

WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

PROGRESS! FREE THOUGHT! UNTRAMMELED LIVES!

BREAKING THE WAY FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

VOL. 4.—No. 10. WHOLE No. 88.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 20, 1872.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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.

73-85.

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

This Bank negotiates LOANS, makes COLLECTIONS, 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.

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, Bankers, 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 Certificates 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 commission, for cash.

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

FISK & HATCH.

76-88.

RAILROAD IRON, FOR SALE BY S. W. HOPKINS & CO., 71 BROADWAY.

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

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

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

Interest, 4 per cent., allowed on deposits, subject to sight draft.
78 to 108.

NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK. THE FREEDMAN'S SAVINGS AND TRUST COMPANY. (Chartered by the Government of the United States.) DEPOSITS OVER \$3,000,000. 185 BLEECKER STREET, NEW YORK.

SIX PER CENT. interest commences first of each month.

Four per cent. allowed from date of each deposit for full number of days, not less than thirty, on sums of \$50 and upward, withdrawn before January.

DEPOSIT CERTIFICATES, as safe as Registered Bonds, and promptly available in any part of the United States, issued, payable on demand, with interest due.

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

Send for Circular.
Open daily from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and MONDAYS and SATURDAYS from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

JOHN J. ZUILLE, Cashier.

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, \$2,473,303 05.
Surplus, \$200,372 95.

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

59.

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 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 Ireland, 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 collaterals and against merchandise consigned to our care.

Orders executed for Investment Securities and Railroad Iron.

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

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 Frankfurt-on-the-Main, free of United States taxes. Present market quotations, 97 1/2 a 98 1/2 c. and interest.

TANNER & CO.,
No. 11 WALL STREET.

Rail Road Bonds.

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

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. January 15. CERCLE FRANCAIS DE L'HARMONIE. FANCY DRESS BALL. CARNIVAL BALL, January 15. MARKOWSKY and his pupils. DEOICOCOTCHICOCANDARD. GREAT BURLESQUE. NOVELTIES. ALL THE STAR DANCERS. Tickets at Rullman & Ditson's, 114 and 711 Broadway.

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 possible 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 before 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 Lumber regions of Ulster County, and the rich, agricultural bottoms of Delaware and Greene Counties, all of which have not heretofore been reached by railroad facilities, and from which sections, the formation of the country prevents the construction of a competing line.

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

PRICE OF THE BONDS, 90 IN CURRENCY.

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

Edward Haight & Co.,

9 Wall Street, NEW YORK CITY.

Financial Agents of the R. & O. Company.

MARKET SAVINGS BANK,

82 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.,

Six Per Cent. Interest Allowed.

Interest commences on the 1st of each month.

HENRY R. CONELIN, WM. VAN NAME
Secretary President

INGERSOLL LOCKWOOD,

Late United States Consul to the Kingdom of Hanover. Author of "Transatlantic Souvenirs," Translator of Renan's "St. Paul," etc.

1. "COUNT BISMARCK, THE GREAT PRUSSIAN PREMIER."
2. "NATIONALITY AND NOBILITY."
3. "WOMEN'S FACES."
4. "BRAINS."

(New Lecture.)
Although one of the youngest in the lecture-field, Mr. Lockwood's success has been most flattering, and press-notices, indorsing his rare abilities, have been received from all places where he has lectured. The following is a sample:

Ingersoll Lockwood, of New York, is one of the most popular lecturers in the country. He has been a foreign minister of the government (when only twenty-one years old), and is one of the most genial speakers of the present day. [Evening Mail.]... The lecture was interesting; exhibits a wonderful reconditeness in the subject, and presents an array of curious facts. Though exhausting the subject, he did not exhaust the audience, which listened to it with pleasurable delight. [N. Y. Herald.]... The lecture delivered last evening, before the Young Men's Association, by Ingersoll Lockwood, on "Count Bismarck," was a very fine effort indeed. [Troy Express.]... A good audience was in attendance at Tweddle Hall, last evening, to listen to Ingersoll Lockwood, of New York, on Count Bismarck. Mr. Lockwood is a distinct, clear and powerful speaker, and showed throughout a perfect familiarity with his subject. His presentation of the facts of the Count's life, and estimate of his character, were so well done as to make his lecture full of interest and profit. [Albany Journal.]... Brilliant and masterly. [E. S. Journal, White Plains.]... An excellent lecturer. An eloquent description of the life and character of the great Prussian Premier. [S. S. Republican.]... Mr. Lockwood's oratorical powers are well known. [Home Journal.]

Terms, \$100, with modifications.



MILD, CERTAIN, SAFE, EFFICIENT
It is far the best Cathartic remedy yet discovered, and at once relieves and invigorates all the vital functions, without causing injury to any of them. The most complete success has long attended its use in many localities, and it is now offered to the general public with the conviction that it can never fail to accomplish all that is claimed for it. It produces little or no pain; leaves the organs free from irritation, and never overtaxes or excites the nervous system. In all diseases of the skin, blood, stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys—of children, and in many difficult cases peculiar to women—it brings prompt relief and certain cure. The best physicians recommend and prescribe it; and no person who once uses this will voluntarily return to the use of any other cathartic.

Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage.
1 box, \$0 25 Postage 6 cents.
5 boxes, 1 00 " 18 "
12 " 2 25 " 39 "
It is sold by all dealers in drugs and medicines.
TURNER & CO., Proprietors,
120 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

THE BALTIMORE & OHIO R. R.

Is an Air-Line Route from Baltimore and Washington to Cincinnati, and is the only line running Pullman's Palace Day and Sleeping Cars through from Washington and Baltimore to Cincinnati without change.

Louisville in 24½ hours.
Passengers by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad have choice of routes, either via Columbus or Parkersburg.

From Cincinnati, take the Louisville and Cincinnati Short Line Railroad.
Avoid all dangerous ferry transfers by crossing the great Ohio River Suspension Bridge, and reach Louisville hours in advance of all other lines. Save many miles in going to Nashville, Memphis, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Savannah, Mobile and New Orleans.

The only line running four daily trains from Cincinnati to Louisville.

Silver Palace Sleeping Coaches at night, and splendid Smoking Cars, with revolving arm chairs, on day trains.

Remember! lower fare by no other route.
To secure the advantages offered by this great through route of Quick Time, Short Distance and Low Fare, ask for tickets, and be sure they read, via Louisville and Cincinnati Short Line R. R.

Get your tickets—No. 37 Washington street, Boston; No. 229 Broadway, office New Jersey R. R., foot of Cortlandt street, New York; Continental Hotel, 828 Chestnut street, 44 South Fifth street, and at the depot corner Broad and Prime streets, Philadelphia; S. E. corner Baltimore and Calvert streets, or at Camden Station, Baltimore; 485 Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, D. C.; and at all the principal railroad offices in the East.

SAM. GILL,
General Supt., Louisville, Ky.
HENRY STEFFE,
Gen. Ticket Agent, Louisville, Ky.
SIDNEY B. JONES,
Gen. Pass. Agent, Louisville, Ky.

PROGRESS of DENTISTRY.

DR. SIGESMOND, Surgeon Dentist to the Woman's Hospital, is the inventor of Artificial Teeth without plates or clasps. Can be inserted permanently without extracting any roots. Warranted twenty years. The most painful decayed teeth or stumps restored by filling or building up to natural shape and color without pain, at 63 East Ninth street, near Broadway, late of Union Square. 68-120.

"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. Illustrated catalogue of everything relating to billiards sent by mail.

PHELAN & COLLENDER

738 BROADWAY, New York City.

"THE BLEES"

NOISELESS,

LINK-MOTION,

LOCK-STITCH

**Sewing Machine**

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

MANUFACTURED BY

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

THE HAIR.**ZOECOME!****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 ZOECOME, can either personally or by note make arrangements to have a hair dresser sent to their residences and apply it.

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

Now Published for the First Time
in this Country!

GOETHE'S**Elective Affinities:**

With an Introduction

By VICTORIA C. WOODHULL

PRICE, \$1 50.

Sent by Mail or Express, as ordered, on receipt of the price.

"It is very true that ideas of social freedom and of inevitable law governing the actions of humanity are rapidly spreading in the world at this day, and that I may have done something to aid their growth. Perhaps my name may not, therefore, be inappropriately associated with this reproduction of the work of the greatest Genius of Germany, the first who promulgated the thought that there is a chemistry of the mind, and that Elective Affinities are as powerful and legitimate in the realm of human sentiment as in the realm of matter."

"Themes of freedom on all subjects form the staple public sentiment of the world at this age. A doctrine like that of Goethe's is therefore eminently calculated to make progress even unconsciously in this century."

"But in any event Genius has its prerogatives, and the genius of Goethe is incontestable and uncontested. The American public are entitled to know what this great leader of modern thought, one of the founders of Comparative Anatomy, has thought on the more recondite subject of the Chemistry of the Mind. The question is not, in the first instance, whether his views were right or wrong, true or false; but simply, What were they? and in none of his works is that question so effectively answered as in 'Elective Affinities.'—Extracts from Introduction.

THE LAW OF MARRIAGE,

AN

EXHAUSTIVE ARGUMENT

AGAINST MARRIAGE LEGISLATION,

By C. S. JAMES,

Author of "Manual of Transcendental Philosophy."

For Sale by the Author, post paid, for 25c.

Address

Alma, Wis.

75

A HISTORY

OF THE

NATIONAL WOMAN'S RIGHTS MOVEMENT,

FOR TWENTY YEARS,

With the Proceedings of the Decade Meeting held at

APOLLO HALL, OCTOBER 30, 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.

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, indorsed so enthusiastically by a lady so universally respected as Mrs. Stanton. Careful examination of their books fails to show anything so very startling in the doctrines put forth in them, however distasteful they may be to many. They advance many strong arguments for giving the women the right to vote, for a remodeling of the marriage laws, and, in fact, for the general renovating and making over of society. Some of these are new, and some not so new, but they are very well put, and will be found not uninteresting, even to those who are opposed to the doctrines advocated.—Newark (N. J.) Register.

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 0; 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 4½ to 6½ o'clock. Interest commences on the 1st of every month following the deposit.

CHARLES K. GRAHAM, President.

G. H. BENEDICT, Secretary.

PATENT**STOCKING SUPPORTER**

AND

LADIES' PROTECTOR.

NO MORE COLD FEET—NO MORE DEFORMED LIMBS.

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

The trade supplied at a discount.

No. 63 Clarendon Street,

BOSTON.

OR MRS. C. A. GAYNOR,

824 Broadway, New York.

SYMPHER & CO.,

(Successors to D. Marley.)

No. 557 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

Dealers in

MODERN AND ANTIQUE

Furniture, Bronzes,

CHINA, ARTICLES OF VERTU.

Established 1836.

A BEAUTIFUL SET OF TEETH,

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

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN,

With Nitrous Oxide Gas.

No extra charge when others are inserted.

SPLENDID SETS, \$10 to \$30.

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

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY.

\$330,000 IN GOLD

DRAWN EVERY 17 DAYS.

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

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

TAYLOR & CO., BANKERS,

No. 16 Wall Street.

WM. DIBBLEE,**LADIES' HAIR DRESSER,**

854 Broadway

HAS REMOVED FROM HIS STORE TO THE FIRST FLOOR,

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

CHATELAINE BRAIDS,

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WIGS,

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

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

HARABA ZEIN,

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

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

SAM'L BARTON.

HENRY ALLEN

BARTON & ALLEN,

BANKERS AND BROKERS,

No. 40 BROAD STREET.

Stocks, Bonds and Gold bought and sold on commission.

Jan. 20, 1872.

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WEEKLY



The Books and Speeches of Victoria C. Woodhull and Tannie 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 Tannie 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 Tannie C. Claflin;	
Majority and Minority Report of the Judiciary Committee on the Woodhull Memorial;	
Each per copy.	10
per 100.	5 00

SUFFRAGE CONVENTION AT WASHINGTON.

The National Woman Suffrage and Educational Committee will hold a Convention at Lincoln Hall on the 10th, 11th and 12th of January, for the purpose of urging upon Congress the passage of a "Declaratory act" during the coming session.

Friends of Equal Rights are earnestly invited to make early arrangements for being present at this most important gathering.

ELIZABETH CARY STANTON, President.

ISABELLA BEECHER HOOKER, Chairman of Ex. Com.
JOSEPHINE S. GRIFFING, Secretary.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

The mails for Europe during the week ending Saturday, Jan. 13, 1872, will close at this office on Wednesday at 11 A. M.; on Thursday at 11 A. M., and on Saturday at 5 A. M.
P. H. JONES, Postmaster.

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).—Thursday, 8 P. M., at No. 10 Stanton street.

Section 8 (German).—Sunday, 3 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. 15 E. 38th street.

Section 13 (German).—The first and third Tuesday in each month, 8 P. M., at No. 301 East Tenth street.

Section 22 (French).—The second and fourth Friday in each month, 8 P. M., at Constant's, 68 Grand street.

Fifth Senatorial District Section (English, not yet numbered) meets every Friday evening at Myers', 129 Spring street, at 8 o'clock.

NOTICE.—Section 12, I. W. A., will hold its next regular meeting at 15 East Thirty-eighth street, on Sunday evening, Jan. 15, 1872. Strangers, equally with members of all sections, are earnestly invited to attend. Important questions will be discussed at each meeting of this section.

WM. WEST, Corresponding Secretary.

MRS. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK.

Recently we gave our readers some account of this talented lady, whom we are able to count among our most respected friends. She is open to engagements to speak upon any subject of general interest—religious, political or social—anywhere in the States east of the Mississippi River. Terms, \$75 and expenses. We take pleasure in recommending her to our friends, as one of the most profitable as well as entertaining speakers in the field. Her address is box 778 Bridgeport, Conn.

NOTICE TO CLERGYMEN.

We have recently been the recipients of numerous letters from clergymen in different parts of the Union asking our terms to them for the WEEKLY. In view of the greatly increased interest manifested by this class of citizens in the principles we advocate, since the Steinway Hall lecture, we take great pleasure in announcing that we will send the WEEKLY to them complimentary upon an application for it.

THE I. W. A. IN NEW ENGLAND.

FORMATION OF GERMAN AND FRENCH SECTIONS IN BOSTON, MASS.

On Wednesday evening, November 29, 1871, a meeting of Germans was held at Turn Hall, 17 La Grange street, for the purpose of organizing a German-speaking section of the International Workingmen's Association. Mr. Peterson was elected Chairman, and on taking his seat he addressed the meeting concerning the objects of the gathering. The inefficiency of our social organization to answer the wants of a people manufacturing for the world's market caused, in the year 1864, a union of workingmen in London, who saw that the existing circumstances could not be corrected save in union of the workingmen of all countries, and so the International Workingmen's Association was created. In spite of German kings and the French emperor, the light spread, and to-day the Association numbers over three millions of members in Europe, while America has twenty-three sections with one central committee in New York. The speaker then proceeded to consider at considerable length the evils of usury, and drew a glowing picture of the happy future, when labor would pay only one-seventh of one per cent. interest on capital.

At the close of the Chairman's address he introduced Mr. Drury, of Section 12, to state the aims and purposes of the International. He began by remarking that to state in a few words the objects of the association would be difficult, as its scope was great. Its leading idea, however, was the subduing of evils and injustices by the power of moral force, as opposed to physical force. It was above all a great educational establishment where the producers of society met in friendly spirit to converse upon the actual construction of society. It is felt by the great majority of those who live by labor that the present state of society does not furnish to the people the greatest possible amount of comfort and happiness, and it is generally believed that poverty and ignorance may be eliminated from society by a judicious application of all the forces at his command. Civilization, he remarked, is naught but the slow process by which misery, crime and ignorance are annihilated, and in order to accelerate the movement of this power the International has been formed. He then drew attention to the wonderful extent of the organization—the number of sections in all countries, and speaking all languages—and as to members, said the speaker, they are now counted by millions. He combated the idea of its being a secret society, and in proof of the contrary he stated that the meetings of all the sections were public; that printed reports of the proceedings of all the national congresses held by the Association were circulated in all languages at such a low cost as to put them within the reach of all; that in all countries of the world and in about seven different languages as many as twenty-seven newspapers are published by the sections of the Association, in order to make public not only what we say and do, but what we think. How then can we be called secret? It is only calumny which could invent the story. The International will outlive calumny itself. The question of labor was next discussed, in which the speaker went on to show that labor was a condition of life, a condition which nature had imposed upon every individual, and which was inseparable from existence.

This section has been recognized by and is represented in the Federal Council at New York.

A number of residents of French origin, among whom are some lately from Paris, met on Friday evening, Dec. 16, 1871, at No. 38 Cunard street, for the purpose of forming a section of the International Workingmen's Association in this city.

Citizen Fretel, having been elected to preside, called on Citizen Gothrand to read the rules and by-laws of the central body, which were accepted without alteration for the government of this section. The President then addressed the meeting, expressing himself pleased to see so many of his nation had responded to the call, in emulation of the Germans and Americans who had already established sections in Boston.

Mr. Labriere said he thought that there was naught but persecution for those who stood up for the rights of self-government and the elevation of the laborer. Nothing could be done, he said, without the education of the workingmen and especially the rural population of France. If the present government, under Thiers, would only pass the compulsory and free education bill it would be another proof in history of despotism enacting laws to destroy itself.

Mons. Subit remarked that he thought they must go to work educating the people quickly if they expected ever to get at any result, as the trials of the defenders of local self-government at Paris were progressing as fast as possible, 14,373 having already been tried, of whom 12,022 had been convicted and sentenced; so that perhaps none would be out of prison to take advantage of the public schools except the police of the government.

Mr. Drury, of Section 12, read letters from the General Council of London, and from the committees of Paris and Florence, giving statements of the flourishing condition of the International, and the extent of its ramifications in those countries. He then gave a rapid sketch of the objects and purposes of the association, which he claimed to be of great educational efficacy, and one of the greatest engines in the reorganization of society upon a truly scientific basis.

On motion of Citizen Belie a bureau of officers were elected as follows: Henri Jottrand, Corresponding Secretary; Ferdinand Mathey, Recording Secretary; Pierre Subit, Treasurer; B. Hubert, Delegate to Central Committee.

The meeting, which was cordial and harmonious, then adjourned.

And this Section has also been recognized by, and admitted to a seat in, the Federal Council in New York.

SECTION 20 (ENGLISH).—A meeting of this Section was held December 21, 1871. The proposition of the Eight Hour League to establish a free reading and lecture room for the working classes, and the resolution of inquiry into the condition of the working men and women, introduced into Congress by Hon. Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, were subjects of discussion.

Resolutions relating the Constitution and the dissolution of the old C. C. and the formation of the new Federal Council were also debated; but as the last-named body has generally acted in accordance with the resolutions that were adopted, it is not deemed expedient to print all of them, and

we therefore only find room for the fifth or last one, as follows:

That whether this representative body be called C. C. or Federal Council is of no moment, but that a desire to rule despotically is as inexcusable in one as in the other.

Other important resolutions, given below, were also presented, and, after remarks from Mr. Drury, of Section 12, and others, were unanimously adopted:

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES FOR WORKINGMEN AND WOMEN.

Whereas, The daily-increasing agitations of the various social and political questions involved in the labor movement demand that every facility should be afforded to the people to educate and inform themselves in reference thereto; therefore be it

Resolved, 1st. That, inasmuch as the scanty means and long hours of toil of the working people compel vast numbers of them to live in crowded and unhealthy tenements, where they cannot enjoy any of the refining influences of well-ordered homes, Section 20 of the International Workingmen's Association request the proper authorities to use all the means in their power to have the Boston Public Library open on Sundays, in order to afford to the toiling people on their only day of leisure the same opportunity of access to wholesome literature as is now selfishly enjoyed by large numbers of comparatively idle and wealthy members of Christian churches by means of their private libraries, Sunday newspapers and comfortable firesides. 2d. That the attendants of the library on Sunday should be paid double wages for their services on that day and be given a holiday on some other day of the week.

ACTION OF FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS AGAINST THE I. W. A.

Whereas, Various governments on the Continent of Europe, in their strenuous efforts to suppress the International, have brought to bear on the British Government a pressure which has resulted in the issuing of instructions to the British Consuls in foreign countries to inquire into the action of the Internationals in such countries,

Be it resolved, That we the members of the American section (20) greet cordially our brethren across the water, and extend to them our utmost sympathy and support, and urge them to be more united than ever in the cause of freedom and justice, to the end that they may the sooner succeed in supplanting all existing European governments by a United Republic.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[Our correspondence column admits every shade of opinion; all that we require is that the language shall be that current in calm, unfettered social or philosophical discussion. It is often suggested that certain subjects should be excluded from public journals. We think that nothing should be excluded that is of public interest. Not the facts but the style to determine the propriety of the discussion.

We are in no wise to be held answerable for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

N. B.—It is particularly requested that no communication shall exceed one column. The more concise the more acceptable. Communications containing really valuable matter are often excluded on account of length.]

THAT DREAM.

In the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, of December 16, 1871, I perceive that J. K. Bally has raised the alarm, the bridegroom cometh, and his light is not sufficient yet to enter in to the marriage feast. He is greatly agitated over the new departure of the American Association of Spiritualists at Troy. His dream appears to trouble him; he fails to interpret its true meaning or import. Please to permit me to analyze that dream.

His dream is symbolic. It places him in a large mansion with a few people awaiting a ceremonial of either a wedding or funeral, which was not clear to his mind. I perceive it represents both.

It heretofore has been represented from the spirit world that, in establishing the new kingdom, the Jews and Gentiles were to be married or wedded as one people, and is also represented in the Book of Revelations by a command to rejoice and give honor, for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready.

The funeral foreshadows the death of the old kingdom or the downfall of Babylon with her false institutions, which are so honored by the teachers of the people of these days. Next he finds himself standing on the bank of a stream, where he saw timber and saw-logs, loose and in rafts, floating down the stream, symbolically representing the institutions and governmental organizations of the fourth or present kingdom (recorded in the Book of Daniel). Then came a small but neatly constructed raft, occupied by three individuals in masked faces, which moved to the shore. The neat little raft symbolically represents the institutions and government of the new or fifth kingdom, masked or unrecognized by him, he not having ears to hear or eyes to see the new, in soul. He psychometrically felt their presence, but his plane being not of their plane, their magnetic influence affected him the same way as the presence of an ancient medium affected the old Jewish Pharisees. They could only see him as an enemy to their religion, who cast out devils through Beelzebub, the prince of devils. From his plane he cries out, scoundrel, hypocrite, charlatan—he sees danger to his cherished institutions on the external plane, which has been so popular and respectable in the past and present ages.

An old prophecy says all things shall be made new, both in heaven and in earth. So look out for your ancient institutions, for all are doomed, whether you are willing or not. The fiat has gone forth, so make ready for the setting up of the new kingdom. Jesus the Christ said, as with a fan in my hand I will purge my floor and separate the wheat from the chaff. Next he received an invite to go aboard of the neat little raft, and soon found it cast off from its mooring; he found himself floating in the stream; he remonstrates

and rings the bell violently, commanding them to put him ashore. The experience of mediums in the spiritual ranks: many have been obliged to work in the vineyard in spite of their remonstrances, made as energetically as he made his; still they are good and faithful workers in that vineyard. Destiny is a strong master.

He recognizes Victoria C. Woodhull as the commander of that neat little raft; so do I. It is in fulfillment of prophecy spirit, dramas and teachings from the inner life the past fifteen years. Woman is to organize and become one of the main supports, and to be recognized as the equal of man in this new kingdom.

There shall be many called but few chosen, and those chosen few's doom is persecution from the many. Spiritualism is a science; her laws are immutable. Positive and negative forces hold good in all religious, governmental, social and educational institutions, as well as chemical.

When Judaism became positive to Baalism, Baal's priests and prophets drove Elijah from the city to the mountains.

When Christianity became positive to Judaism, Judaism persecuted Christianity and put to death its representative, Jesus of Nazareth.

When Spiritualism became positive to Christianity, Christianity cries out devil, free love and all kind of slander.

Now when Angelism, as represented by the few, becomes positive to Spiritualism, the conservative spiritualist cries out a departure, and only sees disgrace in the higher divine or natural laws being inaugurated from the wisdom plane of the inner life. O ye of little faith and wisdom, open thy eyes and ears to the higher thoughts and lights. For the birdling is now fledging that will soar aloft and perch upon the highest pinnacle of the temples of all other isms.

Westfield, N. Y.

SYLVANUS WARD.

BUFFALO, January 1, 1872.

MESDAMES WOODHULL & CLAFLIN: A Happy New Year to you and yours, and God bless the friends of social, religious and political freedom everywhere. The world is evidently waking up, and with the incoming year progress and reform in all the departments of life are surely going forward. In lifting the veil that has so long shrouded the iniquities and false notions connected with social life, fastened upon society by fastidious ignorance, your WEEKLY is doing a great work for humanity. The advancement of broad-gauge liberal opinions in matters of religion based upon charity and good will to man, recognizing that "the world is our country, to do good our religion" is fast sapping the foundations of Old Fogydom, giving encouraging evidence that "faith without works" has had its day, and that the practical gospel being preached and taught by the Tappans, Hardinges, Beechers, Dentons, Fosters and Frothinghams is more elevating and instructive to the people than the old and oft recitals of the sufferings of Job or the Lamentations of Jeremiah.

"I'll love the true, I will do the right,
Ruled only by Reason's sway;
Let all do so, and the world's dark night
Will melt into rosy day."

The signs in the political horizon are also propitious, and there are strong indications that the burdens of a tax-ridden people are soon to be lighter and less oppressive. Notwithstanding the dishonesty and official faithlessness of many of those holding responsible positions under the present administration, the debt of the nation is being steadily reduced. Without attempting to underrate the capacity of the Boutwells, Tweeds, Connollys, Sweenys, Garveys, Murphys and others of like ilk to accumulate wealth while holding public positions, not enough of the resources of this great country can be smothered and frittered away to prevent the payment of every dollar of its indebtedness. There is, thank God, a growing determination with the people to investigate the affairs of every department of government where suspicion of fraud exists, and to drive from high public positions every man whose official integrity cannot be fully sustained, and thus convince the bad men connected with the national administration, as the Tammany statesmen, it is to be hoped, have been convinced, that the "government was made for the people and not the people for the government." From the smoke, ashes and ruin of Chicago, a special grand jury has indicted two Aldermen and two ex-Aldermen for bribery and corruption in office, thus setting an example for Congress to follow at Washington. There are good reasons to believe that under the present oppressive taxation and the enormous amount of money collected from the industrial earnings of the people, that the debt of the government does not decrease any too fast, and that a thorough examination into the condition of the Treasury Department may result in great good.

SELAH.

THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

II.

Certain schemes of finance that have been recently ventilated in WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY furnish a very apt illustration of the solidarity of all social questions. Looked at by themselves these schemes may seem specious enough. But it is a false method, leading necessarily to shams and dire chicanery, to look at such things by themselves. By themselves they are nothing. Money by itself is nothing: it becomes something only by the existence of products of human labor, which are obtainable in exchange for it. Let that labor cease, or be seriously deranged,

how speedily would be seen the nothingness of money in itself.

Scheme after scheme of financial reform—a reform wanted badly enough, by the by, and likely to remain so—sets out with the proposition, express or implied, that money is an instrument for exchanging the products of labor. Ah! if men would but take the trouble to *think out* their ideas! How many a positive absurdity lies covered up, moreover, during whole generations too, with but the thinnest film of concealment!

Now, the products of human labor are not, cannot be, directly exchangeable with each other. The average men and women, the daughters and sons of our modern civilization, do not, and cannot by any possibility, directly work for each other. We each work for society, and are all provided for by society.

My individualist friend must rave and fume if he will and must; that cannot alter the facts. To know accurately the reality of things is worth, surely, the small sacrifice of a little cool inquiry.

Now no sane man will be willing to dispense with the aid of the steam engine. Or say, to make the point stronger, with the use of iron in any and every form. But no steam engine or iron mine can exist without the expenditure upon it of much human labor. Yet nobody wants a steam engine or an iron mine; nobody can by any possibility want either a steam engine or an iron mine. True, we all want the products of both; but that is quite another matter. It is Society, really, not any individual, that wants steam engines and iron mines.

That which may create some illusion on this point is the fact that to-day the possession of a steam engine or other form of capital enables its possessor to levy upon the rest of society a tax for its use in the price of its produce. But the true explanation of this fact is that the capitalist is *per se* a public functionary. Not now recognized as such, it is true, and by that very fact, moreover, relieved of all the responsibility which ought to rest upon him in the exercise of his function. But in the reality of things that function is, nevertheless, a social, that is, a public one. The attempt to treat it as a merely private business, amenable only to the possessor's own personal good will and pleasure, is sheer usurpation.

HENRY EDGAR.

FREE THOUGHT.

By the agitation of thought new truths are developed, or rather, old truths are brought to the surface and present themselves for the consideration of mankind. Free thought must be the world's redeemer. We long for the time when thought shall be emancipated. In this boasted land of freedom, where liberty is the shrine at which the populace are wont to worship, there is yet a slavery of a most galling character. The immortal mind is fettered. Thought is bound in chains, but, chafing like a chained lion, restless under the galling yoke, struggling to be free. The time is not far in the future when the bonds shall be rent asunder, reason shall no longer know any master, and ideas laden with blessings for humanity shall leap forth from their confinement, and swift the electric flash speed on their errand of mercy.

But, says one, haven't we free speech, free press and free thought in America? There are no laws to bind the conscience, no governmental force to compel the indorsement of opinion, no censor of the press and no restriction on the fullest exercise of free speech.

We answer, it is true there are no outward forms of legalized persecution for opinion; no inquisition, with the accompaniments of rack and thumbscrew, by torture to crush out new-born ideas of progression. Yet there is a power before which the stoutest hearts quail—a power that grapples and gives battle to every new idea that dare assert itself, and meeting in hostile attitude every innovation of time-honored and established usages.

This power, this despotic task-master, is *public opinion*. Dreadful tyrant, deadly foe of progression and reform. Heroic indeed is the soul who dare meet you face to face and accept your challenge for the conflict.

For fear of this power, many a heaven-born thought is smothered within the bosom wherein it was conceived, thus quenching the inspirational fire and shutting out from the world immortal ideas with which the higher intelligences seek, through inspiration, to bless humanity.

This faint-heartedness, this crouching to the *wisdom of the present*, this catering to time-honored customs and usages, has always been the great "stumbling-block" in the way of the world's progress.

But the spell is being broken. This formidable power has ceased to reign supreme. For here and there can be found a brave, heroic soul who has shaken off his relentless grasp, stands forth disenthralled, freed from his shackles, is ready to proclaim to the world his highest conceptions of truth, however startling or revolutionary they may appear.

We long to see a still greater development of this freedom. Let whoever conceives an idea or feels an inspiration of thought which is to them a truth calculated to benefit humanity, give it to the world. Don't bury your talent. Don't conceal your idea.

Don't fear the result of its contact with the world of thought.

If it is pure gold, the refining fire of agitation and criticism will but burnish it into brighter lustre.

But if it prove naught but dross, it will be consumed, as it should be.

Then speak out, you who have anything to say. Let the world have your idea. Throw wide the doors of your soul. Let thought go indeed free.

For by the agitation of thought truth will be developed.

J. R. BACKUS.

Terre Haute, Ind., Dec. 28, 1871.

SCRIPTURALISMS.

THE ENTHUSIASM OF AN IDEA.

"I am sweeping through the eternal gates,
Sweetly washed by the blood of the Lamb,"

is said to have been the closing language of a prominent leader of one of our most popular religious sects, on his death-bed. An earnest, untiring minister of his peculiar faith for a long series of years, as was his father also before him.

How a dispassionate, fair-reasoning mind can intelligently give birth to such a sentiment in the solemn moments of physical dissolution, we are at something of a loss to understand. And yet to impart lustre, if possible, and to continue the life strength of the idea, the words are taken up and reiterated in eulogy by his coadjutors over the corpse of their author.

And: "Sweeping through the eternal gates, sweetly washed by the blood of the lamb," is made to ring out in chime the corner-stone melody of the Christian religion. Salvation by faith in the supposed atoning blood of Jesus Christ.

The language of the enthusiast may be excused as the sudden flight of poetic metaphor. But the simple prose of it is, individual indolence, a continuance of the old Mosaic idea of the "scape-goat," and the indisposition of man to bear the self-incurred consequences of his errors and sins—the inclination to place them on another. It was so even with Adam in the garden—of course "Mosaic" also: "The woman thou gavest me, gave, and I did eat."

Is not the effort to impose the regretted results of our own indiscretion thus upon another very ignoble to our common humanity? How unmanly—nay, it seems to have long been man's course—we mean, how dishonorable and lazy, to shift off on others the consequences of crimes which are our own. How more exalting to manhood and genuine dignity, to "gird up our loins," stand up for ourselves in this matter, and bear our deserts better like men, as at any rate, sooner or later, we must.

It is the practice of the abstemious life of Jesus, and not any supposed virtue in the blood of his outrageous death, which saves from pain, mistakes and crime.

"No, no; were I fifty times a prince I would not be a pensioner on the dead. Not to the past but to the future looks true nobility."

Individual character and preferment rest only on purity of purpose. What folly then for men, in an economy where simple justice is the prevailing natural law, so tenaciously to adhere to the fossilized authority of the past or rest for future acceptance on the merits of another. How ignoble to lay our sins on the dead of two thousand years ago—weak and cowardly thus to pension on the dead! Personal responsibility and merit alone should ever be the ascent to place and power; and we know the moral law is as immutable as the natural, in the which we "must reap as we sow."

But the enthusiasm of an Idea, given birth to amid a handful of illiterate Galileans, shaped gradually into a political system by a few fanatical fishermen and missionaries, how it has swept the globe and set by the ears the nations of the earth! Its mission is said to be peace.

But how strange that soon as it gains entrance into a new nation, society is ablaze with murder, bloodshed and war. And yet, perhaps, 'tis not so strange after all, since the basic incident of the system is a deed of blood, the murderous cross its glory.

Then is not the continued inculcation of such a system of morals as the prolific source of immense mischief, fruitful indeed of positive evil to the race?

A better system would be that based upon the prevailing principle of justice, equal compensation, and, of course, individual responsibility. The evil doer should be told not to depend on his faith in Jesus' blood, that if he sin, he has an advocate with God. But rather, in the language of the ancient prophet, "It shall be ill with him for he shall receive the penalty of his own doings;" that vice always carries its own punishment along, virtue its reward.

The system of religious teaching opposite to this is a false system and, to their great cost, thousands have followed it far too long. Quite time indeed is it that a priest-ridden race arouse itself, cast away the fetters of a mistaken faith and stand up in all its emancipated manhood.

The beautiful, noble life of Jesus we admire, and we regret his early demise. His humane mission is, even yet, by too many of his followers, misunderstood. REICHNER.

SOCIAL FREEDOM.

DEAR SISTERS VICTORIA AND TENNIE: I have been a reader of your paper but a short time, but I wish to express to you the pleasure I derive from its perusal, and also, though not a public writer, to send a few thoughts, hoping

thereby to give some assurance to social outcasts that a better day is dawning for them.

I am very much interested in all the subjects so ably discussed in your paper, and believe the time is near when mankind will know how to be honest, and justice be rendered to the producers of wealth; but I am more particularly interested in the social problem, or what are to be the laws governing the affections.

Women are soon to have granted them the rights of all other citizens, and those having the love of humanity in their hearts will interest themselves in those subjects which must be agitated before they can be raised out of their present restless and discordant condition. And it must be evident to a thinking, observing mind, that the institution of marriage, as it now exists, is defective, aside from the fact that it does not place woman upon an equality with man. Its standard of morality, virtue and purity is false, and must give way, sooner or later, to one more in accordance with the laws of God, written in the hearts of His children, who, partaking of their Father's nature, must be inherently good.

But there seems to be a great distrust of the workings of God's laws found within human beings in the realm of the affections; they, unlike the lower orders of creation, are not believed to be capable, and never can be, of governing themselves in freedom, but are prone to evil as the sparks are to fly upward.

Are not the gases which compose the invisible air we breathe, free, and do they unite in wrong proportions, thus becoming a destroyer instead of a supporter of life? And are not those larger atoms we call worlds, floating in infinite space, free, and do they cease to move in their respective individual orbits, regulated as they are by the laws of attraction and repulsion within themselves, and return to their original condition of chaos and disorder? Are human souls, sparks of the Divine Mind, of less value than they, and are there no laws of attraction and repulsion within them, the obeying of which freely would ultimately lead to equal harmony, be it in loving one or one thousand at one time.

"Worlds on worlds! Amazing pomp! Redouble this amazement! Ten thousand add, add twice ten thousand more! One soul outweighs them all, and calls the unimaginable expanse of unintelligible creation poor."

And what of woman, the crowning work of Creation, who murders her unborn offspring? Is Deity to be insulted by the belief that He left out of her nature the germ even of those motherly attributes so abundantly bestowed upon beasts; and must maternity be forever forced upon her by powers outside of her own being? Away with the idea! Remove her fetters, give her freedom to develop her womanhood, and by and by she will show herself worthy her high destiny—worthy to be the willing and happy mother of a superior race. May all good beings assist in your work to hasten the day.

L. A. H.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

From the time when Abraham could command the herdsmen who tended his flock up to the present period there has always existed the capitalist and the laborer.

And as long as the human race is so constituted that some of its members will endure present hardship for the consideration of future gain, while others, fascinated by the pleasures of the moment, will for its gratification pledge their future, this pecuniary disparity of the individual condition must always continue.

But the question that now agitates the public mind does not belong to the diverse capabilities inherent to human nature, but one that comes under the scope of man's control.

It is, whether that portion of the human race who, having possession of accumulated wealth, are through its influence able to control our various legislative bodies, so that they can obtain special privileges for their individual aggrandizement, regardless of the effect thereof upon their fellow-citizens.

The great mass of the laboring community believe that a certain class, not one-fifth in number of the total population, through the influence of money, are using these various legislative bodies for their exclusive benefit; that, at the behest of mammon, millions of acres are granted to such favorites; that monopolies of production and monopolies of manufacture are also bestowed upon them; that special offices are created, whose perquisites fill their coffers; that even the taxes are so apportioned that new fetters are added to labor in order that capital, unshackled, may march onward to new victories.

These special privileges have swollen enormously the hoards of the capitalist, they have created a far wider disparity between the classes of to-day than existed a decade ago; fortunes now are marked not by the thousands but by the millions; yet these treasures have been concentrated into the hands of a few only at the expense of the many. They mean less comforts for the wife and children of the poor, a diminished supply of all that renders living a joy, and all this just that the surplus of a few may be inflated beyond measure.

Labor, heretofore isolated, has been unequal to cope with capital, always concentrated, and has been compelled, from a thectual necessity of daily bread, to accept the pittance grudgingly doled out. So the poor have become poorer, while the rich have become richer.

These seminal influences have shed a new light upon labor;

they have discovered the strength of unity, and now a mighty association which shall ultimately embrace four-fifths of the human race, is rapidly springing up, the birth-throes of which have spread consternation among the existing political factions.

The President, at the bidding of Congress, hastens to appoint a curative committee, in order that the new party may be strangled; but the vitality is far too great for such an issue. It is only a question of weeks before this great stripping shall, in the strength of its Samson-like youth, demand, not favor, but justice, equal and exact, for each and every member of the human family.

C. BRINTON, JR.

Chaddeford, Pa.

HARTFORD, Dec. 20.

Some inquisitive Yankee has endeavored to pry out my opinion upon marriage. Mock modesty deems this a delicate subject, and I shall expect that any effort to solve the mystery will be considered as just cause for war by people who hold strict notions of propriety, and who marshal in battle array whenever an honest opinion is presented. Custom has made an invasion upon woman's right. She is not allowed to exercise the right of courtship. She cannot go out in the world and select a companion for herself. She is a letter in the post-office, to remain a lifetime if not called for. She is often taken by a mistaken party, or directed to the wrong person. She seems to be the property of both parent and male, who drive bargain and sale, and if there is no sale, her hope of marriage must be in proportion to her belief in reincarnation. She everywhere labors under a disadvantage, and she nowhere has equality. Equality is a badly-abused word. I have a right to murder it. Everybody else has, and I attack it for false pretences. It has some times conveyed the impression of fair play; but it has changed and become so twisted that it implies liberty for man and a loss of character for woman. To elevate woman is to advance man. The relations they sustain to each other are so intimate that whatever enslaves the one debases the other, and whatever elevates the one advances the other.

IRA H. CUSTIS.

*A PHILADELPHIA TRACT.

Philadelphia is a large city, but I do not wonder at our neighbors styling it a village, from some of its proceedings. For instance, our Academy of Music is under the control of a direction who, while they do not object to such displays as the "Black Crook," Opera Bouffe, and all the fashionable indecencies of balls, have a great objection to some lectures, and a large body of our citizens, I for one, think it time that the doors of the Philadelphia Academy of Music should be open to all classes of citizens. If it be for the use of the public, let the public use it. After the expenses of the building are paid, neither the color of a person, his religion, nor the subject of discussion should be under the control of an ignorant, prejudiced committee. Let the lecturers and the people, who care for justice and right, object to using the Academy under the present narrow system. Where neither the head nor the heart can be reached, the pocket generally can. Let's try it.

A PHILADELPHIAN.

MOUNT LEBANON, January 1, 1872.

Mesdames Woodhull & Claflin:

RESPECTED FRIENDS: Having carefully read the correspondence, so kindly sent, between yourself and the Victoria League, my "criticism" must be mostly of a friendly character.

Regarding, as I most assuredly do, the whole movement of the Woman's Rights advocates, as an outgrowth of the inner world, I bid you God-speed and wish you a happy New Year, culminating in the final success of placing the capstone—perfect equality of the sexes—upon the governmental arch whose foundation was "all men are created free and equal." Let 1872 respond to 1776, that "all men and women are created free and equal." Tyranny, being the result of the false axiom that "might makes right," inheres in all existing civil and religious governments; from thence proceeded poverty and chattel slavery—man lordling it over his fellow-man. In slavery, woman was also involved; but to her it was a double slavery, for the slave-man was not superior to the slave-holding-man in his domestic relation to and with woman. The slave had no more progressed to understand and believe that "all men were created free and equal," than had his masters and mistresses; and they were no more abolitionists in principle, previous to the late war, than are the bulk of the female population of the United States to-day woman suffragists.

Like Mitchel, the Irish patriot, the lately emancipated slaves, who have not been religiously converted from popular Christianity and its dogmatic theology, would covet "a plantation well stocked with" men and women—their former owners, perchance—as they would understand it to be quite wrong that those men and women—that "stock"—should be "fat negroes." How much beyond that logical status have American women progressed? Do not their theological consciences cause them to bow their necks under the legal yoke, and to prostitute, in the marital relation, their bodies (which ought to be temples of holy Christ Spirits), to the imperious lusts of their lordly-heathen-Christian masters.

A masculine trinity, bearing an "only-begotten son"—a male Christ—with man governments as vicegerents, and

endowed with infallibility, could alone create a "holy inquisition" to torture humanity into "one holy Catholic faith," that three and one are only one; to believe in one lord, a Catholic or Protestant Pope; to receive one baptism, and that "a baptism of blood," either by internal churchal persecution or external Christian wars, as between the Protestant Prussians and Catholic French, who have butchered each other and praised God immensely in the most orthodox style.

"What lot or part" have women in such a conglomerate and unnatural organization, aptly by the Holy Spirit designated as "a beast" and "the image of a beast" chronologically succeeding, and theologically contending with each other, each exercising the same arbitrary authority over the consciences and bodies of men, while utterly ignoring woman, except as a servant of their own carnal will.

Even the angels of these "old heavens," like its trinity, are all masculine. They are "he" and "him," "the man" Gabriel touched me about the time of the evening oblation." The woman can go to a Catholic or Protestant heaven without undergoing a change of sex and becoming a man, as there are no female "angels" after they are out of the body. "I am of thy fellow servants the prophets"—men—into which all the prophetesses have been transmuted. You may properly refer to "the Friends" as of all other people most peaceful in the art of government, securing to the members of their organizations the largest amount of good, the nearest equally distributed, accompanied by the least amount of evil, in its three most prominent forms—the social evil, poverty and war. Judging trees by their fruit, it is safe to conclude that where power and authority in government and the rights of person and property in social life are exercised and exist, without reference to sex, there will be found the least amount of general misery and the most general happiness to be found in human society.

The effect of woman's rights, as recognized for near a century, and of the almost perfect equality of the sexes, which obtains in the order of Shakers, will be referred to in an article soon to appear in these columns.

Respectfully,

F. W. EVANS.

THE COTAGE WINE HOUSE.

Madame Ketcham is at last suppressed. Her mission is accomplished and she removes to another field of action. She has fought manfully and well, but her friends deserted her and she has at last surrendered to the inevitable. Her "Cottage Wine House" has been purchased by those interested in her removal, and after a suitable purification with brimstone and chloride of lime, will be offered as shelter to a new set of inhabitants. For the next month the premises will be liberally provided with spring-gun traps and torpedoes for the benefit of unwelcome visitors, and suitable posters will be erected upon the inclosures to notify the accustomed guests of the change which has transpired. It has been thought best not to publish the list of those who have furnished support to this notorious place through their patronage, unless the interests of society demand that the example should be made; a question which depends upon the fidelity with which "Madame" shall adhere to her promises to rid the city of her presence.—*Cleveland Leader*, Dec. 20, 1871.

What will the advocates of indissoluble marriage do now? It will be "Rachel mourning for her children and refusing to be comforted," for it is a notorious fact that the chief patrons and supporters of houses of the character above described are married men. It is also a fact which experience demonstrates to be absolutely true, that the marriage institution, like African slavery, is a "league with death and a covenant with hell." The presence of loose women appears to contaminate, as chloride of lime is necessary to purify and spring guns and torpedoes to prevent this superfine, kid-gloved Miss Nancy aristocracy from visiting the former residence of this "strange woman whose feet take hold on hell." The only remedy for all this must be free marriage, free divorce, in short, absolute freedom. Let God-like love be enthroned where now rules the Mosaic law of force, and the marriage institution, instead of being as now a "Whited Sepulchre, full of all manner of uncleanness," will be as the fabled fountain of eternal youth, producing perpetual happiness and realizing fully the Christ-like idea of that peace which this world can neither give nor take away.

Yours truly,

"MORE ANON."

Cleveland, Ohio, Dec. 20, 1871.

YOUNGSTOWN, Ohio, Jan. 3, 1872.

To the Rev. W. T. Clarke, Editor of the Revolution:

In your paper of the 30th December, you notice my inquiry of the editors of WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY, in regard to the subject of my marriage, in a way which reflects little credit either on your courtesy or your ability. The vice of the clergyman still sticks to you, and if you have no pulpit to convert into a "coward's castle," you seem inclined to make one out of your editorial chair.

Any other editor but you or Horace Greeley, in discussing the merits of this article, would have mentioned the paper in which it was published, so that your readers might hunt it up and see whether you were fair in your criticisms. Had you the sense of justice and the love of truth and confidence in them that give distinction to Theodore Tilton as an editor, you would have given my letter place in the *Revolution* before you began your comments. What a bugaboo you see in Victoria Woodhull, when you are afraid to mention her name or that of her paper. Do you think, Mr. Clarke,

that you can eclipse the sun by holding up the *Revolution* between it and the earth? For shame! My dear sir, you lack the manly attribute of courage that so wins the admiration of my sex.

My article in the WEEKLY was headed, "Taking the Law at its Worst," and was an attempt to show, and, I think, successfully, that the laws of the land, declaring marriage to be a civil contract and nothing else, did allow, in the very nature of the case, a limited tenure of the bond. As so many people have made mistakes in marriage contracts, the intensity of my desire for monogamic union led me to be wary in what I did. The legal marriage, from the number of divorces taking place all the time, seemed to be anything else than permanent or monogamic; and as I have but one life to live in this world, I did not wish to make shipwreck of my happiness in a marriage that might need to be annulled. Yet the whole drift and design of my inquiry are entirely concealed from your readers, and I am held up in the character of a sensualist. Well do my mother and sisters congratulate me that I did not publish my family name, or my reputation would have been impaired by the courteous clergyman who presides over the *Revolution*. I believe you are honest, Mr. Clarke; and this is what nearly drives me to distraction—the difference of opinion between equally honest, intelligent and virtuous people as to the effect, respectively, of the two theories of the marriage institution. After the most sincere reflections, prompted by the vast interest I have at stake, I believe that the holiness and permanence of monogamic marriage would be promoted by the abolition of all marital laws and by the absolute freedom of the love instinct. It seems to me that if you would trust human nature with perfect liberty and throw her upon her own responsibility, the love instinct would behave as well as the maternal instinct, or any of the rest that form the human character.

You ask, "How does Mary Ann know that she will not detest her idolized John, and find his presence unendurable in less than a year?" Well, in that case, if marriage is a civil contract and nothing else, I would stick to my bargain faithfully till the clock struck the expiration of the year, and then I would cease to be related to him any longer. What would you advise me to do? He is a noble man now, but if by vice he is transformed into a devil and he becomes "unendurable," ought I not to leave him even if we should be married in the usual way "till death do us part?" Is the legal marriage any better than a temporary marriage? Nay, is it not vastly worse, for when the time of the contract ceases I can be relieved without further trouble, but in the old way I must stay on indefinitely until I can procure a divorce.

You ask again, "May not John, within three months, meet a more attractive companion, and finding the marriage contract galling, wish me dead?" To make the case stronger, suppose he brings her into the same house with me, ought I to remain? You say "No; be divorced at once." Yea, verily, but what becomes of your objections to my kind of marriage? You inveigh against the idea of marriage continuing for "a stated period or at pleasure." But in cases of divorce is it not this after all? When the parties cease to love is not their cohabitation legalized adultery, and are not their children bastards, begotten of mere blind and brutal lust?

You say again that my "question indicates a preponderance of desire over affection," and Mrs. Woodhull's answer "gratifies passion at the expense of conscience and the public order. The one (I) wants to marry just for the pleasure of the thing, and the other (Mrs. Woodhull) grants marriage while the pleasure lasts." And then you preach a short sermon on passions, &c. I am afraid, Mr. Clarke, that in these indelicate words you are measuring my corn in your bushel. It is not passion that warms my heart to John Sex is no doubt the basis, for I could not love a woman so. But I am conscious of a pure, unselfish, devoted love, which I would fain make exclusive and eternal. But other women have experienced the same feelings toward men from whom they have afterward been divorced. Is it a wonder that I should tremble and suspect the future?

In commenting on your article in detail, I lose my temper when I come to that part where you charge "the new doctrinaires," meaning such as take the views I do, with "making marriage the mere gratification of the passions, tastes, caprices and whims or the parties!" How could you, Mr. Clarke, utter so vile a slander? The marriage of Shelley and Mary Woolstonecraft was the type of the kind of marriages I wish to see common in this world. Yet, you know it was solemnized by no priest or magistrate. Was there ever a truer, or a holier, or a more permanent marriage? One would suppose that the wretchedness which accompanies perpetual, legal marriage as a civil contract, proved by the frequency of divorces and the infelicity of so many that are not divorced, would make you cautious in condemning marriage as an institution of nature and of God. But you blow hot and cold from the same lips.

After condemning the new ideas, which, by the way, are as old as the race itself, for they are natural, you give your system of marriage, saying that "it starts from love, which is eternal in its essence and its source, and demands eternity for its fruitions." Yet you wind up this magniloquent description by saying, "let the mismatched be released on the easiest terms consistent with the public good." What! an eternal marriage between parties mismatched! an eternal marriage with a divorce in it? Then, if a man is twice or thrice married according to your "system," and each marriage de-

mands eternity for its fruitions, there will be polygamy in the next world!

Mr. Clarke, I had just been reading to mother your admirable article in the "Free Parliament" of the *Golden Age*, on "Christianity and its Evidences," when my sister Jane came in with the *Revolution*, containing your editorial on "Marrying on Time." Of course we read it with deep interest. But what a contrast between the two productions of the same mind! The one, clear as crystal, and forcible as truth itself, evincing no fear of the opposing religious sentiment. The other, obscure, contradictory, platitudinarily, like the tail end of one of your old sermons, and small. I showed the latter to John, and although it favored his suit, the candid fellow, after reading it over twice, gave you a dubious compliment by saying that it was "inferentially deep and muddy."

Mr. Clarke, you have taken a "scurrier" (you see I am of Scotch descent) at Victoria Woodhull and her school of reformers, and I fear you will never get over it. But you must do so; for you have put yourself on the track, and if you don't get off soon the car of progress will be along and run over you. The misery of inharmonious legal marriage to the parties themselves, and the dreadful effects in producing bad children, are arresting the attention of the wise and good of this age; and the heroic treatment of the evil which Mrs. Woodhull advises is gaining the approbation of all sound thinkers of both sexes.

MARY ANN.

WHICH WAY?

AUBURN, Jan. 2, 1872.

MY FRIENDS: To-day I have walked the streets of this city in actual pain of soul, to see if I could find one individual that I could feel had a heart. I go to a church member to talk, he wants to know whether I trust the Saviour. I go to the minister, and he requires me to be orthodox; to believe in the accepted doctrines of the church. This, with the observance of my duties as a Christian—praying, Bible-reading, attending church, and paying tithes—passes me with the minister. But alas, where is the heart? Nobody seems to care! I believe in notions, I am punctual to duties, and religionists approve me, and perhaps compliment me. On the other hand I feel my inmost being breaking with earnest love for the race, and would inform man just how to be happy as his largest wants can require. And I live in the sweetest fill of unutterable joy, yet I refuse to accept of a single religious burthen, for the reason that I fear its deadening effects. And these heresy hunters would, perhaps, feel a desire to hang me up to the next lamp-post as a dangerous man! It was this class of popular religionists who said of Him of Nazareth, "He is mad, and hath a devil," and who finally hanged him up between two thieves, head downward, as the greatest villain of the three. Do we not all know that a belief in dogmas can never make a heaven, for a heaven is made up entirely of fine feelings, without one *quasi* importance in it. I will take the church to-day, and the best one on this earth—tenacious of a God, sticklish for being first at the tomb of a dead Saviour, and precise in religious duties, and will ask some loving heart to accept such society as the staple and complement of a heaven for it. Could any gentle, loving soul take such a condition of things for a heaven? Unqualifiedly no! For no warm-hearted young convert ever got among them without at once losing all of his sweet earnest life in an almost unconscious barter for heartless services. Will this be called a serious charge? Perhaps it is. We will see. I will not select my own proofs. I will take any church that may offer itself for the test, and will seek its best member and let him tell his own story and choose his own judges. If he is ready I will put the question, "Does he live in the holy honeyed sweets that so filled him at what was termed his conversion, and made him so much aglow with living beauty that he carried, not the church, but the race in his heart?" Do not tell me that he is more sound in Scripture doctrine, while he has lost all that made him consciously happy and valuable as a social being—I mean his soul of love. Do not tell me that he is honest in business, and that he directly harms nobody. Where is his live warm soul that made him a treasure to every one who knew him? Give me this soul of artless loving simplicity and I will point the world to both a safe and suitable member of the holiest circle of associates ever dreamed of in any heaven. While the individual, sticklish for duties and dogmas, and jealous for the respect to be shown abstract divinities, would be shut out, and not by any other measure than the actual undesirableness of his company. For where artificial and arbitrary rules have ceased to interfere with right, fitness will exactly fill the measure of all social equanimity.

In our religious theories there is nothing practical—nothing for man except that which taxes him, calls him a poor devil, and that consents barely to save him in some future mode of existence, upon the terms of a total self-abnegation. Here, then, the man is wiped out, ostracized, made nobody. What is there in all this that is practical, desirable or in the least encouraging to an honest, earnest, human soul? No man can be easy, self-possessed, unaffected and unstrained under its influence, unless self-trained to an utter indifference to any of its requisitions? Will this plea for a live human soul be called an attack on religion? If they are incompatible, which should give way? This planet exists for live souls, not for stupid theories.

E. W.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE ON THE SUBJECT OF LAND, LABOR AND FINANCE.

This body, referred to in the last issue of the WEEKLY, commenced its sessions in this city on Tuesday, the 9th inst. It was called under the auspices of the National Land Reform Association, at the instance of Mr. E. D. Linton, for the discussion of the above-mentioned subjects. Mr. Wm. Rowe, of Jersey City, N. J., presided, and J. H. Ingalls, of New York, and Mrs. Ingalls were Secretaries. The attendance was small, but very select, invitations having been sent to the most distinguished representative exponents of the most advanced views of the Land and Labor Reformers to take part in the deliberations of the meeting. Among those present were Gen. Hugh Cameron, formerly of Kansas, but more recently of Washington, D. C., where he publishes the *Homestead Champion*; Mrs. Willard, of Chicago, Ill.; Victoria C. Woodhull, John B. Wolff, of Colorado, and Mr. McKenzie, of Boston, Mass.; and letters were read from E. D. Linton, D. B. Peters and Gerrit Smith, of which we have room to print only those of the first and last named gentlemen. Up to this writing the meeting has reached no conclusions, except that, after an animated discussion lasting an entire day, it unanimously adopted a resolution to approve an amendment to the United States Constitution limiting the power of Congress to dispose of the public lands.

LETTER FROM MR. LINTON.

CHARLESTOWN, Jan. 6, 1872.

DEAR FRIEND ROWE: I suppose you have heard through our friend Ingalls that I am sick and cannot attend the Conference which I have for years been so anxious to have called. To be sick is bad enough; but this is the greatest disappointment of my life. Neither can I prepare any paper, as I should like to do, to have it read at the Conference, but shall have to rely upon what I have had printed (in the pamphlet) to represent my views to the members of the Conference. It contains my most matured thoughts on the subject, and I think if it is studied carefully (which in my absence I hope it may be) it will be found worthy of attention. I shall forward what copies I have in hand by a friend from here, and I am told that it is to be republished this week in WOODHULL & CLAFLIN'S WEEKLY.

I hope above all things the Conference will not fail to adopt the three following propositions, or their equivalent, in the most emphatic terms, viz.:

1st. That there is no power on earth which has a right to give titles to land, except the right of useful occupation or culture.

2d. The lands, mines and quarries of all kinds and descriptions, water-works, gas-works, postal business, telegraphing, and all public works, should be supervised at cost by the national, State or municipal governments (as may be safest and best), for the equal benefit of all the people.

3d. That in order to remedy the evils of the past in regard to land tenures and the terrible evils consequent thereon, and to avoid a bloody revolution which is surely impending, all lands held under past and present land tenures be *taxed* by the acre high enough to compel a relinquishment of such tenures and the adoption of the only true and safe land tenure, viz.: "Useful occupation and culture."

I think no other restriction or limitation need be put upon the land, and that no other will ever answer the purpose.

In regard to money or a circulating medium of exchange, I would have the conference declare that an entire revolution in the character of money is indispensable to the reform we have in view, viz., an equitable exchange of labor. The present false money is based on the false and ruinous assumption that all the money in circulation is equivalent to all the wealth in the world, and therefore always needs "regulating" and "tinkering," which is like pursuing an *Ignis Fatuus*. A true money circulating medium will never need regulating; it will regulate itself. It must represent a definite amount and kind of labor, and a definite kind and quantity and quality of the products of labor, which is the same thing.

I know of no better or more practical and common-sense way to bring it about than for the Government (or some other properly organized body) to supervise all the natural wealth and highways and works for the equal benefit of the people and base the circulating medium upon it. This would make the monopoly of money impossible, and render all "regulating" and "tinkering" of the currency unnecessary, and insure the equitable exchange of labor, and that is the only legitimate function of money.

I hope and trust the Conference will be permanently organized, and meet annually in different States under the name (I should prefer) of "Annual Conference on Land, Labor and Finance"—for I have hoped and expected that the deliberations and action of such a body would give tone and character in a great measure to all other movements in these directions, and to national and to State legislation. Hoping that the Conference may be wise and calm and firm in its action, and inexpressibly regretting my inability to be present, I am, very truly yours,

E. D. LINTON.

LETTER FROM GERRIT SMITH.

PETERBORO, January 3, 1872.

J. K. Ingalls, Esq.:

MY DEAR SIR: I am happy to see your name to the circular which invites me to the "conference of the reformers," 9th inst. I well remember your good speeches and good songs twenty-five or thirty years ago in behalf of land reform; especially do I remember among these songs that admirable one of our friend Duganne, in which are the lines—
"While millions of hands their acres want."

And millions of acres want hands. I am too old (nearly 75) to attend your conference, and were I to attend it I should probably find but little agreement with most of my views. I do not sympathize, in its whole extent, with the movement of the workingmen of our country and of Christendom. I fear it will result in perverting government to perniciously if not indeed ruinously illegitimate uses.

In my judgment, the true and only province of government is to protect impartially the persons and property of its subjects. A much wider province than this is called for by Mr. Hoar's recent resolution in Congress. A much wider province than this is assigned to it by my noble and marvelously eloquent friend Wendell Phillips. Government has nothing to do with work or wages, save in the case of its own employes or laborers. It is no part of its

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business to regulate the prices or hours of labor save that it shall decide how many hours of toil shall constitute a legal day's labor, and that this decision shall obtain in every instance where the parties have failed to express themselves at this point. Let me add, in this connection, that the hours of a legal day's labor can scarcely be made to fit to suit my own sense of right. I believe with Dr. Franklin, that none should labor more than four hours a day, and that all should labor so much. But far distant is the time when the human family shall be educated up to this large measure of reasonableness. It is not true, however, that governments declaring the hours of a legal day's labor will have no effect upon the price of labor, though its doing so will not nullify, nor to any extent modify, a contract made to the contrary; it will, at least, be respected as a high, influential and largely authoritative judgment; and to that judgment the public mind will gradually adjust itself. Let government decide in favor of eight hours; and the decision will itself be a wide step toward speedy and universal acquiescence in it, and toward the paying of as much for eight as is now paid for ten hours of toil. Nor is it for a government to meddle with schools. The people are as competent to plan and support their schools as their churches; and long ago was government compelled to withdraw from the churches.

The recent military successes of Prussia have made the example of her government schools quite authoritative, but we should not forget that these schools are a part of her despotic system. That their scholars are not to assail it, and that their teachings are such as to uphold and not overthrow it. We want our scholars to be independent of government and not hangers on upon government as are multitudes of workmen in France. We want neither our scholars nor our workmen to be in the leading strings of government. I admit that government is shamefully unfaithful to its trust. Instead of discharging its duty to protect persons and property, it perils both, in the highest degree, by licensing and suffering the dram-shop, that great manufactory of paupers, incendiaries, madmen and murderers. Again, instead of according to every man his right to a share of the soil, a right as natural and perfect as that to his share of the light and air, it not only suffers but does itself practice land robbery. Of land for cultivation, no man should be allowed to own more than a certain law-prescribed quantity—which is to be small where the population is dense and large where it is sparse. Government should not have given to railroad corporations these vast tracts of land; no, not even under the plausible plea that, in this wise, it provided for the accessibility of its remaining and larger tract. Government does not own these lands—they belong to the landless. Then, too, government is guilty of injustice and oppression in the matter of taxation. A man's taxes should be imposed upon his ability to pay them rather than upon his property. If his income is but sufficient to support and educate his family he is in no comparative degree as able to pay taxes as he would be did his income considerably exceed his necessary expenses. He who can scrape together but five hundred or a thousand dollars a year should pay no taxes to the government; and he whose income is not more than two or three thousand dollars should pay a much less rate of taxes than the millionaire. The rich man should pay a fair price for the government protection of his property. The costly ship which Commodore Vanderbilt so handsomely gave to the government was, perhaps, little more than a fair compensation for his share of the cost of raising and supporting armies to protect estates (his own a very large one) from falling into the hands of the enemy. The poor soldiers had but little property of their own to protect. It is true that they had a country to fight for, but so far as property was concerned they fought not for themselves but for others.

Another of the wrongs of government—another, indeed, of its greatest crimes—is the shutting out woman from the ballot-box, and of all its meanest crimes this is the meanest, this, the perpetration of which rests not even upon the slightest appeal to reason or justice, but solely upon physical force—participation in the choice of our rulers—of the custodians of our persons and possessions—is necessarily as natural and perfect a right as that to our persons and possessions. Surely there is no meaner spectacle on earth than the cleaving down of this right by the stronger arm of man. His being capable of this mean and cruel crime against woman does of itself abundantly prove the fallacy of the proposition that man can do the voting for woman. Manifestly, if he will not suffer her to do her own voting he is unworthy to do it for her.

The apprehension that, in the event of governments ceasing to meddle with the subject of education the children, of the poor will go uneducated, is groundless. Impose land-limitation, exempt small properties from taxation, and compel government to protect both rich and poor from the impoverishing and death-dealing dram-shops, and there will be but few poor. If, however, there shall be even many instead of few, philanthropy will see to it that their children be educated. Moreover, in this land wealth is too enlightened, and too studious of its own safety to suffer the children around it to grow up in thievish ignorance and murderous barbarism. I rejoice in the multiplying signs that government will, ere long, be compelled to withdraw its hand from the school. If no other denominations of Christians shall refuse to have Government educate its children the Catholics surely will, for the Catholics insist on an ecclesiastical complexion for their schools as well as for their churches. Would that the American people might hasten, ere it be too late, to rid themselves of their false impressions of the office of government. Would that they might rise up into independence of the favors of government, and no longer be servile followers of government and of its favors. Government has nothing to bestow upon Catholics or Protestants; upon the sufferers of this or that calamity. Government is not appointed nor qualified to guide the people. Its sole office is to protect them while they guide themselves. Government is simply a brute force—to be applied, it is true, intelligently and conscientiously—but nevertheless it is to be nothing more than a mere brute force; it is to be applied only externally and is never to be allowed to thrust itself into the sanctuary of the people's internal affairs, as it does if it meddle with the bargain between buyer and seller, lender and borrower, employer and employed.

God grant that the workmen the world over may view it in this light, and may scorn to ask anything at its hands but the protection of their person and property.

Respectfully your friend, GERRIT SMITH.

MR. PENDLETON says two great dangers imperil free institutions under the policy of the party in power—bayonet rule and corruption in office. How thankful we ought to be that Mr. Tweed and his friends were Democrats.

CROWNER'S QUEST LAW.

James Fisk, Jr., walking up stairs in a hall-way so narrow that his portly person almost filled the width from wall to wall, was fired at by a man who had been waiting and watching for him at the head of the stairs, and who, when he fired, was but a few feet from the victim. The man who did the deed was Edward S. Stokes. The motive—well, no matter!

A jury of the first men in the city inquire into the matter. This is necessary and proper in all cases of sudden death or death from unknown causes. This jury declare, with much legal form and phrase, that said dead man came to his death from a bullet fired from a pistol in the hands of said Stokes. The jury do not tell us, perhaps they do not know, of any motive and intent which Stokes had in the firing. Perhaps he did not fire. Perhaps the pistol went off at misadventure. The jury were not there: they saw nothing, they know nothing. Their duty is done in the telling of the bare fact. Far be it from them to impute evil to any man.

Now is not this the very mockery of justice? That twelve men of high standing and presumed intelligence should so shirk duty disgusts us with the cowardice and want of backbone in wealth and respectability. It took three hours' brown study to find out that so was so. Bunsby would have settled it in shorter order. We deprecate city and national misgovernment, we howl furiously at rings and corrupt proctors with their infamous body-guards of roughs, but we do not ourselves care to put our own hand to the work. Had a jury of Sixth Ward rowdies sat in such a case, they could have found no other verdict to exculpate a "pal." The accused would then have left the court, free from stain or blemish. A jury of decent workmen would have found a common-sense, honest verdict. But your banker and opulent merchant must be non-committal. "Pray don't ask us; really it is so disagreeable; in such an unpleasantly notorious case, too. How will our finding affect the market? What will our customers say of us?"

Murder stalks abroad and iniquity reigns; but nothing is so timid as capital, and it is always safe to say nothing. What a lovely city government it would be if only great bankers and rich importers could hold all the offices!

NEW BOOKS.

THE GOLDEN KEY. By Nettie M. Pease. Northwestern Publishing Company, Chicago.

Orthodoxy has its story tellers, why not heterodoxy? From the day of Æsop, probably long before, fable has been accounted a good medium for the inculcation of wholesome truths; just as healing, but bitter, medicines are made tolerable by the pleasant vehicles in which they are conveyed. The "Golden Key" seeks to offer the strong meats of spiritualism wrapped up in such form that they will not offend weak stomachs. Many who cannot digest the plain truth, when told them in a plain manner, will be allured to its perusal when disguised by the romantic incidents of an engaging novel. Nettie M. Pease is known to many of our readers as one of our bright and powerful journalists, and this pleasant book will add another leaf to her chaplet. The story is interesting, well wrought up, and although it may be considered somewhat melodramatic, it the better serves the purpose of the authoress, as helping to bring out manifestations which can occur in their greatest force only under exceptional circumstances, and are not applicable to the common order of human events. Whatever credit might under ordinary circumstances have attached to Miss Pease for her work is expressly disclaimed in her preface, which will cause the book to be read with increased attention. She says:

"The following story, founded on facts, treats upon subjects of deep interest, and which at the present time are attracting the attention of scientists. As to the source from which it emanated, we can only say that the author, owing to a peculiar physical and mental condition, possesses the faculty of abstracting herself from the outer world, and while in that condition was controlled by a power claiming to be the spirit of a person who once lived on earth, who gave his life history, which he entitled, 'A Search for the Temple of Happiness.' At the close of the recital, he promised to give another communication, to be entitled, 'The Golden Key, or Mysteries beyond the Veil.' In the month of June, 1870, he again took control, and gave the following story. The amanuensis has given, as near as possible, the precise language of the dictator. At times, in exciting parts of the narrative, the utterances have been so rapid that the exact words may have been lost, but the idea has never been changed. Nearly every chapter is freighted with gems from the stores of spirit life, and contains instances of the phenomena and much of the philosophy of modern Spiritualism.

N. M. P."

ONE of the inestimable blessings of civilization is a public debt. There are many advantages in it. Capitalists know where to place their savings. It enables nations to go to war scientifically. The rich get all the honors and the profits, the poor all the cost and the hard knocks. It enables the governing classes to govern, and compels the governed classes to keep their place. A sum in simple addition shows the aggregate national debts of Europe to be over seventeen thousand millions of dollars. The whole of this has been spent in wars during the last two hundred years—and as much more for current taxation. Every dollar of this to gratify dynastic ambition and to perpetuate national selfishness. Asia has no national debt. If only those Asiatics knew how wretched they ought to be.

THE WOMAN QUESTION ABROAD.

It is singular that in the country of Jane Eyre the woman's movement, as it is called, has a certain solidity which it has not yet attained in this country. Many most eminent Englishmen are not only known as friends and advocates of the political equality, but they have urged it upon Parliament; and while the fashionable woman, or woman of society, as she is called in America, is generally indifferent to the subject, if not openly hostile, Lady Amberly, who will, in the order of nature, soon be Countess Russell, does not hesitate to address a meeting in the country in behalf of the equality of her sex. Yet, again, the laws in England weigh more heavily upon women than in this country; and the movement for their political equality usually contemplates the voting of those who represent property.

The most significant recent event in the history of the cause in the United States is the passage of a resolution by the Massachusetts Republican Convention commending the subject to the thoughtful consideration of all citizens. The president of the Convention, Mr. Hoar, of Worcester, spoke very strongly in favor of the movement in his opening address. It is thus formally introduced into a party platform, not, indeed, as a policy, but as a consideration. The effort at recognition, which has been good-humoredly but resolutely laughed down before, has at length been successful. Such success is emphatic proof of the firm hold which the question has taken of many most practical minds, and it is not to be doubted that the subject will command constantly more attention. Yet is one which by its associations is so easily assailed by ridicule, and is so susceptible of odious misrepresentation, that nothing is more necessary to its friends than the utmost patience and good humor. It is in itself a question of the utmost gravity both for men and women. It involves a very great change in political habits and thoughts. But grave as it is, its gravity may be readily misconceived and mis-stated, and like all great causes, it may sometimes stagger, wounded, in the house of its friends.

Meanwhile, a great cause is not to be judged by the follies that attend it, more than civilization by its frontiers. If anybody supposes that the question which the Massachusetts Convention commends to thoughtful consideration is one of new methods of divorce, he is as ludicrously mistaken as if he imagined it to be one of a new method of computing eclipses. Yet there is no doubt that the progress of the movement has been very much obstructed by such suppositions. Questionable advocates always harm their cause. There must be such, of course, as bums must attend an army. But if you want to understand the object of the march, it is better not to mind the bums, but to inquire at headquarters. If anybody in England had advocated the extension of the suffrage for the reason that it would enable poor men to vote into their pockets the money of rich men, he would do precisely what is done by those who allege that the extension of the suffrage here would produce this or that direful result. It is something that nobody can know. A possibility is not an argument until you have made it an imminent probability.

Every reform has its disagreeable stages of growth like the human system. Mumps and measles and scarlet fever must not dismay us, however, nor breed despair of the issue. Silly men and silly women, full of conceit and sentimentality, and what is familiarly known as popcock, are unfortunately not peculiar to any particular department of human interest and activity. If the new cause is often advocated with feebleness and intolerable illogicality by women, just think of the ill logic and the futility with which it is opposed by men! But as inanity is of no sex, and the foolish of one sex are admitted, why should the wise of the other be excluded?

"Oh, dear, Mr. Easy Chair," says some friend far away, "you are not really in favor of this unnatural thing! You would not have the vine wrestling with the oak, would you? Oh, let us respect the laws of nature!" Well, well, dear madame, we will do what we can. But have you reflected upon the number of masculine vines and of feminine oaks? Shall we say that oaks only shall vote? That may be wise; but you see that in suggesting it you have abandoned sex as a basis.

Indeed, the oak and vine argument has been retired, after long and meritorious, even if painfully ineffective, service. It is plain that if the progress of the cause is to be stayed, it must be by some other argument than that women are weak and men are strong, for the simple reason that all men are not as strong as all women; and if strength is to determine the question, a great many apparent oaks will be disfranchised, and a great many vines go to the polls. There is no solid argument in that direction but that of the kind mentioned in Bret Hart's little poem, "And hoeses—well, hoeses is hoeses." Women are to be excluded because they are women, and the advantage of the argument is that, at least, it can be stated, even if it cannot be understood.

Meanwhile the real argument in the case proceeds. Here is Jane, who quietly and honestly makes her own living and supports her paralytic father and her drunken brother, and every year the father and the brother may decide the disposition of her property, and she may not so much as express dissent, because it is indelicate and unwomanly for women to mix in politics. Jane does not ask it. Jane has never supposed that anything else is possible. Jane goes to no meetings, and would blush if you thought she could speak. But no John of clear head who sees her does not feel the argument. And when Julia, with the same right to speak that Jenny Lind had to sing—namely, the gift of eloquence and the wish to speak—certainly states the argument which John feels, he may muse a little, because it is very new to him. But he doubts no longer, because it is very true to him. And so the question is being answered.—Harper's Monthly.

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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

INDIANA AND ILLINOIS RAILROADS.

There are several schemes upon the market for new roads in the Western States, which may in time prove of value, but when measured by the test of time, the present living may not secure the values they put into these enterprises; but this is of little consequence to the neophytes in "Banking," as mere railroad share and bond brokerage is now termed. The curse of the country is the crop of mushroom growth of the so-called "private bankers," which have suddenly grown up. There is one truth only in the nomenclature of these fungus shoots—it is that their capital is so private that it cannot be found when wanted, and is so valuable that it has no credit. If this is once clearly understood, the advertised declarations that they "unhesitatingly recommend" this or that class of bonds to "investors as offering great security and greater returns," will pass for what they are worth, and be measured as the "private capital" of these private bankers would be if it could be found.

Railroads in Indiana and Illinois, running over prairies for their whole length, can be constructed at a low rate per mile where there is any necessity for their use, but where there is an existing parallel road, and a navigable river also parallel or nearly so, there can be little necessity—so little, that persons who have capital will not venture it in their construction. But there are those, unfortunately, who have no capital, and so little credit that even a badly located road, with prospects of alternate ruin to the confiding, may prove a most available support for "bolstering up" for a while, or bridging over for a period, the promoters and the private bankers to some solid place, which they, like the "forlorn hope," strive to reach before the sure explosion shall send them upward to fall in vain.

In 1836 many railroad schemes were launched in Indiana and Illinois. Advertisements as grand and eloquently worded as those of the present day were put forth—other plans, forgotten now by many, but more adroit than those of the present mushroom bankers, were availed of. The lines of route were graded, many ironed, few were equipped. The "flush times of '36" collapsed, grass grew over the road-beds and hid the strap iron from sight. The "flush times" of the present will have their collapse before long, just as '37 and '38 brought that terrible collapse and ruin upon the enterprises of '36, and the confiding of the present day may seek the "first mortgage security" for the bonds they are "unhesitatingly" urged to invest in, beneath the grass of the prairies, for nothing but the iron will be available, and that not worth the taking up and sending to market.

We advise our readers, then, to be circumspect in investing in these Western roads, and to touch none where it tends southward or northward, with a competing line of existing road and broad, navigable stream contiguous and running in the same direction.

We shall, at an early day, go more into detail in regard to several of these highly lauded (by advertisements) roads, but which are really merely worthless for all considerations of permanent or reasonably safe security.

ATTEMPTS AT FRAUD ON WALL STREET.

MEXICAN BONDS AGAIN—VICTIMIZING THE CREDULOUS OWNERS OF MONEY AND OTHER PROPERTY.

We have for more than a month been aware that plans were perfected last summer to flood as far as possible the street with the bonds issued by one Woodhouse as the "Mexican Bonds," under an alleged authority of a General Carvajal, and that the same plans were to be extended to the cities of Washington, Philadelphia, etc., but until quite recently we have not had evidence that these plans were put in execution.

The whole of these bonds have been declared "spurious" and "fraudulent" by Mexico, and efforts were made at their first issue, by the representative of that government, to protect our people by a public notice of their fraud. But the "nest" in which they were hatched was filled with a hungry brood, whose necessities still force them, at any hazard, to the efforts to palm off these bonds upon the unwary in exchange for anything upon which money can be realized, or at any price for money, if that can be obtained for the worthless paper, the printing on which, to give it semblance of a "bond," gave occupation to no less than three notorious engraving and printing companies, each of which became bankrupt in turn as soon as it failed to eke out existence by sales of these "spurious" bonds.

In our issues of October 22, 1870, and November 5, 1870, we completely exposed the whole frauds of these so-called "Mexican bonds." This exposure paralyzed, for the intermediate time, the efforts, as well as the power of the nest of rascals to dispose of more of the bonds. It is well known that an escaped convict will even think his crimes are forgotten if he can hide them for a while even by his own incarceration, and it is not at all surprising that on this principle the "nest" is again at work; or that, by asserting that the Mexican Claims Commission has been manipulated to allow forty millions of dollars out of the stupendously fraudulent claim for \$322,907,518 33! that they should find some innocently credulous people, and more fools, to be bled of their money.

It is a slander upon the Commission to suppose even that the representatives of either country, or that the umpire of disputed claims can be "manipulated" by such dirty birds as rest in this spurious Mexican nest.

Neither of the parties in that Commission can be approached by fraud, and if it were possible, then the conditions of settlement are such that not a dollar of appropriation could be got either from the United States or the Mexican Congress to carry out a settlement of such a fraud.

We give this cautionary notice to the public, and will in our next issues reproduce the articles published by us in October and November, 1870, that those who have purchased these bonds may know how to seek redress, and that the Mexican Commission may again have the facts before them.

THE CONVENTION OF THE THEOLOGICALS.

Last week we presented some of our views as to what the proposed action of the theologians means, when they shall attempt to indoctrinate the Constitution with their interpretation of God and the Bible. Against all such despotism we have always protested, and shall always continue to protest. No living man or woman has any right to force his or her convictions upon another person, and what these Pharisees propose, is simply the most high-handed outrage upon human rights that was ever attempted. They know that they represent but a miserable minority of the people of the country, or of the world, and when they assume to dictate to the great mass of people, we can but call to mind the old adage, "that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

Their egotistic, self-righteous call we have already published. We now propose to take it, sentence by sentence, and expose its monstrous and absurd assumptions. Its very first sentence is a plainly-stated falsehood, which everybody who is not prejudiced in its favor must discern at first sight. It declares that "government is instituted for man as an intellectual, social, moral and religious being. It corresponds to his whole nature."

By whom, pray, is government instituted for man? We deny the proposition. Government is instituted by men, as members of a common humanity, the rights of each one of whom are sacred to him and beyond the reach, by any but despotic means, of all people who meddle with what is none of their business. If we believe to-day that Jesus Christ took this view of humanity, teaching that they are all brothers and sisters, what business have these religious demagogues to attempt to compel men to believe that there are sheep and goats in humanity, and that the goats shall be separated from the sheep and burned up in a lake of fire and brimstone, which, by the way, is a natural impossibility and a burlesque upon science, which is the exponent and natural handmaid and companion of all true religion.

Are we told that these long-faced hypocrites do not intend to use torture to convert us to Christianity? Don't you believe it. Anybody who believes that an infinite God can eternally burn His own children for a few miserable years of ill-spent earth life, can commit any heinous crime in the name of such a God, since anything that they might do to save us from His wrath, even the use of the rack and the stake, would be merciful when compared with His horrible judgment. Therefore we say those who pretend to believe

in a God who can be such an Infernal Fiend as they represent Him to be, will be justified by their belief, in proceeding to any terrible resorts to convert the world.

Read the next sentences and ponder them well, and see if they do not mean all we have hinted at. "It" [government] "acts well when it watches over domestic life, and asserts and enforces," mark the language, "the sanctity of the marriage bond; when it frowns on profanity, lewdness, the desecration of the Sabbath, and other crimes." Here it is seen that a clear statement is made of what its intents are. It is a perfect departure from the theory of our present government, and a reversion to the extreme doctrine of Romanism, which has murdered, mercifully as it thought, millions of men and women, in the name of their God, before whom they bowed. And these bigots, who are now moving in this direction, are imbued with the same spirit, and were they to attain to the requisite power, they would hesitate at nothing to save souls from hell.

This Justice of the Supreme Court, whose name, William Strong, is appended to this case, set all rules of logic at defiance, and, as Religious Bigotry has always done, assumes everything. He says, "Moral principles of conduct are determined by moral relations." Now, if any school girl of twelve years could not detect that absurdity we should say her teaching had been in vain. Why, the very reverse is true. Moral relations are determined by moral principles. The principles exist in the souls of men and determine what relations they shall maintain. Relations of all kinds are the outgrowth of principles. Do these supercilious egotists suppose they can cram such stuff into the intellectual maw of humanity with the prospect of its being digested to yield fruit unto them? Our estimate of human intellect is too good to admit such an absurdity.

But he proceeds: "The relations of a nation to God and his Moral Laws are clear and definite: 1. A nation is the creature of God. 2. It is clothed with authority derived from God. 3. It is under the dominion of Jesus Christ, the appointed ruler of the nations. 4. It is subject to the Bible, the special revelation of the moral law;" and he should have added, to complete his position, 5. And we whose names are hereunto signed are the elect of God and Christ to assert and enforce these propositions.

The relations of a nation as such to God and his moral law are not clear and definite. The relations which a nation sustain are determined entirely by the character of the moral and intellectual condition of the people who compose it. It proves quite too much to admit Justice Strong's proposition. They are clear and definite to him. So also are they to every other human being, but not in the same way that they are clear to him. But he assumes that he is right and everybody else wrong; while everybody else has the same right to assume that Justice Strong and the long list of Reverend Doctors are wrong and that he is right. Can Justice Strong make that application?

Absolutely—in the absolute sense—"A nation is the creature of God," and in the same sense are all things creatures of God, and of course just what He has made them. He should certainly be satisfied with His own work, since nobody interfered with Him in its performance. In the absolute sense, all things are good. To God all things are good, because God is absolute.

In the relative sense, a nation is not the creature of God, but the construction of man, in the same sense that the railroad and the steamship are the construction of man. Men construct them by taking hold of the absolutely good things which God had created and fashioning them into forms of which they can make use. Even these bigots will not assume that God constructed the locomotive engine, except in the absolute sense that he created man and all things else as results of a general constructive process. Man contrived it, and, so far as these theologians have ever shown us, without any superior help. In the same way have men constructed nations, and unless these people assert that God has made all things just as he wants them, and that all the things of which they complain are creations of their own diseased fancies, then they must admit that they have no cause of action, since they do not propose to fight against God, nor should they fight against man when he has done so many things so well.

In the relative sense it is not true that government is clothed with authority from God. The authority of the government is derived from the people who construct it, except in governments which exist by the divine right of kings. If a king assume that he is clothed with power from God, as kings have claimed, and that he has the power to enforce his rule, then, of course, the will of the people is submerged. Is that the kind of authority to which these people refer? If so, we are of opinion they had better remove to some other country not quite so far enlightened as this before attempting to put their ideas into practice.

So far as their proposition regarding Christ is concerned we have no comment to make, except that we shall require the direct authority of Christ as to who are his representatives. The rules which he laid down by which his disciples were to be known, do not attend these assuming people. We are skeptical about their being the disciples of Christ. In short, we do not believe they are at all, except in the absolute sense in which all people are his disciples. In the relative sense in which we must treat all things relating to human progress and needs, we are obliged to leave the absolute and deal with persons, things and circumstances as facts, separated from the general whole. In this sense we

admit his third proposition, but deny the application. Any other person might just as well assume the same thing, and he would have just as good authority. Neither Justice Strong nor any of his associate vice-presidents have any commission from Christ to specially represent Him, or if they have, let them bring it forward.

Government is no more subject to the Bible than to the Koran. The truths enunciated by Confucius, Budha, Brahma, Zoroaster, Plato and every other great person, are just as much authority to us as anything contained in the Bible. In fact there is no moral law contained in the Bible that is not copied from some of the earlier authorities. Every one who ever proclaimed a truth is an authority, not of his own personality, but because of the truth. Had the most terrible tyrant this world ever knew discovered and uttered the Golden Rule, it would have been all that it is now.

We must therefore enter our protest against the last proposition. In fact they deny it themselves, since they denounce in Brigham Young what they worship in Solomon. If the Bible is the moral law, then Solomon and his 1,000 women are a part of it. If only parts of it are moral law then we have just as good right to judge what parts are moral and what immoral as Justice Strong and Governor Geary have. We don't believe they will permit us to judge for them as to this matter. We know they would fight rather than be compelled to take our judgment as against their own; and we know we shall fight when they attempt to compel us to take their judgment as against our own.

These would-be tyrants have not yet been the recipients of the first principles of freedom. It has yet to germinate within their souls. They want their own freedom but refuse to grant the same to anybody else. They want their freedom to be despotism to everybody else, and not being able to accomplish this by the force of their moral power they propose to assert and enforce it through a government shaped to suit their designs.

The fundamental propositions of these people being erroneous, all their deductions fall to the ground. A moral law which does not find itself written in the hearts of the people will never, if written in the Constitution of the country, accomplish anything except to become a basis of persecution.

Prohibitory laws of all kinds are equally a fallacious kind of government. Religion, morality, or any other sentiment can ever be legislated into human souls. He would be crazy who should attempt to legislate intellectual truths into the heads of people. But he would not be more so than they are who attempt to produce morality and religious growth by means of the power of government.

Education is legitimate in all departments of life, as well in religion as in science. But nobody can become a legitimate, religion teacher, until the perfect moral law is discovered, as the perfect mathematical law has been discovered. Nobody thinks of speculating upon mathematics. A theology of mathematics would be received as an absurdity. But it is not more so than a theology of religion. The world is not religious only, it is intellectual and affectional. In fact, the devotional nature of humanity is nothing more than the expression of the affections in their relation to the Unknowable, while true religion consists entirely of works.

If these would-be exemplars of religion would follow the precepts and practices of their professed Master, they should set them about doing practical good, even breaking the Sabbath day as He did. They should begin the inquiry as to who are their neighbors. Some of them should even look into their own hearts to see if they have not already committed adultery. They should learn what Jesus always taught, that the law is unto death, but the spirit unto life. They should endeavor to learn the truth, that they have no right to judge, lest they be judged. In short, while they should desire government to protect themselves from interference by others, they must learn that every other person desires governmental protection from their schemes for despotism.

Government, in its latest and best significance, is a form of organization by which the people secure to themselves protection from each other in their life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. That is its only function. It can never have any other power in this country beyond what it now has. And what it now has, outside of that, will soon be taken away from it and returned to the people, to whom it belongs individually and not collectively.

But we want these professing hypocrites, these I-am-holier-than-thou people, to go on with their convention. Their resolutions will all appear well on the surface. They are nothing. But the spirit which lies back of them is what we must regard. That spirit of proselytism is a dangerous one to intrust with any power. It will never get any in these United States. But, we repeat, let the convention proceed.

RAILROAD CONSOLIDATION.

The practice which is progressing so rapidly in this class of internal improvements is proving the theory, that a large system of them cannot be run under one management, to be false. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has nearly one-fifth of all the railroads in the Union virtually under its control, and the more general such control becomes, the better is the system, as a whole, conducted. It is the same theory in railroads that is exemplified in government. It would be just as consistent to say that the Government of the United States could be better conducted by separate States than in Federal Union. The fact is true of all things

in which a people have interest, that whatever exists among them relating to general interests can be best adapted to the common interests when managed by a common interest.

The consolidating process that has been so rapidly going on for the last few years, will not stop where it is. Even the present schemes of railroad magnates are far from being accomplished. There are three great Western trunk lines, with separate interests, and one can always circumvent the projects of the others. It matters not which one this may be in any particular contest. It may be one of the two in the next. Hence, the individual interests of all three will induce them to unite, when by sufficient personal contest it shall be discovered which one is really the controlling power and in position to dictate terms to the others.

And in this view of the case our railroad kings are doing the country an immense service. They are demonstrating not only the feasibility of the entire system of railroads of the country being run by one management, but also of the advisability of their being so run. As the railroads are now conducted, they are a sort of system of speculating upon the capacities of the country. Every bushel of wheat, every bale of cotton must pay not only what the actual cost of its transportation is, but also a large margin, as profit for the speculators.

It is true that individual enterprise has produced these accommodations; true that they were needed, and that they have been, and are will be of immense benefit to the country. But not of so much benefit as to justify their continuously leeching all the over-production of the country, by which to make enormous dividends upon stocks, watered until there is but little substance left. Railroad managers get rich. They must do it upon the stocks of their respective companies. All of the increase must come from the payment by their customers for transportation of more than cost for whatever is transported. Now any system that will permit such robbery is a false system, and one that cannot expect to endure the progress of civilization and the spread of knowledge of political economy.

The railroads of the country are fast becoming as great a public necessity as our system of public highways is. Indeed, we are not certain, all things considered, but their necessity is greater. And yet nobody pays for traveling over the public roads. Why, then, should not the railroads be made as free as the other roads are? We know this is a radical position; nevertheless it is one which the future will justify, since the time will come when our most rapid methods of transit will be maintained for the public benefit. Such a condition is the legitimate result of a humanitarian view of the people. If the human family is one, its interests and general welfare will every day become more closely assimilated, and it will be demonstrated that there can be no perfect general conditions so long as unfortunate individual conditions exist.

On this principle our system of railroads must be returned into the hands of the people, and be conducted by them. The objection that the system would not be so economically conducted falls of itself. It would require no more people to conduct it than are required now, while all the fortunes realized from it would be saved to the people generally. Its head should be elected by the votes of the people of the United States in the same manner as the President is elected, while each State should have a superintendent elected by the people of the State. And so with all other officers being heads of departments; and they should appoint all minor officials, who should hold during good behavior and competent administration.

The people will be obliged to require this, because these corporations have already become too powerfully connected in the control of government. They make a serious mistake who think that the people of this country are sovereign today. The truth is, the people have no power. 'Tis true they nominally elect their legislators; but when once elected, they legislate to suit themselves and those who pay them most, and the people have no relief. They are obliged to submit to whatever the law once gives them, since no law can be passed invalidating contracts, and all the legislation these companies obtain they manage to get in the form of a contract, which can never be repealed. Thus it is that the people are made not only to forge their own fetters but to fasten them upon themselves as well.

Another immense advantage that would accrue from the nationalization of railroads would be the abolition of stock gambling, with all its iniquities and loss to production. The ultimate to which a system of society should endeavor to attain is where all the people are either engaged as producers or as paid agents of the producers. Speculation in the results of labor is but a polite term for stealing the results of labor, and the people begin to so understand it. So understanding, they will demand its abolition. And the people, being more numerous than the speculators, will soon learn how to put their majority to proper use.

THE CRUCIBLE.

Everybody knows what the crucible is when used in connection with chemical analysis, but we have no reference to that department of science by the use made of it as the subject of this sketch. *The Crucible* to which we refer is that one invented by Moses Hall, in which he analyzes old theology. Moses used to be a regular preacher of the hard-shell sort, consequently he is perfectly familiar with the subjects which he puts into *The Crucible*, bringing it to the white-

heat necessary to separate them into their component parts. Most people have their peculiar fears, but of Moses it may well be said he fears nothing so much as being misunderstood; hence he never leaves anything half analyzed. So long as there is a particle of dross left floating in the smelt he increases the heat until it is expelled. In short, in its peculiar line, *The Crucible* is unique and unapproachable. There is but one *Crucible* and but one Moses, though, as in ancient times, there is also an Aaron, whom Moses has recently associated with himself, and the twin are of one spirit.

The Crucible is published in Baltimore, Md., at \$2 per year, in advance. Everybody should have one just to see what old Theology is made up of, and Moses and Aaron can tell.

AN UNANSWERED LETTER.

The Tribune is in the habit of using vague and unsatisfactory sentences, possible of double interpretation, at least when used in a journal whose editor-in-chief so recently made positive statements regarding the same subject. The phrases to which we refer are such as "Equal Rights for All" and Impartial Suffrage. Being extremely desirous that the *Tribune* should define its meaning when using these terms, we addressed it the following letter, which we intended should be respectful, but it was not sufficiently so to merit an answer, since no notice has been taken of it:

To the Editor of the *Tribune*:

The words "Impartial Suffrage" are frequently made use of in the columns of the *Tribune*. To me they mean equal suffrage for all citizens. Your friends say that you do not mean exactly that when you make use of the term. With many others who read the *Tribune* daily I am desirous to have you make a clear statement as to what you hold that phrase to mean, so that we may read you understandingly.

Very respectfully, VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.
44 Broad street, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1872.

FEMALE JUDICIARY.

In far Wyoming Territory, on the continent's crest, there sat a magistrate named Esther Morris, the first of her sex who ever held and exercised the functions of a judicial office. History relates how men, while wearing the ermine, have attained imperishable laurels, but it was on the lot of this humble woman, away in the Rocky Mountains, on civilization's skirmish line, to demonstrate that the accident of sex is not always a bar to distinguished success on the bench. Judge Morris entered upon her duties in a community chiefly noted for lawlessness—a community wherein civil litigants had theretofore followed the policy of feigning the magistrate before bestowing that desideratum upon counsel—and a neighborhood wherein the bowie knife and revolver were frequently appealed to in the settlement of personal difficulties. During her official term order was evoked from chaos, and the law-abiding fame of the bailiwick, over which, with green ribbons in her back hair, she so gracefully presided, is now matter of public record.

Without thorough mental culture, and enjoying only the literary advantages which attach to pioneer life, she familiarized herself with statutory and common law and performed the duties of her responsible office to the satisfaction of all order-loving people. Unsuccessful litigants in some cases took an appeal, but in every instance her judgment was affirmed by the court above.

Uncorrupted and incorruptible, she dispensed impartial justice to friend and foe, and in this regard presented a noble pattern for the guidance of *ma's* judges of greater pretensions, in wider spheres. Numerous incidents of a ludicrous character occurred in her tidy court-room. On one occasion the principal witness was an old gentleman, partially blind and exceedingly stupid, whose wife—also old, but possessing neither of his other characteristics—whispered continually in the witness' ear during the examination. Counsel for the opposition very properly objected, and closed his harangue to the court as follows: "I object to this woman's communicating with the witness *sub rosa*. In other words, your honor, I strenuously object to this double-barreled testimony." The old lady was equal to the emergency, and promptly responded: "Waal, I don't knowst makes no difference, as long as we don't fire off but one barrel to a time."

When in the not distant future the world shall have shaken itself loose from the decayed dogmas of an effete age; and when, in the struggle for life's honors and emoluments, no distinction shall be made because of sex, and perfect equality before the law shall in reality prevail—when the refining and ennobling influence of woman shall be practically and universally exercised in official life—then will Esther Morris be remembered and revered as a noble pioneer in the grandest of modern reforms.

CUSTOM HOUSE morality, whether under Radical or Democrat, is never held above par. The revelations, damaging as they may be to the administrative purity of General Grant and his subordinates, demonstrate with equal conclusiveness the dishonesty and corruption of New York traders and importers, yell "Stop, thief!" only when there is danger of the hue and cry. Of all the statements, perhaps the most discreditable to the Government was that of Mr. A. T. Stewart, who personally notified the President of the iniquities of the system, without any effort being made at amendment.

CURRENCY REFORM.

BY ALBERT BRISBANE.

NUMBER VII.

What is the first step to be taken at the present day toward establishing a true MONETARY SYSTEM?

The Government of the United States has assumed the function of creating and issuing the currency. The earth, with its mines, no longer furnishes it. Gold and silver are dethroned, not to be reinstated. They have had their day, and have served the moneyed classes well. Man is becoming wise enough to create for himself a currency, and to use it on principles of justice. He has created the locomotive and the iron rail, leaving the horse and the soft earth road-bed aside, and has emancipated himself from dependence on nature below him. He must do the same as regards the monetary signs which he uses.

Government, having assumed one function—that of issuing the currency—must add another to it, which we will explain, and advance one step more in the road of progress:

It must loan the currency direct to the industrial and commercial interests of the country.

It must loan it as cost of issuing and management, not at fictitious rates of interest.

In taking this step, the government will abolish the MONOPOLY and CONTROL of the currency by individuals and corporations; and in abolishing this monopoly and control, it will abolish interest and usury, the arbitrary dispensation of credit, and other evils connected with the present monetary system.

The government now lends some three hundred and fifty millions to the national banks, and for nothing. If it can do this, it can lend direct to the people, and it will require no very great effort of financial and organizing genius to devise the ways and means of a system of direct loans to the industrial and commercial interests. The sole and only difficulty consists in devising a plan of bureaus or agencies for furnishing the currency or making loans, and receiving the security which the government will require.

The cost of issuing and managing the currency will be about one per cent. per annum. This will be the rate of interest charged by government; or, rather, no interest will be charged; the principle will be abolished, and replaced by that of cost of management.

If the measure proposed can be carried out, that is, if the government can loan the currency direct to the nation at cost of management, it will effect the greatest monetary reform the world has witnessed. It will inaugurate the reign of CHEAP CREDIT, or CREDIT AT COST. It will abolish the monopoly of the currency, interest and usury, favoritism in loans, and the power of men to speculate through the monopoly. The example of a cheap currency and cheap national credit, once set by the United States, will spread to other civilized countries, as CHEAP POSTAGE is spreading, and will lead to the creation of a great system of national currencies, which will later be brought into unity with each other.

The abolition of the control of the currency by individuals will be one of the most efficient means of freeing PRODUCTIVE INDUSTRY—the sole creator of wealth and the primary material interest of society—from the spoliation of the intermediate or middle and the speculating classes. Our manufacturers, farmers and others engaged in productive labors should combine to carry out this great measure of direct and cheap credit.

The monstrous abuses attendant on the monopoly of the circulating medium have in past years led men to desire some change. It took the form of denouncing interest and usury. The Jews of old inveighed against interest. Aristotle, the sagacious Greek, showed that it was based on no natural principle. The Popes denounced it, but it was all in vain. No power on earth can correct the abuses of interest, usury, intermediate speculation and arbitrary credit, so long as a currency is used which can be monopolized and controlled by individuals. Gold and silver dug out of the earth and carried to the mint to receive the government stamp are, when thrown into circulation, seized upon and monopolized. They who control them are the financial masters of society. They control with the commercial classes the exchange of products, and become with the speculating classes the owners of the natural wealth and privileges of the world. The enormous power which a MONOPOLIZED CURRENCY gives can only be broken by Government taking the place of the individual monopolists, of the private and corporate bankers. It is the duty of Government to control and regulate the circulating medium as much as it is to maintain the freedom of its highway by land and water. It is a duty far more closely allied to true governmental functions than the transportation of the mails.

We have explained in previous articles the plan by which the simple but important innovation we advocate can be carried out. Briefly stated, it is this:

The government will prepare for issue and sale the bonds which are to serve as security for loans. In strict justice, the bonds should bear the same rate of interest (we use the term to be understood) as the currency, but, for certain reasons, it will be advisable to pay a moderate rate of interest, say 3.65 per cent., on them. (We select this rate merely to facilitate computations, as it makes a cent a day on a hundred dollars.)

It will prepare at the same time for issue the new currency; it will be exactly like the present, which could in fact be retained and used. Congress will determine the amount to be issued with the present population of the country. It will do this from data furnished by other countries and the experience of our own. Let us state hypothetically the amount at one thousand millions of dollars.

It will make arrangements, through the post offices or special bureaus attached to them in all important localities, to furnish or loan the currency to the public. It will thus become the LOANER of the currency as well as the ISSUER; or will add one more function to that which it already exercises. Herein consists the whole innovation. To secure the success and prompt introduction of the reform, the government will call in 6 or 8 per cent. per month of the present outstanding circulation. As the present currency is with drawn the new will take its place.

We will not stop to discuss objections. The reform, we know, is not integral, but it will prepare the way for the final and complete reform. The great staple products of the industry of nations should in reality be the security for loans, but society is not yet prepared for such a stride, and its whole commercial and financial mechanism is opposed to it. It took our great civil war to break up our horrid little State-bank system, with the illusion of a specie basis, and the reality of constantly recurring revulsions, a mongrel currency and the exercise of usury on a gigantic scale. By the reform proposed the delusion of interest will be dispelled. This false idea, which has governed the world for so many ages, and has become an article of faith so strong that no doubt of its truth is raised, will be rooted out of men's minds by practical demonstration. The people will be taught by facts a lesson which they cannot learn theoretically; and having learned this first lesson they can then go farther and comprehend a complete reform—comprehend what is to be the true and natural currency of society. Let the monopoly of the circulating medium be once broken—let its control and that of credit be taken out of the hands of individuals, and the whole system of privilege and intermediate speculation will be undermined. It will be the beginning of a great and beneficent change in the industrial system and the inauguration of justice in the productive interests of the country.

The interest on the new bonds should be made payable in currency, not in gold. As they are sold, the present gold-bearing bonds would be taken up and canceled. Gradually, a thousand millions of 3.65 bonds, owned at home, would take the place of a thousand millions of 6 per 100 gold bonds, the half of which are owned abroad. This innovation would save annually thirty millions in the shape of interest, and the interest paid would be spent in the country. Thus in addition to loaning direct to the business public the currency they require in their industrial exchanges at about 1 per 100—instead of causing them to pay on a total average at least 12 per 100, which they do the banks and private lenders—the country will effect the economy stated of thirty millions.

Mr. Greeley has proposed, through the *Tribune*, a plan which is in substance the same as the one presented. It is simpler, at least in the mode of statement, and hence, perhaps, a better presentation of the subject. He proposes that the Government shall issue 3.65 bonds and currency. Any person holding bonds can obtain currency; and any person holding currency which he does not wish to use, can convert it at any time into bonds, and draw 3.65 interest. The Government charges no interest on the currency. The amount of bonds and currency to be issued is not fixed. Mr. Greeley leaves that to be determined by the wants of the country. He says nothing about cheap credit, the abolition of interest, etc. He leaves these theoretical considerations aside, and comes to the simple fact: Bonds convertible at all times into currency and currency into bonds. This is, no doubt, the best mode of presentation to secure public favor. We have connected principles with our plan, because we desire to see new laws of political economy introduced into our social constitution, and the way prepared for further progress. The fact is that the entire economic system of society is to be changed, either violently by revolutions, or peacefully by constructive measures. An entering wedge into an integral economic reform would be the abolition of the monopoly of money, and with it that of interest in all its forms and the gradual undermining of intermediate profits. Of course the upper classes look with great antipathy on such propositions, but they are following a mistaken policy. A great storm is gathering in the social world. Before this century closes, terrible social revolutions, unless averted, will shatter our selfish, sensual and corrupt civilization. Let us endeavor to avert them by scientific and constructive reforms. Our whole commercial, financial, capitalist and railroad system has become a vast RING, plundering the productive industry of the country, by the side of which Tweed & Co.'s is but a poor little mouse stealing a few crumbs. The trouble with the Tweed ring is, that it has not the sanction of law and custom to uphold it. Let us hope that the rich and influential classes will have intelligence and philanthropy enough to take the initiative in social progress and innovation, instead of leaving it to the suffering and infuriated masses.

BEECHER stock is declining. Choice of pews only fetched two-thirds what it did last year.

MARRIAGE AND ITS MARTYRS.

"Whoever shall do the will of my Father which is in Heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother."

MY COUNTRYWOMEN: Believing that the proper uses of all things that God made are in themselves pure, and should be taught—without reproach except from vice and prudery—I most earnestly deprecate your harsh prejudice against these utterances of unpopular sentiments.

None so lovely, gentle, refined, pure, rich, noble or proud, but can and ought to work for the better condition of mankind. Such is the aim of my present effort.

A pretentious Christian civilization cherishes two forms of lust which are equally replete with devastating horrors. Over one is thrown a pall, rotten with social degradations and death-dealing pollutions, and inscribed Legal Necessities for our Young Men. The other form, in the "livery of heaven," ideally mingles the perfume of loveliest flowers and the purity of innocence with chastened delights wedded to perfect bliss. Both forms are chartered with all the pomp and majesty of man's astute intellect, who has built for one a magic altar, and both are held "sacred"—to woman's misery and degradation.

How to mitigate these evils is the most important question of to-day, which has already enlisted minds of elaborate culture and earnest power. But it is curious to contrast the still cherished ideal of marriage with the timid dodging of the real and sole and well understood remedy that lies in the three simple but potent words—abolition, labor, liberty.

It is full time to roll the rotten log of man's arrogant, selfish reasoning from the realm of Nature's sweetest verdure, that the clear sunlight of woman's purer spirit may cleanse to redemption the paradise earth has yet reserved for her truth-worshipping children.

The popular idea of female virtue stands between God and the real woman of His creation. But, though still held guiltiest in the temptation and fall, her sufferings from persecutions, and sacrifice, and outrage, for nearly nineteen centuries of Christian dispensation, have made up a sum of atonement the church should now acknowledge, or forfeit its mighty assumptions of a belief in a Divine personification of Charity and Justice tempered with Mercy!

Woman's native excellences and missions are far superior and exalted beyond what has yet been admitted except to her own prophetic soul, and the prevailing abusive uses of her love and generative functions are the primary cause of every ignoble soul, dwarfing mind and iniquitous deed. She must be free to be true to herself before she can give to the world souls of nobility that will render to her nature appreciative homage and make her finer work equally honored and remunerated with man's. Her unperverted passions demand love; man's are satisfied without it; and the proper safeguards her purer nature require are the woman's variant choice of a father for her child, and the pregnant mother's right to continence—her imperative duty, too, which if she does not strictly observe she is wholly unfit for the holy office of motherhood, and her offspring will be tainted with leprosy before its birth. Marriage allows her neither of these safeguards; but the sphere of her true elevation can never be attained until her own self-knowledge and self-assertion develop it from the more virtuous social conditions that her necessary courage alone can create.

The idea of "sanctity" in a marriage for life, "for worse," is a superstition, such as bred the Blue Laws, and, like them, will be dispelled by public opinion, and discarded from social practice, when civilization grasps a higher intelligence.

The warmest affections of the heart, and the truest workshops of the soul, are as high above every institution, legal or religious, as is the intelligent mind beyond its earliest grasp of student knowledge; and though institutions properly claim a recognition for usefulness, they should not be allowed to forestall the march of progress toward the goal of truth; for really, all selfish "claims" and "cruel pang of jealousy" are nothing but the gross and disgusting effects of a false system of education.

Instead of love being the only "sacrament" that tempts to a close reunion of sexes, we have wealth, position, family, prudence, and those vile allurements of the baser passions, all of which rebel, with respectable front, under the "marriage sanction" that offers premiums for dissimulation and treachery—afflicting humanity with spasms of the most hideous abortions of hell! And men call this—virtue!

It is just as consistent to insist on satisfying the stomach with air as to preach about "spiritualistic marriages." Spiritual love is of, and for serving, heaven. Only sexual love can "multiply and replenish the earth" with children "after His image." And when society becomes pure enough to understand that chastity and honor result solely from a strict obedience to nature's laws, there will not be so many wrecked lives to bear witness to the false theories that now govern it.

Just so long as marriage continues the only respectable union of sexes, just so long will vice and misery abound, and babies continue to be forsaken or murdered both in and out of the womb, the wife-mother living in torture of mind and body, while the husband-father rejoices there is not another mouth to be fed; the outcast mother hunted to a criminal's doom, while her lover escapes to enjoy another victim! The good God every day judges the "mote" of "whited sepulchres" in Utah, and the "beam" of corruption reeking in the midst of our boasted homes.

The marriage institution is but another branch of human iniquity that so long found "holy sanction" for black bondage. Married women are martyrs, and, in consequence, all women are slaves to manhood's imperious will, caprice, passion and vanity. Once in an age a good man lives who dares be morally brave; but accursed pens write of him: "He died as the fool dieth." The finger of vile and ignorant scorn pointed these words at Albert Richardson, who died as religiously as did ever sainted martyr, and for a cause even more blessed and holy—the sacred rights of woman's love.

The Scriptures neither command, sanction, bless nor guard a "marriage for life," entered into even with pure and true love, any more than they command, sanction, bless and guard any other monstrous evil, simply because the binding together, for life, of two varying currents is contrary to natural law.

No couples united by the "marriage sanction," and observing its arbitrary rules, are as happy as God meant love should make mortals. "Contented" they may be—contented as the mind may be made under almost every error and mistaken "duty"—but such a state too nearly approaches the doom of the damned to be advocated as under Divine blessing. Man and woman do find their "perfected ideals" whenever the blind God psychologizes the soul and subdues the intellect with his spell of magnetic glamour, and this experience is as natural in middle, and even in elderly age, as in youth; while more danger is to be apprehended from a sexual connection of consanguineous temperaments and dispositions (made thus by constant association, that prostrates and exhausts personal magnetism) than from consanguine blood—as the records of asylums for all classes of unfortunates will prove. Prisons and asylums will become extinct when woman is honorably free to practically observe those pure, though varying, involuntary, magnetic attractions that comprise her true and only chastity.

The man and woman who marry, if they are old enough for the sober reflection, see the necessity of facing the loss of their "ideals," by the waning of the honeymoon, and have the cold, calculating faculty to determine that "for better or for worse"—which generally, as it should, amounts to all "worse"—they will "cherish till death." The woman too often has no other resource but to "accept the situation," and the man—if he is fast getting *blasé*—finds it comfortable for his declining vigor!!!

How often worldly prudence demands, social pride exacts and the church sanctions "the loathsome prostitution of a hand without a heart"—under pretense that a priestly chanting of a statute can ennoble lust—which is the only shame that should attach to a union of sexes, and which riots within the marriage sanction as much as without.

Woman's freedom means female purity, love and superior offspring. Even in a "marriage of limitation," that has been tried and in some quarters is again advocated, terrible wrongs would ensue, unless men were universally changed from what they have ever been—sensuous and lustful, even to brutality—except very exceptionally. For they would continue to outrage their pregnant wives, with horrible effects on offspring, or degrade other women into mistresses.

Though "learned and honorable doctors" (heaven confound their blasphemous pretensions!) have advised that coition during pregnancy assists nature to a more happy deliverance, the absolute fact is that the least outrage to the proper functions of nature ever defeats her perfect consummations, and this happens when woman has coition, except during her natural ardors, which never occur when she is pregnant. If she has been true to herself in this, she is easily aware when gestation has taken place, without waiting for the usual "signs."

It could never have been meant by God that Christian men and women should live even more "carnally" than animals without spiritual knowledge or reason, or that woman should so outrage all womanly delicacy and motherhood honor as to share with man the same apartment and bed during menstruation and pregnancy. (The injurious practice—because of the electrical eliminations and absorptions—of any two persons sleeping together, should be fulminated against until abolished.)

Much that is said about the holiness of a mother's affection resolves itself, when rigidly analyzed, into an ambitious, concentrated selfishness. It is far easier to most women, benighted as they have been kept by man's masterful aggressions and tyrannic bombast, to bear children than to train them, and for this reason they are totally unfit to "bend the twig," which contingency should be considered by the State, and trained nurses and teachers provided. A State or government should take the whole charge of childhood and youth. Now a majority of the children of the most wealthy parents are left almost wholly to the care of hirelings who are, in the main, both brutal and ignorant, while whole armies of depraved and abandoned children infest our cities, to the disgust and dismay of refined Christians! It should be no more disgrace to have children maintained than educated by the State—always allowing such maintenance to be optional with the parents. The State or the national government should provide, throughout the country, from an especial tax, such dairy, agricultural, horticultural and fruit farms as would make adequate homes for all its adolescent population, having, or seeking, no others, where an educational contact with the beauty of natural objects would combine with an excellence of precepts that would teach children that nothing is really great but nobility of truth. Instead of such a system

depleting the Treasury, it could soon become much more self-supporting than the present criminal one, which it would soon abolish as useless. And the woman—no longer scourged from her sphere of holy affection—should be required to make legal registry of the births of her children—this being as legitimate as is now the census system and marriage ceremonies. This theory practiced would soon see the richest blessings extend to the depths and heights of life, till One brotherhood be recognized on earth.

"And thou, O worker! who prophesiest, who believest, begin to fulfill. Here or nowhere; now equally as at any time! That outcast, help-needing thing or person, trampled down under vulgar feet or hoofs, no help possible for it, no prize offered for the saving of it, canst not thou save it, thou, without prize? Put forth thy hand in God's name; know that "impossible," where truth and mercy and the everlasting voice of Nature orders, has no place in the brave woman's dictionary; that when all men have said "impossible," and tumbled noisily elsewhere, and thou alone art left, then the time and possibility have come, it is for thee now; do thou that, and ask no man's counsel, but thy own only, and God's!"

The broad battle-fields of life as much belong to woman as to man. Then—

Oh, woman! how long will ye stifle
The freedom that justice inspires?
With your wrongs how long will ye trifle,
Unsharing the rights of your sires?
Housel! and win for yourselves a proud title—
Earn your own bread and your fires.
The aim of the next revolution
Swear firmly to serve and uphold,
That no licentious breath of pollution
Can sully the lambs of your fold.
Swear!
And hark! the deep voices replying
From graves where your mothers are lying,
"Swear, oh, swear!"

In this moment who hesitates barter
The rights to which Nature gave birth,
And forfeits all claim to the charters
Transmitted from heaven to earth.
Kneel! kneel at the graves of our martyrs
And swear by the crown of your worth;
Lay up your great oath on an altar,
Strive on to a field of brave work!
And, hark! the glad voices replying
From graves where your mothers are lying—
"Swear! oh, swear!"

By the tombs of your dear ones, and others,
The hosts which injustice has slain,
By the tears of your sisters and mothers,
In secret concealing their pain,
The grief which the heroine mothers,
Consuming the heart and the brain,
By the sigh of the penniless widow,
By the sob of the orphan's despair,
Where they sit in their sorrowful shadow,
Kneel! kneel every woman! and swear!
Swear!
And hark! the deep voices replying
From graves where your mothers are lying—
"Swear! oh, swear!"

From mounds which are wet with your weeping,
Where broken hearts lie under the sod,
Where the purest of martyrs are sleeping,
Let the winds bear your conscience abroad,
And your firm oaths be held in the keeping
Of your trust in the true and just God.
Open all for whom never a tear rose
While of trouble and shame they partook,
By deep woes that flow in hearts' furrows—
On the blood of our murdered! Oh, look!
Swear!
And hark! the deep voices replying
From graves where your mothers are lying—
"Swear! oh, swear!"

DARL ST. MARTS.

To YOUNG LADIES.—Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, but half shut afterward.—*Exchange*. Marriage is the holiest and most precious of our institutions, safeguard of morality and all that sort of thing. Yes. But how comes it that marriage and marriage truth and marriage obligations are a standing joke, received with universal approval. Now, see the logic of that little bit of good counsel just quoted. It matters not to which of the parties it be given, but the intent is obvious. Marriage is so uncertain, such a lottery, such a bondage, that the only way is to make all you can of the small comforts and wear your chain as lightly as you can. Is this a very blessed institution? It is either good or bad. If good why make it a sorry jest; if bad why not try to amend it.

THE following extract comes from a suspicious source, seeing that it refers to the Administration; but the bare possibility of its being true shows to what a point the right of free political action has sunk, and how the interests of party outweigh those of the country. Democrat or Radical, it is all the same.

Members of the house of Jay Cooke & Co., of Philadelphia, started a paper recommending the nomination of Alexander K. McClure for State Senator in one of the Philadelphia districts. This was being signed by all the leading men, and it began to look as though he would be nominated. President Grant hearing of this movement sent word to the house of Jay Cooke & Co. that unless it was stopped the General Government would take all its business from them. Mr. McClure was waited upon and requested to return the subscription paper, which by that time had received hundreds of signatures and been placed in his hands. To save the house of Jay Cooke & Co. the paper was committed to the fire.

FINVOLA.

[The following ending of "Finvola" by some unaccountable means became separated from the body of the MS., and was mislaid, which made the apparent ending of the story somewhat strange; but this explanation, we hope, will correct the matter with our readers, and be our apology to our distinguished English author to whom we are indebted for this grand romance.]

On my arrival in London, after my roundabout journey thither via Dover, my first visit was to my bankers, where I heard a slightly more satisfactory account of my pecuniary affairs than I had expected. After late dinner at my club, returned immediately to my rooms to think over my next step.

PART II.

The night was chilly, and I had sat over the fire about half an hour when a servant entered, saying, "If you please, sir, a lady wants to see you; she has been here twice lately inquiring for you."

"Ask her name," I replied, not wishing to be disturbed. The servant returned in a minute. "Mrs. Somerton, if you please, sir."

I almost groaned "She can come up." As I stood up and leant against the mantel-piece I saw her first in the glass. Why had the sight become so odious to me—that piquant little face—that pretty figure so richly, so elegantly dressed!

She threw herself impatiently on the sofa, saying, "I see you have not recovered your temper, Walter."

I answered, "Your coming here is not likely to improve it. I have desired you never to do so."

She retorted angrily, "I know that; but you don't come to see me nor answer my letters, and I will have an answer. You received my letter, for you acknowledged it, and told me to keep quiet and attend to the children. Now I have done that long enough. You can't make a mere nurse-maid of me, Walter. I want something more than the children."

I said, "You have spent money enough, Sophy, to give yourself any amount of amusement. What more do you want? I may as well tell you that I never read your last letter; so if there was anything in it that I ought to know, I must trouble you to repeat it."

She mused a little; then she remarked gravely, "This is something more than mere annoyance at my thoughtless extravagance. You are occupied with some one else, and have ceased to care the least for me, Walter."

I answered, "You have not cared for me, Sophy, for a very long time; but it is useless discussing that subject. I shall never question your claim on me, and I will make you an allowance as large as I can afford; but you have abused my confidence, and will never have it again in money matters or anything else."

"And you think," she said, quietly, "that I shall accept such an arrangement. Has it never occurred to you what others might offer me?"

"Good heavens! Sophy," I exclaimed, "is it possible that you would ever live with any one else?"

I saw the blood rush hotly into her face; but she answered in a steady voice, "I did not say I would. I only ask you to think of the temptation, when you offer me a future so uninviting. You might as well put me into a penitentiary and the children into the workhouse."

"Then in Heaven's name what do you want?" I asked. She said, "I want you to be the same to me that you had been for three years when you left England last."

I rejoined, "You want champagne parties and yachting and rushing about from place to place. I can no longer afford it, Sophy; my yacht is sold to pay your debts."

"I am not wedded to yachting," she replied, coolly.

"Nor I to you, thank God!" I said. "Give me my children, Sophy, and go to the devil if you will."

She retorted with flashing eyes, "No, no, you shall not have the children. I am not your wife, as you have opportunely reminded me. You cannot take them from me against my will."

I said, "Do you suppose that I will maintain them under another man's roof?"

"The law will oblige you," she answered. I took her by the wrist and led her down stairs, called a cab, and drove with her, without speaking, to her house.

When we stopped at the door she asked, "Do you care to see the children?"

I answered, "not now," and was going away when a sudden suspicion induced me to change my mind, and I followed her into the house and up to the nursery. The elder child, Anna, was three years old; the younger, a boy, just a year old. I had only seen him twice before and was struck by his childish beauty; he was a pretty babe. As I now leant over the cot where he lay asleep, Sophy whispered, "You care for the children, Walter, but you don't care for me. It's very hard."

When I left the nursery, she followed me. At the top of the stairs I held out my hand, saying, "Good night." She took it coaxingly, and leaning back against the wall and holding it tight, she pleaded—

"Oh, Walter, you are not going away!"

I just glanced at her one moment, then a certain haunting suspicion, that I had hardly yet ventured to dwell on, became a horrible conviction to my mind, and I wrenched my hand away and rushed out of the house.

There was no sleep for me that night; nothing but restless tossing and a weary, miserable retrospect of the past four years.

Sophy Somerton was the wife of an officer in the army. She was married at eighteen, and I made her acquaintance about five years later at my father's house in the Isle of Wight. Her husband's regiment was stationed near us, and it was a very gay one, so a good deal of intercourse was kept up with it in the neighborhood. Private theatricals were the rage at that time and Sophy was a clever actress, and attracted much notice. She was also a finished coquette. I found their house very pleasant and went there very often.

They had a dear little girl who was a great pet of mine, and though I did not much fancy Capt. Somerton, he was not absolutely disagreeable to me. I thought him rough and coarse sometimes and sympathized with his wife's occasional impatience with him, but I am sure that he was really attached to her and very proud of the admiration she excited though injudicious in his encouragement to her courting it. Of course I cannot tell how or when I fell in love with her, but I know I felt in the lowest depths of de-

sail when the regiment was suddenly ordered to Algoa Bay. It was intense relief to learn that Sophy had a presentiment that she should die if she went there and had entreated her husband to exchange into another regiment. This did not at all suit his interests, and he tried to persuade her to be reasonable. But Sophy urged that taking their beloved child to such a climate was inhuman cruelty even if her own life was worth little, and so worried the unfortunate man that he at last consented to leave her behind with her parents at Ryde, on the condition that she should follow him with the child if he found the place and climate more suitable for their residence than she imagined.

It was in an evil hour that he left her. I tried to keep away, for I had something of the feeling for her that might have made me love her better than myself and restrain myself for her sake, but she wrote and reproached me. I went to defend myself, and from that time it was all up of course. I do not wish to be unjust to Sophy, but I am certain that when she bade adieu to her husband when he left for Algoa Bay, she never intended to see him any more. She had been a spoilt child and had no idea of resisting this first great passion of her life. I had small chances of overcoming temptation unaided—two must be agreed to manage that.

I have a conviction that people may keep honest in spite of the strongest mutual attraction if only that desire also is mutual—but I have no right to excuse myself. I was already guilty of breaking the tenth commandment—the infraction of the seventh followed at the first opportunity. Sophy's parents remonstrated against our frequent meetings, but she contrived to prevent their suspicion of anything criminal in our intercourse for some little time.

Meanwhile I bought a yacht and made all ready for departure at an hour's notice, and when the prospect of inevitable discovery obliged Sophy to quit her home, we sailed away in it, leaving no clue to our destination. Everyone can imagine the sort of fool's paradise in which we lived for the next few months, and of course we made up our minds that there would be a divorce, after which we should be quietly married and live in uninterrupted felicity for the rest of our lives.

Events turned out rather differently. Six months after we left Ryde, a few weeks before my little Anna saw the light, we stopped at Naples, with the intention of being married, in order to legitimize the child. Then for the first time since we had left England, I sent to my agents for letters and papers. My father's news startled me—his violent style of communication was less surprising. He wrote, "There will not be any divorce, so if that d—d hussy has any idea that you can marry her, tell her to give it up. Capt. Somerton very sensibly writes that he is not going to have her dishonor dragged through a law court in order that two fools may have the power of righting themselves before the world, and he does not want damages. If his wife will have you, and live a quiet life, he will give her two hundred a year for life, though of course he will not see her again, and if there should unfortunately be a child I will settle a hundred on it for life on the same condition. I will not suppose you are such a blind idiot as to decline these very handsome offers—if you do I will never give you another penny that I am not compelled by law." The tone of this letter naturally incensed me, notwithstanding the very reasonable proposals contained in it.

I laid these before Sophy, as in duty bound. She was looking languidly enchanting, and I was in the first glory of paternity, so of course when the vowel that it would be death to lose me I swore that nothing on earth should part us, and wrote to my father that Capt. Somerton's notions of honor and mine were different, and that his withholding from me the power to make Sophy legally my wife would not frighten me into giving her up, as I considered marriage simply an institution of society which might sanction a union but could not make it, etc., etc. Then we went off on another long cruise, and the process of disenchantment began.

It was gradual, for Sophy was a pleasant traveler—light-hearted and good-humored and never fidgety about trifles. She was certainly extravagant, and had a perfect mania for shopping in every place we stayed at, but I liked to please her and never grudged her anything. The thing I felt most was her slight affection for the child, and her extreme carelessness about its welfare.

Fortunately we had picked up an admirable nurse at Naples, a hard-featured, uncompromising looking Scotch-woman, who had left the family with whom she had come abroad on account of an infirmity of temper. As her character was in every other respect first-rate, and Sophy's *bon-homme* made her an easy mistress to please, we engaged her without hesitation, and a most happy engagement it proved. Sophy's children owed much more to good Elsie's care than to any they ever had from her.

When little Anna was about a month old a letter from Captain Somerton was forwarded to Sophy by my agents.

She never made any remarks respecting it, and I had a delicacy in inquiring; but it has since passed into my hands, and I find that it contained a noble and touching appeal to her to return to the path of duty, and accept his offer of a maintenance apart from me. He added: "However impossible the idea of looking on you again now seems to me, I cannot give up my right to watch over your future. You are doubtless indignant with me for not procuring the divorce which would enable your lover to marry you; if he is still inclined to do so. Sophy, such a marriage is a mockery—even putting aside that view, what would it entail? His family would never receive you, nor would any of the honest people with whom you have been accustomed to associate; add to which the heavy damages he would have to pay, would involve him deeply in debt, giving you altogether a position more miserable and demoralizing than you can realize now. One word more, my Sophy, for you are still mine; your love and his is of a kind that lives but a day—leave him before he leaves you; leave him while he has yet a shred of respect for you. I beseech you for the sake of our sweet daughter, whom you can only now see again in heaven—for the sake of my love, which must be yours forever, for the sake of your heart-broken parents, for the sake of all that you hold dear or sacred in this world or the next; aye, even for your hateful lover's sake, I beseech you, leave him and return to my protection."

But Sophy had no fancy for a retreat *en penitence*. She cared for amusement, admiration and gaiety long after she ceased to care for me, and by the time little Anna was two years old her selfishness and coolness had thoroughly cured my infatuation. I dearly loved the child, but even in this we had slight sympathy—the maternal instincts were strangely feeble in Sophy. I was thankful that the state of her health gave me an excuse for insisting on leaving her behind, in a house I had taken for her in London, while I

sailed away again to complete some notes I was making for a book of travels, and I purposely prolonged that absence for more than a year.

In the meantime I had desired Sophy to draw on my bankers for the funds she required, mentioning about how much she could have. Unfortunately to my bankers I only wrote that they were to honor Mrs. Somerton's drafts. My son was born about a month after I left. The immediate cause of my return was a letter from my bankers inclosing their account, and politely urging me to look over it. No wonder; it was largely overdrawn. Sophy's expenditure had been just treble what I had calculated as the largest possible amount. I felt bitterly indignant. I had carefully restricted my own expenses to leave her at ease, and no wife could have been treated with more perfect confidence than I had placed in her regarding my affairs. But she was not content with having reduced my love to freezing-point; she had now also abused my confidence, and another tie between us was broken. I wrote her a reproachful letter, and felt too angry to go and see her in a hurry, preferring first to visit my father's house, where I had long been a stranger. My mother had been dead for years. I had suffered the irreparable loss of her tenderness and care when I was only eleven years old, and my father, Lord Delamere, had hitherto inspired me with but slight respect.

Still, he was my father, and, if indifferent, had never been unkind to me; and I had also two sisters, for whom I had a certain lukewarm affection. Lord Delamere seemed to see me, remarking with more feeling than I thought he had in him, "You might have come before, Walter; I knew long ago that you had given up that woman." I explained to him the actual state of the case, upon which he cried, "But, hang it all, my boy, I've seen her driving about with other fellows!"

"Under those circumstances," I answered, "it is only the children that I have to think of."

"Which is still the d—d and all," pursued my father, "for I can't help you with money now. Your sisters are a great expense to me with their parties, their fashions and what not—they don't get off either, so I don't see any end to it. I'll tell you what it is, Walter, you must marry a woman of fortune—there are one or two I could name flying about, and it is time you were settled. Your romance has had its turn—show a little common sense now if you have any."

To this I made no answer. Marriage had no attractions for me, and I went to see my sisters. They were lady-like, helpless girls, brought up to regard matrimony as the natural and sole opening for an establishment and a position worth having, but they were gentle and kindly, and so far as their lights went, intelligent and inoffensive.

Then I had an angry interview with Sophy. She had furnished her house in a recklessly sumptuous style, and there was something new and unpleasant in her manner and fashion of dress, but she defied me to prove that her conduct had been incorrect; and her indignation at the charge had at least the appearance of honesty.

The children, too, looked well; and though nurse Elsie observed with a sullen, marked emphasis, "That as long as she could remain they should want for nothing," I had a repugnance to ask explanation of a servant. On the whole, I had judged it best again to absent myself for awhile to think over the difficulties of my position, and also on account of an insufferable suspicion that had entered my mind. Sophy had explained her having ridden out with gentlemen once or twice on the plea that they had called and been polite to her as friends of mine, but she vehemently denied having had continued or intimate intercourse with any.

Her behavior at this last interview since my return from Mount Sandford disturbed me exceedingly. My suspicions were rather strengthened than removed and kept me on my guard; yet, in any case, what should I do with her? What could I do?

She was evidently unwilling that I should leave her, and hardly believed it possible, yet what consideration or affection had her conduct during my absence evinced?

Still, I was clearly responsible for her—she was the mother of my children—a woman I had dearly loved—for whom I had been a traitor to the laws of God and man—to whom I had sworn eternal fidelity. Who could counsel me in this strait? Who could instruct me in what would be best for her—for my ill-fated children? She had rejected with scorn my offer of the small independence I would rigidly have restricted myself to afford her if she would live quietly alone with the children. Was there no resource but to renew the old relations? Could that have become my duty?

I felt at that moment that I could have sacrificed every hope for the future only to regain heart's ease on this point.

With the resolution of self-sacrifice came inspiration. Would I truly give up all else to do my duty to Sophy—then there was one who could help me to see it.

No one who knew Mrs. Fane's writings could doubt her intimate knowledge of, and perfect sympathy with, her own sex; personal communication had only deepened my conviction that a judgment less affected by constitutional or sectarian prejudice, could not be found. At the risk of forever scaring away from me the beautiful Finvola, could I place Sophy's tormenting claims into those pure, tender hands?

My conscience gave but one answer. I must. By what had passed only between Finvola and myself on our journey I was bound to be candid about my affairs; there was no alternative, and two hours later I started back for the west country. I had thought of writing, but finally decided that a personal interview would be more satisfactory. "*Reste debout, meme dans la boue*," a popular Hungarian motto I had heard quoted by Finvola, came into my head and remained there during this journey with a strong and sweet power of consolation. Aye, as far as in me lay, though in the mire, I would remain upright.

Mrs. Fane was naturally surprised to see me, but she received me with her usual reassuring kindness. Feeling an extreme awkwardness in commencing my narration, I began by pleading as an excuse for troubling her the impression that her views on many social subjects had made on me. She looked a little alarmed at this, but on my entreating her to dismiss me at once if I had taken an unwarrantable liberty in coming to ask her advice, she laid her hand kindly on my arm, saying: "You mistake; my advice and such assistance as I can give are always very much at the service of any one who wishes for them; but you puzzle me—pray dispense with any further preface, and let me know your trouble at once."

I obeyed her, and when I had finished, she sat for a few minutes quite still; then she said: "Poor thing, you left her in a position of great peril, with money, but without friends or occupation—a woman, too, whose temperament required excitement of some sort."

"You would have me always stay with her, then?"

"Ah; that has now become a question too involved to be decided hastily. I should like to see Mrs. Somerton; not that I doubt the impartiality of your statements in the least, but in a case involving the interests of two persons, it can never be right to give a judgment on the evidence of only one. Lady Holland is really ill; we are going to Dover to-morrow to her. I could easily go *via* London, staying a few hours there. Take me to Mrs. Somerton's house; I will introduce myself, and trust me I will not grieve her."

I agreed gratefully to her proposal, and we arranged to start together for London next morning. Captain Fane, she thought, would probably go direct to Dover, and meet her at the station there that night. We had more conversation, then she said, "Now kindly leave me; I want to think over all this, and perhaps talk it over with my husband; but you need not fear, it will not go further." I did not fear anything now. I had received neither pity nor advice, yet I felt hushed, almost satisfied. Heaven only knew why.

I left Mrs. Fane the next day at Sophy's door, and then went away to wait for her at the station for Dover. It was some hours before she joined me there. When she arrived she looked flushed and disturbed, but she said, in her usual gentle way, "I have been a long time, but Mrs. Somerton has so much to say. Her frankness is a great encouragement. She wishes to leave town, and thinks she should like to try a country life. I could endeavor to arrange for her with some friends of mine. They are kind, well-educated ladies, with limited means, who take in boarders occasionally to increase their income. They would be scrupulously delicate, I know, in their conduct toward her, and tenderly watchful over the children; but you will understand you could not visit her there, nor is it desirable that you should anywhere just now, for I fear—I fear" (and here that kind little hand was pressed hard yet tremblingly upon my arm) "that we are late. But you must save her. She wishes to quit London—let her come to my friends—let me look to her." The latter part of this sentence was almost gasped out with an intense emotion; it confirmed my own miserable suspicion, and a thrill of horror and disgust ran through me. Of course, I could return but one answer. She almost claimed this fallen sister at my hands. Mentally I laid myself and all I possessed at her feet.

Three days later I left London for my father's house, writing a few lines to Sophy to tell her my address, in case she wished to communicate with me. Having no acknowledgment of this, and not hearing, either, from Mrs. Fane, after a fortnight I wrote to the latter. In reply I received the following:

"MY DEAR MR. LYNDBURST: Your letter comes to a house of mourning. Lady Holland died three days ago, but I have not been unmindful of the charge I undertook, as the inclosed, which came yesterday, will show. I thought you would have heard from Mrs. Somerton herself or I should have written to you before. We hope to be at home in about a week.

"Mrs. Somerton will be within a drive, and as soon as I have seen her I will write again.

"Yours, very truly,
ADA FANE."

This was the inclosed from Sophy:

"MY DEAR MRS. FANE: I shall be quite ready to start on the day and at the hour you name, and I thank you very sincerely for all the trouble you have taken on my behalf. Seeing that you know so little of Mr. Lyndhurst, and nothing at all of any one else connected with me, I cannot but be surprised at all your great kindness to me, but I am not the less grateful. I have tried the change of food you recommended for my baby, and he is better for it; but I fear he will be always delicate. You ask about the children's names. The elder child was christened Anna Sophia Lyndhurst; the baby, Walter Lyndhurst. Their father wished it, but I would not give up Captain Somerton's name and take his, because I thought that would be an additional reason for Captain Somerton's caring for a divorce. Thank you for the books you have sent me. I am sure I should find them interesting if I had the heart to sit still and read; but at present I cannot. I shall be glad to see you again.

"Yours, very gratefully,
SOPHYA SOMERTON"

The same post brought me a direct communication from Sophy. It began by very briefly stating the arrangements, pecuniary and otherwise, that she had made with Mrs. Fane's friends, as she wished to leave London. Then came the following:

"It was a strange chance, your meeting with the authoress A. F. I wish I had known her sooner, for I like her and I believe in her, as I believe in you, Walter, though I have not behaved well to you. The doctrine of the dignity of the individual is not with her a mere theory, it is a conviction. There was no questioning her sincerity when she said to me, simply and earnestly, 'I do not presume to judge you, but I have studied the road you are walking, and I know that you are getting into difficulties; do not refuse my hand and the help of my lantern.' I have not refused it, for I am tired of the darkness which her light made so manifest. Unfortunately—but what is the use of my pursuing this or any other subject; you will probably not read half this letter. My address after this week will be," etc., etc.

Ah, Sophy—my Sophy—I did read every word over and over again, and carried your letters about with me, and mused and groaned over them till the old craze, the long tenderness, came back with such force that but for the torturing doubt of your faith, which, unhappily, everything made deeper, I would have flown back to take you to my heart, never, never to part from you again. After all, through all, the woman one has loved with a true passion, and possessed, has a claim and a charm that will assert themselves above all others. I had done wrong in leaving her. Mrs. Fane had laid her finger on the right place—just where poor Sophy had had the strongest claim on my forbearance; my patience had given way, and I had hardened my heart and forsaken her; but I suffered—oh, my love, I suffered now.

The friends with whom Sophy was going to make a new home were the widow of a captain in the merchant service and her two daughters, elderly spinsters. They had for years laboriously increased a very limited income by teaching the little children belonging to the gentry round, and they were much respected; but as time rolled on and new lights arose on education, they had been obliged gradually to relinquish their little scholars, and were now glad of the assistance of a boarder or two in their small but very comfortable establishment.

A fortnight later I heard again from Mrs. Fane. She had seen Sophy, who, she thought, looked ill, though she denied having anything the matter with her, and spoke in the highest terms of the kindness and attention she met with. The children were well, and nurse Elsie approved of the change. It was the last day of the year, about two months after

Sophy had quitted London, that the post brought me the following:

"MY DEAR MR. LYNDBURST: Mrs. Somerton left her home and her children last night. The inclosed will give you the only explanation she has left behind. I hear the little boy is ailing, but he is not thought seriously ill. I am at present confined to my room with influenza, but as soon as possible I will drive over and see the little ones. My heart bleeds for their poor mother, but she has done right."

"Yours very truly,

ADA FANE."

This was the inclosed:

"DEAR MRS. FANE: I leave my home and my children, because I will not stay to disgrace your kindness and the good people here. I entreat you, make no search or inquiry for me. I have taken money to keep me until my health is re-established; then, if I succeed as I hope to do, in earning a living, I will return it, with much more that I have taken from Mr. Lyndhurst when I had no right to it. He cares for his children, and will provide for them. Meanwhile, I leave them confidently in your kind hands. Tell my good friends the Phillipses that I am mad, or anything you can think of to elude suspicion of the truth, for the children's sake; and though you will never see me again, trust me, you will never have to blush again for any act of mine."

"SOPHIA."

I had been in a state of miserable depression for some time past, to the extreme vexation of my father and sisters, who had a house full of gay company, among them a certain rich but rather vulgar widow, a Mrs. Greathead, whom they had taken up very unaccountably. Her society was always disagreeable to me. Under the shock of this intelligence every one seemed insupportable; so, pleading illness, I kept my room.

The very next evening after I received the letter a telegram came, worded thus:

"From Captain Fane to Mr. Lyndhurst: Your little boy is dangerously ill. If you wish to see him alive come at once."

I started immediately, and arrived at half-past four next morning. Captain Fane was waiting for me and drove me straight to the house through the dreary winter darkness.

The kind old man seemed so greatly troubled that I felt ashamed of my seeming apathy, but beyond telling me that the child had croup and that all possible attention had been paid him, he said very little.

On entering the sick room, I started to see, sitting on a low chair with my boy on her lap, not Mrs. Fane but Finvola.

Good Elsie knelt on one knee before her, with her face buried in her hands, and a gentleman, evidently the doctor, leant against the mantelpiece, with a face that told plainly that he could do no more. I hardly dared approach Finvola, but she held out her hand and drew me down to kiss the dying babe, and as I knelt I felt her hot tears falling fast.

I cannot recall the rest of that day nor the strange sad ones that immediately followed. I know that I was staying at a hotel near, and went several times to look at my dear child, who, they all said, was so beautiful, and that I took little Anna sometimes out walking. Captain Fane came over and kindly suggested the necessary arrangements for the funeral.

It was on the dreariest, keenest of January days that my child was buried. Soon after we left the churchyard, Captain Fane stopped the carriage, saying: "It's very cold, let us walk; you will come home with me." Near the gate of the house we met Finvola. She was very pale and quiet. She led me into the drawing-room, and drew a chair for me close to the fire, saying something about the severe cold. I asked for her mother, but she was ill and confined to her room, continuing in a whisper, though we were alone.

"Mamma has been very unwell for some time; she could not go to the poor baby, so I went—she told me all."

Finvola had been kneeling before the fire warming herself, when she began talking. She came nearer to me to whisper, those slender consoling fingers were slid into mine and the dear head was bent over them.

"Finvola, love," I asked, "you know all, and you can do this?"

She lifted up her angel face and brought her pure lips close to mine. A child's voice woke us from the still rapture of that warm embrace.

Finvola explained: "It is your little Anna. We kept her here that Elsie might go to the funeral, and she insisted on leaving me to bring the child in."

While we were playing with the little one on the sofa I said, "Finvola, darling, what will your parents say to the idea of our marriage?" She turned her fair, flushed face to me quite distressed and startled, "Oh pray, pray don't think of such a thing."

"Never, darling?" She came close up to me as I stood leaning against the mantelpiece and whispered, with little Anna in her arms, "How can you think of it; some one would come between us, dear Walter. I will always love you, only you, but I feel that we can never be married."

It was not the time to urge the point. I only answered with my arms round both, "Then I shall never have a wife nor Anna a mother."

A whimsical memory comes back to me of the dinner that night. Finvola and I, with full hearts, were silent and thoughtful. Captain Fane, all unconscious and only hospitably bent on distracting my thoughts from the melancholy ceremony of the day, was eloquently descending on the exquisite flavor of oysters and sardines (no, not sardines, but something else I forget) cooked together in a particular way. I, looking at Finvola so quiet and grave, and thinking of that last sweet kiss, half-unconsciously passed my finger over my lips, upon which Captain Fane, believing he had thoroughly interested me at last, exclaimed, "Yes, yes; it's a *bonne bouche*, my friend, I can assure you; fit for an emperor!" I saw Finvola smile as I replied eagerly, "So it is, so it is."

I quitted—the next morning, leaving Anna, at Mrs. Fane's request, to her generous care, to remain under their roof, and again returned to the Isle of Wight to my own people. Mrs. Greathead was still there, to my disappointment. Indeed, she seemed to have become inseparable from my sisters and her visit to be endless.

I think it was about ten or twelve days after my return that I met her in the garden, sentimentalizing over the crocuses, and that the following conversation took place between us: "Come here, Mr. Lyndhurst," she exclaimed, "and let me give you a bouquet of spring flowers. How nice you look this morning!" Then, bending coquettishly to fasten the flowers into my coat, she added, "Do you know that you are a dangerously handsome man?" I answered, "I know that people's ideas of beauty are often unaccountable."

"I like your modesty," she pursued. "Will you take a little turn with me in the shrubbery? Your sister has a cold and wants to go in."

Of course I could not refuse. After a pause, she began: "Mr. Lyndhurst, do you know that I have a large fortune, and that I find it quite embarrassing?"

I replied, carelessly: "It is a sort of embarrassment that I should be very glad to experience."

She continued: "But you are such a gay Lothario that you would run through a dozen fortunes. I wonder when you will marry and settle."

I answered from my inmost heart, "I am most anxious to marry at this moment."

She fixed her bright bead-like eyes upon me with a keen scrutiny, as she said, "Are you also prepared to be reasonable? I am not like a young girl, Mr. Lyndhurst, who does not understand, when I hear that you are hampered with many claims. Of course, before you married you would summarily settle all these and free yourself from them for good. Means should not be wanting."

"Excuse me," I exclaimed. "Your intentions are kind, I doubt not; but I am at a loss to understand the meaning of this allusion to my private affairs. Even applying your words generally, I disagree with you. There are claims which cannot be summarily settled—responsibilities which, however unwelcome, must be borne for life. When I marry, it will be from intense mutual sympathy of feeling, and my wife will hallow these claims by sharing them."

Mrs. Greathead opened her black eyes very wide. "I heard you had some strange ideas, Mr. Lyndhurst," she said; "but the extravagance of this is really too much for me."

She left us a few days after, and my father angrily accused me of being the cause. "I put one of the best possible matches into your hands, and you let it slip through your bunter fingers," he cried.

I remonstrated, "My dear father, you want money as much as I do and are a much more attractive man. Why not marry the widow yourself?" Of course the notion was pooh-poohed, but at any rate it made a diversion and I heard very little more of the subject.

It could not have been very many weeks later that I received the following letter from Mrs. Fane:

"MY DEAR MR. LYNDBURST: I inclose a letter I have just received, and in consequence of which I am preparing to start for London by the next train."

"Meantime I have telegraphed to Mrs. Somerton that I am coming, and desired the people of the house to take all possible care of her. Elsie tells me that she had been taking some strong quack medicines before she left this, which have, I fear, ruined her health."

"Yours sincerely,

ADA FANE."

The inclosure ran thus:

"DEAR MRS. FANE: I implore you to come to me. I am very ill. I am sure I shall die, and my money is all spent."

"SOPHIA."

Inexpressibly distracted and remorseful, I immediately set off for London, and went at once to the house named in the note. My poor Sophy! It was a wretched looking place, and on my asking the dirty ragged girl who opened the door for Mrs. Somerton, she answered, "Oh, sir, she died an hour ago; she's been very bad a long time, and the baby was born dead."

"Is Mrs. Fane here?" I next inquired.

"Yes, sir; she arrived yesterday; she is lying down now; dreadful tired; shall I tell her that you want her?"

"No," I said, "only say, if you please, that I shall be glad to know if there is anything that I can do, and ask if she will see me to-night or to-morrow morning."

The little maid came down very soon with a message that Mrs. Fane could not see me till the next morning at ten o'clock, and I went away much disturbed at leaving her in such a place and under such circumstances. There seemed to be no end to the disappointments and distresses that I brought on all who cared for me.

The next morning I duly waited upon her. She looked weary and very sad, but she said little and went through the remaining arrangements necessary to be made with a gentle courage that was an inexpressible relief. She asked me if I wished to examine poor Sophy's desk, and on my replying that it was not absolutely necessary that I should, she took out the contents, glanced over a few letters and burned them, finally handing me one—Captain Somerton's—from which I have already quoted.

In the afternoon she returned to her home, and a few days later I followed poor Sophy's remains to the grave, alone, as I thought; but as I was leaving the cemetery I observed a gentleman standing at a distance who seemed familiar to me.

He had turned quite gray since I had last seen him, yet I felt sure that it was Captain Somerton.

I had taken up an old interest, and had been some months studying art in the Belgian galleries before I found heart of grace to write a long, confidential letter to Finvola. Her reply was very short:

"DEAR WALTER: I value your confidence and your friendship above all things, but I cannot think of anything else yet. We love little Anna too much, for her own sake as well as yours, to need any tiast for what we do for her. Mamma says that unless you insist upon it she will never give her up, not even to me."

"Yours (or no one's),

FINVOLA FANE."

It was enough. Only patience was needed now, and absorbing real work is ever the best producer of that. The winter passed uneventfully away, save for the marriage of my father with the widow Greathead, after the sudden inspiration of my advice; and even the Lent gloom sat soothingly on me when Easter brightness was suddenly awoke by the following sentence in a letter from Mrs. Fane:

"We think Finvola wants amusement, so we are going to Paris for a few weeks. Perhaps you will meet us there?"

Perhaps I did. At least if I dream, I have a wonderfully vivid recollection of the night of their arrival. How, after dinner, Mrs. Fane took spirit, wayward little Anna to bed; and how Captain Fane, tired from his long journey, went to sleep by the fire; and how Finvola and I might have been thought asleep, too, we were so quiet, sitting together on the sofa. We were too happy to talk. "There is an awe in mortal's joy," and a single exchange of sentences had turned earth into heaven for us. And yet they say the age of miracles is past!

"Finvola, love," I had pleaded, "we must not part again; I could not bear it," and she had answered, "Nor could I."

It was some time the next day that Finvola puzzled me by a remark she made about Lady Holland's property and a hope she expressed that I would consent to live the greater part of the year on it.

I said I supposed that must depend on her father and his wishes with regard to the estate, when I was informed that Lady Holland had not left her property to her brother, but to his daughter direct and unconditionally. I could not help remarking that under these circumstances my Finvola was going to make a very unequal marriage, but it was stopped by a soft hand on my mouth and desired never to make a remark like that again.

"*L'excuse de l'amour, c'est d'aimer*," whispered Finvola, "and marriage is a partnership into which each must bring an equal hoard of love; for the rest, it matters little which brings or makes the most money if only there is enough for both to live on."

[FINIS.]

THE BLOOD OF THE MARTYRS.

Oh! bless the great Jehovah, whose mighty spirit saves,
He will cleave the crimson ocean and conduct us thro' its waves!
In Manchester our martyrs lie mouldering in their graves.

But their souls are marching on.
Glory, glory unto ye, men,
Tyrants trembled 'fore ye three, men,
Ye light up the wilderness for freemen,
As they go marching on.

Within the English prison they dug their felon graves,
Their lion hearts 'neath foreign earth tramped down by feet of slaves;
But away beyond the ocean by the roaring Irish waves,
Their souls are marching on.

Glory, glory to the people,
Ring out bold anthems from the steeple,
"Tremble, ye tyrants," for the people
Are marching, marching on.

From the red graves in the dungeon shall spring a mighty tree,
Beneath whose spreading branches, flushed with fruit of liberty,
We'll chant the choral anthems of the people's jubilee.

As we go marching on,
Glory, glory unto ye, men;
From the graves where they planted but three men,
Shall spring up an army of freemen,
To march for freedom on.

The voice of martyrdom rings along the conscious stones,
The blood of retributed heroes beats anew about their bones,
The heart of hell is quaking for her palaces and thrones,

As we go marching on,
Glory, glory to the people,
Ring out the news from the steeple,
"God is the Priest of the people,"
And leads them safely on."

The earth swings on rejoicing, for the people move as one,
Their backs unto the purple past, their faces to the sun,
Whose light rolls back the shadows as the pregnant ages run,
And men go marching on.
Glory, glory to the few men,
Whose flame fed the spirit of the new men;
The earth will rejoice when all true men
Will march together on.

God is everlasting, crowns and thrones are transient things;
The glitter of earth's palaces, the viciousness of kings,
Shall pass like empty visions 'neath the sweeping of His wings.

As He goes marching on,
Glory, glory, alleluiah,
Exeunt kings, alleluiah,
Freedom shall live, alleluiah,
While rolls the green earth on.

MICHAEL SCANLAN.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

BY GEORGE A. BACON.

This subject is destined to create a far greater rumpus than that recently occurring at Hunter's Point, Long Island, and in places too numerous to mention. It is a matter of common notoriety, that upon no subject, not excepting politics, do the passions and prejudices of men retain so firm a hold as concerning their religious convictions. For no other cause will men fight so desperately as for their religion, however inconsistent and paradoxical it may seem. There is no more direct method to have this controversy successfully terminated, than for the bigoted stickler to strenuously insist that the Bible shall always form a part of our public school instruction. This will inevitably generate opposition, which in turn will develop still another antagonism—to continue until the matter is finally settled right, i. e., in accordance with equity and justice. The genius of our common school system, upon which so much of our national prosperity depends, must be of the most catholic, universal and perfect character. While the conscientious scruples of parents are to be respectfully considered, all forms of dogmatism and sectarianism must be discarded, for the greater good of the whole. For the welfare of the nation, the state and society, the education of all the youth of both sexes is a *sine qua non*. To accomplish this, in a commendable degree of perfection, the conditions must be so liberal, even while the exactions are compulsory, that all can readily comply with them. While the faiths of the attendants are so numerous and conflicting, whoever insists upon the public promulgation of any one form, acts in a restricted spirit and seeks to subvert the underlying principle of the whole. Properly, our public schools have nothing whatever to do with imparting religious views, and the teacher or Board of Trustees who permit, in the interest of any sect, the introduction of any distinctive theological notion, prostitute their office as guardians of the common weal in matters pertaining to their most vital interest. In the language of a distinguished contemporary, "whatever tends to narrow the scope of the system or to discourage any portion of the population from making use of its opportunities, is prejudicial to the public good and merits disapprobation." * * * With all the opportunities afforded by social and church institutions for religious instruction, no particular form of such instruction ought to be forced into schools supported by public taxation, against the wishes of an earnest minority and to the exclusion of those who would otherwise attend. Thus it appears that all our school troubles arise from the establishment, by our forefathers, of a most dangerous precedent, the discontinuance or total abolishment of which becomes our present imperative and solemn duty.—*American Spiritualist*.

ART AND DRAMA.

After Booth's revival of "Julius Caesar," the most notable dramatic performance this year is that of Mr. Mackaye and his pupil, Miss Griswold, at the St. James Theatre, in the play of "Monaldi." Mr. Mackaye, as our readers are probably aware, is the favorite pupil and representative in this country of the Abbe Delsarte, a renowned French teacher of histrionic action and expression. The empirical expression of emotion and passion has been known to artists in all ages, but Delsarte professed to have reduced it to a scientific theory. Mr. Mackaye, who had partially explained and illustrated the science on the lecture platform, seeks now to exemplify his own teaching in actual practice. The play chosen can in no sense be considered a fortunate selection; and the disadvantages of the plot and composition are aggravated, as Mr. Mackaye explained to the audience, by his having been obliged, through the meagre mechanical conveniences and the narrow space of the theatre, "to cut and slash" the production to such an extent that he had done the author but scant justice. This disjointed *torso* was sufficient to show, however, that even in its entirety the play must have been a long drawn out pain and sadness. The dialogue is bald and uninteresting, and the little attempt at jest and comedy is as weak as it well can be. The plot and action are simple. *Monaldi*, a rising artist, able both as sculptor and painter, loves a high-born beauty. The lady is also beloved by *Maldura*. She rejects *Maldura*, who, in a fit of mortification and rage, swears she shall never marry another. *Maldura* and *Monaldi* are bosom friends. *Maldura* leaves Venice to take possession of an inheritance. *Monaldi* declares his passion, which is reciprocated, and he is married. His marriage and his merit increase his reputation, and he becomes rich and eminent. After a year, *Maldura* returns to Venice. His first visit is to his friend. The old wound has not closed, and when *Monaldi* introduces his dearest friend to his beautiful wife, that friend recognizes in *Rosalita* the destroyer of his peace. She has not forgotten him, and when they are alone she presses him on the subject of his threat to avenge himself. He adroitly avoids any direct pledge of friendship, but leaves her in the impression that all is well between them. Instead of that he sets afoot a diabolical scheme of revenge. He procures the connivance of *Fialto*, a libertine noble, and together they set to work to undermine *Rosalita's* reputation, and to drive *Monaldi* to jealous madness. In this business they are successful. *Monaldi* slays his wife and goes mad over her corpse. *Maldura* is overwhelmed with remorse at the fatal success of his own devilry. He visits *Monaldi* in his lunatic cell. *Monaldi*, after a fierce fit, partially recognizes him. The soothing influence of the friendly visit brings him back to reason. *Maldura* then tells him that *Rosalita* is not dead. The joy completes his cure—hearts don't break nor brains give away with joy. *Maldura* then, in the agony of his own self-condemnation, eager to expiate his rank offense with as much speed as may be, somewhat hastily confesses his own wickedness; this throws *Monaldi* back again, and he is about first to crush, and, on second thought, to curse his false friend, when the wronged *Rosalita* intervenes between them and by an appeal to the sacred emblems before which they all stand, saves both parties from further penalties of sins repeated.

This sketch is worked out in five short acts. There is nothing worthy of remark in it. The dialogue is such as may be met in any time novel of a gloomy turn and type. The situations may be seen in any melodrama, with this difference, that melodramatists mostly strain after new effects. Here there is nothing new, with one solitary exception. The play is unworthy of a metropolitan audience, and it is with surprise that one hears the name of Mr. Durivage as its author.

The exceptional point is in the first act. The stage is set as an artist's atelier. At one side is a statue stand, encircled by a curtain—presumably a statue. The lovely *Rosalita*, in company with her father, visits *Monaldi*. Encouraged by her approving words, he asks her to be his model. She assents. In a transport of joy he goes to work then and there, draws aside the curtain and discloses, not a statue, but an upright lump of wet plaster. Girding on his working apron, he poses the lady, manipulates the plaster, which, under his skillful hands, grows into a form of beauty, until he faints away through the reopening of a wound that he had received in a duel described in the opening dialogue, which duel, except as respects this incident, is altogether extraneous matter. The business here is very good, and, so far as I know, quite new. In the play founded on Charles Reade's "Trades' Union" novel there is, I believe, a corresponding performance. The hero there has a forge on the stage, and makes a knife blade. But this Pygmalion business, while it has nothing to do with the elucidation of Mr. Mackaye's theories, shows him an adept in modeling. The graceful figure is quickly and accurately worked out, and the process is looked at with great interest by the audience, to most of whom it must be a new experience. During the operation, which lasts five or ten minutes, no word is spoken. The sculptor observes, thinks, works.

Mr. Mackaye in his lecture illustrated, by gesture, posture, facial change and bodily action, the mode by which he produced appearance and variety of passion and sentiment. This mechanical flexibility was a very successful proof of the value of practice and teaching. The questions still remained of the accurate expression of the several emotions of the soul and of the sympathy between the actor and the auditor by which the one should understand what the other meant. In actual life we recognize readily the striking passions rage, grief and the like, especially among the people, with whom the forms of culture and the usages of self-repression do not obtain so much as with what are called the educated classes, part of whose breeding is to live within themselves. There it is that Mr. Mackaye's art-practice seems

to fail. This particular play is cast in Italy at the renaissance period, the age of Machiavelli and Borgia, when every one hid his thoughts behind the mask of dissimulation. For the actor to rant and rage, to express to the audience by violent poses, vehement gestures and varying play of features set in the most extreme lines all the changeable emotions of his soul, is such a violation of probability as repels an audience rather than enlists their sympathy. Delsarte's theory in this matter is no new thing. Fuselli and Haydon, among moderns, have given us systematized delineations of the passions. The same thing has been done by a hundred others. Michael Angelo, in his "Last Judgment" gives us tremendous proofs of astonishing variety of expression; while the Laocoon group furnishes evidence that the full idea of the Delsartian theory was perfectly grasped by the mighty masters of antiquity, viz., the harmony of face and limb, feature and attitude in the expression of passion. Not only does the Laocoon tell the story of physical torture by the compressing convolutions of the ravening monsters, but he and his children are also subject to the more terrible agonies of despair in their fulfillment of the fate destined by Divine vengeance. And this moral sentiment is somehow conveyed by the limbs as well as by the features. There is in the whole composition the sense of desperate struggle against the inevitable, of vain appeal to the inflexible, and of despair. This is entire. It is not told, as Mr. Mackaye suggests, by this or that crook or curve, or flexure of toe, finger or lip, but altogether. Face, body and soul are in one accord. Now the point is, could this be taught, mechanized or reduced to a system so that one of fair intelligence cultivated on the Delsarte theory should do as well or better than the man of genius acting on his own observation and impulse. Mr. Mackaye has tested himself, and, as I think, has failed. With Delsarte he is further from truth and nature than others are without Delsarte. Rachel without Delsarte would have done what Delsarte could never have done without Rachel. Mr. Mackaye as an actor is a lamentable failure. Artificiality and exaggeration abound in a painful degree. When he receives a letter he cannot receive it simply, but takes it with a curvature of the wrist, an obtrusion of the receptive hand, and a sidelong bend of the head and neck, as who should say, "You see my theory!" Again, when he has stabbed his wife and she lies on the ground, he leans over her, his face to the house, and, for perhaps two minutes, goes through a series of facial contortions of which the effect is ludicrous to one observer or distressing to another, but in which there is not the slightest trace of living, actual nature. The resemblance being to the several typical expressions to be found in antique statues. Tremendously strong in a single concentrated instance, but doubtful and uncertain when exhibited in succession. The most important inquiry remains, "What does it mean?" Mr. Mackaye wholly fails here. His pantomime gives us no intelligence. In order to understand Mackaye we must live by Mackaye's rule. The common bond is wanting. Art is universal in its sympathies. That surely cannot be art which does not appeal to all. The most perfect artist is he who shall touch all hearts. A Beecher, a Spurgeon, a Collier will cleave the rock and make the waters flow alike with gentle or simple, with peer or peasant. The highest truths of art can of course be best received by the highest culture, just as the truths of science or of morals, but that system of art whose results are not intelligible to the common heart of humanity is but a system of words, void of life.

As an actor Mr. Mackaye is wholly deficient in what is popularly called magnetism. He fails to establish sympathy between himself and his hearers. His style is stilted and affected, and the way he manages his legs and feet is perfectly extraordinary. He gives in his affectation repeated suggestions of *Master Slender* or *Malcolmo*. One would not think of citing Mr. A. H. Davenport as a great actor, and yet he was much more natural, much more *en rapport* with the audience than Mackaye. Mr. Davenport is stiff and ungraceful, but he is a man. Mr. Mackaye is extravagant, is always putting himself in difficult attitudes, strikes poses. One preposterous performance by Davenport is in the lunatic cell scene. *Maldura* cowers at the feet of *Monaldi*. In his contrition he wishes to take refuge at the altar from *Monaldi's* rage. He progresses thither in a sitting posture. Whether this be Delsartian I know not, but it is not original. I have seen it successfully practiced in the street by disabled unfortunates in search of pennies.

Miss Griswold seems to me a young lady of much promise. She has much nature and a very pleasant manner, and I am inclined to think that when she gets away from the Mackaye mannerisms she will make a good actress.

VANDYKE.

THE DISTINGUISHED DEAD OF 1871.

The necrological record of 1871, though not more remarkable, perhaps, than in previous years, shows that the Death Angel has still been busy among the great in this and other lands. Among scholars the most prominent deaths are those of Sir Jno. F. W. Herschel, the astronomer; Roderick Murchison, the geographer and naturalist; and Charles Babbage, the mathematician, all of England, while other countries have lost in smaller proportion. Of authors, America loses the sisters Alice and Phebe Cary, George Ticknor and Henry T. Tuckerman; England loses Henry Alford, George Buxton and George Grote (the historian); France, Alex. Dumas, Charles Hugo and Count de Gasparin—the latter at Geneva, Switzerland. Among publishers England loses Richard Bentley; Scotland, Robert Chambers; and America, Charles Scribner.

The deaths among military celebrities include Marshal Benedek, of Austria; Gen. Prim (assassinated in the closing days of last year); Schamy, the Circassian Chief; Omer Pacha, of Turkey; and of our

own countrymen, Gen. James Totten; Gen. Robert Anderson (at Nice, Italy); Gen. Thomas J. Rodman, inventor of the Rodman gun and commandant at Rock Island. The most distinguished names among Naval officers are those of Com. Tatnall and the Austrian Admiral, Tegethoff. The Methodist Episcopal Church has lost two Bishops—Revs. David W. Clark and Osman C. Baker, while the list of other distinguished clergymen includes the names of Father Taylor, Chaplain of the Sailors' Bethel at New Haven; Dr. E. S. Gannett, Rev. Albert Barnes, and within the past few days Dr. R. J. Breckinridge. The distinguished names of Auber, Thalberg and Anschutz have disappeared from the ranks of the living among composers and musicians. The deaths among actors include Walter Montgomery, and in this country Peter Richings and James H. Hackett, the latter the "Jack Falstaff" of the American stage.

The year has been a very fatal one among prominent politicians in this country, as shown by the list of such names as ex-Senator Howard, of Michigan; Clement L. Vallandigham; John Slidell and James M. Mason, of secession memory; Thomas Ewing, United States Senator from Ohio thirty years ago and afterward Secretary of the Treasury under General Harrison; ex-Governor Bigler, of California; Andrew Jackson Donelson, candidate for the Vice Presidency with Filmore in 1856, etc. But the places vacated by death are already being filled, and in another year the memories of the majority will have been almost obliterated, while the public mind will be absorbed in the contemplation of new events.

WOMAN ITEMS.

Mrs. Amelia F. Southgate has been elected a member of the school committee in Taunton, Mass.

A kiss, says a French authoress, costless and gives more pleasure than anything else in the world.

"I will be in fashion, if I dye for it!" said the ambitious belle, whose locks were not of the ruling tint; and dye she did.

Miss Mary E. Green, M. D., was the first woman elected an active member of the Medico-Legal Society in New York.

The Princess Margaret, of Orleans, a twenty-four-year-old daughter of the Duke of Nemours, is to marry the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England.

Miriam M. Cole reasons that men, as a rule, think as their wives think. This is true. It is a standing axiom in European society: Secure the women and the men will follow.

An American lady is to be lady mayoress of Rome. The Marquis Gavotti, the prospective syndic of the eternal city, married the daughter of Mr. Davis, of New York, and thus it happens.

In the Elgin watch factories three hundred of five hundred employees are girls. These girls earn from \$10 to \$20 a week, and perform the delicate operations incident to the business more skillfully than men.

A "Western woman" says in a letter that her sex will never rest contented until their sins are treated as leniently as are those committed by men. Yes, the sex has more than an equality of wrongs; it is about time to have an equality of rights.

Mrs. Rolles has knocked one "objection" entirely out of sight by the statement that an invention has been perfected in Boston by which the cradle can be satisfactorily, securely and continuously rocked while the women go to vote.

The Emperor of Germany had no less than fifteen thousand applications for the cross of merit from ladies who acted as nurses during the war. Only three thousand of them were successful. Of course killing must be rewarded before curing.

Rev. Dr. Peabody, in his election sermon yesterday, said: "The sole reason why women were underpaid was that women who did not need work were mean enough to underbid those who did, and the lowest bid ruled the market."—*Boston Transcript*.

In an election held at Greeley, Colorado, on the 2d, the people of that town nominated by ballot the man they wished to receive the appointment of postmaster. Ninety-eight women participated in the election.

A married lady in Connecticut recently fell into a river, and would have drowned except that her cries attracted the attention of her husband, who, mistaking her in the dark for another woman, worked like a beaver to get her out.

North Cornwall, Conn., enjoys the notoriety of having a bride who has not yet attained her thirteenth year. We have heard of such a case before. Fifty-seven years of misery when she finds out that unless he beats her or leaves her, she cannot be unhusbanded.

Mrs. Margaret Brown is engraving clerk of the Tennessee Senate, and with such signal ability does she perform her duties, that a resolution was recently offered in that body thanking her "for the intelligent industry, faultless accuracy and perfect neatness" displayed in her department.

A couple were married at Great Barrington, Mass., on Tuesday, and on Saturday the husband returned the bride to her mother. He said he wasn't in the habit of being kicked out of bed by women, and he wouldn't stand it. If the story be true here is a man who needs protection by a free love law. What will society do for him now? Laugh at him.

A number of Troy (N. Y.) ladies, married and otherwise, have organized an anti-lodge society, which means that all their power and influence shall be thrown against secret societies or clubs of whatever kind that keep the complementary half of their race away from their society. More fools those women! They would compel their husbands to continue in their society, when taste and disinclination compel them out of it. Can the leopard change his spots?

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.—The *Home Journal*, in alluding to the change in the custom of furnishing

wine at New Year's receptions, says: "The revolution comes primarily from the ladies, and to them belongs the honor. Undeniably they possess the criterion of a more normal spiritual taste, a clearer perception of the higher symmetries of character, and to their sight the *bouleversement* of inebriety is an offense, an outrage on the work of the Divine Artist, which the obtuse sense of men is slow to realize. Inevitably, in their free judgment, they must regard inebriation in their presence as an insult to themselves and a degradation to its victims. They may pity the weakness and yielding to the ways of the world, may apparently pass lightly over the shame, but let no man flatter himself that a true woman, in her heart of hearts, can ever hold his inebriation otherwise than a detestable and irrevocable fall."—*Boston Transcript*.

"THEY SAY."—They say: A more sneaking, cowardly, fiendish liar than "They say," does not exist. That personage is a universal scapegoat for personal gossip, envy and malice without form of flesh and blood when invoked, and yet striking boldly in every community. The character is a myth, and yet real; intangible, and yet clutching its victims with remorseless power. It is unseen, and from its exhaustless quiver wings its poisoned arrows from day to day. And no mail is proof; no character, position or sex escapes; no sanctuary is too sacred; no home is bulwarked against its assaults. When one base heart wishes to assail some person's character or motives, "They say" is always invoked. That is the assassin who strikes in the cloud—the Thug who haunts the footsteps of the offender, and tortures from careless word or deed an excuse for the stiletto. Men dare not always reveal their own feelings. With smiles and pretended friendship they present the venomous shaft as coming from "They say." Be sure, reader, that when some villainous tale is told you, and the relator cannot give you an author more tangible than "They say" for it, the slander is the creation of the heart by your side, reeking with the poison of envy and hatred, and earnest with the wish to have the falsehood of "They say" bud into reality, and become current coin in the community.—*Evening Telegram*.

THE SEX OF CRIME.—The following from the Chicago *Post* is a pointed illustration of the abominable injustice of some of our social customs:

Two months ago, one B. F. Simmons eloped from St. Paul with a married lady, both of them leaving families behind them. Both were in "good society." Both were execrated. The other day both returned. The woman was met with reproaches and epithets. Old friends cut her on the streets. A divorce was demanded by her aggrieved husband. She was voted an outcast. How about Simmons? Simmons was a man, you see, and that makes a difference, you know. His wife and weeping friends welcomed him back with embraces—the poor, misled prodigal. His cronies laughed with him and jostled him gaily on his gallantry. That night he drove around town with his family behind dappled greys, bowing and smiling patronizingly. Mrs.—no matter about the name—the other reprobate—is literally spurned and driven from her home by all who knew her, while her paramour and the equal criminal has not even for a moment lost his business footing, and is just as much the favorite in society as ever. For he is a man, you know.

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