

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT! UNTRAMMELED LIVES!

BELAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

VOL. 3.—No. 19.—WHOLE No. 71.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 23, 1871.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THEODORE TILTON'S

BIOGRAPHY
OF
VICTORIA C. WOODHULL
Is Now Ready.

This little book, of thirty-six pages, reads like a fairy tale. It gives a plain and sharp statement of all the vivid facts in this lady's life. The thrilling story is told without fear or favor, and one cannot read it without exclaiming that truth is stranger than fiction.

The little brochure costs only TEN CENTS A COPY, and is sent by mail to any address in the United States, postage paid.

Address, THE GOLDEN AGE,
Box 248, New York City.

**Rail
Road
Bonds.**

Whether you wish to Buy or Sell
write to
CHARLES W. HASSLER,
No. 7 WALL STREET,
New York. 62-74

THE
LOANERS' BANK
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

(ORGANIZED UNDER STATE CHARTER.)

"Continental Life" Building,

22 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

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

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

WILLIAM M. TWEED, SHEPHERD F. KNAPP,
A. F. WILLMARTH, EDGAR F. BROWN,
EDGAR W. CROWELL, ARCHIBALD M. BLISS,
DORR RUSSELL.

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

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

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

DORR RUSSELL, President.

A. F. WILLMARTH, Vice-President.

TANNER & CO.,

BANKERS,

No. 11 WALL STREET, NEW YORK,

DEALERS IN

STOCKS, BONDS, GOLD AND EXCHANGE.

ORDERS EXECUTED AT THE STOCK AND
GOLD EXCHANGES.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS SUBJECT TO CHECK
AT SIGHT.

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

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

TANNER & CO.,
No. 11 WALL STREET. 107

THE

New York State
LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY,
119 BROADWAY,
CORNER OF CEDAR STREET, NEW YORK.

CASH CAPITAL, - - \$1,000,000.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS, SUBJECT
TO CHECK, SAME AS UPON BANK.

This Company is authorized by law to accept and
execute all trusts of every description.
To receive Deposits, allowing interest on the same;
to loan and advance money, to receive upon storage
or deposit Bullion, Specie, Stocks, Bonds and Certifi-
cates or Evidences of Debt.

To take the management, custody and charge of
Real and Personal Estate and Property, and to act as
Trustee of Railroads and other Corporations.

The Company will also take charge of all kinds of
Securities for safe keeping; collect Coupons and In-
terest, etc.; remitting for the same, or crediting in ac-
count, as may be desired.

The New York State Loan and Trust Company has
a paid-up Cash Capital of ONE MILLION DOLLARS,
and by its Charter has perpetual succession. Its
place of business is central; all its operations are
under the direction of a responsible Board of Trus-
tees; EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS, TRUS-
TEES OF ESTATES, GUARDIANS OF INFANTS,
MARRIED WOMEN, AGENTS having charge of
Estates, FEMALES, and others unaccustomed to busi-
ness, will find it to their advantage to keep their ac-
counts with this Company, affording as it does all the
security of a Bank, with the advantage of the accumu-
lation of interest on their accounts.

TRUSTEES:

HENRY A. SMYTHE, President.

WM. M. VERMILYE, Vice-President.

A. A. LOW,

F. SCHUCHARDT,

S. D. BABCOCK,

FRANCIS SKIDDY,

W. R. TRAVERS,

WM. T. GARNER,

THOS. DICKSON,

H. A. HURLBUT,

G. G. HAVEN,

DAVID LAMB,

JOHN BLOODGOOD,

H. C. FAHNESTOCK,

WM. F. DRAKE.

F. N. LAWRENCE, Secretary.

RAILROAD IRON,

FOR SALE BY

S. W. HOPKINS & CO.,

71 BROADWAY.

C. J. OSBORN.

ADDISON CAMMACK.

OSBORN & CAMMACK,
BANKERS,

No. 34 BROAD STREET.

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

BANKING HOUSE

OF

KOUNTZE BROTHERS,

NEW YORK,

14 WALL STREET.

Four per cent. interest allowed on all deposits.

Collections in every where.

Orders for Gold, Government and other securities
executed.

BANKING HOUSE

OF

HENRY CLEWS & Co.,

No. 32 Wall Street, N. Y.

Letters of Credit for travelers, also Commercial
Credits issued, available throughout the world.

Bills of Exchange on the Imperial Bank of London,
National Bank of Scotland, Provincial Bank of Ire-
land, and all their branches.

Drafts and Telegraphic Transfers on Europe, San
Francisco, the West Indies and all parts of the United
States.

Deposit accounts received in either Currency or
Coin, subject to check at sight, which pass through
the Clearing-House as if drawn upon any city bank;
4 per cent. interest allowed on all daily balances;
Certificates of Deposit issued; Notes, Drafts and
Coupons collected; advances made on approved col-
laterals and against merchandise consigned to our
care

Orders executed for Investment Securities and
Railroad Iron.

CLEWS, HARRIS & Co., 11 Old Broad street,
London.

Central Railroad Company

OF

IOWA

First Mortgage and Equipment
7 PER CENT.

GOLD BONDS.

FOR SALE BY

A. L. HATCH, Fiscal Agent,

64-76

33 PINE STREET

NEW YORK

STATE RAILROAD BONDS.

A First-Class Home Investment.

FIRST MORTGAGE
GOLD BONDS

OF THE

RONDOUT & OSWEGO
RAILROAD.

Principal & Interest Payable in
Gold.

Seven per Cent. Semi-Annually.

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

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

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

PRICE OF THE BONDS, 90 IN CURRENCY.

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. 81

MARKET SAVINGS BANK,

82 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.,

Six Per Cent. Interest Allowed.

Interest commences on the 1st of each month.

HENRY R. CONKLIN,
Secretary. 60-66

WM. VAN NAME,
President.



The Books and Speeches of Victoria C. Woodhull and Tennie C. Claflin will hereafter be furnished, postage paid, at the following liberal prices:

The Principles of Government, by Victoria C. Woodhull.....	\$2 00
Constitutional Equality, by Tennie C. Claflin.....	1 50
Woman Suffrage guaranteed by the Constitution, speech by Victoria C. Woodhull;	
The Great Social Problem of Labor and Capital, speech by Victoria C. Woodhull;	
The Principles of Finance, speech by Victoria C. Woodhull;	
Practical View of Political Equality, speech by Tennie C. Claflin;	
Majority and Minority Report of the Judiciary Committee on the Woodhull Memorial;	
Each per copy.....	10
per 100.....	5 00

THE INTERNATIONAL.

It ought to be known that this association is not secret—it does not aspire to the honor of being a conspiracy. Its meetings are held in public; they are open to all comers, though only members are permitted to speak (unless by special invitation), and none but members are allowed to vote. The several sections in this city and vicinity meet as follows:

Section 1 (German).—Sunday, 8 P. M., at the Tenth Ward Hotel, corner of Broome and Forsyth streets.

Section 2 (French).—The second Sunday in each month, 2 P. M., at No. 100 Prince street (especially to accommodate female members) and every other Sunday, 9 A. M., at the same place.

Section 6 (German).—Friday, 8 P. M., at No. 10 Stanton street.

Section 8 (German).—Monday, 8 P. M., at No. 53 Union avenue, Williamsburgh, L. I.

Section 9 (American).—Wednesday, 8 P. M., at No. 35 East Twenty-seventh street.

Section 10 (French).—First Tuesday and third Saturday in each month, 6 P. M., at No. 650 Third avenue, between Forty-first and Forty-second streets.

Section 11 (German).—Thursday, 8 P. M., West Thirty-ninth street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, at Hessel's.

Section 12 (American).—The second and fourth Sunday in each month, 8 P. M., at No. 44 Broad street.

OUR NEW WESTERN AGENCY.—Mr. A. J. Boyer, formerly of the "Nineteenth Century," has become our General Western Agent, with office at 116 Madison 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 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.

"NOTICE EXTRAORDINARY."

We desire to obtain the name of every Suffrage Association in the United States, with the name, if possible, of the President and Secretary of each. We shall publish documents from time to time bearing on the question of Woman's Equality, which we desire to furnish the Associations for gratuitous distribution. We have now on hand a number of such, which, upon getting the addresses wanted, will be immediately forwarded.

Will our friends everywhere please attend to this at once. The time for decisive and positive action has come.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

The mails for Europe during the week ending Saturday, Sept. 16, 1871, will close at this office on Tuesday at 11:30, on Wednesday at 12, Thursday at 11:30, and on Saturday at 12 M.
P. H. JONES, Postmaster.

THE DEATH OF KARL MARX.

ITS PROBABLE EFFECT UPON THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY.—RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE COSMOPOLITAN CONFERENCE.

The sudden and unexpected death of Karl Marx will exert a very powerful influence upon the movements of the Internationals everywhere, and will probably accelerate the transfer of the central organization to the United States, where alone the objects of this powerful organization can be accomplished within the law and without violence. At a very full meeting of the Council of the Cosmopolitan Conference, held on Wednesday evening, a very interesting discussion on the life of the great reformer took place, and the following resolutions were adopted unanimously:

Whereas, The Atlantic cable has surprised us with the

news of the sudden and unexpected death of Karl Marx; and

Whereas, We recognize in Karl Marx one of the truest, most fearless and most unselfish defenders of all classes and all peoples suffering from oppression; therefore

Resolved, That we profoundly deplore the loss of so powerful an advocate of the people's cause, which is likewise our own.

Resolved, That the oppressed toilers not of Europe only, but of all countries, claim the right to share in the grief which his family and more immediate associates must feel at this sudden bereavement.

Resolved, That the Cosmopolitan Conference of New York tenders to the family of Karl Marx, and to the International Workingmen's Association, their profound sympathy.

Resolved, That the loss of Karl Marx devolves upon every member of the Cosmopolitan Conference, and upon every friend of the despoiled and down-trodden working classes everywhere the duty of laboring with redoubled zeal for the vindication of those rights which he so boldly, so generously, and so steadfastly defended.

Resolved, That while we feel a personal grief at the death of this great fellow-soldier in the battle of reform, and cannot but recognize the severity of our loss, yet are we not dismayed, but are impelled by the sacredness of our cause to fight on unhesitatingly, and to struggle with even more determined courage for the full accomplishment of that victory of universal justice whose approaching triumph he so clearly foresaw, but was not permitted to share.

Resolved, That the secretary be instructed to forward a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

THE INTERNATIONAL.

APPEAL OF SECTION NO. 12.

To whom it may concern; or all English-speaking citizens of the United States friendly to the International Workingmen's Association.

Section No. 12 (English-speaking), in the city of New York, have deemed it proper at this period in the history of the International to issue an appeal to English-speaking citizens in behalf of that society, and the duty of preparing that appeal has devolved on the undersigned.

The object of the International is, simply, "to emancipate the laborer, male and female, by the conquest of political power." That is a sentence pregnant with important meaning. It involves, first, the Political Equality and Social Freedom of man and woman alike. Political Equality means the personal participation of each in the preparation, administration and execution of the laws by which all are governed. Social Freedom means absolute immunity from impertinent intrusion in all affairs of exclusively personal concernment, such as scientific or religious belief, the sexual relation, habits of dress, diet and the like. But the proposition involves, secondly, the establishment of an Universal Government, based primarily on Equality of Rights and Reciprocity of Duties in the matter of the Production and Distribution of Wealth, including the abolition of the traffic in land, labor and money—(to say nothing of love, which, if it be made the subject of trade, either within or without the pale of matrimony, is not love, but lust)—and the substitution of the Providential Intervention of the State in place of the anarchical competitive rule of self-seeking capitalists. Of course, the abolition of standing armies, national boundaries, secret diplomacy, class distinctions, religious bigotries and even differences of language are embraced in the programme.

The measures of the International are adapted to existing differences in the political and social status of the several peoples from whom it must derive its power. In those countries where free speech, free meetings and a free press are prohibited, and the suffrage restricted or altogether denied, a certain degree of privacy, not to say secrecy, is necessary and justifiable. Nay! an appeal to arms and the god of battles is often the only available means of righting wrongs so long endured that forcible resistance to tyrants becomes obedience to God. But in this country, where those fundamental rights of free men and women (except that the suffrage is practically, though not now legally, restricted to males) are guaranteed and protected by law, the International courts publicity! It is here the most efficient means of propagandism, and the surest safeguard against treachery. According to the Rules of the Association, issued by the General Council, "Everybody who acknowledges and defends its principles is eligible to become a member." Its meetings are accordingly open to all comers, and its proceedings are freely given to the world. It is not, therefore, in any sense a conspiracy; but it is a laudable, honorable, lawful Propaganda that the entire police, military and naval forces of the nation must protect, if necessary.

Section No. 12 do, therefore, hereby invite English-speaking citizens in every village, town and city of every State in the Union, to form English-speaking sections. These sections should not be so small as to prevent the raising of sufficient funds to defray the necessary expenses, nor so large as to preclude the possibility of the personal participation of each member in the transaction of their business. If practicable, for the convenience of political action, there should be a section formed in every primary election district. The organization should combine efficiency with intelligence. Better do nothing than act blindly. "Blind leaders of the blind, all fall in the ditch together." As soon as a section is formed, notice should be sent to F. A. Sorge (P. O. Box 101; Hoboken, N. J.), Corresponding Secretary for the Central Committee of the United States, which meets in New York City, and a dele-

gate should be elected (who should reside in that city) to represent the section temporarily in that committee. A temporary representation only is required, since it must be manifest that a single committee will not always be able to transact the entire business of the International, especially after it shall have become completely organized throughout the nation, and that even if it were able to do so it never should be permitted. Committees, in whose hands too much power is centralized, are too apt to substitute their own often short-sighted selfish action for the unselfish, intelligent action of their constituents, thus insuring defeat instead of achieving success. What have been termed the excesses of democratic proletarian revolutions in other countries have been occasioned by just such committees blindly leading where none understandingly followed. The success of similar revolutions in this country must not be hindered nor marred nor disgraced by similar excesses. There must ultimately be instituted in every town a Municipal Committee or Council, corresponding with their Common Councils; in every State a State Committee or Council, corresponding with the State Legislature, and in the nation a National Committee or Council, corresponding with the United States National Congress—the acts of such committees or councils, however, to have no validity except as limited by the application of the principal of the Referendum and qualified by that of the Popular Initiative—that is to say, originating in and ratified by the sections. The work of the International, as already suggested, includes nothing less than the institution, within existing forms, of another form of Government, which shall supersede them all. But, until the work is well advanced, the New York Central Committee must be recognized, and the election of a delegate there-to by new Sections is indispensable. It is only necessary to add, in this connection, that the delegate should be furnished with proper credentials, and provided with seven cents per capita as the Section's annual contribution toward defraying expenses.

The view here taken is confirmed by the "Administrative Regulations" of the Society, which declare that whenever circumstances permit, Central Committees, representing groups of branches using the same language, may be formed, and that any branch or number of branches, without regard to the number of members, may send delegates to the International Congress.

The principles of the International are decreed by the International Congress, the time and place for the meeting of which are fixed by the General Council sitting in London, England. There have been four of these Congresses, and would have been a fifth but for the occurrence of the Franco-German war. Suffice it, however, to say that the action of the last Congress must be accepted as final until another Congress is held, and the principles declared by that Congress may be fairly inferred from the statement of the objects of the International, with which this address opens.

Finally, working men and women, and their friends disposed to unite with Section 12 in this Propaganda, may obtain all further necessary information by communicating by letter with the undersigned, 30 Bowery, New York city, and inclosing therein a ten cent stamp, to cover postage of return letter and the expense of forwarding the necessary tracts and papers.

New York, Aug. 30, 1871.

WILLIAM WEST,

Rec. Sec'y Sec. 12.

MEETINGS OF THE INTERNATIONAL.

Section No. 2 (French), at 100 Prince street.—This was very fully attended, and quite enthusiastic. The formation of another section (French) in Newark, N. J., was reported, amidst the greatest rejoicing. Much discussion was had on a proposition to publish a newspaper in French, to be the organ of the French Internationals, but no conclusion was reached. A guard of honor was appointed to attend the section on the occasion of the great procession of the Trades Unions, to come off on the 13th inst. After which, the Delegate to the Central Committee reported the resolutions of the Twelfth Section relating to the recent disaster to the Westfield, and the proper remedy therefor (which were printed in the last number of the WEEKLY), and referred to the Sections for final action. Section 2 unanimously adopted them, as doubtless the other Sections will also adopt them, as soon as they are laid before the members.

Section No. 12, at 44 Broad street.—Letters from the Corresponding Secretary were read, announcing the formation of a section (American) in Boston, Mass. The names of the officers of this section are as follows: George F. Walker, Corresponding Secretary; Eliza W. Philbrick, Recording Secretary; William B. Greene, Treasurer; and Kate Metcalf, Librarian. Mrs. E. L. Daniels presided at the organization, and as she is now on her way, by the overland route through the Western States, to California, she is strongly recommended to the notice of the Internationals wherever they may be as a person wholly devoted to the emancipation of labor, and capable of rendering efficient service. The lady was present at the meeting of the 12th Section, and made a few remarks.

Mr. West offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we have received with great sorrow the tidings of the death of Karl Marx, one of the founders of the International, and Corresponding Secretary for the General Council for Germany and Holland; a man whose sincerity was unquestioned, whose devotion was inexhaustible, whose learning was unsurpassed, whose abili-

ties were unrivaled, and whose services in the great work of the International made him known to and feared by the crowned Rulers and privileged classes of European monarchies and empires. But while we sincerely regret the decease of this remarkable man, we yet believe that the success of the cause depends on no man's life, and that the loss of this life will not retard that mighty uprising of the people which must result in the obliteration of all frontiers, the extinguishment of all custom-houses, the abolition of war, the extinction of titles and privileges, and the establishment of an universal federated government "deriving its just powers from the consent" of all the people.

Resolved, That the above resolution be published in WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

And the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Remarks were then made by Professor Hume, Stephen P. Andrews, William Hanson, and others, and the section adjourned.

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.

RURAL.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Sept. 10, 1871.

MESDAMES WOODHULL & CLAFLIN: Only just to think that while you are fairly broiling under the rays of the sun, reflected back and forth by dingy city edifices, your correspondent is rusticated in the green hills and dales of Poughkeepsie. You've heard of Poughkeepsie, of course; it is in Dutchy's County. I know that, according to the way it is spelled on the map, it is Dutchess County, but Poughkeepsians call it Dutchy's County, hence the large number of lager beer saloons and rotund females, who make up in circumference what they lack in perpendicular measure. But to proceed. I arrived here at four A. M., became duly installed into a hotel, made acquaintance with several natives and saw the clock. "Ha!" said I to an old inhabitant, "so you have a town clock!"

"A city clock, if you please," replied he.

"Certainly, a city clock," I responded. "You are a very old inhabitant, are you not?" I asked.

"Do I look old?" questioned he.

"I mean, are you an old resident here?" I reiterated.

"No sir-ee, I am not an old anything, confound you."

"My dear sir," said I, "I have been told you have resided quite a long time in this celebrated city, for so young a gentleman."

"That is quite true, my friend," he replied, more pleasantly.

"Can you tell me are there any objects of interest in the neighborhood?" I questioned.

"Where have you been living all your life, young man?" said he, in a severe tone.

"In sundry cities, New York and London included," I replied, apologetically.

"Are you a newspaper man?"

"Well, yes."

"I thought so. Have you seen our clock?"

"I have not, but will certainly see it ere I leave."

"Have you seen our hospital?"

"No; I didn't know you had one."

"Let me tell you we have a State hospital; it was located here as the healthiest spot in the entire State; it is quite an ornament to the city."

"Where is it?" I inquired.

"Three miles out, on the Hyde Park road. Take a drink?"

"Don't mind if I do," I replied, continuing, "what hospital is it?"

"An insane asylum," he answered; "three sections already built, five more to be built—it will take twenty years to finish it."

"It will be a fine lunatic asylum," I remarked, "and being in such an appropriate locality will, as you say, be quite an ornament to the city."

My casual friend looked unutterable things, and was in the act of walking off when I suggested, "Those drinks?"

"Take 'em both, and be d—d to you," said he walking off.

I sauntered down the main street and took a car, judging that it would probably pass through the principal streets. After sitting a few minutes the driver said, "Fare, sir."

"How much?" said I.

"Six cents, sir."

I handed him a five dollar bill.

"Can't change more than two dollars," said he.

Now I hadn't any money of a less denomination, and seeing a free ride in the immediate present, I said, "How is that?"

"Them's the rules," he answered.

"Where's the conductor?" I asked.

"I'm him," was the response.

"Then where's the driver?"

"I'm him, too."

"And you can't change a five?"

"Didn't I say it's against the rules?"

"Oh, yes; so you did. Shall I see if I have any change?"

"Now what do you think about it—do you suppose we carry people free?"

"No, of course not. I see you are perfectly right. Let me see," said I, searching my purse for the five-cent piece I had invested in a soda ten minutes previously; then rummaging my pockets, I said, "I know I had six cents in change," but suddenly noticing that I was leaving the main part of the city, I said, "Now suppose I can't find any change?"

"Then you must get off," said he.

"Good heavens, stop!" said I. "You are going direct to the lunatic asylum."

As I jumped off the car, angry words rose above the jingle of the car, among which rang prominently out, "New York beat." This caused me to reflect, and the result was that I felt sure some New Yorker had done that driver injustice, and I looked round to see if I could see the delinquent.

After a brisk walk I saw a clock in the distance. Addressing a citizen, I remarked, pointing toward it, "That is the—"

"City clock," said he, finishing my sentence.

Now, for the first time, did I notice that the hands marked four o'clock.

Toward noon I determined to take a ramble on the hills & pied, they looked so delightfully cool, and promised some fine landscape scenery. Accordingly I set out, and had proceeded about half a mile when I was overtaken by a buggy. I had chosen the shady side of the road, which, being to leeward, gave me the full benefit of the blinding sheets of dust lifted from the road by the buggy-wheels. Observing my condition, the occupant (a sturdy native, no doubt) kindly asked would I ride.

"No, thank you," said I; "but have you no water-carts here?"

"Water-carts," cried he, in amazement. "Water-carts!"

"Exactly," said I.

"Not much," he answered.

"What red brick building is that in the distance?" I asked.

"The State Hospital," he answered.

"What, the Lunatic Asylum?" I ejaculated.

"Go to the devil," said he, driving off.

"Very encouraging," I mused, plodding my weary way.

Approaching a steep hill I left the road to ascend it. Hill-climbing is rather tedious work, thought I, when I had mounted a third of the elevation. Then taking off my coat I sat on the stump of a tree; I was just on the point of pulling out my note-book to "write a piece," when a movement in the grass attracted my attention. Examining the spot I discovered a snake pursuing his afternoon corrugations; don't like snakes, so I left rather hurriedly. Ascending another one-third of the distance I found it necessary to remove my neck-tie and collar. "What an exceedingly warm day," I mentally ejaculated, as the perspiration dripped off me like the dew from the clover heads. I don't believe there is any better view from the top of the hill than from here, but I will rest a little and proceed. I first rested, then proceeded, then rested again; thought seriously of taking off my boots, but memories of a snake remonstrated. I looked first at the road, then at the hill-top, then at my shirt-front that was once starched, now as limber as my pocket-handkerchief, and both equally saturated—it was a fearful struggle. "Excelsior," said I, starting again with desperate energy. I reached the top at last, and saw the famous Hudson River, the same one that I saw at Fort Lee, with a surrounding view equally as beautiful. There was the Fishkill Mountains on one side, the Catskills on the other, and your correspondent (almost killed too) in the centre, and right before him stood—what do you think?—why, the lunatic asylum! Wasn't it a beautiful prospect? I sat and viewed it a long time, partly to drink in its beauty, partly to throw off my superfluous heat, and partly to ruminate how I was to descend and get back to this city.

One consolation I had, which was that if I, on the mountain tops, felt fit to drop with fatigue what insufferable heat must those poor devils of New Yorkers be suffering—memories of New York made me for the moment entirely forget myself, and I looked round for an ice-cream saloon. A rain-drop falling on my face recalled my Gothamward-wandering senses, and I went down that hill with a run. "Let me see," said I, "I have three miles to walk; that will take say forty minutes; now, will the storm hold over till then. Not a single hotel in a distance of three miles; confound such a place." It was coming. Little gusts of wind, laden with dust-clouds, told me that I was in the open road, with no shelter; three or four hundred yards to go before I could gain the umbrage of the roadside trees. I broke for those trees; but running a race with a storm-cloud is a "losing game." I got half way when the storm burst out, and gained shelter just about half-wet through, and not a single umbrella-vender in sight. I was just congratulating myself upon my partial escape, when some water ran down my neck (I had removed my hat on account of perspiring so freely). I found the beautiful green leaves overhead were collecting the small rain-drops and making them into large ones for my special benefit. So I determined to fight it out on the open-air line, and got soaked for my pains. At the hotel a friend asked me how I came to get so wet. I told him I had been caught in the rain. "Rain," said he, "this is only mountain dew; but take my advice and change your clothing immediately, for it is very dangerous." Thinking a little brandy might keep a cold away, I called for that same, remarking to the bar-tender, "Can you tell me why

your 'Mountain Dew' is generally considered so dangerous?"

"I want you to understand, sir, that our 'Mountain Dew,' and all our other liquors, are as good as any kept in Poughkeepsie," said he.

"Certainly," said I, scratching my head, "but isn't there some mistake. I meant the mist, or whatever you call it; I got wet through it, anyhow."

"Mist of the Morning Bitters' you mean; but if you got 'wet' on that article I guess you mixed it, eh?" said he, with a sly wink.

"Look here, young man," said I, "you can't play things on me. I come from New York."

"You do, eh? Well, I was thinking something of that sort," replied he.

The fellow was clearly a fool, and I made up my mind to say no more to him; but he asked:

"In what direction have you been?"

"To the lunatic asylum," said I.

"A great many New Yorkers go there," he said, laughing.

"Not till they come to Poughkeepsie," I answered.

I left the room as the barkeeper whistled a tune which set every one laughing, and upon inquiry I found it to be "Not such a fool as he looks."

On asking why the clock always stood at the figure 4 I was told that that was the number of drinks a Poughkeepsian tototaller is allowed before breakfast. This was "the last straw," and I left with a sigh of relief, determining to do Poughkeepsie at some future day.

Yours,

RUSTICATOR.

GOOD SOCIETY.

TO WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY: It is notorious to all men that the practice and the preaching of men, even of the *Tribune* and of its editorial staff, are sometimes at variance. Subject to this irreconcilable discrepancy it seems good to call attention to the following editorial in the *Tribune* of September 6:

If certain crimes are not epidemic, their discovery certainly seems to be. Just now we are passing through a cycle of painful sensations produced by the finding of several cases of malpractice by which unfortunate, betrayed women have been sent to untimely deaths. Within ten days the public sense of the sacredness of human life and female virtue has been shocked by the discovery of three revolting cases of seduction and murder—for the crime committed by the abortionist bears no other name. This morning we are compelled to record the third of this series, in which are involved we cannot say how many offenders nor how many victims. Ordinarily, the merest allusion to the details of these dreadful deeds was all that could be expected of the respectable portion of the press. But we call attention to this last case, as it shows how common has become the practice of the infernal arts of the abortionists. Something must be done to stop these wicked practices; and if our present laws are insufficient, we must lose no time in making them stronger.

This excerpt is the comment on the death from an abortion on the person of a young woman by a Mrs. Burns.

Simultaneously with this case we have the cases of Emily Post and Alice Bowlsby, or, rather, those of Doctor Rosenzweig and Mrs. Van Buskirk for the deaths of those young persons.

Of the accused I wish to say nothing either for good or evil. As a law-abiding "person" or "citizen," I only ask that public opinion be not excited against the accused until they have been tried and found guilty. Let us be consistent. Either we have formal trial in cool judgment before tribunals, or we have Lynch law. If the latter, let the parties in question be strung up quickly on the first lamp-post and with the line that can quickest be found. If the former, let us wait. It is somewhat prejudicial to justice and fair trial to talk about "rooting out these wretches," "breaking up their dens," and declaring that, as of justice and of right, "they must be hanged, and that any juryman who will not say guilty, or any judge who will not charge home against them, is an accomplice with such miscreants." Let us have Lynch law or State law; but, above all, keep cool.

The *Tribune* and some others set down these abortions to Free Love. See how vulgar, how senseless is this unreason. It is precisely because love is "not" free that these young people are done to death, and that persons who have small moral sense and have no scruple about law, human or divine, get rich by abortion.

Alice Bowlsby, Emily Post and Mary Russell died because they became pregnant and dared not face society. Society condemned them, not because they were pregnant, but because their male associates had deserted or deceived them. They were victims—first to the passions of their lovers, next to the prejudice of society. That even the *Tribune* helps to brand the woman and has no word of condemnation for those who uphold and justify the man, is apparent in its report—

Other persons were found in the Burns house; "of these four were detained, two young men and two young women. The names of the latter are Margaret Corbett, of 68 Macdougall street, and Mary Rice, of 52 Morton street. The names of the young men are withheld."

Why? Were they *Tribune* reporters or editors? Why give the names of the wretched women in full thus, to brand and pillory the weaker vessels, who bear the sorrow of unwelcome maternity, while the names of their seducers, or at least their accomplices, are kept saved from notoriety and disgrace? Is this equal justice?

Not that it would much matter; for if the names of John

Smith and Tom Brown were spoken right out in meeting, nobody would shake the head or shoot out the tongue against those young fellows. They are young, they must sow their wild oats, they are irresponsible—men will be men. And not a mother in America will shut her door against either of the two young men, if he be only in a decent way of business, dress well and have fair credit.

Now, if love were "free," I need not discuss the comparative virtue of the seducer and the seduced. Bowlsby, Russell, Post and many others might be alive still. The law of New York says, I believe, that any man who takes a woman by the hand and openly says "This is my wife," is married to all intents and purposes. This, if it be so, is liberal. But why not make cohabitation a matrimonial tie? However, public opinion steps in and says this is not honorable. There must be cards and cake, a reception and a minister of religion, or at least a squire, a fifty dollar church certificate or a ten cent extract from the register. Opinion wants all this, and opinion is above law. The girl knows nothing about law, but she hears of opinion a hundred times a day, and so, as opinion is against her in her hour of need, she turns to Rosenzweig's Ready Relief—and slips through.

Clearly the love here was never free. It was in bonds—from first to last. There was no way back; it was ever on and on to the end.

Had the love been free—had society not been ever watchful, ever vengeful—those young persons might have been alive to-day.

MARIANA.

KARL MARX.

MESDAMES WOODHULL & CLAFLIN: YOUR WEEKLY of September 2 contains the reproduction of an article in the *Grenzboten* on "Karl Marx, the founder of the International League." That article is so adroitly interwoven with falsehoods and truths that it might well lead astray the great majority of readers looking only at the surface of the treated subject. Misstatements and misrepresentations about the International Workingmen's Association and its adherents now being the order of the day in that chaste exponent of public opinion the daily press of the world, we would nevertheless have remained silent, but for the fact that your paper professedly sustains the I. W. A., and is read by a not inconsiderable number of members and friends of the International.

For the benefit of your readers, therefore, we desire to correct some of the most glaring falsehoods, and state:

The workingmen composing the I. W. A. are not long-ing to "enjoy a rule in their turn," but are struggling for equal rights and duties, and the abolition of all class-rule.

The International W. A. is not, was not, and will never be, a "secret society or conspiracy," since it acts and speaks publicly, without reserve.

The "universal lever," etc., has never been wanting, and Karl Marx has not invented it, but it is here, and there, and everywhere; the social development itself, the relations between labor and capital, the two principal factors in forming modern society.

Not "the malcontent workingmen have formed an army" to be commanded by Karl Marx, but the most advanced workingmen, those conscious of their condition in relation to capital, founded the International Workingmen's Association, and annually elect not "a supreme head, a dictator-general," but a General Council.

The answer to the question, "How is the Commune to be constituted?" is sheer nonsense. Nobody can tell how coming society is to be constituted. Time and circumstances will be considered in that matter. But one thing is certain, namely, that the future state of society will be the true exponent of the coming society itself of the working class.

In conclusion, we request you earnestly, in the interest of our association, in the interest of truth—the cardinal principle of our association—not to give publicity in your WEEKLY to anything regarding the International Workingmen's Association except authentic information amply given in its rules, resolutions, congress proceedings, and in the periodical publications of its authorized executive bodies, all of which are within the reach of everybody.

The General German Workingmen's Society, Section 1 of the I. W. A. in the United States.

By order,

R. STARKE.
F. A. SORGE.
J. BOLTE.

New York, Sept. 3, 1871.

THE WOMAN QUESTION AT THE WALDEN CAMP MEETING.

Little dreaming that the homogeneous collection of speakers at the Walden Lake Camp Meeting would drift into the social questions with any commendable degree of purpose, your reporter experienced an agreeable surprise when Mr. E. S. Wheeler threw himself, with energy equal to his earnestness, into the discussion. We acknowledge that his words were incisive. For instance, he declared that a great majority of the married women of America were "either sick, sore, or sorry." But we feel bound to say that we think his powder was wasted. The saying hard things is an easy matter. What we want is a deep insight into the causes of the terrible demoralization which everywhere shows itself.

We want men and women with moral courage equal to the task of pointing the people directly to the procuring causes of these troubles. Scores upon scores of public

lecturers are hurrying to and fro up and down the land, but which one of them all dares utter the naked truth respecting the "social relations?" Many of them exhaust the dictionary in their use of strong words descriptive of the foulness of the domestic frog-pond—that is just what reformers have been doing these long, long years! Now, where is the man, the woman, who can lift up holy hands and say, "I have clean escaped the pollutions which I denounce?"

What numbers of reform journals are scattered to the four corners of the earth with the speeding of every mail! What piles of papers, of tracts, issue weekly from the press devoted professedly to the cause of women. Yet how few of them are better than blind guides? Here are *Woman's Journals*, *Woman's Advocate*, &c.; but they don't seem to know anything about the "lower deep" of causes, much less care to discuss the vital point.

But for myself I have no hope save in revolution—yes, we shall have to tear down till not one stone is left upon another! Nay, start not, pious reader! We must distribute the type ere we can set up either a new edition of the old, or a new social gospel! Instead of beginning with marriage, all previous social reformers have begun somewhere else, only to drift irresistibly into that question at last.

They can do no other; marriage lies at the bottom of civilized society.

All the terrible oppressions under which women have groaned in the past ages—under which the false and irrational customs which dwarf and belittle soul and body exist—are alone possible in the system of civil marriage, which, while it assumes to patronize, protect and bless, does so only as the oak throws its cold shadow over the plants beneath it, intercepting the sunlight of God, and fostering only a sickly, unfruitful growth, abnormal in all its manifestations. And this is the "holy institution" which our honorable friend, Horace Greeley, is so anxious shall be kept intact. This is the system which the *Woman's Journal* stands unaffected by the question or the fact of suffrage! Well, what on earth is the mission of suffrage, then?

Some time ago, one of our journals published an article under the caption of "Woman Suffrage" (doubtless a misprint), but I have lately thought it best explained the movement, as advocated by the New England "Wing." For if political suffrage is not the entering wedge of woman's complete social emancipation, it is not worth contending for. It is no longer "the grandest reform launched upon the century." "H. B. B." tells us that nine-tenths of the woman suffragists are just as conservative on the marriage question as Mr. Horace Greeley, and he opines that if the question of "easy divorce" were submitted to the women of the country, it would be overwhelmingly voted down. Of course it would.

But is this not of a piece with the "Hon." Harvey Jewell's pronouncement that the intelligent women of the country have never asked for suffrage? No intelligent social reformer thinks of appealing to "the average woman" in favor of the average woman's elevation. "The average woman" has no aims or ideals higher than a milliner's automaton. She is supremely selfish, indifferent, and, with respect to the fallen of her sex, heartless. And ignorant, frivolous and heartless the ballot will find her. She is wedded to the soul-girdling "bans" of her matrimonial bargain, nor by any possibility can you introduce into her silly head the true idea of womanhood. Now, we are not going to say that this is a type of the best the system turns out; but we do say that the system is responsible for the degenerate type of womanhood found upon the earth to-day. Trace the history of woman from her advent to the present hour, and you nowhere find her relation to man what it should be in respect to individual responsibility before God. There is a practical, if not an avowed, denial of her right to the use and improvement of her essential selfhood. Theologians contend that this was God-ordained. They, of course, can quote Scripture in support of their position. And thus we find all the bibliographers, all "the good Christian men and women" opposing, with all their might, the "grandest reform of the century."

This fact explains why all the "respectable" women suffragists "are just as conservative on the marriage question" as Mr. Horace Greeley is. This explains why the *Woman's Journal* makes such frantic, and often ludicrous, efforts to give itself the air of straightforward, pious respectability. With what a scornful, deprecating glance toward WOODHULL & CLAFLIN's it gathers up its respectable skirts, and steps to its own side, whenever the "free love" question is under discussion! The *Woman's Journal* sees "*Noli me tangere*" written on the "Holy Institution" of marriage. It would spare Agag. Of course it has no good word for those bold iconoclasts who attack the image. It can impute to them matrimonial infidelity and "all uncleanness."

It can accuse the leaders with seeking a satanic notoriety, and with guardedness and sanctimonious shrinking, it can blacken one of the most noblest women with insinuations the most foul. All this is done in the name of Christ! And so we find it everywhere. Now we say, out upon this inconsistent means of securing woman's freedom! Out upon this persecuting, false and rotten system of religion! The absolute, eternal Truth, respecting the relation of the sexes, is not in it! No, we are bound to declare, God has not revealed himself to the understandings of men in the books of the Bible; or, if he has, they have never read him aright. Let us take the suggestion of St. Paul, that "the invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly

seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead." How many of the assertions of St. Paul himself are disproved by this text!

In Genesis we find the primary teaching on which is based "the subjection of woman." Suppose we secure woman's equality before the law—the law itself is the very source of all that has ever oppressed and crippled woman! And that law is based on the orthodox canon! There is no getting around this. We have held the matter up in every light in which it can be viewed, and we come to the conclusion that woman suffrage cannot be successfully prosecuted upon the religious basis, because the Bible denies to woman perfect equality with man, the very thing for which woman suffrage is demanded!

A. BRIGGS DAVIS.

Clinton, Sept. 4, 1871.

THE LAMENT OF A WHITE SLAVE.

I am a woman lone and desolate,
Striving for freedom—O dark is my fate!
Ever from childhood I've pined in my chains,
Fettered and bleeding and worn down with pains;
A temple for beauty I reared in my heart
And worshiped most mildly fair nature and art;
I fain would have sung out my spirit in rhyme,
Of melody sweet rung many a chime,
In harmony grand helped swell the loud strain
Of music, sweet music, that charms away pain;
But I was a woman, and therefore a slave,
In homeliest duties my songs found a grave.
From the dark clay bright forms I'd have molded,
Hogarth's curved line from marble unfolded,
I'd have sketched the gay landscape with its life and its rest,
Its fruits, flowers and vines in wax I'd have dressed,
From earth cold and dull I'd upturned mine eye,
And painted on canvas the hues of the sky,
Sunsets, rich dyes and the soft fleecy cloud,
The darkness sublime which thunders enshroud,
The pale rising moon, the bright star of night,
And all lovely scenes which gladden my sight;
But I am a girl, a slave and a thing—
To wear out in bondage youth's time of spring.
I'd roam the wild path by streamlet and grove,
O'er hill and mountain my footsteps would rove;
With nature's fair page enlarging my soul
Through eternity's age in rapture to roll;
For I know that each flower a truth doth contain,
A "nutshell" of wisdom worthy to gain;
The earth, stones and rocks, their teachings unfold,
Progression's law, from clay up to gold—
And so ever longed the loves of my heart
To grasp in embrace proud science and art;
But I am a woman bound with a chain,
Labor for learning has ever been vain.
I'd hoe in the field, I'd ride o'er the plain,
At full horse gallop without tightened rein,
I'd carol a glad song, drive away care,
And joyous in freedom, quaff the fresh air,
I'd swim in the river, wade in the brook
And dance like a nymph in some shady nook;
My form would grow rounded, limbs would grow lithe,
My spirits grow merry, happy and blithe;
Strength, health and beauty encircle me o'er,
And sickness and sorrow clutch me no more—
But I am a woman dying of grief,
A slave and a thing—Oh God, bring relief!
I'd have a love-baby, dimpled and rosy,
Pure as a dewdrop, fair as a lily,
Cooing and crowing—arms round me twining,
Eyes bright and thoughtful—full of deep meaning;
O how my heart throbs, when fancy doth greet
The lisping "mamma" in tones tiny sweet—
Yes! I'd know the love born of a mother,
And feel the proud gaze of my babe's father;
But these dreams perish—a slave and a wife!
Let me be free, though it cost me dear life.
I'd have a garden of fair fruits and flowers,
Vines and an arbor, in which to while hours,
A silvery lake, meadow and fountain,
A tall, classic grove, cascade and mountain,
A house made of glass, sparkling with beauty,
Rooms wide and airy, well planned for duty,
Convenience, elegance and taste all combined,
For health of body and comfort of mind;
But in a small building, expenses to save,
Is where they immure the white woman slave.
With fraternal love I'd bind the whole race,
Both women and men, in loving embrace—
A unit of freedom, glory and health,
A unit of happiness, peace and wealth;
Union of purity, wisdom and might,
Union of brightness, where now all is night,
Gathered in groups, like the tall forest trees,
Individualized truly, even as these,
And Eden, so famed, would crown us with joy,
And the curse, death, hell and Satan destroy;
But blots dark and foul would stain the fair name
Of woman, who thus would peril her fame.
Men with coarse passions and steeped deep in vice
Would hunt her within an inch of her life;
And weak women, too, who know not their need,
Shouting approval, would bid them "God speed!"
While her relations, with keen, jealous eyes,
Think each step improper, mad or unwise,
So she is watched, reported and hunted,
All free unfolding, hopelessly stunted.
When women from sin the nation would save,
They force her to shame, because she's a slave,
Money, perchance, might purchase my freedom,
But God save the poor who are in thralldom!
Oh where shall I go to! Where can I fly!
Is there no heaven? Must I pine here and die?
Is there no hope for this weary-worn breast?
No home in freedom, where I can be blessed?
A child or a wife or hated old maid,
Or a prudent young miss, prosy and staid—
It all is the same, a woman's a slave,
With small hope of freedom, except in the grave.

—M. MERTON.

AMOURS DIVINES;

OR,

LOVE-SCENES IN THE ORIENT.

IV.

JOANNA.

Thou Galilean sea, Tiberias!
Thy fame shall live, that sweet philosophy
Thy list'ning shores drank in, shall to men's hearts
Be balm, when all that ever echoed thro'
Crotona's vales, or on Ilyssus' banks
Was taught, or ere in Hecademian groves
Fell on attentive ears, is all, aye, all
Forgot!

When Genius, westward flown, on some
Australian height a proud Acropolis
Has reared, or some Tasmanian temple built,
And richly stored, Walhalla-like, with busts
Of Oceanica's departed great—
Her statesmen, poets, painters, chieftains slain—
Historians of our greatness and our fall,
And e'en epigraphers, in English ruins
Well skilled; when Europe lies in gloom and we
In twilight wrapt, the weary pilgrim from
Pacific's strand will rest his way-worn limbs,
Tiberias, upon thy shores, and list
With sweet delight to all thy wavelet lips
Tell of the past!

But this the young Jew dreamt
Not of, as by Joanna's side, along
Those shores he wandered slow, his gold-brown beard
By th' evening zephyr gently moved.

And this
Is always so. Men are but instruments
Which God doth play; and those he fingers most
We call inspired or breathed upon.

'Twas now
Past midnight. All the others slept, and in
Their dreams looked over Heaven's walls and smiled
To think such bliss in store for them. The lake
Lay, too, in deepest sleep, repeating star
For star so faithfully that heaven seemed
On earth and earth in heaven, as the twain
Walked on. Upon the beach their sandaled feet
Fell noiselessly; and save the sound of some
Wee creature of the waters in pursuit
Of phantom stars that danced upon the lake,
Creation slept, and spoke not in her sleep!

Such silence 'tis that makes men's thoughts revert
To th' evil they have done in life, the friends
They've lost or those they've wronged, aye, deeply wronged.
With hypocritical caress and smiles
That sprang not from the heart. So was't
With Joseph's son. A thousand times in thought
He craved forgiveness at his Father's hands
For any word of harshness that his lips
Had ever murmured 'gainst his fellow men,
Or any evil thought that ere had tinged
His cheek with glow of shame! A thousand times
In thought, he ran his boyage o'er, forgave
The blow from angered playmate's hand received,
Invoked a blessing on the loved at home,
And wished them good from whom he'd suffered wrong!

Thou best of men! Shall earth ne'er see thy like?
Thou godlike man, to love where others hate,
And blessings breathe where curses seemed but just!
Yet, beauty-dreamer, sweet idealist!
Thy bed of bliss shall ne'er be pressed by our
Poor human limbs unless, Procrustes-like,
We lop them off, and thus destroy God's work!
Some day the rosy clouds that now do hide
The portal of thy heaven will roll away,
And oh, the bitter disappointment then!
Still, thou shalt never die, for we'll sift out
Thy theories, but lay the golden grains
Of practice up, securely in our hearts!

With eyes that tired not, looked Joanna on
The young Jew's handsome face, as she beside
Him walked. At least three score of years had tracked
Her brow and robbed her of that roundness so
High-prized by every woman; still, in spite
Of saffron tint, burned bright her ebony orbs,
But not with that soft lustre found in youth.
For when a woman's borne some dozen young—
As Chuza's wife had done, 'tis miracle
If she be otherwise than shriveled up,
Discolored, knotted like some faithful tree
Whose vigorous branches oft have bent with fruit.
'Tis wonder, when a mother's worrying
And watching o'er humanity's frail buds,
Together with the necessary tears,
Dim not the brightness of her eyes, but leave
Her flourishing as snow leaves evergreen.

Much had Joanna loved, yet ne'er till now
Burned such mysterious fire within her breast,
Or coursed such ardor thro' her matron limbs.
Incomprehensible was it, that when
Beside this not much more than youth—so seemed
To her old Joseph's son—she so forgot
Her wrinkled brow and tresses of gray hair,
Her sunken cheeks and wasted arms, 'pon which
The veins stood forth half-like entwining vines,
As e'en to think, that offered she, the young
Preceptor would, with joy, let his soft lips
Go rambling o'er her rough and fallow face.

While to the round and graceful limbs of him
Beside her clung her gaze, grew Chuza in
Her mind deformed, and with a leprous scale
Encrusted o'er, devoured by running sores—
A loathsome sight, a vermin-carnival!

Tense and distorted were her lips as her
Imagination galloped thus; and her
Parched mouth, like that of weary pilgrim long
Atrist, when last he hears the music of

The crystal spring, did pant with feverish
Desire to plunge in at this nectar-fount
And drink and drink and drink!

But not of love

Thought Jesus, as beside Joanna fell
His sandaled feet soft on Tiberias' shore.
His thoughts were all with heaven and with God!
"Joanna," murmured he, "these midnight hours
Passed thus in watching and in prayer bring more
Of solace to my troubled heart than when
I sleep them 'way. The night is dear to me,
For in its depths I love to listen to
My Father's voice, which to mine ears, when all
The world is sunk in quiet and repose,
Doth plainer, nearer, dearer, sweeter sound.
Night is the fittest hour for prayer; and as
The earth doth from beneath its pall of gloom
Arise and put on robes of glorious light,
So shall we journey, summoned hence, my friend,
Through night to regions of eternal day,
To shores, whose golden sands by angel-feet
Impressed, than zephyr know not ruder wind;
To skies ne'er visited by cloud nor storm;
To homes where death shall never enter in.
And separation's pang be felt no more!"

"What prayer, what vow, what sacrifice did thy
Loved mother offer up that she bore such
A son as thou?" fell from Joanna's lips.
"There's nobler clay in thee than Nature's hands
Have moulded since the holy prophets were!
A thousand children Chuza might beget,
Yet never one like thee! Thou art a girl
In gentleness, and yet in limb and beard
And voice so perfect man, that she who sees
Must love! Would I were maiden as the day
That Chuza wed me, how I would woo thee
With smiles, and wrought they not, with tears. Oh, thou
Shouldst not escape, sweet man; for if thou didst
Not melt with singing—and I sang and harped
It well in maiden years—with flowers, perfumes
And spikenard ointment would I teach thee love!"

"Sh, woman!" gave the young Jew low reply,
"What's earthly love to me? I build not on
Such ground that passion may upheave and rend
In twain, then leave to cool and harden in
Its frigid fulness. I love my God too well
To halve my heart and give Him only one
Poor moiety! I do not sneer, my friend,
At woman's constancy, at those of earth
Who love both long and well, for great is their
Reward; but when the end doth come, fair would
I lay my heart upon His altar with
The words: 'Take, Father, that Thou gavest me.
Its walls of flesh and rills of blood were true
To Thee on earth, now let my glad soul gaze
Upon Thy face, and dwell forever more
Content.'"

"Beloved youth," Joanna soft
Replied, her hand upon his shoulder laid
And riveted upon his face her eyes,
That in their deep-sunk orbits brightly burned—
"Beloved youth, I am a woman, and
My heart rules me, I rule it not. A child,
It made me cling to little effigies
Of man, which I did gently mother, and
Upon my child-bread hold, as tho' I gave
Them milk. Then later, chose I favorites
For me among my schoolmates. After this
Came maidenhood, and tyrant-like, it led
Me captive here and there, capricious as
The wind. One was I forced to love for his
Fine form, another for his goodness, and
A third I know not why. Now, hath it bound
Me so to earth that every weeping child
Doth seem half-like my own, so do I love
To kiss it back to smiles. Man loves or loves
Not, as he chooses—oft as counterpoise
To sterner things. He couples woman with
His wine, or calls for song and flowers when she
Appears. In earnest mood he banishes
Her from his sight; as he deems her dangerous
In serious affairs, as 'twere, far too
Mercurial, impulsive, volatile,
To second him in things that thought require.
And thus is woman thrown upon herself
To dormant lie, until her lord is gay
Again! Thus what to man is pastime, is
To her the all that world doth offer. Do
Not murmur, then, revered young teacher, that
I speak of love. I know naught else. What thou
Dost tell me of the other world falls on
Mine ear like melody. 'Tis wonderful!
Heard I such things from other lips than thine
I would believe them not. What boundless faith
Doth love engender in our hearts! I could
Not doubt thee, Jesus. I would rather die
Than accusation breathe against thy name,
Or deem thee else than pure as heaven's self!"

"I thank thee, woman, for thy faith and love,"
The young Jew said in softest voice—"I thank
Thee from my heart, Joanna. Few there be
Who listen and believe as thou hast done;
Aye, very few who turn from riches, friends and home
To follow God, so high and strong enthroned
Is Mammon in this world. Accursed pelf!
Can Caesar's jewels conscience bribe, or from
Remorse buy single moment of surcease?
Can riches purchase aught that dieth not?
Or wealth give quiet to a troubled heart?
Will domed temple, pavement tessellate,
Halls rich with marble, gilt and ivory,
Or perfumed shrine avail the unjust aught?
Can God delight in man's vain pomp and show?
Is'th' offering or he that offers it?
What good are incense-fumes and crimson robes
With all the genuflections, groans and sighs
Of pagan worship to the living God?
Oh, world, perverse, blind world, encrusted o'er
With error, wilt thou not be warned in time?
Thou, Father, in thy mercy melt their hearts
And press contrition from their hardened souls!"

With these last words, stretched Joseph's son aloft
His trembling hands, and clasped them silently
In prayer, his dark eyes raining tears the while,
Then slowly sank upon a rocky couch,
Whose long, soft seaweed coverlet received
His form.

Bowed was his head, and motionless,
His gold-brown beard, tear-moistened, lay upon
His breast. Joanna sitting at his side
Spoke not. Tiberias rippled at their feet.

Meanwhile the moon, in all the fullness of
Its splendor, went up slowly o'er the lake
And shed its mellow light on Joseph's son
And his companion seated there, he, cold
With grief, with bitter disappointment chilled,
She, warm with fervor never felt before!

As mother doth, in rapturous outburst
Of love, shower kisses on her babe's soft limbs
And rosy body, so Joanna rained
Caresses on the young Jew's hands, until
Her lips, exhausted sheer, could only cling
To them in mute delight! Now when she saw
He let her not, the matron's head sank on
His arm, young shoulder, and her sunken eyes
Glowed wildly bright, her cheek thus pillowed soft.

"Beloved youth," came from her thankful lips,
"How oft I've longed to rest me thus! How oft
I've craved the boon of one poor kiss upon
Thy hand! Ah, thou beloved young teacher, thou
Enslavest every heart! All bow their necks
For thy sweet yoke! 'Tis blissful servitude!
I'll wear thy chains forever!"

Jesus smiled.

"Thou art so different from other men!"
Continued she in gentlest tone; "in his
Best years was Chuza little like to thee;
He never had that winning grace of thine,
That pleasing dignity, sweet smile, soft voice,
That gold-brown, silken beard and smooth, white skin,
That beauty both of face and form, and that
To woman no small thing, breath sweet like thine;
And now, alas, he's sadly changed for worse!"

So spake Joanna.

Jesus' eyes were fixed
Upon her face, with pity streaming from
Their dark-illuminated depths; and hers on his
Were riveted, in one, long, anxious look
Of love, half-fearful of some mild reproach.

Yet came it not, yet whispered he no blame.
And he was right. The mildest shafts are oft
The deadliest! A little kindness goes
A wondrous way!

Now when Joanna saw
That Jesus chid her not, in ecstasy
Of thankfulness she pressed his hand against
Her matron lips, in fervent, mute caress!
But this seemed not enough; so on that neck
Where dozen young had lain and emptied oft
Their little stomachs' sour contents, she drew
That white hand, taper-fingered, albert-nailed,
And held it there, as were she maiden, sweet,
Enthusiastic, glowing, seventeen
And soft!

'Tis pity woman's passion dies
Not when her beauty does, but lives to fool
Her with empiric Eldorado powers!
It rubs the silver from her glass, lest she
Might note the coming of the saffron tint,
And blinds her so, she sees those angles not
That have supplanted all the graceful curves.
Unceasingly it whispers: "Thou art young!"
And lies so sweetly, angels would believe!
Yet, logical in love as other things,
Man willing turns from old to young, but ne'er
From young to olden back again.

Now moved
The young Jew's lips and spake the following:
"All earthly love is image-worship; Time,
Th' iconoclast; but heaven's 'yond his reach,
Then, look away from earth and love in peace!
Who would upon the troubled waters of
This world's affections risk his bark, to sail
'Twixt passion's Sylla or inconstancy's
Charybdis, when upon the stream of love
Eternal, he his sails securely might
Unfurl and safely enter at the port
Of Heavenly Rest? Oh, turn away from earth;
Or, if thy thirsty heart must drink of love,
Joanna, go, seek out the orphan child
And love it as thine own; go check the tea
Of widowed mother, sore-bereaved; go walk
The lowly paths of life and pour the balm
Of loving words upon despairing hearts;
Go whisper timely warning in the ears
Of innocence, and bid the erring turn
Again to God; go to the home where death
Has entered in and tell them of the life
To come; go to the sick and poor and bid
Them bear up bravely, for the end is nigh!
Bright will their pallid faces beam, and in
Thy heart, oh, well-beloved, their joy will work
A gladness never felt before!"

The Jew's

Voice faltered here, and bowing down his head
In mute caress, he pressed his trembling lips
Upon Joanna's saffron brow, and then
Concluded thus: "Go, dear companion, go;
Thou mother, friend and loved protectress, go;
My Father calleth me, the hour is near
At hand, my little band of followers,
Asleep 'neath yonder tents, dream not to-night
Of cruel separation from the chief
They love so well! And yet, beloved, on earth
The parting, parting, parting 'n'er doth cease!"
As if of fire, that kiss of his burned on
Joanna's brow, and thence coursed thro' her veins
As molten metal, hot. Like yellow leaf
On withered stalk, rude shaken by the wind
Of autumn, trembled she beneath the blast
Of passion that swept o'er her soul. And now
Convulsively she clung to Joseph's son;

And recollecting how, some thirty years
Before, in wooing Chuzza, she had laid
Her bosom bare, and given it to him
A pillow for his head, so now, she thought
To lure old Joseph's son within her arms.

Forgetting what she'd been, and blind to what
She was, forthwith the matron loosed her robe
And showed the moon (for Joseph's son looked not)
A pair of pouch-like breasts, that pendulous
Most to her cincture hung, and ended in
Two nipples, blackened by the service they
Had done!

Between those tawny breasts she laid
The young Jew's hand to rest; it shone as white
As ivory against her yellow skin!
So quick he drew it from its resting-place
That she, alarmed lest he escape her quite,
Encircled him in rather rude embrace
As mother would rebellious child, and thus
In broken phrases, indistinct, and mixed
With tears, wild protestations of her love,
Complaint, reproach, entreaty in a breath,
Poured forth upon unheeding ears:

"My son,
My master, oh, beloved, look on thy poor
Neglected friend, the truest of the true
To thee! Thou lovest me not? Have I my home,
My husband: children, friends, abandoned all
In vain? Have I their jibes and sneers borne all
For naught? Could woman speak her love more plain
Than have my actions unto thee? Could tongue
And lips tell more and better than mine eyes
Have told? What more than wormwood bitterness
Is it to woman's heart to be by him
She loves misjudged, misunderstood? Oh son
Of Joseph, give my lips but one poor taste
Of thine! My tongue will shrivel rather than
Betray thy love! I am no maid to prate
Of such affairs! When Mary wore thee on
Her breast, I, too, gave suck! But I would not
Recall those years. In every life are things
That one would fain forget, and these are mine.
'Tis death to woman's better nature, thus
To live with him who hath not all her love!
Oh, gentle friend, forgive my daring lips,
But I would rather be a sow, pig each
Trimester, grunt a swinish love to all
My litters multitudinous, and feed
On scums and sleep amidst ubiquity of filth,
A brice at every dug, than live my life
Again at Chuzza's side! And thou, cold man,
Insensible to love, yet loved so dear,
Would thy indifference were merciful!
Oh, let its poison work a quicker death!
'Tis hard, 'tis very hard for thirsty lips
To burn and burn and have nowhere to drink!
But oh, 'tis harder when the human heart
Knows not a spring of love to slake its thirst!
My soul, thou art a desert, unrefreshed
By streams of kindness, dews of gentleness!
Thus I unclasp thee, Jesus: go, beloved,
Tho' weak in joy, in sorrow woman's strong!
Thus I resign thee, kindest, gentlest, best!
Not that I've learned indifference from thee,
Not that I love thee less, since thou hast turned
Away thy lips from mine, but rather that
I wish to prove my love, for death were sweet
To me, if at thy feet I could but yield
The spirit up, thy name my lips' last work!"

The matron bowed her head and wept aloud.

Then from his seat upon that rocky couch,
With silken seaweed decked, the young Jew rose,
And bending down until his quivering lips
Fell softly on the matron's brow, he poured
This answer in her grateful ears:

"Beloved
Disciple, mother I may call thee too,
My sweet protectress, friend and faithfullest
Companion, take this kiss as token of
My love and gratitude, and with it go
A blessing from my Father unto thee!
Give up thy heart to Him and he will free't
From earthly pains and give it rest, beloved,
Forevermore!"

Then stooping down, the young
Jew took Joanna's hand, and having led
Her back to where, upon the peaceful shore
Of Lake Tiberias, the others slept
Beneath their tents, and bidden her good-night,
He went to rest; but not until he'd knelt
In long and fervent prayer.

Now glowed the moon
In fullest splendor over Galilee,
And hopeful earth looked up at heaven's face,
While heaven, joyous-bright, smiled peace and love
Until the gray dawn stole across the East.

END.

WOMEN IN JOURNALISM.

MIDY MORGAN—MISS BOOTH—MRS. CROLY—MRS. AMES—
STANTON AND ANTHONY—WOODHULL AND CLAFLIN, ETC.

The number of women who figure on the metropolitan press may no longer be counted. Among the daily journals, at least, their name is legion, and not a few of the most influential weeklies owe much of their interest to the sprightly characteristics of the feminine pen. In this department, if in no other, woman stands the acknowledged equal of her masculine contemporaries; and the only question which affects her advancement in any branch of the profession is her fitness for the duties of that branch. Hence we see Midy Morgan, in her coarse boots and short skirts, plodding through the mire of the city stock-yards as stock editor of the *Times*, while the charming little widow of a *Herald* reporter takes up her husband's pen just where he lays it down, and carries out his unfinished programme with as much exactitude as if she had been all her life accustomed to the work. One of the strongest and most indefatigable writers on the *Star* is a Shepard-ess, and it is said that the

only redeeming quality in the columns of the *Sun* is what flows from the modifying quills of two women.

Miss Booth, of Harper's *Bazar*, needs no introduction. Not only as an editor has her name become familiar to the literary world. Mary L. Booth first distinguished herself as an historian and translator, and for many years confined herself almost exclusively to those two departments; but since '67, when she was placed at the head of the *Bazar*, she has contributed greatly by her rare taste and discrimination toward making that journal one of the most excellent of its class. Her yearly salary of four thousand dollars attests the high estimate of her services by Harper Brothers, though it by no means limits the annual income of this industrious woman. Her brain and pen are ever busy; and notwithstanding her regular newspaper duties the work of the translator and chronicler still goes on.

Another well-known name in the same department is that of "Jennie June," wife of D. G. Croly, managing editor of the *World*, and the controlling spirit in *Demorest's Monthly*. Mrs. Croly's connection with the New York press probably dates further back than that of any other woman so engaged at present. She discovered her literary powers very early in life, and readily learned to put them to profitable use; at a time, too, when men, the most appreciative and kindly disposed, were inclined to ridicule the idea of woman's fitness for any branch of journalism. She was first engaged on the *Times*, but on the establishment of *Demorest's Monthly* the enterprising proprietors of that periodical offered her a larger salary, and enticed her away to the sanctum of fashion. There she has remained ever since; and from there have gone forth the thousands of manifold letters which have made her *nom de plume* a household name throughout the land. This system of correspondence was originated by "Jennie June," and proved to be one of the happy hits of her literary career. Beginning, of course, on a small scale, she gradually won her way as an authority on questions of dress, till before many years nearly every prominent journal in the country was glad to boast of "Jennie June" as its fashion contributor; and to-day that branch of her work alone realizes to its projector a handsome income. At one time she prepared and despatched every one of these letters herself, but long since she delegated that unenviable task to a competent clerk, contenting herself with merely dictating the form, and afterward appropriating the greenback returns, minus a certain percentage.

Scarcely less known than Mrs. Croly, or less popular, is Mary Clemmer Ames, of the *Independent*. Mrs. Ames is somewhat more versatile in her talents, and has alternately filled almost every department of journalism. Besides being an able prose writer, this lady is also a poetess, and of late years some of her finest literary efforts have been in a poetic vein. While a mere school girl, "M. C. A." began to use her pen as press correspondent, making the Springfield *Republican* her first field of exploit. But at that time she wrote at rare intervals, and solely for the "fun" of seeing her name in print. It was not until a much later period that she took up the pen in earnest, and her regular connection with the New York press began only in '65. From that time probably dates her introduction to the literary world. As a Washington correspondent she became suddenly very popular. Her style was tinged with warmth, discrimination, pleasantry and sound common sense. People learned to regard her as reliable as well as entertaining, and "A Woman's Letter from Washington" was never without its complement of admiring readers. For the past two years Mrs. Ames has been attached to the editorial corps of the *Independent*, having, in addition, a certain amount of regular work on the Brooklyn *Union*. Her salary is now upwards of \$5,000 a year.

The only woman employed on the staff of the New York *Herald* is Mrs. Butts, a brilliant and painstaking journalist. The husband of this lady was formerly connected with the same sheet, and, after his death, she made application for piece work, which was cheerfully furnished her. Her thoroughness, dispatch and unusual intellectuality were the subjects of constant comment by those whose business it is to look out for talent, and the result was an invitation to join the staff. In reviewing the past, she says of herself:

"I thank Heaven that I know how to work. Should anything happen to my literary prospects, I could make my living as a dressmaker, milliner, seamstress, housekeeper, cook or laundress. I have done my own housework, and gloried in it; have made my husband's shirts, and washed and ironed them; not only because I could really do them better than a professional laundress, but in order to eke out a reporter's meagre salary!"

Mrs. Mary E. Dodge is one of our most successful literary workers, and shows what a woman can do in literature. She is the daughter of the well-known Prof. Mapes, inventor of the fertilizers, and owns part of the latter's farm, two miles from Newark, which is under the management of P. T. Quinn, formerly agricultural editor of the *Tribune*, and author of several books on farming. Mrs. Dodge has a salary of \$3,000 from *Hearth and Home* for writing exclusively for that journal. She excels particularly as a writer of children's stories, and combines accuracy of fact with beauty of style. Her story of Hans Brinker shows great care and study, and gives a vivid picture of Dutch life and adventure. Mrs. Dodge, though the mother of two boys, whom she supports at college, is young, handsome and lively as a girl of twenty, and is excellent company.

Thus far I have spoken only of press contributors, or, more properly speaking, those women who have devoted themselves to the mere literary labor, without any attempt at newspaper proprietorship.

This latter field was almost unknown to woman until the establishment of that *Revolutionary* sheet set in motion by Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony, four years ago, and which opened the way for the various journals of a similar character which have since sprung into existence. That experiment was a brave one on the part of the originators, for both ladies were ignorant of the magnitude of their venture, as subsequent events grievously demonstrated. Mrs. Stanton was a philosopher and Miss Anthony an agitator, but neither had the remotest fitness for the management of a journal; consequently their "journalistic success" proved a pitiable failure, and over a year ago both editor and proprietor were glad to get this unwieldy child off their hands. During their administration, however, they managed to preserve a sort of freshness and spice in the *Revolution* columns that kept up public interest. People were curious to condemn, if they could not approve; contemporaries always found something in it to criticize, if nothing to admire; and during the first year of its publication this little heretical sheet kept nearly the whole editorial fraternity in a continual fever of vituperative indignation. Now the *Revolution* is an old story, and more, it is an exceedingly tame one. One after another succeeded to the chair vacated by Mrs. Stanton, but none, as

yet, have proven themselves rarely qualified for the work. The sweet singer, Phoebe Cary, whose notes have just been silenced in death, made a dignified and pleasant figure head, but her pen was too delicately set to rhythm to deal with the subtleties of prose. She was in no sense an editor. The last one of importance who followed her was Augusta Larned, the *Independent* story writer. Miss Larned remained longer at the post than any of her predecessors. When Mrs. Bullard, the nominal editor, sailed for Europe last Fall, her young friend was left in charge, a position which she faithfully and industriously filled until a few weeks since, when her health gave way, and she was compelled to resign. Now the *Revolution* is again without an editor.

A much later sensation in this class of journalism is the hebdomadal sheet bearing the names of Woodhull & Claflin, which started some fifteen months ago. Its tone, which from the first was startling and aggressive, made even a more unfavorable impression on the public than the establishment of the lady proprietors in their Broad street office. The names of these two "bold women" were on every tongue. Any gossip concerning them was eagerly grasped and turned to capital for the newspapers. Respectable people actually refused to advertise in their columns, and to be known to countenance them socially was sufficient to provoke upon the least suspected a righteous opprobrium. But the sisters were prepared for all of this. They persisted in the even tenor of their way, with an unswerving will as would have been possible had they ridden the top wave of popularity. They wrote, they spoke, they acted with undaunted perseverance; and while people stood aghast, or held up their hands in holy horror, Woodhull & Claflin were cutting their granite way to future success. Last winter Mrs. Woodhull came before the public in an entirely new character. Not content with disseminating her views through the columns of her paper, she prepared her celebrated memorial and went to Washington to press the cause of woman on the basis of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. Although a regularly organized society was then in convention assembled, many members of which repudiated all sympathy with Woodhull, she seemed, nevertheless, to take both the ladies and the judiciary by storm. Actually accomplishing more by this novel effort than could be claimed for any previous convention, besides winning for herself wide-spread favor.

Women who had denounced her before, now took her hand in sincere friendship. Mrs. Hooker, Mrs. Davis and many other well-known reformers became at once her staunch supporters, while the sweet and gentle Lucretia Mott sent her greeting, saying: "Victoria, my heart and home are ever open to thee."

Her paper continued daily to increase in circulation. It is now probably the most influential journal of its kind in the country. However it may be regarded elsewhere, in New York it is looked upon as a strong ally and a formidable adversary, and notwithstanding the prejudices that did exist and are still perceptible, it is universally admitted that WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY is destined to wield a powerful influence in the ultimate enfranchisement of women.—*Cincinnati Chronicle and Times*.

WHO WAS ITS MOTHER?

WRITTEN FOR THE SUN.

For adoption at anyone's option,
A beautiful female child,
With golden hair and skin as fair
As the snow-drift undisturbed.

Its eyes are blue as the deepest hue
Of the breezy summer heaven.
Come, take it away for nothing, I pray,
A full surrender given.

"Who was its mother?" is that what you say?
Well, really I cannot tell;
She was here just one month, and went away
Before she had got quite well.

She never said, or living or dead,
Of its father one word to me,
But the bitterest tears that ever were shed
Baptized it on my knee.

And she turn'd again and again to kiss
Its lips ere she went away.
"At last, O God! has it come to this?"
Was all that she could say.

Then over her eyes she clasp'd her hands;
And forth from the door she fled;
And who shall say if now she stands
With the living or sleeps with the dead?

Then who will have this image of God
With a soul that cannot die?
It is cheaper than anything else He hath made
Yet no one comes to buy.

A poodle dog, a parakeet,
And a chattering cockatoo,
Are all worth ever so much a head,
And scarce in the market too.

But God's own likeness in this sweet child,
With a soul to lose or win,
Is offer'd for nothing at all, and yet
The bids come slowly in.

O childless man or woman who hast
Of this world's wealth to spare,
O think of this, then go to your room
And bow to God, if you dare!

Yes, ask Him to show you how you can see
His cause and your fellow-men,
And His answer may be, that you shall see
These words repeated again:

For adoption at anyone's option,
An infant three weeks old;
There is nothing to pay, but take it away,
Though worth its weight in gold.

—D. MUGGERAY

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTION.

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

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Per line (according to location) - From \$1 00 to 2 50
Time, column and page advertisements by special contract.
Special place in advertising columns cannot be permanently given.
Advertiser's bills will be collected from the office of the paper, and must, in all cases, bear the signature of WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & Co.
Specimen copies sent free.
News-dealers supplied by the American News Company, No. 121 Nassau street, New York.
All communications, business or editorial, must be addressed

Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly,

44 Broad Street, New York City.



VICTORIA C. WOODHULL and TENNIE C. CLAFLIN,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

THE IMBROGLIO OF THE CITY GOVERNMENT.

The city has been swindled out of many millions. The citizens have been aroused into a momentary fit of indignation. A great public meeting has been held. A committee has been formed. A suit has been instituted. An injunction has been granted. The Press is blatant. An episode occurs—the Comptroller's office is opportunely robbed of a stack of important vouchers. A burglary is committed just where ordinary burglars would never think of operating—among a mass of musty old papers, the possession of which could be of no possible use to anybody but just those parties whose transactions needed to be shielded by the absence of the vouchers.

Mayor Hall, charged with being himself one of the conspirators and speculators, aroused at length to a sense of the common danger, appeals to the co-conspirator, Mr. Connolly, the finance officer in whose offices the burglary occurred, to make a peace offering of himself and resign. Mr. Connolly replies that "he don't see it." "He don't think there is going to be much of a shower," and he defies the Mayor and the public and flatly refuses to resign. So the matter stands at the latest advices.

The Comptroller in his reply to the Mayor has one noteworthy comment. He says that the lost vouchers are of little importance, inasmuch as there remain in the office copious abstracts from those vouchers. This is naive and suggestive. In the absence of original vouchers to rely on abstracts nicely doctored and concocted in the same office to suit just the emergency, and carefully left behind by the conscientious burglars, who only desired the absence of the originals, must be consoling to the courts.

And so the courts and the public are baffled and confused for the moment. What will be the results of this particular proceeding nobody can tell. The more important fact is, that if this set of officials is removed and another installed, nobody any longer expects from that change any permanent good, perhaps not even temporary relief. It is the old fable of the new and fresh swarm of flies, which remains to be glutted. "Where the carcass is, there the eagles are gathered together."

Some more radical reform of society is demanded. A new spirit has to be infused. The old mania of speculation and speculation must be replaced by a new religion of socialism, or the old system must run its career into all the rottenness of the period of the later Roman Empire.

PROGRESS.

The rapid dissemination of ideas of the most radical kind upon all the great subjects of social interest, during this decade is, we believe, in excess over the belief of almost any one. The great anti-slavery agitation which has absorbed the mental energies of the most active-minded portion of the American people during the last thirty years, is now happily ended; and even the process of the reconstruction of the Southern States has ceased to be a matter of any absorbing interest. That work, so far as ordinary politics is concerned, is sufficiently disposed of, saving such action as President Grant may feel called on to take under the extraordinary powers of the Ku-Klux bill—and the day for cardinary politics, such as shall rest on the prevalence of universal intelligence, kindness, and the moral courage to do

right, on the part of all the members of society, has unfortunately not yet arrived.

We are optimists. We believe in every good thing as the ultimate destiny and inheritance of the world, and we believe in the intelligent agitation of every subject as a means to that end.

It is, then, because everything is beginning to be discussed; because matters which have laid under the ban of secrecy for ages are brought to light, that we rejoice.

It is, indeed, part of our intention to keep ourselves, as much as may be, in the lead of this good work; but it is with pleasure that we see that "it will put us to our trumps" to do so. The whole press is waking up to the consideration of these subjects. To make an Irish bull on the subject; we are not surprised to find an article in the *New York Herald*, or the *World*, or *Times*, which surprises us.

We are a little surprised still to find anything surprising in the *Tribune*. That sheet has lost very decidedly its old character as a purveyor of ideas. It is devoted wholly to the ordinary news, and never or very seldom rises into the cardinary sphere. Still, on the whole, the press of the whole country is undergoing a quiet but rapid revolution. The old routine ideas of journalism are yielding to better ideas. The question of: What the world *wants* to know is in many instances superseded, at least occasionally, by that of: What the world *needs* to know—as witness the notable instance of the publication of Fiske's lectures in the *World*. Mr. Marble is criticised as unjournalistic for having freighted his columns with some three dozen of the most exhaustive expositions of the past progress and present state of sciento-philosophy, or the modern philosophy of science. It is said such things are for books, not for the newspaper; and the very journalist who will make this criticism will tell you in the next breath that the newspaper is rapidly superseding books as the medium for the education of the public mind. Then the newspaper must do the work of books, or the state of public intelligence must degenerate.

Observe, again, what the press says often of the pulpit, that it is weak and inefficient because it only utters what the people are familiar with and expect to hear every Sunday, instead of really teaching new truths; that is to say, again, that it limits itself to what the world wants, to the neglect of what the world needs. This criticism reacts on the press, as to the old and prevalent ideas of journalism. What is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose.

But, on the whole, both the pulpit and the press are waking up to the real issues of the now and the future of human life here; and we are not, just at this moment, in a humor greatly to complain of either, in respect to the progress they are making. If at another time we shall be caught scolding, it will be because then we shall have fixed our attention on the actual state of their short-coming.

RESPECTABLE JOURNALISM.

What WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY is everyone knows. The day has passed for justifying our sins of omission or commission. Not a few think us the friend of humanity, the advocate of enlightenment and true progress, fearless, earnest, practical. All those who follow the bell-wether, preferring prejudice for principles—and what a majority they are—continue to call us all sorts of hard names. Their favorite idea is that the WEEKLY is immoral. It puts matters so very plainly, so without mask or veil, that it is not fit for the family circle.

Passing the *Police Gazette* or *Day's Doings*, we turn to the dailies, big and little, morning and evening, for types of moral journalism.

A letter in another part of this paper calls attention to the abortion cases, and refers to the *Tribune* of the 6th instant. Turning to that paper, we find that it deprecates more than a passing allusion to such cases by the "respectable" portion of the press. In its report of the particular case—the Russell-Burns case—it gives the following:

All sorts of people came to see Mrs. Burns, some in carriages, some on foot, some finely dressed, and others poorly clad. The apartments of Miss Brice were always given up to Mrs. Burns when she came, and she saw her patients privately. These apartments were the full length of the house. The officers, having become aware of the fact that Monday and Tuesday were the abortionist's reception days, paid especial attention to those who called for Mrs. Burns. Many of the applicants, however, became alarmed at the presence of the strange men (though they were not uniformed), and went away after making casual inquiries for Mrs. Burns. But the officers, becoming wiser from experience, obliged Miss Brice to co-operate with them, and the result was several arrests of persons of both sexes who expected to avail themselves of the services of the abortionist. Four persons were thus detained—two young men and two young women. The names of the latter are Margaret Corbett, of No. 68 Macdougall street and Mary Rice, of No. 52 Morton street. The names of the young men were withheld. One of the two young women arrested and detained as a witness states that this was her first attempt at abortion, and that the man who had been the cause of her pregnancy almost went on his knees and asked her not to do anything so dangerous. She stated that she was five months advanced in pregnancy, and that, overhearing two of the ladies who visited her mistress' house discussing the situation of a friend of theirs who had been pregnant and was relieved of her child by an abortion performed by Mrs. Burns, she thought she would get the same relief. She had heard the ladies speak of a woman who was several months gone in pregnancy, and when operated upon by Mrs. Burns was safely and surely rid of twins. The girl

stated that last Tuesday evening she had called on Mrs. Burns and told her the condition in which she was; Mrs. Burns asked her how far gone she was, and upon being told refused to do anything for her unless she had some friend who would nurse her in case she became sick. The girl made up her mind that she would risk the abortion and tell Mrs. Burns that she was well provided for. In case she became sick she intended to go to Bellevue Hospital. With that object in view she had made an engagement with Mrs. Burns on the previous Tuesday evening to meet her last night. She said that she would never enter an abortionist's again with the same object that she had last evening. The other girl who accompanied her was not in need of the services of an abortionist, but merely wanted to see her friend safely through the crisis. Both were quite cool, and answered promptly all questions except as to their names, abodes and lovers. Both were servant-girls. One of these young men had seduced a girl several months since, and had procured the services of Mrs. Burns, who had successfully performed the desired abortion. The other had also seduced a girl recently, and the fact was too rapidly becoming apparent. His friend, who had availed himself of the assistance of Mrs. Burns, now brought him there to receive the same aid. Both were young men of good appearance, the oldest probably not being over 23 years of age. A married woman who had never seen Mrs. Burns, but had frequently heard of her, and desired to get rid of her legitimate offspring unknown to her husband, was also arrested, but was afterwards permitted to depart. Still another young woman who wanted an abortion performed was also allowed to go.

We have no objection to make to the style of this statement; if such statements are to be made they cannot well be told more decently. But this is what we read in the "respectable" *Tribune*. Now mark! WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S gives no such details, but talks of the principles, the human nature, the moral motive on which such details and their consequences are dependent—then the press rages and Rome howls at the horrible boldness, the disregard of the proprieties, the revoltingly broad, decided manner in which those women and that paper discuss things, which society knows and practices, only that the practice is in mask and domino. For the truth of our suggestion about society's deeds and practices, we refer to the *Tribune* extract.

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S is not and ought not to be a family paper, because it deals with these questions not as crimes but as facts, because it seeks out and discusses the motives and causes of all social phenomena, and because it endeavors so to frame social theories as that human laws may be in accord with human nature, and that the utmost freedom in the individual may coexist with the most perfect harmony in the mass. These abortion cases, if they have no other effect, have had the immediate result of disclosing to every breakfast and supper table of every household in the Union the whole mystery of sexual relations and the perfect art of avoiding the consequences of illicit intercourse. Every boy and girl can find the order and procedure to be taken and observed in such cases. "To whom it may concern" ought to be the heading of the columns of medical and personal details, the pictures of the instruments, the *modus operandi*, the names of the practitioners, the risks to be avoided, the per centage of deaths and recoveries, and, in brief, all that pertains to a subject that interests both sexes between the ages of fourteen and forty-five. No subject, indeed, has so universal an interest, so wide a circle of readers; and it is precisely this fact which is the inducement to the publication of all these "social and scientific" matters. "The public wants to know!" Therein lies the justification and inducement. If the public do not want to know, or cannot be poked up into "wanting to know," the topic, however important, might lie dormant throughout all eternity. It is a matter of dollars and cents. Even the family paper, specially intended for the young and the innocent in the domestic circle, the paper owned by "pious, God-fearing church members"—even *Harper's Weekly*—gives to its young Christian readers the portrait of Alice Bowlsby. Poor girl! She was very pretty. Her portrait is better done than the usual catch-penny cuts of the illustrated papers, and looks sweetly and wonder-eyed on us from the front page of "the Journal of Civilization." Doubtless many Sunday-school scholars will ask: "Who was Alice Bowlsby and what is her portrait in *Harper's* for?" and they will be told: "Oh, she's put into the *Weekly* because she was so very naughty, and in order that she may be forgotten clean out of mind." Does any young man or woman ever read the personals or medical advertisements in the respectable papers? Or has any young person in New York a doubt which of the civic virtues is rewarded by that fine house on the Fifth avenue with the elegant window-shades?

It is precisely because the WEEKLY wishes that things hidden shall be made manifest because it despises pharisaical cant and humbug, and insists that the inside as well as the outside of the cup ought to be washed clean and kept wholesome, that its attempts at teaching have been made the subject of obloquy and misrepresentation. But we shall see!

A GOOD IDEA.

THE business of slandering the character of public men by inference from unwarrantable representations of their wealth is not only reprehensible on every principle of Christian morals, but is a degrading and despicable shift of partisan warfare, which no exigency excuses.—*Boston Spectator*.

Very good indeed! Only it's a poor rule that won't work both ways. Be just to our enemies, not partial to our friends. Let us not find that all on our side have remained virtuously poor and all on the other iniquitously rich.

MY WORD ON ABORTION, AND OTHER THINGS.

BY TENNIE C. CLAFLIN.

I wish to say my word on the theme of the day—Abortion and the Abortionists. The immaculate New York press is just now suffering under one of those virtuous periodical spasms with which it is apt to be afflicted. Some woman has been found confined in a trunk, her remorseful seducer has committed suicide, an abortionist has been arrested, another case occurs the next day, and, the next, a whole bevy of women are hunted to bay in a doctor's shop of that order. The newspaper men are delighted. There is an immense flutter of agitation and excitement. The public is treated to a wonderful feast of sensation in the morning and evening papers. A fanfare is kept up, to last perhaps for near a week, over the awful subject; after which everything subsides into its usual routine, and goes on just as it went on before, and just as everybody knows that it is going on all the time.

Just as though abortion was not one of the fixed institutions of the country; one of the marked characteristics of the age, one of the indicative symptoms of the ripening and the rotting of our prevalent state of society!

Who proposes to disturb Madame Restel? Who really wants that there should be no opportunity to secure an abortion under peculiarly trying circumstances? A thousand gentlemen within the purlieus of Wall street and Broad street have occasion, within the year, to invoke the aid of the professionals in behalf of their female friends who have got into difficulty. A thousand women and girls, the friends of these gentlemen, and among them their own daughters, who are the friends of their friends, are saved to respectability by the same means. The shop of the abortionist is a beneficial institution, which protects the virtue and heals the heart sore of a thousand otherwise cursed and unfortunate families.

But the great revenue of these practitioners is from the married women among the wealthy. The lives of dissipation and senseless inanity which these women lead; the oppressions and disgusts of the marriage state; their hopeless and aimless lives; all together have so depressed the nervous energy of our women that they dread beyond endurance the burdens of child-bearing and the care of children. They have become unfit to have children, and abortion is the sewerage for this wretched stagnation of feminine life.

And yet nobody can overestimate the miserable consequences of this practice. While the mother of a dozen children borne under proper conditions may and ought to be as perfect in organization and as healthy as she ever was, this wicked tampering with nature revenges itself fearfully. The wife relieved of her burden by this criminal intervention, has provoked the immediate repetition of her trouble. Easy pregnancy is as much a false condition, a symptom of disorder, as its opposite, barrenness. The uterus so invaded becomes weakened, either to resist impregnation or to retain and sustain and perfect its new burden; and so abortion runs into a series of frequent miscarriages, ending in melancholy and death. Or if a child is finally born, it is weakly, pining and sickly, perhaps idiotic, or partially idiotic. Idiocy exists in very various degrees. An immense proportion of the children born are idiotic in some of their faculties, and there is no more frequent cause of this disaster than the weakened condition of the generative system of the parents, and especially of the mother. How can we expect a seed planted in a weak, exhaustive soil to produce good fruit?

Our whole social system hangs together and is consistent with itself. Every part depends on every other part. Women are denied free competition and free companionship with men in the struggle for life; are cooped up and petted and spoiled, and cease, in a word, to be women. They are denaturalized to that degree that not one in four has any healthy amativeness, but only a dawdling sentimentality that leaves them completely at the mercy of men, while yet without the power to confer happiness either on themselves or on the other sex. Men, in turn, for the want of a healthy feminine influence over them, are either brutally excitable, with a merely animal, diseased and half-crazy amativeness which masters their reason, or they are disgustingly exhausted and imbecile from excesses provoked by the silly impressibility and weakness of the still more sickly and semi-inanimate women about them.

My long practice from a mere child, as a magnetic physician and clairvoyant, has given me an insight, back of the scenes, into the sexual health-conditions of both men and women, in this last phase of our existing civilization, which is truly fearful; and it is very sad that hardly anybody is even willing to know the truth about it. Most boys and many girls are already half ruined by secret solitary practices before the age of puberty. In the cities, nine-tenths of the young men complete their ruin and introduce wretchedness and death into their subsequent families by contracting syphilitic diseases. Abortions before marriage and especially after marriage are the rule rather than the exception—in the wealthy and fashionable classes, and to a great extent among workingwomen who say they "can't afford to have children." Many women learn to practice it on themselves, and many of them have repeated it dozens of times; and unprofessional gentlemen by the score, boast confidentially to their friends that "they can do it as well as the doctors." The majority of women, as a result of all these causes, and other

faults in our methods of living, have the abominable fluor-albus, and even little girls are dying by the hundred from diseases which in other ages of the world were only known, if at all, among the most debauched and profligate women.

Abortion is only a symptom of a more deep-seated disorder of the social state. It cannot be put down by law. Normally the mother of ten children is as healthy, and may be as youthful and beautiful, as a healthy maiden. Child-bearing is not a disease, but a beautiful office of nature. But to our faded-out, sickly, exhausted type of women, it is a fearful ordeal. Nearly every child born is an unwelcome guest. Abortion is the choice of evils for such women.

Is there, then, no remedy for all this bad state of things? None, I solemnly believe; none, by means of repression and law. I believe there is no other remedy possible but freedom in the social sphere. I know that it looks as though this were going in the direction of more vice. Conservatives always think that freedom must conduce to licentiousness; and yet freedom has a way of working out the evils begotten by the previous slavery, and its own evils also. Freedom is a great panacea. It will be when women are thrown more on their own resources, when they mingle on more equal terms with men, when they are aroused to enterprise and developed in their intellects; when, in a word, a new sort of life is devised through freedom, that we can recover the lost ground of true virtue, coupled with the advantages of the more advanced age.

It will be, especially, when Physiology is freely taught to women, when they are made to understand the mechanisms and liabilities of their own systems, that the true remedy will begin to be applied. Now the young girl is sedulously kept in ignorance by her own mother of everything of this sort that she should be taught in the right way to know, and she learns it with avidity in the wrong way, from the most prurient of her school companions. Nature has implanted the desire for the knowledge, and withheld by the natural guardian, it is greedily absorbed, at the boarding-school or in the street.

And the freedom to be healthy must be absolute. As long as woman can be crushed by an imputation of impropriety, she will remain virtually a slave. It will not be until the worst word of vituperative slang which the world can heap on a woman shall lose its terror for her who is conscious of being true to herself that woman will be free to develop her own destiny in accordance with the designs of her being. As long as there is one remaining word in the vocabulary of Phariseism and repressive insolence which can be hurled at her, and which she fears, she will not be free to begin the life of regenerated humanity which must save society ultimately from its social evils. Freedom is the first condition of all genuine, thorough investigation, and we are too deeply involved in the wretched results of the old order of things, to hope to escape without the most searching and all-sided investigation—which will require the free and enlightened and fearless co-operation of women, as well as of men.

THE SYNDICATE.

The Boutwell plan of converting American securities into a consolidated debt bearing a lower and uniform rate of interest, is praised by some as a heaven-inspired stroke of genius; by others dispraised in its non-success as an added proof of the incompetency and ill-management of the administration. In truth, the device is a commonplace expedient, familiar to every large real estate owner and public financier. The paying of old mortgages made when money was dear with new loans effected when money is cheap is of daily experience. So states and kingdoms in their hour of need must borrow money at the lender's price; when the pressure is over they make a better bargain. England in her old French wars borrowed at high rates, and her war debt was made up of many separate debts bearing various rates of interest. All these were, from time to time, consolidated, hence the term "consols." The last reduction of interest was by Sir Robert Peel, when, three and a-half per cents being at par, they were reduced to three. Of course there was a great howl about the widow and the orphan being cheated by an unprincipled Tory government; but the change was made; those who didn't like it sold out and lost nothing of their principal, and nobody was hurt. Precisely the same must take place here. It is the duty of the government to reduce the interest of the public debt. The tax-payer is of more value than the creditor. If the creditor can do better with his capital he can go elsewhere. But hitherto the plan has been a failure, because it is optional and not compulsory. The public creditor will prefer his "sixes" to his "fives" so long as he can get them. Voluntary reduction is not to be expected. The gradual extinction of our debt liberates capital and compels its re-investment in private securities. We have repeatedly expressed our opinion that this extinction is too rapidly accomplished, that it presses too heavily on the present generation, who work and starve that posterity may feast and be idle. The contrast between impoverished France able to raise her millions freely, and prosperous America unable to borrow on the security of a mighty present and illimitable future, is worthy of consideration. It can only be attributed to the want of confidence in capitalists. European ignorance of American resources, or European doubt of the stability of American institutions and distrust of American national honesty, must lie at the root of this in-

disposition to invest in American securities. The timidity of capital is proverbial, exceeding even its cupidity. The peasant invests his savings as carefully as the merchant prince invests his millions. It may be that party cries of repudiation at every election are not precisely the best suggestions that can be made to the foreign capitalist to induce him to invest his surplus in securities that rest wholly upon the breath of popular opinion, swayed by the appeals of popular agitators. Now and then, too, we have a tremendous public fraud, and a "bursting" of a ring on account of its notorious malfeasance and speculation. These things are not calculated to inspire confidence in the tender minds of capitalists seeking investments.

SEX IN DRESS is made a shibboleth by some very modest people. It is not indecent to begin very low and end very high if only that be the fashion, but it is very improper to adopt the pantaloons because it is a manly garb, or to adopt the petticoat because it is a feminine garb. The fact is that dress, like most social usages, has no intrinsic merit or propriety, it is all opinion and fashion. The unnumbered millions of Asiatic women wear trousers, or, as in the case of the Hindoos, wear only a body cloth and waistband, while the Highlanders wear kilt, philibeg and tartan.

A letter to the Cincinnati Times tells this story:

Traveling on some business, yesterday, in the country, I was surprised to see three men mowing grass who wore nothing more than a shirt, and a skirt of the same finish as a female petticoat. I stopped and asked them if they were not ashamed and afraid of being laughed at. The ready answer was: "If we were half naked in pants no one would laugh at us. We can thus do more work, without the bad effect on our bodies of the sun, and without the severe sweating, and the adhering of pants, the skirts being light and loose. We wear skirts instead of pants in all our heavy work, and some of our neighbors do the same. We hope the time will come when every workingman will wear the clothes most convenient and easy for him without reference to an old and foolish custom that men shall not wear any clothes similar to the present female wearing apparel. Why should we not be allowed to dress like females if we choose? Would there be anything wrong in it? The old Jews, Christ and His apostles were similarly dressed, and it was the custom for 400 years. And are we any better for wearing pants? No sir."

At a time when the taste for attire and external adornment has reached such a pitch of extravagance that the Master's precept—"Take no heed what ye shall wear"—is abrogated by the very elect, rational people should enter some protest against such pernicious folly. It may not be necessary to appear in Wall street or to mow in mosquito time with bare legs, but there is a difference between that extreme of simplicity and pants that will not bear sitting down or four-yard trails.

A FIRE, involving the destruction of several dwellings, occurred lately in Virginia City, Nevada. It is suggested in the Nevada State Journal "that married women started the last great fire in that lawless city for the purpose of destroying the rendezvous of their vigilante husbands. Faithless Benedicts are as numerous here as mosquitoes on the San Joaquin river. Especially is this so of the so-called upper crust. Confiding spouses are left to weep and to mourn through all the still night, while their accomplished Five-pointers make 'Rome howl' on the lower levels."

The consequence was a burning up of the infected district, and a terrible exposure resulted. "The general stampede for the street was the most ludicrous scene any man ever looked upon. And what a grand exposition of Virginia society as it is! Merchants and bankers, lawyers and thieves, brokers and gamblers, lawyers and bosses, married and single, high and low, white, black and mixed—all grades, colors and conditions, rushed frantically into the street, the most pitiful and God-forsaken set of devils that ever breathed the breath of life."

Nevada may, perhaps, be a community in which ill weeds grow apace, but a similar cleansing with fire, in New York, might develop into catastrophes not altogether unexpected by those who look below the surface of society. The once a week Christians might show up pretty strongly in the blaze of such an illumination.

WHO CRACKED THE CRIB, though a very pertinent piece of political slang, is an inquiry of very little real importance. It is not so much who broke open the Comptroller's strong box and stole those mythical vouchers, as that they were stolen at all. Even if the enemy came by night and did that thing, it is no matter. It only shows that the city shepherds and dogs sleep when they ought to be awake and watching. That men whose personal repute and political salvation are at stake, dependent on the possession and production of documents, should be so careless as to leave those precious papers at the mercy of any ill-disposed rogue, and that a public office should be plundered of the very documents on which so much depends—so priceless to him who loses and not enriching him who steals them. It's too thin! The odor of the Democratic rulers in the City of New York has never been particularly fragrant, but the reek and stench just now would offend the olfactories of a Dead Rabbit.

THE "unpleasantness" in our city government has one item of comfort—the responsibilities are definitely placed. True that the shoulders of the mighty four are strong enough to bear the load; but there is no shirking the liability. They can settle it among themselves; but outsiders can say with certainty: "Rogues all! Away with them!"

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CATECHISM.

BY MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE.

QUESTION. From whence do governments derive their just powers?

ANSWER. Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.—*Declaration of Independence.*

Q. Are rights granted people by governments or through constitutions?

A. No. Rights existed before governments were founded or constitutions created.

Q. Of what use, then, are governments and constitutions?

A. To protect people in the exercise and enjoyment of their natural and fundamental rights, which existed before governments and constitutions were made.—*Dec. and Const.*

Q. Name some of these natural and fundamental rights.

A. The right to life; the right to liberty; the right to acquire and protect property; the right to govern one's self.

Q. What is the foundation principle of a republican form of government?

A. Self-government.

Q. How are people in a political body able to govern themselves?

A. By means of personal representation.

Q. Through what method is personal representation reached?

A. By and through the ballot, actually in the hand of every person.

Q. Is there not such a thing existing as virtual representation?

A. No. Representation must be actual, or it cannot exist. The theory of virtual representation was claimed by the British, as against the colonies, but was at that time utterly refuted. Virtual representation is a claim of tyranny, which claim was, in our country, utterly destroyed by the revolutionary war.—*See James Otis on Writs of Assistance.*

Q. Who were the founders of the Government of the United States, and the framers of the Constitution?

A. The people; for the preamble to the Constitution of the United States reads thus: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

Q. Who are the people?

A. The body of persons who compose a community, town, city or nation.—*Webster.*

Q. What is a person?

A. A person is an individual human being consisting of body and soul.—*Webster.*

Q. What is a citizen?

A. In the United States, a citizen is a person, native or naturalized, who has the privilege of exercising the elective franchise.—*Webster.*

Q. What persons are citizens of the United States?

A. "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and of the State wherein they reside."—*14th Amendment.*

Q. Has any State power to annul any portion of this Fourteenth Amendment?

A. No; for this Amendment still farther declares that "no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of the citizens of the United States." Besides, the States, by a two-thirds vote, declared their acquiescence in this amendment, which, therefore, became part of State as well as National law.

Q. Is a woman a person?

A. Yes; she is "an individual human being, possessed of both body and soul," therefore she is a person.

Q. Are women citizens of the United States?

A. Yes; as women are persons, therefore women "born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States."

Q. What right has a citizen of the United States?

A. The right to vote.

Q. Has any State the right to deny or abridge the right of women to vote?

A. No; both National and State law, under the Fifteenth Amendment, expressly declare that the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude.

Q. Does that mean the right to vote can be denied or abridged to persons not of a particular race?

A. No.

Q. Does it mean the right to vote can be denied to white or uncolored persons?

A. No.

Q. Does that mean the right to vote can be denied to persons who have not been in a previous condition of servitude?

A. No.

Q. Does it mean the right to vote can be denied to persons on account of their religion?

A. No.

Q. Does it mean the right to vote can be denied to persons on account of their size?

A. No.

Q. Does it mean the right to vote can be denied any citizen because such citizen is a male citizen?

A. No; certainly not.

Q. Does it mean the right to vote can be denied any citizen because such citizen is a female citizen?

A. No; certainly not.

Q. Does it mean the right to vote can be denied to any citizen of the United States on account of the possession or absence of any personal quality?

A. No; most emphatically, no. It means the right to vote cannot be denied to persons, short or tall, black or white, Christian or atheist, male or female, wise or ignorant, merely on account of these individual peculiarities.

Q. Do the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments grant women the right to vote?

A. No; they only recognize her right to vote as already in existence.

Q. Is the right to the ballot secured to women by the Constitution of the United States?

A. Yes; it is secured in two ways. It is first secured by never having been given up, for when a Constitution is framed, the rights not given up are retained. It is, in the second place, secured by the Fourteenth Amendment, which declares "all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, to be citizens

of the United States and of the State wherein they reside."—*Ninth and Fourteenth Amendments, Sec. 1.*

Q. What other rights besides voting have citizens of the United States?

A. The right of pre-empting land; the right of registering ships; the right of taking out passports.—*Minority Report.*

Q. Have aliens the right of pre-empting lands, registering ships or taking out passports?

A. No; they have no such rights.

Q. Have any persons in the United States, except citizens of the United States, the above rights?

A. No; they have not.

Q. Have the women of the United States ever pre-empted lands; have they ever registered ships; have they ever taken out passports?

A. Yes; they have frequently done each of these things.—*Minority Report.*

Q. Are not their rights of citizenship thus recognized?

A. Most certainly and emphatically they are.—*Minority Report.*

Q. Does the Constitution of the United States anywhere give the right to deprive any citizen of the elective franchise without due process of law?

A. No; neither "the Constitution as it was" nor "the Constitution as it is," gives the right to deprive any citizen of the ballot, unless for crime, and by due process of law.—*Fourteenth Amendment.*

Q. Is it a crime to be a woman?

A. Certainly not; for in the beginning God created man—male and female.—*Genesis v., 1, 2.*

Q. Has the ballot been denied or abridged to women by due process of law?

A. No; most certainly not.

Q. And are not women represented?

A. No; they do not vote, they have not the ballot, they are not represented.

Q. Are women taxed?

A. Yes.

Q. How about taxation without representation?

A. "Taxation without representation is tyranny."—*Declaration of Independence.*

Q. Does not the Constitution declare that every person within the jurisdiction of the United States is under the equal protection of the law?

A. It so declares.—*Fourteenth Amendment.*

Q. Is the same protection accorded a woman in the matter of her property that is accorded a man in the matter of his property?

A. Not when she is denied the ballot. Property is protected through the ballot, and when woman's property is taxed without representation she is robbed.

Q. Are unrepresented people ever protected in their rights?

A. No; an unrepresented class is always a subject class.

Q. Is woman's life protected the same as a man's life?

A. No; all protection comes through the ballot. If a woman is a criminal she is accused by laws she had no hand in framing; tried before judges she had no voice in electing; judged by a jury not of her peers, and condemned or acquitted, as these combined forces decide.

Q. What is the Supreme Law of the land?

A. "The Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, shall be the Supreme Law of the land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."—*Constitution, Art. 6.*

Q. What law of the United States especially enforces the recognition of the political rights of its citizens?

A. A law passed by the Forty-second Congress of the United States, and signed by the President, April 19, 1871, which declares "that any person who, under color of any law, statute, ordinance, regulation, custom or usage of any State, shall subject, or cause to be subjected, any person within the jurisdiction of the United States, to the deprivation of any rights, privileges or immunities secured by the Constitution of the United States, shall, any law to the contrary notwithstanding, be liable to the penalty required in any action at law or equity."—*Act to enforce the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment. Also see Act May 31, 1871.*

Q. Are those persons who, under color of law, forbid woman the ballot, law-keepers or law-breakers?

A. They are law-breakers, acting in defiance to both national and State law, in thus refusing to women citizens the exercise of a right secured to them by the Constitution of the United States; and they render themselves liable to prosecution thereby.

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

BY C. E. P.

NUMBER 18.

As per Bunsen, in his letters to Max Muller, "the oldest purely mythological stratum is the Solar Tragedy." It was that "Tragedy of Nature" in all the ancient mysteries or religions where the Sun-God was crucified, dead and buried, and descended into hell. The upper and lower Sun was the dramatic person of the infinite variety of the heavens to the measure of prophet, poet, seer from the ancient of days to the Son of Man.

Bunsen says: "The so-called nature religions can be nothing but the symbol of the primitive consciousness of God."

* * * But what will my Old Testament readers say when I lead them into the glory of the Hellenic God-consciousness? Crossing and blessing themselves won't help."

Beginning, then, with the common God-consciousness from the same old root of the matter, Epimetheus and Pandora, too curious to know what's what, may bring death into the world and all our woe as well as Adam and Eve.

Esculapius, the Sun-God and Son of Man, is widely worshipped as the healer of infirmities. Coronis, like the woman having a crown of twelve stars upon her head, is charmed by a stranger who comes with all the beauty of Phebus from the Arcadian or bright land. Clothed with the Sun, she speeds her way on eagles' wings to a place prepared of God.

As per Cox, "Whence came the notion of the healing powers of Asclepius? It is found in germ of many legends. The

Sun was regarded naturally as the restorer of all vegetable life after the long sleep of winter, and, as such, his power was extended to the relief of human ailments, and finally to the restoration of the dead to life."

In reviewing the popular tales from the Norse, by Dr. Dasent, Muller says: "He might have traced the last fibres of Odin, the hunter, back to Indra, the god of storms in the Veda. * * * William Tell, the good archer, whose mythological character Dr. Dasent has established beyond contradiction, is the last reflection of the Sun-God, whether we call him Indra or Apollo or Ulysses. Their darts are unerring. They hit the apple or any other point, and they destroy their enemies with the same bow with which they have hit the mark. The countless stories of all the princesses and snow-white ladies who were kept in dark prisons, and were invariably delivered by a young, bright hero, can all be traced back to mythological traditions about the spring being released from the bonds of winter, the Sun being rescued from the darkness of the night, the dawn being brought back from the West, the waters being set free from the clouds."

Hawthorne's "Wonder Stories" and "Tanglewood Tales" will also teach the young idea how to shoot in the Hellenic God-consciousness.

So, too, in the Bible we may trace Nimrod, like Odin, as the mighty hunter before the Lord; and, as the God of Storms, had his sign from Heaven in Orion, who, with fierce winds armed, vexed the Red Sea coast, whose waves o'er-threw Busiris and his Menephtah chivalry, when the Lord looked out from the pillar of a cloud, and thus clipped Pharaoh of his chariot-wheels. The unerring dart of William Tell was shot from the same bow that abode in strength in the sign of Joseph, who was sorely grieved, hated and shot at by the archers; but his arms and hands were made strong for the bow by the mighty God of Jacob, who was the shepherd or leader up through the paved work of a sapphire stone, the stone of Israel.

Jehovah, as the Sun-God, shoots with the same sunbeams as the arrows of the Lord's deliverance, and his great and strong sword not only punishes leviathan, the crooked serpent, and slays the dragon that is in the sea, but he ham-strings the Ox in the sign of Joseph or the Bull. It was the same dragon that poured out water as a flood after the woman in John, when the earth helped her. It was in these later days that "a young bright hero," being, as was supposed, the son of Joseph, becomes the Redeemer of Israel in the Lamb of God, whose sign in heaven whereby to conquer had come to the Messianic status in wisdom, and in stature by equinoctial precession. By horoscope of the heavens, Job knew that his Redeemer was living, and in fullness of time would appear in the sign of the coming man, or the sign of the Son of Man, for the fall and rising again of many in Israel, for Israel had become a backsliding Heifer, and now the Sun would feed his people as a Lamb in a large place. "Send ye the Lamb to the ruler of the land from Sela to the wilderness, unto the mount of the daughter of Zion." It did not matter that the Lamb was not yet in full place of the Bull, or the Heifer. He was seen to be the coming man by precessional change of base, and would appear in the latter days upon the earth; nor did it matter in sacred chronology, where a thousand years are as one day with the Lord, whether the "Ancient of days" or the "young child" shined in the Solar Alpha and Omega, so much were the Father and Son alike in Him who "was, and is, and is to come." It was, however, in the new life that the "young, bright hero," increasing in wisdom and in stature, was the more in favor with God and man. It did not matter that the young star of the wise men was the same old star which Balaam had seen shoot out of Jacob, or that Moses had seen coming from Sinai, rising up from Seir and shining from Mount Paran. True, the writer of Deuteronomy would seem to forbid this doing homage to his own God, who came from Sinai, rose up from Seir and shined forth from Mount Paran, having a fiery law in his hand, and a squadron of ten thousand saints to execute it. As the Lord God of hosts, he would be approached only in the mystic or esoteric role of the priesthood, and not too literally as the heaven and its visible presence, but rather as the *Deus ex machina* behind the veil, the invisible being clearly seen by the Initiated: "for the Lord thy God is a consuming fire, a jealous God." His ten thousand saints, or ministers of flaming fire, must not be too familiar spirits "lest thou lift up thine eyes unto heaven, and when thou seest the sun, and the moon and the stars, all the host of heaven shouldst be driven to worship them, which the Lord thy God hath divided unto all nations under the whole heaven." Nevertheless, behind the veil, it might be seen how the Lord came from Sinai, rose up from Seir, and shined from Mount Paran; for behind the scenes He was that very Sun-God and emblem of the Most High. Sina in its name, as per "Time and Faith," included the 365 days of the year, the Solar Circle, or Alpha and Omega. Among the various personifications, "He is the Rock," and in conglomerate, makes the godhead of heaven bodily. He is the Stone of Israel, and shepherd of the host of heaven. A mountain peak in Israel was the hill of the Lord, or pinnacle of his temple, and when the Mount had its head in a cloud the Shekinah abode there. Hebrews and Gentiles built upon the same extensive Rock of the cloud-land—the Rock of Salvation in large compass of spiritual attenuation; but in such difference of scaffolding and concealment as would make it

appear that the Hebrew Rock or mountain was brighter in the cloud-land. Even Mount Seir, where the Lord rose up, was sometimes in the shade, and as per Ezekiel, "Thus saith the Lord God, O, Mount Seir, I am against thee. * * I have heard all thy blasphemies which thou hast spoken against the mountains of Israel. * * Thus saith the Lord God, when the whole earth rejoiceth, I will make thee desolate." Yet when the mountains rejoiced in the white-fleeced clouds, how beautiful upon the same mountains appeared the "snow-white ladies," or "saints in pure linen clean and white;" for they were the same as seen by St. John in the Sun drama. Those who have been "kept in dark prisons" were the same as those who came out of great tribulation, having their robes washed white in that same blood of the Lamb which tinted in scarlet and purple his golden fleece upon the western sky, where he had been slain from the foundation of the world. "Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne, shall dance among them." As the Lord abode in a cloud, or in the thick darkness, he would be with his saints in the under world as well as the upper, and find compensation that neither shall the Sun light on them, nor any heat; and so fed would they be with the heavenly manna like snow or hoar frost upon the ground, that they shall hunger no more nor thirst; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them. There would be no lack in the twelve baskets of the Lord—the twelve of the Zodiac—to feed the ten thousand saints of the Lord; for like the New Jerusalem tree, with its twelve manner of fruits, one might eat the passover from one end of heaven to the other, and gather up the fragments so that nothing be lost. Even the waters under the earth would have their living fountains, with no need of heaven shedding tears, such as angels weep when they cry with an exceeding bitter cry; for God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. Even Niobe, a cloud of tears in herself, and much given to the melting mood, shall come up like Jonah on the dry, having escaped the greater waters which the Dragon poured out after the woman.

What a rejoicing, then, as it begins to dawn; and, while it is yet dark, the women first at the sepulchre of night behold the angels or ministers of flaming fire coming to roll away the stone from the door that ushers in the "young, bright hero," the King of glory, through the everlasting gate, he being the resurrection and the life. The prophetic women—the same, with different names, who perform in the Gentile Solar dramas—announce the coming of the Lord of Heaven. Mary's child leaps in her womb, and Elisabeth is filled with the Holy Ghost. Latitudinally, Elisabeth conceived and hid herself five months; but, longitudinally, she comes to time much sooner, according as the role of the heaven is daily or yearly; and sometimes there is a blending of both in the same dramatic action. There are several ways of being and doing of the wheel within wheel by the *Deus ex machina*, so that Mary's soul may magnify the Lord, and her spirit rejoice in God, her Saviour; "for he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden, and henceforth all generations shall call me blessed," as she already had been in the mystical Virgin of Israel, from the ancient of days. Interchangeably, the "great woman," or the Sun, filled the hungry with good things. Elisha turned in to the "great woman" to eat bread; but David, in the midst of his handmaidens, danced before the Lord with all his might, and dealt to each a good piece of flesh and a flagon of wine. *Nil disputandum*, etc., as to who best filled the hungry with good things—the "stout woman," or her "young child," the Sun.

Mythology in its infinite disguises had its nucleus of truth under all its bright and dark clouds. We have seen how the night host of Pharaoh was put to flight by the God of Israel as he looked out from the pillar of the cloud, taking off chariot wheels and dumping horse and his rider into the sea. Modern thought, instead of turning its eyes to heaven to find there, in most part, the solvent of all the ancient religions, has been of the earth, earthy, and the Church and its clergy have but too well succeeded in scaring the people from the Holy Land, not permitting any one to penetrate into dark corners to disembowel sacred mysteries, whether these were in the mansions of the skies or in the personified temple of the Holy Ghost.

Says Muller: "Christianity had destroyed the old gods of the Teutonic tribes, and supplied new heroes in the saints and martyrs of the Church. The Gods were dead, and the heroes, the sons of the Gods, forgotten. But the stories told of them would not die, and in spite of the excommunications of the priests they were welcomed wherever they appeared in their strange disguises." The old Gods were changed into devils. There was only a change of base; for if the foundations be destroyed, what shall the righteous do? "The apostles themselves have had to wear some of the old rags that belonged of right to Odin and other Heathen Gods. The oddest figure of all is that of the Devil in his half-Christian and half-Heathen garb. * * Thus, when the Germans were indoctrinated with the idea of a real Devil, the Semitic Satan or Diabolus, they treated him in the most good-humored manner." They found in him only one of their old mischievous Gods, and therefore an old acquaintance as transformed by the Christian Church, so easy was it to transform God into the Devil, and the Devil himself into an angel of light.

The Egyptians had their epiphany, or birthday of the Sun and manifestation; and they had him, too, as the old man

or ancient of days, descending into hell at the winter solstice, as well as his going down in the west and rising again as the star in the east. The lock of hair was emblematic of a "Son," in imitation of the youthful god Horus, the son of Isis and Osiris, who was held forth as the model for all princes, and the type of royal virtue. So the "Son" of Mary and Joseph, by the impregnation of Gabriel, the strength of the Sun. *Samson*, also, was a like mystical "Son," whose full strength was in his "seven locks," and his name, *Sam* or *Sam*, the same as in the hieroglyphic legends.

As per Wilkinson—"It was the great privilege of the priests to be initiated into the mysteries, though they were not all indiscriminately admitted to that honor; and the Egyptians neither intrusted them to every one, nor degraded the secrets of divine matters by disclosing them to the profane, reserving them to the heir apparent to the throne, and for such priests as excelled in virtue and wisdom. The mysteries were also distinguished into the greater and the less—the latter preparatory to a fuller revelation of their secrets. This, and the superior knowledge they possessed, gave the priests a great ascendancy over the rest of the people; and though all might enjoy the advantages of education, some branches of learning were reserved for particular persons."

Moses, or the representative in that name, was learned in all this wisdom, and distinctly informs us that the secret things belong to God, or to him highest in the initiations. The priesthoods of all time have used, and now use, these mysteries as of awful presence for the subjection of mankind. How weak are the knees of the churchlings even unto this day, because of the thin potations of milk with which they have been fed. Instead of inviting them to the supper of the great God, of fish, flesh and all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, the priests have so much watered their stock-in-trade of making merchandise of the bodies and souls of men, that scarce one among the multitude can walk without crutches the road to Jordan.

It is time we had free and healthy religious growth if we ever mean to go up from the sub-strata as set forth by Sir John Lubbock. By the law of development, all religions show a common groundwork, and in proportion to the sunlight and freedom do the branches shoot up in healthy life from the root of the matter. As the human brain in its upward development carries the type-mark of its earlier status, so are present religions more or less stamped by those which have preceded them.

MY FRIENDS AND I.

CHAPTER VIII.

A few years with the fast yet respectable young men of town, the freedom from family restraint, the extreme burdensomeness of doing nothing, began to tell upon a constitution only partially matured. After a man has passed the age of thirty, living moderately well, excess does not work so actively as it does upon one ten years younger.

The German and Scandinavian custom of giving full powers of citizenship at the age of twenty-five is promotive of longevity.

The American hot-house forcing process fills early graves; yet there are those who advocate the reduction of the period of youth from our three times seven to three times six. Some little acquaintance with the "vealiness" of the mass of our population suggests the extension of the period of probation to the German standard, if not a still greater prolongation to the age of thirty.

An old tramp of considerable volubility was one day accosted by a Mr. Green with the question: "What do you think of mankind?"

"Man," responded the old man, "is much like an apple; he has three stages instead of seven, as given him by Shakespeare; he is first green, then ripe and then rotten; but some men are always green, Mr. Green;" and the old man trudged on, leaving his interlocutor to make his own application.

It is very difficult to fix an age at which all shall arrive at maturity of judgment. Ninety-nine out of each hundred persons take their opinions second-hand; consequently locality and opportunity settle their status morally and mentally. This may affect a lad of eighteen as well as a man of twenty-five or thirty. So there is a *pro* and *con* to the question of capacity. But speaking of endurance, there is no question but excessive vice of any description will kill the youth and let the fully-matured man drag out a miserable existence through long years.

My wildness did not reach the extent of great permanent injury before it was considered advisable to change climatal influences, so I took a small schooner for Nassau, the capital of five hundred islands. Nassau of those days differed from the Nassau of to-day; there had been no great rebellion, consequently no blockade-running, then. Seated on a barren island, fifteen by five miles, a population of ten thousand actually lived upon the calamities of those who go down to the sea in ships. And a wretched as well as wrecking community was that of Nassau. The occupation agreed well with the people, just freed from the state of servitude; half the year could be spent in indolent waiting, the other half in seeking for legal plunder upon the high sea. Three hundred and sixty vessels were regularly commissioned by her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain to cruise about the Bahama Islands in search of wrecks. These vessels required about five thousand men to man them. Their presence

made Nassau lively; their absence kept expectation alive in the home circle. The business is not of a very elevating character—at least I judge so from the effects upon the people of Nassau.

But I am not writing a dissertation upon political economy. I have no economy of any kind. In those days some Yankee, or a company of them, had secured the monopoly of ice for the city. They kept several ice-houses, where the article was retailed either with or without accompaniments. These ice-houses were cool places, with bowling-alleys connected therewith, where one could get warm with healthful exercise and have the satisfaction of cooling off at the bar. A few of us sought health vigorously at these fountains.

Our company was very cosmopolitan. We were gathered there from the far ends of the earth. Not a few came from Texas, then the seat of war for independence. War is a topic conversationally controversial. Many battles are better fought in bar-rooms than in the field. Characters are made and unmade before the bar, with bottles behind. About this time there was much talk about a colonel of Rangers, whom we will call Shaffer, because that is not his name. Our talk turned upon his exploits one evening, when one of the Texans took up the laudatory with great spirit, and seemed so conversant with the private matters of our hero that some doubt was expressed of his veracity; when he explained that he ought to know, as he was his first cousin and was bred with him from childhood—in fact, had but just left him a few weeks ago. More than that, he was of the same name precisely. The fellow had been considered much of a braggart before, but now he was elevated upon the highest pinnacle of interest. The company clustered about him and were never tired of hearing him recount the deeds of daring he had witnessed, and even shared, with his cousin the Colonel. This went on well for an hour or two, when a quiet person of our company, who had taken no part in the questioning of the cousin of the heroic Colonel, spoke: "You say you know Col. Shaffer?"

"Yes, of course I do! Why shouldn't I know my first cousin, when I was brought up with him, and even bear the same name?"

"Your name is Thomas Shaffer?"

"My name is Thomas Shaffer, first cousin of Col. Thomas Shaffer, of the Texan Rangers."

"Ah, indeed! Then you are my cousin, too, for Col. Thomas Shaffer is my only brother. And as my father had but one brother, you must be the Thomas Shaffer who was whipped for horse-stealing, and ran away from Orange County, New York, some eighteen years ago, and we have never heard from him till now."

It is needless to say that we cooled off repeatedly at the expense of the first cousin of the heroic Colonel, who bore the same name.

Ice is a wonderful provocative of health in warm climates, if you be always careful to take a little something with it. Most invalids I have met in the tropics agree with me upon this point; my disputatiousness has never led me into a denial of this, notwithstanding its general acceptance.

One evening we were a small company at the house of the Secretary of the Government. The war in Texas again became the topic of conversation. This time it was not Col. Shaffer, but a Col. Anderson, whose prowess caused comment. One of the gentlemen read from a private letter some passages highly praising this Col. Anderson. I had a cousin of that name who went to Texas some years before, and I was about to claim this Colonel as cousin; but the remembrance of the result of first-cousinship in the ice-house restrained me, and I asked to read the whole of the letter, as there had been rumors of some want of good character in my cousin. The total of the letter proved the wisdom of my course, for it went on to explain that the goodness of Col. Anderson had led to such confidence that he had kept his men a long time without pay, and had used their money for his own purposes; and that he had escaped lynching at the hands of his own men by precipitate flight. I have since been chary of claiming relationship to persons while living; and it is well to be assured of the character left by the dead before building much upon your cousinship.

Cousins are not an interesting portion of community; you ought not to marry with them; then what is their use? only to bother one. I used to be such a dear good little cousin; when any of my female relatives of that persuasion were asked to dance by an objectionable partner, "Oh! I have promised this set to my little cousin; I must dance this time with him, he will not like it if I don't, and he is such a kind little fellow." The next minute she would whirl away with a more acceptable partner, while I would hear, "Oh! he don't care, he is my cousin."

Can we not have a law declaring the relationship of cousin null except for matrimonial purposes, and that strictly prohibited?

I wonder if any of my cousins remember me; may be I have none left.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE is one of the most talented and earnest workers for the enfranchisement of woman, and no one holds a more enviable position in the hearts of the people. Fearless, independent and talented, she carries with her the force of her convictions, and fastens them upon her auditors. Her "Catechism," printed elsewhere, is an invaluable aid to those who discuss this question.

THE WEEKLY BULLETIN OF THE PANTARCHY.

W. HANSON, Esq., *Elmira, N. Y.*

Please accept this notice as an acknowledgment of your courteous and interesting letter, and wait a little more leisure on my part for an answer to it *in extenso*.

S. P. A.

MRS. L. D., *Hartwell, O.*

Everything appropriate is intended; and, but for the old adage about good intentions, is certain to ensue.

S. P. A.

MRS. ELIZABETH LA PIERRE DANIELS, *Boston, Mass.*

The same to you.

S. P. A.

MRS. O. M. HUNTER, *Ancora, N. J.*

I was half inclined to do so; but when I see you, which I hope truly will not be long hence, I will explain.

S. P. A.

ANOTHER DEFINITION OF FREE LOVE.

[By High Scientific Authority.]

Professor Vander Weyde, one among the most distinguished scientists in America or the world, a leading member of the New York Liberal Club, and the editor of the *Manufacturer and Builder*, in this city, has had for several years in course of preparation a new and very exhaustive classification of all human knowledge, including even all religious dogmas and reformatory theories, with definitions of their purport. His extensive tables are printed, but not yet published. He proposes making a presentation of the subject at an early day before the club. In the meantime I have the good fortune to have access to his proof-sheets, from which I make the following condensation and extracts:

[Heading, "SOCIAL ECONOMY;" Subdivision, "Protection of Property."]

Doctrines of, divide into:

1. [Protection of property at large.]
2. "Also in man—*Doctrine of slaveholding.*"
3. Of "all property except man—*Abolitionism.*"
4. Of all property "except in woman"—*Free Love Doctrine.*
5. Of all property "except the soil—*Land Reform.*"

Mr. Tilton, who seems the most distressed of anybody for a definition of free love, will please take notice. Until his jury of women gets convened on this matter, we commend to his attention this last utterance of the scientific world on the subject.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

A WORD MORE FOR MR. WARREN.

Mr. Warren sends me another letter asking, demanding indeed, in almost a threatening tone, that I publish it in full and without break or interruption, for comment. As nothing new, but personalities, would result from doing so, I decline. I am perfectly satisfied that after any amount of discussion, Mr. Warren would be dissatisfied with me; and, although I regret the fact, he may as well, perhaps, be dissatisfied now as then.

S. P. A.

THE GREELEY-TILTON FREE LOVE CONTROVERSY AGAIN.

The temptation is too strong for me. I cannot keep myself wholly out of this in ereating tournament, and inasmuch as I am not wanted in the lists as one of the actual combatants, I must content myself with reporting on the contest as an outside observer, somewhat as Mr. Wilkes attends on and reports, classically, a fisticuff in the ring.

I choose the opportunity, in other words, to review, in short, the whole controversy, as presented by these two prominent editors.

Although in the main my sympathies are more with Mr. Tilton than with Mr. Greeley, and although I cannot but think that the former has seriously damaged the *prestige* of the latter as a controversialist, and has in several instances fairly unhorsed him as a knight of the quill; yet there are points in which I find Mr. Greeley more essentially right than Mr. Tilton.

For instance, Mr. Greeley says:

You are entirely, eminently right, Mr. Editor, in asserting that my conviction of the proper indissolubility of marriage is the mainspring of my hostility to Woman Suffrage, and to the social philosophy from which many vainly seek to separate the woman movement. Though I have written or dictated very little of what has, during the last ten years, been printed as editorial in the *Tribune* on this subject, it is nevertheless true that my conviction of the nature and scope of the marriage relation renders my conversion to Woman Suffrage a moral impossibility.

Mr. Tilton replies: "Your implication is that woman suffrage tends to dissolve marriage," and he goes on to cite, on the contrary, a certain resolution, "that woman suffrage means the perpetuity of the marriage relation;" and he adds, as his own view, "that woman suffrage will neither

destroy marriage, on the one hand, nor perpetuate it on the other."

In other words, Mr. Greeley holds that the woman suffrage question and the free love question are essentially identical; or, rather, that they are so logically affiliated, that freedom from the legal bond of marriage is sure to follow the civil enfranchisement of woman; while Mr. Tilton holds that they are two distinct and unrelated questions, having no logical affiliation with each other; and herein I hold with Mr. Greeley and against Mr. Tilton, only differing from Mr. Greeley in this, that what he dreads and seeks to avoid, and what causes him to oppose suffrage, is what I desire and seek to promote, and what, more than anything else, causes me to labor for the franchise.

I hold, therefore, that in this particular Mr. Tilton takes the superficial and unphilosophical, and Mr. Greeley, the profound and philosophical view of the subject—only it so happens that Mr. Greeley, in order to hold this view and to allow it to halt him in what would otherwise be his acceptance of feminine suffrage is compelled to unsay all the brave utterances he has ever made in help of freedom, in another domain; and so to permit his expert opponent to find the vulnerable points through the cracks of his armor.

To permit woman to vote will be, in my judgment, seriously to disturb the existing family theory and institution. It will be to erect woman, for the first time in the history of mankind, into an individual, instead of her remaining an appendage merely. Those who vote for Female Suffrage should be ready to accept the consequences.

To emancipate the slaves implied that the freedmen would acquire property of their own, and would so cease to be dependents on their former masters; and this ulterior freedom hindered far-seeing slaveholders (as a similar thing hinders Mr. Greeley) from readiness to concede the first freedom. In a similar manner political enfranchisement of woman means political and social consideration, influence, and position, of an entirely new order, for women; that means new, and wider, and loftier ambitions, and the necessary time and leisure and training to fit themselves for such spheres, and then to exercise such callings.

And all this immense revolution in our social habits assails the very idea of the present narrow isolated household. It will call for the reconstruction of the home upon the large and phalanxerian platform, the great hive of social activities, as the social unit, in the place of "the factional family."

Female Suffrage means, therefore, Radical Social Revolution, Constructive Socialism, a New Social Order, upon the basis of the dissolution of legal or force marriage, the freedom of the individual in the bosom of a larger family constituted by spiritual affinities; of the organized nursery, school, kitchen, workshop, university, and so on to the end of the chapter. It means all this, as logically and truly as the abolition of slavery in the South meant common schools for the negroes.

Mr. Greeley half blindly sees all this and staggers before the apprehension of so vast a cataclysm in society, although he has been dallying, all his life long, with socialism. Mr. Tilton would have us believe that he sees nothing of the kind; the Boston coterie of Women's Rights advocates are, some of them, honestly and ignorantly blind on the subject, and some of them, like Mr. Tilton, would have us believe that they see nothing but fair weather ahead. But for the most part the honest-minded and really great thinkers on this subject (which class includes, of course, Mr. Greeley and myself), understand how the matter stands, and recoil before the coming overturn of old institutions, or rejoice in it, according to the measure of their faith in the high destiny of humanity, guided by science and functioning in freedom.

On another point Mr. Greeley is just as clearly wrong, where Mr. Tilton has failed to put him in the wrong so completely as he might and should have done. He persists in telling what "I would have" in respect to the education of "my daughters," and of the female sex generally. In all this is the habitual assumption that *he*, and not the women themselves, is to decide for them, which is the very matter which female suffrage is called for to decide the other way. He is entitled to his opinion on the subject, to be sure; but they are entitled to theirs, having even more interest in the subject than he, or any other man can have, and to the legitimate means of making their own opinions effectively felt.

One other point. Mr. Tilton asks Mr. Greeley what he means by Free Love, and Mr. Greeley, instead of a definition, falls back on a supposed illustration; and Mr. Tilton, in turn, says he himself is no Free Lover, and then goes forward in a series of strong statements to put himself so nearly on the Free Love platform that it is difficult to discriminate; and for the mere purpose, apparently, of keeping up a distinction, he assigns to Mr. Andrews positions which Mr. Andrews has certainly never assumed; for in all that I have ever said or written or thought on the subject, there has never been one word favoring "promiscuity." It is only that certain illogical thinkers cannot distinguish between Free Love and promiscuity; between freedom and some distasteful and abominable use of freedom, for which, it would almost seem, they, but not I, must have a special affinity; otherwise, why translate me so?

More logic and more thoroughness on both sides and toward my views, when they are invaded, more fairness,

would elevate the character of the controversy; would be more worthy of the distinguished contestants, and, finally, more fitted to the tremendous gravity and significance of the questions at issue.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

POSITIVISM, NEO-POSITIVISM, UNIVERSOLOGY, JOHN H. NOYES.

NUMBER III.

[The following is a continuation of the strictures of John H. Noyes on the Creed of the Positivists published in the *World*. My own strictures on the strictures are inclosed in brackets.]

The Positivists themselves recognize one invisible person* ality. Their God, Humanity, is as occult a being as the angels and gods of the old religions. Nobody ever saw collective Humanity. Men and women exist separately; but they do not grow together in any visible way, so as to form one enormous being, any more than horses do. (1). Yet the Positivists assert that Humanity is a *living organism*, and Edger calls it *she*, and says expressly that it is a real personality. I cannot find the word *consciousness* used by them in connection with it; but personality certainly implies consciousness. Either these men have some esoteric meaning in their language about their God, which plain men outside cannot understand; or they believe in an invisible personality, which is the same thing as a spirit or a ghost. So they themselves have broken the connection between their premises and their conclusion, and have left the door open for the return of the whole train of invisibles which they sent to limbo. If there is one invisible personal organism called Humanity, there may be more of the same kind.

The creed places men in seven categories, viz.: 1, Individuality; 2, the Family; 3, the Positive Society; 4, the Labor Association; 5, the State; 6, Humanity; 7, the Universe. Why should the sixth of these be a living personality, and not the fifth or the seventh? There is just as much reason to believe that Uncle Sam or John Bull are actual personal beings as that Humanity is. This brings us back to the Old Testament idea of national angels. On the other hand, there is just as much reason to believe that the Universe is a personality as that a subordinate department of it is. This brings us back to the old idea of God, or, at least, to a supreme being immensely superhuman.

But this is all speculation, and amounts to little on either side. As I said, the questions of the existence of other worlds than this, and of other personalities than the human, are not to be settled by reasoning on the nature of consciousness, but by actual observation. It is impossible to prove the negative. What if the beavers should set up a theory that there is no such being as man, because not one beaver in a million ever saw a man?

We are in the way to get a true and final settlement of these questions in this country. Spirits of some kind are certainly rapping—which is more than collective Humanity has ever done. Spiritualists by the million testify that in one way or another they have positive evidence of the existence of human souls after death. The scientific world has not fully accepted this testimony, nor has it conclusively rejected it. Many scientific men believe it. It is at least the beginning of a true investigation—an appeal from speculation to facts. The trial is likely to go on till we know about the other world (if there is one), as we know about this, by actual intercourse. Meanwhile, we shall not pay much attention to *a priori* arguments against our facts, though they come from the "incomparable masters" over the water.

Comtism comes too late. We are almost unanimous in this country about existence after death. Bible-men always believed in it after a fashion; and now the anti-Bible men have nearly all succumbed to the rappings, and are even stronger in the faith than the Bible-men. Spiritualists claim to have placed the immortality of the soul on a scientific basis, as the Bible never did. So that Christians and anti-Christians are all on one side here against the speculations of the Positivists. Comtism in this country will have to fight, not only the clergy and the Bible, but Andrew Jackson Davis with his revelations, and Robert Dale Owen with his scientific "Footsteps on the Boundaries of Another World."

We are almost unanimous in another notion that will be very unfavorable, if not fatal, to Positivism in this country. We believe in intuition and inspiration, as well as in the "methods of science." Our revivals and religious experiences, on the one hand, and our spiritualisms on the other, have convinced us, not only that there is a world of spirits, but that we have sensible communication with that world, and become mediums of its influences. This conviction extends to all classes, and is quite as strong among the "infidels" as among the Bible-men; and it is a conviction of that practical kind which places us clear beyond the reach of mere logic and speculation. In fact, we are developing a new faculty of discovery, which, sooner or later, will have to be recognized as the better half of scientific power. For a definition of this faculty, allow me to quote again from my own lucubrations. Twenty-five years ago, before "modern Spiritualism" was heard of, I wrote as follows:

"One spirit can present itself to the perceptions of another, and communicate thoughts and persuasions, without the intervention of any verbal testimony, and process of reasoning, or any impression of the external senses. This kind of belief is liable to be confounded by superficial observers with imaginative belief. It ascertains the truth of its thoughts by none of the processes ordinarily used. It appeals to no external testimony, no train of argument, no sensuous evidence. To ordinary apprehension its resources, like those of imaginative belief, are wholly subjective. Doubtless, too, in many cases, pretenders to spiritual belief have mistaken their imaginations for spiritual impressions."

But, in its essential nature, spiritual belief is no more allied to imaginative than any of the kinds that are accepted by the world as rational. It most resembles belief of the senses and testimony. It is, in fact, belief of the internal senses, and of testimony conveyed, not by words, but by spiritual impressions. It is not altogether subjective. Its source of evidence is from without the circle of its own thoughts, as truly so as verbal testimony. A man who believes spiritual impressions is no more properly chargeable with believing his own imaginations than one who believes his neighbor's word.

"He is liable, however, to be deceived. There are false spirits, as there are lying men; and he who believes the im-

pressions of all sorts of spirits will be as miserably misled as he who believes every report he hears. And in the infancy of spiritualism there is, perhaps, more danger of running into this indiscriminate credulity than there is in ordinary life; because the novice naturally imagines that every impression he receives comes from high authority, and his veneration binds him to believe without questioning.

"But assuming that a spiritualist has learned to discriminate between true and false spirits as wisely as persons of common sense discriminate between true and false men, there is no more folly in his belief, founded on spiritual impressions, than there is in theirs, founded on verbal testimony."

The Positivist Creed proposes that science, since it has dethroned theology, shall be openly accepted and reign in its stead. Young America will hardly accept this proposal without correcting it. We accept TRUTH as sovereign of the world; but science in the largest sense is only a mass of human thoughts about truth, not very consistent yet, or well defined; and in a more limited sense it is one of the means or methods of discovering truth. We insist that intuition must be installed as the helper and even the elder brother of science in the service of their common sovereign, Truth.

These two, intuition and science, cultivated as they have been hitherto by separate and even hostile classes, are nevertheless working toward each other from the opposite extremities of the domain of thought, one ascending from the visible to the invisible, and the other descending from the invisible to the visible. They are destined to meet. Their scouts are already meeting. God grant that the converging columns may not mistake each other for foes in the twilight of the approach, and fire into each other!

It seems to me that Comte himself, if he had had opportunity to study this country, would have seen that we are practically reversing his idea of the progression of religious theories. What he calls the "anthropomorphic" and infantile theory, is in full and fresh possession of the very nation that is leading the world in civilization. Thus the logic of present events is contradicting him. And looking into the history of the past in the light of the latest discoveries, we may safely say that the logic of antiquity is contradicting him. He died before geologists had ascertained the earliest conditions of the man. We now perceive that for countless ages before the first glimmering of history, races of men lived without any religious belief more than that of the wild asses. The earliest infancy of the human race was like the earliest infancy of individuals—a period of blank animalism. As a child a day old does not know that anybody is taking care of it, so there is every reason to believe that the bog-trotters of the stone and bronze periods had no theory or idea whatever of superintending invisible personalities. And the transition from this state to the discovery of Providences, whether referred to one God or many, was certainly like the advance of the child to the recognition of father and mother—a most momentous and blessed rising, the beginning of all induction and progress. In this view we may be sure that religion of any kind, however heathenish, belongs to a second and advanced stage of human nature, and is infinitely better than none. Instead, therefore, of believing, as Comte's theory requires, that this country in its revivals and spiritualisms is going back to primeval barbarism, I judge that Comtism, in its denial of God and immortality, is a return to the lowest level of humanity—the flat unbelief of the original or primeval man.

(1.) [Yes; more than horses do. And yet horses grow together, in a spiritual unity, which unites them in an *esprit du corps* which is very wonderful, as for instance in the army, when by a common consent, horses without riders keep their place in the ranks and act as part of the *corps*; or *body* larger than the individual horse. Still more, however, are men susceptible of being blended into a spiritual *body* with its own *Spiritual Soul and Personality*, distinct from that of any individual man, or even of all men as *individuals*. The fact that we don't see this spiritual personage, is an argument against his or her existence, which Mr. Noyes is precluded from using, for he holds to the existence of other spiritual beings whom we do not ordinarily see. Who knows but somebody's spiritual vision may be so opened, any day, that he may see John Bull and Uncle Sam as veritable living personages?

And I am quite in earnest in all this. I believe that no three people come together in intimate relationship but that their *spheres* or spiritual emanations, corporeal and mental, flow in with each other, and constitute a *spherical matrix*, which involves them all, and has opinions, an influence and a character distinct from those of the individuals composing those of this ethereal personality.

So I believe, and believe that I have reason to believe, that when we say Humanity or Nature, we are naming, in an important sense, a real spiritual being, and not a mere idealization, or convenient form of thought. Anthropomorphism is, therefore, with me something objective, throughout the universe. I believe that all men and things have spiritual emanations, which tend to aggregate into more attenuated reproductions of themselves, modified by conjunction with other emanations from other objects. How far these new ethereal personalities attain to an independent consciousness, and are really the "national angels" of particular peoples, remains to be discovered. The Comtists won't thank me for this defense, for it is too much in the tone of what they are perpetually denouncing, and yet it is difficult to see how otherwise they can wholly escape the force of Mr. Noyes' criticism.

(2.) [Both Mr. Noyes and Comte are substantially right. I believe in their apparently opposite views, as follows: There was an earlier infancy of the human race, in which no universal conceptions were entertained, no philosophy therefore, and no religion; but this was a zero-stage, back of all that Comte is discussing; and it was, as Mr. Noyes affirms, a real ascension when humanity rose to the first anthropomorphic conceptions of the outlying universe and its parts. From this point Comte is right in tracing the process of Deanthropomorphization through its three subordinate stages. But all that is only One Grand Stage. The Second

Grand Stage is a process of Re-anthropomorphization, this time on a scientific basis, which, in the end, will justify in a sense, and in a sense rectify, the first or instructive form of Anthropomorphism.

Comte himself, even, affirms the prospective return of a fetishism modified by and consistent with Positivism.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

NUMBER IX.

The first duty of every living being, in all things in which people meet and mingle, is to accept the fact that every other human being is the offspring of the same Almighty power, and equally entitled to human rights with himself, and that it can make no difference in this fact if his skin be black, if he be a pagan or a Jew, Christian or infidel, spiritualist, materialist or a nothingarian, or even a woman. In behalf of this latter class, permit me to express a growing hope for the labor party, grounded upon the fact that many of its prominent men acknowledge the equality of civil, political and social rights.

In the first instance, the question of labor and capital is one of material prosperity and equality; secondly, it reacts upon all other human interests—intellectual, moral, physical and religious. None of them can flourish among a people burdened by material want. Either extreme of material interest is deleterious to the best advancement of all other interests. In the mean between the two extremes—in calling up those below and leveling down those above—is found the perfect harmony of all.

Because material acquirement has preceded all other acquirement, the mistake is made of giving it the most prominent position among the several interests. This mistake is the bane of society; for it must be apparent to all considerate minds that capital being the result of labor, is nothing more than the means to further and greater ends. The attainment of great wealth will not be the principal aim of the people of the future. It will only be considered that by which higher purposes may be gained. It was not until quite recently that the fact of a continuous life was any more than theoretically accepted by a few people. The large majority of all people still accept it as a theory only. Their practices are such as would naturally obtain, were it certain that this life is all there is of existence, and that the death of the body is the end of man.

Whatever people may profess to believe, their practice shows that purely material ends are all they really seek—the gratification of physical desires, and obtaining material comforts and pleasures. A conviction—a real faith—is, however, stealing into the consciousness of humanity that what is termed death is only a change in the conditions of life, by which that portion of individuality which constitutes the veritable man or woman is entered upon a broader sphere of existence. As this faith, this knowledge, grows in the human soul, so also will there come a change in the purposes and aims of life. That wealth which will be of most use and benefit when the higher life is entered, will be sought and obtained.

Humanity, when analytically considered, is still in its babyhood. This becomes evident when we observe how few there are who seek the higher objects of attainment—intellectual, moral and spiritual wealth. These are the only kind of capital with which the pursuits of the future can be commenced. Why, then, should humanity, in its greed for material wealth, lose all sight of, and care for, these. If our children are trained for the practical after life, so also should humanity adopt the philosophy of education and train for their after life. 'Tis true, this most important fact of life is ignored in government, and here is the cause of its failure to meet the requirements of humanity. People demand what they do not really comprehend, but still they know their real wants are unsupplied. Here do we also find that no government can be a perfect government which ignores any department of human life—which is not only physical, but mental, moral and religious.

In a true condition of society there would be no such thing as individual wealth. There would be the wealth of the community made use of for the benefit of the community. The extreme of individual wealth and poverty is in direct antagonism to a democratic government, which best expressed is: the greatest good of the greatest number. What is for the greatest good of the greatest number in the general sense is also for the best interests of every individual and of the whole number. No real benefit can flow to any individual by an apparent gain through unjust means.

Under a system of exact justice no person can ever possess what he did not himself produce, or which he did not obtain by a just exchange of something which he did produce. All great accumulations of wealth, in the abstract sense, were stolen from the producers. Thus one person may unjustly obtain what required a thousand persons all their lives to produce. What kind of justice is this to flourish as it does in these days when the religion of Jesus is the external garb worn by so great a part of humanity?

I tell you that the first principles of life have been utterly lost sight of and that we are floundering about in the great ocean of material infidelity. If we would attain to better things we must stop short in our present course and come back to the point of departure, to wit: to the fact that we are a community of brothers and sisters, owning one

Father, the Supreme Ruler of all, and build from that greatest of all human facts.

A party which would become successful and remain in power, must plant itself in this fact and never lose sight of it in its legislation. It must at all times be firm in the advocacy of all growth and reform which come from the action of fundamental principles. All sectionalism, all favoritism, all specialism must be swallowed in the greater interests of the whole. Whatever would detract from the good of the whole, no matter how much supposed individual or local benefit it promises, must be discountenanced. If such a party is not shortly organized, conditions will develop which will make it a necessity, even without organization. It will arise as if by magic out of the exigencies of the times, and leaders will rise and come to the front as though heaven-directed, and they will be received by the people with acclamation. The trickery and fraud of elections even, may be suddenly dispensed with, and those will direct who have the inherent right to command, which will be recognized and hailed by the people, long sought and at last obtained. The whole substratum of society, in its social and political relations, is in ferment. The terrific strifes which have been and are being waged, lift the weight of antecedents and customs from the masses, and they begin to rise, demanding such recognition as has been and still is denied them. The Moses who shall divide the waters of the Red Sea that separates them from their Canaan, will be their divinely appointed leader whom to oppose will be futile.

A new order of things is demanded, and a new order there will be, in which common honesty may be consistently sought. There are but two ways by which this can come. One through violent disruption and destruction of present systems, and temporary anarchy as the result; the other through the scientific organization and remodeling of society and harmonized conditions. The first will surely come if the people are not rapidly and properly instructed in the scientific needs of society. Nearly every result which is sought to be gained, except in government, is first tried by the tests of science. But in this, the most important feature of civilization, we blunder along either partially or totally blindfolded by custom or prejudice, which we so quietly and consistently lay aside in all things else.

There are a variety of special questions which arise from the general ones to which we have called attention remaining untouched, every one of which is of sufficient importance to command the earnest consideration of all people who have any comprehension of the changes which are to come to this people in the immediate future.

It may be objected to what I have said, that it contains more of destruction than of construction. This, perhaps, is true. It was not my purpose to propose forms by which better things can be had, but rather to call your attention to the principles which have been violated, the results of which are our present inequalities. I have said that these principles must be understood and given expression to through legislation that the present ills may turn to future good. Any other course than this lies through temporary anarchy, which I should regret to think a necessary cure.

In conclusion, I will but lay down a general rule, which can always be relied upon to guide the inquirer to correct conclusions, let the question be what it may, upon whatever subject. All questions which can arise are comprehended in the following:

They are questions of freedom; they are questions of equality, or they are questions of justice.

Reduced to these simple propositions, every person becomes a competent and, as nearly as may be, a perfect judge of all conditions to which society in its evolution is subject. They have but to ask is this compatible with freedom; is this consistent with equality, or is this just? If the mind relieve itself from the dominion of authority, custom and prejudice, it will encounter no difficulty in arriving at legitimate deductions whenever questioned.

Then let every person who would be counted among the consistent, plant himself upon the principle of human equality, and while demanding for himself all human rights, concede to all others equal human rights. If but a nucleus of such persons is formed at first, their influence will be contagious, and will rapidly spread, until the time comes when this people will have become repossessed of the rights of which they have permitted themselves to be unwarrantably robbed. Then may the ultimate of a republican form of government be attained, and its happy citizens labor together in harmony for the common advancement of humanity.

KANSAS CITY.

A few years ago this region was a wilderness; still more recently it was the battle-field of border ruffian and Sharpe's rifle. Now we have a message of peace and friendship, inviting contestants in the pleasant rivalries of commerce and agriculture. An industrial exhibition—the first of this rapidly growing community—will be held on the 16th of October. Fifteen thousand dollars will be expended on premiums. If there be a go-ahead place in the Union it is Kansas City, with its converging lines of railroads, its great bridge, and its active population. Those who wish to cultivate Far Western interests will do well to show themselves at this exposition. These expositions take the place of the "fairs" of the old country. They diffuse knowledge and promote good-will and mutual acquaintance.

ART AND DRAMA.

BOOTH'S still gives us Lotta and Pateman in the pieces of her repertoire well known to theatre-goers. After Lotta's engagement this temple of art will be restored to its legitimate purpose, and Miss Cushman will once again tread the boards as *Meg Merrilies* and *Lady Macbeth*. The return of the great actress is looked for with some anxiety. She has been so long absent and has been so sick that hope is not unminged with fear.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.—"Divorce" runs its course. It has been considerably "cut," and goes more smoothly and somewhat less tediously than on the first night. But, strong as is the faith in Mr. Daly and his theatre, we cannot believe in "Divorce" as an American drama. Splendid costumes, handsome women and sprightly acting go a long way. The public want to be amused, not to be preached at, and they get what they want.

GRAND OPERA.—"Jasper" is withdrawn for "Narcisse." It was supposed that Bandmann and George Clarke would have given us *Mephisto* and *Faust*. But the news is too good to be true. The Grand Opera lapses into variety business after Bandmann. If people will go to shows and will not go to Bandmann, managers have no choice. 'Tis pity.

WALLACK'S.—The lovely Lydia and her beautiful blondes have evolved themselves into the Princess of Trebizonde and suite. Some of the more nice than wise object that the blondes don't sing. What has that to do with it? The public go to see Thompson not to hear Offenbach.

WOOD'S MUSEUM.—Lucille Western in her repertoire, commencing as usual with "East Lynne." The public never will tire of "East Lynne." If Lucille Western be an English lady such as never was known, she is, nevertheless, a very able actress. Her declamatory style, her measured step and tragic pose, are out of place in modern life; besides which she acts so constantly to the house as to destroy all sense of probability in her soliloquies, even in her quiet dialogues. But when she sinks to pathos or rises to energy, then the affectations of her style are thrown aside and she carries us away with her warmth or thrills us with her sorrow. Her gestures and business are scarcely to be surpassed. From her own point of view she is undoubtedly a fine artist, but we cannot accept her rendering of high life as according with the conventionalities. If it be an eccentric portrait there is no ground of exception; but she certainly is not a *Lady Isabel*, as commonly understood. What a pity she does not try *Medea*. That child scene encourages great expectations. Gussie de Forrest makes as much of *Barbara Hare* as that weak part will permit. She looks well, dresses well and does well—both ornamental and useful.

KELLY & LEON present their patrons with "A Dime Novel," in which they show how much stranger fact is than fiction, and how absurdly superior prose is to poetry. Romantic reality, wise folly and burlesque seriousness are good things, and those who want to find them had better seek at Kelly & Leon's.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.—This new establishment was opened to the public on Monday evening last. Both audience and programme were immense—the former in size and the latter in length and variety. After a few introductory words by Miss Lizzie Wilmore the curtain rose upon the most inane burlesque that it has been our misfortune to witness for many a day. It is named "Ulysses, or the return of S. G." Miss Emma Grattan appeared in a rich but very scanty costume, in which she did nothing but "look well." Miss Belle Howitt enacted—beg pardon, appeared as—*Pandora*, but she made no attempt to fascinate either *Eurylochus* or the audience. Miss Lizzie Wilmore as *Medon* did all in her power to save the piece from utter flatness, but it was up-hill work. In marked contrast to the other ladies, she infused much dash and pliancy into her part, and received a very large share of the applause. Considering the general apathy of the audience, the "flower business" was overdone. Mr. Felix Rogers impersonated the title *role*, his make-up being in imitation of our President. The introduction of the well-worn song of "Villikins and his Dinah" had a depressing effect upon the audience, and was, very properly, received without any expression of approbation. Incidental to the piece, a well-dressed, well-formed, pretty and talented ballet was introduced, in which the peerless Bonfanti appeared as *premiere*. The variety business which followed gave general satisfaction. The entertainment concluded with a new pantomime, introducing the Martinetti family and Mile. Desire. The latter looks not a day older than she did twenty years ago. The theatre is fitted up and frescoed in a very tasty and elegant manner, and its appearance alone will do much toward making it a really first-class variety theatre, which is the aim of the manager, Mr. Robt. W. Butler.

The feature of the week has been the actual appearance of Bullman's much advertised and heralded female orchestra. They are too weak in numbers for an orchestra and too strong for a septet party. However, they were all young, good-looking and able performers on their several instruments. The stringed instruments were in unusual strength and were not balanced for orchestrated music by the wind instruments. There were no brasses and three drums. A violoncello fantasia, by Mile. Weinlich, was good. The singing of Anna Elzer, a young girl of only twelve, was remarkable. As a Steinway Hall concert for the wealthy who want a sensation, the concert is better than most novelties. But it will not begin to compare with Theodore Thomas, whose entertainment keeps steadily the same in its excellence. The strength will be slightly increased during the performances between now and the close of the season, which is near at hand.

The singing-loving public is soon to have a new candidate for public favor in the person of a Mrs. Moulton, an American lady, well known in the fashionable circles of Paris and this city. Her husband

having recently lost his fortune, Mrs. Moulton has determined, with a most commendable ambition, to secure the future of her children by the exercise of her rare talents as a vocalist. Mrs. Moulton's voice is a *mezzo-soprano* of the greatest purity and almost unequalled power and volume, and she manages it with a skill which is seldom surpassed after the most mature professional practice.

ROGERS, THE ARTIST.—John Rogers, whose brown statuettes have made him so famous, is a native of Massachusetts. In early life he was a dry-goods clerk in Boston; then he learned the trade of a machinist; but seeing a boy modeling figures in clay determined his vocation. In 1856, being still poor, and having no hope of supporting himself by modeling, he went West, and took charge of a machine shop in Hannibal, Mo. The financial crisis of the next year carried him to Chicago, where he was appointed clerk in the City Surveyor's office. While there he produced his first finished work—"The Checker Players"—which was very well received, and followed by "The Town Pump" and "The Slave Auction." Learning from an Italian the manner of making flexible molds for casting forms, he came here, set up his studio, and prospered. Rogers has produced about forty groups in all, and has sold some 50,000 copies of his works. It is said that his next undertaking will be Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee." Before and at the beginning of the rebellion his friends urged him not to choose political subjects; but he was loyal to the core, and declared he would do his work as his heart and patriotism prompted, and the public could buy or neglect as it saw fit.

WANTED—A WIFE.

Face intellectual,
Color and tone,
All the accessories
Strictly home grown,
Eyes—here I hesitate—
Rather like blue,
Black not an obstacle,
Hazel would do.
Nose of the Grecian type—
Not to seem proud,
Some little latitude,
Therein allowed,
Figure that's squeezable,
Plump but not fat,
Steer clear of scragginess,
Couldn't stand that.
Quiet and lady-like,
Dresses with taste,
Ankle displayable,
Neat little waist.
Sphere of home duties,
Her elements quite;
Pie crust, especially,
Warranted light.
Common accomplishments,
But in a word,
Those of a useful kind
Greatly preferred,
Little bit musical,
Able to sing,
Claribel, Gabriel,
That sort of thing,
Lady of such a stamp
Wanting a beau,
Strictly in confidence,
Knows where to go,

(Here follows the name and address in full.)

P. S.—Applicant penniless,
Ditto with tin—
Ceteris with paribus,
Latter would win.

HOBSON, the florist, 408 Fifth Avenue, has almost a monopoly in the supply of upper-tendons with their bouquets and floral decorations.

WOMAN ITEMS.

Women do not talk more than men. They're listened to more, that's all.

In France there are over 300 colleges, not one of which admits women as students.

A marriage service was recently solemnized in Cincinnati by the Rev. Mr. Addie L. Ballou.

Swedenborg says men are men, and women are women, in the highest heaven as here on earth.

Miss Ada Shriner has been appointed to the chair of painting and fine arts in the Michigan University.

Miss Agnes Strickland has received a pension of \$300 per annum from the British government, in recognition of her historical works.

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.

Charlotte Van Schalk shot in the Adirondacks a two hundred pound deer. All the other belles in that region are overflowing with envy, Kate Field included.

One of the largest hotels in Philadelphia is owned and managed by a woman; and in one store, among several large ones owned by women, a business of over \$100,000 a year is done.

The New York *Herald* wants politics in every respect severed from education. How can this be while School Boards are composed of politicians? Introduce women, and the interests of the children alone will be regarded.

A man in Charleston, S. C., was lately sentenced to one dollar and costs for choking his wife. The defendant claimed the right which he had exercised, on the ground that he was legally married to the woman, and she was his property to do and deal with as he chose.

Very recently, Miss Martha Walker, a young English woman, climbed the famous Matterhorn, over

14,700 feet high, in company with her father, aged 65. The Matterhorn is one of the most difficult of all the Alpine peaks to ascend, and has rarely been attempted by a woman. The lady is well named, having climbed Monte Blanc, Rosa, and other peaks, with little fatigue.

One of the Milwaukee lamplighters is a little girl ten years old. She makes her rounds in all kinds of weather, and runs up the ladder like a squirrel, while her mother stands below to catch her if she falls. How is her pay? Does she get as much as a male illuminator? If so—well. If not, why not?

German women are fast getting into business life. In Brussels the sisters Everbert have the most extensive house in the world for the manufacture of fine lace. The wife of Dr. De la Pierre, the chief of the Dental College of Belgium, is her husband's partner and associate in his professional labors. All through Germany the wives of professional men are book-keepers for their husbands.

A writer in the Boston *Transcript* tells how one morning she remonstrated with her colored servant for abusing his wife, upbraiding him after this manner: "Jack, what a pretty, little, smart wife you have! If I were you, I would try to make myself more agreeable to her; I would fill the coal-scuttle, feed the pig, gather the vegetables for her, and—and—I wouldn't strike her." The only answer from Jack was: "Why! I's done married Lou; I isn't courting her!"

Mrs. General Robert E. Lee is thus described by a writer at the Rockbridge Baths: "Mrs. Lee has won the hearts of all. She has a cheerful word for every one. Though seeking relief from a chronic malady, she forgets her own ills, and visits in her wheel-chair the sick, and ministers by pleasant words of advice and encouragement to all. Bishop Leighton said, on returning from some impressive scene, that 'he had met a sermon in the street.' The serene faith and active benevolence of this noble lady touches the heart beyond all pulpit oratory."

A half dozen ladies called on the keeper of a house of doubtful repute in Troy, the other day, and attempted to missionize her into life. The woman listened with eager attention until they had finished, and then said: "Do you know who it is that supports my house? It is your own husbands and your own sons, and to prove that I am not imposing on you, I only ask that you call here quietly at night—I will place you in a safe position, in a closet, and you can see with your own eyes and hear with your own ears. Don't take my word for it." And they did.

The Horticultural School for Women, opened in Newton, Mass., in June, 1870, has proved a successful experiment in the education of young ladies for gardening and the care of greenhouses. During the year, the young ladies of the class have spent from six to eight hours daily in the garden or greenhouse, doing all the work except the heaviest and coarsest, and the returns of their industry have supplied a dozen or more families amply with vegetables. Each has attended daily to recitations in botany, and other kindred studies. One of the young ladies is about to start a greenhouse and garden at Jamaica, and another at some point near Boston.

A Chicago *Times* letter says of the Saratoga belle: "The little creature who took to a straw and cobbler, and bet and won a basket of champagne on Harper's fastest filly on Saturday, won't lift her pretty eyes to her adorers on Sunday, but continues in the closest companionship with the gospels whenever she is not in church, declaring that she is a miserable sinner. Yesterday she wore a rose-colored silk, which shimmered through muslins and laces, just as her coquetries are visible through her devotions, but she goes to church to-day in pure white lawn, with a spray of myrtle at her throat, and a bonnet upon which only a cluster of marguerites attest to her knowledge of beauty. What waltzing like the measure and rhythm of a perfect poem fails to complete in a partial conquest, reading from the same prayer-book is sure to do at Saratoga. Indeed, I have known a proposal of marriage to be made upon the fly-leaf of a Bible, so irrepressible did the tender emotion become under the influence of a pretty, kneeling figure."

The introduction of those absurd appendages, chignons, into dress, has, like hoop skirts, developed a new branch of industry. The first switches were made in Central Falls, Rhode Island, by a workman in one of the flux mills. For a long time all that were used—the number of which at first were quite small—were made there. Afterward a firm in Providence commenced the manufacture, under the style of the Japan Switch Company, manufacturing largely. The price then was from \$7 to \$9, realizing a large profit to the manufacturer. Switches then retailed at \$1.50 and \$2 are now sold at twenty-five to thirty-seven cents. One firm, employing forty men hackling and finishing the jute, and fifty or sixty girls in the manufacture of chignons, use ten bales of three hundred pounds each, and three thousand pounds of hair per day. A great outcry has been made against this material on the score of insect inhabitants, but not an insect was ever discovered by this firm, and the jute is as clean, or more so, than human hair in the course of manufacture. Many switches are made of fine glazed cotton thread, also of silk dyed without washing out the gum, which gives it the nearest resemblance to hair of any article used.

WHY A WOMAN SHOULD NOT VOTE.

She hasn't sense enough to vote intelligently. She never can have, because she hasn't enough brains of the right kind, and the few she has are in the wrong place.

She is only a reflector of man's wisdom not an originator.

Horace Greeley says she oughtn't to vote. He cannot be jealous of Victoria Woodhull in the Presidential race. Darwin's theory won't work on her—she is not an original creation, but a simple invention, growing out of man's necessities, having an ancestral

line ending in a "rib" instead of coming up through creation, as man does, "selecting material for his destiny;" whether that be toad, woman or monkey. A rib is a good thing to show immense inventive resource upon, being an awfully dry beginning, but it is a poor ancestral root for intelligent voters.

She is only matrimonial bait. She was put here to serve man, not to rule him, being made for his comfort and convenience alone.

If she were allowed the ballot, ten to one she would vote to prohibit the sale of liquors and break up half the pleasures and rights of her superior.

She is under Scripture condemnation for coquetting with a snake. She hasn't paid that penalty, yet "The man shall rule over thee"—She must not oppose that sacred order.

Irishmen, Dutchmen, Negromen and Chinamen can become our Brothers: women cannot. Home is the last place a man goes to at night after billiards, cards, saloons, theatres and club-rooms, and it is no more than right that his "helpmeet" should be uncontaminated by society, as it is enough for him to smell of rum, tobacco smoke and saw-dust without finding her perfumed with the same stench.

A woman is too weak to resist temptation. If it were not for the virtue of the men, what would Society be?

Placing a ballot in a box would make the women "strong-minded," as is clearly demonstrated by the increase of intellect even among men exercising that great freeman's right by voting "early and often."

"She would always vote as her husband wanted her to," or she wouldn't.

Lastly, she should play the part of vine to man's oak, and twine her delicate tendrils around his god-like form, without question or doubt, ever confiding in the purity and wisdom of his intentions and acts, however much appearances may be against him; this is to be womanly, delicate and angelic. Voting implies equality. The vine assumes to be the oak, and that spoils poetry. Let her stick to the kitchen, the nursery and the drawing-room; that's all she is fit for, all she can learn, all she aspires to, and all she ought to have.—Sam Sloan.

HULDY.

BY 'SQUIRE TOAD.

Oh! there she sat upon the floor

A weepin' and a weepin',

Her radiant auroral cheeks

In gushin' brine a steepin'—

While from her curly nose's tip

A crystal drop depended,

Which flashed and flickered in the sun

Prismatically splendid.

Relentless sighs her buzzum wrung,

Like strugglin' earthquakes heavin'

As to and from she slowly swung

A weavin' and a weavin'—

With hollow wails the ceiling pierced,

With tears the floor was drenchin',

And all the while her ruby hands

A twistin' and a reuchen'.

Adown her back an avalanche

Of glory spread its pinions—

(This is poetic for her hair—

She didn't dote on shynuns).

So freely flood her teary floods,

So sweet her constitution

She might emphatically be called

A sackyrin solution.

I found her thus one afternoon,

And I was sore astounded;

"What is the matter, Huldy? Say!

Is anybody drowned;

Your mother sick? or father dead?

Your chickens got the cholera?

Or Jane copped with some poor cuss,

That isn't worth a dollar, eh?"

She shook her head—"twas all she said—

Her tears but dript the faster,

I asked her if she'd lost her knife—

If any one had sassed her—

If she was sick—or wasn't well—

And more interrygashins,

She shook her head, and on she went

With her wild lemontashins.

At last she gasped—"Last Sunday night

Sile Bigler popt the question;

Next day Cornelius Pipplinsiff

He made the same sejestion.

Last evening Deacon Hamstrings came

And poured a like petition;

I can't decide which one to wed;

Oh! what a tuff position."

"Cheer up!" cried I; "Your fountain dry!

Don't, Huldy, melt completely,

I hev a plan to help you on,

And make your life flow sweetly.

I hev a plan for every man,

But fustly, marry me, do,

And then, of course, you can get a divorce

By goin' to Toledo."

The "Clyffards of Clyffe" is a highly interesting and strongly written story, and is of the most exciting and absorbing interest. It is the production of a man of great power and genius. There is no novelist who more thoroughly understands the sanctity and the happiness of the affections, in their happiest and most virtuous exercise, than this author; but there is no sentimentality in his writings. His tone of feeling is as rational as it is pure. He is the most humorous of the writers of fiction of the present time, and his fun is always controlled by good taste, and is always sympathetic. It is published in a large duodecimo volume, bound in cloth, gilt back. Price, \$1.75 in cloth; or \$1.50 in paper cover, and is for sale by all Booksellers, and will be sent by the Publishers to any one, free of postage, on receipt of price.

"French, German, Spanish, Latin and Italian Languages Without a Master." By A. H. Monteith, Esq. The Robertsonian method of learning the French, German, Spanish, Latin and Italian languages without the aid of a teacher has, for the last twenty years, been successfully tested throughout the whole European continent; and is, without a single exception, now used in teaching the modern languages in all the educational institutions of England, France and Germany. In London, Mr. Monteith, the most celebrated teacher of languages in the world, arranged and perfected this system; and his works on the study of French, German, Spanish, Latin and Italian without a master, contained in this volume, immediately obtained a sudden and extraordinary popularity. Any person unacquainted with these languages can, with the aid of this volume, be enabled to read, write and speak the language of either, without the aid of a teacher; or any oral instruction whatever, provided they pay strict attention to the instructions laid down in the work, and that nothing shall be passed over without a thorough investigation of the subject it involves; by doing which they will find themselves to be able to speak, read or write either language at their will and pleasure. The whole is contained in twenty-seven easy lessons. The French is in six easy lessons, Spanish is in four, German is in six, Latin is in six, and the Italian is in five easy lessons, or twenty-seven in all. This work is invaluable to any person wishing to learn either or all of these languages, and is worth, to any one, one hundred times its cost. This work runs through several large editions in England every year; for no persons have ever bought a copy of it without recommending it to their friends. Everybody should possess themselves of a copy of it at once. It is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 305 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, in one large duodecimo volume, bound in cloth, price two dollars, and is for sale by all booksellers, or copies will be sent to any one by the publishers, post-paid, on receipt of price by them.

H. B. CLAFLIN & CO.,

DRY GOODS, CARPETS,

HOSIERY AND WHITE GOODS, LACES AND EMBROIDERIES,

YANKEE NOTIONS,

FLANNELS AND BOOTS AND SHOES,

CHURCH, WORTH AND WEST BROADWAY,

NEW YORK.

THE HAIR.

ZOE COME!

THE NEW HAIR RESTORATIVE

Will positively restore luxuriant and healthy growth of HAIR upon the

BALD HEADED,

and will prevent the hair from falling out.

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

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

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

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

A HISTORY

OF THE
NATIONAL WOMAN'S RIGHTS MOVEMENT,
FOR TWENTY YEARS.

With the Proceedings of the Decade Meeting held at
APOLLO HALL, OCTOBER 20, 1870,

From 1850 to 1870.

WITH AN APPENDIX CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF THE
MOVEMENT DURING THE WINTER OF 1871,
IN THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

Compiled by
PAULINA W. DAVIS.

For sale by all Booksellers. Price 50c.

A lucid and liberal account of the most important political movement of the day.—W. & C.'s W.

NEW YORK CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—Trains will leave Thirtieth street as follows:

8 a. m., Chicago Express, Drawing-room cars attached.

10 a. m., Special Drawing-room Car Express. No accommodation for way passengers except in Drawing-room cars.

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

4 p. m., Montreal Express, Drawing-room cars attached.

6 p. m., First Pacific Express, with Sleeping cars through to Watertown, Syracuse and Canandaigua. (Daily.)

8 p. m., Second Pacific Express, with Sleeping cars attached, for Rochester and Buffalo; also for Chicago, via both L. S. and M. C. Railroads; for St. Louis, via Toledo; and Louisville, via Indianapolis. (This train will leave at 6 p. m. on Sundays.)

11 p. m., Night Express, Sleeping cars attached.

7 a. m., 2 and 5 p. m., Poughkeepsie trains.

9 a. m., 4:15 and 6:40 p. m., Peekskill trains.

5:30 and 6:10 p. m., Sing Sing trains.

6:40, 7:30, 8:10 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,
General Passenger Agent.

NEW YORK, Dec. 5, 1870.

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, " " "
Mrs. Paulina W. Davis, Providence, R. I.
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 Revolution* 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 woman 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's due notification, and in personal efforts to secure signatures to the "Declaration and Pledge" and money for the printing fund, according to the enclosed "Appeal."

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 we 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. Bullard, 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. Lucretia Mott and Miss Sarah Pugh, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Maria Hazlett, Michigan; Mrs. S. Brown, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Washington Bladus, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Judge Underwood, Virginia; Mrs. Anna W. Bodoka, Virginia; Mrs. Victor Barringer, North Carolina; Mrs. Frances Pillsbury, South Carolina; Mrs. Mary Spaulding, Georgia; Mrs. Judge Miner, Missouri; Hon. Mrs. Samuel M. Arnell, Tennessee; Mrs. Adeline Hazlett, Michigan; Mrs. Nannette B. Gardiner, Michigan; Mrs. Catharine F. Stebbins, Michigan; Mrs. Dr. Little and Mrs. Mary L. Gilbert, Ohio; Mrs. C. Dundore, Maryland; Hon. Mrs. G. W. Julian and Mrs. Dr. Thomas, Indiana; Mrs. Robert Dale Owen and Mrs. Amanda Way, Indiana; Mrs. Lamora Moore, Indiana; Mrs. Jane Graham Jones and Mrs. C. V. Waite, 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. Savery, Iowa; Mrs. Governor Butler, Nebraska; Mrs. C. J. H. Nichols, Kansas; Hon. Mrs. Aaron A. Sargent, California; Mrs. Laura De Ford, 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. P. 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."

The New Disinfectant,

BROMO CHLORALUM.

NON-POISONOUS, ODORLESS,

POWERFUL DEODORIZER AND DISINFECTANT.

ENTIRELY HARMLESS AND SAFE.

ARRESTS AND PREVENTS CONTAGION.

Used in Private Dwellings, Hotels, Restaurants, Public Schools, Insane Asylums, Dispensaries, Jails, Prisons, Poor Houses, on Ships, Steamboats, and in Tenement Houses, Markets, for Water Closets Urinals, Sinks, Sewers, Stables, Cesspools, etc.

A specific in all contagious and pestilential diseases, as Cholera, Typhoid Fever, Ship Fever, Small-Pox, Scarlet Fever, Measles, Diseases of Animals, etc. Prepared only by

TILDEN & CO.,

176 William Street, New York.

Sold by all Druggists. 68-70

BOWLING GREEN

SAVINGS BANK,

33 BROADWAY.

SEMI-ANNUAL INTEREST AT THE RATE OF SIX PER CENT.

on all sums entitled thereto will be paid depositors on and after July 30.

Deposits of any sum from 10 cents to \$10,000 will be received.

SIX PER CENT. INTEREST, FREE OF GOVERNMENT TAX.

Interest on new deposits commences first of every month.

HENRY SMITH, President.

WALTER ROCHE, Vice-Presidents.

EDWARD HOGAN, Vice-Presidents.

REEVES E. SELMES, Secretary.

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 and 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 wing as 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* as free-lovers, while they were, on the other hand, endorsed 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*.

THE ORIGIN, TENDENCIES AND PRINCIPLES OF GOVERNMENT.

BY VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

This remarkable book, just from the press, contains a graphic consolidation of the various principles involved in government as the guarantee and protection to the exercise of human rights.

Such principles as, from time to time, have been enunciated in these columns are here arranged, classified and applied. A careful consideration of them will convince the most skeptical that our Government, though so good, is very far from being perfect.

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.

It is an octavo volume of 250 pages, containing the picture of the author; is beautifully printed on the best quality of tinted paper, and is tastefully and substantially bound in extra cloth. No progressive person's house should be without this conclusive evidence of woman's capacity for self-government. Price, \$30 00; by mail, postage paid, \$3 25.

There is simplicity, freshness and originality in this book which rivets the attention; and one rises from the perusal with the feeling of being refreshed, strengthened and made better by such a healthy mental stimulant. She divests the woman question of all its sentimentalities and places it where it should be, on the firm ground of justice. Read this book in the morning, when the mind is active, and it is a good preparation for intellectual work; it is full of suggestions, and compels thought in the highest direction. Our advice is get the book and study it.—*New World*.

MUTUAL BENEFIT SAVINGS BANK,

SUN BUILDING,

166 Nassau street, New York.

DIVIDEND.—A semi-annual dividend at the rate of six per cent. per annum, on all sums of \$5 and upward which have been on deposit for one or more months next previous to July 1, will be paid on and after July 21, 1871.

INTEREST not called for will remain as principal, and draw interest from July 1.

BANK OPEN daily from 10 to 3; also Monday and Saturday evenings, from 4 1/2 to 6 1/2 o'clock. Interest commences on the 1st of every month following the deposit.

CHARLES K. GRAHAM, President.

G. H. BENEDICT, Secretary.

FREDERICK KURTZ'S

DINING ROOMS

23 New Street and 60 Broadway

AND

76 Maiden Lane and 1 Liberty St.

Mr. Kurtz invites to his cool and comfortably furnished dining apartments the down-town public, assuring them that they will always find there the choicest viands, served in the most elegant style, the most carefully selected brands of wines and liquors, as well as the most prompt attention by accomplished waiters.

67-79



RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.

BEST SALVE IN USE.

Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents.

JOHN F. HENRY,

Sole Proprietor, No. 8 College Place,

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK

SAVINGS BANK,

Eighth Ave., cor. Fourteenth St.

SIX PER CENT. INTEREST

allowed on all sums from \$5 to \$5,000. Deposits made on or before August 1 will draw interest from August 1.

Assets, \$2,473,368 65.

Surplus, \$200,372 95.

Pomeroy's Finger-Pad Truss.

Patented Aug. 13, 1868; Feb. 8, 1870.

The adjustable "finger" of the pad effectually closes the hernial opening, so that there can be no escape of the intestine. Very light pressure is required in the majority of cases.

This Truss has been critically examined by more than a thousand physicians and surgeons, whose names we have on record and can give as references, and who are unanimous in the opinion of its superior merits.

It received the highest award at the last two Fairs of the American Institute, held in 1869 and 1870.

POMEROY'S ADJUSTABLE TRUSS,

WITH HARD OR SOFT PAD.

Patented March 19, Sept. 17, 1867.

Superior to all other appliances for rupture or hernia, except POMEROY'S FINGER-PAD TRUSS, and has cured a great many cases of rupture. It is afforded at a less price than the Finger-Pad Truss.

POMEROY'S NIGHT TRUSS,

WITHOUT METALLIC SPRINGS.

Patented May 23, 1871.

The best Elastic Truss made. It is especially intended for the night and for bathing, but in many cases is admirably adapted for constant use, and is furnished at a low price.

W. POMEROY & CO.,

54 BROADWAY,

Between Spring and Prince streets, New York.

JUST PUBLISHED.—The Primary Synopsis of UNIVALENCE and ALWATO (pronounced Ah-lu-wah-to.) The new Scientific Universal Language, by STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS, member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, of the American Ethnological Society, etc.; author of "The Science of Society," "Discoveries in Chinese," "The Basis Outline of Univalence," etc. New York, DION THOMAS, 141 Fulton street. (1871.) Price, \$1.50.

MERCHANTS

WHO SEEK

FIRST-CLASS TRADE

are invited to

ADVERTISE IN

THE SEASON.

It circulates among the most refined

AMATEUR ARTISTS,

TP ART FANCIERS,

ARTISTS AT WATERING PLACES,

INSURANCE PATRONS,

POLITICAL AND LITERARY CLUBS

and the better classes of society generally.

At the prices charged, the SEASON is the best and

CHEAPEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

IN NEW YORK!

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

Order for Purchase and Sale of
States Securities, Stocks, Bonds, etc.,
can Gold promptly executed on
commission.

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

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

LOCKWOOD & CO., BANKERS, No. 94 Broadway,

TRANSACTIONS
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS,
including the purchase and sale on commission of
GOVERNMENT AND RAILWAY BONDS, STOCKS
AND OTHER SECURITIES.

MAXWELL & CO., Bankers and Brokers, No. 11 BROAD STREET, New York.

WOODHULL, CLAFLIN & CO., Bankers and Brokers, No. 44 BROAD STREET, New York.

ST. LOUIS CITY SIX PER CENT GOLD BONDS. Twenty Years to run.

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

JAMESON, SMITH & COTTING,
14 Broad Street

DUNCAN, SHERMAN & CO. BANKERS, No. 11 Nassau Street,

issue CIRCULAR NOTES and LETTERS OF CREDIT
for TRAVELERS in EUROPE, and available in all the
PRINCIPAL CITIES, also for use in the UNITED STATES,
WEST INDIES. Also, TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS to
LONDON, PARIS and CALIFORNIA.

NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK. THE FREEDMAN'S SAVINGS AND TRUST COMPANY.

(Chartered by the Government of the United States.)
DEPOSITS OVER \$2,000,000.
185 BLEECKER STREET, NEW YORK.

SIX PER CENT interest commences first of each
month.

Four per cent, all the time from date of each deposit
for full number of days, and, on sums
of \$50 and upward, with interest before January.

DEPOSIT CERTIFICATES, to be made as Registered
Bonds, and promptly available in any part of the
United States, issued, payable on demand, with in-
terest due.

Accounts strictly private and confidential.
Deposits payable on demand, with interest due.
Interest on accounts of certificates, to be paid to the
depositors residing out of the city if desired.
Send for Circular.

Open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and on
SATURDAYS from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

JOHN J. ZETZLE, Cashier.

AGENTS WANTED
to canvass for Liberal Books and Papers. Apply to
P. M. KELSEY, 319 West Twenty-sixth Street, New
York.

THE HERCULES MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES.



23 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

POLICIES ON ALL APPROVED PLANS.
ALL POLICIES ENTITLED TO PARTICIPATION IN PROFITS.
DIVIDENDS DECLARED ANNUALLY.
THIRTY DAYS' GRACE ALLOWED IN PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS.
LIBERAL LIMITS OF TRAVEL.

PREMIUMS PAYABLE IN CASH.

JAMES D. REYMERT, President.
AARON C. ALLEN, Secretary.

DIVIDENDS PAYABLE IN CASH.

D. REYNOLDS BUDD, Asst. Secretary.
J. JAY WATSON, Sup't Agencies.

Working Agents Wanted in all the States.
APPLY TO THE HOME OFFICE.

JOSEPH FLEISCHE, Sup't German Department,
No. 230 Grand Street.

HEBERN CLAFLIN, Gen. Agent for Illinois and Missouri, office No. 5, No. 166 Washington st., Chicago, Ill.

NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.

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

TRAINS LEAVE NEW YORK.
For New Haven and Bridgeport, 7.8 (Ex.), 11:30 a.
m.; 12:15 (Ex.), 3 (Ex.), 3:45, 4:30, 5:30 and 8 (Ex.)
p. m.

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

For Darien, 7.9.11:30 a. m.; 3:45, 4:30, 5:30 and 6:30
p. m.

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

For Greenwich and intermediate stations, 7.9.11:30
a. m.; 2:15, 3:45, 4:45, 5:30, 6:30, 7:15 p. m.
Sunday Mail Train leaves Twenty-seventh street,
New York, at 7 p. m. for Boston, via both Springfield
Line and Shore Line.

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

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

For New Canaan Railroad, 7 a. m.; 12:15, 4:30 and
5:30 p. m.

Commodious Sleeping Cars attached to 8 p. m. train,
and also to Sunday Mail Train on either Line. Draw-
ing-Room Car attached to the 8 a. m. and 3 p. m.
trains.

JAMES H. HOYT, Superintendent.



The Highest Cash Prices

PAID FOR
OLD NEWSPAPERS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION;
OLD PAMPHLETS of every kind;
OLD BLANK-BOOKS AND LEDGERS that are
written full;

all kinds of WASTE PAPER from Bankers,
Insurance Companies, Brokers, Patent-Medi-
cine Dealers, Printing-Offices, Bookbind-
ers, Public and Private Libraries,

Hotels, Steamboats, Railroad
Companies, and Express
Offices, &c.

JOHN C. STOCKWELL,
29 Ann street, N. Y.

68-120.

HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH. OFFICE OF FISK & HATCH. BANKERS, AND DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES, No. 5 NASSAU STREET, N. Y., Opposite U. S. Sub-Treasury.

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

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

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

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

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

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

FISK & HATCH.

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

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

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

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

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

Loans negotiated.

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

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

SAM'L BARTON. HENRY ALLEN. BARTON & ALLEN, BANKERS AND BROKERS, No. 40 BROAD STREET. Socks, Bonds and Gold bought and sold on com- mission.

THE GOLDEN AGE,

A NEW WEEKLY JOURNAL EDITED BY
THEODORE TILTON,
Devoted to the Free Discussion of all Living
Questions in Church, State, Society, Litera-
ture, Art and Moral Reform.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY
IN NEW YORK.

Price Three Dollars a Year, Cash in Advance.

MR. TILTON, having retired from THE INDEPENDENT
and THE BROOKLYN DAILY UNION, will hereafter
devote his whole Editorial labors to THE GOLDEN
AGE.

Persons wishing to subscribe will please send their
names, with the money, immediately, to

THEODORE TILTON
P. O. Box 2,648,
NEW YORK CITY.

"THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST."

STANDARD AMERICAN BILLIARD TABLES

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

PHELAN & COLLENDER

788 BROADWAY, New York City.

G. EBBINGHOUSEN & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF

FURNITURE,

NEW WAREHOUSES:

197 AND 199 SEVENTH AVENUE,

Between Twenty-first and Twenty-second
streets,

where will be found an elegant assortment of all the
modern styles of first-class and plain Furniture, suit-
able for the Mansion or Cottage.

Having greater facilities than heretofore, we can
offer large inducements to our numerous patrons.

The stock in our new establishment will be very
extensive, embracing every variety of style and finish,
and of first-class workmanship.

CHAMBER, PARLOR, LIBRARY

AND

Dining-Room Furniture,

IN ROSEWOOD, WALNUT AND PANCY WOODS.

We also pay particular attention to Interior Deco-
rations, Mirrors, Cornices, Curtains, Lambrequins,
Bedding, etc., and fit up Offices, Banks, Ships,
Steamers or Hotels, to order, at short notice.

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

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

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

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