Full particulars of the above may be had of, and
the Bonds for sale by

Edward Haight & Co.,

9 Wall Street, NEW YORK CITY.

Financial Agents of the R. & O. Company.

56

81

BANKING HOUSE
OF

KOUNTZE BROTHERS,

NEW YORK,

14 WALL STREET.

Four per cent. interest allowed on all deposits.

Collections made everywhere.

Orders for Gold, Government and other securities
executed.

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 \$20,000 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 \$24,510 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 \$899,510 04. The total operating expenses will not exceed fifty per cent., which leaves the net annual earnings \$449,755 02, which is \$214,555 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

GEORGE OPDYKE & CO.,

25 Nassau Street.

"THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST."



Being constructed with regard to scientific accuracy, are used in all tests of skill by the best players in the country, and in all first-class clubs and hotels. Illustrated catalogue of everything relating to billiards sent by mail.

PHILAN & COLLENDER

738 BROADWAY, New York City.

D. R. LISTER, ASTROLOGER,
25 Lowell street, Boston.
For terms send for a circular. Hours, from 9 A. M. to P. M.

"THE BLEES."

NOISELESS,
LINK-MOTION,
LOCK-STITCH



Sewing Machine

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

MANUFACTURED BY

BLEES SEWING MACHINE CO.,
623 BROADWAY, New York.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE BILLIARD ROOMS.

Seven first-class *Phelan* Tables.

69 & 71 BROADWAY,

(Nearly opposite Wall St.)

Open from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M., exclusively for the Stock and Gold Boards and Bankers.

The Finest Qualities of Imported Wines, Brandies and Cigars.

Wholesale Store—71 BROADWAY.
JOHN GAULT.

PIANOS!

PIANOS!

CABINET ORGANS

AND

MELODEONS,

AT

MERRELL'S,

[Late Cummings.]

Piano Warerooms, No. 8 Union Square.

A large stock, including Pianos of the best Makers, for sale cheap for cash, or to rent. Money paid for rent applied to purchase. Repairing done well and promptly. Call and examine before deciding elsewhere.

M. M. MERRELL,

LATE CUMMINGS,

No. 8 Union Square.

WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & CO.,

Bankers and Brokers,

No. 44 BROAD STREET,
New York.

SYMPHER & CO.,

(Successors to D. Marley.)

No. 557 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

Dealers in

MODERN AND ANTIQUE

Furniture, Bronzes,

CHINA, ARTICLES OF VERTU.

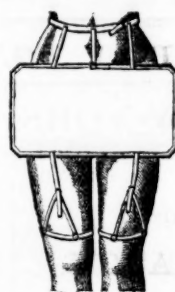
Established 1826.

PATENT

STOCKING SUPPORTER

AND

LADIES' PROTECTOR.



NO MORE COLD FEET—NO MORE DEFORMED LIMBS.

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

The trade supplied at a discount.

No. 63 Clarendon Street,

BOSTON.

OR MRS. C. A. GAYNOR,

824 Broadway, New York.

G. W. WARD & CO.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY

FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

No. 12 MONTGOMERY STREET,

San Francisco, Cal.



RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.

BEST SALVE IN USE.

Sold by all Druggists at 20 cents.

JOHN F. HENRY,
Sole Proprietor, No. 8 College Place, NEW YORK.

WM. DIBBLEE,

LADIES' HAIR DRESSER,

854 Broadway,

HAS REMOVED FROM HIS STORE TO THE

FIRST FLOOR,

where he will continue to conduct his business in all its branches TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. CHEAPER than heretofore, in consequence of the difference in his rent.

CHATELAINE BRAIDS,

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WIGS,

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

DIBBLEEANIA for stimulating, JAPONICA for soothing; and the MAGIC 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.
Also, his celebrated

HARABA ZEIN,

or FLESH BEAUTIFIER, the only pure and harmless preparation ever made for the complexion. No lady should ever be without it. Can be obtained only at

WM. DIBBLEE'S,
854 Broadway, up-stairs.

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

BOOTS & SHOES.

PORTER & BLISS,
LADIES', GENTS' AND MISSES'
BOOTS & SHOES,
No. 1,255 Broadway,
Corner of Thirty-first street, New York
(Opposite Grand Hotel and Clifford House.)

BOYS' AND YOUTHS'

BOOTS AND SHOES
A SPECIALTY

A BEAUTIFUL SET OF TEETH,
With plumpers to set out the cheeks and restore the face to its natural appearance. Movable plumpers adjusted to old sets, weighted Lower Sets, fillings of Gold, Amalgam, Bone, etc.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN,
With Nitrous Oxide Gas.

No extra charge when others are inserted.

SPLENDID SETS, \$10 to \$30.

L. BERNHARD, No. 216 Sixth Avenue,
Between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets east side.

ERIE RAILWAY.—TRAINS LEAVE
Depots foot of Chambers st. and foot of 23d st., as follows:

Through Express Trains leave Chambers st. at 9 a. m., 11 a. m., 3:30 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 Gallon. Sleeping Coaches accompany the 11 a. m. train from New York to Buffalo; the 3:30 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, at 4:30 p. m. (23d st. at 4:15 p. m.)
For Middletown and Way, at 3:30 p. m. (23d st. at 3:15 p. m.); and, Sundays only, 8:30 a. m. (23d st. at 8:15 a. m.)
For Otsville and Way, at 7:30 a. m. (23d st. at 7:15 a. m.)

For Newburgh and Way, at 9 a. m., 3:30 and 4:30 p. m. (23d st. at 8:45 a. m., and 3:15 and 4:15 p. m.)

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

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

For Hackensack and Hillsdale, from 23d st. Depot, at 8:45 a. m., and 12:45, 3:45, 5:15, 5:45 and 7:45 p. m. From Chambers st. Depot, 9 a. m., and 1, 4, 5:15, 6 and 7:45 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 7:15 p. m., and Saturdays only, 11:45 p. m. From Chambers st. Depot, at 9:30 a. m.; 1:30, 3:30, 4:15, 7:40, 3:15 and 6:30 p. m., and Saturdays only, 11:2 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, 341, 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.

L. D. RUCKER,

Gen'l Sup't.

WM. R. BARR,

Gen'l Pass'r Agt.

Dec. 22, 1870.

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

PROGNOSTIC ASTRONOMY:

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

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

Any five questions in letter, enclosing two dollars, promptly attended to. Terms of consultation from \$1 to \$5, according to importance. Nativities written from \$5 upward. Phenological examinations, verbal \$1; 11th chart, \$3.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL and TENNIE C. CLAFLIN,
PUBLISHERS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTION.

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

One copy for one year	\$3 00
One copy for six months	1 50

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Per line (according to location) - From \$1 00 to 2 50

Time, column and page advertisements by special contract.

Special place in advertising columns cannot be permanently given.

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

Specimen copies sent free.

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

All communications, business or editorial, must be addressed

Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly,

44 Broad Street, New York City.

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

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 recognized 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.

OURSELVES AGAIN.

If the public, the editors and writers will force ourselves upon our own attention, we shall at least stand acquitted of egotism in making "ourselves" the subject of our own remarks. There is no man living for whom we have a more hearty liking, not to say respect, than we have for Henry Ward Beecher. He is large-hearted in his opinions, liberal in his teaching and practice, permits to all men the free development of their own faculties, and does his best to develop his own in that direction wherein he finds most pleasure and profit. All the members of that remarkable family in which he is the head light are entitled, like himself, to the best thanks of mankind for their efforts in many ways. Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker is as nearly perfect as human nature can be. Miss Catherine Beecher, though not one of us, is fearless, honest and true. Mrs. Beecher Stowe, though a little damaged in public esteem by her desire for notoriety and the pruriency of the Byron details, is still fondly remembered, and holds a high place in our regards. Mr. Beecher is editor of the *Christian Union*, a journal almost as remarkable among religious papers as Mr. Beecher is among ministers. It is as near as may be formed in his express image. In the simplicity and sincerity of its teachings, in its total abstinence from all sensation, in its want of all commercial animus, in its desire to do good, and good only, for the cause, and in its strict adherence to the line of Christian duty we have the prototype of its matchless editor-in-chief. In private and in public life we love our excellent brother. He is a man after our own heart; not one of those who pretends to be holier than other men, but sympathizes by experience with the sons of Adam and daughters of Eve in their trials and temptations. As for the *Christian Union*, had we only the time, we have all the wish to make it our companion by day and by night, to inscribe its precepts on our door-posts and wear them in the hem of our garments.

The *Christian Union* runs a story in its columns written by Mrs. Beecher Stowe. In that story there is a character called Dacia Dangyereyes, which sounds suspiciously like your eyes. We don't like to write what George Francis Train calls cuss words, but as a minister's wife Mrs. Stowe can introduce the equivalent into a religious novel and mean

no harm. She uses such words in a scriptural, not to say Pickwickian, sense. Some of our contemporaries first found in the characters and opinions of Mrs. — your eyes and her friends a resemblance to "ourselves" and to persons near and dear to us, and latterly we have had very many inquiries made and reporters have interviewed us, assuring us that we were the parties meant, and expressing sympathy for us in the annoyance and injury from such covert libelous allusion. These suggestions put us upon a course of story reading. The *Herald* tells the public that the religious matter of the religious papers is not generally of much account, while the secular is worth nothing at all, and our reading of the *Christian Union*, though diligent, had been previously directed to the purely religious teachings of the reverend editor. After reading the story, we are of the impression that Mrs. Beecher Stowe may have alluded to ourselves in that playfully satirical style of which she is a mistress. She has put opinions strongly, and colored supposed acts and motives to give tone and depth to the picture, but the defence and exculpation are in terms so strong and eloquent that we owe her a debt of gratitude. To make us more Beecherite than we were, she has, so to say, sealed us with the Beecher cross; for has she not put the apology into the mouth of Mrs. Cerulian, the archetypal representative of primeval purity and innocence? In Mrs. Cerulian our contemporaries recognize the sweet lineaments of our beloved friend and co-laborer, Isabella Beecher Hooker. More than this Mrs. Beecher Stowe could not have done for her dearest friends. To have our thoughts interpreted, our motives explained by Mrs. Hooker (Cerulean) is all that we could desire. Mrs. Stowe, (the vindicator of a dead woman against a dead and forgotten scandal) would not seek to make her own sister a laughing-stock; therefore we take our defence from Mrs. Cerulian's lips as words of sober earnestness, and as such we present them to our readers:

"Oh, James, there are many opinions yet to be expressed on the subject of what is commonly called profanity. I have arrived at the conclusion myself that, in impassioned nature, what is called profanity is only the state of prophetic exaltation which naturally seeks vent in intensified language. I shouldn't think the worse of this fine, vigorous creature if, in a moment's inspired frenzy, she should burst the tame boundaries of ordinary language. It is true the vulgar might call it profane. It requires anointed eyes to see such things truly. When we have risen to these heights where we now stand, we behold all things purified. There is around us a new heaven and a new earth. And so, you see, Dacia Dangyereyes turns out a tip-top angel of the new dispensation."

A NEW GOVERNMENT AND THE COSMOPOLITICAL PARTY.

NO. VII.

INTERIOR COMMERCE—CONTINUED.

In last week's issue we pointed out that the intentions of the managers of the great railroad corporations are so far consolidated the railroad system of the country as to be a power capable of virtually being the government. Their avowed purpose is, however, quite a different one. They profess that to make the management the most successful, economical and accommodating to the general public, in the matter of harmonious and perfect co-operation, it is necessary to have a general supervisory management, and that that can best be secured by a general consolidation.

That consolidation for the sake of securing the best management is necessary is very clear, and this fact must be borne in mind, because, if not suggestive of the true remedy for the danger to which the people are now tending, it is one of the best arguments by which to secure its application when suggested otherwise.

But there are other ills, oppressions and outrages besides those already alluded to, which even now, though unrecognized, are sapping the vitality and productive interests of the country. This is done in such a manner that the people are scarcely aware they suffer any wrong, or that any one is actually living from their toil. But such is the case, and, though the saying that "where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise" may sometimes be true, we shall do all in our power to expose the realities of the condition, with the view of inducing the people, through their government, to correct these abuses. These abuses are that these railroads, with other giant corporations, are in league to appropriate all the surplus wealth of the country by the means of legalized theft. It deserves no milder term to express its reality, and the following cases in point illustrate the method to which they resort to carry out their purposes:

In 1861 the capital stock of the Cleveland, Painesville and Ashtabula Railroad, then in full running order, was three million dollars; an eight per cent. dividend upon this stock required that the road should earn, over and above its operating expenses, two hundred and forty thousand dollars. The management soon found that they could easily keep their rates of charges at such a point as to make more than that sum, net, each year. It was not politic to declare larger than eight per cent. dividends, as that would excite the jealousy of the people and bring about the inquiry as to their right to make such profits from the people, to whom they were indebted for their franchise.

To avoid this dilemma they resorted to the then-not-so-well-understood-as-now process of "watering," which process continued until 1867—six years—when the capital stock had

been increased three and a quarter times to nine millions seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, upon which, to pay an eight per cent. dividend, the management were compelled to extort from their patrons five hundred and forty thousand dollars additional net earnings, or the sum of seven hundred and eighty thousand dollars, equal to a twenty-six per cent. dividend upon their original stock. The necessity of resorting to this increase of stock is at once seen when it is considered how the people would have regarded annual dividends of twenty-six per cent. wrung from their hard earnings.

Besides this vast swindling process most railroads issue a large amount of bonds, which the interested parties take at tremendous discounts, upon the face of which, however, regular rates of interest are paid, amounting in some instances to twelve and fifteen per cent upon the original cost of bonds.

From New York to Chicago, via the New York Central and Lake Shore Railroads, it is nine hundred and eighty-two miles. These roads were built and equipped at a cost of about eighty-four million five hundred thousand dollars. An eight per cent. dividend upon this amount required that they should earn above operating expenses six million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars; but this vast sum divided among the owners did not consume the profits, the management were able to filch from those who patronized their roads. They also resorted to watering. Their present stock amounts to one hundred and sixty-four million dollars, upon which the regular eight per cent. dividend is paid; to do which, these companies are obliged to steal from the industries of the country the sum of six million dollars annually, which, added to what they legitimately should earn, amounts to the enormous sum of twelve million eight hundred thousand dollars.

This line of roads is made up of what were originally ten distinct roads, under as many managements. Now it is virtually under one management, with the immediate prospect of reaching far beyond Chicago to the West and Northwest.

Perhaps, however, the most suggestive of all of the accomplished facts is presented in the Pennsylvania Railroad, which has, so far, entirely outdone all other managements as a "gormandizer" of lesser roads, and is the most powerful corporation in the world. To all intents and purposes it is the State of Pennsylvania, as Paris was France. It makes nothing of boasting of having breeches pockets sufficiently capacious to accommodate the legislature of the State, and of the parlors of its directors being the place where the Supreme Court of the State holds its sessions.

Of this corporation, the *New York Tribune* says: "The development of this road since 1868 has been marvellous. At that time the Erie road, seeing the ambitious movements of the Pennsylvania Central, sought to cut off its Western connections and limit it to its own State. For a while these efforts seemed likely to succeed; but there was a sudden change. Bills in the interest of this company, which it was doubtful if it were in the power of any legislature to pass, were pushed through their various stages and received executive approval with a speed unprecedented. Contracts, arranged with the Erie managers by the Board of Directors, were unexpectedly rejected in meetings of stockholders; and for a time this irresistible power even threatened to wrest from Erie its own peculiar and long-established connections. The result of these operations is, that the Pennsylvania Central now owns, by perpetual lease, a whole system of roads, radiating to all points in the West and Southwest."

Beside the roads actually owned by the Pennsylvania Central, aggregating six hundred miles, there are leased and controlled by its management seven other roads, aggregating nineteen hundred and fifty miles, by one of which—the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago—it reaches Chicago; by another—the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis, which also leases the Columbus, Chicago and Indiana Central—it commands the traffic of St. Louis; and by another—Little Miami, Columbus and Xenia—it contends with the Baltimore and Ohio for the trade of which Cincinnati is the centre. Beside this immense control, it is now making a bold strike to grasp the Pacific Railroad, and thus to swallow that (to be) immense trade; and also to secure the key to the whole South by the lease of the New Jersey companies.

What the ultimate of these movements is to be, seems to us so plain that it scarcely needs to be pointed out. It is nothing less than an absorption of the entire system of railroads south of the lines indicated above, under the control of the company who own the Pennsylvania Central.

Having secured the New Jersey railroads, and those in Virginia for which they are contending, the South will be at the mercy of this rapacious corporation. Such roads as will not submit to their terms of lease will be crushed until compelled to yield. They know their power, and they are beginning to use it, regardless of everything except the Pennsylvania Company.

But if these movements of the managers of the Pennsylvania Railroad may be regarded as full of danger to the liberties of the country, what shall be said of the still more grand, magnificent and extended consolidation which, if not already arranged for, is but a legitimate sequence of what has been progressing these last ten years, and which is sure to be consummated in the not distant future—the consolidation of the three great national trunk railroads, the Pennsylvania Central, the New York Central, and the Erie? Behind all the pretended contention between these apparent rivals, we have for a long time seen the preparations for final arrange-

ment. It would not do to show their hands too soon, nor at once. The people were made to believe their interests were altogether antagonistic, while all the time their pockets were being more deeply rifled.

How soon this grand finale will be consummated, we cannot pretend to prophesy; but to us it seems upon the very point of being attempted. We see little else that is necessary to be accomplished, after the New Jersey roads are secured, before the *coup d'état* may be attempted, with fair prospects of successful issue, before the people of the country will be awakened to the magnitude or the real meaning of the movement. Once performed and there will be an organized power of more terrible moment to this nation than any it has yet had to contend with.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

(To be continued.)

INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS vs. THE RIGHTS OF THE COMMUNITY.

THE TEST OF GOVERNMENTAL CONTROL.

THE APPLICATION TO SOCIAL ORDER.

We have government everywhere. So, too, have all times and nations had it. But the government of to-day in this country is no more like that of the "Empire" in the middle ages than ours would be like that which should be the result of social order. Whatever there may be in religion, in politics and the special sciences, the great question—that which underlies all the rest—is Socialism. Society is the groundwork of all things which its members deal in. Out of their requirements and desired comforts spring the various methods in religion and politics. Ever since thought was permitted to canvass religious subjects, its tenets, creeds and catechisms have gradually, though constantly, moved from intolerance to greater and greater latitudes of thought; and this has ever been in the direction of more freedom, wider reasoning, deeper analysis and more perfect individuality of the people. The movement in politics was just the same. That in religion began in the protest against the control over conscience; that in politics, in the protest against the control over the person; while that in society now protests against the control of that personal action which must legitimately follow freedom of thought and the right to personal freedom—the right to free individual action, not only in matters of religion, but in the relations of the individual members of society itself.

There are no laws to punish people for their free thought, let it be as revolting to the prevalent manners and customs as it may. There are no laws to punish free speech, unless that speech be such as to interfere with the rights of another person. There are no laws to punish free political action, though such action on the part of individuals should elect the vilest man in the country to important office. But when we pass from these departments of society to the immediate body of society itself, we at once encounter laws which interfere with and punish all manner of freedom.

If we survey the field of thought, which is typical of ideas, convictions and conclusions, we see its subjects undergoing a continuous series of change, except upon matters of exact science. Upon anything short of this, however, there never is a finality reached. This indicates that the mind never rests in its pursuit of truth until it has learned all the truth there is to learn in any given thing. This reached, it rests observationally, and proceeds to build whatever there may be which relates thereto upon this certain foundation. If structures are erected upon imperfect bases, their destruction is only a matter of time.

If we survey the political field, there also do we find the same continuous search and strife for the perfect. Each successive party and policy comes, performs its mission, and goes to make room for the next and better. There is no finality. There can be none until the scientific foundation of government is actually reached, analyzed, understood, and it is made the basis upon which the people shall build. When once they shall have attained to such a condition, the permanently constructive process will begin, and it will continue until universal man gives allegiance thereto.

In both thought and politics there is constant modification of theories, formulas and law. Then, why should not the same rule of change apply to those social matters which in reality are the foundation of, and out of which grew, thought and politics. But in society, even, this rule holds of nearly everything except that which lies at the very foundation of society—the relations of the sexes. In the laws which apply to these affairs an entirely different rule holds. While everything else should be, and is, modified to suit the progress of the times, these affairs must be regulated by the self-same law, generation upon generation, century after century. To lay hold of them to see if they conform to the general progress in other affairs, is to shock the public morality and to make its subjects think such a thing means complete ruin to society. In effect, the general verdict is, that in the relations of the sexes there is a fixed and unchangeable rule to which all people of all countries, climes and eras must conform; to ignore which is to become an outcast from society.

When the religious world was obliged to yield up the assumed right to limit the range of conscience, did the world

fall into infidelity therefrom? And as the people have gradually approached freedom therein, have they become less clear, logical and sensible? Not a bit of it. With every new advance from darkness to light there has been a corresponding advance toward the good, the truth, the right and the beautiful. Every link in the chain of political bondage which has been stricken from the shackles that have bound men to despotism, has produced a corresponding growth of individual nobility of soul and aspiration for justice. Each approach to political equality has been productive of general happiness, intelligence and fraternal feeling among the people.

So that it comes out that wherever we look outside of the sexual relation there always has been, and now is, a tendency toward freedom for the people—a tendency to recognize the sovereignty of the individual, and in every instance the result has been good. Now, if this be so true of everything else, why should it not also be true of marriage?

We hold that it is just as evident that good results will follow freedom for the regulation of social matters as it is evident that good has resulted from freedom in religious and political matters. There is but one general rule in all the world for all departments of life. If a law is found operating in one, it may be safely assumed, until discovered, that the same law holds throughout the universe in all other departments. The same law of gravitation binds the planets in their orbits, holds the earth to its centre and attracts all things to the earth, and causes the rain as well as the apple to fall.

So, too, is it in freedom. If freedom operate for good in religion, so, too, must it in politics; and so, too, in social affairs. In fact, wherever there is restraint or constraint, there can be no such thing as social order. To attain this, the natural laws must be permitted to work and adjust the various social elements according to the designs of the Great Architect of the universe, the efforts and purposes of men—goals to the contrary notwithstanding.

In the hearts of all His children God has implanted a law of gravitation which draws to itself that which is kindred therewith—a law of chemical affinity of the sentiments and affections that will not, can not, be overcome by arbitrary laws made by men.

Do men assume that they are wiser than the Creator? God forbid! Nevertheless they do, and contend that they know better than He, who should be joined in the holy bonds of union. What man hath joined together, God may separate. What God hath joined together, no man nor number of men can, by any possibility, put asunder. They may, as they do, attempt to thwart the decrees of God, and apparently succeed; but they shall fail.

If there is aught that should be held sacred on earth by men, it is that spark of divine love which can be kindled in every soul. It was there implanted by God when he built the temple of humanity. Waiting to be drawn forth by its magnet and counterpart, it grows and yearns, and, perhaps, sometimes feels it has met its own, and attempts to go forth to meet and embrace it, but finds no answering response or no permanent resting place. Shall such false trials doom the subject to live a life-long lie, damning itself and casting a mildewed blight on all by whom surrounded? The old civilization answers it shall. The new civilization answers God forbid; and its echo is ringing in thousands of hearts shipwrecked by the old and awaiting the full advent of the new.

And they shall not wait in vain. Already has the fiat gone forth, and from all directions brings back joyful responses of souls redeemed, hearts restored, and lives made happy. It is a matter of too great moment to human life and happiness to long be hindered by the pharisaical holiness which thinks none good but those who worship their God, at their sanctuary, by their wordy prayers and time-worn, soulless forms.

Yes! the joyous cry comes back, "rather let me into the Church of God, where nature, in all her beauty and freedom, dwells and builds up temples in which each soul may worship after the manner his or her own conscience may dictate; where no priest-craft nor law-craft shall come to bind the fetters upon a heart that always longs for freedom; where there are no arbitrary assumptions or presumptions that say: thus far shalt thou go and no farther; and where love, peace and rest abide, subject only to the natural changes which from time to time sweep over the face of all nature; her changes are first the sunshine and then the storm, this ending in the bright bow of hope for the morrow; again come gentle April showers and heaven-distilled dews, waking every sentiment and power of the soul to the fullest play; and the fierce July's heat and the equally fierce elemental strife, making known its power by throes which reverberate from mountain tops, adown their sides, across the valleys, spending their force against the opposing hills; and anon the frosts of autumn, bringing the sear and yellow leaf and the white, wintry shroud of the human dead, who wake in renewed freshness, beauty and bloom where springs perennial reign."

TENNIE C. CLAFLIN.

FURTHER COMMENTS ON MONEY.

If we accept as the definition of money that it is an invention made to facilitate exchanges, and also accept—that no one will attempt to contradict as a fact—that currency is the very best and most advantageous means ever invented to perform this duty, where, we would ask, comes in the

necessity for a third thing called a monetary standard, by which all currency shall be redeemed? Our correspondent in No. 57 believes "that not so much as five per cent. of our real currency consists of notes." If this be so, and no one questions it, why should this one-twentieth part of our means of effecting exchanges be redeemable in gold, which is a product of labor equally with what all "our real currency" is used to move.

It seems to us that this idea of gold is the great stumbling-block—the authority which defies science, the faith which ignores reason—that lies in the path to a settled financial policy. What is the sense in resorting to a specie basis again? Will whatever currency we may use be any better for it? Not a whit the better. So long as prosperity lasts the paper will be just as good as the gold, in which case there is no need for gold; but the very moment disaster comes, gold is discarded and irredeemable paper comes in to the rescue. Aye, that is the word, to the rescue; and right royally has it performed the needed service.

We never hear people descanting about gold without calling to mind the man who, during a "run" on a certain bank, went to the bank to withdraw his gold deposits. When his check was smilingly received, and a large pile of gold brought to light from which his amount was to be counted, he remarked: "Oh, if you have got enough gold to pay me, why I—I don't think I want it. I'll just let it remain." So it is with gold, at all times and in all places. So long as there is enough of it, the people don't want it, but the moment it cannot be had, then the people begin to realize that they want it.

To make use of gold as a standard for money in these days is like attempting to enforce the old code of blue-laws in the State of Connecticut, which commanded that beer shall not work on Sunday, or much that is equally commendable and wise.

Why should the appreciation of our credit be made to stop at the standard which gold can furnish? If our currency is to day worth only 90 per cent. as compared to gold, and it is possible for it to appreciate in six months so that it would be at par therewith, why should not the same process continue and make gold really at a discount? There is none but an arbitrary reason why this process does not occur. It does in reality occur, but under another name, for the dollar in gold will continually purchase more and more of the products of labor. So what in reality does the gold standard amount to except as an interloper to puzzle, to distract and to confound our system of exchange? With such a currency and its accompanying measures as we propose, no such inconsistency is possible, for it adapts itself to all contingencies of prosperity and adversity; for, whether it be the first or the last, it always would be worth just one twenty-fifth part of itself per annum, or that proportion which the rate of interest indicated.

Again: We would ask how a thousand millions of dollars currency could be made worth as much as gold at the Clearing-House when there should not be one fourth that amount of gold in the country? (Here is just the point we have always held. A bank with one million specie and three millions circulation can never be as safe as a specie-paying bank.) If the question be answered that although there is not sufficient gold to make these notes good there is sufficient wealth of other kinds, then all we have argued for is admitted. For we say that the entire wealth of the country forming a basis for the issue of currency by its government is the only safe currency it is ever possible to issue; and there is no escaping the conclusion. It is just so much better than gold as the whole wealth of the country exceeds in value the total amount of gold in the country.

There is one objection to such a currency, and but one that we can see. To the present system of banking it must prove fatal, and also fatal to the people who now grow rich from the issue of their own money, which they may, or may not, ever redeem. To the people who use money, to those who have products to exchange and to the common laborer, a money for which the whole people are responsible is that which should be desired. That this is a better money than gold is even now demonstrated by the price of United States bonds. It seems to us that this matter only requires a little candid consideration, with the mind divorced from the forces of custom and authority, to convince the most skeptical, not only of the undesirability of a return to a specie basis, but of the absolute danger that such a course would bring upon us as a people.

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

The smoke of actual battle has again cleared away from the French horizon, as it cleared when Paris surrendered to the German Emperor. The question is, are the conditions any more promising for peace now than they were then. It is a long held and often proved saying, that desperate diseases require desperate remedies. Those who regard the condition in Europe as favorable, or as pointing to convalescence, are most certainly mistaken. The causes which brought about the Franco-Prussian war, and which were really settled at Sedan, were not by any means so full of prophetic warning to the crowned heads as were those which determined the Communists to rebel in Paris. The first originated in two heads, Bismarck's and Napoleon's, it was their attempting to overreach each other which precipitated the war and threw Europe into convulsions, and they are responsible for that which culminated in the loss by the latter

of his throne, and it was this loss which made the second possible. For had Napoleon not lost France, Paris had not been the scene of its recent horrors and barbarities.

Without stopping to comment upon the possibilities which were opened for Europe by the peace of Frankfurt, we pass it over to consider the real meaning of what followed, and whether that entire meaning is fulfilled in the thousands slain and hundreds murdered in Paris.

But we cannot desist from instituting a comparison between the civilization out of which these sad things come and that which resulted so differently in this country at the close of our late war, and to say that our civilization, though perhaps no more brilliant as represented by individuals, is a thousand years in advance of French civilization in point of general diffusion. And this is because our people have been politically equal for one hundred years, while the French know nothing about freedom, as yet, except in name.

It seems to us a very suggestive fact that this rebellion should have been contemplated, and actually planned, before the first surrender of Paris, and that it was inaugurated before the government had opportunity to recover itself from the humiliation of Prussian terms. And how did it come that there were so many foreigners engaged with the Communists? Does that not indicate very plainly that communism is not confined to Paris, and also that the Versailles will not crush it, even if they succeed in murdering all who were actually engaged in it in Paris? Communism, like Free Masonry, means the same thing, and is one and the same thing, wherever it is to be found. The same general principles underlie all organizations which have for their purposes the elevation of the lower—so-called—classes by the equalization of the means of material prosperity and of political power. In this latter respect those of communistic propensities in this country are one step in advance of their European contemporaries, for they have the appearance, at least, of political equality.

By all that can be gathered from the various indications which have come to light within the past few years, and especially within the last year, there can no longer be any doubt that there is a great and secret organization extending throughout Europe, whose general aims, purposes and plans can as yet only be surmised, but which numbers a very large part of the more intelligent of the disfranchised classes, and of whom the Paris Communists were undoubtedly a portion. Why this sudden attempt in Paris we cannot tell. Whether it was entirely a local movement, which was not countenanced by the organization at large, or whether it was an effort directed from the "central head," we must be left to conjecture, notwithstanding the several proclamations issued since the "last surrender."

From the fact of the presence in Paris of so many leading Communists who were not French, and from the fact that they must have been supplied with money from some unknown or outside source, it is to be believed that the Paris revolt was countenanced by the general organization. And if it were, it has a significance which it would be well for more than M. Thiers to seriously consider. It has set free a spirit of liberty throughout Europe which bodes no good to kings and crowns; for the people, when conscious of their power, are always mightier than they. And there are greater conquerors in these latter days than even German armies led on by a Von Moltke, and more astute diplomacy than that which Bismarck so well represents; and these are the railroad, the telegraph and the printing press, which are the channels through which ideas float into the minds of the common masses.

It has always been true, and will always remain so, where new ideas obtain acceptance by a considerable portion of any people, that revolution necessarily succeeds. New ideas of freedom and new longing for equality are being rapidly diffused among the laboring classes of Europe; the legitimate result of which can be nothing else but revolution. On the same theatre of operations where Luther played his part so well, and conquered so thoroughly in his strife for freedom of conscience, there will be fought the greater strife for political freedom, the desire for which as legitimately succeeds the first, as day succeeds to night. Though for a time the discontented may be overawed and held in subjection, the longer that time is continued the fiercer and more destructive will be the outbreak when it shall come; and when it does come, it will mean the dethronement of monarchs and the assumption of the government by the people. It will mean the Latin and the Teuton Republic for the "Continent," and the Anglo-American for the English-speaking peoples of the world.

We, of this country, are not at all conscious of what our real position is to be in the coming civilization. We do not stop to consider for how much we count in the sum total of present civilization, nor in influence upon the anxious millions of other countries, who are ever outreaching to us and asking, when will our deliverance come?

We do not take into any account the fact that we are more cosmopolitan than American, and more aggregative than distributive in personality, or that we are directly the reverse in the field of ideas. The world contributes to our population, and we repay the debt by returning ideas, and it is these that are so rapidly pushing the whole world forward for freedom. It is as impossible for despotism to continue intact under the disintegrating influence of ideas, as it is for the iceberg to withstand the equatorial temperature; with this distinction in the two processes; the iceberg moves

to its destruction, while ideas move to destroy. Thus it comes out that the discovery of America and the development of cosmopolitan ideas and consequent freedom are to prove the destruction of despotism in the Old World. The little heaven which was there contained, and which was transplanted to and evolved upon American soil, shall leave the whole of humanity.

The world is as certainly assimilating to American standards, politically, as it is at large to liberalism in all things. This is the natural order of the universe, and they who think to defeat it, or even to hinder it to any degree, will find themselves crushed beneath its onward progress. Kings may interfere and attempt to stay the rising tide; nobility may lay still heavier loads upon its dependents, and priest-craft and dogmatism may excommunicate and consign to the regions of the damned; but for all that, thought will continue its mighty work. Mere material force may be overcome; those who raise the sword may be cut off by the sword; but thought, that child of inspiration and mother of aspiration, can never be bound by chains and can never perish by the guillotine. Its subjects may thus suffer, but it, escaping everywhere and in all directions, creeps into the hearts of humanity, and in spite of themselves they cry out for liberty, equality and fraternity.

Liberty we of America have; equality we seek. Fraternity shall come afterward, and Europe's oppressed millions will catch up and re-echo our cry, and anon will strike, as we struck, and gain, as we have gained.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The greatest Sunday issue of any journal in the world is the Seventh-day Chicago *Tribune*. Some of the smaller and more envious papers recently attempted to decry advertising in the *Tribune's* Sunday issue; but, in response, the paper of Sunday, April 16, contained fifteen columns of "wants," "rents," and small notices, none above ten lines in length, which produced \$200 per column; six columns of display advertisements on the first page, at \$150 per column; and seven inside columns, at \$130 per column; making in all twenty-eight columns, yielding more than \$4,800. The same issue had thirty-two columns of reading matter, equal to about four times the whole contents of the Washington *Capital*. The salaries paid on the *Tribune* are amongst the most generous in the world, and the following are reputed to be some of them: Editor, Horace White, \$5,200; assistant editor, S. H. Gay, \$5,200; publisher, Alfred Cowles, \$5,200; Eastern correspondent, G. A. Townsend, \$5,200; editorial writers, Jas. Sheehan, V. B. Denslow, \$4,160 each. The *Tribune's* staff is one of the largest and best organized in journalism, and amongst its local reporters are many men capable of conducting first-class journals. The annual profits have heretofore averaged \$180,000. Sir John McDonald remarked of the *Tribune*, that it was the ablest American paper, and it owes its reputation to the truth of its positions, the breadth of its views, its enterprise, which keeps pace with its profits, and its absolutely independent enity, being within itself a government. Against such papers as the Springfield *Republican*, the Hartford *Post*, the New York *Post*, Harper's *Weekly*, the Cincinnati *Commercial*, the Chicago *Tribune*, the Sacramento *Union*, and the San Francisco *Bulletin*, neither the roar of party rage nor the blandishments of power can prevail. They understand the principle that nothing is so profitable to a newspaper as to serve the interests of the whole people, and that any special deviations for the sake of a bribe, office, momentary demagoguery, or personal malice, are unremunerative, and a mistaken policy. The power of these papers is immediately felt in the House of Representatives, between which body and the better press there has grown up a quiet sympathy; while the Senate, which has within the past four years usurped nearly the whole influence of the government by a cringing coalition with the President, finds these journals insurmountable.

A great deal is said about "journalistic tone." This is a kind of direct speaking and a pithy vernacular; our genius despises formalities and circumlocution, and comes to the point. In England the highest prize of an editor is social and court recognition, and the newspaper leader there savors alternately of the speech of a pedant, a parson, and a flunkey; but American journalism, in the instances we have cited, is a manner creation. Its influence is wider, and it is the preservative element of our democratic life. The snob expects no mercy from it, and it is readiest to unmask the demagogue. It cannot compromise itself with State favors, and be spared the jeers of its contemporaries; and it is compelled by the very prominence of its sentryship to practice the law it would enforce.

For fifty years after the commencement of this Government the art of printing and the editorial profession were subordinated to party organization. Servility and malice reached their basest developments under the suggestion or in the interests of political leaders. Guided by Alexander Hamilton, on the one side, Fenno, Cobbett, and Calender traduced some of the best intellects and energies in the State; and encouraged by Jefferson, on the other, Bache, Duane, and their successors reviled even Washington. There never was so low a press as that which the politicians inspired. There never was so base a politics as that which politicians solely controlled.

All the bright light the country is receiving at this time comes from without and not from within the legislatures. We do not possess an original statesman in office, and yet there is probably more individuality, originality and ingenuity in this than in any other country. The plain fact is that politics has run into a commerce and an avocation, and is managed by a class. If the people are ever aroused to resume control of the government, it will be through the vigilance and perseverance of the great independent newspapers.

Among the notable and, as we think, healthy indications of the time, is the relative decline of the press of New York city in national influence. The *Herald* is still the great advertising paper, but its editorial opinion is never cited; it cannot even fasten a nickname upon a man as it used to do. The *Times*, which was formerly the paper of good order and gracious protestation, has got into a quarrel with Tammany Hall, which it conducts without spirit, and it is maudlin in favor of the President, which is inconsistent with influence. The *World* is full of good writing, without

facts to give it gravity or conscience to give it conviction, and its rank is not above the run of party organs. The *Sun*, when right and just, has very trenchant editorials; and it would turn its batteries upon Tammany we should see more effective work in that direction than has yet been attempted; it is the only two-cent paper in the country which is felt outside of its immediate city. The New York *Tribune* is managed by a Western man, of far more knowledge, precision and wholeness than Mr. Greeley, who is, perhaps, the only weak man on the paper. Mr. Greeley's weakness arises less from his cardinal ignorance than from his delight in parading it. Originally of a benignant temperament, somewhat like Abou Ben Adhem, he dreamed when he should have been thinking, and formed his opinions before he had read anything. We behold him, therefore, with monstrous industry, seeking to construct mutual robbery into a buttress of enlightened government, and guide the nation which he helped make free into commercial principles almost as bad as slavery. Aspiring to be both an editor and a politician, he has spoiled two capacities; and when to these incompatible pursuits he joins the philosopher and the theologian, we behold Benjamin Franklin in caricature. The smattering of household and farm science which he has spread through the rural regions will require years of schooling to eradicate, and more than any instance within memory he and his disciples exemplify the danger of "a little learning." But he has led a pure life, according to our belief, which might have been a great life had it possessed some real humanity, and he has established a paper which the young men around him have redeemed in the tone and fullness of their news from the general stupidity of his editorial opinions. It is one of the greatest newspapers in the world, and it had been as influential twenty years ago we should never have been a nation of smatterers.—*The Capital*.

MR. MARK TWAIN'S lecture next season will be "An Appeal in Behalf of Extending Suffrage to Boys." There has been so much loose writing about suffrage, and there are so many wild speeches made about it by the ladies (God bless 'em!), and such a general fuzzification and muzzification and deconcatenation of the whole matter, that it is quite time for a fresh departure.—*Tribune*.

We can't see the point in the above. It is more dust to blind the eyes of such as have not yet seen the logic of impartial suffrage. Men above the age of 21 agree that until males arrive at that age they shall not be entitled to the ballot. Apply the same rule to women in all we ask. We don't ask that girls may vote. We believe in, and it is, the constitutional right of the people to regulate suffrage by the rule of equality. All we ask is that it shall be so regulated. If men are mature citizens at 21, so also are women, and entitled to the privileges of full citizenship as are men, unless they forfeit it as provided for men. We do not care at what age citizens are allowed to vote; let it be fifteen, twenty-one, thirty, or fifty, but let all citizens be equally entitled to mature to some age at which, when attained, they may participate in government. Anything less than this is not equality among citizens; and if equality do not exist among citizens then government is not republican in form, in which case it is the duty of Congress to look after it. We regret that intelligent men will resort to such illogical, inconsequent, illegitimate methods to divert public attention from the real point of right which is involved in suffrage. We seem to wish people to think it is a favor women are asking, when it is simply a constitutional right they seek to come into the exercise of—learn, gentlemen editors! If you be gallant, let us see it in these matters which are of moment to the sex, and not fritter it away upon the vanities, frivolities and formalities of women's life.

COMMUNISM is not dead. In the German Parliament, Herr Bebel said: "The aim of the Paris Commune is neither an impossible nor a pernicious one, as it has been erroneously called by a previous speaker. On the contrary, in all Europe those classes not dead to all feeling of liberty and independence look upon Paris as their staff of hope. Never mind whether the insurrection is suppressed; what is doing now at the French capital is only an outpost skirmish, which will be followed up some day by a great European battle. War to the palaces, peace to the cottages, and death to luxurious idleness is, and will ever be, the watchword of the proletariat in all parts of the world." The *Pall Mall Gazette* tells us that "Republicanism is crushed, and it is very much and very properly detested; but in the means which have been taken for its suppression, and in the hollowness and instability of every other possible form of government, and in the hot, exaggerated, and remorseless memories of the people, there is to our minds ample security for its resuscitation before many years are past." And in a telegram to the London *Times* we learn that "the workmen of Paris are almost unanimously communists. They are very bitter because their cause has been defeated, and hate both Thiers and the Bonapartes. Many of them will emigrate to America." The sins of the Commune are forgotten in the crimes of the monarchists.

THE net value of legal marriage in its relation to morals receives a curious illustration from a fact taken from an Ohio paper:

Daniel and Ellen Kilty were married in November last, each being nineteen years of age. At the expiration of two months Daniel abandoned Ellen, and has since refused to contribute to her support. Counselor Hoffman insisted that Daniel Kilty's marriage with Ellen was void, as both were minors when Father Canvin performed the ceremony. The counselor asserted that Daniel was free to marry any number of girls so long as he was under age. There was no law to which he was amenable. Justice Conklin conceded the point, and decided that the marriage of minors is void.

THE annual election of officers of the New York Harmonic Society will take place on Monday next.

THE WEEKLY BULLETIN OF THE PANTARCHY, INDIVIDUALITY AND PANTARCHISM.

THE HISTORY OF LIBERTY.

A work of this specific title, in four volumes, was published by Samuel Elliot, Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1853. Mr. Elliot begins with the dawn of history, and traces out, with much ability, the rise and development of individual freedom as the countervailing tendency to the drift toward centralization, or the unity of the State and that of the Church, in those early times. His recital ends—at any rate as to the four volumes which I have seen—with the age of Justinian and “the opening of modern times,” having come down from India, Egypt, Persia, and the other old empires, through the history of the ancient Romans and of the early Christians.

This work, so ably begun, ought to be continued, by some powerful hand, down to the present hour. It is by far the more dignified branch of history—that which treats of the developments of ideas—as contrasted with the mere detailing of occurrences. Ideas transcend facts in the hierarchy of existences. The history of the Evolution of the Human Mind and of Society Institutions, under the operation of Ideas or Principles, is history in the Cardinary Sense. The mere tale-telling of wars, dynasties and revolutions, with no effort to render the meaning of the facts, is history in the Ordinary Sense—history in the way in which the commonplace, untrained faculties of mankind are, in the first instance, interested in it, and so it always remains necessary and valuable as furnishing the materials for the Ordinary Sort. The same difference exists between Ordinary Science—Science as cultivated by the great mass of the scientific world, and Cardinary Science—Scientific-philosophical, Universological. Ordinary Science furnishes the Materials or Subject-matter for Cardinary Science. Ordinary History furnishes the Materials or Subject-matter for Cardinary History. This echo of parallelism between different Spheres, as, here, between Science and History, is what is meant by Analogy. Whosoever understands the Science of Analogy understands the Philosophy of History, the Philosophy of Science and the Philosophy of everything else. The Science of Analogy is Universology, or the Science of the Universe. It is, itself, the whole of the Cardinary Sphere of Knowledge. Universology only can, therefore, conduct to the highest or Cardinary understanding of the History of Liberty. But, on the other hand, the History of Liberty as the mere recital of the parts of the struggle for national and individual freedom, through the long ages of the past, furnishes the materials for the elucidation of the principles involved, and so for the elaboration of the higher science of the subject. It is itself Cardinary, as contrasted with the lower of facts, but Ordinary as viewed in the light of the Supreme or Cardinary Philosophy of the Subject.

From “the opening of Modern Times” with the close of the reign of the great Roman Emperor Justinian, who, curiously enough, was founder of the Roman Civil law, as a System of Civil Rights to which all humanity is still and will always be grandly indebted, to the reformation under Luther a thousand years later, the war of rights went constantly on between the Champions of Centralization and the Champions of Freedom. The breaking up of the Roman Empire into the nations of Modern Europe was a victory, in the Civil domain, for Individuality and Autonomy as against the tendency to Centralization; but this was counterbalanced by the grand centralization, ecclesiastically, of all Western Europe under the bishop of Rome, now called the Pope.

Within the church numerous attempts at divergency occurred. Heretical *pronunciamentos* abounded; but the dread power of the Central Church conquered everything. The unity which comes from arbitrary compulsion was maintained. Unism triumphed over Duism; Convergency over Divergency; Authority over the Freedom of the Individual. The Abigenses, the Hussites and other dissidents, in all countries and times, during this dreary milliad, were swept out of existence by the besom of destruction held by the hand of the Old Catholic Church.

No opponent arose strong enough to make head successfully against this centralized tyranny over the consciences of men, till the Monk Luther, in the beginning of the Sixteenth Century. He began by criticising the abuses and views of the church, in the interests of a purer religious life. He ended by establishing the first formula of human liberty “the Rights of Private Judgment in matters of conscience”—the fundamental axiom of Protestantism. Paul had already said: “Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God,” which means that men should make every act of their lives a matter of conscience. The Logic of the Protestant declaration was, therefore, Universal Liberty, as against the doctrine of Universal Infallibility and centralizing authority of Rome. Protestantism is Duismal; Rome is Unismal. The New Catholic Church is the scientific and finally, the Sentimental reconciliation of Unism and Duism of the Old Catholics and the Protestants, and of

all other partisans of these two opposing principles, will be Trinismal—the function of the New Catholic Church being the Grand Reconciliation of all the Contesting Forces of Humanity.

But Protestantism has been, as yet, only partially true to its mission. It has only half understood its own grand utterances in behalf of Woman Liberty. The Logic of its own Basic Principle is every day astounding all Protestant Christendom, by new and unthought of applications. The work so begun must, however, go on till it is absolutely ultimated. Rome has just reached its own ultimatum in the formal declaration of the Infallibility of the Pope—Contro-personal Infallibility. The Ultimatum of Protestantism is the Individual Freedom of every human being, in every aspect of life, except when that freedom is logically limited by the equal freedom of others. When these two *ultima* shall be thus for the first time clearly established, the grand *us pendens*, the supreme lawsuit of Humanity vs. Humanity will be docketed, cleared of all incidental proceedings, and finally set down for trial. If Protestantism is not prepared to stand up on its own logical ultimatum while the Papacy is so; if among its ranks are found the weak-kneed and halting advocates of a doctrine which they only half trust, or do not wholly believe in, so much the worse for Protestantism.

Individual Freedom couples with and elevates the Human Reason, and declares its Infallibility, as the last umpire in matters of difference. It abdicates mere authority and sets up the standard of Thought, Reflection and Intellectual Development.

Luther was still far from comprehending the full force of his own doctrine. He established his own Church on the basis of authority. It is a curious illustration of the obtuseness of the human mind in failing to adhere to its own logical conclusions, that he continued to perform mass regularly for four years after he had pronounced that ceremony to be idolatry. How, then, could he or his age be expected to be true to the idea of Liberty throughout—even though it might land, as indeed it was sure to do, into Republicanism, Infidelity, Atheism, and every other form of divergency. Few men are staunch enough to abide by a Principle—few men clear-sighted enough to see where it goes.

In another article or two I propose to continue this sketch of the History of Liberty from Luther's time down to this day and hour.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

CORRESPONDENCE AND COMMENTS.

The following letter comes signed by a responsible name. As in a previous case, I substituted the word Observer, not being quite sure that my friendly critic writes intentionally for the public. If he will permit me, I should prefer attaching his name to his communications. The letter is of just the kind which I wish to call out; as it is by the answers to inquiries and criticisms, almost better than any other way, that explanations of what is misunderstood can best be rendered.

S. P. A.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., June 18, 1871.

S. P. ANDREWS:

Dear Sir—When in New York, in reply to the question, what kind of society you would have with your ideas reduced to practice, you replied the millennium was what you desired to bring about. I said, that it could not be expected in your day or mine. You asked what is to prevent three hundred of us from associating together, making a millennium now?—in our present life, and for our own number. I have thought much of the last question. The main hindrance, I think, is lack of material. We can't make brick without clay, and the clay must be well worked and burned before you can get a good brick, at that. (1.)

If certain elements are necessary, and you have them prepared, and with these elements you can take people as they are and make them fit for the millennium, you are all right. (2.)

If you can take the housefull of such as Mrs. Woodhull has had to endure, and make saints of them, I am a convert. But methinks you would have to begin by casting out devils—by selecting your associates, from which I infer the elements mental are not outside but inside of the people. (3.)

In other words, you want those who in all things would be a law unto themselves, and right every time at that. Do you know that they exist? If they do, will not their surroundings prevent their setting themselves apart for this work? (4.)

Frankly, in your own family, if you have children, can you demonstrate your principles, or have you been able to approach your ideal? If not, why not? (5.)

I can imagine that by selecting the most spiritual, enlightened and healthy organizations, in not less than three generations, you might hope to begin with passable materials, but three generations would take seventy-five years; for you would want well-matured men and women to breed from. You or myself can hope to see not more than twenty-five years more, and what you do in this life must be done in that time. If you can find twelve, I pray you begin—and if you can find one woman that has in her organization the elements most lacking in your own, begin with two. I should rejoice to see even one child born and developed under the most favorable surroundings. One advantage of a small flock would be they could be watched over more carefully, and isolated from others—for should your choicest breeders take after some defective sheep, or be barren, the work falls back to natural propagation again. (6.)

Methinks a plain statement of what is proposed and what is wanted to begin your laboring would be first in order; how many—what kind—how much money and land, if any—asking the co-operation of those who feel willing to try the experiment; then, selecting the list from those offering, begin with class No. 1; the next list, if you would have them, in class No. 2, and even No. 3, would show the principle to outsiders, perhaps more than No. 1, as there would be chance for more improvement. (7.)

Christ, as near as I can judge from history, had a plan similar to your own. He proposed to cast out the devils, and make men saints in his “generation;” but, skipping one devil among the twelve, or omitting to cast him out, he was crucified, and we are no nearer the millennium, so far as appears, for what he did. His plan partook more of the Shaker character than yours does, if I understand it. It is still a question with me whether Christianity has been a curse or a blessing to the world. I believe it has destroyed more lives than it has saved souls. I do not believe in its morality; the morals of the so-called pagans were before it. (8.)

I hope you will have better success. If the millennium is coming, as all poets and prophets have foretold, you are eighteen hundred and seventy years nearer to it than Christ was. How much better material you can get now I do not know, but learn wisdom from his failure, and don't leave nary devil in your flock. Certainly Christians ought to be the last ones to fight you; but, like the Jews of old, those who claim to be of God's kingdom will crucify you if they can.

You have certainly been the best-abused man on this continent. I know of none against whom there is more prejudice, and I think you are to blame for it in part. You have not told the people what you were seeking to bring about. You should have shown them you were trying to make mankind happier and better, and the sympathies of hundreds would have been with you that did not believe in your ways. Calvin Blanchard said to me, when I asked him why he did not express himself so the common people could understand him, that he did not want to. It was the intellectual class only he wished to address; that they might rule the people, who were not capable of governing themselves. I think that was the weak spot in his system; I think it is where you will fail. Have not all the reformers who have made their mark begun with the people first? The nobility came afterward. Wishing you godspeed in all your endeavors to benefit humanity (9), although I do not believe in your triumph in our day, I remain yours for the truth,

OBSERVER.

(1.) Observer is quite right, in part at least, when he says the great lack is materials for constructing any true order of society. There are no men and women in the world, or next to none. It is the saddest experience of a lifetime of experience with me to find how very few persons there are of either sex that love the truth for the truth's sake; who have faith in great possibilities of accomplishment; who have aspirations above their own temporary comfort or selfish ambition, or who in any way transcend the merest commonplace every-day character or no character, which is the natural result of our imperfect social institutions. But, after all, even this has not been the main lack.

What has been wanting was a precise knowledge of the way; a positive discovery of the science of life. If we want a bridge across the East River, we want materials, and good materials; but what we want even more than this—if more and less needed can be predicated of two things both of which are indispensable—is the science of engineering. Without this last, with all the materials in the world, nothing can be done in an enterprise of that kind and character.

Now, to reconstitute even a small portion of human society upon higher principles of unitary life than what now prevail, is a greater work of engineering science and then of engineering ability than to build a hundred East River bridges. Hence, without the science of the subject, and then without the skilled engineer to lead and direct the work, if the best materials abounded on all hands, the work would be brought to a dead stand-still or would continue to result in a succession of failures.

2. With the science of the subject and with the trained and skilled master-builder, then comes in order the question of materials; and if materials are absolutely wanting, no bridge can be built, no true human society can be organized, notwithstanding all the science and skill in the universe. But here the materials wanted are good men and good women; and these are not absolutely wanting. They exist, though in less abundance than I once thought, if my judgment is now right on the subject. If, then, the materials are crude or unprepared, merely, we are still hindered, though not defeated. Our plans must, however, be modified by that fact. Instead of proceeding directly to build, we must address ourselves to the preliminary work of selecting and of preparing materials; and if that is a work that is going to require a thousand years, that is the very best reason for beginning now and working all the harder; for the work is indispensable. The pandemonium that we have on the earth to-day is a dead failure—considered as a finality. It is a hell upon earth, measured by any high ideal of a truly human community. And if we are ever to have anything better, it must come through science or a knowledge of the way, coupled with earnest and perhaps long-continued endeavor. True, we may fall back upon the expectation of mere evolution; but to my mind it is clear that the evolution itself will take just that form of increased knowledge and of religious devotedness to an end distinctly propounded.

3. I accept the conditions. I believe there is an immense work to do, specifically, in casting out devils; but Christ had to do it, in His day, by naked-hand work, while we, in this day, can resort to machinery. Common schools and the telegraph and railroads are helping every day to cast out the big devils of ignorance and superstition; and with certain conditions given, which may not be remote, I think I understand exactly how the domestic devils of jealousy, envy and hatred can be cast out.

4. This question has been already partially answered. I do not know these prepared materials to exist in any part of the world. On the contrary, I do know that they do not. But I know, I believe, how they are to be prepared, and I set about it, therefore, quite earnestly. It will be, in part, by the general influences which lead to development; in part by this preaching and teaching of principles; by such newspapers as WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S, which will interest the people in something "above buttons;" and finally, in the establishment of a SCHOOL OF LIFE, or of an INTELLECTUAL COMMUNE, which will be the first form of the Pantarchy. The Pantarchy does not strike directly, like Fourierism, Shaker or Oneida Communities, and every other socialist enterprise, at a unitary form of life, with materials however crude, and with science however imperfect; but it institutes a preliminary training-school for the preparation of both the materials and of the necessary knowledge. It seeks first, therefore, to found THE UNIVERSITY; but what the University is, and is to be, it will take time to even tell.

5. Yes! In my own family I have been able to produce the most beautiful results which I have ever witnessed anywhere, and I have seen a good deal of the world; and I am not alone in thinking that in the Pantarchal family Head Quarters of a dozen years past, many of the elements of the true millennial society of the future have been illustrated. But this, too, would take a good deal of time to tell you all about it.

6. You strike too directly at the idea of practical scientific "breeding" propagation or stirpiculture. While the world should be aroused to think on this subject, there are as it were a thousand preliminary objects to be effected, a thousand necessary previous conditions to be secured. At Oneida the association voluntarily abjured the generation of children at all during twenty years of preparation. Now they are entering on the stage of their experiment. They think they are prepared. I doubt it very much, and believe they will be disappointed in results; but God speed the experiment, and every other earnest effort to improve our scrubby breed of humanity.

7. You have in mind old style efforts. You will have to learn gradually the purposes and methods of the Pantarchy. We want money and endowment, it is true; but not for the purposes you think. Help us to imbue and instruct the public mind for the present. Help us to plant the idea of a central Institute of Universal Instruction—a true University, a School of Life for the investigation of every subject of human concernment; and when the world wants them the people will find the means of founding every other kind of practical institution in due time and order.

8. I think, on the contrary, that without the work which Christ and his doctrine in the world has accomplished, all that I am attempting to do would lie indeed hopeless. I differ alike from the infidel world who would make little of the mission of Christ, and from the Christian world who would make it to be everything, or in any sense enough. I believe that he himself taught that something else was going to come into the world after him, before the superior light of which his own world teachings pale into comparative insignificance.

9. I reserve my answer on this point, to avoid prolixity, for another issue. S. P. A.

UNIVERSOLOGY AND ALWATO.

[From the World, June 19.]

To the Editor of the World:

SIR—The very candid and able review which appeared in the World on Saturday last of my primary synopsis of Universology and Alwato, and the strong tendency evinced by the World to become a leading organ of the thoughtful writers of our country, induce me to offer for publication in its columns the following epitome of the radical meanings of the central corps of consonant sounds (twelve in number), with special reference to their practical availability in furnishing the needed technicalities of philosophical science (or sciento-philosophy).

The subject itself is necessarily very technical and very new. It has, however, I think, a certain appropriateness in connection with the discoveries and philosophy of Mr. Spencer, and the exposition of them by Mr. John Fiske, now running each succeeding Monday in your columns.

By the central corps of consonant sounds I mean those more perfect consonants which remain after discarding the liquids (m, n, ng, l, r), and the coalescents or ambigus (h, w, y). These remaining true consonants are, for English, and, substantially, for all languages, those twelve sounds, falling into groups of six each, which we denote by the following letters: First group—k, t, p, sh, s, f; and second group—g (hard, as in give), d, b, zh, z, v. The phonetician will perceive at once that the second of these groups is merely a repetition of the first group, with the addition of one uniform modifying element called "vocality" in the second group, that is to say, the g-sound (ghee) repeats the k-sound (kee); the d-sound repeats the t-sound, etc., with this one difference, that the sounds of the second group are charged with a quality of weight which does not belong to those of the first group. Those of the first group are, therefore, light, and those of the second group are correspondingly heavy sounds.

It is shown in the primary synopsis that the meaning of

this difference, carried into philosophy, is the difference between the abstract domain of being relatively light consisting of mere ideas, and the concrete sphere, relatively heavy, consisting of real beings, objects, matters, or things.

To simplify our present operation, we may now therefore set aside the second group, and confine our attention to the first—the concrete being a mere echo to the abstract, with the added element of a real value, which in the first instance we will dispense with.

The first group subdivides again into two sub-groups: (1) k, t, p; (2) sh, s, f. The second of these sub-groups merely repeats again the first sub-group with the added element of doubleness, repetition, plural quantity, or multiplicity of phenomena (as of the vibrations producing these latter sounds), whereas those of the first group are single or simple. We may, again, set aside for the moment the compound sounds of this second group and give our attention to the simple or more elementary sounds of the first group.

We are now, therefore, in respect to philosophy, confined, by analogy, to that which is elementary, since the alphabetic sounds are the elements of speech; and then to the elements of the abstract sphere of philosophy; and then to what is most single, simple, or extra-elementary within that sphere. The three sounds k, t, and p, should, then, furnish the namings for the three most simple and elementary principles of abstract philosophy. But here again the p, the lip-sound of the group, combines something of the force of the k, the throat-sound, and of the t, the tongue-teeth or middle-mouth sound. It is, therefore, relatively compound, a hingewise representative of the combined meanings of the other two. K and t should, therefore, and do, denote the first two abstract principles of special distribution in the universe of being (for it may now be remarked that there is a general distribution represented by the liquid sounds which we have for the present discarded).

What are these two fundamental principles of special distribution? Spencer has discovered them, in his way, and named them (1) Differentiation and (2) Integration; but his way is to trace them out observationally, *a posteriori*, in the concrete cosmos. The abstract method is to deduce them reflectively, *a priori*, from the necessary operations of thought itself. The difference is only like that which occurs between applied mathematics and pure mathematics, which is radically so slight that scientists have debated whether any distinction really exists at all between them—the mathematical element being the same in each. My technicalities for these two principles, in that general sense which sweeps through both the concrete and the abstract, are Duism (for differentiation) and Unism (for integration)—or in the more natural and primitive, but less scientific order, unism and duism. The hinging complexity of these two is then trinitism.

Abstract duism is denoted by k at the opening entrance of the mouth from the throat, and abstract unism by t at the closing point of the tip of the tongue against the teeth and gums. (P is this trinitism.) Spencer's concrete duism and unism (differentiation and integration) are then more strictly denoted by the concrete echoing sounds g and d, and the hinging interaction and mutual modification of these two principles, overlooked, I think, by Spencer, as still a distinct aspect, of b. But the Spencerian discriminations are still represented, abstractly, by the corresponding light sounds to which we may transfer his technicalities with proximate accuracy, securing an advantage from the fact that the public are more familiar with them than they are with mine.

Observe, now, that each consonant has a double mode of presentation—direct and inverse. In the syllable kau (pronounced like cow) the value of the k—is direct, but in auk the value of the —k is inverse. If k—, therefore, means differentiation, —k means indifferenciation, indifference, or static equilibrium; and if t— means integration, then —t means disintegration. Now Spencer has fallen empirically on three of these discriminations—namely, differentiation, integration and disintegration; but he has not, that I am aware, perceived logically that static equilibrium, the temporarily fixed state, is a discrimination of the same order and rank as the three which he has pointed out. It is in this manner that Alwato will become the canon of criticism and the universal rectifier of all our technical thinking. In the same manner we are taught the difference between the abstract and the concrete, and between the simple and the compound series of these principles; and a third term, direct and inverse, is added to each couple (represented by the lip sounds) for the cardinated or hingewise adjustments of the other two.

With these preliminaries, the following distributions and namings of primary philosophical principles will, I hope, be rendered intelligible; and it is not my fault that the ordinary English-formed technicalities for them are lumbering and complicated. The fact only brings into relief the admirable simplicity and availability of the Alwato namings.

Let us assume the prefix kozmo— (cosmo) to denote the entire world-domain within which these principles are now viewed as operative, and simply annex the consonant sounds in question. The ending-ia means merely principle, so that the gist of the meaning of each word is found in the consonant which follows k-zmo.

Kozmo-kia means, therefore, the principle of the abstract or schematic simple differentiations and indifferenciations (or static equilibria) of the world of being, as from unity into multiplicity and back into unity; or, in the concrete Spencerian sense, from homogeneous or undifferentiated protoplasmal condition to differentiated states of sensible and heterogeneous being, and back to the primitive plasma (ideally or logically, differences of quality or kind, not merely of aggregation); the sense of the k confining us, however, under its quality as simple to inorganicoid phenomena, excluding such as are biological. Kozmo-kau-ia is the differentiation and kozmo-auk-ia is the indifferenciation state of equilibrium. Spencer has sometimes explained these phenomena so largely as to apply equally within the abstract and the concrete sphere; as when he says, that a complete account of anything "must include its appearance out of the imperceptible and its disappearance into the imperceptible"—if by perceptible we are allowed to mean what is perceptible to the reason as well as what is perceptible to the senses. By inorganicoid is meant not merely inorganic, in the concrete sphere, but whatever is analogous with it also in the abstract.

Kosmotia means, on the contrary, the principle of the abstract or simple schematic integrations and disintegrations of the cosmos or world of being and thought—of the simple or inorganicoid aggregations and dissolutions (punctatively, or numerically, or atomically), as of a planet from nebula and its resolution back into nebula. Kozmo-tau-ia is specifically integration, and Kozmo-aut-ia disintegration.

Kozmopia is the cardination or hingewise interrelationship and interaction between the Kozmokia and the Kozmotia.

Kozmoshia is the complex, composite, or organicoid variety of differentiation and indifferenciation—biological and analogous with biology.

Kozmosia is the complex, composite, or organicoid integration and disintegration—biological and analogous with biology.

Kozmofia is the cardination or hingewise interrelationship and interaction between the Kozmoshia and the Kozmosia. Kozmopia combines the simple or inorganicoid series with the composite or organicoid series, integrating all the aspects of these grand fundamental discriminations.

But we are not yet even at the end of the subject. The vowel combination au is used representatively for all the vowels. It then breaks up in detail into twelve vowels, each of which denotes one of twelve protopraxmata or first things to which these principles of distribution normally and primarily apply. The vowel a (pronounced ah) denotes, f, r instance, matter; u (pronounced oo) denotes motion; o (aw) space, u (uh) time, i (ee) beings as individualized; e (a) relations, etc. Mr. Spencer has applied his principles hitherto to matter and motion only, but they are applicable to each of these twelve first things, and the application in each new aspect will reveal their value in a new sense.

Not now to go beyond the applications already made, however, by Spencer, it results from what has been said that Kozmo-ta-ia is the true technicality for the integration of matter, Kozmo-at-ia for the disintegration of matter; Kozmo-tu-ia for the integration of motion, Kozmo-ut-ia for the disintegration of motion, changing the t to k for the case of differentiation, etc.

The most important feature of this new and universal system of technicality is that it is absolutely exhaustive of every domain. The alphabet is just cut to pattern with the whole universe in the full infinity of its details. Alwato is not, therefore, simply a carriage and four enabling us to go where we will with a free ticket through the whole immense domain of science, but it is an entire railroad system with fixed tracks compelling us to go in the shortest and best routes from one point to another, and to pass all the intermediate stations. It is this which I mean by a canon of criticism on our thinking, making us know absolutely when we have exhausted a subject, and compelling us to trains of thinking which would forever escape mere empiricism.

It is again not merely meant that these technicalities may do to express these ideas, but that nothing else will do. Us-ia (or Kozm-us-ia, contracted from Kozmo-us-ia) is the word extant in the nature of things for meaning the disintegration or diffusion of (organic) motion, from the time that God first had a thought on the subject—awaiting discovery by me as the principle itself awaited discovery and formation by Spencer.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

That the experiment of woman suffrage is to be tried in this country, we do not in the least doubt. The number of those who believe that the extension of suffrage to women will bring in the era of righteousness and universal equity is not so large as Apollo Hall and Tremont Temple would have us think it is; but it steadily increases with each succeeding year; so that where there were recently a dozen bitter opponents of the proposed extension there are now half a dozen persons quite willing to give its advocates a good-natured hearing. This fact unmistakably marks progress. We last week expressed the opinion that they will not carry the measure which they have at heart by advocating it in the platform of Apollo Hall; we now add to our opinion that they will surely lose ground in public confidence unless they everywhere follow the example of Tremont Temple and repudiate that platform.

This is pre-eminently a case in which appeal should be made to reason and conscience rather than to the ears of the groundlings.

Mrs. President Howe does not overlook that men are questioning what moral, as well as what political effect it will have when in the hands of women. Perhaps men ought to admit them to an equal partnership in its use without waiting to be asked, and as a measure of simple, original justice; but we greatly fear the mass of to-day is not capable of rising to the serene height of such manly imagination when he painted his picture of a republic. He is a hard-headed and somewhat obstinate creature—not to be driven by rhetoric or coerced by demagoguery. He will vote to let women vote when he has become convinced that woman suffrage is a measure of reasonable expediency; and when he finds that a majority, or even a considerable proportion, of the women of the country wish to vote, considerations of policy will have more weight with him than they now have. —Every Saturday.

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.

ADDRESS TO THE WOMEN OF THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

NEW YORK, June 12, 1871.

The fact is now settled, in part by legal opinions of the highest authority, and by reports of Congressional committees, and still more decidedly by the public verdict on the subject, that the women of this country are equally with men citizens of the United States and entitled to vote. This matter is one which hereafter will not need to be discussed. If men were as ready to do justice practically at the polls as they have become to admit our claims theoretically, there would be no occasion for women to act apart from men, or to take any political measures distinctively as women. Our votes would be simply absorbed into the general mass of votes, and distributed to the several parties according to individual convictions and predilections.

But the fact is different. There is danger—indeed, a high probability—that for some time to come unconstitutional and illegal opposition and obstructive tyranny will stand in the way of the free exercise of our right. While this absurd and unjustifiable state of things exists, we must resort to political strategy to obtain the practical concession of the rights which are withheld from us.

There is one of those exceptional conditions of political affairs at this moment in your State to which the workings of our institutions are always liable, and which on this occasion gives us our opportunity to make our influence felt on the politics of the country, despite the injustice of those with whom the administration of the laws is now lodged. The two great parties are so evenly balanced in Connecticut that to change a single vote in each town of the State, and all in the same way, will at the next State election be enough to decide the issue. What I have, therefore, to suggest, and what I propose to aid you by any means in my power to execute, is this: Wait till the nominating conventions of the two parties—the Democratic and the Republican—shall have made their announcements of their candidates. Call your own convention, ascertain the views on woman suffrage of the candidates nominated by the two parties, and select for your own ticket, without reference to their party relations, those who will vote in favor of woman suffrage, if otherwise worthy of your support, and then see to it that every one of these candidates is elected. Tender and urge the acceptance of your own votes at the polls; but if they are rejected see to it all the same that your candidates be elected *without fail*. This you can easily accomplish *by influencing the votes of men*. Not one vote in each town, but ten or twenty in each town, can be carried in this way, and you will hold overwhelmingly the balance of power.

I am already in communication on this subject with some of the leading political women of your State. It is necessary to begin thus early. I shall be pleased to receive communications from other women and men interested in the subject, and to come into consultation with them with respect to organizing the details of action.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL,
44 Broad street, New York City.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE WOMAN'S EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF VINELAND, N. J.

Whereas, Certain journals and prominent persons have spoken disparagingly of Victoria C. Woodhull, apparently endeavoring to turn from her the patronage she is earning by faithful labor in the woman's suffrage movement; therefore,

Resolved, That this association publicly express its disapprobation of the effort to injure her reputation and suppress her energies, and its determination to sustain her as an efficient worker in the Equal Rights cause.

Deploping the action of some sister associations in regard to Mrs. Woodhull, deeming the treatment unworthy the womanhood of the nineteenth century, and reverencing the spirit that holds its purity amid any sins and vices; therefore,

Resolved, That we will not ask anew the bigot's question, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" but seeing in her an able advocate of woman's freedom and human reformation generally; whether her pathway has been through thorns and manglers, or flowers and palaces, we cordially extend her the hand of sympathy and fellowship in the great and noble work she is inspired to do.

Adopted by a unanimous vote of the association.
June 9, 1871.

IS IT A QUESTION OF RIGHT OR EXPEDIENCY?

A large majority of newspapers and journals treat the subject of suffrage for woman just as though it is a matter in which there is no right involved, and as though its giving or withholding is a matter for men only to decide.

Among these expediency-mongers now enters that very respectable paper called *Every Saturday*, published in the city where is confined all the virtue of which the suffrage movement can boast.

This wise exponent of the principle of equality says "that the chief reason why so many men oppose the extension of suffrage to women lies in the fact that it cannot yet be determined with anything like exactness how she will use the ballot when it has been put in her hands." And

such is the boasted equality for American citizens to which men propose to compel women to submit.

Suppose the woman's movement does mean more than political equality for women, what business or right have men to deny the ballot for that? And are men simple enough to think that they can stem the rising tide of freedom by the contemptible pretense that they fear women will not use the ballot to suit them, and therefore it is to be withheld? It seems to us that men should by this time have learned wisdom from the experiences of the past. Women are not so different from men as to be controlled by entirely opposite rules. If men chafe under political bondage, so also do women. If men rebel against usurped power, so also will women. Men trust women everywhere else but at the polls. What a contemptible commentary on the consistency of men. It is mere pretense, and those who resort to this argument do so for the same reasons that the pursued throws dust in the eyes of the pursuer.

This beautiful representative of freedom says that "all love to be holy must be free," that "the principle of freedom is one and indivisible, and if good in one case is good in all," are "abominations repugnant to the moral sense and hateful to the eyes of purity." It is scarcely necessary to make comment upon such canting hypocrisy. All the purest and best men and women of all ages have given like expression to the freedom which possessed their souls, and now it comes that *Every Saturday* shall denominate them "abominations." Verily, the sentiment of liberty is becoming thickly encrusted within the hearts of men.

Suffragists are not so blind but that they see they have the constitutional right to vote, and no power, though it be the man-power which has so long lorded it over humanity, can long prevent them, *Every Saturday* to the contrary notwithstanding.

We had occasion last week to call the attention of readers to the inconsequent argument of this new-fledged advocate of respectability as the corner-stone of suffrage. We have never yet found the opponent who would permit himself to be confined to the question involved in this case. It is not one of expediency. It is simply and wholly one of right. If it is of expediency why do men not apply it to their own sex. Such barefaced assumption and superciliousness is quite too much to be patiently endured. Why will men forever continue to maintain one rule for themselves and compel women to one entirely different.

Because a woman is "bad," according to the judgment of *Every Saturday* she must not vote. What kind of logic and consistency is this for men to use who make any pretense to being an exponent of a Democratic-Republican government? It is all a question of "By our leave, ladies, you may vote, but you must first convince us that it is expedient, and we will not be convinced." This is the same logic despots in all ages have made use of, and the only difference between ancient and modern despotism is that there are more despots in the present than there were in the past.

This paper admits the cause is growing, but believes it not so strong as women advocates would make it. We might remind the editor that there never yet has been any means of knowing the strength of the movement; and we might also ask why suffrage should be withheld because some of its advocates do not think that suffrage is all that women need to make them equal with men. If all agree that suffrage is necessary, what right have men to withhold it because some women demand the ownership of themselves in marriage, and that they shall have the right to leave any men who will not give what they require, without being forced to go through a long and uncertain suit-at-law in which all the fiendishness of both parties is developed. We have never known any good resulting from the morale of a suit for divorce; but on the contrary, column after column of daily papers are filled with such prurient stuff as to fill the nostril of the whole community for an indefinite period. But if we want easy divorce we must have the ballot.

But, says *Every Saturday*, "men are questioning what moral as well as political effect" the ballot will have in the hands of women. "Moral effect" is good, coming from men. Oh, yes! men are all moral; very, very moral; that is, according to their standard, but, we beg to be allowed the opinion, not after the standard they require of women. Nor are we surprised that *Every Saturday* is constrained to admit that men are hard-headed, obstinate, and not to be driven by rhetoric, or that it is entirely a question of policy. But when it is asserted that "this is pre-eminently a case in which appeal should be made to reason and conscience rather than to the ears of the groundlings," in the succeeding paragraph we are at a loss to decide what the convictions of the writer are upon this point. It appears to us that he "sails amid the clouds or sinks to caverns deep." To whom shall the appeals of reason and conscience be made if the "man of to-day" is hard-headed, obstinate, and not to be moved by reason or rhetoric. Or what use is argument and logic if "he will let woman vote" only "when he is convinced that woman suffrage is a measure of reasonable expediency" or if "considerations of policy" are to be the tests of right.

We have never yet found a straight argument against woman suffrage. It is impossible to write against a matter of justice and right without falling into just such inconsistencies and incongruities of speech and argument as this precious bit from *Every Saturday*. We saw this paper mentioned not long since as "an able journal." Did the writer

of that indorsement draw his conclusion from the two articles on woman suffrage? The fact of the business is, this astute (?) logician and synthetic (?) reasoner sometimes forgets the point for which he starts, and gets slightly off the track; he is only the more to be pitied for that, however, because it is an uphill work such men have in attempting to build up freedom in one direction and despotism in another. It is not to be wondered at that they frequently get slightly mixed or sometimes considerably muddled.

We commend the following to the consideration of the *Every Saturday* man, some cool morning before the heavy cares of the day have so excited his brains that he cannot determine sequences or make a consecutive argument:

- 1st. Women, equally with men, are citizens.
- 2d. Citizens have the right to vote.
- 3d. Women have the right to vote.

Has a syllogism any force with the *Every Saturday* writer who "does" the women articles?

VALLANDIGHAM.

Right or wrong, Vallandigham was entitled to the respect of every friend of political liberty and free opinion for the honest, manly courage with which he spoke out his convictions. That old spirit of intolerance which attempts to squelch free speech and free thought through the intelligent severity of crafty despotism, or through the display of brute force in popular majorities, had no terror for Vallandigham. At a time when every dissident carried his head in his hand, he asserted the right of the minority, and suffered for his faith. He lived to prove that it was possible to be a non-conformist and yet to be a lover of his country. Men now, in cooler moments, admit the conclusion; and, admitting it, they are ready to perpetrate precisely the same infamous injustice over again. The manner of Mr. Vallandigham's death has earned him adventitious sympathy, but for the acts of his life his memory merits reverence.

By Mr. Vallandigham's death the woman suffrage cause sustained great loss. It is well known that in his "new departure" he had excluded exclusion on account of sex. The same political sagacity that had led him to perceive that Democratic conservatism was an impossibility, also induced faith in the newer forms of political development. He foresaw that if the Democratic party merely conformed themselves to Republican ideas, a complete fusion and identity of the two parties would be the only result. In a party point of view, no result at all. His party are not as wise as he was. They will learn in time that a new bond of union must be formed, else will the old parties be nothing more than a two-headed giant, powerless against the new progress party, with its sword of sharpness and shoes of swiftness.

Republican or Democrat who would live and preserve a name, must flee from the old conservatives and fall into the new lines.

THE NEW ORLEANS, MOBILE AND TEXAS RAILROAD.—This leading Southern railroad enterprise is one of the evidences of Northern interest in Southern development. Such prominent capitalists and business men as Hon. E. D. Morgan, Hon. John A. Griswold, Hon. Oakes Ames, Hon. Geo. Innis, of Poughkeepsie, Messrs. Morton, Bliss & Co., J. & W. Seligman & Co., L. Von Hoffman & Co., and others whose names, like these, are thoroughly known among financial and manufacturing men, are leading stockholders, and they have proved their determination to carry the work to a successful completion, by first putting nearly ten million dollars of their own money into the work before asking any funds from the public. That this is the true basis upon which to found a reliable railroad security is the opinion of all who understand railroad finances. The *Boston Journal*, of May 31, says: "Two-thirds of the whole distance have been built before the Company has asked the public to invest in any of the securities, a style of practice in railroad building which it would be well if more new corporations would follow." The *Boston Advertiser* says: "The State aid and the very large amounts already put into the work by the stockholders constitute a sound financial basis for the bonds of the Company." The *Boston Traveler*, May 31, says: "As to the securities, the fact that so much has already been done, and the further fact that the State of Louisiana has granted extraordinary aid to the line on account of its importance to that State, are strong arguments that the bonds must be good." Mr. W. B. Shattuck, the financial agent of this Company, offers the 8 per cent. mortgage bonds at 90 and interest, at which price they pay very largely upon the investment, and the security is ample.

A NOTABLE CHRISTENING.—On Saturday last, June 17, the youngest child of Dr. James Pech, the well-known conductor of the Church Music Association and New York Harmonic Society, was baptized at Trinity Chapel, the sponsors being Edmund H. Schermerhorn, George T. Strong and Mrs. Thos. C. Lombard. The name of the possible future musician is George Edmund Pech.

THE *Sun's* statements must always be taken with several grains of salt. The last bit at President Grant is his telegram directing delay of "final action of the New York Central tax collection until I arrive." The fact may or may not be; the *Sun's* imputation is beyond question.

MY FRIENDS AND I.

AFTER THE DANISH OF ERIC B., BY ROVER.

CHAPTER I.

Having been told many times that the public, that is, the reading public, delights much in narratives of the everyday life of even obscure individuals, if the incidents which go to make up our histories be told with a truthful aspect, and conscious that my troubles have been such as are common to a large class of my fellows, it pleases me to enumerate some few of the difficulties which "I" have encountered in the vain effort to make myself happy. It is evident that this work of making one's self happy is much modified by circumstances over which some of us at least have no control. For instance, there is the accident of birth; one must have parents, and these parents may belong to this or that sect, which, of course, places them in this or that circle of society, which, you know, exerts a great influence upon our whole life. Then, parents being a necessity, they are subject to the same mutations as other natural products, and temper is frequently vouchsafed them in abundance. It seems strange, but it is too true, that parents frequently undertake to govern their children before they have ever tried to rule themselves. There are some who are wiser and do not try to govern either themselves or their children. I have friends who behave admirably in this respect; conscious that they cannot exercise that command over themselves which is the first step toward governing others, they send their children into the country as soon as they are old enough to begin to suffer from bad government.

But "I" was not sent into the country, because it was there that the, to me, important event of birth took place. This fact would have been of but little importance in my history had it not been supplemented by other circumstances, which entirely change the bearings of that event common both to the righteous and the wicked.

My father chanced to be a minister, in good standing, so far as I know, and was settled as pastor of a flock of very respectable members of the Episcopal Church in a small town in the small State of Connecticut. This was all very well for my father, for it yielded him a very good living; but for me it had a very bad effect—not that the being minister of an Episcopal church or that position giving my father a good living was a detriment to me, but it so happened that in the same town was a church of the Congregational order, and over that church was presiding a minister who, of course, differed from my father upon many points of faith, if not of practice. Now this would have been of little consequence if it had not been for another accident, which we must consider the fundamental cause of many of my troubles. As ill-luck will sometimes have it, this Presbyterian or Congregational minister, though a very good man, chanced to marry the sister of my mother. So, after all, it was through my mother, or rather the sister of my mother, that a great share of my troubles came. It might not have been so bad for me if my uncle by marriage, the Congregational minister, had been a different man; but he was, like my father, a polemicist. He believed in polemic divinity; to him and for him there was no theological science except that taught by the fathers of the church; humanity had in our day so degenerated that no good could come of the study of it; no divinity remained; we must go to the fathers of the first, second and third centuries after Christ for our divinity, and even for our humanity. He held in great respect some of the early Puritans, but believed that from their passing away we were a God-forsaken people. My father did not differ from my uncle much in these opinions, but in the interpretation of all these old ideas the two found everlasting subject for discussion.

As a consequence, my youthful ears were made to ring with sharp, emphatic expressions so frequently that they at last became pleasurable, while my simple soul was led to regard polemics as the *summum bonum* of this life. This might not have led me into some of my troublous paths had not the contracted circle of my father's acquaintance failed to afford me any other models upon which to form my character than these two disputants. The regular interchange of afternoon visits between the families very early in my life became the occurrence of the week, and took the place of every other Saturday, which in my earlier school days served as cribbage pins, with which I kept mark of time. My youthful fancies came to regard the two ministers as the great men of the age, and when the news of the world came to me through the newspapers it took me a long time to understand why their names were not to be found in every column. At last I came to the conclusion that the names of those who think most of themselves never find their way into the papers, except in such as record the doings of the fashionable world, and neither my father nor my uncle were at that time in danger of such infliction; large families and the salaries of country parsons were two effectual preventives.

It is possible that, in addition to the teaching which fell from the intercourse and discourse of the two pastors, there was in my composition, through the agency of what phrenologists call hereditary descent, at least a slight predisposition to disputation, as I have heard my mother say that early in my career was shown an aptness to do those things which ought not to be done, as all the people used to repeat in my father's church of a Sunday. It was one of my earliest wanderments, after hearing great grown men and women for a

few Sundays repeat that confession, why they continued each week to make such acknowledgment necessary. Then it had not come to my perception that good people would say that which was unfeigned.

My early life among my schoolfellows gave me many events wherein my peculiar disposition led me into unpleasant predicaments. In those days my pride was quite satisfied with the conviction that my schoolfellows generally deferred to my opinions, but since, it has been made obvious that instead of yielding to my judgment they gave way under fear of the infliction of a long argument. This knowledge gave me some unhappiness, like all shocks which are received direct upon our egotism. But we, disciples of the great Fichte (G. J., not the other one), possess wonderfully elastic dispositions and recover from these unpleasant blows with great ease and rapidity; and this early lesson was lost upon me so far as beneficial correction of any argumentative inclinations is concerned.

This unfortunate predilection for polemics, inasmuch as it led me to try in my studies to cover all the ground of art, science, history, metaphysics, as well as theology, which was imbibed from the two worthy pastors, made me most superficial, if not in truth very ill-informed upon all topics. My pride would not let me acknowledge the errors of judgment, and consequently my ingenuity was often sorely taxed to defend false positions, in which my ignorance placed me. The result was usually greater discomfiture the more extended and labored my defence.

It was about my twelfth year; after having devoted some weeks to the study of astronomy, which was a branch unknown to my fellows except the general principles contained in the geographies and philosophies then in use, my pride was built upon the fact. In some way, now forgotten, the subject of the sun's heat was introduced, and, impelled by some incomprehensible force, possibly only an ache for discussion, I denied that we received any heat from that luminary; the loud laugh that followed this exhibition of ignorance awakened me to the shame which must follow, for it was never in my power to turn such a mistake into a joke, and thus escape with great credit for both wit and knowledge; I must meet it; so with a bold face I repeated the assertion that caloric would not travel through a vacuum, and, as our atmosphere only extends about forty miles toward the sun, it follows that the caloric, if it come from the sun, must make the voyage through a vacuum over ninety millions of miles. This was a poser to the boys; the laugh was silenced, but one of them either did not see the point to conviction, or if he did, possessed enough of the spirit which ruled me to ask, "if the sun be not the source of heat where does the caloric come from?" My first thought was that invention must yield, but it is fertile under powerful stimulus; its resources are almost inexhaustible; so I gave this answer: that the light which we receive from the sun, in its passage through our atmosphere, collects the caloric which the earth has thrown off and returns it to us. This met all the objections and left me victorious.

I have told this little circumstance because it is much more agreeable to recall such successful episodes than those wherein we are utterly routed. Another day success of quite an opposite character attended my interference with two boys who were adjusting a difficulty in true schoolboy style; having succeeded in separating them, I was engaged in the laudable effort of pacification, and having heard both versions of the discord, was prefacing my decision with an assertion which may be ventured at hazard in nine cases out of ten, even where grown boys are the parties, that they were both in the wrong, when up steps a great lubberly boy, with "what business have you to interfere." This emboldened the two contestants, who turned upon me, and for once I got as severe a drubbing as a meddling chap ever deserved. This was success of the same character as the popularity of Governor Schuyler, when he said he went in unanimously, and he went out unanimously, which he called popularity.

In addition to my disputatiousness, and apparently somewhat depending upon it, my nature possesses an imagination—not a fertile one, but a wayward, freaky, feeble one—which continually longs to roam in new fields, but has not the strength to break down the fence nor the agility to leap it; so my fancies circulate in a small front yard for a field, always intruding upon my better thoughts, but never by accident even picking up a good idea.

When I was fourteen a bachelor uncle of mine took a liking to my pertness and brought me to the city, where I was duly installed in his home, then under the care of my grandmother. I soon found my way into the academy as well as into the heart of my grandparent. It must be acknowledged that even the prospect of a great city did not keep away all the sadness which this first leaving of home occasioned; not so much was I sorry to leave the two polemical pastors, if one was my father; nor my schoolfellows, for I knew that they would all envy my lot; nor was it so much that my mother held me in strong toils of affection; but there was a little daughter of our shoemaker from whom I parted with more permanent impressions than of all else. Her deep blue eyes, rosy cheeks and light brown hair, with apple-blossom surmounting the wild curls which were thrown back of her left ear, were the most oft-recurring facts of all my childhood's experience. That apple-blossom my fancy clung to for three years; it was the centre around which I

affixed all the other charms of little Hattie, and whenever brown hair, blue eyes or rosy cheeks greeted me, the vision of my little country maid came full before me with the apple-blossom central.

After two years of city life had converted me from a country lad to a metropolitan stripping, I was invited out to a party, where was much beauty adorned, but my apple blossom stood the test of the whole galaxy and came out triumphant. I became more than ever convinced that there existed some especial adaptation in the soul which animated the possessor of the blue eyes, the light-brown hair and the rosy cheeks up in the little town in the State of Connecticut to mine; and that there could be no question but the lovers' theory is true that God makes for each human being a mate, and happiness can only be secured when the right ones are mated. Had I known my thoughts, and any one suggested that some other than little Hattie was to make me happy, such person would have been ever afterwards an object of my hatred.

Three years came round. I made a journey to my early home. The train never traveled so slowly as on that day; more stations made their intrusive presence odious than the whole number of mile-posts by which we passed. When at last the train stopped at the town where I was to change from car to that almost extinct convenience, the stage coach, I took the most forward seat, by the side of the driver, and wondered how many spavins each horse had on each leg that made them drag so lazily along. Arriving at home at last, after a hurried look around, I started for the shoemaker's. The father and mother of my little Hattie were glad to see me, but they had a most extraordinary rustic look to my city eyes. The father when I went away had a good face; now he looked coarse and grizzly, while the mother with her great red face grinned horribly at me. Still the vision I had cherished for three years remained, and when I was told that Hattie had gone across the fields to a neighbor's I found excuse to leave and hurried on to meet her. As I hastened along the footpath, the impression made by the shoemaker and his wife was put in the background by the little Hattie I had left three years ago with the apple blossom in her hair, and I saw her with my fancy tripping along that winding footpath toward me. I do not now remember, but think that my arms put themselves in position to receive her as she sprang to meet me. When my imagination had got thus far, I espied coming down a little hill before me a great bouncing girl. For a moment she was hid from my view by a clump of alders, and I had concluded that was not my little Hattie when a turn in the path brought us face to face, and she thrust out a coarse red hand to me, with a broad "Heow du yu du?" and I became satisfied that she was not my Hattie whom fancy had carried so long. If she were the shoemaker's only daughter, my ideal was not to be found in that field.

THE CAUSES OF THE FRENCH CIVIL WAR.

The London *Times* holds that the political leanings of the National Assembly may be put out of the question in searching for the origin of the civil war. That war was hatched in the brooding minds of Parisian workmen intent on one single object. Their one fixed idea was that work entitled them to something more than wages. Occupied with the one single prospect of their daily life, and regarding the relations between capital and labor as the be-all and end-all of existence, they had reached the conclusion that all capital should be transferred bodily to themselves; that they alone ought to constitute society; that all other classes should be dispossessed as worthless, and all established institutions abolished as effete. They began their demolition with the nation itself. They would have no nation, no France, no French government. They renounced not only all Kings and Emperors, but all Presidents, all Conventions and all Parliaments, the latter especially. In the place of such authorities they proposed to substitute committees of workmen, and to cut up the country into such areas as trade-unions might conveniently govern. For their own particular union they thought Paris might serve well enough, and so they stipulated for their own sovereignty within these limits under the title of the Commune. On those terms—every other species of authority and power being excluded—they believed they could put into practice their one idea of turning their own little world upside down, and making the working class everything and other classes nothing. In those pretensions and those desires originated the revolution just suppressed. The war thus undertaken was a civil war, conducted without the least respect to any laws of war at all. It is now all over, at least for the time, and M. Thiers has, so to speak, discounted, though at a fearful rate, that insurrection of Parisian workmen with which any French government, whether monarchy or republic, would infallibly have had to reckon. Perhaps the result insures France against a new revolution for an unusual term of years, but it is not encouraging to observe that the last revolution has been the fiercest, bloodiest and most outrageous of all, and that the incidents of its suppression must be deeply graven on the hearts not only of the vanquished, but of their many possible sympathizers in a country like France.

The workmen of Berlin, Paris, and London have far more sympathy with each other than they have with those above them in the social scale in the countries to which they belong. Nor is this preference of principle to patriotism confined entirely to the working classes; there can be little doubt that Bazaine and many of his soldiers at Metz preferred the Prussian to the Parisian Government at the moment of capitulation—rather than fight for the republic they surrendered without a blow. Again the destruction of the column in the Place Vendôme was perhaps an act of madness, but there was method in the madness—it was a protest against the love of national glory and a sign of the times.—*Pull Mall Gazette*

WHAT IS SOCIETY?

WHO REPRESENTS IT—ITS PRETENSIONS—ITS IMPOSITIONS—
ITS INJUSTICE—ITS HYPOCRISIES AND ITS MAR-
RIAGE ILLUSIONS AND FRAUDS.

Society, so called, has become to be regarded by the honest, the true and the virtuous as a grand imposition; by the cynical, the worldly and the frivolous as a great farce, without the redemption of a moral; by the fraudulent and the skeptical as a colossal sell, and the so-called leaders, as a consequence, giant frauds.

The *Logic of Society* proves its force more in its deductions than its premises; more in its practices than its preachings; more in its demonstrations than in its assertions.

What is in a name? The very people who cry out against the Free Love doctrine are following the principles of it daily. Where do all the divorces, seductions, elopements, abortions spring from? Not from the poorer classes, but from the very midst of the first families of this and every other great city, and for that matter of smaller communities, from the *élite*, the *crème de la crème* of the fashionable world, one-half of which, it is safe to assert, are prostitutes. Hence the many unhappy marriages. The heavenly essence of love, at whose divine nuptials the gods preside, is out of the question. In the present Saturnalia called society, money and its adventitious floating on its surface denominated position, usurp its place. Selfishness and show have taken the place of womanly pride, virtue, principle and character. When a lady or female votary of this Saturnalia called society forms the acquaintance of a gentleman or male adventurer of this same social illusion, she puts her wits to work to discover how much money and land he possesses. She is a female Columbus, bent on a voyage of discovery of a new world of man. To her ardent imagination this new man is to be discovered as a golden island in this great billowy ocean of quicksand. She sets her frail bark on this ocean! She has youth and beauty; she has that frail flag, position, floating at her mast-head! She is sailing on the sinking ship Society, on its Dead Sea of Saturnalia. She reaches her Island Man; she seeks his blessed shores; she places her trust in him; he is a delusion—a coiled sea serpent in the sea of society; and as soon as she clings to him as a refuge, he sinks beneath the sea upon which he floats.

This is an allegorical picture of marriage in high life which I have drawn. It is celebrated every day. Its temples are the great churches, its high priests the great ministers, its votaries the fashionable minnows of the great sea of society.

Let us gaze on another picture which

THE FRAUDS AND FALLACIES OF SOCIETY

present. We leave the temple of religion for the temple of so-called justice. The marriage tie is already dissolved as far as the affections of husband and wife are concerned. But it is to be dissolved by a decree of a court. The judge is a fallible man, and may, in his day, have caused more than one separation of the marital tie without the formality of a decree of divorce. But he is by a delusion of society considered the proper person before whom the disaffected pair are to appear. The marriage paradise has been invaded by a serpent, and the judge is to drive the party hence or to cement them closer together. Children, young, innocent, blooming children, are to become involuntary instruments to their own and their mother's and father's disgrace. The father claims the right of one, the mother the other. Adultery on the one side and desertion on the other is charged and countercharged, and the judge decrees. Society shuts its eyes until another scandal in the divorce courts opens them again, and so it goes on until the rottenness of society becomes exposed by its own seething corruption.

But this is the picture of the public divorce. How many cases of divorce are there which never are seen by the public eye. The devices of hearts; the hatreds in the domestic hearth. The smothering by the heart-broken wife of the neglect of her husband; the subdued silence of the disgraced husband at the abandoned career of his wife to the caresses of another.

Once married, the deluded wife selects a lover, and upon him she lavishes her love and the fortune of her duped and deceived husband. How many cheated husbands come home at night and find their wives, if not in the arms of Morpheus, out with some classical canine of the man-terrier or poodle breed? How many good and loving wives sit in despair waiting the coming of their husbands, while their husbands are enjoying themselves in the company of some public prostitute.

Why all this deception? Why this breach of domestic trust? Why this unpardonable wrong? Are we responsible? We are asked, by the mandates of the social marriage system, by oath, to love, honor and be true to each other, until death do us part; and do we keep our word, our vows, made on the altar of God? A few of us may, but a very few. Some men are true to their wives, but more to their mistresses—and why? Because if they care anything for their mistresses, if they love them and care to retain them, they must be true; for all men know that should they neglect them their mistresses will be false, and women are always true to their lovers when false to their husbands.

In the vindication of their rights and privileges growing out of their unequal relations to society and men, a great

deal has been said of late respecting the rights of women, and particularly their right to vote. Now, it need not be considered such a bugbee by social, religious, and political alarmists, that woman, from whom all men spring, should have the right to vote. The ballot is sometimes called the birthright of Americans, and surely she who has given birth to man should not be excluded from the ballot. If it is man's right it is woman's right. In fact, man was one time excluded from it as women are now. "Taxation without representation" was once a war-cry raised in England and America during our immortal revolution. No man, intelligent, sober and tax-paying, has more right to vote than man ignorant, drunken, and pauper. But there is no necessity for man and woman's interest to clash in their mutual right to the ballot. All the honorable avocations of life to-day prove that women are eminently adapted to them, and it is preposterous to say that a woman who can edit a newspaper, write a book, study and practice medicine, attend accounts, keep a store, and fill innumerable other public duties in life—it is preposterous, we say, in the face of all these palpable facts, that a woman is not capable, on account of her sex, to place a piece of paper into a ballot box to express her choice of a candidate for a public office. This is the question in a nutshell!

Look at the illustrious women of the United States and other countries who have so eminently contributed to the advancement of the fortunes and the fame of their distinguished husbands. The accomplished Mrs. Fremont has been the handmaid in promoting the distinguished career of her husband. Mrs. Andrew Johnson is another great example of what a woman can accomplish in aiding her husband in climbing the Alps of fame and fortune in the face of the most overwhelming difficulties. We need not speak of the women who have inspired their sons. History is replete with them, from the mother of the Gracchi to the mother of Washington. The time is not far distant when women will sit in our Legislative halls and occupy the Presidential chair. The whole system of marriage will be so modified to meet the wants of the age, and to do away with the immorality and unnaturalness which its despotic law imposes, that man and woman, as their Creator intended them, will meet more upon their natural and inalienable rights, and not be proscribed for following more in the eternal laws of God and nature and less in the temporary laws of man.

A SOCIETY MAN.

[For Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly.]

MEDITATIONS.

Again they gather in this solemn hour,
My kindred, my earthly band—
Together they bow to the perfect power
That all life's phases planned—
Together they sorrow and gaze their last
On the form whence a mother's soul has passed.

My spirit now hies to that silent crowd,
An intent beholder, too;
But our family group, with new forms endowed,
Receiving our mother true,
In a joyous welcome to life divine
Calls to rites void of sadness 'mid scenes benign.

And here in my distant dwelling embowered,
My feelings embrace them all—
With the mourners linked, by the blest love-showered,
Gladness glides on the tears that fall;
Blessings beam rich and full in the hope that more
Than those lack of solace, these find in store.

To me a dear mother is born anew—
To her will a child be given,
When, with vision cleared, she reads all thro'
This breast that enshrines a heaven:
Th' affection it bears her has been, shall be,
In trust as sublime as in essence free.

Two years ago we met, the graves to wreathe
Afresh with May's sweet flowers,
And lay a cherished father's relic 'neath
Bird-song enchanted bowers;
A father kind, a friend, however tried,
Peace crowned his years while Justice stood as guide.

Death is advance—to those who know the law
God verily is Love—
Not in the universe is break or flaw,
Beneath worlds nor above—
Thus taught, our parents filled life's 'lotted sphere,
Assured the next is hallowed, friendly, near.

My Edwin, too, has reached the realms of day,
Where souls see eye to eye;
Doubly my brother was he here away,
For none him knew as I—
Mind, heart so pure; aims, acts so high inclined
Left groveling natures to his goodness blind.

Fast are we following to the science home,
Counting it happy change,
Since seen how weak and wanting here we roam,
How there in wisdom range—
Of flesh disencumbered, journey to and fro,
Learning and teaching wheresoe'er we go.

The knowledge that has bridged the Jordan o'er,
With passage either way,
Is to this human state most precious lore,
Nor longer hid shall lay;
To spread it Jesus suffered, worked and willed;
At length, all hail! his mission is fulfilled.

MARY E. TILLOTSON.

THE LAND QUESTION.

NO. V.

In my last article I showed that the "unearned increase in the value of land" in the seventy-two larger towns and cities of England and Wales during the period between 1801 and 1861, must have been upwards of three billions eight hundred millions of dollars, and that the increase in the smaller towns and villages and in the rural districts, probably amounted in the aggregate to a similar sum, making a grand total "unearned increase" of more than seven billions and a half. Of course, the higher the value the higher the rent; for, in fact, it is the increased annual profit that land can be made to yield which causes its increase in cash value. Assuming, then, that the average ratio of rent to value in England and Wales is not greater than one-twentieth (five per cent.), an aggregate "unearned increase" of seven billions and a half in cash value will represent an unearned addition of \$375,000,000 to the gross annual land rent. This sum, if turned into the public treasury, would pay the entire expenses of the British government, and leave a considerable surplus which might be applied to the support of schools and other public purposes, for which it is equally needed. Such purposes it would now be regularly subserving, had the principle at present advocated by John Stuart Mill and the Land Tenure Reformers been adopted at the beginning of the century. But as this was not done, it adds so much to the enormous burden of rent borne by the tenant class—that is, by the masses of the English people, for the further enrichment of the privileged few who own all the land. Taking 20,000,000 (in round numbers) as the population of the country in 1861, the amount named would form an average charge of \$18 75 per annum upon each individual in the country—men, women and children. This, it will be remembered, represents only the increase in the rent burdens of the people during the period of extraordinary growth between 1801 and 1861. If we suppose that this increase amounted to one hundred per cent. upon the previous rental value, it will form one-half of the total land rent* at the present time (or rather in 1861), upon which hypothesis that total will be \$750,000,000 a year—an average of \$37 50 to each person, or \$187 50 to each family of five.

It may seem at first sight that the rent burden which falls upon the working classes must be far below the general average, and if we regard only the sums directly paid from tenant to landlord, the supposition would undoubtedly be correct. Indeed, it would be simply impossible for them to pay such a sum out of their scanty earnings. But it must be remembered that the poor man's rent-bill includes much more than the cost of the tenement in which he lives. Every article he consumes is enhanced in price by the rent-charges upon it, from the field in which it was grown, or the mine wherein it was dug, to the petty retail store at which he buys it. On the other hand, his wages are diminished in consequence of similar rent-charges taken out of the profits of his employer, down to the rent of the factory or shop wherein he performs his daily tasks. In fact, a great part, probably the greater part, of the rent tribute paid by the working classes is paid unconsciously in indirect ways out of the products of their industry, and never passes through their hands at all. It falls upon them in the form of reduced wages.

The idea that the burden of rent varies according to the condition of the people, falling more lightly upon the poor than upon those in better circumstances, is, of course, a superficial one, which applies only to direct rent payments. Analysis will make its fallaciousness apparent. If the figures above given be assumed to express the true average land-rent to each person in the nation, it will follow that in an equal division (not according to area, but according to rental value), the same figures would represent each person's proportional share of the land. In that case there would be no receivers and no payers of rent. But just to the extent that one class owns more than this proportional share must the other class own less. Every one, then, is a receiver of land-rent from others to the extent that his landed possessions exceed the average rental value to each person, and every one is a payer of land-rent to the extent that his landed possessions fall short of this average. Of course, this rule is not mathematically accurate, but as a general proposition it comes sufficiently near the truth. It follows, then, that the man who owns no land must directly or indirectly pay land-rent to the full amount of the average rent-charge, which, according to the estimate already reached, is \$37 50 a year for himself, and a like amount for each dependent member of his family. At least, if he does not actually pay the entire amount, he endures privations enough to make up the deficit. It is scarcely too much to say that the comforts of the English poor would be twice as great as they are but for this burden.

Of course there are many persons theoretically belonging to the rent-paying class—i. e., non-land-owners—who, through liberal salaries, professional fees, profits in trade, and in various other ways, virtually participate in the tribute taken from the masses of the people by the class of rent-receivers; but it need not be said that this participation affords no relief to the hard-worked millions who do not possess such exceptional advantages.

As it has been shown that the rent-burden of the poor is not confined to the rent paid directly to the landlord, so it

may be shown that the rent received by the land-owners is not confined to what they get under that name. Though they should not rent a foot of their land, the profits made upon its produce would still be virtually a rent charge, which, of course, would fall upon the consumer.

But I am thinking now especially of the vast tracts utterly withheld from productive uses. James Anthony Froude, the historian, in an article published in *Fraser's Magazine* some months ago, writes as follows:

"A stranger traveling on a railway from end to end of England, would think that there was no civilized country in the world where there was so much elbow room. * * * He sees the palaces of the noble and the wealthy set in the midst of magnificent parks, studded with forest trees and sheets of ornamental water, or maintained for game preserves and artificial wildernesses. In Scotland he sees whole counties kept as deer forests and grouse moors, that the great of the land may have their six weeks' enjoyment there in the autumn. * * * If he is a guest at one of these grand mansions, he will be told, as Mr. Goschen says, that overpopulation is a dream. He gazes across the broad-reaching lawns, or down the stately avenues. Miles distant he sees the belt of forest which bounds the domain and holds the outer world at bay. His host tells him, with pride, that from his own coal and iron are made the rails which shall link together the provinces of India; that there is no limit to English production, to English wealth, to English greatness."

Of all the luxuries enjoyed by the wealthy classes at the expense of the English people, none cost the poor so high a price as the vast, unproductive domains thus graphically described by Mr. Froude. They may yield no pecuniary return to their owners; but what use would the latter have for more money, save to purchase more luxuries? And what luxuries could money purchase at all comparable with these "islands of the blest," in the midst of surging seas of population hungering to overwhelm them?

Under the fierce competition for earth-room which exists outside of these charmed seclusions, the withholding of such enormous quantities of land from use raises enormously the rent of the remainder, and is the chief cause of the terrible overcrowding which curses the cities. Tens of thousands of children die annually (many of them by downright infanticide) because the nobility will not permit them to have room enough to live. Upon this subject of overcrowding, let us again hear Mr. Froude. In the same article from which we have already quoted, he says:

"The artisans of the great cities, the agricultural laborers driven out of the old-fashioned hamlets and huddled into villages, are heaped together in masses where wholesome life is impossible. * * * The laborer lodges now many miles from his work. He leaves his home in the early morning; he returns to it late at night. The ground in town has become so enormously valuable that the factory-hand and the mechanic can afford but a single room—at the best, two. When his day's toil is over he has no temptation to return to the squalid nest which is all that society can allow him, and he finds the beer-house and the gin-palace a grateful exchange. The wife, obliged herself to work to supply the empty platters, must be absent also many hours from home; she has no leisure to attend to her children, and they grow up as they can, to fall a prey to disease and accidents which lie in wait for them at every turn."

But no general description, however eloquent, can convey an adequate idea of the condition to which the poor are reduced through the enormous rents which prevail in the cities—whither they are compelled to resort to find any spot upon which they may take up their abode. The following description from actual life forms part of a report of a visit of inspection "among the habitations of the poor in Westminster," which appeared in the *London Times* of February 9th. The scene is in St. James' Court, St. Anne street:

"This is a blind court, no thoroughfare and no thorough ventilation; the entrance a narrow archway, three feet wide; the houses, two rooms each, opposite; the space between opposite houses not more than five feet; at the end of the court a dead-wall, dirt-heap, etc. No back windows or doors. Only one closet for the entire court, and that at times in most foul condition. At present in the court there are sixteen families—sixty-five persons.

"No. 1. Ground floor dark, damp, miserable, dirty; occupied by a poor man, a cage-maker; has been ill some time; smell most offensive; a child lately dead of scarlatina.

"No. 2. Ground floor dirt, puddle or mud, according to the weather; no flooring at all on the right; a dark, miserable room, occupied by a man, his wife, two grown-up sons, a girl thirteen years old, and, till lately, a little boy three years old. They work, live and sleep in this one room—shovel-making from old tin; the girl just recovering from small-pox, the boy dead of it; the man honest and hard-working, but not knowing how to get his next meal.

The room above, occupied by a man, his wife and three children, shovel-making the same as below. The room miserable beyond description. * * * As I entered the room the poor woman was crouched down on an old basket, beside the fire, in deep trouble. The only table was occupied by the corpse of her dead child—dead from small-pox—kept four days in the room with the family; no coffin; nothing to cover it but an old night gown. Husband then out trying to get a coffin. No work, no food, and no more firing.

No. 3. Ground floor occupied by a man, two children and an old woman. * * * Room filthy in the extreme; smell

abominable. Against a damp wall was a filthy bed; on it a child three years old. You could not discern its features for small-pox. The poor little thing rolled about in agony, evidently dying. All the family slept in this room."

Here is no rhetoric; nothing but a plain catalogue of horrid facts. And the writer concludes, by saying, "I have not described each room in the court, but they are all alike, more or less; and there are many other courts in this neighborhood just as bad as this."

It may be said that the horror of the scene is greatly enhanced by the accidental prevalence of small-pox, at the date of this description; but such epidemics are not accidental. They are the legitimate and inevitable fruit of such a condition of human existence as that described, and this condition is most truly understood by seeing it right in the midst of its loathsome harvest of disease and death.

Is it not high time the English land reformers should seek to check the further progress of a cause which yields such hideous results? Is it not high time for us, warned by the present condition of the English people, to see whether the system we are pursuing is not carrying us toward the same disastrous goal?

E. T. PETERS.

*The term "land rent" is used to denote that part of the total rent which is charged upon the land itself, as distinguished from improvements. The estimated rental value is not intended to include the latter, whether buildings, streets, sewers, &c., in the cities, or buildings, fences, drains, &c., in the country. In the cities the entire rent is usually spoken of as the rent of the building, but in reality the largest share of it is often a charge upon the ground. Hence, chiefly, the great difference between the rent of a building in a city and that of a similar building in the country.

+ R. Dudley Baxter, in a paper read before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at its last meeting in Liverpool, estimated the average income of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom at about \$140 (\$28) a year per capita, which would give \$700 a year to each family of five. How much of this is taken up as land-rent, profits upon capital, etc., may be inferred from its enormous excess over the actual incomes of the poor. It is probable that there are few of the families of laboring men whose receipts the year round will average more than one-third of this rate, to say nothing of those who habitually live on the very verge of starvation.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From a letter of Vienna I translate the following, which I think of sufficient interest to secure a place in your valuable journal: "In the Fräner Erwerbs Verein, Miss Safford, who has been promoted doctor at New York, lately held a discourse which is very favorably spoken of, as Miss Safford has visited the clinics for two years and is considered a very clever, intelligent and estimable woman. The speaker proved by numerous examples that women can successfully compete with men, that history shows that they were always treated with magnanimity but little justice; that there was no want of gallantry and adoration, but of confidence and respect; they were protected, but never allowed to protect themselves. Maternity," said she, "is certainly the highest office that woman may and should fill, and we most earnestly desire and advocate that she should be worthy of it. We only don't wish to see marriage as a means of sustenance or a remedy against ennui, and we cannot believe that a man who is worthy the love of a woman would find her less attractive, less amiable, and would be slower to marry her, because she is well versed in botany, geology, chemistry or anatomy." Her concluding words were: "It has given me much satisfaction to meet members of your society here and to find that from your side so much is done to enable women to fill all positions that they may aspire to, and I will only hope that the day be not far off when the schools are open for all women. I have received so much encouragement and so many favors from doctors, professors and students, that I am inclined to think that if women of Austria are once allowed to absolve gymnasiums they will find no further obstacle for the perfection of their studies. One hesitates to give us the emancipation, because this would entail a social revolution. The laws of nature are immutable, and there is no doubt that there would be a revolution of the social state if women were made equal to men; but there also is no doubt the consequences of this revolution could only be benefactor to mankind."

Yours truly,

C. I. H.

HAWK'S NEST PEAK, N. C., June 12, 1871.

TENNIE C. CLAFLIN:

I am a wild old rover in the mountains of North Carolina. Very near I am to Tennessee, if not dear to Tennie C. Only a line divides us—I mean from Tennessee. I drop a line to see if it won't unite us—I refer to Tennie C.

I saw your picture, beautiful as life, at Brady's the other day. I took a good absorbing look at it and brought it with me, in my mind's eye, down to these wilds; so I know to what manner of woman I am writing.

And now, to-day, descending from the crags and peaks to the nearest post town, I am surprised to find your paper strayed to this most unlikely part of the world, and all the young Ku-klux of the neighborhood warmly discussing and generally denouncing it. The pronunciation of St. Mary Darl was especially shocking to them, and yet each one of her propositions was approved by some one; and, on the average, her whole article received the sanction of the crowd. Learning that I was from New York, one of them appealed to me to know if "Mrs. McFarland was not a first-class" courtesan in that city (only he didn't phrase it so po-

litely). "Oh, no," I said; "but there isn't much old-fashioned close communion marriage any more in New York. The best women are pretty much all 'first-class' owners of themselves. There is a terrible commotion there about marriage slavery, as there has been here about negro slavery, and the whole thing is getting itself abolished." The poor man went away sorrowful. The Yankees had taken away his black slave, and now they may again invade the South and take his white one also.

So you see, dear Tennie, I am with you in your crusade against the last of the slaveries. Though I am of the master class, I am willing every woman should be as free as I am.

Maybe you would like some sketches for your paper of mountain life in this region to sandwich in between your heavier propagandist articles. At the long intervals when I arrive at such things as pen and ink I may write you something.

QUARTZ.

A WORD TO MEN.

I think if men would remember the old adage about "them without sin casting the first stone," there would be fewer slurs in nearly all the papers that flood our cities and towns. Do they know that we read the papers and blush for them and their mothers, and pity the wives of such men? We can scarce pick up a journal without meeting something after the following: "In marriage the bride is given away, and the bridegroom sold." "A man who marries young is a man whose life is marred." "Young ladies, if you want to catch husbands don't take them shopping with you; they will be shocked at your reckless extravagance." To begin with the last. Admitting that women do spend a large amount of money foolishly and unnecessarily, let me ask you young men who have sisters to keep a record of one month's expenditure, not excluding a single customary pleasure or vice, not forgetting wines, cigars, and other privileges of manhood, not altering your daily life or changing its mode for the present instance. Let any of your sisters or friends keep a correct record of her expenses, "curls," "silks," "ice creams," and all other usual indulgences.

Possibly, though I think not (if tailors' bills were included) her expenditure might equal his. She might spend money uselessly, but I question if she would employ it to work her shame and degradation. Where are the men who give five dollars to a woman to keep her virtuous, in comparison to those who give hundreds to her that will part with that which is dearer far than life?

Forgetting that they are alike guilty, alike lost to virtue and purity, I would like to see the comparison of expense books, specifying each sum spent for each indulgence. Methinks if some men would keep account honorably and fairly, they as well as we would be shocked at their life. Second slur: My experience leads me to believe more women's lives are "marred" by early marriage than men's; her duties and cares, as wife and mother, being so much more onerous and important than his, fathers almost universally throwing their responsibilities upon the mothers' shoulders, leaving them to perform the work of both, so that each is one-half executed—the child wronged, the mother overtasked, made prematurely old, and her life completely "marred" by an early marriage. We are not sufficiently mature in our judgment to select a comparison that will meet our requirements as we advance.

Say at twenty-five the choice of eighteen would startle and amaze us. It is a misfortune to both to marry early, but the husband in the present regime is more independent of home and its comforts, hence the girl's life is especially "marred" by an early choice. Thirdly, I wonder newspaper men do not sicken of praising themselves. I am charitable enough to think it is a boy's work who, in the absence of the head of the establishment, knows not what to do to fill up void spaces. Let them remain blank and we women will respect your want of material far more than such low cunning as "The bride is given away and groom sold." Recollect that your mother was a woman. Yes, positively, though I can scarce with credit to her memory believe it. I feel as though it were quite time that we women showed this matter in its true light. Be assured, my dear men, the day is dawning when we shall cease to be slaves to your lower nature, or dolls to be looked at. A new era is beginning for us, and earnestly do we mean to improve it. Yes, onward and upward. Progress shall be our watchword, and you men shall wonder at the change. Temperance, morality and virtue, without distinction of sex, will be our platform and the requirements for candidates. With the cool brain that an absence of vile liquors will give, the self-command that a triumph of the moral and intellectual over the animal or lower nature will give the prevalence of virtue in both, and purity of women's presence, counsels and acts, will all conspire to work such a change that men beholding it shall lament women's power and goodness were not politically exercised ages ago.

ELEANOR EARNEST.

THE Methodist Book Concern squabble opens the way for an outflow to the ill blood that has been for some time accumulating. The religious body will feel better now it is relieved.

JESUITISM AND NOT CHRISTIANITY.

THE CONCLUDING PORTION OF A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW YORK REFORM CLUB, BY HORACE DRESSER.

I should stop here, having concluded the consideration of my subject, but I desire to avail myself of this occasion to say that I am neither Churchman nor Christian, in the historic significance of the terms. But, lest I may be misunderstood, Mr. President, allow me to state, by way of addendum to the subject of the evening, what is my faith and discipleship. I may properly be called a Jesuit, but not of the Papal type of Ignatius Loyola. My Jesuitism is such as cometh of faith in the philosophy and religion taught by Jesus, the great Galilean master and teacher. I am a disciple of his school, and I accept his teachings. Some sincere persons affect to believe that there never was a man, Jesus by name, who taught the people of Palestine—that he is only a figment of faith, and not a personal fact and Son of Humanity. To say nothing of Scripture testimony, I quote from Tacitus, a Roman historian, who says: "Auctor nominis ejus Christus, Tiberio imperante, per procuratorem Pontium Pilatum, supplicio affectus erat." (Ann. i. 15.)

In a recent letter, dated Naples, Italy, that eloquent advocate and defender of Spiritualism, Mr. J. M. Peebles—not yet returned from his travels—contributes the following, which I furnish as additional evidence:

"A few days since we walked the unearthed streets of Pompeii—a proud Roman city, buried in the year 79 by an eruption of Vesuvius. The preservation is so wonderful that we are brought into actual relations with the temples, altars, paintings, mosaics, pavements, baths, houses, and social life of men and women that thronged these streets two thousand years since. In the explorations of Pompeii, Herculaneum, and the ruins about Rome, many half-doubted historic facts have been corroborated and confirmed. Nothing more interested us than the symbol of the cross, as appearing in the fresco and marble of that period.

"One represents Jesus Christ crucified as a common Jew, with an ass's head, and another man standing near in the attitude of worship. That would be natural. The report (now biblical) had probably reached Rome that the new Galilean God rode into Jerusalem on the great day of the feast upon an ass. If Palestine had no artists, Rome and Pompeii had caricaturists. This caricature of the crucified Nazarene was discovered in Rome recently, during some excavations. The full account is given in 'Wright's History of Caricature.'

"Extensions and alterations being made in the ancient palace of the Cæsars, it was found that, to give support to the structure, a portion of the street, that had remained hidden and virtually sealed since the palmy days of the Cæsars, had to be uncovered and hewn off. Removing the rubbish covering, the walls were found literally covered with pictures, drawings and scrawls; under or around some of which were explanatory writings, such as were found and may be seen to-day on the walls and streets of Pompeii. The one found in Rome is a pagan-inspired caricature upon a certain Christian named Alexamenos, executed by some half-fledged artist who despised—evidently from his ray—the Nazarene medium of Syria. In this figure Jesus is represented in the form of a man with the head of an ass, extended upon a cross; the Christian, Alexamenos, stands on one side, in the attitude of the worship of that period. Under the mock figure is the inscription, exhibiting some knowledge of the ancient classics. Translated, it reads thus: 'Alexamenos worships God!' When this was drawn, paganism was proud and popular; and Christianity, or adhesion to the Galilean's teachings, more contemptible than is modern Spiritualism to conservative Churchmen."

Though it is generally preached, and so understood, that Jesus of Nazareth is the founder of historical Christianity, I beg to differ with those who so affirm. The system known by such name and style he never knew while on earth, nor ever recognized it as his since his departure to the heavens. That system was, in its inception, a system of Communism; this ingredient compounded afterward with the Ecclesiasticism of Judaism and the idolatries of Paganism, makes up the totality of the system as seen and practiced to-day—a mosaic work, production of the ages, checkered with good and evil, with error and truth. Is this system the same, or in any important respect allied to that established by Jesus? What is the record of history concerning his doings and teachings in this behalf?

The response is that there was once in Galilee a company of men associated in a peculiar manner, all of their number being chosen for membership by a most remarkable man, over whom, as disciples, he exercised Mastership. This company, and the person who called it together, were a secret body or Lodge, for the exercise of fellowship. Correlatively, they were not allied as master and servant, but as master and disciple. This Lodge had its mysteries, its symbols, etc. Its master was also teacher of the mysteries. He indoctrinated those who were received into companionship. He taught a true, grand, sublime Spiritualism, and this not only in private to his disciples, but in public to Jew and Gentile, to Pharisee and Sadducee, heralding the same wherever he went, albeit in synagogue or market-place, in grove or temple, on sea or by sea-side, in the vale or on the mountain-top. His teachings were accompanied by spiritual phenomena, which the men of other days have chosen to call signs and wonders, in demonstration of the truth and the objects of his mission.

The Jew and the Roman, whose religions had been assailed and condemned by the master of this lodge, conspired to kill him; and shortly, the Roman Pro-consul, winking at the judgment of the Jewish Sanhedrim, and conforming to the wishes of the maddened populace of Jerusalem, delivered him up to be crucified. This tragic event scattered his disciples, and some of them found their way into other cities and provinces.

It was not till some time after the crucifixion of Jesus that the disciples were called "Christians." Says the historian, "And the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch." Here was established what is called a "Church"—a body of persons in some sort of association. It does not appear to be that of the continued Lodge of the Great Master, as established and conducted by him in Galilee. Whatever its structure and mode of government, it is certain that in its temporal organization, it was unlike the destroyed or disbanded Lodge of Jesus; for it appears that, while yet at Jerusalem, the twelve called the multitude of the disciples unto them, and recommended the election of seven men of their number to a Diaconate—a novel affair and organization, not provided for or known under the administration of the master in his life-time. It was a sort of board of management of the secular affairs of the fraternity.

Here, at Antioch, began an ecclesiasticism which has descended to us in its career through the centuries. Since the time in which the Galilean taught in his Lodge and in public how great are the corruptions of, and how wide are the departures from his teachings!—after a lapse of nearly two thousand years, one thousand of which constitute the Dark Ages—that millennium of ecclesiastical slavery, during which the Hierarchy was sole custodian of the Scriptures, and supreme exponent of religion.

Venerating the great Master and Teacher, and believing in his philosophy and the religion which made him a martyr, and discarding the intervening ecclesiasticism of the ages, I class myself as his disciple, and I would like to manifest myself as such in all the acts of my life, at all times, and in all places, by the name of Jesuit—a term which seems to me expressive, and a proper derivative from the name of him who presided over the Galilean Lodge of ancient Spiritualists.

DO YOU LOVE ME?

If you love me, tell me so;
I have read it in your eyes,
I have heard it in your sighs,
But my woman's heart replies,
"If you love me, tell me so."

Should I give you Yes or No?
Nay, a girl may not confess
That her answer would be "Yes,"
To such questioning, unless
He who loves her tells her so.

If you love me, tell me so;
Love gives strength to watch and wait—
Trust gives heart to any fate;
Poor or rich, unknown or great,
If you love me, tell me so.

A LITTLE girl came into my office one day and said: "Mr. Stigleman, I saw in a vision last night your foundry blow up." I said it was only a dream. She replied, "No, I was not asleep, and I saw it very plain: the whole heavens were a cloud of smoke and dust, filled with brick-bats and other fragments, and there were two or three killed and several wounded." I was then engaged in the foundry business in Alton, Ill., in connection with Mr. James Patterson. We had a fine establishment, having cost about \$70,000. This was in 1862. Some few months after, I was strangely impelled early one morning to hasten to the foundry, which I obeyed; and as I opened the gate on going in, I discovered all was not right. I ran to the boiler and saw it was red hot, and McLaughlin, our engineer, in the act of starting the engine. I stopped him instantly. Had he started, an explosion would have ensued. He had been in some fuss with our foreman the night before, and got to drinking over it. I discharged him, and shortly afterwards leased my interest to James Patterson and F. K. Nichols. McLaughlin applied and obtained his old situation. I felt uneasy about it, and told P. that life and property were in imminent danger with such a man at the engine; but he thought the former occasion was a good warning and retained him. Mac was a Scotchman, and aside from drink was well enough. Some few months afterwards I had been to market, and, passing by the foundry gate, saw Mac about starting the engine. I felt the same pressing sensation come over me that I had felt on the former occasion—to run to the boiler; but as he was not in my employ, I passed along one square and turned the corner, when I heard a terrific report, followed by a shock that caused the earth to tremble. I looked up and saw over the building smoke, dust, and various fragments, precisely as described eight or nine months before by the little girl. On returning, I found the sidewalk by the gate entirely covered over with rubbish where I had passed about five minutes before. McLaughlin and another man was killed, and several badly injured. Fortunately it was early and the hands had not got in; but the destruction of property was heavy. While they were getting Mac and the others out of the ruins, I happened to step upon the head of the boiler, which had been thrown out some distance, and stood upon it some time meditating on the strange and terrible affair. I thought of the vision, and how I had once saved it. Yet it would come. I will describe the boiler-head which I stood upon, for it cuts an important figure in this strange affair many years afterwards. It was 54 inches in diameter, had 48 flue holes, 24 inches in diameter, with a flange turned up around the outer edge.

Time passed on, and in June, 1870, I returned to Wayne County, and on the 13th of November following, I attended a spiritual seance at Lyceum Hall, Richmond. Mr. Maxwell was principal medium, and was engaged in describing spirits on the other side from where I was. A strange lady was sitting by me, who had not spoken to me nor I to her, although we had been sitting together for over an hour, and while Maxwell was still describing on the other side, this lady says to me: "I see a large plate of iron shipped under your feet." Not knowing what it meant I let it pass. After awhile she said: "I still see that plate of iron under your feet." I then asked her to describe it. She said: "It is round and full of holes, and is turned up all around the edge; it looks like a big basin full of holes, and it is larger than the side of the organ." I got no impression of what it was. After a little Maxwell looked over and said: "I see just behind that gentleman (pointing to me), a man that seems to have been killed suddenly by an explosion or something of that sort; the left side of his head is torn off, and his left shoulder and arm are gone. He is about medium height, rather raw-boned, broad across the shoulders, and shows considerable strength." Described his eyes and general features, and then says he has very peculiar hair; it is a whitish color, but very peculiar. As soon as he spoke of his hair I recognized it was McLaughlin. Maxwell said, "I see that he had some whisky aboard." Before I confessed a recognition I asked for his nationality. "I see that he has come across the water," was the reply. The description was as perfect as could be given by McLaughlin's most intimate friends, and would be identified by any one that was ever acquainted with him. I also recognized the plate of iron as the boiler head that I had stood upon the morning of the explosion.

Now, these are all facts, and I would be willing to swear to them if I were on my dying bed. Hundreds in Alton know of the explosion and its terrible consequences; many know how near he came to blowing it up before, and several know of the foretelling of it by the little girl. I am also willing to swear, and do most positively affirm, that I never gave a description to any living being of McLaughlin,

nor of standing on the boiler head. I have not, to my knowledge, thought of it until it was called up on the 13th of November; it had entirely passed from my mind. I have but rarely spoken of the explosion as a circumstance, for have ever since censured myself for not running to the boiler on the morning of the explosion when I was, strongly impressed to, for I believe I could have saved again.

Now, the question arises, who was it that had a hand in this awful affair to me, as well as to others—was it saint, or it devil?
C. STIGLEMAN.

RICHMOND, IND., April, 1871.

AN Indiana exchange sends us the following. It is not new; but it is to the purpose. The Father of his Country seems to have been more candid than the men of to-day:

The Posey family, consisting of husband and wife, were tenants on the Mount Vernon estate. The then Col. George Washington was married to Mrs. Custis in 1758. About 1760, Mrs. Posey was left a widow by the death of her husband, Washington, then a young man, frequently hunted and fished on the estate, and sometimes, when belated, accepted or sought the hospitalities of Mrs. Posey's house, who is represented as a lady of very considerable personal attraction. At what time or how it came about that the relations between these two assumed a more intimate character than those of hostess and guest is, of course, unknown, but it is certain that some two years after the death of her husband—she in the interim having remained *femme sole*—a son was born to her who grew up to be that same youth whose portrait adorns the wall of the Governor's room at Indianapolis.

It is also certain that Washington (greatly to his credit as a just and equitable man, if our theory be correct) always to the day of his death manifested a warm and friendly interest in the fortunes of this young man. He charged himself with his maintenance and education, and when he arrived at a proper age he was for a time a member of the military family of the General in the field, and subsequently, by his influence, was made the first Governor of the Territory of Indiana. These circumstances of themselves would make a strong case in support of the truth of our assertion, but there are other items of evidence of even greater weight of authority than these. The family of Col. Posey were in possession of four or five likenesses of Washington, taken at different periods of his life, given to him as souvenirs of an intimate regard. Washington kept up a correspondence with him of the most confidential character, sometimes addressing him as "My Dear Son." These letters are or were very recent in existence, and in the possession of a gentleman of this State.

The Posey family are now extinct. Gov. Posey married, and left surviving him, as his issue, one son. The son lived and died a bachelor, without any known issue. He inherited as heirlooms the miniature of Washington, and also the papers of his father, including these letters.

THE German Correspondent says that the movement headed by Dr. Doellinger continues to gain ground in Southern Germany. Eighty Catholic parishes have signified their approval of Dr. Doellinger's views. Professor Berchtold has published, in the form of a pamphlet, a commentary on the paper he presented to the Munich Faculty of Law on the dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope. The Bavarian bishops are about to meet at Eichstadt, for the purpose of forwarding a common letter to the Pope. Father Hyacinthine has addressed from Rome a letter to Dr. Doellinger, in which he says the time of words is past and that of action come. The letter terminates: "Courage, great and noble heart! Be blessed for having offered yourself spontaneously to the danger for the House of Israel. The strong ones have disappeared from among us, and have gone to rest—'cessaverunt fortes in Israel et quiescerunt,' but Jehovah has raised you in your old days for new combats and new victories." A number of Neapolitan priests say, in an address to Dr. Doellinger: "The day is, perhaps, not far off when Italy, now restored to life by national unity and political liberty, having obtained possession of her own Rome by the disinterested and powerful support of your great, free and learned Germany, will be able to accomplish her wish during centuries, to emancipate her people and her clergy from degenerate political popery, and to unite her great moral and political destinies to those of the people and clergy of loyal and Christian Germany."

THE PRESS claims to be the great modern teacher to such an extent as to have superseded the pulpit and the stage; and yet the average press, oftentimes even the leading journal, gives us little else than news in which carelessly-sifted rumors and on dits are of as much value as ascertained facts. The public wants to know what is said as well as what is done. The sensational "beat" of to-day is explained by the sensation denial to-morrow. Thus there is double gain. Opinions are as variable as facts. The fool's virtue, consistency, cannot certainly be imputed to the press. To such an extent does this accommodating flexibility obtain that "a newspaper lie" or a "bogus despatch" are the common terms for every fresh piece of intelligence that stirs the reader beyond his ordinary languid indifference. Not less characteristic of the modern press is its want of earnestness. The most serious, the most painful occurrences are fit subjects for a cynical jest. The burning of a city or the fall of a rope-dancer, an execution or a revolution, are all topics for the professional joker. Recently the burning of six hundred coolies was made the theme of a regular cut-and-come-again side-splitter in that one of our great dailies which is usually instanced as a model of good taste and fine writing, and in a subsequent issue we find a charming little bit of humor tossed off carelessly upon the looks and words of a murderess lying for execution. Thus tragedy and comedy walk side by side. To be earnest and true, and to have or express live opinions tending to reform or to revolutionize existing forms of thought or life, is not the office of modern journalism. Your newspaper man sets up for a teacher, but is no such thing; he is an observer, a reporter, a critic—for the most part an amusing companion, who tells truths by accident, untruths by design, and finds in his stories matter for grim sarcasm or sportive mirth.

FRANK CLAY;

OR,

HUMAN NATURE IN A NUTSHELL.

BY JOSHUA ROSE.

[Entered according to Act of Congress.]

DCVII.

Now, if mankind could only live so well
As that, and feel as reconciled to die
[Which no one has done since poor Adam fell
And doomed mankind to sin and misery],
What joy were his, but practice rings the knell
Of all such pleasant sounding theory;
Which is, though it reads well in fiction's verse,
As representing facts, not worth a curse.

DCIX.

The world won't let a man be really good,
And if he tries to go through life without
Plan, plot, or scheming, as by right he should,
He's laughed at, swindled, kicked, and cuffed about
By every one, and there are many would
Be much more charitable and never doubt
Their fellow-man, but every time they try
They're bitten for their pains "as sure as pie."

DCX.

Ah! trickery is always self-defense—
At least its perpetrators so pretend;
But that is quite too shallow a pretense,
The kindly way they take to it and blend
With it, exhibits clearly a pretense,
And clearly proves to all that they extend
A welcome to it, and would make excuse
By saying they but meet the world's abuse.

DCXI.

'Tis said that virtue is its own reward,
[Let this console you when the heart is grieved
By some dishonest act, or cruel word,]
My motto is, and it is more believed
In, "meet each man with his own chosen sword,"
And then you will not often be deceived;
Meet faith with faith, avoid contact with evil,
Use every means with rogues, fight like a devil.

DCXII.

How long shall man pervert his noble mind,
How long shall rank and power absorb his brain,
How long shall riches grasp all human kind,
As devotees to glitter, pomp and gain,
How long shall pleasure lure, and tempt and bind
His soul to certain and eternal pain;
Oh, reckless man, reflect, deliberate,
Nor lose the future in the present state!

CANTO XI.

A SEASON OF BLIGHTING.

DCXIII.

But Frank? yes, Frank is by Miss Eva's side,
Both reading Tennyson's "May Queen." Tom Black
Sat near them on an ottoman; he eyed
Them sideways, while his brain was on the rack
To work some mischief; he will only bide
A fitting time to make a base attack
(On Frank), for he's as mean as mean can be
And quite infuriate through his jealousy.

DCXIV.

He really entertained a warm regard
Toward Miss Eva, and, in his rough way,
He tried to shape his every look and word,
To be as welcome as the flowers of May.
If Frank his deepest enmity had stirred,
'Tis only what we meet with every day,
And what can be expected from a mind
In which the grosser parts are unrefined.

DCXV.

And as for Eva, he to her appeared
No different from others that she met;
She noticed not his coarseness, being reared
Among so many of his kind, and yet
Although she met him kindly, still she feared
To show him the least favor, or beget
A more than common show of friendship, for she shrank
Instinctively from him, and turned to Frank.

DCXVI.

Not that she cared for either, by no means
Infer she was in love, or in that stage
Young girls are apt to enter in their teens,
In which they droop their heads, while they engage
Themselves, while sitting 'neath the bright moonbeams,
(As pictured weekly in Miss Braddon's page),
But "ain't it nice" to see a full-fledged dandy
Make love, while she, dear girl, is munching candy?

DCXVII.

But Frank loved music, poetry and flowers,
And Eva dearly liked to hear him read,
And so together they would sit for hours
O'er some instructive volume, and, indeed,
When finished they would picture lovely bowers
Sequestered, so that no rude eyes could heed
The nymphs and sprites, who gleefully might revel,
While Tom would wish the whole pack to the devil.

DCXVIII.

"Another contract to be tendered for,"
Said Tom Black to a shopmate the next day.
"I quite expect it will be, as before,
Another boon to selfish young Frank Clay,
He did the same work last time, but got more
Than he will for it this time I heard say;
They're going to bid against him all they can,
I hope they will defeat him by that plan."

DCXIX.

His comrade answered, "I expect we will
Take this work from him, for we mean to try
To put against him men of well tried skill,
I don't think he can do more work than I
Can, so shall give my tenders in, until
I find it of no use for me to vie
With him, I've got my tools in first-rate trim,
He'll have to cut his last price down to win.

DCXX.

At length the bids were opened, and all eyes
Were watching for the foreman to announce
The lowest bidder, but, to their surprise,
No word was mentioned, so they gladly pounce
Upon this fact, as reason to surmise
That Frank had lost, and they began to bounce
Of his defeat; at first they jeer,
Then crown their folly by a lusty cheer.

DCXXI.

But when they saw the work was duly placed
Beside Frank's bench their faces fell again,
And every means they could suggest embraced
The price that he had bid to ascertain.
And then the foreman came, and he menaced
Frank with a threat, that in case he should gain
Much more than day pay, then "the contract price
Will be reduced," said he, in angry voice.

DCXXII.

Frank said, "My price is cheaper than the rest
Can do the work for, must I then not reap
All I can for my own hard labor, lest
By making a large profit you should heap
Injustice on me, and attempt to wrest
The 'vantage of my skill from me, and keep
Me back? must, then, the unjust rule be made,
The more I earn the less I must be paid?"

DCXXIII.

"I'm even now the least remunerated,
Proportionate to the work that I deliver;
You said yourself the superintendent stated
That in the future you would have to give a
Week's warning to those men whose work, when rated
With mine, showed much excess of cost; however,
It now seems that the more work I can do
The less I must be paid for it by you."

DCXXIV.

The foreman said, "The rules of all the trade
In reference to piece men and their wages
Is, that if more than time and half be made
The price must be reduced; he who engages
Is well aware this rule must be obeyed.
How would it look, think you, if, in the pages
Of the pay lists it should appear that you
Earned double wages; that would never do.

DCXXV.

"The superintendent merely is the same
As you and I, a servant, the directors
Would think that he was very much to blame
If you earned double wages; they expect us
To make men do their utmost, they would claim
That other men were idle, and direct us
To make the work and wages even, through
Giving more work to them, less pay to you."

DCXXVI.

Frank was nonplused, but answered, "Is it, then,
Wrong to be more expert; shall discontent
Be harbored by employers 'gainst the men?
Is my capacity a detriment
To me, and shall it be applied to them
A means of their oppression, I've lent
A tool to you their skill to deprecate,
And, for my pains, be paid the lowest rate?"

DCXXVII.

The foreman answered, "It is naught to me
What rules they make, I must see them obeyed;
If you don't like them you, of course, are free
To choose your own alternative I've said
All I have got to say; you ought to see
I'm not responsible, I'm merely paid
To do what I am bidden, and, although
They are unjust, I can't help that, you know."

DCXXVIII.

Poor Frank was irate, and his temples burned
With anger at this most outrageous wrong.
Oh! inexperienced youth, he had not learned
That labor always groans beneath the thong
Of capital, nor had he yet discerned
That labor can be bought for a mere song,
The question being not what it is worth,
But how much they can grind it to the earth.

DCXXIX.

What wonder that 'tis so when men repeat
A politician's robberies as a jest,
As though it were commendable to cheat;
And public journals enter with such zest
Into the details as a public treat,
And they who should vehemently protest
Against it, having lost all sense of shame,
Say, "I don't blame him, I would do the same."

DCXXX.

While honesty is often termed simplicity,
Dishonesty is made into a science,
And he who practices it with felicity
May on the lack of morals place reliance,
And, trusting in his smartness most implicitly,
May put the few who think quite at defiance,
For mobs will often cheer the men most lustily
Who rob them most unseen and most successfully.

DCXXXI.

Political Dick Turpins are the rage,
And quite as popular as ever was
Claude Duval or Jack Sheppard on the stage;
The difference is, the first we rob by laws
Which marks the civilization of the age.
The state-house takes the place of ancient moors;
While men then robbed the traveler at night
They meet and do it now in broad daylight.

DCXXXII.

The people's servants gamblers have become—
The people's money serving for the stakes;
Official patronage a power to run
The whole machine. Each corporation makes
Its printing buy the journals; every one
Which gets its share with ardent straightway takes
Its patrons 'neath its wings, while those without
An advertisement are the ones to shout.

DCXXXIII.

But should they get one, they're as quiet as lambs,
Decry all opposition as unjust,
And elevate their pious eyes and hands
In holy horror at those who distrust
The present policy or future plans;
Affect for such "ill-founded fears" disgust,
And call them rabid radicals or demagogues,
Till bribed; then praise them in a host of epilogues.

DCXXXIV.

No doubt to tell these truths is arrant treason
'Gainst common decency, men will proclaim;
But, understand, I give them for the reason
That I would put such villainy to shame,
And so shall take this course at every season;
And I could mention date and place and name
To prove each charge, and be for libel tried,
Were I quite sure the judge would not be bribed.

DCXXXV.

I've seen men walk the street with all impunity
But yesterday convicted of a theft;
I've heard them boast aloud of their immunity
From justice being done them. Thus bereft
Of punishment, they wait an opportunity
To ply their trade again; and I have left
Them, thinking is Dame Justice really dead,
Or is it that she dares not lift her head.

DCXXXVI.

And when a judge holds court in private houses
At night, and issues mandates in conjunction
With what *his cliente* order, and avows his
Immunity from another court's injunction,
Such brazen legal violence arouses
The just man's ire. I would have no compunction
In calling him a villain to his face:
But there, such men don't think that a disgrace.

DCXXXVII.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton says that Hunt—
The English member of Parliament—asserted
(In words that were, to say the least, as blunt
As one could make them), that might be averted
All fear of demagogues thus: "Give the front
And foremost man position; when inserted
In office, you may safely rest assured
His voice will ne'er objectingly be heard."

DCXXXVIII.

Ah, well, we'll let it pass; the inutility
Of preaching virtue often has been shown.
Men fight their way by force of their ability,
And, having gained position, 'tis well known
They will disgrace themselves by base servility
To those whom they of yore opposed. I own
That trying to reform by declamation
Has always failed in every clime and nation.

DCXXXIX.

Tom Black resolved that Frank and Eva Blair
Should be estranged; so set about to do it.
He laid his plans with subtlety and care,
For they were confidential and he knew it,
And Frank distrusted him; of this aware,
He plotted deeply lest they should see through it.
He first told Eva Frank was then engaged;
She merely laughed, which made him much enraged.

DCXL.

He hid his anger from her, but repented
That he had told her what he now discerned
She knew already. Yet while he repented
His first attack, still inwardly he burned
With jealousy, but artfully assented
To all her praise of Frank; for he had learned
From the one fact that this attack had failed—
That Frank must not be openly assailed.

DCXLI.

And then he surreptitiously obtained
A poem, breathing love, which Frank composed
For Cora; but Tom wrote to her and feigned
That it was meant for Eva. He disclosed
That Frank was making love to her, and named
As circumstantial evidence that "posed
Denial that he would at various times
Send other stanzas of just such love rhymes.

DCXLII.

That was providing Cora did not write
A word to Frank to say that she had heard
Of this affair, because, of course, that might
Defeat obtaining further proof. One word
Of least suspicion of the fact "would blight
All hope of evidence," so Tom averred.
If silent, on more proof she might depend,
And then he signed the letter "Unknown Friend."

DCXLIII.

'Twas thus it happened Cora ceased inditing
To Frank her usual weekly missive. He
Was puzzled much at first, and after writing
For explanations as to what could be
The cause, and chiding Cora for thus blighting
His hopes, and telling her incessantly
To think of him as true as in the past,
He wrote the following letter as the last:

DCXLIV.

THE BROKEN FLIGHT.

Faded from me, lost forever, is the dream I loved so well,
Though resigned, yet I can never yearnings in my bosom quell;
Though my voice without one quaver whisper low the last adieu,
May the God of Heaven save her from the pangs that rend me through.
Fare thee well, my darling, bless you, other arms may clasp you now,
Other lips in joy caress you—others speak the fervent vow.

ART AND DRAMA.

VINNIE REAM has removed her studio from Washington to No. 726 Broadway. Is Vinnie Ream a great artist? "Go and see." There are her works; there is herself. Whether as an advertising dodge, or as an honest, fearless challenge to criticism, she hangs out her shingle and invites all the world to visit her. With her bright, cheerful face, her lustrous eyes, her wealth of raven ringlets—"all her own"—and her ceaseless ripple of small talk about

—adventures on the land and sea,
Paris and Rome, mountains and sunny slopes,
Hyacinthe, Dore, Antonelli—men whose heads
Do stand well on their shoulders.

The woman is of as much (as, perhaps of more, importance than her works. She is American, 1871, and a Western girl at that. If that be not good ahead, what is? Most people know about her medallions and casts, her cameos, engravings and autographs. They make up a little collection of curiosities, but are not worth describing over again. Two new works have arrived from Italy—a "Sappho," life size, and a smaller figure, "The Spirit of the Carnival." If the artist copy nature literally, we object that the copy is prosaic and conventional; if he idealize, then we object that the subject is improved out of all knowledge, and that there is not a bit of identity left. Ruskin, in one of his powerful paradoxes, says boldly that Michel Angelo would never have permitted or attempted entire realization in independent sculpture.

Raphael's grand maxim was that "the artist's object is to make things not as Nature makes them, but as she would make them." For "things" read perhaps men; for Nature does all things well, while man does his best to spoil his own grand ideal, and is often more than something more than "a little lower than the angels." Herein lies the inherent difficulty of Vinnie Ream's Lincoln statue in the Capitol. Mr. Lincoln was a notable man with conspicuously marked traits of person and physiognomy; even of attire—for in the unpicturesque dead level of modern costume Mr. Lincoln was remarkable for the bad cut of his clothes—as a Western man remarked in the writer's hearing when looking at the statue: "Well, old Abe was never much on clothes; he always looked as if he had been fitted out by a country tailor." Now, in the presentment of such a man for the uses to which the statue was to be put, the artist was strictly limited to actualities. The statue truly has nothing heroic or sublime about it. Had it been invested with such character it would have been a transfiguration. The statue of General Greene, immediately behind it, by H. K. Brown (the same, by the way, who did the Lincoln in Union square), is graceful, elegant, beaming and expressive as Mercury new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill. But then the sculptor was dealing with a dead-man historic ideal whose actuality was lost to the present generation, whose very culture, however ungraceful in fact, is invested with the chain of poetic and heroic association. Had Miss Ream thus treated Lincoln there were a hundred thousand to repudiate the effort and to cry aloud, "That's not Abraham Lincoln." High art is caviare to the general. Truly, it might have been better for Miss Ream's future fame had she produced a work that appealed to the most cultivated taste, to the profound eternal art sympathies. But the modern artist lives for present not for posthumous fame. That holy brotherhood in which poor perfection is held in greater reverence than opulent mediocrity is yet to be founded. The world worships success, and money is a tangible evidence of success. For the Lincoln statue itself the attitude is simple and natural, the inevitable cloak is as good as other cloaks, intended as they are rather for concealment than display; the countenance is emotionless, not stupid or incapable of expression, but without interest for the work in hand, whatever that may be. It seems to us that as Lincoln is putting forward some document, presumably the emancipation proclamation, he would have said or at least have looked something. But if the artist intended to perpetuate the inutility of the experiment, "about as much good as the Pope's bull against a comet," the artist has an unquestionable right to choose his own moment and standpoint of sentiment, and to fix forever the dead statesman's utter indifference to the duty he was called on to perform. In her "Sappho" Miss Ream is not tied down by the actual or even the traditional. She might have taken full license in depicting the burning Sappho, the passion-tossed child of the light who threw herself from the Leucadian steep in weariness of life. This Sappho is a woman, tender, sweet, gentle. She suggests nothing stronger or more emphatic than the ordinary Greek model. One cannot say that this woman may not be a poet, may not be emotional, may not sink into that dreary abyss of hopelessness, or rise to rose-tipped pinnacles of joy—one would not care to predicate a negational condition from any cast of features. But it is impossible not to associate a suggestion of possibilities with a countenance, especially of known antecedents, and involuntarily to exclaim, "Yes, this realizes our idea;" or, on the contrary, "this is hardly the man for such great deeds." *Au reste*, this Sappho model must have been somewhat slim, and as to her arms not very graceful. Sappho was no girl, somewhat worn, perhaps, by the conflict of emotion, ere she resolved to "end it." If meant for the supreme moment of final determination, the figure is scarcely sad enough, despairing enough; if for the habitual expression of an inspired nature, scarcely emotional enough; not for actuality, but to convey the idea.

The other little statue tells of a buoyant, innocent girl in an hour of festivity and exhilaration. The accessories count for nothing. They only serve for matter-of-fact suggestion to masking and revelry for those who are accustomed to seek signs. The figure itself is light, gay and blithesome, but there is nothing that lifts it beyond conventionality and commonplace. There is a touch of pensiveness, such as will intrude on the brightest moments in sensitive organizations. The bitter in the cup of wine, the dead leaf among the June roses.

Vinnie Ream has made her mark, for she has not been much praised by many, and well abused by a few, the abuse being even more complimentary than the praise. Now that she is the adopted daughter of the nation, it becomes her to justify her high calling by the highest efforts after the highest ends. Money is a good thing, a very good thing; in this age, if not in all ages, it is power; praise is pleasant to the ear and grateful to the heart. Miss Ream is young, she has sprung suddenly into celebrity; the only sure method of maintaining the greatness she has so suddenly achieved is to prove herself worthy. Life is short, the "huzzahs" of lifetime popularity are transient, and when they shall have died away, the nobler prize of lasting peace and human gratitude for good work well done, remains to be won. This is to be achieved only by earnest outreach after eternal truths. We claim nothing for Vinnie Ream on the score of her sex. If her work be indifferent, let it be so judged. Only let it not be made a charge against those in power, that when so much contemptible art, too mean for criticism, is patronized in men, they should have also patronized weak art in a woman. Our public art council chamber pictures, statues, and so forth, are, with rare exceptions, wretched and detestable. Intended in party sycophancy, ordered in favoritism, accepted in ignorance. If Vinnie Ream's work be good, or even mediocre, then is it so much the more to her honor and credit that a woman in the face of competition and detraction should by her honest efforts have won an honorable position, and it is to the credit of her Congressional friends that they should have supported her against much invidious and ungenerous opposition.

Hiram Powers writes to the *Evening Post*: "I suppose that you, as well as all other well-wishers for art in our country, have been mortified, if not really disgusted, at the success of the Vinnie Ream statue of our glorious old Lincoln! An additional \$5,000 paid for this caricature! Clark Mills was bad enough, but this last act of Congress in favor of a female lobby member, who has no more talent for art than the carver of weeping willows on tombstones, really fills the mind of the genuine student of art (who thinks that years of profound study of art as a science is necessary) with despair. For why should we study and waste years of our lives in order to do well, while only the honor comes to—not ourselves, but may to our memories long after we are dead, and all the profit to mountebanks?"

This is terribly severe. So severe, indeed, that it smacks of an envy that ought to find no place in heavenly minds.

LETTER FROM THE COUNT JOANNES.

It is late in the day, but never too late, to do so good a thing as to admit Count Joannes to our columns. The Count complains that a dramatic correspondent was not as much impressed with the Count's talents as we ourselves are. *Tot homines tot sententie* is the only excuse we can offer for our correspondent's blindness and want of taste. The Count does us a little injustice in that he does not believe that we believe in him. But we have borne a good deal of misconstruction in our time, and we shall have to bear up against this last and most unkindly cut of all. We can only repeat that to know our only American nobleman is to esteem him, and we shall pine until the sunlight of his favor again beams on us.

A copy of your journal of the 13th ult. has within the week been brought to my notice, containing a false, malicious and ungrateful libel upon me.

On Wednesday night last, 7th inst., after a memorable scene at your house between your aged mother and a reporter (*vide Herald*, 8th inst.), I was introduced by your sister to your venerable parent, as we were passing to Brooklyn. The same evening, when on my return to New York, I defended ladies from insult on board the ferry-boat (*vide Sun*, 10th inst.). On the next day I was speaking to a gentleman of the above incident, when he called my attention to your libel upon me, which I say is ungrateful as well as false and malicious, if you, Mrs. Col. Blood (known as Mrs. Victoria Woodhull) had pre-knowledge of the intended publication; ungrateful because, following my first interview with you, I wrote a public letter to the *Evening Telegram*, and which you copied into your *WEEKLY*, giving a noble and mental portrait of you, and I was the first public writer to do so with signature, according to my custom in all my writings, in proof of good faith.

After that letter it was, as you know, suggested that I should write for your journal, and if it was concluded to do so, I should naturally bring my influence, be it more or less, for success; sustaining no theory, however, that my signature did not justify. I believed that you had full control of your journal. Following advice, I requested an "earnest" of financial payments for my literary services, when thereupon you introduced me to Col. Blood as having that department. I had with him an "earnest" conversation upon the subject. He said it would not be convenient, but he proposed a gross insult, and mistook his man by such a proposition, viz.: that while we could not arrange for literary labor, I might still serve the *WEEKLY* "and myself." "How so, Colonel?" "By using your influence," said he, "with the Mayor of the city and obtain for us official advertisements, and we will pay you a percentage upon our bills when paid by the city!" I told him what I thought, but not all I felt, at this insult from your agent, as I thought he was, and was about to appeal to you in your office when I was suddenly informed by a lady that Col. Blood was your husband!

Now, if Col. Blood had pre-knowledge of the libel upon me in your journal, it is mere revenge on his part, and therefore increases the express malice of his publication; while its falsehood is proved by re-

marks concerning me in another column on the same page. Of course, my chivalric nature will not permit me to war with women; though the law of libel makes no distinction of sex (another argument for your theory); but in an action for libel the husband is responsible for the wife, and must be joined with her as a co-defendant, even if he has no interest in the *WEEKLY*. But if he has, then he can be indicted in the criminal courts, as well as arrested in the civil action.

The example of the New York *Times* is before you all. Two of the publishers were recently arrested and held in joint bail by the Supreme Court in the sum of \$40,000 for a libel upon me.

In atonement for the libelous wrong against me by your serial publication, I request the publication of this letter in your next issue—date 17th inst.—a retraction of the libel, and a respectful regret on your part that the "communication" from a correspondent of and concerning me in your *WEEKLY* of May 13, 1871, should have been published, and I also demand his name and address.

I conclude with my own regret that the necessity of self-defence against an injurious libel should compel me to write to ladies upon such a theme; but I am relieved from the unusual circumstance by the knowledge of your marriage, as recently sworn to in court both by Colonel and Mrs. Blood. And added to which is the additional gem of a fact that a Pearl-set between Stephen, the first martyr, and Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland—(hear! hear!)—is also one of the publishers, if not a proprietor, of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S *WEEKLY*, and therefore also legally responsible to me for the said libel, ladies, upon the admirer of your mental powers, though ungratefully slandered *serviteur*, &c.

GEORGE, THE COUNT JOANNES.
NEW YORK, JUNE 13, 1871.

WOMEN ITEMS.

The woman's club—The broomstick.

The "Pacific mails"—Quiet husbands.

Harvard has one lady student of Divinity.

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

There are two hundred female medical students in London.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs. Geo. Vandenhoff will appear as a lecturer next season, and Mrs. Gen. Lander as a reader.

Mrs. H. M. Pease, a self-taught artist in Minneapoli, is much praised for her statuary and sculpture.

"Was the Roman matron, whose sons were jewels, a mother of pearls?" "No, my child; the Gracchi were Cornelians."

Four young ladies received the degree of A. B. at the recent commencement of the Simpson Centenary College at Indianola, Iowa.

Woman suffrage will soon become popular in Virginia, as several of our Democratic papers are urging them to take part in the politics of the State.

Miss Louisa Holden lectured on "Humorists," before the Brooklyn Woman's Club, at the Woman's Home, in Elizabeth street. The lecture was a success.

A rich old lady of Cuen, France, left all her property to the "Institute of Fine Arts," meaning the "Academy of Fine Arts." As there is no such institution in existence as the former, the heirs at law hope to secure the property.

There are now 150 students in the Michigan Agricultural College at Lansing. It is stated that two-thirds of them are farmers' sons. There are eight young women who were admitted on the same terms as other students, including three hours of manual labor daily.

Two hundred Knights of St. Crispin held a meeting in Tremont Temple, Boston, last night, the head of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts presiding. Resolutions were adopted declaring that they did not seek to create a monopoly of labor, and protesting against the introduction of servile labor from Asia.

Mrs. Lucas, widow of the late Governor Lucas, gave a party at Iowa City, on the 25th ult., the seventy-sixth anniversary of her birthday. The *Republican* says: "There were present children, and grandchildren, and great grandchildren, four generations, ranging from babyhood to old age, the hostess appearing the happiest of them all."

A strong-minded lady writes to the *Woman's Own Journal*: "John Stuart Mill, Harriet Martineau, John Bright and other English statesmen assert that women understand political economy better than men, because they have been drilled in the habit of husbanding small resources. Some are obliged to husband very small resources, in the shape of the men they have to take care of."

Mrs. Shaw appeared before the Recorder to prosecute her husband for insult and abuse. "What have you to complain of?" inquired the magistrate. "My husband neglected me, sir," was the answer of the spiteful lady, thrown out with a sort of jerk. "Indeed! how is that?" "He leaves me at home, and when I complain of it he insults and abuses me." "Can you give an instance of it?" "Yes; he went to the cock-fight on Sunday and wouldn't let me go with him, and said if they fought hens he would send for me."—*N. O. Pic.*

Illinois has the honor of being the first State in the Union to adopt female suffrage. It is true she allows this right to be exercised only by foreign-born women who were naturalized in this State before the first day of January last. Under section I. of article VII. of the new Constitution this class of women can vote. There are some women in the State who have been naturalized, but the number is not large. Had all the foreign-born women who have lived in Illinois for five years obtained the required certificates from any record in this State (which they might have done), before last January, they could have voted at the coming election. We, therefore, have woman suffrage in Illinois, but in homeopathic doses.—*Chicago Local News.*

Every newspaper you pick up just now contains a story relating how some woman ran a needle into her foot and pulled it out of her elbow seventeen years afterward. We know of a stranger case than this.

There was a woman in the Tenth Ward who swallowed a five-dollar gold piece just before the war. Well, she heard nothing about it all those years until a day or two since, when she felt a pain proceeding from a swelling on her left shoulder. The doctor lanced the tumor, and it actually discharged five dollars' worth of currency in fifty, twenty-five and ten cent notes! The doctor thinks they must have changed just about the time specie payments were suspended. With wonderful accuracy does Nature conform herself to the laws of circumstances!

Miss Jex-Blake, of Edinburgh, who is the leader of the movement for the admission of ladies to the medical classes of the University, has just been sued for £1,000 damages by Mr. Cunningham Craig, the ground of action being defamation of character. Early in the year there was a riot at the Surgeons' Hall, occasioned by some male students who wished to prevent the women from entering the classroom; and afterward there was another attempted at the meeting of the infirmary managers at the High Church. On this occasion Miss Jex-Blake made a speech, accusing Mr. Craig, who is class-assistant to Professor Christison, of being the leader of the first riot, when, as she averred, he was drunk. So the gentleman brought suit for £1,000 damages, and the jury awarded him just one farthing.

Only woman knows what women endure, and if there be any means of assuaging the distress of body and mind which so many thousands experience, day after day and week after week, with a fortitude which puts to shame the boastful courage of man, who will deny that so great a blessing to the sex would be found in every household? The lives of men have been benefited by its use, but among the feeble and sickly of the opposite gender, who, perhaps, need it most, its virtues are not so widely known. This foremost remedy of the age—this specific for every species of debility, general or local, constitutional or casual, is Plantation Bitters. One glass of woman, at least, will be conceded a right to strengthening herself to sustain the ills of which the laws of nature have made her the unfortunate heir.

The women of the Pacific slope have recently held a Suffrage Convention. From Centerville, Ind., H. N. George W. Julian wrote: "To deny the rights of women is to deny the rights of man. To argue the question of woman's rights is to argue the question of human rights. It is to reopen the whole controversy between monarchy and republicanism—between aristocracy and privilege on the one hand, and democracy on the other—which was settled a century ago by old Samuel Adams and his co-laborers in the form of argument, and settled afterward by the ordeal of battle." And, from Washington, Senator Pomeroy, wrote: "My sympathy and devotion to the cause of woman suffrage is the only apology I need offer for sending these few lines to the cause. I daily pray for the blessing of our common Father." When such men write like this, it would seem as if the cause was making progress.

It is a wondrous advantage to man, in every pursuit or vocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In a woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact and plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character, honor, and reputation. She will seldom counsel you to do shabby things; for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She therefore seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing. A man's best female friend, is a wife of good sense and heart, whom he loves, and who loves him. But supposing the man to be without such a helpful female friendship he must have, or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many an unneeded gap in its strongest fence.

Dr. Pancoast, of Philadelphia, remarked the other day, after performing a painful operation on an interesting little girl, whose feet had been ruined by wearing wrongly constructed shoes: "This is the beginning of a large harvest of such cases." And what else can be expected? Mothers walk the streets with heels on their boots from two and a half to three and a half inches high, and not more than an inch in diameter, and their daughters follow the same bad practice. In many cases severe sprains of the ankles are suffered. But these are not the worst fruits of the high-heeled torture. The toes are forced against the fore part of the foot, and soon begin to assume unnatural positions. In many cases they are actually dislocated. In others the great toe passes under the foot, the tendons harden in that position, and lameness is contracted, for which there is no cure but the knife. When the injury does not take this form, it assumes other aspects almost as distressing and horrible. There are thousands of young girls, tiptoeing it along on their streets to-day, who, in a few years, will be crippled if their parents do not interfere and remove the cause.

MURDER IN OUR SCHOOLS.—Miss A. Maggie Borden, a teacher in the primary department of Framingham School No. 20, died last week of consumption. This makes the second teacher from that school who has fallen a victim to this dread disease within a month; and, according to the records of the Teachers' Assurance Society, she is the eleventh or twelfth who died since January last. Overwork and underpay sealed well seldom their doom beyond a doubt. Wearing away her life in her class-room, battling with all that is bad in the nature of fifty and sixty turbulent young spirits, the female teacher knows that the commissioner who turns a deaf ear to her appeal, draws her \$10,000 for less labor; that thousands of men draw out of our city treasury millions of dollars without rendering to the public service the slightest equivalent; that even the policeman who goes after her truant boys gets \$1,300 a year; and that she who must bring intelligence to her work, and who labors harder than all these combined, must work and starve and live in continued dread of being sacrificed for some political favorite, for four or five hundred dollars a year! How long will this great wrong be tolerated?—*Public School Journal.*

CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA is a plant of very slow growth. The educated classes are keen dialecticians, the lower classes utter unbelievers and materialists. It is difficult to make headway against indifference. The Taeping rebels have, however, engrafted into their new creed some forms of Christian faith, just as Mahomet took Judaism and Christianity as the core of his new faith. If, indeed, a new Mahomet or a new Paul should arise, the Chinese might be roused, but mere missionary work, with its sectarian subdivisions, will accomplish very little. There is a more hopeful field at home.

THE Legislature of South Carolina is controlled and managed by two women, the Misses Katharine and Charlotte Rollin, women, and colored at that, for the best blood of South Carolina has been mixed in their ancestry. These ladies are described by the *Herald's* traveling commissioner in the South as women of great personal attractions and rare abilities, speaking two languages with equal facility, and quoting poetry and literature with fluency and fine delivery. The correspondent goes into ecstasies over their charms, which are less important than their excellent abilities and the capital use they seem to make of them. This, too, in South Carolina, the stronghold of race prejudice and aristocratic pride.

S. J. & F. BEEBEE,
BROKERS,
IN GOLD, STOCKS & BONDS
No. 7 NEW STREET,
NEW YORK.

THE
New Orleans, Mobile and Texas
RAILROAD COMPANY

Are building a first-class railroad from Mobile, Alabama, to Houston, Texas, a distance of 475 miles. The stockholders have paid in and already expended upon the work nearly TEN MILLION DOLLARS, and two-thirds of the entire road has been built. It is believed that no other railroad corporation in the country has ever made so large an expenditure from its own means before offering any of its securities to the public.

Among the leading stockholders are Hon. E. D. MORGAN, Hon. JOHN A. GRISWOLD, Messrs. MORTON, BLISS & Co., J. & W. SELIGMAN & Co., L. VON HOFF, MANN & Co., JAMES H. BAKER, HARRISON DUKER, JOHN STEWARD and other well-known capitalists.

The Company now offer for sale the

EIGHT PER CENT. MORTGAGE BONDS

upon that part of the line west of the Mississippi River which is considered so important to Louisiana that State aid, to the amount of \$8,300,000, has been granted or guaranteed to the enterprise.

The Bonds are of two classes:

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS,

to the amount of \$12,500 per mile, and
SECOND MORTGAGE BONDS,
to an equal amount, the principal and interest of the latter being guaranteed by the State of Louisiana. The price of the two classes is the same, and subscribers can take their choice.

The Bonds are only in the denomination of \$1,000 or \$500 each, interest payable January and July, at the rate of eight per cent. currency in New York, or seven per cent. gold in London, at the option of the holder, at the time each coupon is due. Bonds can be registered, if desired.

One thousand dollars invested in these eight per cent. bonds will give the purchaser more than seventy-seven per cent. greater annual interest than the same amount invested in the new Government Five Per Cents.

The Bonds are dated May 1, 1871. The first coupon will, therefore, be a fractional one, running from May 1 to July 1. The price is 90, and accrued interest at 8 per cent. currency from May 1 to date of remittance.

The fullest information given on application.

W. B. SHATTUCK, Banker

AND
Financial Agent N. O., M. & T. RR. Co.,
No. 23 Nassau Street, New York.

ALLETIC CHINA WATER TESTIMONIAL.

195 Leffert's place, Brooklyn, June 12, 1871.

COPY OF LETTER.

CHICAGO, August 11, 1870.
Capt. A. W. Lavender.—Dear Sir,—When at Watertown last week General Pratt informed me he had received a letter from you in which you spoke of a medicine you had been taking that had cured you, and inquired for me that I might be informed of it and try it in my case. I have been bad for fifteen months, and nearly given up my case. All physicians who have examined me declare it to be *scirrhus stomachi*, or *cancerous*. Whether it is so or not, I have been reduced some forty pounds in flesh and am unable to engage in business.

I have been spending the summer in the Rocky Mountains, and thought I was better, but find the difficulty continues, and write for the purpose of having you send me a dozen bottles of the Alethic China Water.

Respectfully yours,

(Signed) **MARTIN TRATCHER,**

27 and 29 Randolph street, Chicago.

See advertisement in another column.

NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN

RAILROAD.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING JUNE 30, 1870.
Passenger Station in New York, corner of Twenty-seventh street and Fourth avenue. Entrance on Twenty-seventh street.

TRAINS LEAVE NEW YORK.

For New Haven and Bridgeport, 7.8 (Ex.), 11.30 a. m.; 12.15 (Ex.), 3 (Ex.), 3.45, 4.30, 5.30 and 8 (Ex.) p. m.

For Milford, Stratford, Fairfield, Southport and Westport, 7.11.30 a. m.; 3.45, 4.30, 5.30 p. m.

For Norwalk, 7.8 (Ex.), 9.11.30 a. m.; 12.15 (Ex.), 3 (Ex.), 3.45, 4.30 (Ex.), 5.30, 6.30 and 8 (Ex.) p. m.

For Darien, 7.9, 11.30 a. m.; 3.45, 4.30, 5.30 and 6.30 p. m.

For Stamford, 7.8 (Ex.), 9.11.30 a. m.; 12.15 (Ex.), 2.15, 3 (Ex.), 3.45, 4.30 (Ex.), 4.45, 5.30, 6.30, 7.15, 8 (Ex.) p. m.

For Greenwich and intermediate stations, 7.9, 11.30 a. m.; 2.15, 3.45, 4.45, 5.30, 6.30, 7.15 p. m.

Sunday Mail Train leaves Twenty-seventh street, New York, at 7 p. m. for Boston, via both Springfield Line and Shore Line.

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For Boston, via Shore Line, 12.15, 8 p. m.

For Hartford and Springfield, 8 a. m., 12.15, 2.430 p. m. to Hartford, 8 p. m.

For Newport, R. I., 12.15 p. m. (Ex.), connecting with steamer across Narragansett Bay, arriving at 8.30 p. m.

For Connecticut River Railroad, 8 a. m., 12.15 p. m. to Montreal, 3 p. m. to Northampton.

For Hartford, Providence, and Fishkill Railroad, 8 a. m.; 12.15 p. m.

For Shore Line Railway, at 8 a. m. to Norwich and Providence; 12.15, 3, to New London, 8 p. m.

For New Haven and Northampton Railroad, 8 a. m.; 3 p. m. to Northampton and Williamsburgh.

For Housatonic Railroad, 8 a. m. and 3 p. m.

For Naugatuck Railroad, 8 a. m., 3 p. m., and 4.30 p. m. to Waterbury.

For Danbury and Norwalk Railroad, 7 a. m., 12.15 and 4.30 p. m.

For New Canaan Railroad, 7 a. m.; 12.15, 4.30 and 5.30 p. m.

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THEME.

Astræa, the Genius of Liberty and Justice, seeks a dwelling place upon earth. Persecuted and driven from land to land, she follows the evening star and finds at last a beautiful kingdom in the Western world; this becomes her home and the birth place of her beloved daughter Hesperia.

Erotion, the Genius of Love and Fidelity, the husband of Astræa and father to Hesperia, after many wanderings in search, at last joins the objects of his love and care. Reunited, they preside over this new land and seek to preserve it for their child's inheritance. They are recognized and cherished by a small band of devoted followers, who summon them to their councils in the city of Fraternita.

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

Lamia, the serpent of policy, then controls and takes in charge the beautiful child Hesperia, seeking to unite her in marriage to her foul son Slavery—who must be nameless evermore; but Hesperia is warned by the Genius of Nature, Calios, who, in the guise of a poet and magician, holds sway even over Lamia. When Hesperia beholds him she recognizes her soul's counterpart, and is prepared, by his words, to resist all the evil machinations of Lamia, and her son.

Lamia, however, holds temporary power over the form of Hesperia, and succeeds in throwing a spell around the maiden which she vainly imagines will prove fatal; the love of her parents and Calios rouses her spirit, and with them she withdraws into the world of souls, where, for a time, she beholds the scenes enacted under the influence of Lamia. She witnesses in Athens and Crete deeds of horror and the tortures inflicted upon the oppressed. Calios sings to her in plaintive songs of these down-trodden ones, lures her by the voice of nature, and in the interludes of Love and Truth seeks to win her back to her earthly kingdom.

Long years does Lamia hold sway, and at last wakens the voice of war; when Astræa, not dead, but only withdrawn for a space, turns the sword of Lamia upon her son.

Through long suffering is Hesperia made strong and pure. She listens to the voice of nature's children, and their tortures cease; slavery and war are known no more. Astræa and Erotion are again the attendant and abiding souls of this fair land; they witness with rapture and benedictions the union of Calios and Hesperia, who rule with undivided sway over the most lovely empire of the earth.

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