

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

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BEAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

VOL. 3.—No. 11.—WHOLE No. 63.

NEW YORK, JULY 29, 1871.

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United States taxes. Present market quotations, 97½
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56

107

8 Per Cent. Interest
First Mortgage Bonds!

OF THE

ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD
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Seven per Cent. Semi-Annually.

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which will be completed and in operation on or be-
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Lake Ontario and the West, 25 miles shorter than any
line that can be found.

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

The 36 miles of road operated for three months is
already paying net earnings equivalent to 7 per cent.
gold, on its cost of construction and equipments.
The issue of Bonds is limited to \$20,000 per mile of
COMPLETED ROAD, the coupons payable in gold in
this city.

PRICE OF THE BONDS, 90 IN CURRENCY.

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56

81

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SIX PER CENT GOLD BONDS.

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We offer \$400,000 at 98 and accrued interest.

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Dr. Spear can be consulted at his office, 713 Washington street, Boston, or by letter, with stamp, free of charge, upon ALL diseases. Those who have failed to be cured by other physicians are respectfully invited to call on Dr. Spear.

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CHRISTIANITY, EDUCATION, INDUSTRY AND
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represents directly over 250,000 of our colored citizens,
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For terms send for a circular. Hours, from 9 A. M. to P. M.

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749 SIXTH AVENUE,
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MRS. SARAH E. SOMERBY.—"The time is not far distant," says Mrs. Woodhull in her Principles of Government, "when the possession of spirit-sight will be accounted of the first importance, not to those only who possess it, but to the public generally, and will be sought for and made practical to the honor of its possessors and to the inestimable benefit of all." Mrs. Somerby enjoys this faculty of second sight in a remarkable degree, and her clairvoyant visions are very wonderful. I have been a believer in spirit communion for about a year, and have had my convictions of its truth deepened by much that I have heard and seen through this lady. In one instance I was seated in the room with her at the piano singing a cavatina from Robert le Diable, an opera which I am convinced Mrs. Somerby had never seen. Becoming entranced, she described perfectly the scene in which this air occurs, giving a vivid picture of the tenor and prima donna, their costume, gestures, and appearance, my own impressions confirming hers as I felt that peculiar thrill of nervous sensation by which spiritual influences announce themselves to the mediumistic. Mrs. Somerby has magnetic and healing powers, which she has exercised with great efficacy for many years. She proposes also, as I learn, to hold conversational seances on the prominent social topics now exciting so much attention. Those interested in keeping up with the most advanced thought of the day will do well to call on this lady for instruction.

F. R. M.

See card in another column.

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LINK-MOTION,

LOCK-STITCH



Sewing Machine

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

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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 Make
ere, 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.

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LATE CUMMINGS,

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FLORIST,**
821 BROADWAY,
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Choice Flowers always on Hand.

SYPPER & CO.,

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Furniture, Bronzes,

CHINA, ARTICLES OF VERTU.

Established 1826.

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STOCKING SUPPORTER

AND

LADIES' PROTECTOR.

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DEFORMED LIMBS.

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WEEKLY**

FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

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C.S. SALVE**

RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.

BEST SALVE IN USE.

Sold by all DRUGGISTS at 25 CENTS.

JOHN F. HENRY,
Sole Proprietor, No. 8 College Place,
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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 PERCENT. CHEAPER
than heretofore, in consequence of the difference in
his rent.

CHATELAIN 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 harm-
less 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.

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EUREKA STAMP
for perforating into
Checks, Drafts, &c.,
the amount for which
they are drawn to
prevent alteration.
The check is moved
forward by the up-
ward action of the
lever of the machine.
The points are inked
and penetrate the fibre of the paper. They cannot be
taken out by chemicals. Price \$20.

J. G. MOODY, No. 68 Trinity Building.

P. O. Box 6028, N. Y.

Send for a Circular.

60-62

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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.

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Between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets east side.

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Depots foot of Chambers st. and foot of 23d
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23d st. at 8:45 a. m., 10:45 a. m., and 5:15 and 6:45
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Coaches accompany the 9 a. m. train through to Buf-
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from New York to Hornellsville, Buffalo and Cincin-
nati. 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 Otisville 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
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11:15 p. m.)

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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 and 5:45 p. m.
From Chambers st. Depot, 9 a. m., and 1, 4, 5:15, 6
and 6:45 p. m.

For Piermont, Nyack, Tarrytown and Way, from 23d
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principal hotels.

L. D. RUCKER, WM. R. BARR,
Gen'l Supt. 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. BOWEN,

491 Broome street, New York City.

To know by signs, to judge the turns of fate,
Is greater than to fill the seat of State;

The ruling stars above, by secret laws,
Determine Fortune in her secret cause.

These are a book wherein you will find read,
And all should know who would in life succeed,

What correspondent signs in an display
His future actions—point his fateful way—

Thus, in the heavens, his fate to learn,
The present, past and future discern.

Correct his steps, improve his hours of life,
And, shunning error, live devoid of strife.

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from \$5 upward. Phrenological examinations, verbal
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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.

RIOTS AND RIOTERS.

Now that the echoes of the muskets are silent, that the smoke has cleared off, that the wounded are removed and the slain are buried, it is in order to inquire what has been gained or lost by a recent event.

With the proximate cause of the bloodshed, the Orange demonstration, it is absolutely impossible for any American to have sympathy. Whether it be true or false that the A. P. A.'s still maintain their allegiance to the British crown, as part of their Protestant and No-Popery profession, we don't care to inquire or to know. If it be true, it only makes Orangemen so much the less Americans, and so much the more the friends of intolerance and oppression. That for the last two hundred years the Orange faction have been the bane and the curse of Ireland is a fact notorious beyond all cavil or quibble. That as a disproportionate minority, without any superior intelligence to compensate for their numerical inferiority, they have been able, by the assistance and backing of the British government, to oppress the whole body of the Irish Catholics is indisputable. That their laws have been of unexampled severity, and that the personal and political penalties and disabilities imposed by them in their day of triumph equaled the dragonnades of Louis XIV. in France or any other religious tyrant is equally notorious. That these persecutions were worse than ordinary religious persecutions is also sure, inasmuch as they were done under the false pretense of religious freedom, whereas religious freedom was in no peril, and the desire was to enforce a Church-and-State religion of the minority on the great body of the people, adverse to their convictions. Political or social questions were altogether out of the pale, except in so far as Protestant supremacy went to justify the transfer and alienation of property by usurpation and violence, and its retention by present incumbents against historically rightful heirs. All these things and a great deal more are true as Gospel of Orangeism in Ireland. To such an injuriously rampant height had this factious and fanatic Protestant sentiment obtained that the British government have long held Orangeism to be the greatest stumbling-block in the way of all attempts at conciliation in Ireland.

Orangeism and the redress of Irish grievances are diametrically opposed and irreconcilable. The British Parliament has accordingly done its best to discourage Orangeism, on account of its sheer inutility, its incompatibility with modern ideas of freedom and natural law, and its constant irritancy and exacerbation of all Irish national sentiment.

What, then, have Americans in common with Orangeism? There is simply no place in America for Orangemen, or Austrians or Russians, for despotism or Toryism under any guise, style or title whatsoever—not even for Protestantism—for Americans need not protest against anything. We simply assert our own perfect liberty in matters of opinion, protesting against none other, and being absolutely free to act where we do not infringe on the like perfect liberty in others.

The "right" of public procession is an absurdity. There is no such right. If Jones wants to walk on Broadway he can do so. Brown can do the same. For mutual convenience and of reciprocal courtesy, each makes way for the other when going in opposite directions. Whoso does not is simply an unmannerly fellow, who now and then meets other unmannerly fellows, whence a fight, a knock-down and a public obstruction. Being an open-air people, blessed with a fine climate and liking out-door display, we form processions and air ourselves up and down with gun and banner, big drum and trumpet, much to our self-admiration, and oftentimes very much to the obstruction of the public highway. If two or three dozen honest fellows out on a day's spree march down Broadway, with music in the air and flag fluttering in the breeze, we are good-natured enough to make way for them, and rather than spoil their day's pleasure or

wound their conceit, we turn off into side streets and make our own way back into the great life-current as best we may. They are pleased at this piece of attention, we are pleased to get out of their way, and everyone is happy in their right to pursue happiness in this great and glorious country. Our few dozen fellow-citizens are on pleasure bent, a day's target shooting, in which everyone makes a prize and everyone drinks Waas Hael to everyone else, with many other toasts besides. If, however, our processionists are banded together for the express purpose of keeping alive old grievances, of rubbing old sores and of promoting their own pleasure by making other people miserable, this disposition is likely to lead to unpleasantness. When two men or two dogs fight in an upper room or a cellar, without witnesses or bystanders, the quarrel will not last long. No one need care to interfere—let them alone. When it takes place by invitation the exhibition draws crowds of the idle and worthless, and the lives and property of third parties are in danger. A reasonable respect for law and order is inconsistent with the toleration of such assemblages, not only as being injurious to public morals but dangerous to life and property; consequently the police discourage prize fights and dog fights and all gatherings likely to lead to public disorder.

In this sense processions and meetings may be incitements to public disorder and danger—not only to the parties immediately engaged, but to the innocent third parties.* It is the duty of magistrates to anticipate disorder, and to prevent it. Prevention is vastly preferable to punishment.

Thus, the action of Mayor Hall and of the police in the repression of the recent procession—not only of the Orange procession, be it remarked, but of all concomitant Catholic or Fenian pic-nics or target excursions on the same day—was eminently rational and proper. They were all elements of disorder, of which, when let loose, it was impossible to predicate the end or consequences. Had there been no procession, there need have been no row. But were not the threats of Catholics to interrupt the procession and to slay the processionists wrong and criminal? Of course they were wrong and criminal. The Catholic clergy said they were wrong and criminal. But the Orangeman throws down a challenge; the Ribandman picks it up. Both parties, as regards the public, are manifestly in the wrong. The great general public, whose lives and property are jeopardized by these trumpety quarrels, for which the public cares nothing, has a right to put its great hand on both parties, and to say, with authority, "Peace—be quiet!" Failing this, what is the consequence? That numbers of valuable lives of innocent persons—persons who were bystanders—persons who were on neither one side nor other—some on the spot accidentally—some curious about a procession, or, at worst, imprudently curious to see what would come of all the tall talk—have been sacrificed. These lives ought not to have been sacrificed. The slain have been killed by misadventure, through ignorance and incompetency of those in power.

The procession ought not to have been held. Mayor Hall was right. Governor Hoffman was wrong. Where such remarkable discrepancy of opinion and action is observable, it is impossible, in the infamously corrupt state of political morals, not to suspect some trickery and wire-pulling.

The city press, and particularly the *Herald*, has a great deal to answer for in this judicial assassination. The *World* was an exception to the general tone of the press in anticipation of the row. Its prophecies of disorder were moderate, its language temperate. It justified Mayor Hall, but has been sadly bothered to face about for Hoffman's policy. The *Tribune* attacked Mayor Hall because he was a Democrat. Either course would have been equally wrong. This is the curse of party. But the *Herald*, which latterly seems to have abandoned itself to an insane admiration for wealth and property, inflamed the public mind by blood-and-thunder articles and headings, and by its exciting recurrence to the terrible events of '63, when public feeling was in a frantic state of war excitement, and all evil passions were let loose. The cases were in no wise parallel, and it is not too much to say that these fierce appeals to class prejudice—these prognostications of tumult and bloodshed brought about the very end the *Herald* affected to deplore. But they helped to make the *Herald* famous. Had there been no instigation to selfish panic, there would have been no row. The press announced a probable disturbance, the press opposed the action of the authorities, the press stirred up the public mind, and since the disturbance thus promoted the press designates every one of the killed and wounded, even if unarmed and inactive, as "rioters."

As for the militia, their action seems to have been hasty and the conduct of a panic-stricken, undisciplined crowd of recruits. Being there and thinking themselves in danger, it was only too natural for them to fire first and to reflect afterward. The police alone seem to have done their duty—a little roughly perhaps, but policemen are not selected for their tenderness or their soft hands. They had their orders; they had to disperse a crowd. If a club in contact with a skull is disagreeable, it is at least constitutional. The more credit is due to the force from the large infusion of Catholic feeling in its ranks, and their preference of duty, however unpleasant, to party sentiment.

THE City of London contains nearly four millions of people—exceeding the total of our eleven largest cities. There are 718,000 more women than men in England—and yet women ought not to vote.

THE "WORLD" AND THAT AMENDMENT.

Many of the ablest journals of the country are pretty considerably exercised just at this time over the significance of that great stumbling-block to old Conservatives, the Fourteenth Amendment to the constitution of the United States. Though it has been a part of the supreme law of the land several years, the people do not yet seem to have comprehended its application. So long as it was regarded as only changing the status of the negro and securing to him equal citizen's rights, it was accepted and argument upon its meaning suspended.

But now that it has been made to appear that women are a portion of the persons whom it declares to be citizens, and that the right to vote is one of the rights of a citizen, and consequently, a right of women, the magnitude of the revolution it is destined to accomplish begins to dawn upon some of the more perceptive minds interested in politics. In both political parties there is an evident unrest about the rights of women citizens as provided by this amendment; for be it remembered that the word "male" does not occur in the determining paragraph. The question of rights has been surrendered by default. In the minds of all thinking, reasoning people who have examined the matter, the only thing that remains for men to do, who will not do justice, is to put all possible obstacles in the way of their attainment by women.

What arguments have the opposition press to offer against the plain letter of the law? None. As they cannot make an argument to controvert law they simply ignore the question; nor have we, even by personal attempts, been able to draw from them any fire.

The true position of these ignorers is, however, often made apparent, and sometimes so unwittingly on their part that the situation is quite ridiculous. We have often pointed out in one column of a paper a contemptuous reference to the subject of the constitutional rights of women, and in another, the most complete argument possible to make for such rights. But never have we been able to compel any of these all-wise editors to even admit their inconsistencies; it is so much more convenient to ignore the showing.

The *World* perhaps less than any other of the "big dailies" has attempted to belittle the movement for equal political rights under the Constitution as it is. Nevertheless, it has never yet dared to speak out the known truth in a direct manner. It has, however, performed considerable service in an irregular and indirect way; for which we have ever been very grateful. In an elaborate article on "The Constitution as it is," in the issue of July 5, is contained our full doctrine of the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment, explicitly stated, and only lacking the application to women to make it as perfect as we could wish.

It says:

"Assuming, as we have agreed and are entitled to assume, that this amendment is now a part of the Constitution, the change that it has introduced in the system of the Union is at once apparent. For whereas before the amendment every State had the power to determine who among its inhabitants were and who were not citizens of the State, and whereas there was no citizenship of the United States distinct from citizenship of some State or Territory, the whole subject of citizenship is now removed from the separate State jurisdiction, and all persons born or naturalized in any State are both citizens of the United States and citizens of the State where they reside, with all the privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States, which the Federal Constitution had previously secured to those who were regarded as citizens of the United States, entitled within the States to the equal protection of the laws, and subject to being deprived of life, liberty or property only by due process of law. Now, when we compare the clause which empowers Congress to enforce this provision by 'appropriate legislation' with the manifest purpose of the amendment as evinced by the terms of the provision and by its surrounding historical facts, it is perfectly plain and certain that there is nothing for Congress to do until some State, by its legislation or by its constitution, shall have undertaken to deprive somebody within its limits, who is according to the amendment a citizen of the United States and of the State, of the privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States, or shall have taken away from any person life, liberty or property without due process of law, or shall have denied to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws. Until one of these things shall have occurred there can be no 'appropriate legislation' by Congress under the authority of the amendment. When one of these things has occurred the 'appropriate legislation' would be such acts of Congress (if any act at all be necessary beyond the Judiciary act of 1789, which is now in force and has sufficed to give effect to the similar prohibitions upon States of section 10, article 1, of the Constitution) as are necessary to declare the obnoxious provisions of State laws or constitutions invalid, and to afford to aggrieved persons a judicial remedy against their operation. But an act of Congress, passed before any State law or constitution has contravened the amendment, cannot add one jot or tittle to the provisions of the amendment, any more than it could take them away. The purpose of the amendment was to declare who are citizens of the United States and of a State, and to secure to all persons within the jurisdiction of each State certain described rights. These fundamental provisions are beyond the reach of any legislation by Congress, until some State shall have undertaken to frustrate or obstruct them."

It further says:

"Its purpose," the amendment's, "was to make the freed men 'citizens of the United States' and 'citizens of the States wherein they reside.' The framers of this amendment were not content with having, by force and the bayonet, thus fixed negro suffrage in the new Constitutions of the Southern States, but, desiring to take from all the States of the North as well as the South the entire control of the subject of citizenship, proposed this amendment for the purpose of making 'all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, citizens of the United

States and of the State wherein they reside.' It further provides that no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States, * * * nor deny any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

The *World*, therefore, declares: First, that women are citizens. Second, that the Constitution takes all power over citizenship and its rights out of the control of the States. Third, that all the obnoxious provisions of State laws are invalid. Fourth, that aggrieved persons should have judicial remedy against the operations of obnoxious laws.

We cannot see what further statement is required to complete the argument for the right of women to the ballot under the present Constitution. We are obliged to the *World* for the reproduction in such graphic style of the argument made by us months since, even though it does not apply its conclusions to women.

We commend the entire article from which these extracts are made to the careful consideration of all persons who are not yet convinced that women, equally with men, are citizens in the fullest sense, and entitled to all the privileges, rights and duties of citizens.

THE DEPENDENCE OF WOMAN.

When the principle of freedom in its entirety—in its full, est, proudest, completest sense—is announced, let it not for a moment be supposed that the annunciator is so insane as to believe it immediately possible. While the whole truth is thus set up, as it were, for a beacon-light, far ahead, perhaps far in the future, it is so set that the world may see and know it to be the proper, the true light, and to learn to regard it as such, guiding the way of life's mariners to the haven where peace, plenty and happiness await all who seek its shores.

There are always two ways of reaching all kinds of improvements, as well for individuals as for peoples. The more common way is the violent pulling down of present systems and forms, leaving utter ruin and anarchy for the time triumphant, with the possibility that some mind, some superior person or persons, by seizing the fragments, may construct something better than what was. The history of chaotic revolutions shows, as a general thing, that such new construction has been an advance, an improvement upon the past. But for people to simply pull down the old, without any idea of what is to come up in its place and without any attempt to prepare the people for the new, is to invite destruction.

A good illustration of what we would have understood is furnished by the late transition of the Southern negroes from slavery to freedom. So far as the negroes themselves were concerned, freedom for them was, as a general rule, the most undesirable thing to have, if the present only were to be considered. It was as if so many perfectly incompetent persons had been suddenly thrust out upon the cold-hearted world to subsist as best they might. But when the future was considered, the interregnum, let it be of never so great terror, would have been gladly encountered, that the beyond might thereby be gained. Thousands of negroes there were who did not desire their freedom. It is doubtful if one can now be found who would voluntarily return to slavery.

Such is the providence of God in His laws for evolving humanity. They are pressed into unknown, perhaps into supposed dangerous ways, and then into the better beyond, until they reach whither they know not whether the way they go be up or down.

The other method of progress is by a gradual understanding of the new and better principles, and the modification of present systems to their requirement—the gradual displacement of the old and worn by the new, or, perhaps, but not frequently, the entire preparation for the new, and its substitution entire for the old.

Perfect individual freedom, without perfect individual independence to stand upon, is impossible, and just here is the weakness of the movement for freedom for women. In the present orders of society, women independent of men cannot support themselves. We do not by this wish to be understood to say that women do not perform enough labor to be self-supporting, but we do wish to be understood to say that the labor which women perform is that kind of regular drudgery generally supposed by men to entitle them only to board and clothes, but to none of the increase to which such labor is adjunctive.

Of late years, however, women are looking more toward individuality. A spirit of independence is springing up within their souls, which disdains to accept support from men after the fashion of the olden time. Some there are who do not now propose to desert the trade or occupation by which they earn their livelihood, to become the simple housewife for a man, a position from which she can never rise, and for which, no matter how greatly his good may be increased, by such industry, she is only entitled to a wife's interest.

Hundreds of thousands of wives there are who labor from one year's end to another in charge of the dairy or the housework, which always are accompaniments of the farm, or in charge of the home, every bit as hard as do their husbands, who receive the common increase of the whole, and who never even think their co-laborers entitled to anything whatever, either of credit or possession, for their interest as co-assistants. The same is true in general of the labor performed by all wives; it is not recognized as being entitled to any individual recognition. To speak plainly, the moment

the woman becomes the wife her personality is lost in the husband just as completely as the slave's personality was merged in his master's. They were entitled to sufficient food to maintain life, and enough shelter and raiment to insure health. What more does the wife, generally speaking, obtain? And with all these things standing in bold relief before the very eyes of women, they still are so foolish and thoughtless and improvident for the future as to care for little else than to fit themselves to be wives. It does not yet seem to have dawned upon their souls that it is possible for women to maintain a life of independence, or that they have any right to a continuous individuality, even if they in reality do maintain it.

If freedom is a right of every individual, it is also a duty that it be maintained. Rights are not inherently implanted in the lives of humanity, without certain duties being incurred by such possession. The individual possessing a light that can enlighten the world has no business to "hide it under a bushel" or to let it remain hidden in his soul. Hence, if freedom be a right, it cannot remain unexercised, and the possessor fulfill his duty to himself and his God.

If freedom be a right of women, it is their duty to themselves, to humanity and their God to be free, and in no manner to become or to remain submerged in those who have assumed to appropriate them.

Women must awake to the absolute necessity of preparing to maintain their independence even in matrimony, if they decide to become citizens of "that state." The whole preparation which society provides for women must be radically changed. For the present acceptance of marriage as the end of individuality must be substituted the reality that with maturity the real life of women begins, just the same as it does with men. A perfect equality of education, responsibility and capacity should be accorded to and demanded of both sexes, and neither should ever become subjugated to, or merged in, the other. The individuality of youth should be maintained during life, let the relations between the matured be what they may.

Every sensible man after arriving at his independence at once begins to make provision for the future. So also should every sensible woman; and they should under any and all circumstances be entitled to, and should receive, full compensation for all services performed, and also be entitled to the possession and control of all their net earnings.

In such preparation women would never be at the mercy of men, never be obliged to marry for support, never obliged to submit to the horrors which marriage too often brings; but always her own mistress, capable of earning her own support, and thus independent of everybody.

We cannot refrain, however, from rebuking those who attempt to maintain, because women are conditioned as they are that they are not entitled to political equality, and that until they become independent and self-supporting they should not aspire to such equality. As we have shown before, women are in reality much more than self-supporting; that they really would accumulate wealth did they receive their just reward; thence they are equally with men entitled to the benefit of self-government. Therefore, what is called the dependence of women is in reality a misnomer, growing out of the fact that in marriage the individuality of women becomes merged in that of men, to which men do not seem ready to give up their claim. There is little doubt that women will be compelled to declare and maintain a complete individual freedom before their right to its exercise and their duty under the possession of the right will be recognized and accorded to them by man. In this consideration, and in that which flows from the growing demand among women for freedom, it becomes the most important duty that mothers can render to daughters to train them to independence, and to teach them that they should never look forward to marriage or to any relation with men as that which will be necessary for their future support; also, that their relations should be left entirely to the control of their affection, and kept free from and unbiased by any purely material considerations.

THE LAND QUESTION.

NO. VI.

The programme of the English Land Tenure Reform Association, as recently explained by Mr. Mill in the paper from which I have heretofore quoted, has attracted the attention of a number of our leading journals. So far as my reading has extended, they generally concede that the desperate condition of affairs in Great Britain demands radical reformatory measures, but end by congratulating themselves and their readers upon the fact (or what they allege to be such) that the abundance and cheapness of land in our own country absolve us from the necessity of troubling ourselves with such embarrassing questions.

It is with a radically different view from this that I commence to consider the relations of land reform to our own circumstances. The cheapness and abundance of our lands may, indeed, render our condition in the main quite comfortable for the present; but a policy which regards the present only is unworthy of a civilized and humane people. The region embraced within our national boundaries is rich in natural resources, capable of supporting many times our present population when turned to use in conjunction with human labor. So fast as a demand for these natural resources arises, they become an element of financial value. Every

article produced in the country is in part their product, for without the raw material which they furnish, labor would be powerless to supply human wants. Being thus indispensable to human existence, they become more and more valuable as population increases; and if they are unequally distributed, the time must come when one part of the community will be compelled to buy them at exorbitant rates from the other part.

Now, as all men have naturally an equal right to all that nature supplies, and as this natural equality of rights holds just as true of one generation as of another, we who live now have no right so to partition out the natural resources of our country that in fifty, one hundred, or even one thousand years hence, they will all be held by one portion of the community to the detriment of the remainder. In considering the condition of the poor in English cities, we have already seen that, under such a distribution, a large proportion of the people may find it impossible to pay the price demanded to secure even a few square rods of earth each on which to make their homes, and thus be forced to live in so compressed and crowded a state as to render health, comfort or even decency out of the question.

Our government still holds in its possession some twelve hundred million acres of public land (including Alaska and the mountainous regions of our Western Territories and Pacific coast States). If we are pursuing an unsound policy in the disposition of this land with its varied resources, we certainly cannot stop too soon. And if an unsound policy has been pursued in regard to the vast territory already disposed of, we cannot too soon begin to devise a remedy, for every day's delay tends to increase our difficulties. In short, there is no country which has stronger reasons than our own for making land reform the subject of immediate attention.

Upon one point the public mind has become aroused. The policy of granting land subsidies to great corporations, or selling land in large bodies to speculators, or otherwise squandering the public domain as if it were a thing of no value, has pretty clearly received the mark of popular disapproval, and both of the great political parties, after being alike thoughtless and improvident, will probably feel constrained, in their next appeal to the people, to plant themselves square on the platform of a rigid reservation of the public lands for actual settlement under the pre-emption and homestead laws. I presume a majority of our people, including many very earnest and thoughtful public men, believe that such a policy, faithfully carried out, would leave nothing more to be desired; yet a little reflection will show that it would be signally unjust to a large portion of the community. In fact, it entirely ignores all classes save the agriculturist. The printer cannot leave his case, the mechanic his bench to go and settle on a homestead in the West. To do this they must abandon their pursuits and become agriculturists, and this they could not do on a large scale without breaking up society, which needs and must have their services in their present occupations.

We have seen in a former article that in England the most rapid increase of population has taken place in the cities and towns; and, notwithstanding our abundance of agricultural land, the same phenomenon of rapid urban growth is exhibited in our own country. Indeed, it is a phenomenon common to all progressive civilized nations, and is especially characteristic of the present century. It is, in fact, a direct result of the gigantic strides which the century has witnessed in the invention of labor-saving machinery and the increase of man's productive power; and, deplorable as are some of its incidents under existing conditions, it represents *per se* a thoroughly wholesome societal movement.

In our own country, at least, this movement is destined to proceed far more rapidly in the future than it has done in the past. The increasing employment of labor-saving machinery in agriculture is every year diminishing the proportional number of persons required to produce the food supply of society, while the endless multiplication of our other wants steadily increases the demand for mechanical and manufacturing industry. And this natural tendency to an increase of the urban population will be greatly strengthened by the fact that the quantity of desirable agricultural land must every year grow less in comparison with the increasing number who will compete for its possession.

The aggregate population of our towns and cities having over 20,000 inhabitants, as ascertained by the census last year, was 6,125,000,* or about sixteen per cent. of the entire population of the country. The population of the smaller towns is not conveniently attainable at this moment, but in Ohio, the returns of which I happen to have at hand, the aggregate number of persons in towns ranging from 1,500 to 20,000 inhabitants, was 291,892; while the aggregate number in cities exceeding 20,000 was 405,187, giving a total of 697,079 in places having over 1,500 inhabitants. Assuming the population of the smaller towns in other parts of the Union to bear about the same ratio to that of the cities as in Ohio, the aggregate town and city population in the United States should be about ten millions and a half.

If our urban population is thus large while we are mainly an agricultural people, what may we expect as our manufacturing industries develop? Some light is thrown upon this point by the progress of the towns and cities of the State just mentioned during the last decade. During that time

*As the final report of the Census Commissioner has not yet been given to the public, these figures may be subject to slight corrections.

Toledo has increased its population 136 per cent.; Cleveland, 112; Columbus, 66; Dayton, 51; and Cincinnati, 35. Of the smaller places Defiance shows an increase of 195 per cent.; Youngstown, 192; Akron, 184; Springfield, 80; Portsmouth, 67; Steubenville, 65; and Newark, 43. The general increase in all the cities and towns having over 1,500 inhabitants averaged 55 per cent., while the increase through the State at large was less than 14 per cent.

In view of such facts, we may safely assume that by the end of the present century the cities and smaller towns will embrace fully 50 per cent. of our entire population, to say nothing of mechanics, teachers, professional men and other non-agriculturists scattered through the rural districts or residing in the smallest class of villages. Yet our homestead and pre-emption laws assume that we need only provide land for the agriculturist, and so propose to parcel out our entire public domain to those who in pursuit of their avocation as tillers of the soil can conveniently go and take it. Is not this a plain violation of the principle that all have an equal right to the natural bounties which the earth affords?

I know it is assumed that the non-agricultural classes need so little land for their pursuits as to obviate the necessity of making any special provision on their behalf, but we learn by experience that the little lot which the mechanic needs for a home in the city costs just as much as a snug little farm in the country. Considering the fact that about half our people are to live in cities and towns, it becomes, therefore, a question of no small moment how they are to be provided with homes.

Glancing over the Western States, all of which have been carved out of the public domain within the present century, and most of them within very recent times, we find seventeen cities having over 20,000 inhabitants each. The largest is St. Louis, with 310,864, and the smallest St. Paul, with 20,031. Their aggregate population is 1,495,931. Yet besides these there are many more such thriving places as Dubuque, Keokuk, Alton, Lawrence, Leavenworth, Omaha, Denver, Sacramento and other minor towns too numerous to mention, in many of which lots already command extravagant prices in anticipation of their future growth and greatness. And as these have grown up within the memory of people who have not yet reached middle life, so will others the names of which have not yet been even thought of, or their sites trodden by a white man's foot, grow up in various parts of the extended region now known as the public domain. Twenty or thirty years hence there will be large and flourishing cities on the upper waters of the Missouri, in the mining regions of the Rocky Mountains, and upon the rivers, bays and estuaries of the Pacific coast. According to the lowest calculation our population will have doubled by the end of the century, and more than half of the total increase will be collected in cities and towns. How many of these will be new places which will have grown up during the intervening thirty years on what is now public land or railroad land we cannot guess, but we can hardly doubt that their aggregate population will amount to several millions. Thus many a homestead tract given away by the government for a farm will rise to a value of thousands or even tens of thousands of dollars an acre for city building lots. We can form little or no idea as to where these lucky prizes will be drawn in the general distribution; but that they will be drawn is as certain as the fact that our population is increasing at a geometrical ratio that will double its number in thirty years. The result will be that the recipients of the prizes, or the speculators who are shrewd enough to get them out of their hands, will make great fortunes through "the unearned increase in the value of land," while the masses of the inhabitants of the new cities will be just as they are now in such places as Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, the victims of exorbitant rents and the usual overcrowding, their condition growing worse and worse as the cities themselves grow older and more compact.

The ultimate effect of thus cutting off one-half of the people from all share in the soil and its resources would be to create a population somewhat similar in one respect to that which exists in France to-day. The gradual subdivision of homesteads would produce a rural population of small proprietors eminently conservative and selfish, while the working people of the cities, like the *ouvriers* of France, finding themselves despoiled of their natural rights and reduced to the position of mere wages slaves, would grow sullen, discontented, revolutionary. No surer way could be taken to divide society into antagonistic sections, and thus to plant the seeds of social disintegration and decay.

I have only pointed out the most obvious of the ways in which the policy expressed in our homestead law would inflict an injustice upon the non-agricultural part of our people, but this is sufficient to show that it is radically defective. We need a system which recognizes the complex structure of civilized society and intelligently protects the interests and rights of all the various classes of which such society is composed. Shall I be deemed revolutionary if I say that this desideratum is not to be found in any system which permits absolute private property in land?

E. T. PETERS.

[†]Elkanah Watson's estimate for the year 1900 is 100,235,985. His estimates (made in 1815) for each decennial year from 1820 to 1860, inclusive, correspond very nearly to the figures of the census. The census returns for 1870 fall short of his estimate for that year by three or four millions, a fact which is scarcely surprising in view of the tremendous civil war which shook the country during the first four years of the decade.

MANIFESTO OF THE WORKINGMEN'S MUTUAL PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

No. 1.

"Rise like lions after slumber,
In unvanquishable number,
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep has fallen on you."

Wherever the click of the hammer or the low hum of the saw, wherever the ringing of steel, the thud of the pick or the ping of the edged tool is heard, in the dingy workshop, in the bowels of the earth, upon the face of the waters, wherever the artisan and laborer bends to his weary toil and earns his sustenance by the sweat of his brow, there blends with the sounds of his tools mutterings of discontent, low murmurings of distrust and the voice of declamatory dissatisfaction with his condition. Protests are entered in the form of trade societies and small local associations, but none have stepped boldly forward to clasp the hands of the skilled and the unskilled laborer together. Our wrongs are suffered alike by all. The hand of injustice, disloyalty to the good of the many, the pernicious evil of the aggrandizement of the few falls upon the lowly with the same

MERCILESS MANTLE

as it does upon the more fortunate artisan.

In the present disorganized condition of the masses of our people we are making no headway—we are standing silently and sullenly by whilst

OUR CHAINS ARE RIVETED.

Are there corrupt officials—who elects them?
Are there oppressive laws—who makes them?
Are there palaces where

SPLENDOR RUNS RIOT

within a stone's throw of poverty and want—who builds them?

You, the people.

Point out a dishonest politician, go to his district, ask the people who marched through the streets to honor him; who raised flags bearing portraits of his dishonest face; who followed at his heels? You, the people. And you are accessory to

EVERY DOLLAR HE STEALS.

You may have been betrayed, but has the hand of vengeance fallen on the betrayers? Have you not kissed the very rod that has whipped you? Rise, then, laborers and artisans, skilled and unskilled; away with jealousies; away with inactivity. The common interests and welfare of those living and yet to live; the unshackling of the bonds which have been imposed upon us must cement us together for mutual protection.

To elevate public morals.

To advance ourselves socially and intellectually.

To be the watchdogs of the public weal.

To put forward a centre which shall be a common nucleus of power to make our voices heard collectively in the interests of equality and justice. These are our aims.

What are we doing to remedy the evils of which the laborer complains throughout the length and breadth of the land? When

PUBLIC OFFICERS ARE DELINQUENT,
who keeps a record of the fact? When they come forward to ask their re-election, who proclaims their faithlessness? Only those equally culpable themselves—only the

SCRAMBLERS FOR POWER,

place and emolument. Hence are good citizens disgusted with the rottenness of our politics. Hence they stay away from the polls, leaving the unthinking, the venal and the corrupt to carry out unchecked the base designs of those who, calling themselves gentlemen, pollute the very name by contact with such renegades. And how long is this to last? Where is it to end? Are we to drift into a state wherein despair and desperation shall sweep the corruption bred by the people's spathy?

Is the day to come when we may witness in our streets the surges of down-trodden multitudes against the power which unscrupulous men have usurped?

In the national Capitol, in every State-House in this Union, wherever franchises and privileges can be grasped or power wielded, there do we find the monopolists and centralizers in solid phalanx, sapping the substance of the people under pretext of the public accommodation and welfare. Scarcely a measure of public importance passes our Legislatures but rumors are rife that bribery was at work subverting all good government and despoiling the people of their patrimony. In the matter of public grants of land, enough has been given away to have given every man, woman and child in the United States at least 300 acres each. The railroads have become merely the roots and fibres of a vast tree of monopoly; organized and chartered as carriers, they enter into other businesses, and, by holding the lines of communication, they sever our large cities from their bases of supply in order to force their employees to accept their terms of remuneration. They do this to array the people of large cities against their fellows in the mining districts, and other producers not concerned in the dispute are prevented from sending their products to market, because the railroads raise their rates of freight to exorbitant and outrageous figures.

We find these men incessantly before our legislative bodies, and what do they want? Land grants, bond guarantees. Yes, they want

SPOIL AND PLUNDER,

and, though they fairly gorge themselves, still they are insatiate.

Workingmen, do you ever go down to Wall street and witness the seething mass of parasitical humanity who are daily there yelping and surging, raving and shouting in the wildest of excitement? Those few men, without a shadow of pretense as to exchanging any tangible produce or wealth, or transferring anything either bought or sold, regulate the value of your public debt, although scarcely one of them owns a dollar of it. They regulate the price of everything you purchase. All the transactions of the gold room are fictitious; not a five-dollar piece changes hands; margins are lost or large sums made by a so-called purchase or sale of gold which is as spurious as the sale of railroad shares.

The other day one man bought more Rock Island railroad shares than that road ever had, yet it is not pretended that he really held a dozen shares; other men also held hundreds of

IMAGINARY SHARES.

This is flagrant gambling, and a system of gambling that not only affects the winners and losers, but fluctuates the entire public credit and the price of all commodities.

When a year has passed away in which labor has been creating the produce which is the sole basis of national wealth, what can these men show to attest their usefulness what for the luxuries they have enjoyed; the substance created by others which they have consumed? They absorb only, they return nothing. Men supposed to be possessed of acute intelligence expend their energies to derange the finances and commerce of the nation. It is only when we turn to the workingmen that we find disunion and want of organization; this lassitude it is we would dispel.

It is futile to declaim at the past, it is unjust to throw all the blame and responsibility upon those who have merely used the means of self aggrandizement which our lassitude has placed in their hands.

The future alone contains the elements of vitality; we must not look backward but forward; we must take

OUR NEW DEPARTURE.

The day of complaint, of declamation, is past. The day of regeneration is upon us. We want no laggards, no half-hearted followers or leaders. We have only to will and we can accomplish. We must set ourselves resolutely to the task of the purification of the existing state of public morality, and atone for our past delinquent inactivity by sterling and unceasing watchfulness in the future.

We must raise our voices to prevent corruption instead of complacently waiting until it is perpetrated, and then grumbling; having permitted it without protest, what end is served by idle complaints, futile moanings and bickerings?

Nothing of evil is amended or frustrated, no defaulting is punished. Puerile declarations are merely evidences of despondency. Do despondent men win? No, the battle is with the strong; victory must be sought, she will not come to you.

Europe is rife with the contest of the rights of the producers versus the aggrandizement of the few. The oppressed of other lands, while

GROANING UNDER THE HANDS

of their native oppressors, look with wistful eyes to our country as a haven of justice, peace and equality.

Shall we in our

FALSE SECURITY

drift into their deplorable condition?

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." We cannot hold even what we have, but by watchfulness. Make, then, our voices heard in Congress and in our State Legislatures upon every question affecting us as the groundwork of national prosperity; no longer as subservient followers but as leaders; sensible of our responsibility to society and to posterity for our actions. We must not

PULL DOWN,

we must build up; we must discountenance violence and the fury of the despoiler; we must elevate ourselves, not debase others; level upward and not downward. We must not, we will not fail. Not a tenth part of the energy put forth by the unscrupulous men who contaminate our moral and political atmospheres is required of us. We have the power, we must use it. Our power to do good is infinite, their power to do evil is infinitesimal, with ordinary activity on our part. Our sluggishness is the sole basis of their power.

ARISE, AWAKE, OR BE FOREVER FALLEN.

When our children grow to man and womanhood, shall it be to find themselves away down in the scale of enlightenment, intelligence and intellectuality, compassed by the corruption that grows daily more fetid. Is this the future we are to hand down to them?

A THOUSAND TIMES NO.

We must set before us as our objects the purification of our people, politically and socially, morally and intellectually, and, swerving to neither the right nor the left, lend our energies to advance the interests of humanity at large by lifting the masses of our people to a higher grade.

The future is all bright and promising, and will yield us just so much of happiness, justice, equality and advancement as our efforts to attain those blessings entitle us to receive.

JOSHUA ROSE, Secretary.

COMMISSIONER PARKER has resigned. President Grant writes him a complimentary letter, in which he says: "Your management of the Indian Bureau has been in entire harmony with my policy." Who says the President is not the servant of the public?

MY FRIENDS AND I.

CHAPTER III.

What's in a name? is an old question, and like many of the old things can be answered by the light of modern science differently from the response of ancient ignorance. There is much in a name! First impressions are very important. Given a presentable appearance, then a name not absolutely suggestive of any or all the objectionable ideas which haunt us, and one can with a modicum of sense and a little tact make his way in the world, with success commensurate to his effort. But with a name which has no meaning, or only a bad one, what can you expect of a fellow who has no special talent for anything but polemics, which continually get him into difficulties.

A name is like a fey's coat, it is fast grown to us. We can change our friends by changing our home. If we dislike one country we can go to another. If we do not like our occupation we can learn a new trade. From our name we can never run away; at least I have never succeeded in so doing.

Yet how little thought is bestowed upon the giving of a name by parents. They forget that the few letters which they combine and apply to the limp and by no means shapely form of most plastic material, is to act upon the destinies of a man or woman through the best part of a century of time. Do you say that your name has never diverted your path either to the right or to the left? My dear friend—for all my readers are friends—the unobserved things of this life are by far the most powerful forces; and do the most part of the ruling of a large majority of people. If Nero had been soundly whipped for drowning those kittens—his first act of cruelty—not only would justice have been satisfied, but his whole disposition might have been mollified, and his example have exerted an entirely different power. Yet, had his royal fl sh tingled to the vigorous application of the birch or the maternal digits at that early period, should we have known it now? When such great results may flow from the correction of a child, do not suppose it is immaterial what name rid s us through the world.

This reminds me that it was a slight accident which gave me a part of my obnoxious name. It was the occurrence which had such a leading part in the act making me a disputant. I was named for my uncle, the good man who chanced to be a Congregationalist minister, and who, among other foolish things which did not benefit me, married the sister of my mother. Still it might have been the same with me if I had lacked an uncle of the name of Isaiah, for my father's name was Amoz. But if the ambition of my father had pictured his first born as a prophet, and he had thus named me, I should have proved other than myself had his aspirations been realized.

Some people may still persist in ignoring the importance of a name, but I have good authority for insisting upon its consequence. Has not a great poet placed it far above the purse, which he calls trash, and do we not prize a purse if it be well filled? Let the public fill mine, and see if I don't prize it.

Did any one ever hear of a poet or a great general, a statesman, or even a man of wealth (to come pretty low down, as some people pretend to think), who was called Jonah? And who ever knew an Oliver, except Cromwell, that the girls were not in love with? Two sisters, one bright morning long ago, came out of a plain doorway upon the right-hand side of the narrow drive which led from Fleet street down to the Temple gardens. This doorway is in a little quadrangle called Brick Court. The two sisters, as they came out of the door, were weeping for an Oliver. A day or two after they laid his body in the little yard north of that old church, built by the Templars hundreds of years ago, and at this time you can see a piece of marble lying upon the spot. When you go there, you can read beside the name Oliver upon it that of Goldsmith. If you have humanity in you as large as he had, or as much as those two sisters, whom the painter has perpetuated, don't leave London, if you ever go there, without seeing the spot where they laid him. You are too late to see his old room in Green Art or Court. The railways have obliterated every trace of that home, where some of his days were spent when he was very poor.

The Theodores are amiable, sensible men, in spite of the reports against the late King of Abyssinia. I never believed the stories about King Theodorus, because of his name; but, then, what could you expect, with ever so good a name, from one bred upon live beef? Cooked beef is bad enough for a child's diet. But it is names, not diet, we are communing about—you and I, reader. That other topic we may take at breakfast-time, when this and some other subjects are exhausted.

Is there any one who can for a moment suppose that a man by the name of Griserup could ever become a cabinet minister in this age of admirable fitness of things. Or that a merchant named Money could become a bankrupt. As well might you think of a Bridget writing poetry; or a Patrick having a strong aversion to whiskey.

If all these things are inconceivable, is it strange that one person, loaded with two such names as Isaiah and Sleeper, cannot rise in the world? Why! a common salutation in my schoolboy days was "I say, Sleepy," and then the boys would laugh and say they called me. I made a voyage in a sailing vessel once "upon a time," as the old stories used to begin, and the steward, who was a

mulatto, stuttered badly; the only phrase he could utter without great effort was the response to the Captain's call, and during the twenty days' voyage not once did I hear his "aye, aye, sah," but I made the preliminary efforts of a response.

What makes William Cullen Bryant and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow poets? Their names, of course. The rhythm of their cognomens permeated their youth, and flows out through their maturity and old age. Isaiah Sleeper! shades of all inconsistencies, who can expect such a name could awaken two consecutive harmonious sounds.

And what is more, the day upon which mine eyes first saw the light of this blessed sun, that shines upon me as well and as kindly as upon the happiest of mortals, was the most important day of all days; in fact, it was a day made up of little bits of many days; it was a day not usually found in the calendar—it must have been a scalawag among days, for it was cast out from the society of respectable days—not as a whole, but in small pieces—the unit of the whole litter of fourteen hundred and sixty-four days, which the good man who made up our time, under the direction of good or bad Pope Gregory XIII., tried to hide away, and so stuck it on to the last end of February and called it the 29th.

My disposition was much soured by this sad accident of birth, for when all the rest of the children were receiving presents and congratulations, I must needs take a back seat. In truth, I had no birthday. 'Twas a miserable subterfuge that I had to resort to—that of shunting myself into my brother's birthday; he was born on the first of March. I never had the satisfaction of making the illusion complete, for some one would always remind me that in truth there was no birthday for me that year.

Some people believe that success is not so much dependent upon exertion as upon luck. Others are worshippers of labor, and will insist that success never fails to those who woo with strong will. There are others, still, who think the whole earth was created for their sole pleasure; also, another set who think the whole world is set against them; that not a harmonious event accompanies their residence on this sphere. Do what they will, ill luck follows them, and their lives are one series of struggles against what they call fate.

Now to which of these classes my lot has been attached is of no importance; for, with all the luck supplemented by extraordinary exertion, and all the confidence in the kind intentions of Dame Nature, it would be impossible for the most talented and most happily constituted individual with such a name as Isaiah Sleeper, and born upon that refuse of all days, the 29th of February, to succeed in any higher occupation than that of scavenger.

Early in life I became the object of great solicitude to any number of relations. Aunts, cousins and cou-ins of one, two or three degrees removed, took great interest in my welfare. When I was but a beardless youth I was made most welcome at sociables among the families of our acquaintance. I was considered a gem of a fellow to make up a set of quadrilles, either to represent a lady or a gentleman, as was needed. I used to feel much flattered with the attentions shown me by my fair cousins, and never mistrusted that the convenience with which I could be set aside and recalled as favored or unfavored swains might delight or obtrude with their attentions was the cause. The fact was, I was serviceable as a lay figure. When old Cheetam came around (old Cheetam was the lawyer who made shoes, and poor ones, too, I think, till he was thirty-five, then studied law). A wag of a fellow said of him, that "the law quaked when the lapstone fell." The girls did not like him so when he was near, their cousin was such a noble fellow—the whole family thought so much of Isaiah. "You are going to dance with me next time, ain't you, Isaiah?" Of course I could not refuse. But when young Trafford came about—before he had approached near enough to hear, I was reminded that Clarissa had not danced for three sets. Clarissa was a sprightly girl of twelve and her older sisters were anxious that she should receive proper attention. My cousins and aunts were very remarkably kind people. So watchful of the welfare of others—when their own enjoyment was isometric.

I was up in a half-fledged city in Massachusetts once, upon a visit to some cousins, somewhere from three to six degrees removed in consanguinity. At the same time a small dramatic company of the itinerant species were charming the semi-rustic people with such acting as such companies are in the habit of retelling at fifty cents a head in these times of inflated currency, but which was at that time freely dispensed at half that price. Among the troop or corps, as our great war has taught us to call such combinations of talent, was one who was the one par excellence. She was the cynosure of the evening wherever she appeared, as well in the ball room as upon the stage. She was a black-eyed beauty, with features which admirers of old art would have called classic had it not been for a little of the German squareness. She was really a distinguished-looking young woman; and when to good looks were added a trained voice of ravishing sweetness, both in conversation and in song, with grace of movement in the dance or upon the stage or street, it is not strange that some of my fourteenth cousins were exercised about an evident penchant for theatricals which broke out among my peculiarities. The fair damsel attended a ball where I was paraded under the captaincy of our aunt of the four cousins, who acted as under-officers to her in manoeuvring me, to the complete satisfaction of themselves, who only of all others present

had a cousin from a full-grown city to exhibit. The ease with which the bright star of the star company (all itinerant companies are of the order "star") entertained the host of admirers, who, like deer about a salt lick, clustered around her, and more than all the perfectly incomprehensible power which she possessed of retaining with all this absorption of the attention of the gentlemen the good opinion of all the ladies, aroused in me first curiosity, and not many hours' gratification of that feeling ripened it into the more dangerous phrase of downright admiration.

Fortune favored me in spite of the extreme watchfulness of eleven cousins of the ninth degree removed. A friend of mine had occasion to write to the star lady of the star company one morning shortly after the dancing party, and knowing my anxiety for an excuse to call upon her, he kindly permitted me to become the bearer of the missive. At the door, as my hand touched the bell, I heard a crash as of broken crockery, and quickly after there came to my ears a perfect torrent of epithets such as ladies do not apply to their servants unless in most aggravating cases. I would have turned and sent the letter by other hands, for notwithstanding the excessive sweetness of voice which had charmed the whole town was not in the tones of anger, yet I detected the object of my search in the propulsion of these harsh sounds, but just then an acquaintance passed with a nod of recognition, so I gave a vigorous pull at the bell-handle. The actress responded in person to my tintabulation and received me with the same sweet smile which had set older heads than mine on fool's shoulders before. She was so cordial in her salutation that had her dress been as neat as usual when she appeared in public the tones which had grated so harshly upon my ear would have been obliterated, and I should have shut my eyes to minor imperfections; but her dress was such as my education had taught me was worn by slatterns. A morning gown which was, when made, of rich material, and may have been of bright colors, but which, with its cover of shreds, lint and numerous grease spots, left me in doubt as to its original hue, was gathered about the waist with a cord, upon one end of which a dilapidated tassel raved in exhausted shredliness the other end, which had lost its app ndage but strove to assume former respectability by tangled ravelings; the button which should have restrained the two ends of the collar was gone, leaving to the cord at the waist the whole duty of button, hooks or pins. Left thus free, the robe, forgetful of its vocation, revealed the front of an embroidered chemise, which was wholly guiltless of truthful divulgence of its former color. It was presumable from the fineness of the work which had been wasted upon the ornamentation that some time in the past the dews of heaven or one of the constituents of common salt had, by its action upon the fibre of the flax, made it white, but the long use by the admired of both sexes, upon the stage and in the ball-room, had restored it to more than original brownness. As we passed into her room through a half-open door I could see the broken teapot that had been the occasion of the loud words which nearly drove me from her threshold.

The fair damsel made some excuses for her *dishabille*, and then gave way to a tirade, which may be heard from many far lips, upon the ignorance of servants, and which generally to my ears cuts both ways, unlike Portia's mercy; it reveals both the ignorance of the utterer and that of the servant. The room into which I was ushered was perfectly in keeping with the dress of the woman. Upon one side of the table were the remains of a breakfast; the other side was occupied by a broken-edged pot, with a sickly looking geranium in it; a washbowl which had been crowded from its proper position on the stand by a miscellaneous pile of clothes ready for the washerwoman, and of books. By side of the washbowl lay some pamphlets of plays, whose covers gave evidence that this was not the first time they had been sprinkled. One chair was occupied with the numerous articles of ladies' wearing apparel which gentlemen have no right to criticise; another bore the dress in which, a few evenings before, she had charmed a whole assemblage; a third was usurped by a pillow, which had evidently been shied out of the bedroom, the door of which stood open and displayed a confusion among the furnishings exceeding that in the sitting-room.

That timely visit of mine to the bright, particular star of the star company did more to preserve me to my fond cousins and their ever-watchful aunts than all their efforts; for I came away perfectly satisfied that she was not the real to the ideal which I still continued to worship.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE *Herald* gives us a brief but comprehensive platform of the International party. "It is scarcely less strong in the United States than in Europe, and, without any disguise or concealment, aims at the annihilation of religion, the destruction of capital and the mastery of the world." This is strong enough. The Internationals in the old time would have had the *Herald's* support on this programme. The *Herald* used not to be a very religious paper. Its critics attributed to it a subversive demagogism in politics, and ultra cynicism in morals. Not to put too fine a point on it, the *Herald* labored for and received pre-eminence as chief of the Satanic press. But as we get older we get conservative; we flee from the wra'h to come—wherefore the modern compromise between *Heraldism* orthodoxy and money worship. Compromises, whether in Missouri or in New York, are a broken reed, and pierce the flesh of those who trust in them.

FRANK CLAY;
OR,
HUMAN NATURE IN A NUTSHELL.

BY JOSHUA ROSE.

[CONTINUED.]

DCLXXXIII.

Then all again was silent as the dead,
When lo! was heard a light and measured tread
Of saintly priests whose vestments swept the floor,
And, Becket at their head, they kneel before
The holy altar. Hark! that clang of arms!
The pious fathers' terrors and alarms,
What mean they? Why this clanging martial stride?
What doth this impious sacrifice betide?

DCLXXXIII.

Four knights the altar's sanctity profane,
And in his mitre lays "A Becket" slain;
His life blood streaming on the holy floor
The once archbishop, salaried for evermore.
A murder wreathes an everlasting crown
For he who was in pious prayer struck down,
And spirit voices seem aloud to shriek
Anathemas upon the knights to wreak.

DCLXXXIV.

Hush! 'tis the minute bell in deep toned gong.
Whose echoes sweep the lofty aisles along
Who comes barefooted now in meekness bent?
A king, a criminal, a penitent,
To crave for mercy for a murder done
Beside this shrine upon a holy son
Of mother church; list to the solemn dirge
Of priests while monks his royal body scourge.

DCLXXXV.

Three centuries rolled back into the past,
An impious rabble comes again at last,
And brutal hands pry up the time-worn stones
And tear "A Becket's" crumbled dust and bones
From out the sainted shrine with howl and curse,
Then scatter them to all the universe;
From casement on to casement do they pass,
And crash with vaddal hands the stained glass.

DCLXXXVI.

A piercing scream resounded, Frank awoke
(Twas his own voice the midnight silence broke).
He listens now in fear with bated breath,
But all is silent as the sleep of death;
He rubbed his eyes, and stretching both hands out,
Inquiringly, he groped them round about
To solve the mystery that seems to blind
His eyesight and defy his wondering mind.

DCLXXXVII.

Dark, dark, and silent, all was deeply dark,
The air seemed thick, no faintest ray or spark
Of light e'en glimmered round, as he arose,
He called, on every side his voice echoes
In mocking and in fast receding tones;
He stood transfixed upon the mosaic stones
And peered into the darkness reigning round,
And strained his ear to catch the faintest sound.

DCLXXXVIII.

Profoundly dark and silent as the grave,
Still all remained; in his despair he gave
Himself up as quite lost, he feared to talk
Even to himself, or step lest he should walk
Into some yawning gulf; then by degrees
He sank at last upon his hands and knees,
And cautiously felt all around, and kept,
He thought, in a straight course, and onward crept.

DCLXXXIX.

At length he reached the wall, and now he stands
Examining it with extended hands;
He felt a hand and grasped it in a trice,
And found it cold as is the Arctic ice;
He shuddered as he drew his own away,
While not a word his trembling lips could say;
He dared not move, the perspiration stood
In drops upon him, cold as seemed his blood.

DCXC.

He clutched the wall, his heart beat loud and fast,
Then made a step the other way at last,
And, with an outstretched hand, again he made
Attempt to feel his way, but clasped a blade
Of cold, cold steel; then, shrinking back, once more
He fainted as he fell upon the floor.
And there he lay unconscious, till at length
He felt returning mental power and strength.

DCXCI.

Then came again the question, where was he?
Why thus surrounded in deep mystery?
How came he there? what were these mystic forms
Whose touch gave such indefinite alarms?
A blinding flash of light revealed the truth,
Recalled the memory of the frenzied youth,
The hand was of a statue, while the blade
Was armor in the old cathedral laid.

DCXCII.

And all the truth flashed on his memory
As clear as dead of night would let it be.
He knowing not the wisest course to take,
Resolved to sit there till the morn should break.
He wondered if the night was far advanced,
As through the aisles the vivid lightnings glanced;
Grand and impressive was the midnight scene
As viewed in flashes by the lightning's gleam.

DCXCIII.

The marble statues seemed as flitting ghosts,
The olden armor as avenging hosts.

Of knights and squires now keeping watch and ward
In coated mail, with helmet, shield and sword.
And as the dawning light chased night away
Until the rising sun proclaimed the day,
The doors swung open, and the verger came,
Who held our hero very much to blame.

DCXCIV.

He having safely reached the inn, to tell
The truth, he liked the night's adventure well;
Such an eventful night, e'en at its cost,
Was worth its price, nor would he then have lost
The pride of being able to repeat
The story of their most romantic feat.
Of course he need not tell in his narration
Of fainting, hands and knees or perspiration.

DCXCV.

He told the whole affair in the "bar-parlor;"
All seemed much interested, save a farmer,
Who thus replied with Kentish animation,
As Frank concluded with a peroration:
"I ain't got any patience with such people
As gets excited by a wall or steeple.
Last Michaelmas they found some Roman coin
In a plowed field on that ere farm o' moine."

DCXCVI.

"Sense then they haven't give me any peace:
I reckon I shan't take out a new lease,
They hunt about just like a flock of crows
Behind a plow, and every one as goes
Leaves all the gates wide open. I can't keep
The horses from a grazing with the sheep;
They let the cattle get into the crops—
To-day they eat off half my turnip-tops."

DCXCVII.

"They gap the hedges sooner than go round,
And tread the hop-vines clean into the ground;
They pull the corn blades off to wipe the mould
From off the stones as though they thought 'em gold;
They knock down hay and clover heads as well—
How men can act the fool so, I can't tell!
They beg your pardon in so mold a way
That, darn it all, I don't know what to say."

DCXCVIII.

"Yes," said another, "there's an old stone quarry
Upon my place gave me no end of worry;
They got it in their heads that it must be
The ruins of an ancient monastery,
Or else a castle—it don't matter which;
And then they call that durned old shaller ditch
A moat, and talk of knight and squire and vassal—
I got more visitors than Chillingham Castle."

DCXCIX.

"At last I put a sign up in this mode—
"The monastery's the other side the road."
So now they go to look for it, of course,
Upon the parish common in the gore.
The waggoner says they have druv the game
Clear off the common. Well, I ain't to blame;
We often see 'em searchin' round about,
Dumbfounded 'cause they cannot find it out."

DCC.

Frank asked, "Have any relics been found there?"
The farmer answered, "Yes, some earthenware—
A jug; it had a long and narrer neck.
I wouldn't give 'em sixpence for a peck
Of such old stuff, and yet the feller prized
It just as if 'twas china. I'm surprised
At grown-up people making such a clatter
About old jugs no better than old platter."

DCCI.

Frank owned that this, of course, was quite annoying,
But sat appalled to hear sane men employing
Such names as "jugs" to antique Roman urns.
He said, as he addressed them each by turns,
"Those relics are of very ancient date,
And give us information of the state
Of progress current in the olden days,
And are instructive in a hundred ways."

DCCII.

The farmers looked across one to the other:
One answered, "Ha! I thought you was another
Of them who search the country through and through
For rubbish; haven't you nothing else to do
But rummagin' on other people's land;
A depredatin' round on every hand;
A trampin' down a guinea's worth of oats
For nothin'; callin' ditches ancient moats."

DCCIII.

The other one continued, "Farmer Dunn
Has gone and sent young John, his eldest son,
To college, though I told him that would spoil
The boy; such people never want to toil
Like honest men. I'll bet a sovereign that in
A year he'll come home full of French and Latin;
But that won't till a farm or judge a cow,
And doesn't help you much behind a plow."

DCCIV.

"How often I have heard my father say
That he and mother on a market-day
Would ride to market on the self-same horse:
And I, for one, don't think 'em any worse
For that; but now-a-days folks get so proud,
That such a sight would even draw a crowd.
I tell you what, these new ideas are wrong,
And folks will find it out, too, before long."

DCCV.

Frank saw "St. Martin's" Church, the oldest one
In England; then ascended the "Dane John,"
And having wrote his name upon it, then,
Like other people, he came down again.
Thus having seen all Canterbury's sights,
Including market-day and several fights,
He went back to the inn footsore and tired,
Ate supper, bade good night, and then retired.

DCCVI.

Next day he packed his travelling trunk, and then
Informed the landlord he would leave at ten,
And so to make the bill out and present it,
Which being done, the sturdy landlord sent it
To Frank in the bar-parlor by the maid,
Who deeply curtsied when the bill was paid,
Reminding him that usually she
Received from tourists "just a trifling fee."

DCCVII.

And then the waitress came and snuvelly said
That by the travelers she was always paid—
In fact that was a perquisite that she
Agreed to take as half her salary;
Frank paid her also with as good a grace
As possible, then turned to leave the place,
But, lo! the "boots" came, blacking-brush in hand,
His usual shilling also to demand.

DCCVIII.

The porter took the trunk and went with Frank,
Who, when they reached the station, turned to thank
Him for his trouble, but the porter turned
And said "that eighteen pence has been well earned,
But that's the regular price I charge, and so
I can't well ask you any more, although
(He wiped his forehead and removed his hat)
Some gentlemen will give me more than that."

DCCIX.

Frank said "You did not charge me when I came."
"But you must pay me now, sir, all the same,
For takin' travelers there the landlords pay
But never, sir, for takin' 'em away.
Still, if they didn't tell you so I'm willin',"
Replied the man, "to come down to a shillin'."
The train was coming in, there was no time
To argue, so Frank paid this further fine.

DCCX.

He bought his ticket (second class) and ran
To get his trunk put in the luggage van,
Then stepped into the carriage, took his seat,
Then looked at the cathedral, just to greet
It a parting glance and fond good-bye;
And when 'twas lost to view he breathed a sigh,
He closed his eyes and, being all alone,
He thought of childhood's scenes and chill home.

DCCXI.

How we love to look back to the days that are past;
O'er pleasure and joys our fond memories cast;
They were rare happy days if we only had known
How joyful they were, ere their presence had flown.

DCCXII.

As a free, happy child how I roamed through the fields,
My spirit drank in all the sweets nature yields;
Just as light as a feather my happy heart when
I wandered through woodland, the copse and the glen.

DCCXIII.

There's the old hollow ash where so often I sat
And shouted while gleefully waving my hat;
There's the narrow old path meandering on through the wood,
And the dear rustic gate where so often I stood.

DCCXIV.

I remember the spot where the arbutus grew,
The bank where the violets, white ones and blue,
Which so often I gathered; and this is the nook
Where young from the nests of the robins I took.

DCCXV.

Very sweet were those days that can never return,
To pass them again how our spirits do yearn,
Oh the present is sad when the memory's cast
To the exquisite joys of the years that are past.

DCCXVI.

The train passed Chillingham, Godmersham and Wye
At lightning speed it almost seemed to fly;
The winding river "Stour" (a narrow stream)
Was first quite close, then in the distance seen.
The moorhens on its surface swam about,
And leaped into the air the speckled trout;
Each hop garden a paradise of vines,
The tendrils curling up above the lines.

DCCXVII.

Frank noticed on the routes of railway trains
In Kent the similarity of names
Of various towns, as Ramsgate, Ponshurst, Margate,
Lenham, Sandhurst, Allington and Swargate,
Chartham, Chatham, Staplehurst and Kennington,
Mersham, Chillingham, Chislehurst and Lexington,
Marden, Snarnden, Shaddoehurst and Biddenden,
With Aldington and Bilsington and Bethersden.

DCCXVIII.

A traveler took his seat at Paddock Wood,
Whereon Frank asked politely if he could
This similarity of names explain,
He answered, "I don't know, they do the same
In the United States, for there one meets
In different towns the self same names of streets.
And though you visit twenty towns a day,
In every one you're sure to find "Broadway."

DCCXIX.

The train arrived at London, Frank stepped out,
Was told the New Cross Train would start about
The hour of four; he'd therefore have to wait
Another hour, and thereupon he sate
And read the paper in the waiting room,
Was soon accosted with "Good afternoon."
"Ha! how d'ye do?" said Frank, "I'm pleased to see
You, I was wishing some friend's company."

DCCXX.

This was a fellow-passenger of Frank's
Upon the ship Medea. He answered, "Thanks,
I'm well enough as far as one's health goes,
But otherwise, I'm sadly placed, God knows.
I'm very sorry, sorry that I ever came
Across the water, still I'm not to blame,
I could not then foresee my present fate,
Or I had never left my native State."

THE "WORLD'S" INSINCERITY.

In a lengthy editorial in last Sunday's issue of the *World*, an attempt was made to place Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony falsely before the public regarding their course toward Mrs. Fair, as well as to cast reproach upon the branch of the suffrage movement which they represent, by making the common but false idea of free love, of which it places Mrs. Fair as a representative, as the motive leading them to tender her their sympathy.

In the first place, no one should know better than the editor of the *World* that the case of Mrs. Fair has no relation to free love whatever, and in endeavoring to make them very nearly related the dishonesty of the whole article is clearly shown, and its force as an article entirely destroyed in the judgment of all who will give it proper consideration. If any pretend that Mrs. Fair's connection with Mr. Crittenden, culminating in his murder, was the result in any sense of free love upon her part, then such are utterly ignorant of the first principles of free love, and as incompetent to speak of the case as a child would be to engineer the construction of the proposed interoceanic ship canal. Instead of Mrs. Fair being a free lover, we proclaim that she was a complete representative of the spirit of the institution of legal marriage. She wanted to own and control Mr. Crittenden, whether he desired it or no. Is that free love? Not by any means. That is the love that would appropriate to sell the object of affection in the most selfish manner. It is that love which, rather than resign its object to go its way freely, takes vengeance into its own hands and slays. It is that love which cares nothing for the welfare and happiness of its object, so that its own selfish motives be gratified. It is that love which rather deserves the name of hate than that which, in its true sense, exists to bless its object by granting to it all it requires to make its measure of happiness full and complete.

In contradistinction to the *World's* definition and application of Free Love let us place that given it by that most respectable paper the *Woman's Journal*, which not even the *World* will charge as being tainted with what it denounces as so heretical, especially since the *Journal* has made such frantic efforts to show its skirts uncontaminated. Hear it:

The love that I cannot command is not mine; let me not disturb myself about it, nor attempt to filch it from the rightful owner. A heart that I supposed mine has drifted and gone. Shall I go in pursuit? Shall I forcibly capture the truant, and transfix it with the barb of my selfish affection, pin it to the wall of my chamber? God forbid! Rather let me leave my doors and windows open, intent only on living so nobly that the best cannot fail to be drawn to me by an irresistible attraction.

Compare this definition of Free Love with the facts of the Fair-Crittenden and the Halstead-Botts-Wilson cases, or with any others which have ever developed any of the awful casualties that arise from an effort to force love instead of permitting it to be free.

To the ignorant, to the stupid, and to the willful misrepresentors, who would saddle all the crimes of an undeveloped, compelling, selfish love upon the beautiful principle of Free Love, we would commend a careful comparison of these distinctions.

If anything else were wanting to convict the *World* of dishonest intentions it is to be found in its counter-statement of what free love is.

In one paragraph it says: "That phrase (free love) means freedom to love or to leave." This we accept, since if love have left the soul, the body should naturally follow whither it has gone. But when it says that Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton have "inextricably mixed suffrage and free love" by visiting and condoling with Mrs. Fair, and that "the woman killed him to vindicate the principle of free love," is it not clear that the case is thereby denominated a case of free love, which we have shown it is not in any sense?

It is not a little singular that the *World*, which is so generally consistent, fair and clear, should have fallen into such a muddle over free love, murder and woman suffrage.

How the *World* can assume to say that Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton "defend or excuse the crime of this woman" is inconceivable. Whatever may have been the antecedents of Mrs. Fair, or her relations with Mr. Crittenden, up to the hour of the murder, or whether to be approved or disapproved upon the principle of free love, there can be no sort of excuse for the killing. She did kill Crittenden, and if the jury, acting without other motive than justice, found that she was not insane at the time, then, if any murderers should be hanged, Mrs. Fair should be hanged. The question of capital punishment is not specially involved in this case, and the law should have its way the same as in any other case.

But what is involved in this case is the well-known fact that Mrs. Fair was convicted to satisfy the peculiar state of public opinion existent in San Francisco, and to guard the well-known antecedents of many of its representatives. Who can tell whether the majority, if not all, of that jury were at the time maintaining, or had at some time past maintained, similar relations with women that Crittenden sustained with Mrs. Crittenden and Mrs. Fair, and not to convict Mrs. Fair was to justify their own murder. In this view of the case, Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony would have shown themselves utterly unworthy to represent any reformatory cause whatever, to say nothing about the woman suffrage cause, had they not visited Mrs. Fair and done everything in their power to mitigate her unfortunate condition.

A LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN.

Madam, I do not say legend, but legend. Possibly there may be a legion of good women, but I have no legend of such. The truly good women, like the other angels from whom they take their name, are "few and far between." You may see these few in various walks of life, but if you seek conspicuous specimens, I point you to the platform of a woman's rights meeting. Nevertheless, one platform cannot hold them all; and you must go to several different meetings, and add up the sum total of the various representative characters, before you realize the full intellectual force of that sisterhood who constitute the stateswomen of our time.

Madam, I will name a few names. Lucretia Mott is the first in age, and the chief in honor. And where will you ever see a more benignant look than the serene expression which this venerable grandmother emits from within the neatest of Quaker caps? She probably made that cap herself. I say this because she is always busy with her needle—either knitting stockings, or sewing carpets, or mending boys' jackets, or making uncorrupted frills. Her public life has never interfered with her domestic duties. And the chief glory of her old age is that it furnishes a noble refutation that the maxim that reformers, as they grow in years, grow in conservatism. This far seeing and ever-learning teacher of her sex keeps even pace with the radical party on the political, social and religious questions of her time.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, or, as she is sometimes called, Susan B. Anthony, is a celebrated lady with snow-white and auburn hair, plump and slender figure, Grecian and Roman nose, and lives simultaneously in two houses—one at Tenafly, N. J., and the other at Rochester, N. Y. Indeed, Mrs. Stanton, or, to call her by her maiden name, Miss Anthony, is a ubiquitous personage, and not only attends all the woman's meetings wherever they are held, but also has been known on certain occasions to be writing the resolutions, and at the self-same moment to be delivering the speech in their support. It has been sometimes suspected that Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony are two distinct persons, united by a cartilage like the Siamese twins, but in the absence of any medical or other scientific proof of this hypothesis, I remain of the opinion that, like Liberty and Union, they are "one and inseparable."

Julia Ward Howe is a French and Italian lady who lives in Boston, and speaks English with an Emerson accent. She is a writer of battle hymns and an advocate of peace—of which latter she is also justice. She was once an opponent of woman's rights, but when she became convinced of the rightfulness of this great cause she gave her adhesion to it with a zeal and fidelity beyond praise. Neither handsome nor homely, she is nevertheless one of the most noticeable of conspicuous women. She is one of nature's gooseberries after it has passed from the acerbity of the berry to the pungency of the wine. She is an honor to her time and country.

Mary A. Livermore, the wife of a Universalist clergyman, has the happiness to be a preacher herself; and her speeches are solid, sensible and fervid. Moreover, she is the editor of *The Woman's Journal*. As an editorial writer she is argumentative and forcible, but her editorship is of second-rate consequence compared with her oratory. She is a born manager, understanding the fine art of manipulating both men and women; and accordingly she ought not only to vote but to be voted for. She would make an excellent Governor of Massachusetts, and if General Butler does not run next time, and on a woman's ticket, I hope she will be nominated. She is a little too much of a Republican to suit my cosmopolitan tastes; still, I don't think she would give up to party what was meant for womankind.

Laura Curtis Bullard, the editor of the *Revolution*, is now traveling in Europe, and has been regaling her readers at home with an almost uninterrupted series of editorial letters for several months past. She is one of the most accomplished of the many well educated ladies who constitute the flower of the suffrage movement. Beauty of person, richness of acquirements and refinement of manners are rarely all united in so eminent a degree as in this lovely lady. She seldom speaks in public further than to perform the unobsequious duties of a presiding officer, but she is an incessant and useful writer and one of the wisest and safest of counselors. She has the air of a princess, and her presence would grace the court of any of the countries through which she is now making her pleasurable pilgrimage.

Lucy Stone, the wife of Henry B. Blackwell, prefers (as I think you know) to call herself by her maiden, rather than by her married, name. Indeed, you may say she has no married name, for she protested before her wedding that her name should always remain simply Lucy Stone. I have thought this an error of judgment and taste on her part, but the affair is nobody's business except hers and her husband's, and I am perfectly satisfied with the arrangement. Many actresses and singers, on marrying, have retained their maiden names; and Lucy Stone, having won a wide reputation before her marriage, did not wish to part with so large a share of her nominal identity as she thought would follow the merging of this reputation in another name. Lady Lucy (and she is every inch a lady) has encountered a good deal of ugly criticism from the press by reason of her obstinate adherence to her maidenly title. But I believe most of her critics are now getting tired of calling her Mrs. Blackwell. At all events, madam, you and I will hold her in sufficient respect to speak of her by the name which she chooses to bear. She is so pleasant-voiced a woman that she would make any name sound well.

Ernestine L. Rose, who is now out of the country, is one of the ablest of female brains. Foreign by birth, and revealing her German extraction in her accent, she nevertheless speaks the English tongue with a rare force and eloquence, and handles her logic as deftly as her needle. Radical in her religious views—called by some an atheist, and by others an infidel—she has been considered as a dangerous character—a kind of Thomas Paine among her sisterhood. But as I am a believer in all honest religions, and have a profound reverence for all sincere souls, I have nothing to say against Mrs. Rose's infidelity, which is itself a religion, nor against her character, which, in spite of her own testimony to the contrary, I know to be thoroughly Christian.

Paulina Wright Davis, as I saw by the last *Golden Age*, has just been publishing a very radical letter on the social aspects of the woman question. This is just like her. She has always been just a little ahead of her time. She began to air her advanced doctrines many years ago, and ever since has been a consistent advocate of woman's social as well as civil enfranchisement. Do you know her by sight? She is a beautiful woman—her white hair covering her head like a crown of glory—and she looks enough like Elizabeth

Cady Stanton to be her twin. Indeed, madam, I believe that Mrs. Davis would have been Mrs. Stanton's twin if that geminal function had not accidentally devolved on Miss Anthony.

Victoria C. Woodhull is a younger heroine than most of the foregoing—having come into the cause after some of her elders had already become veterans. But her advocacy of woman's right to the ballot, as logically deduced from the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments, has given her a national notoriety. If the woman's movement has a Joan of Arc, it is this gentle but fiery genius. She is one of the most remarkable women of her time. Little understood by the public, she is denounced in the most outrageous manner by people who do not appreciate her moral worth. But her sincerity, her truthfulness, her uprightness, her true nobility of character are so well known to those who know her well, that she ranks, in the estimation of these, somewhat as St. Theresa does in the admiring thoughts of pious Catholics. She is a devotee—a religious enthusiast—a seer of visions—a devout communionist with the other world. She acts under spiritual influence, and, like St. Paul, is "not disobedient to the heavenly vision." Her bold social theories have startled many good souls, but anybody who on this account imagines her to stand below the whitest and purest of her sex will misplace a woman who in moral integrity rises to the full height of the highest.

Isabella Beecher Hooker, a sisterly confederate of Mrs. Woodhull, is rapidly earning the best reputation in the Beecher family. Her courageous—I will even say heroic—advocacy of woman's enfranchisement, including not merely woman's political but social freedom, is a new proof that a Calvinistic education, if once the soul which it narrows gets broadened, furnishes an intensity of moral conviction and enthusiasm which makes its possessor competent to perform great things. Mrs. Hooker is covering the State of Connecticut with suffrage tracts. Lyman Beecher wonders at her in his grave, and the living pulpit of Connecticut is doubtful whether her orthodoxy be wholly orthodox. But it is somewhat singular that Mrs. Stowe, who does not know Mrs. Woodhull, is writing furiously and unwarrantably against her in the *Christian Union*, while Mrs. Stowe's sister, who does know her, is acting bravely as Mrs. Woodhull's chief co-worker. When Isabella Beecher Hooker joined the woman's cause, she brought to it an army with banners; and I hope she will be able to do as much for woman as her sister did for the negro.

I might go on and mention other notabilities. The apostle whom I just quoted, you remember, made a high-sounding catalogue of the names of Gideon, Barak, Samson and others of whom the world was not worthy. In the same way I could put together, like a string of pearls, the names of twenty or thirty brave and noble women, scattered in all parts of the country, and variously laboring for the enfranchisement of their sex. The ladies who occupy the thrones of Europe are not the equals in brains with these and other women who figure at the principal Woman's Rights Conventions. Victoria herself is not more queenly, nor Eugenie more imperial, than some of these stately wives and mothers, whose names, passing beyond their own homes, have become household words throughout the land. These worthy folk have their faults—some of judgment, others of taste, others of ignorance and others of obstinacy. But if there be, as Dr. Johnson thought, "failings which lean to virtue's side," such are the foibles of these noble women whose utterances sometimes are rough, and whose actions occasionally are rash, but whose purposes are always as white as the light.

SLEEPY HOLLOW, June 20, 1871.

—Golden Age.

THE HON. JOHN MORRISSEY'S career, both in politics and other things, has always been distinguished for its squareness. He never sells a friend nor forgets a foe. There were a good many men in Congress whose hands, if not so strong, were not near so clean as those of the Honorable John. We rejoice to see merit recognized, especially in society. Social exclusiveness and illiberalism cloud honest merit, and keep many a good man and woman from the position to which their virtues and abilities entitle them. "Veni Vidi," the able fashion correspondent of the *World*, "the gentleman's paper" *par excellence*, gives the Honorable Mrs. John Morrissey place by the side of Mrs. August Belmont in the dress circles at Saratoga. This is sound democracy. The barriers of class prejudice and aristocratic distinctions cannot be maintained in American society. The sprightly daughters of Erin and the dark-eyed women of Israel can sympathize in a long career of suffering and oppression. We are glad when the ends of the earth meet and clasp their hands in fraternity. Jerusalem and the Ninth Ward, the king of finance and the beloved of the New York short-boys, come together. Long may they wave!

Our Society seems to be considerably agitated. We noticed recently that there had been a sale of the paper to Mr. Webb, and a second sale to General Ryan, of Cuban notoriety. It seems that this arrangement did not suit Mr. Taylor, agent of the Havana lottery, who, it is strange to say, was connected with General Ryan, a relation which the Spanish government cannot be supposed to have approved. During the absence of General Ryan a *posse*, supposed to be in the pay of Taylor, forcibly entered the publishing office of *Our Society* and abstracted the forms, which were just going to press, took them to another place, and after introducing an editorial notice that General Ryan had no connection with the paper, put them to press. The edition went to its regular distributors before General Ryan could stop it by legal means. However, he suppressed the sale of a large part of it, and now has two of the trespassers in the Tombs, with the prospect of getting them all there. We are not aware of the justice of this case, but presume a legal investigation will develop "the right."

THE Prince of Prussia, "our Fritz," is going to England. Some people say the Prince of Wales will not stay in London when "our Fritz" comes. The Prince is punctilious about family jars. And as Fritz bosses his Princess the Prince don't want to keep bad company. We hope we have said nothing libelous.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA HOUSE, CAPE MAY CITY, N. J.,
July 5, 1871.

MY DEAR MRS. WOODHULL: Just now raising my eyes to my window, I catch a glimpse of the yachts returning from the race postponed since yesterday. They look like a flock of swans sailing on the ocean, for at this distance it is impossible to distinguish their colors, or to realize the excitement that one feels should be the accompaniment of a race. The regatta was to have taken place yesterday; a fog so thick that you could almost cut it continued until midday, after which it partially lifted, greatly to the delight of thousands who had poured down from Philadelphia to celebrate the Fourth. However, they were doomed to disappointment, for "the powers that be," ordained a postponement, at which some knowing ones murmured, saying, "it was done in the interest of the New York Yacht Club," but be that as it may, the excursionists had to go back minus the nautical experience they were in search of. The Regatta Ball at the Stockton Hotel, came off last night as anticipated, and was quite a brilliant affair. The walls were decorated with the national colors, mingled with the different yacht flags, while two bands of music relieved each other throughout the evening. The night previous a grand reception hop was given to the New York Yacht Club at Congress Hall.

On this occasion the club was received by a committee of United States naval officers, and many distinguished citizens of Philadelphia. Generals Meade and Van Vliet, Commodore McNevis and Commodore Emmons and others. Conspicuous among them was Commodore Bennett. I myself was struck with his martial bearing, but heard an irreverent youth near me remark that he looked as though he had swallowed a ramrod. This certainly could not have been said of another member of the Yacht Club, whose name could not be learned, for he certainly swayed back and forth "like a big sunflower that nods," &c. At an early hour, however, he disappeared, and as he seemed to be the only one who had been doing the gay and festive to the destruction of his equilibrium, we must be content. Indeed, the constant presence of ladies in the offices of our great hotels is one of the signs of the times, and exerts a most refining influence upon the manners of the loungers. I can remember when a refined woman absolutely shrank from entering the hall where the desk stood, even to attend to her necessary business. Now, on the contrary, they congregate together and take their seats there in all our great places of resort. One of my first visits after my arrival was to the office of the *Ocean Wave*, where my eyes were refreshed with the sight of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, and my faith in the perfectability of human nature strengthened by a little conversation with the handsome and intelligent editor, who is a strong advocate of the rights of women. A vast amount of work is engineered in his snug little sanctum. A daily and weekly paper and all the local printing of the island, which at this season of the year is no small matter; the bills of fare of the great hotels being in themselves no small item, with their ever-recurring changes. I believe that Cape May is destined to be the sea-bathing resort of the Continent. The Stockton House furnishes all the luxuries and comforts of a first-class city hotel, and the introduction of gas into every room does away with that bugbear of country traveling, the kerosene lamp. The gentlemanly proprietor, Mr. Charles Duffy, is always on hand, and neglects nothing that could facilitate the enjoyment of his guests. Semi-weekly invitation hops are constantly bringing to the Stockton all the youth and beauty of the island. Two balls have been given since my arrival—one to the New Jersey Editorial Association, who made their fifteenth annual excursion to this place, and a Grand Regatta Reception Hop, which I described above. The bathing is glorious, the breakers dashing over one with a zest that knocks all the old worries out of them. At one place on the beach a pond has been made for the timid, which, filling up at high tide, and the water getting thoroughly heated by the sun, forms a most luxurious bath. An instance of the deductive character of the female mind asserted by Buckle recently presented itself to me. While looking at the prizes for the winning boats recently exhibited at the Stockton, not the least amusing feature of which was the different comments of the spectators, I heard a lady say: "Oh, I would rather have the 'Benson prize'" (a large chased silver bowl), "because you could use it for something; but what on earth could you do with those two boats?" (two elegant silver boats being offered for the sweepstakes). The other thought for a moment, when suddenly her countenance became irradiated with a smile of intelligence and she replied: "You could use them for cake baskets." This section of New Jersey is a rich agricultural district, and milk and butter, fresh fruits and vegetables are to be had in abundance on the spot, to say nothing of the luxuries of the sea. In my next letter I must tell you of the progress of the feeling in favor of female suffrage about here. Its growth is astonishing. Mrs. Griffith, at whose house I am, is one of the most wonderful instances of what a woman of energy can accomplish on record. Beginning under the most distressing circumstances, with three little children dependent upon her, she has by her unaided exertion bought and paid for the hotel and farm where she now resides. She manages her entire establishment herself. Recently, when disappointed in a cook, she served dinner for a hundred people, and an hour afterward was seen, as neat as a daisy,

driving her pair of horses along the beach. Some of her old *habitudes* tell me that during harvest she will go out into the fields, and load up her wheat and rye, to set an example to her men. However this may be, she certainly gives us plenty to eat and very well cooked; large, comfortable rooms, driving without extra charge, and other accommodations at one-half the price they generally ask, and is so kind and obliging that she deserves to make money. We heard that you were coming to Cape May this summer, and many longing eyes are cast New Yorkward waiting for your advent. Can't you come down, and stir up these careless thousands on the Fourteenth Amendment and other issues of the day.

EIZZU.

Note now the *Tribune's* unfairness to a fair opponent. Mrs. Davis writes of marriage as in many cases "a bondage worse than death," and of "enduring in it only such torture as a pure woman, a mother, can know." The *Tribune* replies that it "cannot understand her otherwise than as claiming for a wife the right to repudiate her marital obligations whenever she finds their fulfillment distasteful." Is it really so, Mr. *Tribune*? Are you so dull you "cannot understand" so plain a statement? Or are you so perverse that you can understand "torture" "worse than death" as simply "distasteful"? Then you should be recommended to give the subject "an understanding but no tongue" till you understand it better. What do you say of the *World* when it cannot understand the sledge-hammer of your tariff logic, and states your positions exactly as you did not write them?

"The real mischief," the *Tribune* thinks, "is the mistaken facility with which too many marry unworthily. They choose partners for life as lightly as they would choose partners for a dance." Well, now, dear *Tribune*, do tell us about that. Give us an essay on "What I know about courting!" How shall we diminish the facility? How shall we make it difficult to marry unworthily? What tariff shall we put on? How high shall we build the fences so we can't climb over into an unhappy marriage lot? With what formulas, incantations or solemnities shall marriage be approached? With what divinations, precautions and wooings shall each be enabled unmistakably to seek out the perfectly adapted other half of the pair? State for us the practical details, how not to do it. It is the negative we are after—how to embark for heaven and not arrive in hell.

Toward the middle of the present century a careful, cautious couple courted assiduously for five years and thought they knew and approved each other intimately well. They married. In two years they were mutually disgusted and in five years they separated. About the same time another pair, both under twenty, saw each other twice, ran away to get married, have celebrated their silver wedding and are living together happily to this day.

Seriously, Mr. *Tribune*, please give the subject a reconsideration and tell us whether you honestly and candidly believe there are any ante-nuptial foreseings, precautions or proceedings of any kind possible to be taken, that can be pointed out and prescribed by any wise man or woman, and that will guarantee happiness in even half the marriages that occur. If the medicine don't prove worse than the disease, the present writer knows of a few young people who would like to take it.

MOUNTAINEER.

BLUE RIDGE, N. C., July 8, 1871.

WE copy the following from the *Pioneer*, of San Francisco—Emily Pitt Stevens, editor and proprietor:

CHICAGO, May 4, 1871.

MRS. E. A. H. DEWOLF—Dear Madam: Your letter asking me to attend your May meeting is here. Thank you for the wish to see me there. Wish I could say "good evening," but I am packed and ticketed for New York; so, good worker, I will remember you the 18th, and send my blessing by "the Angel Post." If 3,000 miles divide our hands, hearts united we will send our petitions to the upper Court. In woman's name, in humanity's name, we will ask justice; simply "this and nothing more." Our prayers will prevail. If "God's mills grind slowly," they grind.

If you have need of cheer and strength, I ought surely to be ready to push my "pound," and to add the hopeful words that are in my heart and brain. I have a personal interest in the work you have in hand. I pay taxes in California. Your glorious sunset State is to be my future home. My wish is to be not only a resident, but a citizen of California. And I shall be. You, and such as you, will give me the blessing of citizenship. You, brave workers, will wear your laurel crowns, but the idler will reap where you have sown. I shall come in among the gleaners, and come rejoicing in your zeal.

We ought to help in the next Presidential election, and we should help but one thing—disunion. Victoria C. Woodhull, by some good chance, saw the way to the ballot-box. The door had been left ajar. She threw it open and said, "Let us go in." But, dear me! the little woman did not come in our name. She opened the gates with unanointed hands. So some (and these some our leaders) in the new movement refuse to accept the ballot based upon the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, simply because the grand discovery was not made in the right quarter. I wonder that some people do not refuse to drink from wells till assured they were sunk by Christian hands. Respectability and Christianity have a charming influence in this hap-hazard world, but we sorely need the genuine articles. Shams and mocks have had their day. Let them die. But in this new enterprise we cannot afford to throw a heretic overboard. We must broaden the platform and accept the aid of every helping hand, every earnest heart. Let cliques, creeds and reputations have a long dreamless sleep. Let us resolve, from this time on, to know first and last that we are on our way to the ballot-box, and go there.

Yours, truly,

H. F. M. BROWN.

The National Woman Suffrage Association held a meeting in this city on the 11th and 12th. Isabella Beecher Hooker was President. Among the speakers were Hon. A. G. Riddle, Lucretia Mott, Mrs. E. C. Stanton, Mrs. Middlebrook, Isabella Beecher Hooker, Josephine S. Griffling, Paulina Wright Davis, Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, one of the candidates for the next Presidency.

Mrs. Hooker has the Beecher zeal and the Beecher independence. Mrs. Woodhull has on her side will, youth, beauty and courage for any fate. Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony are picking up and packing for California. When you see them you will see two grand women. They have moved the world. See them, hear them and give them a cordial welcome to the sunset land.

Dear, sainted Lucretia Mott! The gates of heaven are ajar for her, but she waits to finish her work. There is pathos and power in her words. She seems like one armed with mercy and truth—one who walks the world the companion of sweet-voiced Charity.

The congregation at Apollo Hall were not a united band. Some there could not link hands with the unanointed. Mrs. Mott had listened to the resolutions at Steinway Hall. She had seen the war-cloud, and heard the mutterings of discontent at Apollo Hall. So, laying aside her Quaker bonnet, she came "to the front" and dealt hard blows with her two-edged peace-sword. She rebuked sham righteousness with true apostolic zeal, and her sweet words of hope, faith and courage fell upon our turbulent souls "with a touch of infinite calm."

Somebody has said, "There is no knowing what the Woodhull & Claflin firm will do next." It is even so. The last thing is the sending out of two new books. One is "The Origin, Tendencies and Principles of Government," by Victoria C. Woodhull; the other, "Equality a Right of Woman," by Jennie C. Claflin. Both books are well written, and both have a bombshell air. I wonder if these women really intend to turn the world upside down! What will they do next? Let us wait and watch—wait in patience, well believing that the human soul is in the All-God safely sheltered.

H. F. M. BROWN.

ELEANOR KIRK writes that "the great fight between freedom and slavery, between the bad and the bad, and the bad and the good, has now fairly begun, and the two cities of New York and Brooklyn are shaken to their foundation with accounts of liasons, infidelities and crimes, on the part of those who have not only professed better things, but who have persistently, year after year, sat in their own glass houses, and whacked away at their neighbors, with the most unblushing effrontery, and without a return shot. Now the hidden things are to be exposed, and the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah once more are convulsed with terror. By some this is called, 'The war of the Demi Monde!' It is this, probably, but it is also a great deal more. By many it is thought a fight by radicals for the establishment of socialism. It is this too, but this is not all. By others it is considered simply as the threats of bad men and women to cover up their own deviltries. There is not the slightest doubt but it has this element about it. These weapons are all to be used, because without them success would be impossible. Every ism under Heaven has brought its influence for good or bad, and the result is a mixture, out of which will probably result a more advanced, because a purer, civilization. Every good result is accomplished by storm, tempest and general upheaving! The earth must be plowed, and not unfrequently very deeply before it is ready for the seed; and this revolution may fitly be called the plowing of the nation."

"Men have got to walk up to the captain's office and settle their accounts. Those of them who have lived in lust and debauchery all the days of their lives, and have managed, on account of wealth and social position, to evade social responsibility, must now face the music. Men who have supported two or three families besides the one which the law of marriage required them to look out for, and have occupied front seats and filled deacons' positions in our churches, must stand from under. Their glass houses will soon be in fragments at their feet."

"I am tired to death of these oily faced, hypocritical, velvet-shod scamps who walk softly before the Lord all day Sunday, and then sneak out of a neighbor's back door, when the step of the owner of the mansion is heard ascending the front stoop. I hate women who cajole their foolishly fed husbands out of a pocket full of spending money in the morning, and as soon as their backs are turned harken to share it with those who haven't so many greenbacks, but are the possessors of all the love these wives are mistresses of. I hate all these things, but more than all do I hate the unwise legislation which makes such behavior necessary."

Commissioner Eaton has just returned to Washington from a tour of inspection among the public schools of the Southern States. His report is more favorable than there was reason to expect. It appears that Virginia leads all the States of the South in the facilities provided for education. She has set in operation 2,800 schools, one of which occupies Jeff Davis' former residence in Richmond. The principal of the Colored High School in Petersburg served during the war on General Lee's staff, and is now a zealous advocate of the free school system. The Superintendent of Education at Richmond was also an officer in the Confederate army. Here, by the way, are two notable examples for Mr. Davis to follow; he refuses to accept the situation—they not only accept it, but are sensible enough to assist in establishing the new order. Good sense and folly rarely come into sharper contrast. The educational work in Georgia, thus far, is simply preparatory, as the common school law was passed only at the last session of the Legislature; a State Superintendent has been appointed, and the schools will be opened next fall. In Mississippi there are 3,000 schools, and among the teachers are large numbers of ex-Confederate soldiers. In Texas the Legislature has passed a school law which contains a compulsory clause—the only enactment of the kind in the South. North Carolina makes a bad return, but in South Carolina and Alabama the prospect is good. The general result of the Commissioner's observations shows that the educational wants of the Southern States are fully recognized, and that the free school system, which has worked such wonders elsewhere, is to become an essential part of the permanent readjustment.

THE citizens of Buffalo are about to protest about the New York riots. Thanks. Perhaps they will kindly pay the New York taxes.

THE WEEKLY BULLETIN

OF THE

PANTARCHY.

"PINK AND WHITE TYRANNY"—MRS. STOWE—
MRS. LILLIE—FREE LOVE AND THE
COMPETENCY OF JUDGES.

"Pink and White Tyranny" is the name of one of the two new novels which Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has just been running serially and contemporaneously—and the first of the two to get itself completed and into book form. The sprightly *Evening Mail* gives us the following account of it:

It is a very effective protest—effective because so very entertaining that everybody will read it, and few can read it without profiting more or less by it—against the falsities and deceptions of fashionable society. John Seymour, one of nature's noblemen, from a Massachusetts town, is captivated by one of the reigning belles of Saratoga—who, by the way, was one of those who had been twenty for seven full years—on his first visit to that "rapid" village. Saratoga life is well portrayed by Mrs. Stowe—its miserable gossip and all its pretty pettiness. A halo of imagination on the part of simple but manly John surrounds her doll-like beauty till after marriage, when little by little the hard discovery is forced upon him that he has not married a helpmeet, but a troublesome plaything, "a deception," moreover, "and a snare." Lillie sets everything by the ears in his old home, flirts to Newport and New York, attempts a *liaison* with an old flame, who happily comes to his common senses in the nick of time, and reads Mrs. Lillie a brotherly lecture—which she sadly needs—and otherwise shows her sorrowing husband (and sympathizing readers) what a terrible thing it is to be under that heartless tyranny of a pink and white complexion. Incidentally Mrs. Stowe improves many opportunities to point a moral and to adorn her tale, etc.

The *Mail's* notice ends by a single extract which it calls the moral of the book, and which is this:

Well, then, it has been very surprising to us to see in these our times that some people, who really at heart have the interest of women upon their minds, have been so short-sighted and reckless as to clamor for an easy dissolution of the marriage contract, as a means of righting their wrongs. Is it possible that they do not see that this is a liberty which, once granted, would always tell against the weaker sex? If the woman who finds that she has made a mistake, and married a man unkind or uncongenial, may, on the discovery of it, leave him, and seek her fortune with another, so also may a man. And what will become of women like Lillie, when the first gilding begins to wear off, if the men who have taken them shall be at liberty to cast them off and seek others? Have we not enough now of miserable, broken-winged butterflies, that sink down, down into the mud of the street? But are women reformers going to clamor for having every woman turned out helpless, when the man who has married her, and made her a mother, discovers that she has not the power to interest him, and to help his higher spiritual development? It was because women are helpless and weak, and because Christ was her great Protector, that He made the law of marriage irrevocable: "Whosoever putteth away his wife causeth her to commit adultery." If the sacredness of the marriage contract did not hold, if the Church and all good men and all good women did not uphold it with their might and main, it is easy to see where the career of many women like Lillie would end. Men have the power to reflect before the choice is made; and that is the only proper time for reflection. But, when once marriage is made and consummated, it should be as fixed a fact as the laws of nature. And they who suffer under its stringency should suffer as those who endure for the public good. "He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not, he shall enter into the tabernacle of the Lord."

The tone of this moral by Mrs. Stowe marks an epoch. For the first time, almost, in the literature of the subject, on the side of the defense of marriage, it is admitted herein by Mrs. Stowe that those who would relax or abolish legal marriage may be, and sometimes are, really the friends of woman and of humanity; in other words, that they are or may be good and benevolent people—as good and benevolent, perhaps, as she herself. Thank you, ma'am. "Smallest favors thankfully received, and larger ones in proportion."

The larger favor would be to admit that people as good as herself may also know as much as herself about a subject to which, perhaps, they have devoted a lifetime of investigation and earnest reflection, and to which, very probably, she never gave half an hour's serious and impartial consideration, in the whole course of her lifetime. She may live long enough, yet, to come, some day, to that conclusion, and to be willing to do, not a favor, large or small, but simple justice. She may even learn modesty and decency in the discussion of great moral and social questions; for she shows already an aptitude to improve.

Really, Mrs. Stowe, with others like her, does not mean to be impudent, arrogant and insulting, not merely to people as good, but to far better people than herself, and equally wiser than herself. She is quite unconscious, I have no doubt that she is all this, and that she renders herself simply ridiculous in the eyes of such, when she, with her pretty self-confidence and shallow ignorance, talks of their being "short sighted and reckless."

If anybody has a right to take this matter to themselves, probably I have; and as Mrs. Stowe says, therefore, to me personally, by implication, "I am prudent and well-informed and wise on this subject, and you are stupidly unwise and thoughtless (though I now admit you may be good in your intentions)"—thank you, ma'am, again, I take the opportunity to tell her, without any implication, that I am a thousand times more cautious and prudent than she ever dreamed of being; that I know more on this subject of marriage, of the

role it has played and is playing in the evolution of humanity, and of its destiny in the future, and of what prudence demands of society in relation to it, in any one hour of my waking thoughtfulness, than she has hitherto known from the cradle upward. I say to her that I am her legitimate master and teacher on that whole matter; and that when she gets wise enough to know that she can't afford such expensive luxuries as prejudices, she will come to me to be taught. She is not altogether a fool, and as she has entered now very slightly upon some course of thinking on this complex and important subject, she is sure in the end to come through to the perception, which is now so obvious to me and those around me, that she needs to be instructed. The poor, ignorant, untaught child! She fancies that she really knows something of what she is talking about! But it is a great matter to know something about anything; it is a very cheap affair to have opinions, and a very common affair to mistake first blush and prejudiced opinions for knowledge, and to set them up against the knowledge of those who have investigated and do really know something on the given subject. And, again, experts, those who do really know, on any subject can detect, on the instant, the ignorant pretensions and the absurd innocence of their own ignorance, on the part of those who have never given the necessary investigation or had the necessary experience.

To know anything on a great subject accurately, implies candor impartiality, opportunity, courage, tenacity, laborious research, and, if the results learned be unpopular, the spirit of martyrdom, an utter religious consecration and devotion to the truth for the truth's sake, to promulgate them. To a person conscious of having all this, and after years of testing in every emergency, the flippant criticism of a green girl who mistakes ripened and long-headed wisdom for "short-sightedness and recklessness" is too funny to be seriously annoying. It is not, therefore, from any irritation that I write these words; but simply out of my goodness of heart, which is now graciously admitted, to give Mrs. Stowe and others of that ilk, gratis, this first lesson in their needed course of instruction.

In respect to sciences more long-settled than sociology, sensible people guard themselves against such ridiculous exposures of their own ignorance as Mrs. Stowe is making. In the presence of an experienced chemist she would probably, herself, have mother wit and tact enough not to put forth her opinions upon a purely chemical question as against his positive knowledge; and yet for her to do so would not be one whit more absurd than for her to put forth opinions upon the results of the abolishment of marriage in a highly civilized community and in an orderly way, in my presence. She has only the one thing to do in the case, which is to ask questions, and learn; to begin to come to school; to study the rudiments of the great rising social science, the last and most complicated of the sciences.

As I pass Fulton Ferry and look at the two little piles of stone rising at the water's edge on the two sides, as the abutments of the East River Bridge, which is to be, and then at the immense expanse of water between them, over which it is proposed to stretch a single span; and when I reflect on the raging of the tide and waves beneath, and on the tunnel which the trough of the river makes, at that point, for the winds above, and on the immense surface necessary to be exposed to this strong current of wind by the bridge, and on the leverage tending to twist the holdings of the bridge at the abutments, I have in my ignorant, foolish heart—ignorant as to heart and head on that subject—the same silly criticism on the projectors of the bridge which Mrs. Stowe makes on the projectors of a better order of society in freedom. I, too, am tempted to say that the projectors and engineers of that work must be "short-sighted and reckless." But I have more cunning than Mrs. Stowe, and I repress the temptation, and keep still, and don't make myself ridiculous. And then, again, I reflect that these engineers are educated in their business, and know a thousand times better than I what can be and what cannot be effected in their line; and that they have spanned the Niagara, the Mississippi at St. Louis, and the Ohio at Cincinnati, and that they probably know what they are about.

I have been told a thousand times in Louisiana and Mississippi, under the old slavery regime, by people just as sincere and just as silly as Mrs. Stowe, that negroes could only be civilized and made to work as slaves and by the aid of the whip, and the experience of the whole continent of Africa was cited on me, to prove that they would not work without these appliances; but I knew that I had seen negroes working at the North just as industriously as white men, under merely the stimulus of kind treatment and good wages. Hence the experience of the continent of Africa, granting it to be all they said it was, went for nothing with me. I would go, not back of slavery, to Africa, but forward of it, to freedom in a free country.

I have been told a thousand times in France and Spain, or by French men and women and Spanish men and women, that the two sexes cannot be educated with safety to their morals in the same schools; that boys and girls and young men and women, if together unwatched, will inevitably do wrong. A young Senorita in Havana inquired if it were true, as she had heard, that young women in the United States were allowed to walk out and go to church and elsewhere with young men, and without their mammas or any elderly female with them? On being answered that it was true, she asked again, eagerly, "And do they keep their virtue when they are not watched at all?" "Oh, yes, of

course," was the reply. "Well, I wouldn't," said the young Spanish miss, with a scornful toss of the head. "I wouldn't even try to, if my parents wouldn't watch me."

But when I have heard these statements, grounded in the experience of whole nations through centuries, I have simply known, as Mrs. Stowe well knows, that all the youth of New England of the two sexes have been educated in the same schools, have associated freely with each other, and have even sparked and courted the long nights through, and with a far higher degree, both before and after marriage, of what is called female virtue, than is attained in the south of Europe by their system of parental espionage. I have been compelled, therefore, to pity the ignorance of those prisoner-keeping mammas, burdened with the hourly consciousness of danger to their daughters, not only from their helplessness to protect their own honor, but from their cultivated propensity not to do so, the moment they were not watched.

But I have found it just as impossible to convey to these mammas or daughters an idea of how it was possible that young women should be self-respecting enough for self-protection in the midst of opportunity and temptation, as it will be, doubtless, to convey to Mrs. Stowe an appreciation that men would be far more truly bound to the protection and honorable treatment of women, in entire freedom, than they are when watched over by the law, and a false and factitious, or legal conscience built up in the place of a true manly character.

Mrs. Stowe knows how easy it is to vitiate the conscience in this manner by laws and a legalized public opinion, and she knows, as I do, that a Southern planter would be tender and loving to his white daughter, born in wedlock, and utterly cruel and heartless to his colored daughter born of a slave woman; and if she will look she will see the same result of the artificial line between legitimacy and bastardy among us. It is not the natural tie of fatherhood which men respect, but the legal status of the child; and this artificial line demands loving kindness on the one side of it and justifies neglectful cruelty on the other.

Now I know that in true freedom, with high civilization and an organized public opinion in that behalf, the tendency of all men to be affectionate, brotherly and protective to all women will be a hundred times greater than it can ever be made by compulsory laws or the dogging at their heels of the constable. Shame on you, Mrs. Stowe, that you would ever appeal to the outside force of the law to compel a reluctant man to perform the natural duties of love; or that you think so meanly of your sisters as to suppose that they must do it. Shame on you that you would think it ever possible to accept or endure, or that they should accept or endure, attentions of this sacred character which were not freely and lovingly bestowed. How benighted, and filthy even, must be your imagination of the true nature of the divine relation between the sexes, when you can condescend so to degrade it. There is no other possible conception of purity than that of Free Love. It is the lack of all spiritual conception of what love means that translates, in the thoughts of so many, these two most beautiful words of any language, Freedom and Love, into something hateful and impure. The impurity is in the minds and souls, and often in the lives of those who thus render the language of heaven into the vernacular of hell, or if not in their own lives in the lives of their children. Whosoever rails, or sneers, or leers at the term Free Love, as if it were bad, unavails to the clear vision of all who know the truth the essential debauchery of their own thoughts. It is the story over again of the Havana girl, who, if she were not watched, would not even try to be virtuous. They reveal to the elevated and pure-minded Free Lover that their whole idea of purity is merely the legal idea—nothing whatever in their own souls. Judged by the high moral standard of Christ, that adultery may consist in the mere thought of evil, every man who believes that free love is naturally licentious is self-convicted of being a whoremonger, and every woman who believes it is self-convicted of being a strumpet.

But this truth cannot be communicated to those who are not grown to the understanding of it. I pitied the false reasoning of the slaveholder on labor, but I could not make him comprehend me; I pitied the ignorant assurance of the French mothers against the possibility of the virtue of the youth of their own sex, but I could not make them comprehend me; and I pity the equally lamentable darkness of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe on the subject of purity, but I have small hope that it will be possible to make her comprehend me.

"Is it possible that they do not see," says Mrs. Stowe, "that this is a liberty which once granted would always tell against the weaker sex [party?]." That is the first effect of every kind of liberty. This is the old objection to liberty. Free competition works always against the weaker party—directly; but it conducts to accumulate wealth, to provisions for those who are driven to the wall; and finally to associated industry in which the weak are cared for in a better way. The remedy against the evils of free competition is clearly not in the maintenance of the old monopolies, but in the secondary and self-adjusting potencies of freedom itself.

Undoubtedly in freedom there will be the struggle for life, renewed on a new level. Undoubtedly certain sorts of weakness will go to the wall or be borne under and extinguished.

"What," Mrs. Stowe exclaims, "will become of women like Lillie?" Sure enough. She was, it seems, a fraud, got

up out of our present marriage system, not a "helpmeet" to anybody, but a "deception" and a "snare" for the express purpose of entrapping, in this case, a noble man into an oath-bound surrender of all his manhood, an utter destruction of all his hopes of happiness, and of his higher usefulness in the world.

But, says, Mrs. Stowe, "they who suffer under this stringency should suffer as those who endure for the public good." Indeed! and for what public good? Why, she has told us. The taking care of such women as Mrs. Lillie and continuing the breed; for, else, what would become of them? And does Mrs. Stowe really believe it so important to conserve this type of womanhood, that regiments of martyrs should be sacrificed on the matrimonial altar for that end. I will tell you what would become of her and her sort if there were no marriage. They would be driven to become women; to cultivate some other qualities by which to attract and hold men in loyal allegiance to their womanly characters, than their pink and white complexions. And so of the "broken-winged butterflies" a stage lower. They, too, are the legitimate sediment of the marriage system; the "free niggers" of our social slavery. In freedom they, too, would be absorbed into the body of respectable society, and given womanly and worthy aims. But the subject spreads out before us, and I must stop for the moment.

And this screed of Mrs. Stowe, Major Bundy, of that respectable and semi-religious newspaper, the *Mail*, praises as an admirable and instructive moral. Bah! who is not sick of the superficial and canting moralism of our rotten civilization.

I have spoken with some freedom to Mrs. Stowe; some people may think too much so. But, no! I have not told her half the truth that she needs to hear. She must charge it to my timidity that I have said so little. When I grow more familiar with her, I will mention to her some other little absurdities that she is committing, in venturing to have opinions upon a subject that she does not understand, and has hardly yet begun to investigate. This first lesson for her is that there are some people that have no right to have opinions upon some subjects.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

ABRIDGED DEMONSTRATION OF THE TRUE BEGINNING POINT OF UNIVERSOLOGY.

BY STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

1. A science is the orderly arrangement in the mind of the facts and the underlying laws of the facts of the whole or of some department of the universe.

2. Every department of the universe, or, in other words, every domain of being, has, either discovered or undiscovered, a corresponding science, and, *vice versa*, every science answers to a corresponding department of the universe, or particular domain of being—except universoLOGY, which has a double aspect. In the first of these aspects it answers, not like the known special sciences to a single domain, but to the universe as a whole, including all its domains and their details down to the least particular. In this aspect universoLOGY embraces all other sciences, and is itself the one and only science of which the so-called sciences are merely branches.

But in the second and more especial and more appropriate aspect of the subject, UniversoLOGY is the science of those *Universal Laws of Being* which underlie all other sciences, but which, when considered only in their generality, furnish, themselves, a *special domain*, the core or centre, as it were, from which the *Laws governing the special sciences* radiate or take their departure.

By departments of the Universe or domain of Being is meant those divisions of Being which naturally furnish the different sciences or Departments of Science. This Number furnishes the Science of the Abstract Mathematics, including Arithmetic and Algebra. Form as to its measurement furnishes the Science of Geometry; animal life the Science of Zoology; the human mind the Science of Psychology, &c., &c. Number, Form, Animal Life and Human Mind and other similar divisions of Being furnishing separate sciences, are therefore often alluded to, in the technicalities of UniversoLOGY, as Departments of the Universe or Domains of Being.

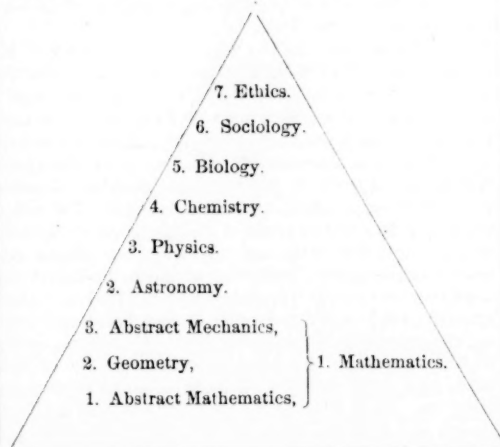
3. The different domains of Being, and consequently the different sciences which reflect and represent them, are, like all things else, some of them more simple and Elementary, and others more Complex. The Simpler and more Elementary may be conceived of as lying at or near the basis of a pyramid of the Sciences, and the more Complex (which are at the same time less extensive) as lying at or near the apex of such pyramid.

This ascension of the sciences in a scale of increasing complexity and dignity is also denominated the Hierarchy of the sciences (literally the priestly or sacred scale of Government or rank, but in a general sense), a term applicable to any Scheme of Ascending or Descending dignity.

4. The most simple and elementary of the sciences is the abstract mathematics or the science of number, which lies, therefore, at the base of the pyramid (we except the metaphysics, which are the domain of philosophy as distinguished from the sciences more strictly so called, which are then denominated the positive sciences). The position of

metaphysics in respect to the total science of the universe will be elsewhere indicated.

For a complete scientific demonstration of this fundamental position, viz., that the abstract mathematics are the most simple and basic and consequently the most elementary of the positive sciences, see Comte's Positive Philosophy, in which he has established, in an outline way and with proximate accuracy, the natural Hierarchy of the sciences. The ascension and rank of the seven great natural sciences primarily discriminated by him may be exhibited diagrammatically by reference to the pyramidal figure below:



As each science represents a department of the universe, so universoLOGY, in its larger sense, extends to the totality of all the Domains and sciences, and is represented with proximate accuracy by the whole diagram and scale, including all the subsciences.

Again, to constitute a science, it is necessary to get down to its most simple and elementary truths, and to proceed from them upward and forward to all the necessary consequences of those truths or laws. To constitute a science of the Universe, it is necessary, then, to descend to the simplest and most elementary of the special sciences, which, as has been shown, is the science of number, and then to those first truths or primordial laws which are most basic and simple and elementary within that most basic or fundamental of the sciences—the *Logic or Metaphysics of the Mathematics*—and then to proceed from them upward and forward and outward, deductively and consecutively, to the complete constitution of the Universal Science in question.

5. It is therefore demonstrated that the true beginning point for a Science of the Universe must be sought for within the domain of Number and of the *Abstract Metaphysics of Number*.

6. But more in detail it is also demonstrated by the application of the same principles of inquiry, that this beginning point of a Science of the Universe must be sought not only in the Mathematical Domain but within that which is most Elementary within this domain, viz.: the Abstract Mathematics or Pure Number. It conducts again to the Numerical Series or the mere count of numbers, from One up to Infinity, as the Elementary Basis of the Mathematics themselves, and confines our search for the beginning point of the Science of the Universe within this restricted and narrower domain.

7. Finally, by the application of the same law of inquiry we must look for the point sought for in that which is most basic and simple and Elementary within this narrower domain, the Numerical Series or mere Count of Number. This conducts us directly to the Number ONE, the head of the series, and the simplest of all numbers, and to its Counterpart, the Number TWO, the first plural number and the head of all Plurality, or the representative of all the numbers higher than itself.

The Number ONE, thus demonstrated to be the beginning point or the first of the rudiments or simple elements of the whole world of Positive Sciences, must furnish, therefore, of necessity (by the logical or metaphysical expansion of its Spirit), the First Universal Principle of all Science; and, Science being merely a Reflect of the Universe, must furnish, likewise, the First Universal Principle of the total Universe of Matter and Mind.

The Number TWO, thus demonstrated to be the Second of the Rudiments or Simple Elements (in their natural order) of the whole world of Positive Science, must furnish, therefore, of necessity, the Second or Corresponding Counterparting Antagonistic but Co-operative Principle of a Science, and Science being merely a Reflect of the Universe, must furnish, likewise, the Second Universal Principle of the total Universe of Matter and Mind.

Finally, the Number THREE, as the Continent or Container of the ONE and the TWO in a new and conjoint or blended Unity, must of necessity furnish a Third Composite Universal Principle; and, Science being merely a Reflect of the Universe, must consequently furnish a Universal Principle of the same character for the total Universe of Matter and Mind.

8. The Principles so furnished are denominated in their definitions the Spirit of the Numbers, ONE, TWO and THREE.

9. The Spirit of the Number ONE is what is denominated *UNITY*, the Spirit of the Number TWO is *DUALISM*, and the Spirit of the New Conjunction of ONE and TWO in the THREE is what is denominated *TRINITY*.

THE NEW YORK *Standard*, in an editorial article, a few days since, published what, if carried out to its logical sequence, furnishes one of the most powerful arguments against the compulsory cohabitation of men and women, without regard to their physical or moral fitness for the relation, which we remember to have seen in any paper not openly proclaiming its hostility to the marriage institution as it now exists. That the writer is a radical thinker, and understands full well that he is stabbing at the very heart of marriage, we make no manner of doubt; and that he does not boldly proclaim the remedy for the evil of which he writes, is to be attributed to the necessity he is under of appearing to be conservative. We feel no such restraint, and, while thanking the *Standard* that it has done so much, we go further, and in considering the cause, discover the cure for the curse, the existence of which it has so truthfully pointed out.

We quote the article without omission, merely italicising those portions to which we desire to direct special attention:

"IMPOSSIBLE GRATITUDE.—There are people who can never be brought to acknowledge that they are grateful for having been brought into existence. Other thanksgivings of the prayer-book they can fall in with—not with that. And, setting aside the obligation which religion imposes, we do not see that they are so very much to blame, since, not to utter a truism that is as old as Solomon, the pains of life are in the majority of cases more than a balance to its satisfaction. But there is a certain class of people with whom it is impossible not to cordially and spontaneously sympathize, not only in their lack of joy in living, but also in their want of gratitude to the beings to whom they are immediately indebted for birth. Filial gratitude, the love of one's parents because they are one's parents, is a doctrine preached from the pulpit until it has grown trite. That it also contains a truth may be taken for granted by the obedience that, in the great majority of cases, is granted to it all the world over. But every now and then occurs the exception, the born sufferer, the inheritor of taints that survive through generations, who points to his disease-scorched form and asks, with passion-gleaming eye, whether you bid him be thankful to the human beings—beings gifted with heart and reason—who gave him that as a birthright, and brought him into the world with virulent ingredients seething within him.

A healthy-souled and healthy-bodied man hesitates before replying. The stirrings of passion, the impulses of love, are plainly no excuse for the marriage of a man and a woman who are not physically fitted to bring sound children into being. The subject is a delicate one—so delicate that it should frequently and emphatically and intelligently be spoken of, with a bold purity which, conscious of the integrity of its intention, has no need of blushing. That child has especial call for overwhelming gratitude and love whose parents remained habitually true to their own bodies and souls years before they gave it being. How many parents do this? How many young men and young women—ay! how many mature men and women, and old men and women, rush into marriage with as little apparent forethought as though children were the accidents and the exceptions to married life, and not the natural and usual results?

Other things being equal, if a man and woman love one another, marriage is noble and good, only on condition that they are fitted to bring into the world sound and healthy children. Many a child whose life has been one long misery has reason to curse that short-lived passion of its parents which, in uniting them, bestowed existence upon him. A community of old bachelors and old maids, who have kept themselves so for the sake of the children that they might have had, would be an infinitely pleasanter, purer and happier spectacle than that of distempered parents vainly looking, for that filial gratitude from their off-spring which an inherited curse renders it unnatural and impossible for them to give.

The great end and purpose of sex is reproduction; for that men and women are; for that they live and marry. It is the highest duty imposed by God and nature upon the race. We assert that to bring into the world a human being physically or morally diseased, is a greater crime than it is to take a life. The first duty of the human race is to learn what conditions are most favorable to the production of noble, healthful children. Propagation by base, vicious, enfeebled or diseased men and women is criminal. Where is the remedy? Legislation is powerless to punish it. The people must be taught to understand the moral and physiological laws of their being, and to recognize the duty they owe to posterity. But above all, WOMEN MUST BE FREE. There is no truth greater, no demand more urgent, than that "EVERY WOMAN SHOULD HAVE THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE THE FATHER OF HER CHILD." What a terrible curse is that legalized prostitution which forces the wife to bear children to the husband whom she no longer loves, or whom she knows to be unfit, by reason of moral or physical imperfection, to become a father. Equally a curse is that law which says to the husband of an enfeebled or uncongenial wife, "thou shalt have no children except by her."

What free, educated woman would choose to bear children to any but a noble, vigorous, healthy man? Nature is unerring in her dictations. Every such woman would be filled with disgust at the approach, sexually, of a diseased or imperfect man.

By reason of their rapidly enlarging sphere of action, women are becoming more and more independent of marriage as a means of obtaining food and lodging. It only remains to abolish legalized and compulsory prostitution, at the same time educating our young women into a knowledge of themselves and the natural laws which govern them and their offspring, instead of their being kept in ignorance, or left a prey to morbid imaginings and desires, as they are now, and in three generations the civilized world would see a race of men such as have never existed. To the physical grandeur of the Spartans would be added the intellectual and moral culture of the twentieth century. It is only by freeing woman and teaching her to know herself that the present physical determination of the race can be checked.

All minor considerations pale into insignificance as compared to this.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER, OR THE BIBLE IN THE ROLE OF THE OLD MYTHOLOGY.

BY C. B. P. NO. 17.

There was ample room and verge enough within the cloudy folds of the old skies to play all sorts of fantastic tricks before high heaven, and above and below the firmament the angels might weep or their eyes be dry. Seven times might pass over them in the fat and lean kine, and like Nebuchadnezzar they might eat grass as oxen in the green and in the dry, sipping the mountain dew and feathering themselves like eagles among "the high-ones on high." The clothes waxed not old nor the shoe upon the foot.

The old cloth stretched might cover all the new —
The revamp seen to be the same old shoe,
Whether at Rath or over Edom cast,
It has the fashion of old Jacob's last.

In Indian mythology sometimes the wind in the sky is "as an old woman covers herself with clothes." David, however, sought the warmer clothing of the virgin as she hovered on wing along the wastes of Israel.

Glorious were the ancient poets in the scope of their soul-wings when they gathered all the birds that fly in the midst of heaven as a hen gathereth her chickens. How delicious were their visions of the cloud-maidens, brides of the gods, and navigators of the celestial sea. How in the white clouds appeared the saints in pure linen, clean and white. How gloriously in the golden fleece the Lamb and his wife put in an appearance, and how the navigators of the celestial sea took the wings of the morning and flew to the uttermost parts thereof. How the cherubim with their wings flapped the sky, and thoroughly purged its floor, while the devil, as prince of the air, set up his own machine upon the sheeling hills to raise a breeze without soliciting it by prayer.

From the primary, secondary and tertiary strata of ancient fossildom, we have our religious creeds—cobble-stones cemented into pudding-rock, with petrifications of wood, bay, stubble, etc. From this *omnium gatherum* we have in nursery tales what Muller would call the "detritus of an ancient mythology," though he would make the application somewhat outside the Biblical "detritus." Nevertheless, he finds in Christian nursery stories that some of the principal heroes bear the nick-names of old heathen gods; and that in spite of the powerful dilution produced by the admixtures of Christian ideas, the old heaven of heathendom can still be discovered in many of the stories now innocently told by German nurses of saints, apostles and the virgin Mary.

Be it even so—our own New England Mother Goose is nothing behind the chiefest of German nurses in supplying milk for babies. She can trace her ancestry to the ancient days before Abraham was, and was with Adam and Eve in the garden. As a venerable mother in Israel, her Biblical stories are equal to any found in the Orient. She, too, like the God of Israel, was from the way of the East, and like the cows of India, or like the milch kine that carried a trespass offering on a new cart to the God of Israel, her own cow jumped over the moon, or when she wanted to wander, she rode through the air on a very fine gander. It would have been a rare sight to have seen her salute the Prince of the air, Elijah in the whirlwind, and the kicking Jeshurun in excellency on the sky. Did she, like Job, hesitate to kiss her hand to the Sun, or to the moon walking in brightness, when her cow made the famous jump? Did she see the dragon, with a third part of heaven's stars in his train, waging impious war in heaven against Michael for the body of Moses? and did she see where the Lord buried Moses, whose sepulchre no man knoweth even unto this day? Did she meet the woman flying with the two wings of a great eagle to a place prepared of God? Say, Mother Goose, in your own wanderings, did you anywhere cross the track of the children of Israel, in their wanderings of forty years, in clothes that waxed not old, and in shoes that shined as good as new, though "hoofing it" through tangled juniper beds of reeds, through many a fen where the serpent feeds, and man never trod before, thus proving that there is nothing like leather? And say, too, did you meet that same old serpent called the Devil and Satan, who, with the Virgin of Israel, brought death into the world, and all our woe with loss of Eden, for seeking to be wise above what was written, by penetrating into dark corners and disemboweling sacred mysteries, eating of the Tree of Knowledge, whose fruit turned to ashes like to the apples on the Dead Sea shore? Did you know your first mother, and did she know you were out gathering materials for the Word? Did you speak right out in meeting to Eve? or did you keep silent in the church, and ask of your husband at home? he being infallible, as not being first in the transgression, and you being able to be saved only in a large brood of goslings?

Like that old woman who lived in a shoe,
With more of children than she could well do.

Says Muller—"The introduction of animals, speaking and acting the part of human beings, was here considered as an original thought of the Greek and Teutonic tribes. We now find the same kind of animal fables among the Lubus, and Dr. Black has actually discovered among the Hottentots traces of the story of Reynard the Fox." On Biblical ground, we know how the serpent, subtlest beast of all the field, talked to Eve, and instead of going up had to go upon his belly—how Balaam's ass spake the word, and many other ways it could be spoken by the mouth of God. "Day unto

day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge"—nor did the Dragon have any lack of speech when setting his squadron in the field. According to the "Book of Jasher" all the animals in the Ark spake with most miraculous organ as the spirit gave them utterance, making loud complaint that they were so cooped in the Ark, and tossed about like pottage in a caldron. St. John's heart praised God day and night as the Almighty which was, and is, and is to come. Animals, angels, ministers of flaming fire, whether single or compounded in the cherubim, or in the signs of sun, moon and stars, had the gift of tongues, and the voices from heaven spoke in manifestation of the spirit for every one to profit withal.

Sad to think that "the dire snake into fraud led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree of prohibition, root of all our wo." Alas! what shall we do to be saved from such a *morsus diaboli*? or serpent's bite? "Earth felt the wound; and nature from her seat, sighing through all her works, gave signs of wo that all was lost." Alack-a-day—a cloudy day was this of the Lord, or Devil, for the Shekinah departed for a season, or abode in the thick darkness. The veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake and the rocks rent. Mount Seir blasphemed against the mountains of Israel, the Lord being there and heard all the blasphemies, as per Ezekiel. Alas! when the Ark is full of lamenting, or men, beasts and creeping things dancing to the piping of the sea, and the mountains blaspheming in the midst, it would seem but of little use to take to the woods as a mode of salvation from the primaries. As in Adam all die on the other side of the flood, so only enough can be saved by the Ark for seed time and harvest, the bow in the cloud being the sign of the good time coming.

Jaccoliot has disemboweled the more ancient myth of Adam and Eve and of Jesus Christna. By this late searcher into secret things, it would appear that the Hebrew compiler had falsified the original story by making Eve instead of Adam the chief sinner. It is rather hard that the woman, by the pious fraud of the Hebrew, has been for so long a time unequally yoked and burdened by so arranging God's Word as to make her the more damnable sinner, and then for the church to pile Paul upon Moses as Pelion upon Ossa. It is very unfair so to adjust the sign for the fall and rising again of many in Israel to put the heaviest of the fall upon woman. To withhold her own in the equal right of suffrage, or in any other right, is robbery, and the religion which does it in the name of God or the church is a damnable religion.

If the story of Jesus Christ is mythical as to person, it were a great relief if so good a person was not crucified, dead and buried, but only some mythological personification in "Wisdom," or mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, for even mythological drapery becomes sacred when gathered about so brave a radical, for the most part, as the Jesus or Saviour would seem to have been. Truth, however, must be put into the field, even though all the winds of heaven be let loose, and to be looked fully in the face, in dress or in undress, that we may know the person, or personification, in the highest light. It may seem harsh to unrobe even the impersonal "Wisdom," or spiritual creations of noble and tender souls; but where "Wisdom" had so many ways to speak with the mouth of God, and was justified of all her children, it may be well to look very closely to see which way went the spirit of the Lord. If Christ and Him crucified refers only to truth and the light symbolized in sun labors and sacrifices and in physiology, to find the truth of these things shall make us free, and we may know how ingenious and parallel was this mode of doing things in all other mythologies; for what might appear to us as deception the ancients had no scruples of putting in the language of the hidden wisdom, to be spoken and understood only among the perfect. This wisdom contained the bread from heaven, not to be cast to the dogs, and goodly pearls not to be cast before swine, or to groundlings who could not bear it, or could only receive it in such superficial parables as would elucidate a moral and spiritual truth, making that a person which was only a personification.

Asklepios or Esculapius was a personification of the sun, and as the healer of diseases and raiser from the dead is a doer of the word as the sun of righteousness with healing in his wings. He was the same "young child" which the shepherds found, guided by his star or blaze of light which surrounded the child. He was called *Aeglaer*, the *shiner*, a mere name for the sun. He was the true, the good physician, and without Him humanity would have been past all surgery. Like the other Sun-Gods, he was mythically one with the Father and offered himself a sacrifice that man might be saved.

Not only was the Sun the Healer, but in many ways he shined into the darkness that the darkness did not comprehend. In many ways he sent bread from heaven and honey out of the rock, and fish with tribute from the sea. Twelve signs he had, or twelve bread baskets, in his heavenly economy, from which to feed his thousands and gather up his fragments so that nothing should be lost, doing the same in mystic numbers of seven, five, or whatever number accorded in fitting fullness of the word.

"How sweet a thing is truth," said the Egyptian initiates while eating honey and eggs which abounded in the Kingdom of Heaven. It was indeed the same as eating the body and drinking the blood of Christ in the same kingdom, and

drawing it mild or strong from the same land that flowed with milk and honey. "How sweet a thing is truth"—to suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock—butter of kine, and milk of sheep, with fat of lambs and rams of the breed of Bashan, and goats with the fat of kidneys; nor was there any lack of wheat bread and chicken fixins, and corn bread and common doings therewith; and thou didst drink the pure blood of the grape. There indeed was a spread of strong meat for men and milk for babes—all the while thy clothes waxed not old, nor the shoe upon thy foot, nay, but they waxed brighter and brighter in shining apparel, in more and more lustre unto the perfect day, with the eye single to the truth, and the whole body full of light. Sweet it is to seek and find the truth—to knock and have it opened unto you, and thus have the Messiah shed abroad in the soul. There's richness, and here is the true religion, to understand the word and do it. Sweet it is to be instructed into the kingdom of heaven, and bring out the treasures of the Old and New Jerusalem. No wonder that the ancient poets, seers or prophets loved to discern spiritual things, having such seething brains, such shaping fantasies as apprehend more than cool reason ever comprehends, and, whether in the body or out, can often walk a very high plane in heaven. Something more than airy nothings are the innumerable company of angels who are ministering spirits, and may put in an appearance more than tricks of strong imagination. There may be an honest ghost as well as goblin damned among the things of a divine philosophy, and St. John's vision, glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, may have bodied forth something more than the constellated beasts and that same old Serpent called the Devil and Satan. How admirably does the visionary show that every tub may stand on more than one bottom, and that the woman Jesebel may have more than one local habitation and a name. If, as supposed by the child-soul, "God could kick an elephant 5,000 miles," no less could the Lord draw out Leviathan with a hook, and cause Behemoth to move his tail like a cedar. It may require considerable scope of strong imagination to see how our Lord was crucified in Egypt, nevertheless it was so, and may be read as written with the finger of God in the book written within, and on the backside, and sealed with seven seals. But few, however, are the elect to lift the veil, or to see through it when Moses is read or sung with the variation of the Lamb.

In the books of the genealogy of Horus, the "young child" from the "bright land," there may have been a genealogy quite as long as of him who was supposed to be the son of Joseph, and called out of Egypt by a mystical mode of begetting, through three times fourteen generations, a pair of sevens being mystically wrought in the make-up of the Lord, who was begotten from the foundation of the world, as well as slain from the same—the "Ancient of Days" and the young child before Abraham was.

As per Wilkinson, so great was the veneration paid to the Sun by the Egyptians, that they burnt incense to him three times a day, resin at his first rising, myrrh when in the meridian, and a mixture called kumhi at the time of setting. He was the Amun or Amen Re, and his principal worship was at Heliopolis, the city of God, the Sun, the holy city. Joseph, or the sign in that name, was married to this Egyptian order, and when the wise men from the East came to do homage to the Son of Joseph, they saw that he was the same Star they had known in the "bright land," and they worshiped him with their treasures of gold, frankincense, and myrrh—the same Star that had risen out of Jacob and shined on all the wastes of Israel, smiting the corners of Moab and destroying all the children of Seth, Seth being the Typhon-serpent of night, who warred against the God of Israel; the Sun was the conquering hero, the dispenser of darkness; the Star of the East shining even unto the west, for so must the coming of the Son of Man be.

Antecedent to Biblical and other contemporary mythology, there was a long and dreary age of the deep and lower deep of humanity, with no conception of God, no religion, and no moral status. From that lowest deep all the religions of to-day have emerged, fetichism, idolatry, and every grosser form of superstition, much of which overshadows the church even unto this day. Sir John Lubbock, in "Origin of Civilization and Primitive Condition of Man," shows that his first estate was not a very flattering image of God, and must have been a long time before the improvement in the garden of Eden; however, on the wise of Sir John there is development and progress onward and upward, but on the old plan of salvation in Adam's fall, we sinned all, and Satan still rules the roost.

WE announce to the world and the balance of mankind that our negro boy, our pet waiting boy, John M. Gee, is appointed as a cadet from the first Congressional district of this State to the military academy at West Point. It is even so. Hon. B. F. Turner, negro member of Congress from this district, called on us and advised us of the appointment. Turner is a negro of fine intelligence, of good character, and is respected as an honest man by the entire community. As a slave he conducted himself in such a manner as to win the regard of the entire white people; and since he has been free, his old friends have stood by him. Turner was owned by Dr. Gee, the gentleman to whom the embryo West Point cadet belonged, and knows John well. John has been in our office, as a waiting boy, for over a year. He writes well, and has natural capacity enough to qualify himself, and we have no doubt that he will pass muster. He is a mulatto, about five feet eight inches in height, and has very many friends here among the white people, for he has conducted himself well, and he is strictly honest. We have no doubt that he will reflect great credit upon the Radical party.—*Selma Times*.

THE simultaneous movement of the workingmen, both in this country and in Europe, like the movement in behalf of greater liberty of action for women, demonstrates conclusively the wide-spread dissatisfaction at existing institutions, and the need of social amendments. The last plan for improving the condition of the people is the Cosmopolitan Commonwealth, akin to the Cosmopolitan Conference. It is suggested that if "a few shrewd financiers can organize banking, mining, insurance and other commercial monopolies that speedily enrich the corporations and acquire power that cannot be withstood, even so the laboring classes can form for themselves counter corporations possessing the elements of a peaceful revolution of the existing institutions that may be developed to an unlimited extent." We would hint that two wrongs will not make a right. A house built on a bad foundation will fall, whatever its design and intent. Imitation of shrewd financiers and crafty monopolists is only fighting the devil with fire.

A GENUINE bred-in-the-bone gambler can never be at a loss for a bet. The jump of a hazelnut grub is as good a *cassus belli* as the eruption of a volcano. So with your politician, he will fight over the nigger or the Chinese, San Domingo or the cancer cure. Dr. Bliss, a Washington medico, has patented a preparation from the cundurango plant as a specific cure for cancer. He is a quack or a man of science, a patent-medicine vender or a regular practitioner, a humbug or a healing medium, according as you look at him through green glasses or pink. Your real achromatic, no-party lens is an article hard to find in the market.

LONDON, the most peaceful and most orderly of great cities, has had two (almost) riots recently. One on occasion of a great Sunday meeting in Hyde Park, to encourage emigration, which brought together so many roughs that the police dispersed the crowd. The other on account of an alleged murderer who had been tried, and, as the people thought, improperly acquitted. So they set upon him and his friends defended him, hence the row. But no lives were lost. The conflict of authority and the political dodgery, which is an integral element of our municipal government, were wanting to make the caldron of popular tumult boil and bubble.

"SAH! you forgot to bring your wife wid you, sah!" is the answer made by a darkey chambermaid to a wretched bachelor remonstrating against the misery of his bedroom at a fashionable watering-place. This may be accepted, perhaps, as a set-off to the annoyance sometimes experienced by women who may not stay at a hotel or eat at a restaurant save under the certificate for character of a male escort. Men traveling alone have no rights on the one hand, women going it alone are entitled to no respect on the other. How absurd!

A MEAGRE telegram announces a great row in Vienna, in which the police were powerless and the military were called out, with great loss of life. It is credited to the Internationals. It is possible that the Internationals may have quarreled with the Ultramontanists. But inasmuch as the Ultramontanists are a religious party, favoring Papal supremacy and adverse to the temporal authority, it is more probable that the Austrian and Italian feud has broken out. Just now the Internationals are a fearful bugaboo, and every disturbance, from a fight between two tinkers to a quarrel between Pope and Kaiser, will be charged to International account.

SO LONG as capital punishment is retained in our system of jurisprudence, its application ought to be surrounded with all the terrors of the law. Crime should be made odious, retribution swift and terrible. As it is, the press converts the murderer into a hero, and the gallows seems the royal road to heaven, so peacefully do the convicts pass away in comfortable assurance of eternal rest. Archbishop Whately, on being asked about the efficacy of death-bed repentance, said, with no less wisdom than wit, "I don't care to deny its efficacy, but I advise you not to rely on it."

If General Butler and Governor Claflin both run for the governorship of Massachusetts, the contest ought to be very close. Butler's platform is wider than that of Claflin, who is inclined to hedge a little. Governor Claflin's weakness in favor of New England interests will be a strong local counterpoise to Butler's larger cosmopolitan views. It will probably be a square issue between labor and capital; the first time that the two sides have been politically arrayed against each other in politics, Butler will be radical for working men and women, Claflin for manufacturers and conservatism, or, at most, moderate progress.

CHANGES are not always improvements. The changes in some of our city parks, which filled the public mind with apprehension of needless destruction of property and waste of money, have turned out greatly for the better. Washington Park, in particular, looks vastly better than it used to do, and, when complete, will be a great convenience to traffic, without detriment to the beauty of Fifth Avenue.

THE Prussian and British governments have a little Alabama business on hand—about British vessels sunk in the Seine, with a set-off for British coal furnished to French cruisers in the blockade of the Elbe.

THE Rochester Democrat is one of the best papers in the country, holding its own for soundness, wit and newsy matter with the big dailies and leaders of the press. With metropolitan conceit, we wonder how it is possible for an able paper to exist out of a great city. But the Democrat demonstrates the fact, if it does not solve the problem. The able handling of local matters, and the evolution of great principles from trivial details, will make the most trifling incidents important. Bulwer, in "My Novel," makes Parson Gray say that all the secrets of man's heart can be as well studied in a village as in a city. True—if only the right man manipulate the crucible and the microscope. We judge our friends of the Rochester Democrat are the right men in the right place. One of the oldest papers extant, age has garnered wisdom without losing strength.

THE unreasonable conduct of unreasoning people was conspicuous in the case of the Mount Sinai Hospital. That institution, specially intended for the Hebrew sick, and supported by Hebrew benevolence, threw open its doors for the relief of the wounded Christians after the so-called riot. Some people, instead of evincing gratitude for this timely and disinterested aid, were indignant when they were not allowed to violate the rules of the hospital, and are described as having rewarded kindness with curses. It was found necessary to place police at the doors of the hospital.

CHARLES METER, a Brooklyn innamorato, loving his landlady, Mrs. Scherter, she rejects him. He sets the house afire. The widow considers his affection too hot in its demonstration, and would rather it should be meted out with more discretion. So he is locked up to cool off. It is an even bet that such strong measures would win an American girl, but your Frau likes her lager cool.

THE Tribune correspondents who would not testify before the Senate Committee are under indictment. It is difficult to see wherein lies their offense. But there is always balm in Gilead for those who can pay for it, and the Tribune men are in no danger. The law's net is not strong enough to hold big fishes.

SHALL THERE be a Lady President in 1872?—No one, we presume, not even Mr. Greeley, will claim that negroes have more intelligence than women. In all history there have been distinguished women, great painters, sculptors, writers, and indeed rulers, and some of them, especially Elizabeth of England and Catharine of Russia, actually surpassed all their male contemporaries in this great function of government. On the contrary, since the world began, not one solitary negro did anything, never even invented an alphabet, or took one solitary step toward what we call civilization, nor till the world ends, toward a new creation and a different brain, will there ever be one solitary negro with capacity above the white lad of twelve to fifteen. Still, it is claimed by new "amendments" to the constitution that this negro is a citizen, with the same rights and the same status as the white man, while the party that has done this "big thing" in the way of "progress" denies that the immeasurably and inexpressibly superior white woman is a citizen, and must expect to be ruled by a being whom God has created so vastly inferior that no words in the language can fitly express it? Meanwhile, however, women seem determined to reject this monstrous rule over them, and, unlike the negro, who on all this continent never said one word or did one deed for his "emancipation," they ask no favors; and, fighting their own battle, show themselves quite competent to enter the lists and contest the question with the ablest of their male opponents, including even the redoubtable Greeley himself. But why should not they hold a National Convention, and selecting Victoria Woodhull, or Mrs. Stanton, or one of the best exponents of the cause for the Presidency, enter on a solemn and complete canvass, declaring that such inferior beings as negroes have been made citizens, the same "amendments" have surely made citizens of those whom God has created with all the capacities for citizenship so immeasurably superior? No doubt they could really poll a larger vote than any other party, for even those women who ordinarily would care nothing for suffrage must feel themselves so outraged in being placed under the rule of negroes that they would vote the ticket, and we should like to see any judge or court in the land that would dare to question its legality while assenting to negro citizenship.—N. Y. Day Book.

"PROTECTION."—We printed some time ago a list of 195 articles upon which duty was levied by the tariff, and from which the government received a revenue of only \$240,040 92. We have from time to time illustrated the robberies that are legally inflicted upon the people by keeping up the duties on these articles. We give another example.

The list contains prussiate of potash, the revenue duty upon which is ten per cent., and the total revenue received by the Treasury \$4,581. We are assured that there is but one large manufactory of this product in the United States, and that the consumption annually amounts, at the lowest, to six million pounds. The price in England is twenty-six cents, currency, per pound. The price in New York is thirty-eight cents per pound. From this it will be seen that the people of the United States paid during the year 1870, say, at least \$600,000 more for using prussiate of potash than they would have paid had the article been free, of which government got \$4,581, and the single factory for whom government maintains the job \$595,419.

We call Senator Sherman's attention to this fact. The intelligent voters of Ohio, before whom the Senator expounds the financial policy, will likewise please observe it.—New York World.

THE dews of many a night of weeping and the scorching breath of many a furnace fire pass over the Word of Life in many souls before it enters into its power; therefore, while we watch and pray, let us hope in God. Behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruits of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receives the early and latter rain!

A CARD TO THE SUBSCRIBERS OF "THE UNIVERSE."

For reasons which it is unnecessary to particularize, *The Universe*, which was formerly published by the undersigned—first at Chicago and subsequently at New York—was some months ago suspended. Its discontinuance was designed to have been temporary, but up to this time it has not been deemed expedient, if practicable, to resume its publication. WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, in the meantime, has been pushed into a large circulation, and now occupies a position of great respectability in point of power and influence, and promises to become the great leading exponent and recognized channel of advanced and cultured free thought of the world. It includes in its scope the primary and distinguishing features of *The Universe*, which won for the latter journal during its publication a goodly body of enthusiastic readers, if not a remunerating pecuniary support.

It has now been definitely concluded not to resume *The Universe*, and arrangements have therefore been concluded for supplying WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY to the subscribers of the former, for the terms of unfulfilled subscription of each subscriber at the time of the discontinuance of publication.

H. N. F. LEWIS

INQUIRY TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

The social value of the inquiries below suggested is so great that we reprint them from the *Medical Gazette*:

The undersigned is engaged in studying the subject of criminal abortion. Finding unreliable much that passes for information on this topic, he desires to collate, so far as practicable, the results of the experience of practitioners in this matter. He will be obliged if every physician who sees this note will consider the appended inquiries as addressed to himself, and answer them accordingly. It is believed that they are inquiries that no physician need refuse on professional grounds to answer, and that he will do good by complying with this earnest request.

Address H., Care *Medical Gazette*,
109 Nassau street, New York.

INQUIRIES.

1. Are you willing that your name should be used in quoting your statement? or do you wish it withheld?
2. How many women have you attended in the course of your practice (or during the calendar year 1870) in pregnancy, childbirth, or diseases growing out of either?
3. How many cases of wilful abortion, miscarriage, or still-birth, came to your knowledge during 1870?
4. How many such cases have come to your knowledge in the whole course of practice? and how many years does that include?
5. What ratio does the number of sterile women you have attended, who desired children, bear to the number of fertile women who desired to avoid conception?
6. What ratio do abortions, etc., bear to the number of infants born alive?
7. What proportion of fertile married women among your patients have desired to bear children?
8. What proportion have borne them willingly?
9. How many, on an average, have you found to bear willingly?
10. In what proportion of cases have you found unwillingness due to fear of labor?
11. In what proportion to fear of pregnancy?
12. In what proportion to fear of increase in family?
13. What other causes have you found operating to lead women to wilful abortion?
14. Have you ever found this unwillingness among married women extend to a desire to avoid coition?
15. Does this unwillingness, when strong enough to lead a woman to commit abortion, affect her health, her vitality or her power to produce healthy offspring?
16. Is increase of family ever accompanied by increase of the mother's vitality?
17. What is the usual effect, physiological or otherwise, of abortion on the woman on whom it is produced?
18. What is the usual effect of abortion on the child-bearing power of the mother, and on the constitutions of children afterward conceived?
19. Have you ever succeeded in persuading a woman, who wished to commit abortion, to abstain from doing so? If so, state any particulars known to you of the life of the child after birth.
20. Have you observed any difference in health between older and younger children in the same family? If so, what?
21. Under what circumstances, if any, would you consider the production of abortion justifiable?
22. Which parent in your opinion has most influence over the character of offspring?
23. Is pregnancy commonly accompanied by pain, weakness, discomfort, or danger to life?
24. Is labor commonly painful or dangerous to life?
25. Among what class of women is wilful abortion most frequent?
26. Does your experience lead you to think that there is any definite period in the month at which conception is excessively unlikely? If so, state it.
27. Can conception, according to your experience, be prevented by any means not dangerous to health? If so, state the means.
28. State any facts in your experience, not included under the foregoing inquiries, that tend to throw light on this subject.

WHAT in a person of low, mean, coarse, vulgar nature, is low, mean, coarse and vulgar, in a person of high spiritual development, delicacy and refinement is correspondingly high, delicate and refined. To the pure all things are pure, and not as a man thinketh but as a man is so is he, and so are all his acts.

A. C. M.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

The mails for Europe during the week ending Saturday, July 22, 1871, will close at this office on Tuesday at half past eleven, on Wednesday at twelve, on Thursday at twelve, and on Saturday at six A. M.

P. H. JONES, Postmaster.

H. G. says he'll lay an egg that women won't vote in his time. They don't want to; they prefer to vote in their own.

ART AND DRAMA.

The METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART is one of the great things of the future. The objects of the institution are a record of the history and progress of art. The materials will necessarily be sought in Europe, as America possesses no art treasures of her own creation, excepting Mexican and Indian remains and antiquities. The promoters of the undertaking are all men of eminence, well-known patrons of art or artists, and the scheme originated in a memorial from American citizens in Paris to the President of the Union League Club. The suggestion was adopted and the result has been a company, a charter of incorporation, a small paid-up capital and a body of shareholders, among whom are Jno. Taylor Johnston, W. C. Bryant, Jno. A. Dix, Geo. W. Curtis, Wm. H. Aspinwall, Chris. E. Detmold, Andrew H. Green, Wm. J. Hopkin, Jno. F. Kensett, Edwin H. Morgan, Howard Potter, H. G. Stebbins, Wm. T. Blodgett, S. L. M. Barlow, Geo. F. Comfort, Jos. H. Choate, Fred. E. Church, Robert Gordon, Richard M. Hunt, Robert Hoe, Jr., Eastman Johnson, Fred. L. Olmsted, Geo. P. Putnam, Lucius Tuckerman, J. Q. A. Ward, Saml. G. Ward, Theodore Wes on and Russell Sturgis, Jr.

The plan has received the sanction of the Legislature, and it has been in a measure incorporated with the Central Park Commission, a sum of \$1,500,000 having been voted for its accomplishment. Hitherto the work of the Park Commission has been well done, the Park and the Croton supply being the two points on which the municipal authorities may take credit for honesty and sound sense. Whether an art museum, with its vexed questions of taste and judgment, will develop satisfactorily in the charge of a politically constituted board, periodically removable, remains to be seen. The Croton and the Park, as before said, have done well; why not anything else? We are an elastic and expansive people, growing rapidly to all the capabilities required by the new demands of society. Well, be it so. Meanwhile, the appropriation is a promise, not a performance. The two per cent. tax bill and the utterly abnormal fit of patriotic economy in the Boss and the other great wire-pullers have compelled retrenchment in absolutely imperative expenditures. So that the museum is still a thing to be.

It was intended to have erected the museum on land up town, and the site had been selected on rising, hilly ground, near the Central Park. With this position in view, W. H. Beard, the well-known painter of animal subjects, tried his hand at a composition for an approach to the museum. These cartoons are not new to the public, but a recent inspection of them brought the whole subject prominently to my mind. That any designs from W. H. Beard's pencil have merit is a foregone conclusion; that their style should be something out of the common run, and alien to all conventionalities, is also a settled thing. The rough idea of the museum building, a massive parallelogram, with a flattened Moorish cupola, was not intended for more than an accessory to the other parts of the design. It is supposed that visitors to the museum will approach from below, by means of a cavernous entrance or alley-way. This Stygian portal is guarded by two giant figures—Ignorance and Superstition, the normal condition of the human mind before culture comes to develop latent capacities of good. These are remarkable figures. They represent the prehistoric man, the imbruted savage, who killed weaker animals and ate their flesh uncooked; and next the stone and flint epoch, when the grossest needs had compelled invention in weapons of offense and the adoption of skins as a protection against the rude elements. These are figures of prodigious power, and their treatment, as might be inferred from Mr. Beard's studies of comparative anatomy, are profoundly suggestive of the Darwinian analogy between man and brute. The immense muscular force, so disproportionate to the powers of the civilized man, bring man to the level of the gorilla. As an anatomical study, this is very able. Their threatening repellent attitudes prefigure the difficulty in the way of the student, as he approaches the temple. The interior of the cavern is guarded by lions and tigers typical of the obstructions, while the colossal cave bear and the panther and wolf are all the natural accompaniments to the primitive man, and help to impress on the spectator the powerful opposition against which the human race has had to contend in its march along the course of time toward improvement. The cavern with its grizzly tenants being successfully traversed, we come to an open space in which another giant figure in repose receives the guests with benevolent aspect. His arms show the advance of art; his civilized aspect and the immense change in mere physical conformation, the development of brain and the humanized features and limbs, show the progress of man himself and his elevation out of the sordid and degradation of barbarism. Animals still appear, but they are held in check by a youthful figure who, secure in their subjugation, can afford to lie at his ease. These figures are under the main front. A flight of steps on the one side lead upstairs to the building. On the other, another cavern of more genial aspect than the first leads away to the gardens.

Allegorical art was highly acceptable to the ancients; and the best art of the revival carries with it its secret import, intelligible to the enlightened, a dead letter to the ignorant. In the present day we are prone to realism—whether it be expedient to teach the hidden meanings of simple facts, or whether it were not better for all meaning to be on the surface "so that he who runs may read," is a matter to be decided in the new era that awaits American Art. Can we have our own school? Or are the canons of art and taste irrefragably settled forever? W. H.

In theatricals and music, the summer drags its hot length along. The thunders have cooled and refreshed the air. Theodore Thomas and Julien make night endurable. At Wood's, George Boniface and that charming little woman and nice actress, Gussie De Forest, do their best to beguile the time and induce big audiences to forget the heat. At Niblo's you can

go "Across the Continent" with Byron in two hours. At Fifth Avenue, the savage Davidge frolics with the "Maiden," and makes serious fun of life—the only intellectual occupation tolerable in hot weather.

Among the vast quantities of music published in our city the pieces that are attractive to the eye as well as the ear are quite in the minority. Not that we advocate a sacrifice of melody to an artistic frontispiece, for that is unnecessary; but the loveliest objects in nature and art are vastly improved by their surroundings, and many musical gems that would otherwise waste their sweetness on the desert air of dusty shelves are by this means giving pleasure to thousands, so powerful is the attraction of a pleasing exterior. No more elegant specimens of musical publications can be found than those of J. L. Peters, 509 Broadway, and many of them are worth the price independent of the music they embellish. Prominent among these we note the "Amazon March," from the famous "Black Crook," the title page of which is gotten up in an artistic combination of crimson, green and gold, and is very effective. "The True Cross," a sacred song by J. R. Thomas, though a very different style of music, has a similarly brilliant title page. "Papa, come help me," "Little feet so white and fair," and "Send the little ones happy to bed," three pleasing songs by Geo. W. Persley, are admirably adapted to become popular, and have attractive descriptive title pages. Mr. Peters has also republished Gustav Holzel's exquisite song, "The Village Blacksmith's Bride," under the title of "My Lover is the Village Smith," with a portrait of the talented composer. "The Dawn of Love," by the same author, is adorned with a fine picture of the pretty Vienna Demorest, and is arranged for both soprano and alto voices.

Peters' Musical Monthly for July contains the usual amount—thirty-six pages—of well-selected vocal and instrumental pieces. The price of this monthly is but thirty cents, and the music is printed as clearly and correctly as sheet music, and at one fifth the cost.

MARTHA OLMSTEAD LOOMIS.

This lady has taken an active part in many of the reform movements of the day. She was an efficient member of the Working-women's Association, which existed in this city two years ago; and has been known prominently, also, in the Suffrage Bureau. She has now gone to California, where she intends to devote herself to the subject of suffrage and other reforms, acting, also, as an agent of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY. Mrs. Loomis is a representative woman among the advocates of woman's rights, eloquent in speech and indefatigable in effort. She proposes, also, to deliver lectures on the science of Physiognomy, in which she is a thorough proficient. She will be of great service to the cause of Reform in California. Of agreeable manners and attractive appearance, she will win friends by the magnetism of her presence, as well as by her intellectual powers. All know the potency everywhere of good looks, but they are especially talismanic in the Golden State, as I can verify from an experience of many years' residence there. The gallantry of Old Spain seems to have infused itself into the atmosphere of that delicious clime, where to love seems as natural as to breathe. Mrs. Loomis is to be aided in her reform labors by her equally talented and lovely sister Mrs. Hanks. All success to our sister workers in the new and vast field opening to them. F. R. M.

GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye! It must have come some time,
'Tis best to-day, dear friend:
You can have naught to say besides
Good-bye—that is the end.

We two have naught to do with tears.
We are too wretched quite,
And tears are for the blessed ones
Who know not storm nor night.

Nay, smile, for smiles with breaking hearts
Methinks should ever go,
As on green graves the brightest flowers
Fairer than pale ones blow.

Good-bye! It must have come some time;
Since we have met too late,
There's nothing left for us to do
But bow our heads to fate.

A MAGDALEN'S DEATH.

A THRILLING SCENE ON A FALL RIVER STEAMER.

"Fish's is the Fall River line, is it not?"
"Yes; and the way he tries to beat everybody else, and make his the only line to Boston is astonishing. Why, I'll tell you something about Fish. One day, just as we were starting from New York, a trim little girl stepped aboard and took a state-room, saying she was going through to Boston. She wasn't dressed loud, but mighty neat and rich, wearing a Turkish hat, velvet sack trimmed with lace, a dress with a lot of scallops and trimming around it, and about the most bewildering foot I ever saw on a human. She was pretty, sassy, and called me 'old father' at supper, and carried on in a way that soon showed what she was, though she deceived me at first with her lady face and girlish manners."

"She was standing on deck about 7 o'clock, after having horrified the ladies and amused the gentlemen by her rollicking manner, and became quiet for a few minutes, while she looked far out at sea. She turned round to the captain, and putting up her small white hands and taking him by the whiskers on each side of his face, she looked up to him, and says she, very solemnly, 'Did you ever want to die, Captain?' 'Well, he,' says he, 'I don't think I ever did.' 'And if you did,' said she, 'what would you do?' 'Well, in that case,' said the Captain, losing her hands and turning away, 'I think as I have plenty of opportunity, I should jump into the Sound and drown myself.' The words were hardly out of his mouth before she turned round like a flash, and putting one hand on the railing, leaped overboard. She was gone before a person could stir to catch her, and a terrible scream arose from the passengers who saw it. 'I was standing at when I heard the shouts, and looked out and saw her come to the surface. She had

taken off her hat, and her splendid brown hair, which she wore loose down her back, floated in a mass on the water. I fancied she looked straight at me with her girlish face as she came up, and there was nothing wild or struggling about her, but she seemed to smile in the same jaunty way that she did when she was playing me half an hour before. In another moment she was swept rapidly astern and disappeared. We put about and lowered the boats, but we never found her."

"It is strange how the women who had been so shocked at her conduct before, now pitted and even wept for the little girl when they found what a load there must have been in the foolish child's heart while she was laughing the loudest."

"She had left a small reticule in the cabin, and when we opened it we found some verses, written in a little cramped hand, on a folded sheet of note paper. They ran about this way, and were headed:

"A MAGDALEN'S DEATH."

This festering breath,
I can no longer endure this polluting,
This festering breath—

Gladly I'd fly to the refuge that's left me—
Merciful death;
Not sadly, tearfully,
But gladly, cheerfully,
Go to my death.

"Priests may refuse to grant sanctified burial,
There unto me,
Father, I thank Thee! a blessing is always held
Over the sea.
Aye, in its wildest foam,
Aye, in its thickest gloom,
Blessed is the sea."

"Welcome, oh! sea, with thy breakings and dashings
'That never shall cease';
Down in thy angriest, stormiest waters,
Oh, hide me in peace!
Say to the weary face,
'Come to thy resting place,
Slumber in peace.'"

WOMAN ITEMS.

Miss Alice Cooler, of Natchez, is engaged on a life sized bust of the late General Lee.

Nearly one-half of the depositors of the Boston Saving Banks are girls and women.

The women of Massachusetts pay taxes on \$132,000,000, nearly one-tenth of all the taxable property of the State.

It is said Charles Reade, in his last novel, "A Terrible Temptation," took Ada Isaacs Menken as a model for his heroine. We doubt it.

The women of England have eight hundred thousand majority over the men. Is it right and just that a minority should rule?

Mrs. Emma Bartlett runs a large saddle and harness business in Chicago. A well-known book says, "a bride for the ass, a bit for the horse;" what for our unruly husband?

At a trial recently held in Vienna, it was proved that one Dr. Hetzfeld was an illegitimate son of Napoleon I. and a governess, whose acquaintance he made at Schonbrunn in the year 1809.

Mrs. Francis Willard, widely known as a writer, has been elected President of the Evanston College for young ladies. The first lady on record as President.

Is it true that Hiram Powers, the "Great" American sculptor, who attacked little Winnie Ream so savagely about her "Lincoln," has never even seen it?

A lady in Dorchester, N. H., during the illness of her husband this spring, tapped their sugar orchard, cut her wood, gathered the sap and made about four hundred pounds of sugar, and then is not fit to vote.

Louise Collet, one of the most distinguished female authors of France, died a few weeks ago at Nice, where she had delivered a course of lectures, in her sixty-second year.

The following birth notice appears in a country paper in Ohio: "On Monday morning, April 27, to W. B. and Jennie C. Heam, a daughter. Shall vote when she is twenty-one."

The French style of betting is quite novel. If the lady loses she gives the gentleman what she chooses; if the gentleman loses, he gives her whatever she asks for.

Louisa M. Alcott has returned from Europe. While in England, Jean Ingelow, the poetess, as well known in this country as in England, gave her a complimentary evening entertainment at which all the available American celebrities then in London were present.

A lunatic admirer sends us the following doggerel: "Like many another fair before her
She loved not wisely, but too well;
But when she chose her last adorer,
She might have known that Blood would tell."

The Bishop of Peterborough, England, warmly supported the giving to women every facility for improving their mental faculties. He recently ridiculed, in happy terms, the men who talk of "women's sphere," and who say "women should stay at home and mind the babies," declaring that it was generally rotund gentlemen past middle age, with red faces, who discussed the question in this way over wine and walnuts after dinner!

How TO QUARREL WITH A WIFE.—Wait until she is at her toilet preparatory to going out. She will be sure to ask you if her bonnet is straight. Remark that the lives of nine-tenths of the women are passed in thinking whether their bonnets are straight, and wind up with the remark that you never knew but one who had common sense about her. Wife will ask you who that was. You, with a sigh, reply: "Ah! never mind." Wife will ask you why you did not marry her. You say, abstractedly, "Ah! why, indeed?" The climax is reached by this time, and a regular row is sure to follow.

Mrs. Halstead, of Newark, was at Shelter Island, Long Island, at the time of the murder of her husband. She was stopping with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Mapes, wife of Professor Mapes. She arrived at Newark at 2 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, and immediately—contrary to all expectation on the part of her relatives and friends—asked to be shown her dead husband. The body had not yet been laid out, and it was with difficulty she could be prevented from viewing it. It had gone abroad that she had refused to countenance the corpse. This was told her by Colonel "Abe" Halstead, her brother-in-law. "Why, Uncle Abe," said she, "you don't suppose I'm going to desert you now? He was foolish and indiscreet, I know, but I loved him through life, and I love him in death. He had his faults, I know, but still he was one of the best of men and of husbands. If the whole world should turn on its corpes, I won't." These words, embodying a degree of womanly love and charity, the like of which has rarely, if ever, been paralleled, are vouched for by the Colonel. "Why, sir," added the Colonel, "Newark doesn't know what kind of a woman she is; she is thoroughbred. She even expressed

sympathy for the wretched woman Wilson, and said she would like to see her and hear what she had to say of the matter. A noble woman, a noble woman, sir, is Pet's widow."

A country editor has been at the trouble to make the following summary: "The girls of the principal cities in this country are noted as follows: Baltimore, the handsomest; Boston, the most intellectual; New York, the gayest and most expensive in dress; Washington, the most airy and superficial; Philadelphia, the most refined and lady-like; Chicago, the fastest and most dissipated; Toledo, the biggest feet; St. Louis, the most elegant; New Orleans, the most traveled; Cincinnati, the greatest flirts; Louisville, the proudest; Detroit, the wildest; Cleveland, the most graceful and entertaining in conversation; San Francisco, the most indifferent; Richmond, the most anxious to be loved; Mobile, the liberal entertainers; Hartford, the best musicians; Buffalo, the dullest; Rochester, the longest hair; the girls in the country for making the best wives."

Mrs. Myra Bradwell, editor of the Chicago Legal News, was born in 1811, in Vermont. Early in life she removed to New York and when thirteen years of age she went West, and has lived most of the time since in Chicago. She began the study of law fourteen years ago, and made application for admission to the bar in 1869. She was refused, and her case is now before the Supreme Court of the United States, having been taken there in regular process from one of the courts of Chicago. In October, 1868, she began the publication of the Legal News, and through its columns she has shown herself a thinker and a writer of a very high order, and has amply demonstrated that her demand for admission to the bar is based upon a thorough knowledge of the requirements and duties of the legal profession.

Martha E. Travello, James Haines and Samuel Willets, in attendance upon the Friends' yearly meeting, in this city, paid a series of visits to the prisons and charitable institutions in and about New York. They went to the Tombs, and had a memorable interview with Foster, the murderer of Mr. Putnam. The sympathy and admonitions of these good Friends moved the unfortunate man to tears. At Sing Sing Martha Travello was not permitted to speak to the male prisoners, or even to sit on the chapel platform during a meeting held there by her companions, because she was a woman. She afterward addressed the inmates of the women's prison, and it was ascertained from the warden that the reason of her being denied a hearing before the men was due to a decree of the inspector, peremptorily forbidding a woman from speaking to them. The inspectors, ever watchful of the morals of the prisoners, are probably afraid of the contaminating influences of female philanthropists.—*Revolution*.

The Chicago Tribune thinks it would be a curious problem for a woman to find out from mankind what is really expected of her. Man adores helplessness and says it ruins him. He talks about economy and raves over spendthrifts. He decries frivolity and runs away from brains. He pines after his grandmother, who could make pies, and falls in love with white hands that can't. He moans over weakness and ridicules strength. He condemns fashion theoretically and the lack of it practically. He longs for sensible women and passes them by on the other side. He worships saints and sends them to convents. He despises pink and white women and marries them if he can. He abuses silk and laces and takes them into his heart. He glorifies spirit and independence and gives a cruel thrust at the little vines that want to be oaks. What would the critical ladies desire?

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Dennis McFlynn has been thinking about "woman's rights," and his excited imagination finds vent in poetry. Read it:

Hurrah! for the time that is comin',
Whin ladies shall vote like the min;
Och, won't the polls be a bloomin'
Wid fithers and crinoline thin!
Election day thin I am thinkin'
Will be the great day of the year,
Whin lasses and lads will be drinkin'
Together the candidates' beer.

What's the use to wrangle wid Biddy
About who the living shall make;
An' sure if 'twill please her I'm riddy
To give up the bod for her sake,
An' be staying all day at the shanty
To 'tind the domestic affairs,
A boilin' the bafe an' pertaites,
An' mendin the rips and the tairs.

Thin whin election approaches,
An' the lasses are marchin' the strate
Wid big band of music an' torches,
An' Biddy is standin' the trate,
I'll be on the sidewalk hurrahin'
For me own darlin' Biddy McFlynn,
Wid a child in my arms, and a drawin'
A cab wid another one in.

An' whin she is makin' her spaches,
Before the great min of the land,
Sure 'then I will lend her my braches,
An' sit by her side on the shand,
An' after she's done wid her talkin'
Och, thin how the people will cheer,
An' off to the polls be a walkin'
An' votin' for Biddy my dear.

An' whin all the votin' is over,
And Biddy's elected, sure thin
I'll live like a pig in the clover,
Wid Honorable Mrs. McFlynn;
The shanty I'll quickly be leavin'
An' livin' wid illegant taste,
Wid a horse and a shay for me drivin'
An' a nigger to wait on the baste.

It's niver a lie I am speaking
But thrue every word that I say,
It's myself 'twould niver be takin'
The rights of the ladies away,
If a lassie thinkin' it proper,
Should shoulder the mortar an' brick,
Bad luck to the thief that would stop her
I'd blacken his two eyes purty quick.

The way is for all to kape aisy,
An' give to the ladies their way;
They trip up and vote like a daisy,
No matter what blackguards may say,
An' thin should the office be akin'
Or, twirlin' the pick or the spade,
An' for us the livin' be makin'
Who cares so the livin' is made!

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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

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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 Cent.

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.

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HENRY R. CONKLIN, WM. VAN NAME,
Secretary. 60-86 President.

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WM. VAN NAME, President.
HENRY R. CONKLIN, Secretary. 60-61

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Having had an experience of twenty-eight years in the trade, we can assure our patrons that we manufacture good articles, of the most fashionable designs, which we offer at prices usually paid for inferior qualities and styles.

Parties intending to furnish houses or parts of houses will find it to their interest to favor us with a call before purchasing elsewhere. From our ample stock we can fill any order at short notice.

Grateful for past favors, we hope, by fair dealing and low prices, to merit a continuance of your patronage.

Furniture of any kind made to order. Sketches and estimates furnished if requested.

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Will positively restore luxuriant and healthy growth of HAIR upon the

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and will prevent the hair from falling out. It has no poisonous caustic or irritating ingredient whatever. It is as harmless as water, and WHOLLY UNLIKE any other preparation for the hair.

It never fails. It has produced a fine growth of hair upon those who have been bald for twenty-five years. All who have used it, without exception, attest to its great merits.

Persons in New York or Brooklyn wishing to test the ZOECOME, can either personally or by note make arrangements to have a hair dresser sent to their residences and apply it.

MRS. ELVIRA M. DEPUY,
64 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, June 12, 1871.
44 Broad Street, New York.

LADIES:
The numerous letters I am receiving from persons who have used the Aletic China Water have induced me to send you a few copies, which please place in your valuable WEEKLY when you can find room.

I am almost annoyed at the call—"Why don't you advertise the Aletic China Water, and let the ailing public know of its efficiency?" I answer through your columns that I desire to be cautious—the Aletic Water will in a short time advertise itself. In six months, without any aid or help, over five thousand bottles have been disposed of, with an increased demand and a report of universal satisfaction.

I have been urged to place the Aletic China Water before the public by many of the first physicians in the land, and, as far as is in my power, shall use it for the benefit of the people; and, at the low rate now charged, it leaves a very small margin, which forbids the expense of extensive advertising.

In order that those who are unable to purchase the water, and have the desire to be benefited by it, a call at 165 Maiden Lane, free of cost, is the place to test its qualities.

[Copy.]
From Dr. ALBERT DAY,
Superintendent and Physician,
Greenwood Institute,
Massachusetts.

APRIL 14, 1871.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN LAVENDER:
Your letter, also the China Water, came duly to hand, for which favors I thank you. I must say I admire the water. I at once on its receipt drank a bottle of it, and observed its fine effect on the stomach and also its diuretic properties. I think the water can be sold here, and will do all I can to introduce it, and will act as your agent, when you are prepared to furnish a supply. Let me hear from you again.

Truly yours,
ALBERT DAY, M. D.

ARTOR HOUSE, ROOM 206,
NEW YORK, June 12, 1871.

CAPTAIN LAVENDER:
Dear Sir: Please send me one dozen half pints China Water.
One dozen half pints China Water to Don Everisto Carrigo, No. 39 West Seventeenth Street.
One dozen half pints China Water to S. B. Lewis, No. 4 Beekman Street.

Send me the bill.
The water has performed a miracle with me. Nothing that I have tried for the last fifteen years has done me so much good. I am entirely free from rheumatic pains.

Yours,
JOHN PALMER.