

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

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BEAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

VOL. 3.—No. 14.—WHOLE No. 66.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 19, 1871.

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LOANERS' BANK
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
(ORGANIZED UNDER STATE CHARTER.)
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Subject to increase to.....1,000,000

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United States and Canada, and issue Certifi-
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Union.

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

We buy and sell, at the Stock Exchange,
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Communications and inquiries by mail or
telegraph, will receive careful attention.

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HENRY CLEWS & Co.,

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Rail
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Whether you wish to Buy or Sell
write to
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Interest allowed on Currency Accounts at the rate
of Four per Cent. per annum, credited at the end of
each month.

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THE CLEARING-HOUSE, AND ARE RECEIVED
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FOR SALE BY

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Central Railroad Company

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First Mortgage and Equipment

7 PER CENT.

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STATE RAILROAD BONDS.

A First-Class Home Investment.

FIRST MORTGAGE
GOLD BONDS

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RONDOT & OSWEGO
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Principal & Interest Payable in
Gold.

Seven per Cent. Semi-Annually.

This Road covers 100 miles of the most direct pos-
sible line, between the Great Lakes and deep water
navigation on the Hudson River, the whole line of
which will be completed and in operation on or be-
fore October 1st, 1873, and give a new line of road to
Lake Ontario and the West, 25 miles shorter than any
line that can be found.

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

The 35 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.

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

Edward Haight & Co.,

9 Wall Street, NEW YORK CITY.

Financial Agents of the R. & O. Company.

CALDWELL & CO.,

BANKERS,

27 Wall St., New York.

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

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

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

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Six Per Cent. Interest Allowed.

Interest commences on the 1st of each month.

HENRY R. CONKLIN, WM. VAN NAME,
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A RELIGIOUS AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER,
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CHRISTIANITY, EDUCATION, INDUSTRY AND
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Or, if not paid strictly in advance..... 2 50
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The Kelley's Island Wine Co.
Have opened a Depot for the sale of their celebrated
SPARKLING AND STILL CATAWBA WINE at
28 & 30 WEST BROADWAY.

Families wishing a good article, may rest assured
that all wine ordered directly from the Company's
Depot will be just what it purports to be—pure grape
juice.

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MILD, CERTAIN, SAFE, EFFICIENT
It is far the best Cathartic remedy yet discov-
ered, and at once relieves and invigorates all the vital
functions, without causing injury to any of them.
The most complete success has long attended its use
in many localities, and it is now offered to the general
public with the conviction that it can never fail to
accomplish all that is claimed for it. It produces
little or no pain; leaves the organs free from irrita-
tion, and never overtaxes or excites the nervous sys-
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bowels, liver, kidneys—of children, and in many dif-
ficulties peculiar to women—it brings prompt relief
and certain cure. The best physicians recommend
and prescribe it; and no person who once uses this
will voluntarily return to the use of any other cat-
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It is sold by all dealers in drugs and medicines.
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Is an Air-Line Route from Baltimore and Washington
to Cincinnati, and is the only line running Pullman's
Palace Day and Sleeping Cars through from Washing-
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Louisville in 2 1/2 hours.
Passengers by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad have
choice of routes, either via Columbus or Parkersburg.

From Cincinnati, take the Louisville and Cincinnati
Short Line Railroad.

Avoid all dangerous ferry transfers by crossing the
great Ohio River Suspension Bridge, and reach Louis-
ville hours in advance of all other lines. Save many
miles in going to Nashville, Memphis, Chattanooga,
Atlanta, Savannah, Mobile and New Orleans.

The only line running four daily trains from Cin-
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Silver Palace Sleeping Coaches at night, and splen-
did Smoking Cars, with revolving arm chairs, on day
trains.

Remember! lower fare by no other route.
To secure the advantages offered by this great
through route of Quick Time, Short Distance and Low
Fare, ask for tickets, and be sure they read, via Loui-
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Get your tickets—No. 87 Washington street, Boston;
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corner Broad and Prime streets, Philadelphia; S. E.
corner Baltimore and Calvert streets, or at Camden
Station, Baltimore; 485 Pennsylvania avenue, Wash-
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A large stock, including Pianos of the best Mak-

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for rent applied to purchase. Repairing done well

and promptly. Call and examine before de-

ciding elsewhere.

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Cliftondale, Mass.

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By authority of a special act of the Legislature of
Kentucky of March 13, 1871, the Trustees of the Pub-
lic Library of Kentucky will give a

GRAND GIFT CONCERT

AT LOUISVILLE, KY.,

ON TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1871.

Under the direction of the best Musical Talent.

100,000 TICKETS OF ADMISSION,
\$10 Each in Currency; Half Tickets, \$5; Quarter
Tickets, \$2 50.

Each Ticket will consist of four quarters, value,
\$2 50 each. The holder is entitled to admission to the
Concert and to the amount of gift awarded to it
or its fraction. Tickets number from 1 to 1,000,000.

THE CITIZENS' BANK OF KY. IS TREASURER.
All Moneys arising from the sale of Tickets will be
deposited with the Citizens' Bank, subject only to the
order of the President and Treasurer of the Li-
brary, countersigned by the Business Manager.

During the Concert, the sum of

\$550,000 IN GREENBACKS

Will be distributed by lot to the holders of tickets in
the following Gifts, viz:

ONE GRAND GIFT OF.....	\$100,000
ONE GRAND GIFT OF.....	50,000
One Gift of.....	25,000
One Gift of.....	20,000
One Gift of.....	19,000
One Gift of.....	18,000
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One Gift of.....	16,000
One Gift of.....	15,000
One Gift of.....	14,000
One Gift of.....	13,000
One Gift of.....	12,000
One Gift of.....	11,000
One Gift of.....	10,000
One Gift of.....	9,000
One Gift of.....	8,000
One Gift of.....	7,000
One Gift of.....	6,000
One Gift of.....	5,000
One Gift of.....	4,000
One Gift of.....	3,000
One Gift of.....	2,000
Ten Gifts of \$1,000 each.....	10,000
Fifteen Gifts of \$800 each.....	13,500
Eighteen Gifts of \$800 each.....	14,400
Twenty Gifts of \$700 each.....	14,000
Twenty-five Gifts of \$600 each.....	15,000
Thirty Gifts of \$500 each.....	15,000
Forty Gifts of \$400 each.....	16,000
Forty-five Gifts of \$300 each.....	13,500
Fifty Gifts of \$200 each.....	10,000
Four hundred and forty-six Gifts of \$100 each.....	44,600

Seven hundred and twenty-one Gifts in all.....\$550,000

After paying the expense of the enterprise, and
making the distribution of the gifts, the balance of
the proceeds arising from the sale of tickets will be
appropriated to the establishment of a

FREE LIBRARY IN LOUISVILLE,

TO BE CALLED THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KENTUCKY.

The Concert and distribution will take place under
the immediate supervision of the Trustees named in
the act of incorporation.

The Trustees will be assisted by well-known and
eminent citizens of Kentucky, who have consented to
be present at the concert, and to superintend the
drawing and distribution of gifts.

The holders of tickets to which gifts are awarded
will be paid on presentation of their or their traction
at the office in Louisville the second day after draw-
ing, and every business day for six months thereafter,
and may be sent direct through any Bank or Ex-
press Company, for collection. All orders accompa-
nied by Drafts, Post Office Money Orders or Green-
backs will be promptly attended to, and tickets re-
turned by mail, registered or expressed, as desired.

Tickets are like greenbacks—good only to the
holder.

Buyers will note that there are only One Hundred
Thousand Tickets, instead of Two Hundred Thou-
sand, as in the San Francisco Gift Concert, and that
there is \$50,000 more distributed. I sold that, and
made the awards in four months, and paid \$48,000 to
ticket holders from November 2d to 15th, 1870, and
turned over \$12,000 to the Secretary due tickets not
presented.

It will be particularly noticed that it is a matter of
impossibility for any one to know what numbers
draw gifts, as it is not known what the gift of any
number drawn from the first wheel will be, until the
sealed box, with amount of the gift plainly printed,
is taken from the other wheel and opened in full view
of the audience, therefore the larger gifts may not
come out until toward the last, or in the middle of
the drawing. The \$100,000 gift in the San Francisco
Gift Concert, under the management of C. R. Peters,
was the 20th number drawn, and was awarded and
paid to a gentleman in New Orleans.

The Numbers and Gifts are drawn by Blind

Children from 2 to 14 years of age.

The Drawing will be extensively published, and

parties ordering Tickets will have printed lists sent

them. Parties forming Clubs and desiring informa-
tion will please address this office.

11 Tickets for \$100; 28 Tickets, \$25; 56 Tickets, \$50;

113 Tickets, \$1,000.

The undersigned, late principal business manager

of the very successful Mendocino Library Gift Con-
cert at San Francisco, California, has been appointed
agent and manager of the Gift Concert in aid of the
Public Library of Kentucky.

The drawing will take place in public, and every-
thing will be done to satisfy buyers of tickets that
their interests will be as well protected as if they per-
sonally supervised the entire affair.

MANNER OF DRAWING.

There will be two glass wheels. One wheel will
contain 100,000 numbers, plainly printed on leather
tags. The other wheel will contain 721 gifts, each
containing a gift. One tag or number will be drawn
from the 100,000 wheel, and the first box drawn from
the second or 721 box wheel will contain a gift, neatly
printed and sealed up, and the gift so drawn from the
second wheel will be the gift of the tag first drawn,
whether \$100, \$1,000 or \$100,000, as announced.

14,364 TICKETS DISPOSED OF IN JULY.

To insure ticket holders, the public are assured
that if only 25,000 tickets are sold, only 25,000 num-
bers go in the large wheel, the 721 gifts awarded, but
diminished pro rata. In case 50,000 tickets only are
sold, only numbers 1 to 50,000 go in the large wheel,
and the 721 gifts diminished one-half; and in case
only 85,000 tickets are sold, the entire 721 gifts will
be paid in full, it being intended no unsold tickets shall
participate.

The Manager has already paid into the Citizens'
Bank \$50,000 toward defraying the expenses, and does
not depend on sales of tickets to pay his ex-
penses of printing, advertising, etc. The public are
invited to the utmost scrutiny as to the reliability of
the entire affair.

Persons desirous of acting as Agents for the sale of
our tickets in any city of the United States and Cana-
das, address

CHARLES R. PETERS, Manager, Louisville, Ky.,

Office, 120 Main street, Johnson's Block.

R. T. DURHEIT, President.

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M. W. CLUSKY, Secretary.

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LADIES' PROTECTOR.

NO MORE COLD FEET—NO MORE

DEFORMED LIMBS.

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

The trade supplied at a discount.

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OR MRS. C. A. GAYNOR,

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(Successors to D. Marley.)

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Furniture, Bronzes,

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Established 1826.

A BEAUTIFUL SET OF TEETH,

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

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN.

With Nitrous Oxide Gas.

No extra charge when others are inserted.

SPLENDID SETS, \$10 to \$20.

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Between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets east side.

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WEEKLY

FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

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and penetrate the fibre of the paper. They cannot be
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Send for a Circular.

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854 Broadway,

HAS REMOVED FROM HIS STORE TO THE

FIRST FLOOR,

where he will continue to conduct his business in all
his 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.

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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.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

BY W. W. BOUCHER.

Expressed in the Broadest and Finest Generalizations—Historical (Experimental) and Logical, Scientific and Philosophical.

[Let it be understood that we exclude from our present considerations the metaphysical or ontological and debated questions about Realism and Idealism, Matterism and Spiritism, and innate ideas, &c., and also the questions as to the relative and the absolute.]

I.—AS TO METHOD—AND ORDER.

It is indifference to truth, and irrational and unsafe, to only hold opinions, or to merely believe, when knowledge is possible.

In discovery we proceed from the particular to the general.

In elucidation or exposition we proceed from the general to the particular.

Science is a knowledge of principles, or laws of nature.

The observation and classification of facts and a drawn inference are the means to this knowledge.

Therefore, the inductive method is the *fundamental* and truly scientific method.

The deductive method is supplemental to the inductive.

Given the principles (using the word in a somewhat less comprehensive sense than above) we proceed by deduction, as in geometry.

Though some subjects are susceptible of demonstration, both *a priori* and *a posteriori*.

We make progress in discovery only by proceeding from the more simple to the more complex.

Hence the sciences have their natural and actual order of evolution or discovery, chronological and logical.

Science is acquired by superadding the use of our reason to that of our senses, with reference to natural phenomena—their ordination and co-ordination.

The scientific is the only safe, the only true method.

"The integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion which primarily constitute evolution is attended by continuous change from indefiniteness, incoherent homogeneity, to definite coherent heterogeneity of structure and function, through successive differentiations and integrations," so discovered and formulated by Herbert Spencer as the laws of organic evolution, are equally true and applicable in principle to all our social and industrial organizations or evolutions—as to the future possible or the present actual.

II.—AS TO SUBJECTS—THEIR DIVISION AND ORDER.

At first, both as to the individual man and as to the race, our condition, as to knowledge, was that of blank, or zero.

Our first *experience* was in sensations, or impressions, which led to observation.

Having observed things, facts or phenomena, we commenced to have thoughts, ideas, and these, strung together as best we could, gave us *theories*.

For, witnessing the phenomenon, we began to inquire of our reason (and herein lies the first step toward real intelligence) the *cause* thereof, and attributing it to some cause, we thus framed a theory.

But, as we know, these first theories, for the most part at least, were false theories, though they embraced somehow somewhat of truth; as, for instance, in one of our earlier theories of astronomy we made the sun, etc., revolve round the earth, which, though false as a theory, embraced the truth of *motion*.

We proceeded, therefore, from ignorance to error, thence to knowledge—through error to knowledge—and this was the only course open for us.

Error is better than ignorance, for it at least implies activity—life; and ignorance is stagnation—death; and by activity, effort, only can we reach to knowledge—scientific knowledge.

Scientific knowledge (but this only) will lead to unity of mind or conviction, and this to unity of action; and which three, taken together, are adequate (with the help of the "heart") to the solution of all human problems, and therefore of the great industrial problems, now so much agitating the world.

We have given the subjective and objective worlds humanity and the globe it inhabits, which are counterparts of each other, and which reciprocally act upon and influence each other; they, to a degree, help to make and remake each other continually and inevitably.

The condition and growth of humanity depend in the future, as it has done in the past, upon the condition and growth of this globe—its mother earth. She nurtures us, nay, is a part of us. If she degenerates we degenerate; if we rob and starve her we rob and starve ourselves. (And just here might not the ignorant—and may we not say the unprincipled—agriculturist learn a lesson?)

But if instead of abusing and starving her and reducing her to poverty, misery and crime (for in this condition she sends forth evil weeds and devouring insects and destructive blights), we should be kind, considerate and just, she would, with the same fidelity of the needle to the pole, reciprocate in like manner.

But this, all this, being true of man and the earth, it of necessity is true in a still closer degree of man and the

brute, and in a still closer of races of men; and yet in a still closer and higher degree of the different classes of the same nation or people.

Proportionately to this degree of closer kinship or oneness, therefore, is the responsibility of man to man to deal kindly, intelligently, justly, helpfully with each other for their own mutual advantage and self-interest; and proportionately the more ignorant, stupid, criminal, nay, suicidal, is man's inhumanity to man, is the war of classes, the contempt and hate of one for the other, the "grinding of the face of the poor" by the rich, the ruling, the oppressing, the pauperizing, the robbing, the murdering of the many by the few, as compared to man's like dealings with the soil.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me" [unto yourselves]. So, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do," will not apply here. The law is as immutable as the eternal ages are enduring that we must suffer the consequences of our own ignorance, our purlblindness, our wrong acts; for what we do unto these we do also unto ourselves. We can no more slight, neglect or injure a part of the body social with impunity, than we can a part of the body corporeal without a proportionate loss and injury.

For our support and sustenance the earth, the soil, is a primary and an absolute necessity.

The monopoly of the soil, or earth, is not only a fraud and a theft, but is as great a crime as murder—is murder.

This monopoly is, therefore, the most primary as well as the most comprehensive of all the frauds and evils which mar and blight and corrupt our industrial and social relations.

By natural right, therefore, the earth belongs to the people *en masse*.

No individual or class, therefore, has a right to the absolute ownership of any portion of the soil.

Those left out by the monopoly of the soil are primarily at the mercy of the monopolists, and are liable not only to being forced to accept just what proportion of the results of their labor these others choose to allow them, but are liable to being deprived of even the right of labor.

Do these liabilities ever eventuate in actualities, O brother?

The rights and duties of labor are problems more primary, and a solution of which are more urgently necessary, than are any others of the great social problems.

The rights of labor are: the opportunity to labor, and to have the control of all the results of labor.

The duties of labor are: to use with economy, to conserve and preserve and beautify these results, to work for others, to render agreeable and attractive all branches of industry, to use the products of labor to promote culture, education and the harmony of all the social relations.

We can only solve this industrial question by method, by organization.

To this end we must have the science of industry, the science of economies, which knowledge, therefore, is the most needful to us, of all unknown things, at the present time and crisis.

And, happily, this knowledge is now possible, which was never before the case, for, as per previous statement, there is but one way in which knowledge can be attained, in which the sciences can be evolved or discovered, to wit: by commencing with the more simple and abstract and rising by gradual gradations to more complex and concrete; the truth of the previous science being necessary to the discovery of the next higher science.

The first phase or system of industry (worthy to be called a system) was that of the chattel slavery system, looking at industry in the light of the relation of classes.

The next was that of serfdom, with its varieties and degrees.

The next system was the wages system, and this is the one now in vogue.

While this change has been, in the largest sense, a general benefit and real progress, the wages system, in some senses, is a worse and more cruel system than was either of its predecessors.

The chattel slave was cared for as the property of his owner, and there was more sympathy by far between them than is between the present employer and employee.

The employer does not lose, as in the other relations, by the starvation, sickness or death of the laborer for wages.

By the change he has got rid of the responsibility of supporting him through sickness and old age, and shifts it upon the laborer himself, and lets him live and rear his family in "poverty, hunger and dirt," and die of want and starvation, without feeling even a self-interest to reach a helping hand to save.

Looking at the history of industry in yet another light or phase (using the word phase now in a larger sense), and as a later growth, the first system was the Monopolistic System—as when guilds were rife, which were composed of the masters as well as the servants of a given craft; and when one town was "protected" against another, or trade prohibited between them, in the same country, etc.

This system is now superseded by the competitive system, though the monopolistic system still obtains in some of the branches of industry, mostly in the newest—for instance, in railroad.

The old monopoly "dies hard;" it seems to have grown

tougher than weaker by age. But this was equally true of each of the other systems. Time invested them with the shield of "vested rights," so called, and a halo of authority, which claim the right to perpetuity, and therefore never die until killed.

Competition has had the fostering care, the promptings and proppings of all the so-called political economists to help it prevail all against monopoly.

These economists in doing this have indeed done a good work. They have helped the industrial world to take another step nearer to the final solution of the industrial problem. They have helped us to a less imperfect system in lieu of a more imperfect system. But they have done a bad work in treating the subject as if the competitive system was the *finale*, the ultimatum of political economy as a science, as teaching a scientific system of industry, as teaching economy at all; for it has been found to be, on the contrary, a most wasteful system. While it is an improvement upon monopoly, on the whole, like wages is to slavery, it, like it, brings in new and galling evils.

As might and skill of muscle was once the rule of right, so, with this system, is the might and cunning of intellect the rule of right.

Political economy, further developed, recognizes and demonstrates that the co-operative or associative principle, in contradistinction to the competitive or individualistic, lies at the very foundation, is the foundation, of economy in industry, and that it is as necessary, and more so, that this same principle should be made—must be made—to supersede competition as that it was necessary that competition should supersede monopoly.

This co-operative system, with its attaches, fully developed, disseminated and applied, will be the solution of the industrial or labor problem, and the acme of political economy as a science.

It will supersede the wages system as well as the competitive, and abolish their respective huge peace-destroying, war and poverty and wretchedness and crime-engendering concomitant evils.

One of its principle attaches, or associate elements, is a scientific system of money.

Money is a principle—an implied promise—as in contradistinction to being a commodity. It is a token for, or representative of commodities.

Its volume must be based upon the "quantity" of commodity as in contradistinction to number of persons—*per capita*.

It must be owned and controlled by the people at large and in common, and loaned to those who have commodities to exchange, without interest.

(But as to this point of interest, may not a new and vastly economical and important system of rating and collecting taxes be introduced just here by way of simply charging a percentage on all money loaned?)

The regulation of the occupation and the treatment of the land is included in economics.

Regulation of population, education, its kind, etc., also belongs thereto.

Natural increase of production is not equal nor adequate to the natural increase of population, therefore population must be scientifically regulated.

The profit-making system, which underlies, everywhere pervades and dominates all these other systems, as to duration of time, extent of space, and degree of iniquity, must be abolished.

The profit-making system is a system of natural robbery.

The profit-making system is the *summum malum* of all these other imperfect and evil systems.

The sovereignty-of-the-individual, or free-competition system, is the opposite to an organized system, and is not only unscientific merely, but it tends to chaos—is chaos.

It is predicated upon the theory, or rather the idea, that we are but individuals—that we are wholly selfish and not at all social beings.

The Commonistic System, on the contrary, is predicated on the idea that we are wholly socialistic in our character, and it is therefore, the opposite extreme, from the golden mean, where the truth of the case lies, and is, therefore, like the other system, by one half false, or rather falsely predicated.

We are both individual, or selfish, and social by organization, by nature, and therefore must not only have organized system, but the system must be predicated upon this duality of the nature of man.

The first great necessity, and it is an absolute necessity, in order to effectuate the organization of society generally, is the *scientific organization of industry—of labor*.

We need and must have a science of sexology beside sociology proper.

The female principle is as conspicuous and as important an element in nature as is the male principle—there is, therefore, as much a goddess as there is a god.

Ethics is based upon the principle of utility, and our innate conscientiousness combined, this innate principle may be a growth, and hence in a sense experience.

Sociology pertains to the grouping of persons in numbers and series, &c.

As to governments, we speak of them last in order, because this is their natural order.

They are the outgrowths of other conditions, phases and aspects of society.

They are effects rather than primary causes, though they become causes and instruments in their turn to perpetuate the conditions, evil or good, in which they originated, and to inaugurate new ones.

Social evils, social goods, social habits, customs, manners, public opinion or sentiment, make and shape the peculiar kind or system of government as the expression of all these, and as adapted thereto.

All governmental questions are, therefore, comparatively superficial questions.

And, as in the nature of things we notice the more superficial first (and many never see any further), these have been discovered and discussed first, and do not so much need further exposition.

"Woman suffrage," for instance, never really needed any exposition, as a principle, at all, for it was always self-evident.

In the management of the industries, &c., the governments should control all departments wherein there is a tendency to monopolization—the great thoroughfares, for instance, as railroads and canals, and the currency, but as servants of the people.

Particularly should the land be controlled by the government, since the tendency, under individual ownership or control, to monopoly, is greater in regard to it than with respect to anything else.

The democratic is of course the proper form of government.

Among modern improvements, worthy of recommendation, there are the "minority representation," and the "Referendum" theories—particularly the latter.

III.—MISCELLANEOUS PROPOSITIONS.

If we allow that we are mental or spiritual as well as physical beings we may believe that we are in the presence of, and related to, a spiritual as well as a physical world.

In this case our interests and welfare depend upon the condition and growth of this spirit world as they do upon the conditions of the physical world, and the influence, etc., between it and us are equally reciprocal.

Our feelings were first in point of order. Our thoughts were of a later development.

We therefore were religious (religion springs from our feelings or emotional nature—it is a feeling) before we were wise.

And perhaps our emotional is superior to our intellectual nature; if so, religion is superior to knowledge or science.

At any rate, feeling is the impelling power to thought, to action.

At any rate, love and wisdom must go together—must work together—for the salvation of mankind.

For love or religion can but desire the good, it cannot see the way thereto, for "love is blind," it is not a seeing faculty.

But wisdom (knowledge) being prompted by love can point out the way to the good, for it is a seeing faculty.

Wisdom and love, science and religion, must join hands—must supplement each other for the complete salvation of mankind.

Science and labor must join hands, and supplement each other for the industrial salvation of humanity.

Let labor be the fulcrum and science the lever, and the whole world will be raised up from out this drowning sea of turmoil and iniquity, in which it seems so nearly submerged.

By the aid of science, and not otherwise, labor and capital may be reconciled. *Vox scientiæ, vox Dei!*

"Protection" and "free trade" are respectively, and in the order mentioned, the counterpart—the twin sister—of monopoly and competition.

The theory embraced by the adage, "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure," is a good one, and is as applicable and valuable in reference to social as it is to physical being.

Let us, therefore, aim rather at the prevention of pauperism and crime than at the curing of them.

An hundred thousand expended in the former way would be more profitably and judiciously invested, and would produce more good fruit, than would the expenditure of an hundred million in the latter.

By ignoring the practice of this theory the rich bring down upon their own heads "living coals of fire."

A tocsin was sounded for these about a year ago in the City of New York through a circular, and has been echoed in their hearing by the wisest and best of our public teachers.

There are strong indications of the possibility of a natural and scientific language for the use alike of all the nations and races.

There are certainly strong indications of the utility of such a universal language.

It would help to fraternize mankind, as well as greatly assist in the more rapid acquisition and dissemination of knowledge, and in uniting effort of all kinds.

There is, also, at least seeming evidence of a sort of "uni-

versology" science—a science of the sciences, or a science that shows the similarity or correlation or oneness of all the sciences; as, for instance, the similarity, or correspondence, or identity, of a given sound or note in music, and a given color.

The conservation and correlation of forces, which is established, point in this direction, if it does not prove it.

And so there may yet be found more in Swedenborg's science or language of correspondence, than it has been our wont heretofore to admit.

Unity (as well as variety) of sentiment, of thought and of action, are necessary to harmony of condition.

The division of society into classes, as has been and is now, leads to divergence of classes, which leads to jealousy, envy and hatred, to strife and denouncement, to clashing and warring of interests, and, as the divergence increases, as it inevitably does, to revolt and revolution, when the oppressors, the "higher classes," go under in a whirlpool of their own blood.

For everywhere in nature, social or physical, the inexorable law is that a lost or destroyed equilibrium must be restored, and regardless of consequences.

Good consists in equilibrium, in harmony—in a true balance or proportion.

Though everywhere we have growth and decay, life and death, evolution and dissolution.

Individuals, nations, the race—none escape.

Though the race as yet is but in its infantile stage of growth or evolution.

The centrifugal and centripetal forces are equal.

Homogeneity and heterogeneity, unity in diversity and diversity in unity, is the law—is the necessity.

The highest and most "saving faith" is faith in truth.

Truth—come from where it may, lead to where it may—should be our motto.

If we need a Trinity, let us make one of Wisdom, the Father; Love, the Mother; and Faith, the Offspring.

Wisdom, Love, Faith—one in three, three in one—corresponding to unity in variety and variety in unity.

The successful study of the social sciences demands the co-operation of a broad, human sympathy, with a large intellect.

The growth of society, as of the individual, demands esthetics—culture—the elevation of desires, the improvement of disposition, as well as the increase of knowledge.

The to Know! the to Be! and the to Do! must be linked together—they are mutually dependent for the full fruition of either.

We have been heretofore developing in the animal, selfish or individual phase of our character.

We are now commencing duly to recognize the socialistic phase of our organic constitution.

In this country (America) we have reached—and are going to seed upon it—the "Sovereignty of the Individual" philosophy.

Mankind are gregarious, and it is as natural and as desirable to some to follow as it is to others to lead.

And both are as natural with man as with the wild buffalo, or domestic cattle, or other herding or socialistic animals.

But these animals which follow do not ignore their individuality nor its rights thereby, nor should man.

The Free-love, or free-everything, theories have their false sides as have the slaveries which they oppose.

There is no such thing in Nature as freedom. Every principle, every thing, has its checks and limitations, its "metes and bounds."

Nature is made up and balanced by opposing forces.

Celibacy is as great an evil as is prostitution. They are respectively the two opposite extremes diverging equi-distant from the proper mean which lies between them.

The laws of Nature are immutable, and they are supreme.

Upon the immutability of law depends the possibility of science, of order, of progress, of life.

The most subtle, deadly and prevalent evil of the hour is the great lie of life, individual and social. This is the "skeleton" in every household, in the closet of every man's heart. It is the "evil tree." It is the Upas whose subtle poison penetrates to the very joints and marrow of our systems. It corrodes, it cankers, it festers and pollutes. It is a mocking, chattering, grinning demon, awaiting us at every turn. It is our attendant genius. Our life (our lives) is a huge sham! We do the reverse of the duty of "letting oneself be known," though one of the most important duties of life. We care less to be than to seem to be.

Mankind is a whole. We can not elevate any part without elevating the whole. We must reach down to the bottom stratum. We have never, until now, understood nor

attempted to practice this. We are now, for the first time in the history of humanity, "touching bottom," and it is the "Labor Movement" that is doing this.

Our present condition of society is that of the head and heart warring with each other.

In the extremes of riches and poverty the equilibrium is destroyed, and hence the disturbances, the upheavals, the terrible revolutions among the social elements, the flashing steel and booming cannon, the lightning's glare and the thunder's roar, from the collection of these over and under charged bodies; the doleful grumbings and low mutterings coming up from the bowels of humanity, which are timely warnings when we are willing to hear, but otherwise, direful forebodings of opening chasms and volcanic explosions, of yawning gulfs and consuming fires.

The laws of likes and dislikes, of attraction and repulsion, are in human nature similar to those in physical nature. Propinquity rules. We are attracted and ruled by the nearer though smaller good (or seeming good) to the exclusion of the more remote though greater good. We consequently sacrifice the social for the selfish, the spiritual for the physical.

But persons have each their peculiar vision. What is remote to one may be near to another. And some "have eyes and see not," "ears and hear not," what others both see and hear. Scientific education lessens these differences.

It is possible for a man to become so intoxicated and blinded with avarice and the power of wealth as to incline him and enable him to force and ravish industry as a man rendered brutal by intoxicating drink would ravish the fair object of his lusts; but his apparent gain would be only equal, and his real loss as certain. The latter in his shortsightedness would seize upon the present momentary, half-enjoyed, half-realized animal gratification, regardless of the thousand times overbalancing misery which he must endure therefor through the lasting loss of self-respect, the lasting hatred and loathing of his victim and the contempt of mankind; and to the sacrifice of the esteem of society, and the possible friendship and love of her who might have given him, through mutual love, what he sought, with all the increase and advantage (a thousand fold) which such love and consequent mutual sympathy of feeling would have rendered certain. So with the former as capitalist. She—this fair dame Industry—whom, for the sake of this pitiful, half-enjoyed, half-realized apparent advantage, he forces and ravishes and robs of her "virgin soil" (the lands); whom he estranges from him, drives to hate and despise him, compels to be at enmity and at war with him; she might otherwise be his friend in youth, his companion in manhood and his solace in old age; might be to him another self, his other, and in this case, his really better-half. How infinite his comparative loss.

Surely this present estrangement, divorcement, is a mutual loss, is destructive of each other's interests, is unnatural.

Industry—labor—is the great "goose" that lays the golden egg. The egg is the life of all. Despise and neglect and abuse, degrade, starve and stunt, by whatever means, this goose, and we proportionately affect the virtue and equality of the egg. But respect this goose, honor it, care for it, nurse it, house it warmly, feed it with the best, give it all "that heart can desire" or nature ask for, nay, help it if need be to "feather its nest," instead of "feathering our nests" at its expense, as heretofore. Do these things unto it and unto us, and over us, with "healing in its wings," it will spread its sheltering and fostering care, "even as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings."

MY FRIENDS AND I.

CHAPTER V.

A great many people have been to one, at least, of those great gatherings which in times not long past were called "parties." We may say that nearly every one has been to evening entertainments at private houses. A few people parted out from the great herd, if the selection be made by a master of the art of harmonizing, can pass a very pleasant evening. The same, not selected, but picked up as they come to hand, may chance to secure an agreeable evening, and they may each and every one leave the most elaborate spread of all the substantial elements of a feast with a feeling of relief, and a secretly cherished hope that another such infliction may be deferred indefinitely.

The difference between a political party and an evening party is, in the one a few enjoy the suffrages of the many, while in the other the many suffer.

A few years ago there was a tall negro in Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas, who got up the most primitive parties I have ever known. He was a wonderful whistler; more perfect in his execution than Mr. Honey, late clerk in the Bank of England, or even more accomplished in the art than the late Mr. Sunderland (colored), who was wont to gratify the club at the Green Dragon in Fleet street, of the English metropolis. This tall whistler of Nassau used to tune up his whistle, if his thick, ponderous lips can be called by that name, in some level nook or in the middle of the smoothly beaten streets, and quickly there would gather about him dusky belles and beaux; then he would beat his tomtom to the time of his whistling, and the lads and assies would obey their instinctive impulses and enjoy danc-

ing to the fullest extent, for it was the spontaneous production of the music and their natures.

More pretentious are those evening parties in the country of Cuba. The traveler among the Guajiroes of the Island will see a shelter of green palm leaves in progress of erection in front of a dwelling; if he understands the usages of the land he will stop and be gratified by the sight of simple enjoyment; the young people moving lazily to the thrumming of a brace of guitars from dusk till 12 o'clock. Not as high in the scale of civilization are those dames at Coxon-shole, on the Island of Ruatan, when some of the Yankee skippers pay for the candles, and a dollar to some dusky follower far after Paganini to scrape a few tones upon a fiddle, and the young men and women dance, and perchance, if somebody's liberality extends thus far, drink also, which gives a quarrelsome termination to the cheap festivities. Very different are the elaborate entertainments given by the wealthy of large cities, where music, flowers, wine and beauty wage war for the supremacy, and the souls of the guests are conducted to surfeited indolence, when every impression is pleasure and enjoyment is almost negative from want of variety. There is pleasure in the foolish talk with a pretty silly woman if it supplement a day of hard work and contact with the realities of life. But for a steady diet it will never satisfy true mental hunger.

But our party was neither of those mentioned, nor was it Bob Sawyer's party, but it was a genuine party of the tradesman class, such as many men of my age enjoyed or were bored by, as the presence or absence of their particular star dictated, some few years ago. How many years? No, I thank you, I am a disciple of the Pope—may be called his friend, so far as celibacy is a bond of friendship; and you are not going to lead me into a confession of my age. Why, it would ruin my prospects, and I would become the *rara avis* of bachelorhood—a hopeless friend of his Holiness; and who ever heard of a bachelor so old, so ugly, so cross, so sunken in the depths of degraded singleness but he still clung to the hope that some day some kind soul, full of womanly sympathy, would pick him up from his loneliness and set him upon the pedestal of respectability—in a word, marry him. If anyone thinks such a specimen of Pope's friend has crossed their path, they are probably mistaken; they have been misled by the bravado which is sometimes put on to cover the shame attached to the condition. I have never seen even an old, a very old, bachelor so near lost. We had the necessary genial, middle-aged, single gentleman at our party. He was a druggist, a great favorite with the ladies and children—one of those anomalies which we meet now and then. Enjoys life so well with his little share of affection for each one of God's creatures that he fears to concentrate all of his heart upon any one. His portly form, his beaming countenance full of kindness, his tongue running over with light compliments that make the heart glad without poisoning, his ready wit yielding to every draft when dullness seemed to threaten, his untiring attention to all the plainer of the fair sex, whose retiring dispositions would have isolated them but for his watchfulness, made him a necessity to all our gatherings. But why he never married was the topic of several of the mothers that evening. One said, in his youth he had loved and lost. Another said he never talked to women as if they knew anything, and she was inclined to think he held the whole sex in contempt. The opinion of another was that he held women in such high respect, and regarded them as such different creatures from the other half of the race, that till this, his middle age, he had remained ignorant of the true nature of those with whom he should be best acquainted. There is but little doubt that the larger half of single men over thirty years of age may attribute their condition to this false notion that woman is governed by other impulses than those which sway our sex. When we know both ourselves and our complements better, we shall be less shy of joining our destiny to that of some one who can fill out our lives to the fullness of nature's intentions.

Our party could also boast of the sharp, angular spinster whose presence is not so essential to the happiness and jollity of the company as some other of its elements. One of my aunts filled this role to perfection. She was tall and straight as well as slim, and believed in herself enough to make the general welfare of the whole community her special care. It was she who led the charge at the head of the corporal's guard of antiquated belles, in the dressing room of the theatre, which resulted in my disconnection from the "Raspers." She had a quick eye for the growing preferences between the young people, and was ready to assist, in a quiet way, to those enjoyable little moments that young couples are able to secure through the aid of an out watch, who picks up and diverts the would-be intruders. If these admirable specimens of executive ability would confine their labors to cases where their interference can be of service, they would be valuable members of society, but it is when, through an error of their judgment, they, with the best of intentions, cross the purposes of their friends, that the whole of their disagreeableness lies.

My aunt Barbary detested scandal, was the most loud in her denunciations of those whose occupation was to retail the petty errors of the young or the peculiarities of the old, yet her sole occupation was the discussion of the probabilities of this couple living in harmony, and of that one eventually separating because Mr. H. threatened to leave his wife if she affiliated with the Woman's Rights party. And the most comprehensive scope of my aunt Barbary's mind

was the multitudinous relations of her acquaintances, the one to others; her mind never grasped the effects of the whole upon the one. To her each person was entirely accountable for all and the whole of the effects resulting from their existence. Society had no accountability, parents could disregard every law, and permit their children to come up as they would, yet the children must yield implicit obedience, or the sin would be theirs. When George Peck left his home, because he could not live in peace with his father, who was every day saturated with wine to the extent of partial insanity, she was loud in her condemnation of the young man, though no one had ever breathed a word against his character as a son, brother or citizen before. A brother's departure from the direct path of rectitude in her early days had fixed my aunt Barbary's opinion upon all such cases for her life. How apt we are to let one case bias our judgment of the whole.

The young lady of our "party," the cynosure of all the eyes belonging to young men, was Miss S., the only daughter of parents both of whom died in her childhood. She had come up to blooming womanhood under the permission of her grandfather, whose wealth gave him absorbing occupation. Her education had been general and diffusive; general, inasmuch as it had been culled from all the sources within reach; a quarter here, another there, and a third in a new place, the next at home under a governess; diffusive, for the range of her studies was only limited by the boundaries of science; if she fancied mathematics, her teachers were charged to pay especial attention to that, and touch as lightly upon other branches as possible; if tired of problems, then the languages were the only requisites for a young lady, and a time was devoted to both modern and ancient tongues. So had her every whim been gratified till her life was made up of nothing but whims. Yet she was not whimsical, quite the contrary; she had high aspirations, and her conversation was brilliant and well adapted to the requirements of our evening party. Her taste was excellent, both in dress and in the choice of her topics. She seemed to possess an intuitive knowledge of the preference of each individual with whom she came in colloquial contact. With the old bachelor druggist she chatted of charities; with my aunt Barbary she discussed the prospects of all the young men as freely as if she were not a marriageable miss, with a prospective large fortune; with lawyer Hicks, who was an admirer of the English essayists, she talked with good understanding of Charles Lamb; and when I led her out just after for a set of quadrilles she said it was almost worth temporary loss of reason to call out such devotion as Lamb exhibited toward his sister; with one of the young ladies who belonged to the class dressy, she talked of faces and fashion for half an hour, and with our dominie, who is deep in metaphysics, she discussed the new psychological developments with all the confidence of a spiritualist. Yet there was amid all the erudition thus freely exhibited, a want of solidity or of depth, and an indefiniteness of purpose which pained one upon intimate acquaintance.

It was regretful that she should aim at so low a standard as a mere wife, when she had talents to make a mother, to give such impress to her sons as would make them men of great achievements.

In truth her aim was lower even than the wifely character. She strove to be a most acceptable subject for wooing, forgetting the more valuable and solid adornments of wife and mother.

The young man of "our party," typical of the Young America of that period, was Mr. F., the chief clerk of one of the then large publishing houses. He was of varied accomplishments, could sing passably well, was a good partner at whist, had a fair stock of stories and some favorite expressions, picked up from the fast companions with whom he associated occasionally; also could quote enough to show that he had either read somewhat of English literature, or had studied 'good selections with an eye to their use. He was often accused of drawing the long bow, but that was owing, no doubt, to the excess of his knowledge over that of his accusers.

The rest of the members of "our party" were as much like those of any other party as those mentioned were like to their fellows in companies of this day or any other.

"Our party," while the guests were arriving, promised to be one of the happiest. My aunt Barbary had been consulted upon the invitations, and had condemned three of the most disagreeable people in our whole circle. One of the discarded was lawyer Rawlings; he was so pugnacious that rarely an evening passed with him in company without a quarrel either upon some political subject or upon some of the social questions. He was a conservative of the ultra kind; believed in the past, and would be angry at a word spoken in favor of this age. In his inordinate worship of the past was enveloped the highest self-conceit, so that any company of young people was sure to bring out all his worst traits. It is a pity that some of this crusty sort were not born a few generations earlier, when they could have enjoyed the society they so much admire. For my part, if any change has to be made in my relative position in the family, let me be put forward, for I hope that the next, and the next after the next, will be cumulative improvements upon the present generation.

Another of the omitted was a young lady whose parents had come up into our circle lately from a lower social plane, and she had brought with her a great sensitiveness. She knew that her early days had been spent among less culti-

vated people, and yet her spirit would not acknowledge it. She converted some of the kindest actions into slights, and was in a pet continually. Such persons can never learn that they know more of their past history than any one else.

The other slighted individual was a man of middle age—one of those closely-built, curly-haired specimens of the race, who had a most tenacious memory, and took great pride therein. No trivial error of day, hour or minute but must submit to rectification in his crucible. He knew the exact time, and could prove his accuracy by a multitude of connecting incidents of every event in society or out of it. Valuable elements such for statistical societies, but abominable in an evening party!

Our party would have been a complete success but for one of those errors of judgment which will creep into even well-regulated and extensively experienced minds. In the making up of our lives the smallest accident may exert a controlling influence, and essentially modify even our very natures. Half the evening had passed and found me more than half in love with the sparkling Miss T—; the remainder might have finished me but for my aunt's confidence in her power of reading preferences. I had retired into a side room to nurse my new passion while its object was fulfilling an engagement with one she told me she would gladly avoid if possible. It was a cosy little nook, hung about with unpretending pictures that would give apparent occupation to one or two while thoughts or tongues were busy upon subjects of private interest. Here, looking earnestly at pictures my eyes failed to see, anxious for the set to be finished, more than sure that Miss T— would find me, I was making the time long with the rapidity of my thoughts, when my Aunt Barbary, with the best of intentions, sent another young lady in to share my admiration of the works of art; while she, good soul, whom I wished where I wanted to be when she led her train, goose file, to the dressing-room in the theatre, stood faithful guard over her pair in the lair, and let all see, but none approach. It was impossible for me to extricate myself from the toils thus thrown around me before Miss T— had completed her engagement; and, in her effort to join me, she dropped into the hands of Aunt Barbary, who took the precaution to show her who was with me. She left, and I never afterward had courage enough to explain to her the error of her inferences. I cherished the affection for a time, and felt for my Aunt Barbary all the hatred of a lover for a more fortunate rival. But now, having come to more light, and some few grains of philosophy applicable to such cases, I only regret that my Aunt Barbary was endowed with just so much sense, instead of a little more or a trifle less, for no doubt upon just a certain quantity of that valuable element depended not only my condition in life, but my whole character.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

U N A .

In the whole wide world there was but one;
Others for others, but she was mine—
The one fair woman beneath the sun.

From her gold flax curls' most marvelous shine
Down to the lithe and delicate feet
There was not a curve or a waving line.

But moved in harmony firm and sweet,
With all of passion my life could know,
By knowledge perfect and faith complete.

I was bound to her—as the planets go,
Adoring round their central star—
Free, but united for weal or woe.

She was so near and heaven so far,
She grew my heaven and law and fate,
Rounding my life with a mystic bar.

No thought beyond could violate
Our love to fullness in silence nursed;
Grew calm as morning when through the gate

Of the glimmering east the sun has burst,
With his hot life filling the waiting air,
She kissed me once; the last and first

Of her maiden kisses was placid as prayer,
Against all comers I sat, with lance
In rest, and, drunk with my joy, I swore

Defiance and scorn to the world's worst chance,
In vain, for soon unhorsed I lay
At the feet of the strong god Circumstance:

And never again shall break the day,
And never again shall fall the night,
That shall light me or shield me on my way

To the presence of my sad soul's delight,
Her dead love comes like a passionate ghost
To mould the body it held so light,

And Fate, like a hound with a purpose lost,
Goes round bewildered with shame and fright.

—*Charleston Republican.*

Was it worse for the woman's paper to pick up a story that a great singer had been unfortunate in her domestic relations (not a very improbable tale), or to rip her to pieces in a "high-toned" journal after this fashion:

Jenny Lind sang in her husband's "Ruth," in London, a few days ago, and Justin McCarthy says it was a heavy and mournful business. "Can that be Jenny Lind?" some of the younger listeners whispered. That heavy, homely matron—that striving singer with the worn-out voice which struggles so painfully with the high notes and is so hoarse with the low.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All communications intended for publication must be written on one side only. The editors will not be accountable for manuscript not accepted. Correspondents will please condense their letters. Many valuable communications are crowded out by their length.

MRS. NORTON AND THE TRIBUNE.

The following letter from the well-known pen of Mrs. Sarah F. Norton shows that she is still capable of expressing her opinions. It was designed for the *Tribune*, but its demolition of the *Tribune's* consistency and fair-dealing may not have been palatable—so it was thrown out. Hence its appearance in our columns.

NEW YORK, July 25.

To the Editor of the *Tribune*:

SIR—Having preserved profound silence for nearly a year upon all those social questions which, erewhile, I had taken so active an interest in as to incur the censure of strangers and make strangers of all, or nearly all, my friends—a result consequent, I believe, to all women who have the temerity to talk progress—I should still hold my peace but for one fact—namely: In an article headed "Blue Eyes Condoning Murder," you ask to-day, as you have asked in various ways on other days, "Pray, ladies, what do you want?"

Thus far, no one seems to have answered. Not that no one can answer, for we all know very well what we want; but because your question is addressed so directly to those of whom you write, that for others to answer for them seems an impertinence to them, and an almost unwarrantable intrusion upon you.

Besides, I doubt if any one among the so-called strong-minded can answer fully for any other one; for the simple reason that each differs from the other in detail of opinion, nearly, if not quite as much, as they all differ together from those who oppose the woman's movement entire.

Nevertheless, having been intimately connected with these social matters, and the workers thereof, for several years, I think I can venture to reply to your question in a general way, without fear of being thought intrusive by either yourself or those who, being distant and more than occupied, cannot answer for themselves, were they ever so inclined.

First, then, we do not want more license for women, but we do want less license for men, and for the following reasons in brief:

This excessive license on the one side and excessive restriction on the other, of the two parties, who should, in justice to both, be equally amenable to the same laws, whether social, moral or legal, we believe to be the primary cause of all domestic difficulties; and thence to this growing demand for divorces—to the frightful increase of the crimes of fratricide and infanticide—to those murders by the opposite sex of each other—to the majority of cases of suicide by women, and also that prostitution is mainly due to this first cause.

No man can love and be just to more than one woman at one and the same time. Yet society, by permitting, admits that man—but not woman—and he profits by the admission, if he wants to, in so far as making the attempt; for it can only be an attempt at best.

Nature herself has decreed one man to one woman, and vice versa, by every normal instinct and emotion of which humanity is capable; and, sneer at it who may, jealousy is at once the indicator and avenger she has provided for the infringement of that law.

All exceptions to this rule are monstrosities to be suppressed by legal action.

We believe, however, that this one-sided social license has gone on developing licentiousness in men—and, as a consequence, compelling women in the same direction—until the monstrosities have so increased in number as to make distinction between the rule and the exception difficult, if not altogether impossible; for, if their own words are to be taken as evidence, a faithful husband is thought a fool among his fellows, just the same as a thoroughly temperate man is among his.

Now, then, what we want is a return to natural conditions.

This, we believe, can only be achieved by woman having an equal voice with man in the making of the laws, and more particularly those which bear directly upon the relation of the sexes; hence our demand for suffrage. But, in parenthesis, I may here say that I have changed my mind in regard to this last point, and do not believe in universal suffrage at all.

If, in our denunciations against this license for men, and the evils which grow out of it, we have been understood as meaning that we want for women, or want women to take, the same license, either we have been most unfortunate in expressing ourselves or those who so believe are unfortunate in respect of ability to comprehend plain language.

The last, I am inclined to believe, is the true state of the case; and still more am I inclined to the belief that the worst possible constructions are willfully placed upon the utterances and actions of women reformers, for the very evident purpose of intimidating those who otherwise might give their aid to the movement, if only by indorsing our assertions that there is a social wrong somewhere, whether they agreed with us as to the mode of righting that wrong or not.

God knows there are plenty of women who need help from

some direction, if their own cries, heard under the seal of confidence, are to be believed.

As regards the "last feather" laid upon the back of our suffrage weakling by Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony's visit to the murderess, Fair, and their subsequent sayings in her favor:

Although I have held no communication with either, directly or indirectly, yet I will venture to affirm that neither of them has said anything that was not based upon the principle embodied in my preceding statement of "what we want;" and whatever sympathy they may have felt or expressed has not been for Mrs. Fair the murderess, but for Mrs. Fair the woman; subject to such social conditions as made the murder seem a necessity to her through the absence of any law to which to appeal for redress of her especial wrongs, and which had for their starting point the idea that women are the legitimate prey of men; to be made use of, singly or in numbers, as suits man's taste or convenience, and then to be thrown aside like a worn-out garment without the slightest reference to the woman's wishes or feelings, or how far her future might be destroyed by her relations with him.

Did it never occur to you, that however guilty the woman might be in the end, the man might have been equally guilty with herself in the events which led to that end? No, the law does not deal with motives; it passes over all intermediate crimes, and only provides for the punishment of that culminating one which becomes public, and which is the legitimate sequence of all the others.

It was with these possibilities and conditions in mind probably, that Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony visited Mrs. Fair; and I know Miss Anthony's opinion of crime so well that I am sure she has said nothing in defense of the murderess more than this, in the abstract: That such crimes would, eventually, rouse people to the necessity of placing the sexes on a social equality—not by licensing women, remember, but by restricting men; or if not restricting, then by punishing them for unfaithfulness with social ostracism, the same that women are, and which would amount to restriction in the end.

But there is a simpler solution to this act of visiting Mrs. Fair, and which is, undoubtedly, the correct one.

Everybody visits her who can, do they not? just as everybody visits, or tries to visit, every notorious criminal whose crime transcends the common.

Is there anything in the fact of Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony being prominent women that should cause them to forego visiting a criminal, or prevent their expressing sympathy if they felt any, or an opinion if they had one?—and, in doing so, is there any reason why a connection should be immediately found between that and the principles they advocate, and (still worse) to the detriment of those principles?

Must a woman limit her sympathies and visits of condolence to an exact measure of how far they will serve her in a public way, because she happens to be a public woman? According to your own creed the greatest criminals need the most sympathy, and "no hanging."

When the Richardson-McFarland trial was in progress, did you or any other journalist denounce the women who sympathized with the murderer—even to the extent of supplying him daily with bouquets and embracing him on acquittal—as women who wanted to destroy society by condoning murder? And yet the cases are similar in all respects save sex, and the same principle involved in both.

Now will you please to inform me why the women who are not advocates for any reform can do with impunity what those women who are known to be such cannot do?

Lastly, let me ask you: "Pray," Mr. Editor, "what do you want?" Clearly you are opposed to capital punishment, for you have said so. And yet, as clearly again, you want Mrs. Fair hung. Is a crime committed in California any worse a crime than if it had been committed here? It would seem so. Consequently you are opposed to capital punishment in part, and would discriminate as to which of the States should have hanging done and which should not.

Respectfully,

SARAH F. NORTON.

CHURCHES AND THEATRES.

Church attending and theatre going are to-day about one and the same thing; our motives in going are the same.

We go to hear fine music, fine sentiment, and see the fashions. The church is but a fine dramatic exhibition; the minister dresses himself, plans his prayers and sermons, rehearses and delivers them with the most studied effect. He tries to please his audience, exhibits his eloquence and learning, and is ready to leave his church when a higher rate of salary is offered him elsewhere. Our churches are costly and elegant; we tread on velvet carpets, sit on velvet cushions, our eyes rest on artistic carvings, beautiful frescoing, and windows whose colored tints and shadings outrival the rainbow. How are these churches supported? Let us see. In the front seat of Mr. A.'s church sits the wealthy Mr. B.; he has amassed a large fortune by the wholesale and retail liquor business. In the next pew to him is Mr. W., the owner of cheap tenement houses, some of which are brothels; the occupants are never troubled so long as they pay their rent. Over the way sits a flashily dressed gambler and sensualist; he bows his head in prayer time with the reverence of a priest. He goes there to see if possible he may find a virtuous young lady to entrap into his snare. Indeed, in looking all over the church we may find plenty of

sinners and very few saints; but with this the preacher has very little to do. He must not speak the truth and offend his listeners. Oh, no! he may tell about the poor heathen, who never had the word of God preached to them, how terrible their condition is. He will tell what a terrible thing war is; but when our country is involved in war, he urges all to leave their homes and fight. The saying of Jesus, of "Love your enemies and do good to them," is entirely forgotten and left out of sight. This sentimental religion of to-day tells us to strew flowers over the graves of our soldiers, while it leaves their widows and orphans uncared for and unprotected. Ministers are called the servants of Christ. How do they compare with His servants of olden times? Let us see. Jesus called the fishermen, told them to leave their nets and follow Him, and He would make them fishers of men. They were barefooted and ragged, but He knew their hearts that they were honest. He wanted no professors or hypocrites around him: He wanted those who spoke the truth and dared live it. Think you to-day He would be at home in the wealthy churches of our city? I think he would, as of old, say to them, "Wo unto you, ye scribes and Pharisees, for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men. Neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in. Verily, I say unto you, the publicans and harlots shall go into the kingdom of heaven before you."

We want less churchianity and more Christianity.

Let our religion not be merely sentiment, but reality. Surely the world needs to-day that the truth should be spoken. The cesspools of crime are seen everywhere in our midst.

Where are the evangelists of truth to stay this great tide of vice and corruption?

Ministers, come down from your high places, make your churches school-rooms of instruction and reform, pluck the beams out of your eyes that you may see clear how to help others. Be not blind leaders of the blind, for you, if you are, must both fall into the ditch together. Let it not be any longer said of your churches, that they, like the theatres, merely pander to fashion and sickly sentimentality, but let it be shown by you that the Spirit of the Master is in your midst, working, as of old, in deeds of charity and love.

SARAH E. SOMERBY.

THE WEEKLY IS A SUCCESS.

ANGORA, July 7.

A friend writes me: "WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY is the freest, bravest, most reliable journal published in the world, and grapples with a strong hand the giant errors of the age."

I rejoice in his noble, heroic utterance, as it requires a good deal of moral heroism to indorse such a paper as the WEEKLY, inasmuch as anyone who is noble enough to do so, becomes liable to be looked upon as being "no better than he should be."

My friend's words are but the echo of my own thoughts, but they have moved me to send you my tribute of respect for the wholeness of your worth and work. May all good speed you. It does one good to see, and more to feel, that there are some women and men who are brave and good, and have grown big enough to take their places far enough in advance and above the mass of mankind as to become targets for the unholy and unclean to shoot their slime-bedaubed arrows at, and who have no higher thought for mental entertainment—no more worthy of effort than the digging up and exposing to view dead matter that has served its uses in individual and collective life, and gone to its own place. I am glad Victoria Woodhull does not claim infallibility. I am glad she has had experiences—I care not what, how or when, so long as they have helped to make her what I feel she is to-day, a most womanly woman, and probably she can accept as her own, the sweet grand words of Phebe Cary—

"My past is mine, and I take it all—
Its folly, its weakness, if you please.
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,
May have been my helps, not hindrances."

I agree, too, with Stephen Pearl Andrews, in thinking even the name Victoria sounds "prophetic" of her high destiny and glorious mission, of being, in many respects, the fullest expression of the living spirit of the age. Her feet stand in high places, and if we look at her at all, we must perforce look up! I laid down my pen just here to glance at the WEEKLY, just arrived. The first article that arrested my attention was Elizabeth Cady Stanton's letter from Wyoming. And such a letter! Such a full-souled greeting and whole-souled recognition and support of the eternal principle of right as one may not meet twice in a lifetime. How deeply it touched the best feelings of my nature, and I immediately thanked

"The goodness and the grace"

that such a woman as Elizabeth Cady Stanton lived, loved and labored for the good of the present and future generations. Dear Mrs. Stanton, if I was only endowed with your divine gift of expression, I would send you such words of love and blessing as is quite beyond the capacity of this bungling old pen to give utterance to.

Now I have my pen in hand let me send a word of recognition to Stephen Pearl Andrews. I read his articles in the WEEKLY, and as he discourses of "things belonging to our eternal peace," I discover dim foreshadowings of his deep, high, glorious meaning, and catch a portion of his lofty aspiration and enthusiasm, but at first thought almost feel he

might as well beat the winds with his fists as say Alwato, and done with it, with as much hope of appreciation and compensation, as to preach the everlasting gospel of freedom to those who have no "eyes to see, or ears to hear." But this thought is of the flesh, and is weak. The spirit prompts to a noble course of action, of sacrifice, self-denial, "instant in season, and out of season," in obeying the great inward necessity, which makes it a wo, indeed, to the divinely commissioned agents of good if they preach not the gospel of truth, whether men bear or forbear. So, Stephen Pearl Andrews, speak to the people, that they go forward. In the meantime keep on writing Kozmism, Kosmos, &c. By and by there will be women (it may be men) who will be able to "loose the seals" and read aright the great, divinely-inspired book of Nature—of God.

D. M. H.

VIRTUE.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

To Mrs. WOODHULL:

Dear Madam—I have read your history as given with such earnestness by the press, and also by not a few of our own sex, with more pleasure to myself than sympathy for you, believing, as I do, that you can hoe your own row.

To explain what I mean I will tell you a little incident I witnessed on a boat going from Sacramento to San Francisco in 1851. And could every one of your traducers have seen and heard it, as some fifty or more gentlemen and ladies did, they would learn *why* they are so much afraid even to hear your name spoken, as some seem to be. But to my story. Try to imagine yourself there—time, evening; supper-table filled with passengers with the exception of two chairs reserved near the head of the table, when a gentleman and lady came in to take them. He offered her a seat, when she drew back with all the dignity of insulted virtue, looking fire at her man and then at the lady she was to sit by, until every one at the table was attracted toward her and her objection, which was in the form of a very beautiful woman. After standing perfectly silent refusing to sit, but with holy horror depicted on her countenance, the beautiful woman arose, replaced her chair, and very slowly but with the grace of a queen turned to the lady and in a soft, sweet voice said: "Pray excuse me, madam, I was not aware that any one here was *predisposed* to the disease or I should not have presented myself at a public table;" bowed and left the table with an ease and grace that the most accomplished might envy. But the scene immediately after you must imagine, for in less than three minutes the indignant lady's virtue was left unassailed, for there was no one left at the table but herself and the Captain. Let us be charitable, for it is possible that people like her do not always know what makes them so much afraid.

P. J. H.

AMONG THE HILLS.

Hither have I come on this lovely June morning, to this beautiful hillside slope, for one quiet musing hour—come from the noise, discord and strife—come from the world which is

"Trampling, bustling at all hours,
With no taking noon-tide in the shade,
No weaving rustic bowers,"

which thinks it a waste of time, indeed, to repair to the woods and valleys and fields—there to sit in holy communion with God and nature—a communion that may be realized in its fullness and blessedness, far more than in the glare and glitter of the popular churches. Here we may listen to "the echo of the eternal harmonies," may hear "the still small voice" of the Infinite, and feel the loving pulsations of His great heart thrilling and vibrating through the temple of our souls. Here the angels press near, and our spirits feel the touch of their loving hands, as they whisper: "This is the way, walk ye in it."

How little of real happiness is to be found in the business whirl, in the hurry-scurry of life. How little amid scenes of artificial beauty, of wealth and opulence of any situation or position, indeed, where love abides not, and where a true appreciation of the beautiful, the good, the noble and magnanimous, dwells not in the soul.

"Oh, my mortal friends and brothers,
We are each and all another's,
And the heart that gives most freely
From its treasures hath the more.
Would you lose your life you find it,
And, in giving love, you bind it;
Like an amulet of safety
Round your heart for evermore."

But business and the stern duties of a restless, surging world call me. "I must away." But the joy with which I have hailed the uprising of this radiant June morning among the hills, on this my fifty-fourth birthday, will long leave its aroma in my heart.

"Oh, why will not time, when" nature and her "lovers meet, awhile his wings forget?"

ORPHEUS.

No vaccination is a curious political battle-cry, but it has been adopted in England. Many people of intelligence, accustomed to think for themselves instead of following the beaten track, pronounce vaccination a humbug, nay, more, a disgusting humbug. They aver that to anticipate disease by catching it is a hideous folly. So there is a strong agitation, and men and women beard and bully the Home Minister in his very sanctum.

THE WESTFIELD EXPLOSION.

"Men must work, women must weep," is not cheery doctrine. Yet it seems true. The investigation into the steamboat accident results in no satisfactory solution of the problem. The opinions of experts are as wild and as unconvulsive as the opinions of "experts" always are. Indeed, experts seem specially designed, not to elucidate, but to befog. The boiler was good and it was bad; it was cracked and it was sound; it rent from the top to the bottom, although it rent from the bottom to the top. It is perfectly sure that there was too little water, if it were not equally certain that there was a sufficiency of water. One thing is certain, and no one contradicts that. The boiler exploded. The second point of accord is that gauges are, like some other inventions, "mighty unsartin." Thirdly, that the engineer is, as a third-class man, incompetent at all times, and off his post at the time in question. Lastly, that steam generates very rapidly, and that if there be one moment more than another when care is specially required, it is when the boat is standing still getting up steam for a new start. Were the owners to blame? Owners are always to blame in case of accident. As common carriers all railroad and steamboat owners promise to carry the passengers safe and sound, and to deliver them at their journey's end in good order and condition. The legal responsibility is beyond all doubt or cavil. The moral responsibility is that everything that can be done ought to be done, both by proprietors and employes, for the comfort and safety of passengers; instead of which passengers are usually considered as freight—goods, cattle or humans—it is all one to the carrier; it's only freight. Human souls or bodies, their pleasure, their comfort or their awful agony is of no account to the carrier. If a third-class engineer or a patched boiler or a rusty gauge will do as well as the better article, let it go. The easiest way is the best way. It's the passenger's lookout. If he don't want to be smashed he needn't go by this route; if he dislikes being scalded or burned or crushed to death he can take the other boat or stop at home. We owners are only traders and dealers. We sell the goods we have at the best profit we can get. Let the purchaser look out.

No amount of money will compensate for the infliction of torture, and most likely the owners of the Westfield would go down under the mass of damages they will have to pay, as they certainly ought under the weight of public opprobrium for miserable parsimony and indifference to their public duty. But it is a very great pity that the law, instead of making them answerable in money damages, should not make them responsible to the people as criminals. A petty theft of a pound of steak would subject the miserable, hungry offender to months of imprisonment; the infamous dereliction of the most solemn civil duty perpetrated by men of intelligence and position in the pursuit of wealth and self-aggrandisement leaves them intact, except to the nominal penalties of commercial insolvency.

Over and above the question of owners' responsibility comes the question of official and supervisory responsibility. Of course, now all the inspectors will rush to inspect all the hulls and boilers and to regulate everything. Every neglectful delinquent shakes in his boots lest his name should be published for being off his post. But after the flurry we shall all go to sleep again, until awakened by the next accident; and so on until we have a new regime of government, in which duty done will be of more account in public estimation than duty shirked or money made.

The people have it in their own hands, but they prefer occasional accidents to the perpetual bother of popular vigilance and official responsibility.

THE TREATMENT of children in English brick-yards has been made the subject of Parliamentary investigation. Such are the brutalities to which they are subject, the moral and physical degradation, that laws have been passed regulating, and, in some cases, prohibiting their employment. This is not the first, by many times, that the British aristocracy has interfered to protect women and children against the exacting greed of manufacturers. Indeed, we need not go to England for illustration. We can find instances enough in Massachusetts and Connecticut, where recent inquiry shows a rapid increase of pauperism, a decrease of educational intelligence, and a neglect of the children's education in favor of their petty contributions to the parental earnings. This interference by the State in behalf of children is a step half-way toward the entire control of the rising generation. If parents are unwilling or unable to exercise parental care, there would seem to be no halting place short of total care.

MR. BERGH is a good man. He is a firm, unshakable man, not to be moved from his set purpose by either ridicule or opposition. Above all, he is an honest man. This only as a tribute of respect and esteem. In the matter of wooden pavements, they are a manifest gain to his poor, dumb clients. He cares nothing for us humans, but we count for something in our own estimation, and the cessation of the din and roar of the paved street is so important to us that we should be sorry to see any relapse to those bad ways. Mr. Bergh likes McAdam. So do we; but McAdam will not do for heavy traffic. Better we should have the city wood-paved all over once a year than recur to the brain-crushing noise of the granite blocks.

THE *Times* scandal against the city government seems to have resolved itself into the dilemma whether, if the Democrats made the pie, the Republicans have not had a finger, perhaps a whole hand, in the odorous job. The Democratic plasterer is a little unsavory, but the Radical plumber does not smell more sweet. The proposal to investigate by a committee of eminent citizens sounds very honest, but it also sounds like delay; and so many things happen between Sunday morning and Saturday night that it is always judicious to take the chances of the chapter of accidents. Between the dishonesty of the officials and the venality of the press, there is not much room for choice. The figures are so enormous that they almost defy investigation—so as to make them intelligible. Besides, even if there were eight acres of carpeting bought and paid for, are there no houses to be carpeted besides the County Court House? and, as the Boss says, "Well, suppose it's true! what are the people going to do about it?"

THE English people seem to be in a transition state. The last popular agitation was in 1839, when the Parliamentary Reform was under debate. At present there is no definite or specific subject of agitation. There is a general unrest, a desire for change. Even in Parliament and among the upper classes there is a demand for novelty. The working classes demand extended suffrage, revision of tax on, a more emphatic recognition of labor—their inquietude is manifested in mass-meetings, which the authorities, fearful of tumult, repress by force. At the same time, the Queen, through her prime minister, treats the House of Lords, the corrective and conservative power in the British legislature, with studied contempt, although the Queen herself loses her old-time hold on popular affection, day by day. The British middle class is immensely powerful, and has both the wealth and the intelligence of the country; but it is a rule in politics and in war that the attack has the best of the fight.

THE *World* gives us an excellent letter, from an English correspondent, on the prison discipline of England. With the one hand England gives to her criminals a scale of diet and a class of domestic accommodation vastly superior to that she gives her honest poor. In the other hand she holds the cat-o-nine-tails, and retains the treadmill, the solitary cell and the blackhole. Worst of all, her infant criminals are subjected to severe penal discipline. Nor, for the once convicted in England, is there any escape by reason of political partialities or social influence. Here our prison system is more uniformly liberal to the criminal. We can afford to believe crime the result of unfortunate birth and defective education. If our criminal laws were only administered as honestly as they are framed, and were our prison administration as honest as it is benevolent, we should have something to boast. As it is, law is a mockery, and laxity wherever money can be made is the rule of official life.

THE hoop-skirt covers a multitude of virtues. It is a graceful addition to style—like the Irishman's big coat, it is cool in the sun and comfortable in the shower. To Jeff Davis alone a skirt brings no solace. It is the skeleton in his closet. He says he didn't do so. What if he did—whose business was it? He ought not to have got angry—that does not look well. The story, if true, proves that the cause is not lost if the ex-President be only permitted to practice in the proper courts. He may be happy yet.

BALDWIN, THE CLOTHIER.—Our clever *savior literatus* is an American representative man. He claims that, in reprinting a smart article on "Liars," we credited it to the wrong party. Baldwin is the only reliable Jacobs. The article was so good we are glad to know it was Baldwin's, and cheerfully place it where it belongs. It does credit to the taste of our "scissors."

RAILROAD BONDS.

Dealings in railroad bonds have reached an enormous extent, as may be readily seen from the number and amount of new loans which have been negotiated in this market every year since the war.

A large number of these railroad bonds are not sold at the Stock Exchange, and it is impossible for parties to buy or sell them except through brokers who make a special business of dealing in bonds of all kinds, including such as are not on the Stock Board list.

Railroad bonds, well secured, are a most favorite security with investors, and very justly so, as there can hardly be found any safer and better-paying investments. It is, however, of the utmost importance both to know the character of a bond before buying it and also to buy and sell through a broker who is known to be honorable in all his transactions.

From personal acquaintance with the gentleman, we can recommend Mr. Charles W. Hassler, of No. 7 Wall street, as a broker who makes railroad bonds a specialty, buying and selling those which are not sold at the Board as well as those which are. Mr. Hassler can be relied upon as a party who will deal honorably, and he gives among his business references the names of George S. Coe, Esq., President American Exchange National Bank; David H. Bailey, Esq., President Panama Railroad Company; and Robert Bayles, Esq., President Market National Bank.—From *Hunt's Merchants' Year Book*, 1871.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL and TENNIE C. CLAFLIN,
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PROVIDENCE, R. I.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL and TENNIE C. CLAFLIN will speak in Harrington's Opera House, Providence, R. I., on Tuesday evening, August 15, 1871, at 8 o'clock, on

THE GREAT POLITICAL ISSUE.

Victoria C. Woodhull, by special request, will address the "Umbrella Girls' Association," in convention, at Cooper Institute, Monday evening, August 14th, on

"THE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF WOMEN CITIZENS."

OUR NEW WESTERN AGENCY.—Mr. A. J. Boyer, formerly of the "Nineteenth Century," has become our General Western Agent, with office at 165 Washington street, Chicago, Ill., where subscription may be made to the WEEKLY and advertisements will be taken. The rapid growth of the WEEKLY in Western favor has induced us to establish this branch office, and we are happy to be able to announce the engagement of one so favorably known to Reform as is Mr. Boyer, with whom we trust all our friends will join in the endeavor to introduce the WEEKLY into every city, village and hamlet in the great West.

EIGHTH NATIONAL CONVENTION.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

The eighth National Convention will meet in Troy, N. Y., on Tuesday, the 12th day of September, at 10 o'clock in the morning, and continue in session three days.

Each active local society, and each Progressive Lyceum of any State, Territory or Province, which has no General Association, shall be entitled to one delegate for each fractional fifty members.

These Associations and Lyceums are respectfully invited to appoint delegates to attend this meeting and participate in the proceedings thereof.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, President,
1374 Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

H. T. CHILD, M. D., Secretary,
634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

The mails for Europe during the week ending Saturday, Aug. 12, 1871, will close at this office on Tuesday at half-past eleven, on Wednesday at half-past nine, on Thursday at half-past ten, and on Saturday at half-past eleven, A. M.

P. H. JONES, Postmaster.

THE LAND QUESTION VS. THE MONEY QUESTION.

After the conclusion of my speech on "The Principles of Finance," at Cooper Institute, on the evening of the 3d inst., I was asked the question, "whether the adoption of any reform in money would bring justice and equity home to every individual, so long as our present land system remained," or words to the same effect.

Early in that speech I referred incidentally to injustice resulting from making land, wealth, and denominated the system of landed monopolies as the father of all other monopolies. In my Cooper Institute speech on the 8th of March last, before the Labor Reform League, I fully defined my position upon the land question. Among other things, I said: "No government or people ever had a just title to a foot of the soil of any country, and, consequently, cannot convey a just title." "The soil upon which we stand is as common property as the air is by which we are surrounded." For my part, I can see no difference in principle between dealing in air, soil or water." "From this process of stealing the rights of the people all the other and lesser thefts have come, by which the great proportion of the people are constantly defrauded of their natural inheritance." "Every person whom this government represents has a natural right

to the use of his or her just proportion of the public soil, and government should secure this right to all, they, individually, paying to the fund for its support a certain amount of proceeds obtained by such use."

The despotisms of land and money are intimately related. To attack one is really to put the other on the defense. A system of radical reform which omitted either question would lack the elements of perfection. But while we well know that all despots must soon yield their throttling hold upon the throats of the common people, wisdom teaches us to adjust the dose of reform to the capacity and tenderness of the stomach through which we have got to operate upon the entire body.

But I answer boldly that no system of money, though it be a perfect one, would render equality of pecuniary condition possible so long as those who hold the land of the country are able to increase their available wealth by the rise in price of such land, in which process nothing that they do as individuals produces such rise, but which is effected by the movements of the people in a collective capacity. Any person who has a sense of justice in his soul must at once see that the community, being the cause of the advance in the value of land, should by virtue thereof be entitled to the benefit accruing therefrom.

With our questioner, we hope that the time is not far distant wherein those rights that are inalienable in every person will be maintained and protected by the laws, instead of being, as they now are, wrenched from their natural possessors to enrich a certain favored few, in whose interests governments are maintained.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

THEODORE TILTON ON THE SITUATION.

Last week we presented the results of an interview with a man whose name is as familiar to the country as are any of the great and good names that have lent power and capacity to progressive thought and movements. Through the *Independent* the radicals of the country learned to respect and love Theodore Tilton. Since his withdrawal from the *Independent* its columns have lacked that genial warmth, freshness and poetic beauty as well as that bold honesty which characterized all his writings, and made them popular. No single person among the whole army of reformers has more power to move those addressed by the pen; and few so eloquent upon the rostrum; thus adding to his usefulness as a journalist the accomplishments of the orator.

In expressing our opinion of his peculiar range of talent we would say that Theodore Tilton is an "inspired" person, since we believe he often gives utterance to truths which he has not really acquired. Unlike many, perhaps most, reformers who, after any great purpose has been accomplished, sink into comparative quiet and insignificance, he will never rest so long as any relics of despotism disgrace our statutes. Since slavery was swept from our soil he has evidently been like "Othello," with his occupation gone, and "Richard" will not be himself again until the next "fight for freedom" is raging at its height and he be in the thickest of it.

Though we differ very widely with him in regard to many of the means of reform, we believe that his "ends to be gained" are chiefly the same as our own, and that when the fight comes he, with many others less radical, will be found ranged upon the same side with us. But in the meantime we must pass upon whatever there may be in his course which we believe to be inimical to the best interests of the cause to which we are devoted. His long connection with Mr. Greeley, carried on upon terms of great intimacy, evidently biases his judgment, or at least his expression of it, in matters in which Mr. Greeley takes positive positions. Sometimes we are led to think that he, from habit, defers to Mr. Greeley rather than to his own consciousness of right. There is something akin to chivalric devotion in his advocacy of this man whom we consider so greatly overrated by the general estimation. We believe Mr. Greeley's greatness lies solely in his thorough honesty. Indeed, to be honest is greatness enough to immortalize one man; but the people should have the discretion to not confound honesty with capacity in all directions for all things; nor to make "sweet mindedness" the test of administrative capacity. Mr. Tilton's nomination and support of Mr. Greeley for the Presidency, we believe, hinges upon the regard in which he holds him for simple honesty of purpose. But this nation is now floundering about in an indifference brought on by the accomplishment of a great step in progress, from which it can alone be rescued by some great mind having the very first qualities of statesmanship, which consists, not so much in the management of present affairs as it does in looking ahead to see whither we are tending and to provide for coming exigencies. Whatever Mr. Greeley's good qualifications may be, this one he certainly has not, and his failure to comprehend the fact that slavery is not yet all abolished is ample demonstration that he is not the man for the times. Mr. Vallandigham, with the prophetic foresight which the near approach to death often opens, clearly saw that the coming power in this country must be a "party of progress and advanced ideas." This Mr. Greeley is not able to grasp. But Mr. Tilton's still greater devotion to the cause of woman and to the general principles of progress dispels his chivalric devotion to Mr. Greeley, since he declares that should "woman suffrage"

become the issue in the next campaign he "would go for woman suffrage, and leave Mr. Greeley to attend to his farm." Therefore we can excuse his lack of foresight in nominating for the Presidency a man whom he ought to have known he would never be able to support, since he should have known that woman suffrage is to be the issue of the next campaign.

We should not, however, think it strange that he did not see what was to be the issue, since it seems that he is undecided as to whether "the Constitution has granted suffrage to women as against all State laws whatever," as Gen. Butler lately declared. It would be an "ingenious argument" indeed that could make the very plainest and most concise language mean other than what it is set down to mean—that women are citizens; and it would indeed require all the bad precedents of legislation to substantiate the fact that citizens ought not to vote. How it should require "a close and technical reading, seizing upon the best possible meanings of the various doubtful expressions, such as Gen. Butler adroitly and bravely gave," to yield a good argument from the most definite possible language, is a stretch of imagination beyond our capacity, to reach which we shall certainly be obliged to borrow a little of the Tiltonian kind.

In this connection we cannot refrain from calling attention to one of those little inconsequent slips which are always found in the writings and sayings of those who are not fully postulated in general principles of which use must be made in all questions and, to be consistent, never departing from their fullest application. Mr. Tilton quotes a paragraph from one of his *Independent* editorials regarding marriage and legalized prostitution, which he still regards as among his best sayings. And when asked what legislation he would have on divorce, he replies:

"The less statute law and the more personal liberty the better. Human hearts, with their loves and griefs, were never meant by God to be the bond-slaves of a statute book. In this country religion cannot be tampered with by law. We have achieved our religious freedom, but our social freedom we have yet to conquer."

But in the very next breath he declares that Free-Love "Is a beautiful phrase to designate a revolting thing," apparently ignoring the fact that with social freedom there would be nothing possible but Free-Love. What but freedom to its fullest extent socially could there be when there are no statute laws touching "human hearts;" and when we shall have conquered our social freedom. We suppose the condition then existing will be a free exercise of the "love's" of "human hearts" not being "bond slaves of a statute book."

It seems to us that in the absence of all legal limitation upon the affections they would be left to regulate themselves; perhaps Mr. Tilton may see differently. Certainly there would be all degrees and kinds of love manifested. So, too, is there now. All the differences and wrangling over this business of freedom of the affectional natures arise out of the failure to discriminate between relative conditions. We hold that whatever it is that draws persons opposite in sex together, whether they be highly developed in their moral natures or are low down in the scale of humanity, is love, since the principle of love is the rule of sexual attraction.

While this principle is absolute, applying to all sexual relations where there is a mutual attraction, yet for the sake of comparison it is better to sometimes contrast love with lust, love being the spiritualized part of the relations, and lust the animal part thereof, the perfect union and operation of the two representing the highest human example of love. If we make this distinction, however, we must not forget that love and lust are one and the same at bottom; are the same law of sexual affinity; but that the law in operation produces such results as the material operated upon determines. Air from the same lungs blown into different instruments produces different tones. Now will Mr. Tilton proceed to draw the line in these series of experiences, and say that all on that side of the line are experiences of love, and all the other side are experiences of lust; are "revolting things?" It is the same difficulty into which the denouncers of Free-Love precipitate themselves that the church has been hopelessly floundering in, these centuries, in the futile effort to draw the line between good and evil; the difficulty being that a new line had to be drawn every day for everybody, and a different line for each individual the same day. If Mr. Tilton will explain this matter of Free-Love, after the manner in which he solves the question of Religion in this week's issue of the *Golden Age*, he will arrive at the logical solution. This is what we mean by saying that people who are always consistent are those who are so well poised in principle as to never contradict or fail to see their application, not only in Religion, Politics and Ethics, but as well in Free-Love.

It might assist these sensitive persons in a solution of this little difficulty, to practice awhile upon finding the dividing line between heat and cold, between light and darkness, or to find the dividing point between up and down for all people climbing the same ladder with themselves. When they have solved these old difficulties, they will be well prepared to enter upon this new division—to declare to the people what are revolting things and what lovely, in the manifestations of love. In the end they will, however, be forced into the same conclusions that people have been forced into by the grant of religious freedom—to every person being a judge for himself, as to what is good and what evil, what love and

what lust, but for no other living soul, even in matters of "promiscuity," or of "monogamic affection, which is nature's ideal of love and marriage."

Monogamic affection, then, is Mr. Tilton's ideal of love, which he would have freed from the statute, and promiscuity is Mr. Tilton's revolting thing, Free Love. Now give us the dividing line. Then shall we know Free Lovers and who are Nature's ideals of love and marriage.

It seems, however, that Mr. Tilton has gone to a peculiarly unfortunate realm for analogies of monogamic affection. In all the departments of nature there is a constant change of relations between the sexes, so much so that it would be difficult to find a marriage relation reaching to two successive procreations.

We have, however, but one real fault to find with Mr. Tilton, and that is his failure to plainly state his views upon marriage laws. To have our laws "more like" those of "New England" does not seem to us to be any particular advance upon what we have. How could those who "are mated and miserable," and who "have a natural right to a divorce," obtain one under the laws of New England, unless they should first commit what the laws hold to be crimes? To our mind such small concession does not meet the case at all, and we must confess to the weakness of Mr. Tilton's views upon this point.

We are very thankful, however, that Mr. Tilton granted to our reporter the half hour so courteously, since we are first informed of his dislike to such "institutions;" but the very reason given for yielding thereto furnishes the key to his whole character. Once a friend, always a generous friend; once a foe, always an implacable foe.

THE DOOM OF THE DEMOCRACY.

It is not for nothing that any great event which has been years undergoing the process of preparation, culminates; while many events do culminate which seem to be almost providential, so remarkably do they apply to the needs of the times, yet if they are analyzed they will all be found to be the legitimate effects of existing causes. But so admirably do apparent providences and the common order of nature operate together that he must be a deep and clear metaphysician who can rightly formulate them and see in each both its special mission and its situation in the order of events.

Wherever we may go out into nature and find an organic body that has fulfilled its mission, we not only see general symptoms of decay fastening upon it, but decay also bursts out in special locations, showing that the seething mass of corruption confined beneath the surface cannot be always held in check when the shell has become too rotten to neutralize its strength. As in nature, so also is it in the affairs of people. Their organic bodies come and do their work, and then decay and pass away. The fundamental principle of the Democratic party was State sovereignty. But the common interests of the people have become too mutual and intimate to make its practice any longer possible. Thus when the last vestiges of this doctrine were swept away by the vesture of all the control of citizenship in the general government—when the States voluntarily gave up that by which they alone acquired any right to sovereignty apart from the Union, by the ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, then the Democratic party became *de facto* a defunct organization, since the principle upon which it stood was no longer applicable to the States under the Constitution.

We early announced the death of this party, and though our obituary notice was for the most part unheeded, preparations for its final burial have since gone on rapidly, and in spite of the frantic attempts made in various parts to galvanize it into renewed life, in spite of the "call to come to time," its leaders and guides have at last been obliged to themselves announce its ultimate overthrow.

Following closely upon the heels of this abandonment of a wrecked principle came the terribly dealt blow of the exposure of the frauds of Tammany, which of themselves are quite sufficient to ruin any party built on strong grounds. Here is a ring who have attempted and succeeded in dictating to the Democratic party, shown to be the very kings of corruption, shown to be the direst leeches upon a people for whom the party professions of love have been so profuse. Whatever hopes of success upon a different basis the leaders of the party which was Democratic may have had, this outburst of stench and decay has forever dispelled. No party which has existed under such rule as that of Tammany has been can even hope for consideration at the hands of the people. So interwoven with the Democracy has the name of Tammany become that to demolish Tammany is to destroy Democracy. The blow which was to kill Tammany has been dealt. No efforts of its friends among people or journals can ever succeed in whitewashing it into a respectability which the people will tolerate. As dies Tammany, so dies the Democratic party.

Nor should this exigency be considered disastrous, even by those who have attempted to transform the people who constitute the old party to entirely new ground. It should rather prove that the times demand a new order of things, and that to be wise is to see what that order shall be, to meet the demands, rather than to attempt to cling to a wreck which will most certainly sink and carry down with it all who remain on board.

With such a stigma upon it as Tammany, Democracy can

never be the rallying cry that will even prophesy success. There are some wise men in the ranks of those who formed the Democracy. These should not only advise a New Departure in principles, but they should show their wisdom by not loading it down with the skeleton of the now utterly decayed Democracy, which has become a jest and by-word and a synonym of war and robbery.

And why should they cling to a soulless name from which all inspiration has departed? Should they not the rather discard it and adopt one consonant with the new principles which they put forth? They have "accepted the situation" forced upon them by the late fundamental changes in the supreme law of the land, which guarantees "equality of political rights, including suffrage," to all citizens. Why not, then, become the exponent by name as well as in principles of equal rights to all, and with that new inspiration upon their banners, make a truly new departure which would surely have the elements of success.

THE PROPHECY OF THE INTERNATIONALS.

No one who observes the tenor of the times from a general standpoint can doubt that the crowned heads of Europe are at last awakening to the fact that with all their power and opportunities, supported by all the wealth of the nobility, a power has arisen in their midst and under their very eyes which even thus early is sufficiently threatening to call for energetic measures looking to its suppression. Until the rebellion of the Communists of Paris, the existence of the Internationals had been of such a quiet character that they were not deemed worthy of special notice, though it was generally known that their proportions were considerable and spread into nearly every kingdom of Europe, perhaps excepting Russia and Turkey.

The London *Times*, however, not long ago, suddenly aroused the attention of European despots to the fact that this organization numbered its millions, drawn from the life-giving part of their subjects, being under the guidance of the best cultured and most scientific minds—those interested in the welfare of humanity, rather than in the continuance of present conditions, at the expense of nearly all that humanity demands as its own.

To know that there were two and a half millions of mostly able-bodied men banded together for the express purpose of abolishing national boundaries and uniting the people by common humanitarian interests, was enough to set monarchs thinking. This has not been lessened by the course pursued by the General Council, whose headquarters are at 256 High Holborn street, London, who, since their strength has been somewhat shown, have boldly put forth their views and aims to the world. Nearly every great journal in the world has had "special interviews" with some prominent member of the society, while the general interest manifested and attention given clearly shows its purposes are of sufficient magnitude and importance and sufficiently practicable to compel instead of being obliged to seek recognition.

The bold and complete defense and justification of the Paris Communists, whose every act had been highly colored against them by their enemies in possession of extended communications, still further proved that, being conscious of their power, they are not afraid to speak the truth, if it is against aristocracy. This address of the General Council of the International Workingmen's Association was not only bold, but it showed an ability and comprehensive grasp of the general situation which it is not too much to say has had a world-wide effect. No public document has ever been more sought after. Hundreds of thousands have been circulated upon the Continent, and nearly as many in the United States, showing a growing tendency toward a Universal Government, which surprises even the Internationals themselves.

In this general and sudden desire to know what the Internationals mean, is a prophecy which it will be well for those in authority to heed. The intelligent common people begin to realize that there is altogether too much government in the world and too many governments. These the Internationals intend to abolish by abolishing national boundaries and bringing the peoples into unity of mutual interests. They do not intend that fifteen millions of men shall be supported by their laboring brethren simply to continue despots in power, and to wage war to extend it. They do not intend that these despots and their titled supporters shall much longer revel in the products of labor, but that the results of labor shall remain with the laborers.

The press of this country nearly unanimously, and very inconsistently, take sides against the Internationals.

The European press denounce them because their purposes aim at the dethronement of their titled aristocracy, but the press of this country denounce them because their purposes aim at the destruction of the aristocracy of capitalists—even a more subtle aristocracy than is that of Europe. The press of this country, as between the wealth producers and the aggregators of wealth, are against the former, and controlled by the latter, by whom they are either owned or subsidized to the extent of utterly ignoring the equitable rights of the former. We desire the special attention of all labor interests to this fact, which we do not think is quite as well understood as it should be.

As proof of this, we refer to a column editorial in the *Herald* of the 3d inst., in which the most positive grounds are taken against the Internationals, and it is repeated in the

very face of its complete refutation, that the destruction in Paris was but an example of what all Internationalism means. If the people of New York, situated as were the people of Paris, asking for quarter, and being refused, would not sell their lives as dearly as did the Paris Communists, then we are mistaken in the temper of the people. But when it is your bull that has gored our ox, everybody else must stand the responsibility of there being a bull to gore the ox, even though the ox should worry him. This editorial of the *Herald* is drawn forth by the following from Karl Marx, who, it is understood, is the author of the lengthy address above referred to in answer to an interrogatory as to the purposes of the Internationals in the United States, where they are, of course, somewhat different in detail from what they are in Europe:

Correspondent at—What are the principal aims of the society in the United States?

Dr. Marx—To emancipate the workingman from the rule of the politicians, and to combat monopoly in all the many forms it is assuming there, especially that of the public lands. We want no more monstrous land-grabs, no more grants to swindling railroad concerns, no more schemes for robbing the people of their birthright for the benefit of a few purse-proud monopolists. More than that, let these men be warned in time; their ill-gotten goods shall be taken from them, and their wealth shall vanish like the baseless fabric of a vision. We oppose, also, all protectionist measures, which make all the necessities of life dear to the poor man, merely to put money into the pockets of a few aristocrats, who know how to buy over your corrupt politicians.

Upon this the *Herald* says:

The proposed conference of the representatives of England, Austria and France is for the purpose of considering the extent and spread of the International Society of Workingmen. We are told that this is really the object of the mooted meeting of Earl Granville, Count Beust and President Thiers, though ostensibly the consideration of the Eastern question is its alleged object.

The ramifications of the International are such as to cause the statesmen of Europe to regard with apprehension this fast growing organization. Its aims are such as are calculated to attract unthinking workingmen. The old cry that capital is the oppressor of labor, and that the master manufacturer, agriculturist or miner is no better than a tyrannical task driver, is raised to seduce the unwary within the folds of the society. The plan of the Commune is to make every man work, and to live on the profits of his labor. The day when individuals or corporations will fail to be able to control capital and land is fast approaching, according to cherished ideas of the society. An equal distribution of the goods of this life to all. No man will be rich according to this grand arrangement, or no man will be poor, for the State will compel each and every man to labor. This is in brief the flattering picture which the International holds up to the gaze of the workingmen of Europe and America. Capital has had its day according to these theorists. It has built railroads, extended commerce, covered the ocean with steamers, opened forests, cut canals, delved into the deep recesses of the earth and pierced mountains. These are the accomplishments of capital; now labor must step in to reap its reward, and the International is to be the means by which the accomplishment is to be reached.

Wild and impracticable as this reasoning appears to sensible people, it is sufficiently attractive to draw millions of men within the fold of the society which advocates these views. When we consider that in Paris alone there are sixty-five societies directly under its control, in Lyons thirty, in Marseilles twenty-seven and all the other prominent cities of France have more or less organizations controlled by the International, we can form some estimate of the influence which the workingmen of France can wield when occasion requires it. In Belgium the Internationals may be counted by hundreds of thousands. In Spain there are close on two hundred sections. Switzerland has between fifty and sixty sections, not counting that of Zurich and the two branches of Bale-Ville and Bale-Campagne, which last numbers three thousand members. Austria, Italy, Holland and the United States are all strongly represented in the association. From these statistics, as well as from the despatch and the letter of our London correspondent, our readers can judge for themselves of the aims, extent, strength and ramifications of the International Association of Workmen.

The undercurrent of bitterness with which this is tinged plainly shows its animus. The *Herald* is against the interests of workingmen, but in its gallant efforts it entirely gets adrift from reason, and strikes random blows that will recoil upon itself and "hurt," if we are not mistaken. Indeed has capital, in the sense in which it fattens from the laborer, "had its day." Indeed, has capital "built railroads, extended commerce," &c. But we beg the *Herald*, before it performs any more such indiscreet antics, to remember had it not have been for these detestable workingmen that this little arrangement of capital would never have existed; and also to remember that had this capital remained in first hands, they not having been defrauded out of it, all these great things would have been done just the same as they have. When writers travel in strange lands, of which they are not well informed, they should be careful about risking themselves on the bogs of a morass, lest they fail to support them and they sink.

Even the *Herald* admits, however, that the success of the schemes of the Internationals has been very great; but is it not just a little muddy when it calls the plainest logic, wild and impracticable. Justice is as certain to come to this over-ridden people as effects follow competent causes—the competent cause in this case being the comprehension of what justice demands.

A stream can never rise higher than its source, except by artificial means. Capital has been raised higher than its source, and all such papers as the *Herald* are endeavoring to sustain it in its position. But they shall fail, since

"Already at the nation's head
Inspired forms begin to tread,
And with a calm and searching eye
Thy stern stern justice drawing nigh."

THE WEEKLY BULLETIN

OF THE

PANTARCHY.

PHILADELPHIA, July 17, 1871.

HON. STEPHEN P. ANDREWS:

Dear Sir—Prompted by an humble, earnest desire to aid the progress of truth, and to mingle my feeble voice with the clarion tones of the advocates of suffering humanity, I send you the inclosed. If its principles and expression accord with your own to an extent sufficient to warrant an insertion in the "Weekly Bulletin" of the pages of that useful and valuable paper, WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, I would be pleased to again send you a communication.

Ever your sincere adjutant in the onward march of the world's progress,

WILLIAM P. HOPKINS,
No. 125 South Seventh street,
Philadelphia.

DIES BEATISSIMA ORITURA.

Moral, social and political reformers are, among narrow-minded men, unpopular; therefore the more reason why the friends and sympathizers of their onward march toward truth and righteousness should offer the tribute due to those who bear the burden of the conflict. To be an "unpopular" reformer is a glorious desideratum in the eyes of us who are anxiously awaiting, earnestly working for the new era which, in spite of opposition and ridicule, is fast dispelling the clouds of darkness, whose leaden edges press so heavily upon us; and now may be plainly seen the lightning flashes of truth piercing the heavy pall with the overwhelming power of the thunderbolts of Olympic Jove. The reformers of the nineteenth century are making a history which will endure "while the world stands." "Generations yet to come," with one accord, will bless the noble and untiring efforts of those who are paving the way to a higher, a more noble conception of the true nature of their "being's end." Yet may the ideal Atlantis of Plato be brought to an impregnable reality and the conceptions of Moore's Utopia be established in adamant strength for the benefit, the enlightenment and the transfiguration of the human race. From a contemplation of the Herculean labors involved in the successful achievement of such a great work, we humble searchers after truth may well stand in awe of the daring of the noble men whose beacon light flames in our foremost ranks, encouraging us to follow the "white plume of Navarre" to victory. The Pantarchy stands before the world to-day, the exponent of enlightenment and civilization, the only practicable solution of the first principle of social science that "man should pursue his own true and substantial happiness." Upon the successful establishment of that divinely conceived form of human government, woman will be elevated to her true sphere. No longer depressed, harassed, bowed down by reproaches of inferiority, but raised up and seated upon her own lawful throne from which she has been so long excluded. Woman ennobled and exalted, with a firm hold upon the God of nature, will then extend to man the hand of sympathy and true untrammelled love to enable him to purge his present sinful nature and ascend to that nature he has so long prostituted; "God-like in all." Could but the narrow-minded, bigoted men who have crawled into responsible positions, and who now "hang hissing at the nobler crowd below," receive a revelation of truth, and stand stripped of their conceit and bigotry, face to face with their moral obliquity, what a crushing sense of shame and mortification would bow them down. When we reflect that these are the men who oppose our glorious efforts, and contrast them with the pure-minded and noble-hearted men who stimulate us by precept and example to renewed exertion, who can doubt for a moment upon which side stands the God of battles. "Divine Providence takes care of his own universe. Impotent of everything but malevolence of purpose, they can do nothing but blaspheme all that is holy and happy and good." If stern necessity urges, let our motto be "out of darkness, through blood to light," and soon may that millennium come, when will forever be hushed the echoing cry of millions of the oppressed and bowed down which now rolls along the blue vault of heaven up to the foot of the great white throne itself. "Oh God! More light!"

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. WARREN'S LETTER CONTINUED.

What do we want more than the greatest practicable amount of happiness for every individual? It we get this without muddling ourselves with the word duties, is not its absence a gain to us? (1.)

If I agree to build a steam engine for another person, and to deliver it within a certain time, it is for my interest to fulfill the contract, or I should not have made it. You may say it is my duty to fulfill the contract, but this is only another word for the same thing, excepting that, while my interest is the strongest motive that actuates me, the prescription of a "duty" has no force at all—it is supererogatory and perhaps impertinent. (2.)

In case I cannot fulfill my contract, we can settle the

matter by my paying damages to the injured party; which it is for my interest to do, if I wish to retain my business, and especially to avoid being ruined by "codes and courts," which you are so willing to carry into the future, instead of getting rid of them by an intelligent view of self-interest. When from a clear view of justice, and with means to fulfill its demands, I am prompted by my interests and feelings to do that which works rightly, individually and collectively, what use have we for the word "duty"? If this word, applied in the above case, does not mean just what I mean by the word "right," what does it mean? Is it something to rise above right, or fall below it? Is it not purely an impertinence? (3.)

Do you say that in the case of the engine I have taken only one particular case, and that the word "duty" has a general signification? Let me remind you (if necessary) that "generalities can never refer to anything but particulars," and "that any word or phrase that does not refer to or connect itself in the mind with some particular thing or things," is an unmeaning sound—only so much wind—a waste of time and labor. (4.)

You have incidentally done me justice in saying that I demand rights, but do not prescribe "duties" (to other people). Their right of self-sovereignty (for which I have profound reverence) forbids this impertinence. (5.)

JOSHUA WARREN,
Clitondale, Mass.

1. If we can gain explicitness by always saying *to*, and never saying *from* (because *to* any place is always *from* somewhere else), why "muddle ourselves" by ever saying *from*? If we can't but we can't; and "that's what's the matter." The strife after absolute simplicity ends always by a necessary TERMINAL CONVERSION INTO OPPOSITES, in the direst confusion. The Truth is never simple, but always complex; never Absolute, but always Relative; and the essence of Relativity is that it is two-sided—that it "looks two ways for Sunday"—first forward, and then back—first intuitions, and then reflects, or turns back on itself.

To illustrate still further how extreme simplicity, which is Mr. Warren's special hobby, conduces to confusion, we need only take his statement and understanding of Individuality itself. By Individuality he means in the extreme conception of it, any, whatsoever, peculiarity or characteristic of a person or other identity, of even of an event, or of an abstract relation. But a person's individuality is also used, and more frequently, and oftentimes unconsciously, by Mr. Warren, to mean such peculiarity as distinguishes the individual from other individuals, and so sets him apart, and sunders him, in kind, from any community or class to which he might otherwise pertain—his *individual* individuality, so to speak, as distinguished from any peculiarities which might have just the opposite tendency, namely: that of identifying or uniting him with a community or class.

Under the first definition individuality may either "separate or individualize," or it may unite and classify, which is just the opposite effect, as the case may chance to be. Under the second definition it *individualizes* (or *separates*) only, and is opposed to, or contrasted with the tendency to unity.

In other words, individuality, as used by Mr. Warren himself, is generalized to that extreme simplicity, involving a complexity, in which it is equally applicable to *separative* individuality or unity, or to both, notwithstanding their oppositeness, indifferently. (These two opposite aspects of characterization I now distinguish as Divergent and Convergent Individuality, respectively.) But at other times and most frequently, because Mr. Warren's personal tendencies are toward freedom and separative identity, it is confined to the meaning of Divergent Individuality.

Now, the extreme of generalization which makes individuality to mean mere peculiarity of any kind—and hence the most opposite kinds of peculiarity, without any indication of when we have passed from one view to the opposite view of the subject—is ultra simplicity in appearance, but confusing complexity in fact. It is valuable, however, as the ultimatum of generalization, and as the basis, therefore, upon which the true discriminations of kind can be specifically planted. Simply adding the specifications *Divergent* and *Convergent* makes all clear and scientifically accurate. This subtle complexity hid under the guise of simplicity, added to the fact that the same term, individuality, is in the same breath used in another sense, used, that is to say, for divergent individuality merely, makes of the doctrine merely a convenient rat-hole of argumentation, or a sort of Chinese puzzle. Mr. Warren is provided for every assault; he can never be thrown off his feet, never refuted; and yet what he says proves nothing, conduces nowhere, serves nobody as a practical guide to anything, for the want of more specification. It is just what he described, himself, as a generality without any particulars.

2. Perhaps no paragraph was ever written which covers more subtle and far-reaching error than this. It is the abandonment of the whole moral code, and the proclamation of selfish interest as the only and sufficient motive and regulator of human conduct. To say that "it is my interest to do a thing" is not at all equivalent to saying "it is my duty to do it," any more than *from* and *to* are the same. This point has been, perhaps, sufficiently elucidated already, in speaking, in the last article, of *roads and rectifications, rights and duties*; but the next clause demands comment: "excepting that while my interest is the strongest motive that actuates me," etc.

Here is a quiet assumption as the whole truth of the subject, of the most degrading and vicious doctrine of human relationships. Mr. Warren stands here upon the same platform with the political economists who insist on "enlightened self-interest" as the only and adequate regulator of social intercourse—though he has not thought it requisite even to add the qualifier "enlightened." Self-interest, pure and simple, is the whole of it.

Now there is a sense in which this is true; but it is that same sense of an absolute generalization which wipes out all discriminations, and becomes confusing and misleading under the pretense of simplicity. It is the same trick of language and *hocus pocus* of ideas as if, when I was eating fruit at the breakfast table, you were to shock and offend me by insisting that I was eating muck or manure, because the fruit had grown out of a muck heap and contained the same chemical ingredients. It is true, in a sense, that the two are the same, but the mistake is in insisting that for that reason they are the same in all senses. The fruit has undergone a complete transmutation in the vegetable laboratory of nature; and in another sense is therefore wholly different from that out of which it sprang. So it is in a sense true that all our motives are selfish, because they spring out of selfishness at bottom. But in noble natures selfishness has undergone a transmutation into unselfishness; whence also springs the sense of duty. In inferior natures "my interest" remains, it is there the "strongest motive," but with the *élite* of humanity the interests of all are paramount; the love of the truth of life for the truth's sake is the supreme motive. I have much more to say on this subject, but must restrain the wish to write on.

3. Duty is something to counterpart the idea of right, like the two directions of the straight road. It may rise above it, or fall below it, in relative estimate of importance, at the given instant of time; but it always counterpoints it.

4. Quite right. I have had occasion to rely on this principle in the preceding criticism.

5. I desire always to do you justice, and justice to your discoveries in social science, which I deem none the less important that they need other minds to superadd the specialization when you have furnished the fundamental generalization.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

A REFORM ADVOCATE AND JOURNAL.

I have before me the first number of a new newspaper of this name, published by the Cosmopolitan Publishing Association, in this city. No editorial names are given, but I recognize the initials and views of several well-known reformers connected with the Metropolitan Conference and other progressive movements.

The *Cosmopolitan* strikes out also for Universal Government, as shown by the following extract from its leader:

From the foregoing it will be seen that a central, local and planetary or Cosmopolitan Government is indicated, which to express the complete thought, and all embracing idea, should be designated and known as—

THE COMMONWEALTH OF HUMANITY,

which in spirit, nature and name is anti-sectarian, anti-sectional, anti-geographical, and purely cosmopolitan and, at once, expresses the oneness and indivisibility of humanity, and its oneness of, and inseparable interest, and is, in itself, by conveying a pure spirit, sublime thoughts, and enlarged ideas, reformatory.

Under this comprehensive and all absorbing name, it is proposed to construct four grand divisions, to be designated and known as—

THE COMMONWEALTH OF EUROPE,
THE COMMONWEALTH OF ASIA,
THE COMMONWEALTH OF AFRICA, AND
THE COMMONWEALTH OF AMERICA, OR
THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH.

Under the last-named division—the American Commonwealth—it is proposed to consolidate the United States, Canada, Central and South America, Mexico, all the Indian Governments and Territories, Cuba, St. Domingo, Hayti, and all the islands of the seas that are contiguous, and may be regarded, geographically, as belonging to the American Continent.

By this construction of humanity into a Cosmopolitan Government, and its four grand divisions, and their subdivisions for efficiency and convenience to the people or peoples composing them, selfish, separate and antagonistic interests would cease, and the best interests of all would be consolidated, promoted and preserved.

The *Star*, in noticing the *Cosmopolitan*, thinks from the harmony of design, it and its purposes being so nearly identified with those of the Pantarchy, and of the Cosmopolitan or Equal Rights Party, that the new paper should be united with our journal; on the contrary, it is, who things branch out that they are taking on growth. If there were a hundred WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S, *Golden Age Cosmopolitans*, and the like, with their common purpose and their great differences, so much the better; we hail every accession to the ranks of the great movement.

Through the *Cosmopolitan* we also hear a ringing voice from C. OSBORNE WARD, who is making an earnest effort to found a Workingmen's Co-operative Home in this city. Mr. WARD, one of those rare geniuses like Elihu Burritt is a man who has found time, in the midst of the press necessities of a working man's life, to learn phonography and phonetics, to master quite fairly half a dozen different languages, and to make great progress in other sciences. He presided over the recent International Meeting at the Casino in English, German and French, using each language

with facility. The following extract will give a fair illustration of the vigorous English, and of the equally vigorous thought of this staunch reformer. His views on the Commune have not been approved by his associates, it seems, the French section of the Internationals, who are very sensitive on this subject. S. P. A.

Mr. Ward, in the *Cosmopolitan*, says:

"And why has our home not a spacious hall, where we may all, as one family household, gather weekly, and consult each other on the wisest guidance of our coming questions?"

"The Home of the Rochdale Pioneers is by far the most magnificent edifice in the whole city, and one of the finest in all England. Its library contains many thousand volumes. Its hall is one of the largest and most beautiful. Its committee rooms are almost gorgeous with embellishments. Its business apartments are lavish with taste and touches of economy. Along its vast saloons come and go with mechanical precision the food, fuel and clothing of over eight thousand families of workmen. In Manchester there are two of these noble institutions. Bacup, Sowerby, Bridge, Halifax, many other towns, small and great, have homes as cheerful and as democratic as Rochdale; and they are the Edens of England; socially, centres of gaiety and refinement; intellectually, of instruction and discipline; economically, of frugality and temperance; familiarly, of friendship and rest. Beautiful homes."

"One such a palace home in this great cosmopolitan city—one such a noble witness of co-operation, with its ties of fraternity, knit with reconciliation; its aristocracy based on industrious manhood; its affluence shared in collectivity; and its sentiment inculcating virtue and justice, would form a mark for imitation by a thousand more, and make the Labor Question a systematic school, instead of an uninterrupted strife for personal gains."

MARRIAGE.

BY DR. MARY A. CHILTON, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

[Mrs. Chilton has long been one of the bravest advocates of Social Freedom. Associated many years ago with Mrs. Mary Gove Nichols and Dr. Thomas Nichols, in the reform of medical education and practice, and having been a bold reformer from the first, she has many friends in the reform field, who will be glad to hear from her. S. P. A.]

The *Tribune* never grows weary of asserting that persons may assume or refuse to wear the bonds of matrimony, as the wisdom gained by an individual during twenty years of observation and experience shall dictate, but none know better than the philosophers of the *Tribune* that wear the bonds they must, or become the victims of solitary vice, of fatal dreams or the patrons of brothels.

"None so blind as those who won't see." When the child first opens its eyes on the external world, had it the "will" of the *Tribune*, it would resolutely close them rather than see the disagreeable things that often present themselves. And when this same child feels the strength accumulating in its limbs, it would refuse to walk; but nature would resent such willfulness, and inflict severe penalties upon the child for it.

Again, when the child matures, and the affections unfold, the impulse to form intimate social relations becomes strong; the will may be stronger and permit no voluntary expression of these affections; but then the retribution becomes fearful. If the *Tribune* had a doctor of medicine on its staff, and would permit him to enlighten its readers through its columns, he would tell such heartrending tales of these "victims" as would bring tears to the eyes of the most cold-hearted and relentless among them. To escape these evils of voluntary and involuntary suicide our young people are offered marriage or prostitution. Marriage is the legal, prostitution the illegal, remedy. If they choose marriage they not only choose bonds, but they are by marriage placed in a position of peculiar and overpowering temptation, from which only rare characters have the power of self-defense; with unlimited opportunities of indulgence, the restraint, the law removed, strong emotions, suddenly permitted expression, sweep all before them, and the end of the "honeymoon" leaves many of them almost ruined in health, exhausted in body, suffering from nervous prostration, and very often mutually disgusted. Then come the years of keeping up the farce of special and unflagging devotion to each other, the prolific and proverbial family "jars," the unwelcome offspring, weakly, sickly inheritors of the results of intemperance in the marriage relation, etc., to the end of the bitter chapter. Are not the records written in the columns of the *Tribune* daily, weekly and semi-weekly?

Or if the young man overcomes his natural modesty, his youthful timidity, and avails himself of the illegal remedy and resorts to the brothel, his purse or his power of fascination only will limit his desires and recklessness; exhaustion and contagion await him at some point in this career. For particulars, I refer again to the columns of the *Tribune*.

This completes the trinity of evils from which our young people must choose. Marriage is a very "Hobson's" choice, "a fountain that sends forth both bitter water and sweet," a "fig tree" from which we gather "thistles," a "grape vine" that produces "thorns," since all the deaf, blind, lame, deformed, idiots and insane, every variety of misfortune and crime, have their origin in this "Holy Institution"—are the children of these legally licensed lovers.

The advocates of the doctrine of "total depravity" from time immemorial have found the devil lurking beneath all good and beautiful things. One party of professed Chris-

tians banish the beautiful flowers and condemn the eye to four walls and the contemplation of crucifixion and the tortures of the damned, lest the eye, seduced by the beauty of form, color and perfume found in flowers, should wean the heart from desires for a mythical heaven. Another "sect" have condemned music, still others dancing, and all of them combine to find in the sentiment of love the very Lucifer of hell. The philosophers of the *Tribune* will pardon me for proposing methods similar to those in use by all judicious parents with the child just learning to walk. A guiding hand to steady, a word of sympathy when he falls. As these affections that relate the sexes unfold, guide them into channels of mutual courtesy, temperate reciprocity, until unfolded into the full and healthful activity of magnificent manhood and beautiful womanhood, competent and self-regulated.

THE TRIBUNE'S MISNOMER.

On the morning of the 5th inst.—the morning after the colored orator, R. B. Elliot, M. C. from South Carolina, spoke at the Cooper Institute—the *Tribune* came out in a whole column report of that gentleman's speech, prominently headed "Equal Rights to All," specially emphasized. Now, we would not for a single moment have it imagined that we have any objection to colored men, even if they are M. C.'s, speaking anywhere, at any time; but we have an objection to newspapers continually telling over the same stale lies until they not only get to believe them themselves, but until they educate their readers into the same belief.

To the kind of falsifying to which we refer no newspaper is more given than is the *Tribune*, and to none so frequently as to it have we been obliged to call the public attention. Now, when the *Tribune* was made to say "Equal Rights to all," the writer knew, if he knew anything, that he was preparing a willful lie for the public mind for breakfast. The *Tribune* knows that it was only equal rights for men that it really meant; but it did not dare to speak the truth, when to withhold the truth and speak to deceive in so great a matter as this is an evidence of the meanest kind of cowardice.

And to present this man Elliot to the public as an example of equality is, as far as women are concerned, adding insult to injury. Raised from an ignominious condition by the blood and suffering of white men and women, and called to represent his State in Congress, he suddenly forgets the depths from which he came and votes against any further extension of equality. Having got all he wants, he would stop the progress of the age. He would deny the ballot to Mrs. Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mary A. Livermore, Lucy Stone, Phoebe Cozzens and hosts of others who have labored years for such as he, who, when compared with them, is as a pigmy to giants. We repeat that we have no objection to colored people, and if a colored man were the best man for the position we would fearlessly advocate him for the Presidency; but we do object to upstarts and to continuous lying, and we shall continue to object so long as there are upstarts with more arrogance than brains and newspapers whose columns are continuously filled with stereotyped falsehoods.

WHAT DO SUCH THINGS AMOUNT TO?

The Comptroller, at the request of the Mayor, has presented the public with a statement pretending to show the transactions of the Treasury during the month of July. But what information does it convey? Simply none at all, except the fact that the aggregate amounts of various bills have been paid, the items and prices of which we are as ignorant of as though the statement had never been made.

Every bill which the *Times* cites as a basis for its charges of fraud might have been published in the same way this statement is published, and no one ever have been any the wiser for it. This manner of making statements furnishes a cover to any fraud which officials, whether they be government or corporate, see fit to perpetrate; and this statement, given for the first time under the pressure of present circumstances, is an insult to the intelligence of the people, and those who make it know it to be so.

For instance, when it is shown that three hundred thousand dollars were paid on account of "City Parks Improvement Fund," who can tell whether one-half or more of this is not a swindle? What should be shown to make the statement of any earthly account as information is what that three hundred thousand dollars were paid for, to whom paid, and for account of what park. If this is not done, then nothing should be done; for such statements as this one now given involves an expense, accompanied by no good results to anybody.

There is little question that frauds to a greater or less extent are committed with impunity in nearly all of our large cities—and, for that, in small ones, too—and in many of our corporate companies, who have charge of funds which do not belong to them. There are innumerable ways in which this is possible, which are well known to persons familiar with the common methods of transacting and recording the business affairs of such corporations, all of which require to be remodeled before the people can rest in any security regarding the honesty and integrity of their public servants, whom it cannot be wondered that the late revelations have brought into general distrust.

The alteration or "raising" of checks or drafts has become alarmingly common of late, and inventive faculty has come to the rescue by giving us several guards against this most dangerous work of the counterfeit; but by far the best we have seen is Moody's Eureka Stamp "for perforating into checks, drafts, &c., the amount for which they are drawn, to prevent alteration." By the use of this machine the appearance of the check or draft is in no manner injured, and, as the points ink as well as perforate the paper, any alteration is simply impossible; for the perforations cannot be obliterated, and the ink, being imbedded in the fibre of the paper, cannot be removed. The check is carried along on a sliding bar, by the upward movement of the arm of the machine, and registers perfectly, the figures being regulated by a dial. The cost is not excessive, and the whole instrument seems to be perfect in its operation.

HAVE THE PEOPLE BEEN DEFRAUDED?

Nobody denies it. The showing that nine million dollars are pretended to have been paid in the short space of a few months upon a very limited number of accounts, puts that question beyond the pale of dispute. But, from the action of the people and the obsequiousness shown by some of our papers to the dead body of Tammany, we doubt very much if the enormity of the matter is appreciated. The showing has been made, and everybody seems convinced that a gigantic system of robbery has been carried on; but are we not wasting time in parleying as to whether it is the old or the new government who are responsible for this outrage upon the confidence of the people? Are not the ruling spirits of the present City Government the same who were the ruling spirits of the old Board of Supervisors? It is the individuals who composed the government who are the responsible parties, not the government itself. And if those individuals have been transferred from one form of control into another form of control, they lose none of the responsibility. Therefore it is only an attempt made to parry the blow, when it is asserted that these frauds were perpetrated under a now defunct government.

But what has been the character of these frauds and how were they perpetrated? That is what the people are interested to know. It is asserted that an immense number of bills for work done and materials furnished have been paid. Was this work ever performed, and was this material ever really furnished, are the vital questions. Having determined that it was, the question then comes up, when was it done and where is the material? Both certainly are in existence somewhere, notwithstanding the Court House is not large enough to contain them. Having found them, it can easily be determined whether extravagant prices were paid or not.

If the results of the labor set down are not to be found, and the material set down as furnished is not to be found, what then? Why who made those bills, and who ordered the payment, and who received the money? These are all susceptible of proof, since each bill must be made up of items in the aggregate, amounting to the sum claimed for each bill.

It is not, then, the aggregate of the amounts of the different bills that is required to explain the manner of the fraud, but the items which make up the aggregate. It is not sufficient, then, to publish a showing merely rehearsing what the *Times* has already acquainted the people with, but every bill thus presented must be analyzed into all its parts.

First, we want to know how much carpeting and furniture there were furnished, and, next, where it all is at the present time, and so on with every bill of every kind and form which has been paid within the time that suspicion covers. It is difficult to see why corporate authorities, when accused of crime, should be treated differently from other people. When it was boldly asserted that this robbery had been committed, why were not the books and vouchers containing these accounts seized upon and held for examination? Why has time and opportunity been given to "cook" these things in such a way as to make it appear that though there have been immense sums of money paid out, it was only carelessness, not criminality, that permitted it.

There is but one way to account for these immense sums. All the work and material which they pretend to represent were not furnished. These bills represent fictitious quantities. They have been "raised," and it will require experts indeed to so change them as to make a bill representing in reality but a thousand dollars to appear to represent ten thousand dollars.

It seems evident that this must be the manner in which these frauds have been committed, since no one can conceive that such an amount of furniture, carpets, repairs, etc., could have been furnished. If this be so, then all parties connected with the matter are involved in the responsibility—the officials for putting up such jobs, and the persons who connived to make their execution possible are equally guilty, and should long before this have been held to answer. The people will not permit any innocent parties to suffer; neither will they let any of the guilty ones escape. The sense of honesty and honor which is still true of the masses of the people, has been outraged, and nothing short of a clean justification if there have been no frauds perpetrated, or the fullest penalty if there have been, will satisfy them.

God keep me from him whom I trust, from him whom I trust not I shall keep myself.

AMOURS DIVINES;
OR,
LOVE-SCENES IN THE ORIENT.

I.

MARY MAGDALENE.

Midway 'tween horizon
And zenith hung, on heaven's wall of blue,
The lunar crescent, tremulously fixed,
Shed joyous bright its softest rays upon
Gethsemane. The night was beautiful—
Athwart the sky the phosphorescent dust
Of heaven's highway glowed, as if disturbed
By feet and chariot-wheel of angel host.
High on a linden-bough, his am'rous song
In ecstasy outpouring, gazing at
His mate, sat Philomel, with lifted wings
To cool his downy breast, aglow with love.
Beneath, in that fair garden, flower-kissed flower
The red rose, all on fire, his velvet lips
Close 'gainst the lily's snowy bosom held,
While buds and leaves, caressed by zephyr breeze,
Did sweetly fondle one another, in
Their vain, unceasing searching for the face
That breathed, invisible, such perfumed breath.
Oh what a place; oh what a night for love!
The silken grass gave back no sound of feet,
And mossy banks invited to repose;
While rippling waters kissed with wavelet lips
The pebbly shores, then glided 'way; but left
Their foamy flakes, the tell-tales of their love's
Inconstancy.

The young Jew came at last.
With steps uncertain and low-drooping head
He sought the shadow of a linden tree
And sank upon his knees, with hands enclasped.

Soon was his gold-brown beard wet with hot tears
Of agony. Big drops of sweat, ice-cold,
Hung on that marble brow. Soon, too, his groans
Reached Philomel and forthwith hushed his song.
The leaves ceased whispering, and stealthily
The streamlet crept away, its purling tones
Of gladness heard no more.

Gethsemane
Lent ear to ev'ry sigh, and with a cloud
The lunar crescent veiled her joyous face.

Gloom brooded o'er the lovely vale, and wrapt
That kneeling form in darkness tangible,
Yet could not hide the vision from his eyes;
He raised them up—a shriek of horror burst
Upon the still air of night; he rose—
He tottered—groaned and fell, his white hands in
His gold-brown beard clutched, vice-like firm. There was
A death-like pallor on his handsome face—
His bloodless lips were parted and tight-set,
As if for re'e his pearl-like teeth were pressed.

So lay good Mary's son, until the night
Air cooled his fevered brow and brought him back
To life, half-lifeless still, bewildered, faint
And sick at heart.

"Oh will ye never go?"
He murmured, as he ope'd his eyes and saw
Those murdered innocents, with blood-stained wings,
Flit here and there, then fade to nothingness,
Then reappear, in troops of thousands, to
Unfold their gore-smeared winglets and pour out
Their piteous cries upon the listening air
Of night. "Oh will ye never go?" he cried
Again, as back they turned in sudden flight,
All bleeding, torn and fluttering, like doves
Pursued by starving, screaming hawks, and shook
Their drabbed plumage, till from every wing
Upon that prostrate form there fell, in slow,
Unerring flight, a crumpled feather down,
That seemed as had it lain in pool of blood.
Good Mary's son was bent to earth beneath
The load. Each feather-point, like arrow barbed
And poisoned, pierced and rankled in his flesh.
And as the hosts of innocents their way
Thro' thickening gloom pursued, thus cried they, loud
And ringing first, then faint and fainter, till
Their little forms were lost at last amid
The darkness resting on Gethsemane:
"Go, Joseph's son, thus shall it ever be
With thee—weep, suffer, die and then will all
Our mothers smile again that thou art gone
Forever from the world. Weep, suffer, die—
And hadst thou lives as fair Gethsemane
Hath leaves, ne'er couldst thou taste enough of death
To expiate the crimes thy birth hath caused.
Go, Mary's son, go suffer, weep and die,
We'll come again when thou art nailed upon
The cross, to gloat o'er thy last agony.
Go, Mary's son, go to thy death—farewell."

The moments chased each other 'way; the gloom
Was lifted and the moon looked down upon
The garden, joyous bright, while Philomel,
From his high perch, poured forth his melody
Again, and all was loveliness once more
Within Gethsemane.

But he stirred not
Until he felt a soft hand pressed upon
His shoulder; then he slowly raised his eyes,
Still filled with tears, and murmuring low, "Thou here,"
Spoke nothing more, but covered up his face
In silence with his cold, moist hands and let
His due head sink upon his breast.

'Twas she
They called the Magdalene, her dark hair loose
Upon her neck, her lustrous eyes fixed full
Upon her friend, her white feet bare and bathed
With dew, her garment tightly drawn around
Her form.

"Come, Jesus, my beloved friend,
Alive o'er thy weeping; see how beautiful

This garden is, and see how bright the moon
Looks down upon us, flooding all the vale
With silvery light. See yonder bank how it
Invites to rest; let's thither, oh, my friend,
And I will cheer thee with my happy voice."

She stooped, and taking his half willing, half
Unwilling hand, she led him toward the bank
Where violet and honeysuckle grew,
And myrtle twined and mosses spread their soft,
Brown velvet rug upon the ground. There sat
They down, and tho' the lovely Mary fain
Would 've held that friend's cold hand between her soft,
Warm palms, until her throbbing heart had poured
Some fervor in his chilly breast, yet like
A maiden wooed too bluntly, he did draw
It gently back, and 'neath his garment's folds
Laid it away. Nor let nor hindrance did
The Magdalene, nor murmured out the least
Reproach; she sighed her disappointment and
Then questioned thus her friend: "Lov'st thou me still?"

"Ay, Mary, love I thee," he lowly replied,
"Else were I not what I should be. E'en when
A child, I ne'er could hate. My playmates called
Me 'girl' for this, and laughed and said a frock
Would better suit me than a manly garb.
I have not changed. Oh would that I could teach
The world to love as my poor heart doth love!
Yes, all would then be well and I could die
And bless those robbing me of life."

"Oh say
Not so, my friend," gave answer Magdalene,
"Speak not of death. Why shouldst thou die, so good,
So kind, so true thou art? Hast thou not said
'Thou lovest me?' Were it not truer said
'Thou lovest me?' Oh Jesus, of all men
Thou man loved best, list to my prayer, go not
Up to Jerusalem. Within its walls
Live all thine enemies. They'll nail thee to
The cross; they'll pierce those hands and feet I've kissed
So oft. I'll see thee die. Oh, God, let him
Not from us go! Stay with us, thou best loved
And worthiest; all hold thee dear within
Our peaceful vales and villages. Why, then,
Go forth? List we not to thy word? Do we
Not cheerfully thy every bidding? 'Twas,
I'm sure, but yesterday thou saidst the end
Was near. Why not, then, bide with us, and with
Us, whom thou'st loved so long and well, set out
Upon the journey to our Father's home—
That blessed home where parting shall be known
No more?"

A smile so sad, a sigh so deep
Ne'er answered woman here below as gave
Reply to Magdalene. Thus Jesus spake:
"Loved Mary, list. Look at the world; see how
Men live and die. They wrong the weak; they gaze
Unmoved upon the needy and the sick;
They turn with horror from the leper and
The sore-possessed; they toil but for themselves;
The few are feasting while the many starve;
Dead are benevolence and charity.
My Father's will be done. He tells me I
Must die ere this can all be changed and man
Be taught to love his fellow-man, as now
He loves himself!"

"Again," cried Mary, "thou
Dost speak of death. Oh would that death were dead
Himself, that thou mightst live forever mine!"

"Sh," murmured Jesus; "woman, thou art but
A woman, and wouldst sell the world to buy
Thy will. Lov'st thou me, Mary? Then convince
Me of thy love by saying, go, do thou
Our Lord's behest, farewell; and ye, ye hosts
Angelical, bear him company to cheer
Him on the thorny path his mission bids
Him go."

"No more, no more, thou man of stone,"
Wept Mary loud. "I cannot give thee up.
Were I like thee in heart, and still myself
In form, I'd die thro' shame at being, as
It were, nor man nor woman. No, beloved,
Oh ask me not to part with thee. Tear thou
Thyself away; let me cling to the last!"

And with these words she sank upon her knees
And clasped his feet close to her breast and wept
Till they were wet with tears; then bent she down
And kissed, with thankful lips, them dry again.
He gently raised her up and bade her sit
Down by his side again. Their hearts beat wild,
Their hands were linked in half convulsive grasp.

Thus sped the moments by in silence deep
And blissful. Philomel sang loud and sweet,
A rapturous outburst of love for his
Brown mate near by. The brooklet murmured love;
And whispering, the leaves told how they loved
The zephyr breeze that gently poured its breath
Of sweetness over them.

First Mary spake:

"'Tis strange how women love, and loving, ne'er
Do tire of love, tho' love is ever love!
My heart, all scarred from many a wound neglect
Had given, most firm resolved to love no more.
And that resolve were faithful kept this day
Hadst thou not come. Oh Jesus, loved too well!
Thou knowest how I followed thee, by day,
By night. Repulsed, I came again. Thy each
Companion gave me harsh reply; ay, more,
They drove me from thy presence, they reviled
Me and refused to let me stand within
The reach of thy loved voice. Yet still I came
Again, until thou saw'st my constancy
And said to them: Let her approach, forbid
Her not. So was I won. Unhappy me!
Nay, nay, not so. Thrice happy me, for thy
Indifference is warmer far than is
The fervor others feel. Oh thou, my sweet
Divinity, let me lie on thy breast,
While I am with thee here to-night! Perchance

We never may sit thus again; and when
The end shall come, and crowned my head shall be
With the undying fire, that crown will glow
The brightest of them all, for 'twill enwrath
A head once pillowed on thy breast, thou last
And best loved, too!"

With this she sank upon
His breast with gentlest grace. He thrust her not
Away, but let his gold-brown beard rest soft
Upon her snowy brow. She felt its warm,
Its silken touch, and thro' her form there went
A thrill of joy. So near to him she'd ne'er
Been yet.

Unlooked-for pleasures always have
A double charm; anticipation oft
Doth draw out all the juice and leave the pulp
Behind. The young Jew trembled as he felt
That woman's form within his arms. The first
It was had ever nestled there, and yet
He could not thrust her 'way. Thrice lifted he
His hand, but touched her not; thrice ope'd his lips,
But spake no word. And then he bowed his head
Until his cheek reposed upon her hair—
Her ebony hair, which fell in tresses soft
And thick adown her back. At this her hand
Sought his, and couched it gently in her lap.

So sat the lovers there, upon that bank
In softest mosses clad, nor uttered sound,
Nor stirred. Their bliss had made them motionless
And mute. 'Twas Magdalene who first disturbed
The stillness of the vale; for Philomel
Had ceased his am'rous song on finding both
The lovers sunk in silence 'neath him there.

"'Tis here, best loved of all," low murmured she,
"That I have longed to lay my head, and let
Thy bosom's rise and fall rock me in dreams
Of bliss as it doth now. The day thou spak'st
To us upon the mount I longed—oh, how
I longed to kiss thy feet as thou went'st by.
My sweet divinity! Thy smile poured balm
Upon my aching heart. I bowed my head,
And pressed my thankful lips upon the ground
Imprinted by the feet they would not let
Me kiss. Ah, me! had I known then the love
Reserved for me, how many tears were now
Unshed, how many sighs unheaved! But now
The present biots out all the past; thy arms
Encircle me—I'm pillowed on thy breast!
Thrice happy me for all the woe I've felt;
Thrice happy me that thou wast purchased dear.
But tell me, Jesus—loved 'bove all the rest—
Dost thou, then, truly, truly, truly love
Me, say? I know thou dost, yet would I hear
It often from thy lips—hear thy dear voice
Repeat its sweet I love thee, Mary, 'bove
All other women. Come, wilt thou not woo
Me so, beloved? Wilt thou not speak of love?
I am a woman, have a woman's heart,
And I will empty it and cleanse it well
From every baser love world ever poured
Therein, if thou, last loved and best, wilt but
Let fall a single drop of thy divine
Affection in the void. Speak, speak! Mine ears
Will suck up every word as bee doth draw
The honey from the flower. Oh, speak, beloved!"

A godlike smile spread o'er the young Jew's face.
He stroked his gold-brown beard caressingly,
Then passed his hand across his brow, and chased
The straggling locks back to their place, as he
Replied: "Dear woman, thou well knowest that
I love thee, sayest thou and still wouldst hear
Me talk of love?"

"In truth I would, my sweet
Divinity," said Mary, as she pressed
His hand upon her yearning breast, and gazed
With lustrously beseeching eyes full in
His handsome face, that bent so mild, so calm,
So hopeful over her.

"Ah, Mary!" he
Began; "have care, loved one. So high this world's
Affections oft are tempered that they snap
In twain 'pon slightest pressure; so have care.
Those love the best who do the wisest love;
That love is strongest which, like pyramid,
Hath reason for its strength. Like mortar, it
Must harden slowly, lest it brittle be;
Be it of fungus growth, full size all in
A night, 'twill shrivel with the speed it grew.
True love is like an ailment—coming slow,
And sure incurable when come. She who
Would lasting love should ask herself: 'Why should
I love?' This loving first, in hope there will
Be valid reason afterward, doth oft
Encounter grief, the reason being why
There should have been no love. And then oft times
Doth woman waste her love; as dew shed on
The desert sand, it sinks upon some cold
And sterile heart. At other times we see
The thing reversed—the husband trammelled by
The wife's caprices, humors, ideas, whims;
Her fancies strange and notions nondescript;
Her spleen and choler, wasp-like, ever armed;
All linked to heartlessness and vanity!"

"Ay, Jesus, thou best loved of men," exclaimed
The Magdalene, with moistened eyes upturned
Toward his now grief-clad countenance, "how full
Of all perfections, beauty, grace and wit,
With tenderness and boundless love conjoint,
Should she be stored to be thy wife, beloved,
To share thy smiles, thy kisses and thy couch
To leave a thankful world thy face and form.
Oh, happy, happy, happy breast whereat
A child by thee begot, his little lips
Of brightest coral tint shall ope and drink
A mother's milk! Woe me that thou art as
Thou art, and I not what I fain would be!"

"Weep not, loved Mary, oh, weep not!" the young
Jew said as he his trembling hand ran o'er
Her ebony tresses, which half hid her face,

And pressed them gently back with many a soft
Caress. "Weep not, loved woman; dry thy tears;
Rejoice at my resolve; thou knowest I
Must die. They clamor for my life; like wolves
They howl upon my path, and lick their hot
And foaming jaws at thoughts of tasting soon
My blood. I go to meet my death, beloved;
I go with joyful step, for tho' I die,
My words they cannot kill. Lay them up in
Thy heart, and when I'm gone, sow broad and wide
My sayings; they need but my blood's cement
To fix them in men's hearts for evermore!"

With this outburst of godlike ardor did
The Jew spring wildly to his feet, and shook
That soft, voluptuous form from off his breast,
His dark eyes flashing fire and rolling 'bout
Beneath their black o'erhanging arches in
A sort of frenzied restlessness. His lips,
Their bright vermilion lost, in attitude
Most anxious hung; his gold-brown beard, moved to
Its end by heavings of his startled breast,
Swayed to and fro; his cheeks ran from their tint
Of rose; deep in his palms his flbert nails
Were pressed, and all his form shook like a young
Oak struck by sudden blast. Full length upon
That mossy mound, hurled by his vigorous arms,
Died fall the Magdalene. Her thin robe, torn
From off her rounded shoulders, laid full half
Her snowy bosom bare. Nor paused she then
To cover what his hand thus rude unveiled,
But leapt with single bound to where in flight
Betaken, rushed in headlong haste away
Her frightened lover. As the hunter round
The wild horse flings his sure lasso, so caught
The Magdalene the young Jew's neck within
Her arms, and put a quick end to his flight.
As if unconscious of his strength did Mary's son
Yield to those soft white arms—a tender chain,
Indeed—and let the woman lead him to
The bank again, where down she sat and drew
Him likewise down beside her on the mound,
Her arms, suspicious, still about his neck.

"No, no!" she uttered, hoarsely; "thou shalt not
Escape me thus. While I have life I'll cling
To thee, thou cold, cold man, thou man of stone,
As close and strong as ever ivy vine
To marble clung, to stony column clung;
Thou heart of ice, that will not melt beneath
Such showers of tears as I have rained upon't;
Thou breast of clay, that will not warm, tho' 'gainst
My sarging bosom pressed till in my heart
Of hearts thy chilly nature hath its frost
Conveyed, and there congealed my fervor with
Its wintry breath. Alas! sweet, I forget;
Forgive me. Oh, thou heavenly man! I rave!
My love hath crazed my brain. What have I said?
Best loved and tenderest, have I aught breathed
Else than to pack and crowd thee close, sweet friend,
With thousand sweetest words, in sweetest tones
Of sweetest love? Oh, if I have, then let
My thankless, wicked tongue lose power of speech,
And shrivel up as punishment condign,
Doomed never more to utter thy sweet name,
Or tell thee of my love for thee, thou best,
Thou tenderest, thou truest of all men.
Or if mine eyes have e'er with aught save love—
Save warmest, purest, fondest, sweetest love—
Upon thee gazed, let them be straight thrust out,
That they may sin no more. Oh, speak! Have I
Aught uttered, looked or thought, save love? Have I
Offended thee, my Jesus? Say but 'Ay,'
And kill me; 'Nay,' and let me live thy slave—
Thy happy slave, content to toil each day
Away, and kiss thy feet for hire!"

The Jew.
With blanched brow and pallid cheek, with lips
All colorless, with nostrils quivering,
As 'bove his struggling heart slow heaved his breast,
Sought now to smile; but 'twas a chilly smile,
As cold as when 'pon early floweret, fair
And venturesome, the winter tries to smile
A frosty smile, a cold and cheerless smile,
And then he slowly stroked with nervous hands
His gold-brown beard to its full length and said:
"Loved woman—lost to me—this is no time
For love. See'st yonder highway? It awaits
My footsteps. Yes, and were that highway paved
With coals of fire, I'd travel it unshod, and cool
A pathway to the Holy City, that
The world might follow me. So is't decreed;
So shall't be done! No, Mary; ask me not
To stay. Fain would I linger by thy side,
And live for thee alone, thy husband, friend,
Protector, lover—all in one; but no,
Not in this world, but in the next, beloved,
Cut loose from unavailing flesh and blood,
We'll lay our spirit wings together, and
Together fan, like mated birds, our way
To regions of eternal joy and peace.
Again I say this is no time for love.
Farewell, dear woman! Mary, fare thee well!"

With startled heart did Mary thus reply:
"It must not, shall not be. Thou art the oak,
I am the vine, and round thy trunk and boughs
So closely twined am I that he who tears
Me off must rob me of my life. Wilt thou,
Loved Jesus, kill me thus? Wilt pluck me down
E'en from where God hath let me climb? If, as
Thou fear'st, the woodman's ax should fell thee, my
Beloved tree, thus I will perish, too!
Oh, stings death, to die in the arms of those
We love! Oh, blissful death, with arms enlocked
In arms and lips on lips comrest, to die
With one loved best on earth!"

As Mary ceased
To speak did Jesus thus to her respond,
Half monologue, half inarticulate:
"Am I by spirit foul possessed that I
Do linger here? Shame on thee, Mary's son!
Go, Magdalene—go from my side! Oh, leave
Me here to prayer, alone with God! Forgive—
Unloose my hand, please, Mary. See how dark

It grows. Yes, Father, I do hear thy voice!
Look down upon thy servant. Eyes can weep
No more; the well of tears is dry; be still,
My heart; shake not my manhood thus! Come, death;
I'll go with thee; lead on. Thou, Magdalene—
To thee a last farewell. Oh, Father, pour
Upon her heart—her faithful, loving heart,
Her wounded, bleeding heart—thy blessing's balm,
To which man's love is gall and vinegar!
Unloose me, Mary, quick, or I must wrest
Myself from thy embrace. The storm's about
To break upon our heads; with bosom bare
Its fury I must face! Go shelter seek
Ere 'pon thy head its race be hurried, and thou
My dove, escape not from the talons of
The hawk untorn! Quick, quick! there is no time
To lose; I'm hunted down. Pet fawn, do thou
Away, lest flinding thee with me, thou, too,
Be rent by fangs that ne'er do mercy feel.
Haste thee away, loved Mary; let me die.
For death will be my glory—life my shame!"

As Mary's son ceased speaking, thro' his form
A chilly tremor sped that shook him like
A leaf by autumn night-wind moved, and left
Him lifeless in the Magdalene's embrace.
She felt his hand grow cold, and saw with fright
His pallid features, calm as death, bathed in
The moon's uncertain light, and anxiously
Upon her soft, warm breast, pressed she those hands
To give them warmth again. Then to her lips
She lifted them, and kissed and kissed them o'er
And o'er. Emboldened thus, her lips now sought
His forehead, marble white, and there, sweet task,
Did empty some of their pent fervor out.
A sigh, deep drawn and long, did seem, as it
Escaped his bloodless lips, as if 'twould chide
The tender Magdalene for heaping all
Her kisses on his brow. Was't such, or was
It not, nor knew she certainly, nor paused
To know, but straight her glowing lips upon
His opened mouth set down, and closed it with
A kiss so fervent and so long that seemed
The kiss had killed them both, and dead, their lips
Still clung together. Yet it was not so.
The young Jew felt his blood grow hot, and oped
Again his languid eyes, o'erflowing now
With love and tears as fixed he them on her
Whose arms entwined his neck; then took her head
Between his hands, and poured his soul in her
Dark eyes, with one long, long, earnest gaze.

Gave he no kiss? Rewarded not those lips?
Nor touched that faithful, loving mouth, which had
So oft, so oft, so oft breathed out for him
A woman's soul—so often been content—
Ay, happy, too—to cool its fervor on
His feet? No, no; he only looked his love,
Then murmured, "Mary, Mary, Mary," and
Drew back his lips unsatisfied, unloosed,
Unmoistened by the nectar-cup within
His reach; then turned, and ere she could prevent,
Broke from her arms and fled away.

The moon
Had sunk from view. The stars burned dull, and hushed
In sleep, with folded wings, sat Philomel
Beside his mate. In fair Gethsemane
No sound was heard save Mary's weeping and
The brooklet's low, complaining ripple.

RESTRICTED SUFFRAGE AND ITS DANGERS.

[Address of Mrs. Isabella B. Hooker, phonographically reported.]

We are told by men themselves that there are too many
voters already; restriction is what we want, not enlargement
of the suffrage. Let us see how this is, my friend—let us
reason together on this point for a few moments. The one
great propelling power of this government, that moves the
great political engine, and that keeps us alive as a nation on
the face of the earth, is God's own doctrine of personal lib-
erty and personal responsibility. That is all we have to go
upon. It is, in fact, engine, fuel and steam. Liberty is the
steam, responsibility puts on the brakes, and then what is
the safety valve I ask you? Is it not our election day? Look
at it in this way. Every honest lawyer will tell you that the
next best thing to settling a quarrel between two belligerents
is to bring the parties into court. Because the court-room is
a great cooling-off place, a perfect refrigerator. A man who
has quarreled with his neighbor comes into court, and be-
fore the lawyer gets through with him he wishes he hadn't
quarreled. How is it that our courts act in this way? What
do we gain in this? Everything. In old times a dispute
between man and man was settled by blows—fisticuffs—
gradually superseded by the sword—at last by the pistol;
and now we have thrown that out, and established a system
of jurisprudence. Now all these petty grievances must be
settled in court. Private violence must no longer be per-
mitted, and that is a great march in civilization.

Now the parallel case is this: We in this country—we
men, I mean, for women are nobodies and nowhere when
you come to the discussion of great questions like these—but
I use the conventional we,—we in this country are attempt-
ing to carry our ideas of liberty and responsibility into legis-
lation; and we don't agree—we quarrel bitterly, and almost
come to blows again—but election days cool us off, acting
like a court-room itself upon us. We accept their judgment,
and go about our business quietly till next time. Now if we
were all Americans, acting under an intelligent sense of re-
sponsibility, everything might be expected to run smoothly
under this regime; but the trouble is when the foreigner
comes in who does not understand our institutions, who is,
perhaps, ignorant, debased and superstitious. But the
foreigner is, it seems to me, the very man who needs this
safety valve of the election day more than any other on the
face of the globe. We ourselves could run on our own
nationality; but here comes this man from the principalities
of the old world, from Europe we will say, to begin with—
and he has an idea that he is going to be richer, smarter,
happier—more on an equality with every other man than
ever he was before. He comes here, and what does he find?
He finds a ladder, reaching higher into the clouds,
perhaps, but the lower rounds are just as near
the earth as over there, and he is on the low-

est round still. He sees his next-door neighbor
has more money than he has, is better educated, and com-
mands the respect of the community as he does not, and he
is filled with disappointment, and sometimes with rage.
What would he naturally do, with his old world antecedents
and training, when he is thus aggrieved as he conceives
himself to be? Why, burn your barn—break into your
house—steal all he can from you. But what does election
day do for him? On that day he is as good as anybody.
He goes to the polls side by side with the first man in the
land, and he rides in a carriage there—if he is too drunk to
walk—and he can vote the first man in the line, if he
chooses. The richest man in the country must walk behind
him and wait for his turn. He drops his ballot and he is
cooled off. He soon begins to get hold of this idea
of responsibility that I am speaking of, and after a while it
will come into his head—very slowly, perhaps, for we are
all slow to learn these things—that if the law is bad, or the
condition of things does not suit him, it is partly his fault;
that he has got to work himself up and get on a par with
these intelligent and influential people who are so powerful
in making laws and customs.

Now, friends, it seems to me if you could disfranchise
every foreigner to-day, who was not intelligent, or if you
could make intelligence the test of voting, you would have
ten barns burned where you have one now. I believe it
firmly. Being naturally conservative, as I think all women
are, a few years ago I really thought that ten, even twenty
years' residence might be required of foreigners before they
should be allowed to vote. I said they did not know enough,
and so ought to be kept out as long as that. To-day I am
inclined not to limit the time a moment longer than it is
necessary for men to get their naturalization papers out, and
go through the required legal formalities. If disfranchise-
ment meant annihilation, selfishly, I might be glad to get rid
of this troublesome question in that way—the task of ruling
this country would then be a far easier one than it is—but it
does not mean annihilation. So when gentlemen talk with
me, and say we have too many voters already, I reply—do
not disfranchise these men—enlighten them, for God has
sent them here for a purpose of his own. And I say to you,
to-night, that the ballot in the hands of every man is the
only thing that saves us from anarchy to-day, that keeps us
alive as a republic—the ballot in the hands of these ignorant
men, and the more ignorant they are the more they need it,
and the more we need that they should have it. And let me
say, in passing, that reconstruction at the South is hindered
to-day for the same reason, responsibility is taken away from
a large class of citizens. A disfranchised class is always a
restless class; a class that, if it be not as a whole given up
to deeds of violence, will at least wink at them, when com-
mitted by men either in or out of its own ranks. What the
South needs to-day is ballots, not bullets.

I leave out of the question the ultimate educating power
of the ballot, though I would like to make you an argument
upon that alone. But I say give poor men, ignorant men,
the ballot, for purposes of self-defense, and because we
could not live in safety in our homes otherwise. New York
is poorly governed, we say, to-day, and getting to be a pretty
dangerous place to live in. But what would it be if every
foreigner and every ignorant man could not get out on elec-
tion day, and prove that he was as good as anybody? That
is human nature, and it is human nature, and plenty of it
too, that we have to deal with.

And now, my friends, let me ask you, what are these men
sent here for? We have got all Europe and all Asia is com-
ing—and who sends them? When God put into that good
ship Mayflower those two great ribs of oak, personal liberty
and personal responsibility, He knew the precious freight she
was to bear, and all the hopes bound up in her, and He
pledged Himself by both the great eternities, the past and
the future, that that ship should weather all storms and
come safe to port with all she had on board. And what God
has promised He will perform. So I beg of you not to think
for a moment of limiting manhood suffrage. You cut your
own throats the day you do it.

And if men cannot live in this country in safe homes, ex-
cept their neighbor men are enfranchised, can they live with-
out enfranchised women any more? If you cannot live in
safety with irresponsible men in your midst, how can you
live with irresponsible women? Much more, how can you
grow into the stature of perfect men in Christ Jesus, our
Lord, how can you become perfect legislators, except your
mothers are instructed on these great subjects you are called
to legislate upon, that they may instruct you in their turn!
You do not know anything so well as what your mothers
have taught you; but they have not taught you political
economy. It is not their fault that they have not, nor yours,
perhaps. No man nor woman studies a subject profoundly
except he or she is called upon to act upon it. What busi-
ness man studies a business foreign to his own? What
woman studies a business foreign to her own? In past ages,
this woman, in the providence of God, we will say, has been
shut out from political action; for so long as the sword
ruled and man had to get his liberty by the sword,
so long woman had all she could do to guard
the home, for that was her part of the work
—and she did it bravely and well, you will
say. But now men are not fighting for their liberty with
the gun by the door, and the Indians outside. You are fight-
ing for it in the halls of legislation, with the spirit of truth
—with spiritual weapons—and woman would be disloyal to
her womanhood if she did not ask to share these heavy re-
sponsibilities with you. And she has really been training
herself all these years she has seemed so indifferent; she has
neglected her duty in part—I confess it freely; it is not your
fault alone, gentlemen, that we are not with you to-day. If
we had been as conscious of our duty and privileges years
ago as we are to-day, if we had known our birthright, we
should have stood by your side, welcome coadjutors, long
since. So we will take the blame of the past alike; we have
all been walking very slowly this path of Christian civiliza-
tion. But in the greatest conflict of modern times you an-
nounced great principles and fought for them on the field,
and we stood by them in the home, and we stand by them
still, there. And when we come to deliberate with you in
solemn council, as to how these principles shall be carried
into legislation, your task will be easier, our opportunity
will be larger, and still our hearts will be where they have
ever been—in our home.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS declines the position of arbi-
trator at Geneva under the Washington treaty. A little
while ago, being interviewed, he thought there was nothing
in politics at the present time. There was not a single live
issue. Here is a man who can read the signs of the times.

ART AND DRAMA.

With the many new plays to be brought out this season, it may be worth inquiry whether there are principles on which a modern drama can be constructed, so as at one and the same time to satisfy the requirements of art and the public taste. The Boucicaultian recipe for writing a play is to take strong situations for the close of each act, and to write speeches which shall connect them together, and to weave the whole into a story, probable and lifelike, if convenient, otherwise, if not. There is naturally abundance of action in such pieces, but in the poverty of dialogue, strong-telling expression takes the place of thought, wit and humor are wholly discarded, and broad, farcical effects are substituted, just to provoke a laugh and keep the audience in good humor. The success of these thinly-constructed, mechanical pieces has been so great as to more than justify their continuance. Mr. Boucicault justly maintains that it is useless to put a class of dramas on the stage that nobody will go to see. If the public ask for sensation and extravagance, and prefer to pay their money for such entertainment, they have a right to be amused in their own way. Nevertheless, Mr. Boucicault himself has furnished art matter, at various times, which has a merit far above that of the flimsy productions he has lately put upon the boards. "Arrah-na-Pogue" was a clever and entertaining picture of Irish manners. The "Long Strike" had the dramatic element strongly developed, although with so much of realism as made it a life drama—only the want of relief left it gloomy and oppressive. The same remark applies to "Hunted Down," one of the most artistically constructed of the Boucicault repertoires, and an excellent representation of social complications, strong contrasts of joy and sorrow, with a perfectly plausible plot. The vital principle of dramatic action is the evolution of consequences from causes. Probable incidents or motives as causes, reasonable deductions, moral or social, as consequences. This was the meaning of the Greek and the classical drama. The divine retribution being the inevitable agency. In the Shakespearean drama we have the same high principle of retribution, but rather as a natural result than as a divine law. Macbeth's ambition involves crime, crime involves remorse, and the common hate assures poetic justice. In comedy the question of poetic justice as retributive is of but minor importance, although even in comedy motive, cause and consequence are of significance. The function of comedy, however, is rather to take advantage of the incongruities of human action than to evolve the theory of world government. Now it is perfectly possible for the modern dramatist, even the sensation dramatist, to build up his plot of passion and action on the same ground plan of intense nature and exalted motive that characterize the old dramatists. The human heart remains the same, it is only the expression that is changed. Lear's turbulence and maddened fury may be out of vogue in the palaces of kings. These are externals, but the ingratitude or the simple love of his daughters, the fawning baseness of courtiers, are as true to-day as they were before the Norman conquest. In like manner the tremendous jealousy of Othello or the satanic hypocrisy of Iago, exist to-day as they did in Shakespeare's time—exceptionally, of course, and may be somewhat varying in their manifestation. It has been well said, that if violence decreases on the earth malignity and craft flourish as vigorously as ever. So of love and duty, devotion to truth, heroism and self-sacrifice. The virtues are not less conspicuous in modern than they were in ancient times. It is only satirists and pessimists who revile humanity and talk of the grand old times when honor reigned and faith was a reality. The virtues, the vices and the dramatic motive exist everywhere and always. If modern playwrights labor under the disadvantage of there being no new thing under the sun, they have the compensation of wider fields of action, more varied forms and combinations, with unlimited mastery over time and space and emancipation from the unities. It cannot be but that a study of nature, a resolute adherence to the loftiest forms of truth, will give us good results. It may seem, however, a vanity to sigh for a really great play, and yet there seems no inherent impossibility in the achievement which should discourage the dramatist that brings earnestness, ability and conscience to the work. But assuredly the mere desire of earning wages and tickling for contemporary applause, is not the road to greatness. Art, if a grateful, is also an imperious mistress. She brooks no rival. Her service can have no reserves; the sense of duty done must be the chief reward of votary and adept, as it has ever been for the great who have conquered fame and helped to fix the channels of human thought. I believe that, corrupted and debauched as is the public taste, if a really able play were played by an able actor, it would have as great a success as Shakespeare with Garrick or Kean, or Racine with Talma and Rachel.

W. H.

NEW YORK has a pre-eminence among commercial cities. Not only is it the social metropolis, it is the great depot of commerce and immigration; it is, moreover, a very great manufacturing city. Throughout America vast have been the strides of art in connection with industry. Not many years ago utility was the sole object in our manufactures. Our furniture, our carriages, our jewelry, the work in precious metals were void of ornament. Their plainest and simplest uses were alone in question, and the result was the perpetration of miracles of ugliness, which are a wonder and a surprise to the children of this generation. Look in at Tiffany's now, or Ball & Black's, and see the beautiful art objects there. We have advanced a century. The superb jewelry, rivaling in elegance of design and perfection of workmanship, the most finished jewelry and precious metal art of Europe. The imported articles are not now in question, albeit in their selection taste and judgment come prominently into operation. The art element enters so largely into every-

thing that it is more difficult to say where art is not than where it is. The beautiful surrounds us in our-door nature, and may be made to surround us in domestic life. Chairs, tables, plates, knives, spoons, carpets, hangings, carriages and houses are all in the domain of art. The ancients perfectly well understood the use and application of art in everything of domestic use, from a common hand lamp to a royal throne. In the upper life of modern Europe the same ends have been held in view, but the people at large have been condemned to ugliness in form and color, and it is in America that the greatest expansion of popular taste will take place. Our hotels are palaces for the people, not only for the upper ten thousand—their superb decorations and magnificent luxury are common to all. Our furniture manufacturers and upholsterers bring to the public service a lavish use of color and material, and an endless variety of rich outline and ornamentation. A conspicuous instance of this development in public taste may be found in the Glenham Hotel, one of the newest and most completely furnished of our sumptuous caravanserais. The great firm of Ebbingshausen & Co. were the artists to whom this work was assigned, and well has it been performed. It is not a little singular that this department of industry is entirely in the hands of the German artisans and designers. But inasmuch as they are naturalized citizens, and that the work is actually done on the spot, we may take credit for American progress in the result.

William Hart is in the Adirondacks, drawing upon exhaustless nature. Rich in color and prodigal in his warm sun tints, Mr. Hart owes his well-learned position to solid, earnest study and constant observation. He is said to spend hours on the flat roof of his house, catching the ever-varying tints of sunrise and sunset, and the benefit of such a course is seen in his clear atmospheres and management of light.

Perry is away into New England, hunting up the old furniture and the interiors in which his soul delights.

Mrs. Peaslee, of Minnesota, whose productions as a self-taught sculptress we noticed some time back, has sent us a miniature lamb, carved in Cheyenne stone. The tiny trifle is life-like and gives promise of ability in larger subjects.

Young lady (indignant at being brought to the Academy of Design too early): "Now, I told you, papa, this wasn't the fashionable hour. We'll have nothing but these horrid pictures to look at till the people come!"

WOMAN ITEMS.

The Professor of Elocution at Brown University is a lady.

Painting is getting to be the fashionable lady's accomplishment.

The needlewomen of New York receive but ten cents apiece for the making of "dusters."

A young lady at Saratoga appeared in a white costume, with one blue shoe and one red one.

Extravagant misses wear real gold and silver buckles on their slippers, instead of imitation.

Matilda Fletcher, the Iowa poetess, has been in Colorado, planting the old flag on the summit of Gray's Peak.

A girl who is now called "a beautiful blonde," would a few years ago have been termed "a tow head." Such is life.

The Hon. Mrs. Yelverton, who has long been domiciled in California, will give to the public shortly "A Tale of the Yosemite."

Miss Cordelia Jane Hodgson, the last English connection of Benjamin Franklin, died recently in England. She was 78 years of age.

A young married woman in the country says she wishes she had a magic mirror to see how her husband amuses himself in her absence.

The Western Union Telegraph Company's office at San Landre, Cal., has been placed under the entire charge of a girl not yet twenty years old.

North Carolina papers inform us that a young lady has been appointed watchman at the bridge over the branch of the Neuse River, near Goldsboro.

A young lady of Logan County, Kentucky, has advertised for "sealed proposals for her hand and heart." It is not stated whether she will take the lowest "tender."

When a Chicago girl quarrels with her lover, she communicates the important fact to her friends in the remark that she "isn't on squeezing terms with that fraud no more."

Miss Mary C. Rea, a young lady residing near Galatin City, carries the honor of being the first "female citizen" who has made a pre-emption purchase of 160 acres of public land in Montana.

The Revolution says: "Anything that has a right to call itself woman suffrage is not chargeable with social corruptions. It advocates alone those things which are pure and of good report."

Croquet slippers are now sold. They are ornamented with golden balls and mallets embroidered on the front, and the most expensive have coral, ivory or gold inlaid on these ornaments.

A mother-in-law in Lansingburg, New York, is trying to rid her eyes of a quantity of red pepper, which in some strange way or other came through the key-hole of her daughter-in-law's room.

The New York Mail says: Few of the masculine gender have any idea of the intricacies of the female toilet, while its cost is a marvel even to the most astute. There is a conundrum which explains that a ship is always spoken of as being of the feminine sex, "because the rigging costs more than the hull," and this contains a profound philosophical truth. We lately learned that a hair-dresser in this city has on sale a double braid of pure gray hair, twenty-eight inches in length and about the thickness of one's wrist, on which he places the modest price of \$3,000, and expects to get it, too.

A pretty story is told of a peasant and his wife who were very poor indeed, almost destitute, and so, though they loved each other much, she went out as a nurse to Paris. In Paris she entered the service of some rich Americans, who, when they returned to their own country, offered her terms so tempting that she crossed the Atlantic with them. Year after year she sent her earnings to her husband, and year after year he laid by the hard-won gold, until there was enough of it to buy the cottage he lived in, and a little

field or two, enough to keep them in independence all their lives. The gentleman went into the cottage and saw the new walnut furniture, and was told by the peasant that all this comfort was her doing, all this wealth her winning. She had learned to write on purpose that she might write to him, and month after month her kindly letters came, cheering him under the trial of her long absence. It was four years since she had left the cottage, and for these four lonely years the father had been like a widower and the children had grown around him.

The following poem will fit a good many cases:

I know a woman, pale and slight,
With heart in hopeless mood,
Who often toils throughout the night
To earn her husband's food.

While he, in strength of manhood's power,
Some gay saloon will seek,
And spend more money in an hour
Than she earns in a week.

—State Journal, Wis.

The late Empress of France used often, when a child at Granada, as Eugenie Montijo, to be dangled upon the knee of Washington Irving. In a letter written in 1853, just after the elevation of Eugenie to the high station she filled for eighteen years, Irving wrote the following, which now reads almost like prophecy:

"The last I saw of Eugenie Montijo she was one of the reigning belles of Madrid. Now Eugenie is upon a throne, launched from a returnless shore, upon a dangerous sea, infamous for its tremendous shipwrecks. Am I to live to see the catastrophe of her career and the end of such stuff as dreams are made of? I confess my personal acquaintance with the individuals in this historical romance gives me an uncommon interest in it; but I consider it stamped with danger and instability and as liable to extravagant vicissitudes as one of Dumas' novels."

THE KISS.

Upon one stormy Sunday,
Coming adown the lane,
Were a score of bonny lasses,
And the sweetest, I maintain,
Was Caddie,
That I took unneath my plaidie,
To shield her from the rain.

She said the daisies blushed
For the kiss that I had ta'en.
I wadna had thought the lassie
Wad sae of a kiss complain.
"Now, laddie,
I winna stay under your plaidie
If I gang hame in the rain!"

But on an after Sunday,
When cloud there was not a ne,
This self-same winsome lassie—
We chance to meet in the lane—
Said: "Laddie,
Why dinna ye wear your plaidie?
Wha kens but it may rain?"

—Galaxy.

MARION DELORME.

Marion Delorme, who played so conspicuous a part in the reign of Louis XIII., was celebrated, not only for her beauty, but also for being one of the most beautiful, as well as wonderful, women of her day. She was born in the reign of the good King Henri IV., and had reached the age of five when the great monarch was assassinated; she could, however, distinctly remember his dress and features, and was fond of narrating how, on one occasion, in passing through the Louvre with an aunt who had brought her to Paris, she was seen by his Majesty, who, struck by her beauty, asked to kiss her; although but a young child, the circumstance made a great impression upon her mind, and she ever recalled with a degree of veneration her hero.

Marion could glowingly describe the head-dress and bonnet worn by Marie de Medicis on the day she laid the cornerstone of the Luxembourg. Twenty-two years later she was more admired than any other woman by Richelieu, who, at the time, governed France. She could recall walks taken with Conde, who became so celebrated during the war of the Fronde. Most amusing were her descriptions of the love between Anne of Austria and Buckingham. It is affirmed that Marion Delorme secretly married Cinq-Mars, who was decapitated at Lyons in the year 1642, having been implicated in a conspiracy against Richelieu. Cinq-Mars was head querry to Louis XIII., and perished at the early age of twenty-two. Tears of genuine sorrow would gather in Marion's eyes at the mention of his name, nor did a hundred years of life, with its varied changes, efface his memory. The murmured farewell of the unfortunate man seemed still to ring in her ears, and his last kiss to burn her lips.

The memory of this singular woman seemed like a vast gallery of portraits, where each artist came to copy, so accurately could she in words delineate the features as well as character of the notables of five generations.

Sully, Bassompierre, Lanoue, Mazarin, Turenne, Colbert, Louvois, Luxembourg, Mailherbe, Racan, Menage, Courville, Moleire, La Fontaine, Pascal, Boleau, La Bruyere, Bossuet, and Fenelon, all held their place in her wonderful memory; none were forgotten. Apart from the rest, she held the recollection of Cinq-Mars, surrounding it with a halo which time could not dim.

Many were the anecdotes she could relate respecting Madame de Combalet, Ninon, the Duchess de Longueville, Madame de Chevreuse, the Countess de Soissons, De la Ferté, the tender la Valliere, the proud Montepan, the crafty widow of ecarion, the unfortunate Fontanges, and many others.

When a painter came to consult Marion respecting one of these personages, with a desire to paint a portrait, she would strike her forehead, saying: "Wait until I remove the dust from the picture." She would then proceed to give a graphic description, which in its force possessed actual life.

"I copy from nature," exclaimed the celebrated Coppel, as he guided his pencil by the inspired words of the old courtesan.

Marion saw many palaces erected, which even years and years ago were called old buildings, and sprained her foot in dancing the Pre-aux-clercs where the most thickly settled part of the capital is now built, and she could vividly describe the ditches, ramparts and drawbridges of the Abbey of St. Germain des Pres, which has for long years been only an ordinary convent.

In 1705 Marion Delorme was widowed for the fourth time, by the death of Francois Lebrun, and was also robbed and abandoned by her servants, who carried off very nearly the little all she possessed.

In the year 1723, deprived of all resources, she wrote as follows to Louis XV.:

"Sire—Your majesty liberally pays historians who willingly lie respecting the past, while in your kingdom there is a living chronicle, the first chapter of which dates as far back as 1606; this chronicle offers you the language of truth if your majesty be willing to come and consult the pages of an old and mouldy

volume, which cannot leave the shelf that shelters it. Marion Delorme has seen, sire, the great Henry II., prince of your illustrious house, who reigned over France. She has seen Louis XIII., your great, great grandfather; Louis XIV., your great grandfather; the Dauphin, your grand father, and the Duke de Bourgoyne, your father, and was sufficiently strong at your birth to be one of the first to thank the good Lord for giving you to France. Some light respecting these reigns still burns in Marion's memory, but that memory, sire, is like a lamp that flickers for want of oil, and may die out if your majesty deny it sustenance."

This letter was given to the king by a trusty hand. The young monarch expressed a desire to see the writer, and, accompanied by Fleury, paid her a long visit, which was often repeated; he also settled upon her a pension, which, up to the time of her death, was promptly paid.

Marion Delorme expired on the 5th day of January, in the year 1741, having attained the advanced age of 135 years. Her death seemed to call forth surprise, as all considered her an imperishable monument of antiquity. Marion was buried in the cemetery of Saint Paul, under the name of Marie Anne Oudette Grapin, widow of Lebrun.—*Leisure Hours.*

GOD WILLS IT SO.

A Poem Delivered through the Organism of Mrs. Abbie W. Tanner, of Montpellier, Vt., at the Funeral Services of Mrs. Lucy A. Spaulding.

[Reported for the Banner of Light by Betsey C. Soule.]

There's a beautiful land where each weary guest
Who has done with a world like this,
On a pearl-strand shore shall forever rest,
Mid the spirits crowned with bliss;
And that this is true may we feel and know
For a loving Father has willed it so.

They've no more sorrow nor trial there—
No torturous doubts and fears;
They wear no burdens no longer bear—
No sighing, nor pain, nor tears.
With dear ones they tread that shore, we know
For in heart we feel God has willed it so.

But they're not inactive; they live, they grow
In the beauty of higher life;
Their souls unfold, and as pure as snow
Are their thoughts with glory rife.
Thus they live on that peaceful shore, we know,
For in loving care God has willed it so.

Their chainless feet press the beautiful hills
Made glad by the stream of love;
They have quaffed from life's perpetual rills,
And eaten of fruits above.
At a tree of wisdom all taste, we know,
For God in his bounty has willed it so.

There is no more parting or dying there;
No more do they feel of loss;
They have won a crown that is bright and fair,
And no longer they bear the cross.
They have done with perils and ills, we know,
For God in his mercy has willed it so.

But have they no care for the things of earth?
For the loved ones left behind?
Can it be that they in oblivion's dearth
Are no longer held in mind?
Oh, that they remember you all, we know,
For God in his kindness has willed it so.

There is a mission of love to all;
They watch o'er their earthly friends;
Whenever upward ascends your call,
Their loving reply descends.
They come with a blessing for all, we know,
For God in his goodness has willed it so.

They come to widen the reach of mind,
To unfold your powers of thought;
To sever the links that your spirits bind,
And your failings set at naught.
That they daily watch o'er your way, we know,
For God in his glory has willed it so.

The form before you, white-robed and still,
That love has adorned with flowers
(Tis the form alone, for the spirit at will
Roves glad through the angel bowers).
You give to dust, but the soul, we know,
Soars free to God, who hath made it so.

And through the law of a love untold,
Of sympathy, measureless, blest,
She comes with sweet words, more bright than gold,
To those that she loves the best;
To her mate and child in their grief so low—
For the mercy of God has willed it so.

To her parents she glides from the silv'ry shore,
Repeating that all is well.
She is climbing the heights of glory o'er,
And her happiness none can tell.
You feel that in triumph her soul doth know
That God's gracious goodness hath willed it so.

Oh, friends, as we meet in earth's rough way,
Or the wider ways of heaven,
Know that God rules o'er o'er the night and day,
And by light is the darkness riven.
As your needs will He send, and the way will show,
For in justice and kindness He willed it so.

In Heaven will He give a crown at last,
Will join you with those you love,
When all shall rest, with their trials past,
On that pearl-strand shore above.
For in mercy and love and truth, we know,
God's goodness and justice have willed it so.

Adam is the only man who never taunted his wife with his mother's superiority in culinary accomplishments. "I have a great love for old hymns," said a pretty girl to a masculine companion. "I am much fonder of the young ones," was the reply.

We would respectfully call the attention of our readers to the

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS

BALDWIN THE CLOTHIER,

and refer them to the August Number of the *Head Quarters* published by him.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS

In every department of this immense Retail Clothing business, are up to the scale whose producing capacity will be at least one-third greater than we have hitherto attempted. The large and increasing demand for the clothing we offer to the consumer, compels us to increase the entire force and add largely to the capacity of every branch of the manufacturing department.

It is a fact too well known to require reiteration here, that we retail from one house, more ready made clothing C. O. D. than any other establishment in America. The fact that, before we opened on this corner, no house had ever had the courage to place two hundred thousand dollars worth of clothing for Men and Boys, on sale at retail, gave us the cue to the undertaking which resulted forthwith in placing us at the head of the retail clothing trade in New York. We recognized the fact that much more than this had to be done, and we have done it with all our might.

The fall and winter arrangements now in full and successful operation, for magnitude and certainty of result, never have been and cannot be equalled in any country.

Our old patrons and the thousands of new ones, who are intending to select outfits of the coming season, will find us amply prepared to meet their wants in every respect.

The skilled artists of this country are in our employ—no small houses could afford to pay them; and the best workmen, to whom we furnish employment the year round, are producing thousands of garments for us every week.

It shall be our endeavor to secure every possible advantage known to the clothing trade; and if we work for our own interests, how can we withhold these advantages from our customers? We promise entire satisfaction to all who patronize.

HEAD QUARTERS!

HEART DEATHS.

Hearts oft die bitter deaths before
The breath is breathed away,
And number weary twilights o'er,
Ere the last evening gray.

I've sometimes looked on closed eyes
And folded hands of snow,
And said, "it was no sacrifice;
The heart went long ago."

O, blessed death, that makes our bed
Beneath the daisies deep!
O, mocking life, when hearts have fled,
And eyes must watch and weep!

THE CHURCH MUSIC ASSOCIATION.—The unprecedented success attending this institution during the past two years has already induced subscriptions for the forthcoming season amounting to upwards of seven thousand dollars.

Mr. George T. Strong continues to be the President of the Association, and Dr. James Tsch. who, through his education, abilities and experience in the direction of classical music, has brought the society's orchestra and chorus to much perfection, will remain the musical director and conductor.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS have returned to this city after a considerable absence, and are now permanently located at the scene of their early triumphs—now known as *Lina Edwin's Theatre*—where they are attracting large audiences. Mr. Wright continues as Treasurer. Kelly, although his voice is somewhat worn, is still a fine actor and sweet singer, and Leon is as unapproachable as ever, notwithstanding the lack of burnt cork in his make-up.

LETTER OF THE NATIONAL WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE TO NEW NOMINEES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 4, 1871.

President, Mrs. Isabella B. Hooker, Hartford, Conn.
Secretary, Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, Wash'n., D. C.
Treasurers, Mrs. Mary B. Bowen,
Mrs. Ruth Carr Denison, " "

Miss Susan B. Anthony, Rochester, N. Y.
DEAR FRIENDS: Owing to protracted illness on the part of the chairman and secretary of the original committee whose duty it was to notify you of your appointment on the New National Committee, no official letter has been sent you. We trust you will pardon the delay, and accept this notice in *The Recorder* as due notification, and communicate directly with the secretary at Washington concerning your acceptance of the office.

The duties of the position will be light at present, and will consist chiefly in a correspondence with the original committee (who will, after January next, be known as a sub-committee), concerning the interests of women suffrage in your several States, and in personal efforts to secure signatures to the "Declaration and Pledge" and money for the printing fund, according to the enclosed "Appeal."

We send you a list of the names of the whole new National Committee as nominated by the convention held in New York, in May last, and completed by the old committee after mature deliberation and consultation, according to the advice of the convention.

It will be seen that a few States are yet unrepresented. If any member of the committee can send us a reliable name from either of the following States she will confer a great favor: Delaware, Kentucky, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas.

In behalf of the N. W. S. and Ed. Com.
ISABELLA B. HOOKER, Chairman.
JOSEPHINE S. GRIFFING, Secretary.

President—Mrs. E. Cady Stanton, New Jersey.
Mrs. Harriet W. Sewall and Mrs. Angelina Grimké Weld, Massachusetts; Hon. Mrs. Jacob Elia and Mrs. Armenia White, New Hampshire; Hon. Mrs. C. W. Willard, Vermont; Miss Eva M. Wilder, Maine; Rev. Olympia Browne, Connecticut; Mrs. L. C. Bulard, New York; Mrs. Celia Barleigh, New York; Mrs. Martha C. Wright, New York; Mrs. Matilda Joslin Gage, New York; Victoria C. Woodhull, New York; Mrs. Lucetta Mott and Miss Sarah Pugh, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Maria Mott Davis and Miss Mary S. Brown, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Washington Bladus, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Judge Underwood, Virginia; Mrs. Anna W. Bodeka, Virginia; Mrs. Victor Baringer, North Carolina; Mrs. Frances Pillsbury, South Carolina; Mrs. Mary Spalding, Georgia; Mrs.

Judge Miner, Missouri; Hon. Mrs. Samuel M. Arnell, Tennessee; Mrs. Adelia Hazlett, Michigan; Mrs. Nannette B. Gardiner, Michigan; Mrs. Catharine F. Siebman, Michigan; Mrs. Dr. Little and Mrs. Mary L. Gilbert, Ohio; Mrs. F. W. Spring, Ohio; Mrs. S. A. Association, Ohio; Mrs. C. D. Dandore, Maryland; Hon. Mrs. G. W. Julian and Mrs. Dr. Thomas, Indiana; Mrs. Robert Dale Owen and Mrs. Amanda Way, Indiana; Mrs. Lamora Morse, Indiana; Mrs. Jane Graham Jones and Mrs. C. V. Walte, Illinois; Mrs. Harriet Brooks, Illinois; Miss Lillie Peckham and Hon. E. N. Harris, Wisconsin; Hon. Mrs. S. Burger Stearns, Minnesota; Mrs. Amelia Bloomer and Mrs. Annie E. Savory, Iowa; Mrs. Governor Butler, Nebraska; Mrs. C. J. H. Nichols, Kansas; Hon. Mrs. Aaron A. Sargent, California; Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon, California; Mrs. Charlotte J. Godbee, Utah; Mrs. M. J. Arnold and Mrs. Mary Post, Wyoming; Mrs. Governor McCook, Colorado; Mrs. Governor Ashley, Montana; Mrs. Catharine Yale, New York.

SUFFRAGE TRACTS.

We frequently have applications for tracts and documents on woman suffrage, and for the benefit of all such as are seeking to know the truth as it is in our new gospel, herewith print a complete list of the documents which can be obtained by applying to Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, 213 Capitol street, Washington, D. C.:

1. Report of Special Committee of Connecticut Legislature on Woman Suffrage.
2. Legal Disabilities of Married Women.
3. Report of Annual Meeting of Committee Woman Suffrage Association.
4. Argument on Elective Franchise under the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution; by Hon. A. G. Riddle.
5. History of National Woman's Rights Movement for Twenty Years; by Mrs. F. W. Davis.
6. Restricted Suffrage; by Isabella Beecher Hooker.
7. An Appeal to the Women of the United States; by the National Woman Suffrage Committee.
8. Minority and Majority Reports of Judiciary Committee on the Woodhull Memorial.

Also, Blank Petitions to Congress for Suffrage.

Victoria C. Woodhull's "Constitutional Equality."

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Every person who has the future welfare of this country at heart should make him or herself familiar with the questions treated in this book. No lengthy elucidations are entered into; its statements are fresh, terse and bold, and make direct appeal to the reasoning faculties.

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EQUALITY A RIGHT OF WOMAN.

BY TENNIE C. CLAFLIN.

The object of the author in presenting this book to the public was:

First, To show that woman has the same human rights which men have.

Second, To point out wherein a condition of servitude has been involuntarily accepted by women as a substitute for equality, they in the meantime laboring under the delusion that they were above instead of below equality.

Third, To prove that it is a duty which women owe to themselves to become fully individualized persons, responsible to themselves and capable of maintaining such responsibility.

Fourth, To demonstrate that the future welfare of humanity demands of women that they prepare themselves to be the mothers of children, who shall be pure in body and mind, and that all other considerations of life should be made subservient to this their high mission as the artists of humanity.

Fifth, That every child born has the natural right to live, and that society is responsible for the condition in which he or she is admitted to be a constituent: not modifying part of itself.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS—NEW BOOKS.

We have received copies of two books which just now possess considerable interest for many people. They are entitled respectively, "Constitutional Equality, a Right of Women," by Tennie C. Claflin, and "The Origin, Functions and Principles of Government," by Victoria C. Woodhull. We have examined these books carefully, not only for the sake of the subjects treated of, but because of the discussion which has been called out in the past few weeks about these two remarkable women.

It would seem as though everything conspired at once to bring them and their views before the public. First, the *Tribune* paraded them as the champion free-lovers by way of attacking its old enemies, the woman suffrage women; then one branch of the suffragists attacked them, while the other branch was vehemently upheld them, and lastly they were brought bodily before the public in the recent trial. These conflicting elements of notoriety were enough to have made any one famous for the moment, and ought to make their books sell. The chief element of curiosity, however, was in the fact that they were denounced so bitterly by the *Tribune* free-lovers, while they were, on the other hand, indorsed so enthusiastically by a lady so universally respected as Mrs. Stanton. Careful examination of their books fails to show anything so very startling in the doctrines put forth in them, however distasteful they may be to many. They advance many strong arguments for giving the women the right to vote, for a remodeling of the marriage laws, and, in fact, for the general renovating and making over of society. Some of these are new, and some not so new, but they are very well put, and will be found not uninteresting, even to those who are opposed to the doctrines advocated.—*Newark (N. J.) Register*.

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

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

At first liberty and love prevail, but Astraea discovers the presence of a serpent who breathes on her a subtle poison, and she (with Erosion) is slain. Llamia, the serpent of policy, then controls and takes in charge the beautiful child Hesperia, seeking to unite her in marriage to her foul son Slavery—who must be nameless everywhere; but Hesperia is warned by the Genius of Nature, Calios, who, in the guise of a poet and musician, holds sway even over Llamia. When Hesperia beholds him she recognizes her soul's counterpart, and is prepared, by his words and love to resist all the evil machinations of Llamia, and her son.

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

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

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

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m.; 12:15 (Ex.), 3 (Ex.), 3:45, 4:30, 5:30 and 8 (Ex.)
p. m.

For Milford, Stratford, Fairfield, Southport and
Westport, 7.11:30 a. m.; 3:45, 4:30, 5:30 p. m.
For Norwalk, 7.8 (Ex.), 9.11:30 a. m.; 12:15 (Ex.), 3
(Ex.), 3:45, 4:30 (Ex.), 5:30, 6:30 and 8 (Ex.) p. m.
For Darien, 7.9.11:30 a. m.; 3:45, 4:30, 5:30 and 6:30
p. m.

For Stamford, 7.8 (Ex.), 9.11:30 a. m.; 12:15 (Ex.),
2:15, 3 (Ex.), 3:45, 4:30 (Ex.), 4:45, 5:30, 6:30, 7:15, 8 (Ex.)
p. m.

For Greenwich and intermediate stations, 7.9.11:30
a. m.; 2:15, 3:45, 4:45, 5:30, 6:30, 7:15 p. m.

Sunday Mail Train leaves Twenty seventh street,
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CONNECTING TRAINS.
For Boston, via Springfield, 8 a. m., 3 and 8 p. m.
For Boston, via Shore Line, 12:15, 8 p. m.

For Hartford and Springfield, 8 a. m., 12:15, 2, 4:30
p. m. to Hartford, 8 p. m.

For New York, R. I., 12:15 p. m. (Ex.), connecting
with steamer across Narragansett Bay, arriving at 8:30
p. m.

For Connecticut River Railroad, at 8 a. m., 12:15 p. m.
to Montreal, 3 p. m. to Northampton.

For Hartford, Providence, and Fishkill Railroad, 8
a. m., 12:15 p. m.

For Shore Line Railway, at 8 a. m. to Norwich and
Providence; 12:15, 3; to New London, 8 p. m.

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

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

For Naugatuck Railroad, 8 a. m., 3 p. m., and 4:30
p. m. to Waterbury.

For Danbury and Norwalk Railroad, 7 a. m., 12:15
and 4:30 p. m.

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10:40 a. m., Northern and Western Express, Draw-
ing-room cars attached.

4 p. m., Montreal Express, Drawing-room cars at-
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6 p. m., First Pacific Express, with Sleeping cars
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(Daily.)

8 p. m., Second Pacific Express, with Sleeping cars
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Toledo; and Louisville, via Indianapolis. (This train
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11 p. m., Night Express, Sleeping cars attached.
7 a. m., 2 and 5 p. m., Poughkeepsie trains.

9 a. m., 4:15 and 6:30 p. m., Peekskill trains.
3:30 and 6:10 p. m., Sing Sing trains.

6:40, 7:30, 9:10 and 10:15 a. m., 12 m., 1:30, 3, 4:25,
5:10, 8:10 and 11:30 p. m., Yonkers trains.

9 a. m., Sunday train for Poughkeepsie.
C. H. KENDRICK,
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New York, Dec. 5, 1870.

A HISTORY

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From 1850 to 1870.

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