

TERMS, IN ADVANCE: One year, \$1.00; Six months, .75; Three months, .50

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on Reasonable Terms

HER LOT;

How She Was Protected. BY MRS. A. J. DUNWAY. AUTHOR OF "EDITH BEHN," "ELLEN BOWEN," "ANTHONY BERRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "ONE WOMAN'S SPEECH," "MAINE MARRIAGES," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI. The paritidality that all mothers exhibit toward children who are cured with any infirmity, such as deformity of figure, imbecility of intellect, feebleness of body, or well-known weakness in morals, has long ago passed into a proverb. I was no exception to this universal rule; indeed, to this day my other children speak occasionally of their poor elder brother, but always in tones of injured innocence, as though they had suffered in some way from my particular fondness for my unfortunate first born.

And yet who should blame a mother for dearly loving an unfortunate wail, whose cruel fate has cursed with untoward birth, through circumstances over which mother and child had no control?

If I no longer worshiped Gerald, my husband, I idolized Gerald, my boy. And when the great awakening came, that taught me that my marriage was a moral fraud, could I have been free to act according to my inner convictions of right and duty, I might have shaken myself loose from a long train of agonizing experiences, the memory of which often causes my blood to run cold even yet.

Why a marriage which is a fraud upon the face of its own contract should be falsely honored in the observance, when the only real honor is in dissolving the already broken bond, is more than I can now imagine; but in those days the superstitious idea was widely prevalent that a woman, once a wife, must accept the position as final, if, in so doing she should be compelled to injure her life, and the existence and well-being of her innocent children, upon the altar where intolerance, cruelty, and inconstancy held ruthless empire.

I do not believe in divorce, even now. There is no need that humanity shall be poorly disciplined that it shall constantly be making conjugal mistakes. Given perfect equality of rights in all things, coupled with an intelligent understanding of nature's laws, whether philosophical, physiological, conjugal, legal, political, or financial, and there are few persons of mature age who will wreck their lives upon matrimonial reefs. But unhappiness will never cease to wedlock so long as mere children are allowed to be wives, and consequently compelled to be mothers, simply because they have given assent to a contract of the nature of which they know nothing. To recognize such a marriage as valid is the worst crime known to humanity, next to the blackness of great darkness through which mortals are so often compelled to blindly grope in times of long-continued trial.

As I now look back upon the by gone years, I feel astonished that I did not openly rebel. I wonder that my naturally impetuous spirit did not snap the thong that bound me to a drunken monster, long after love for him was dead. But, as I have said, I worshiped Gerald, my baby; and I believe that I before have told you that Gerald, my husband, was at intervals, for many years, very tender and patient with me. I was not a paragon, either. I was always suffering either the ills of gestation or the agonies of maternity. The frequent outrages upon my nature were constantly avenged by aches and pains innumerable, under which I bore the continually added burdens of a rapidly increasing family, and I was often irritable without apparent cause, and unlovable without visible reason.

Ab, me! But I am anticipating my story. Let me pass over the several weeks subsequent to Gerald's return in silence. I need only say they were weeks of turmoil, which ended, as everything, no matter how disagreeable, must end sometime, leaving me ill in body, distracted in mind, and utterly routed in aim and purpose.

Mr. Motley would not allow his wife to remain in the house with a drunken man, "lest her reputation be injured thereby," he said, so my only friend was taken from my side at a time when, of all others, I felt that I most needed her. The fit of my husband's periodic malady was over at last. But with his convalescence came a capricious appetite, to which, in my youth and inexperience, I vainly sought to cater satisfactorily. Add to this that my own digestion was again disturbed by gestatory symptoms, to which no one sought to cater, and for the alleviation of which there were none on earth to care, and you may well cease to wonder that I was no paragon.

The New Northwest.

VOLUME VII. PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1878. NUMBER 30.

Young girls in their teens, if unmarried, are protected in every possible way by those who love them. Not one would be entrusted with the care of a drunken man, for love or money, lest harm might come to her; and it is well that this is true. Yet who thinks of the awful iniquity of compelling such girls, because not unmarried, to remain in the house alone with one whom the law has made her husband, subject to all the possibilities and probabilities of his unbridled power? In the name of posterity, I protest against the legality of such wrongs.

For several days Gerald, my husband, had been too stupid to pay heed to Gerald, my baby. But he had finally allowed the heaviest of his potations to so far exhaust his vitality that he was compelled to begin to sober up. Of course he was miserable, and his mind was under a cloud. But he ought not to have been allowed his liberty, since he was not competent to exercise it. Had he been clothed in his right mind, I know he would not have been so cruel as to maim our child.

After a night of such torment as can never be realized except through bitter personal experience, I had risen early, to prepare our meal as best I could, and was having the difficulty with my husband's favorite dish of hot meat porridge which untaught beginners are very apt to encounter in their first attempts, because I had failed to stir it properly; and it had burned fast to the edges and bottom of the kettle, and filled the air with a stifling odor, against which my rebellious stomach revolted until I felt sick unto death. I was engaged in retching and gasping, and certainly needed a nurse, of whom it was sheer barbarism to deprive me, when suddenly I heard a terrified baby wail, sharp and staccato, like explosive and exploding agony.

I rushed to the parlor in alarm, and instantly forgot my ailments in the prospect before me. My baby had risen from his bed, and had been pattering with his chubby, naked feet about the floor. My husband, in watching him, had noticed his likeness to the man I loathed, and in his frenzy he had dealt him a dreadful blow. And there he lay, my precious baby, quivering in every nerve, while a pool of blood was gathering from his broken nose upon the floor.

"Gerald, what have you done?" I wailed, as in my trembling hands I seized my quivering child. "Beat the Chalmers complexion out of the brat!" was the awful response, accompanied by an oath that was in itself blood curdling. I thought our child was murdered outright. For a long time he showed no signs of life, and I washed the red life blood from his wounded face in speechless anguish.

I think my husband was shocked and sobered by his cruel conduct. He arose from his bed, half dressed himself, and started for Dr. Suydenham, who, as I knew, had spent the night at the paragon's with his son. In a little while the grand old doctor was bending with me over our poor maimed infant, applying restoratives to his broken features, and assisting me with words of consolation inexpressibly valuable to my stricken spirit.

Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals have long been justly regarded as of exceeding importance in the advancement of human civilization; but a society for the prevention of possible cruelty to the wives and children of the enraged inebriate has yet to be inaugurated. Had Mrs. Motley been permitted to act according to the dictates of her own conscience, she would not have permitted me to be left alone with my child in such a situation. But alas for the genuine liberty of the average woman, one thus free, and yet married, is an anomaly indeed.

For a long time I watched the doctor with almost breathless interest. I could not weep or lament. I was stunned, and almost paralyzed. "Will he live?" I asked, at last, as my baby gasped and gave utterance to a feeble moan. Dr. Suydenham shook his head. "Then Gerald is a murderer of the blackest dye!" I said, my voice hard and cold, and my frame all a-tremor with grief, anger, excitement, and injury. "No, little one; not quite so bad as that," replied the doctor, sighing and still shaking his head. "The child will always be disfigured somewhat, but he will not die, neither will he be a hopeless idiot. But his reason is impaired in some degree. Too bad! too bad!" I sat as one dazed to stone. Whether could I go, or what might I do? Could I possibly remain longer under the roof where there was no protection for me or my child? Could I serve and suffer all my life, unable to help myself, and always doomed to a lot like this?

Ab, if I had only dared to brave it out, with a declared resolution to do something sharp, decisive, and sensible. But I did not dare, and if I had dared, what could I have done? The question was well worth asking. The doctor dressed my baby's wounds, and then turned his attention to my husband, who sat in the corner with his head bowed, evidently in profound repentance. Such a lecture as that doctor gave him! If I had only had the independence as a wife which he possessed as a doctor, I might have aided my husband in his reformation, through the enforcement of a moral necessity. But I was only a child-wife, poverty-stricken and child-burdened.

Yet Gerald was patient, and for a time my skies brightened. When he was sober there could be no need of a better man. He was cultured, intelligent, attractive, and naturally handsome; and, in spite of my baby's injury staring me in the face continually, a portion of the old love came back as he returned to his old ways. And sick as I was, and much as the duties of house-keeping lacerated my rebellious stomach, I bore my lot in thankfulness so long as he was sober and sympathetic.

That grand old doctor was my stay and strength. To him I related the whole story of my so nearly fatal regard for his son, and to him I was indebted for a mighty though unsuccessful effort to remove the young clergyman from the scene of other labors. Gerald was wholly himself again after a while, and then Mr. Motley, now that there was no immediate need of protecting me or mine from drunkenness, was willing for his wife to return, that I might enjoy the association I so much needed.

My baby, who had been so healthy, chubby, and vigorous before his accident, was now stupid and dull. He would sometimes break forth into fits of screaming, from which he would pass into a stupor, in which he would remain for hours. I think Gerald was ashamed of himself, and I am sure he meant to reform thoroughly. He was a very enterprising man, and was much in love with California, whither he resolved to remove and cast his future lot, and I, only too glad to second any scheme that had the promise of change or excitement to me, was delighted with his proposition for me to accompany him thither.

A fortnight of active preparation followed our sudden resolve, and then, accompanied by my friends, the Motleys, who had changed their minds somewhat as to their future mission, and were now resolved to plant themselves, with their religion, in the new territory of the United States, concerning which the colonial newspapers had so much to tell. But it seemed to me that an evil genius pursued me, for no sooner were we well on ship board than Elder Chalmers also came, his destination San Francisco, or "The Mission," as it was then designated, his object the rescue of deluded Grangers, Kanakas, and Indians from the alleged heresies of the Roman Catholic religion. And here I had another reason for questioning the divine necessity of Christian proselyting. The Catholic hates the Protestant, the Protestant the Catholic. Each not only believes his eternal salvation is depending upon the proper expounding of and implicit obedience to a certain formula, to which the other cannot possibly agree; but each is trying to carry this divided gospel into the same heathen lands, without which cometh eternal destruction. One thing to me is very plain. If I shall ever go away into the everlasting fire of the New Testament Scriptures, it will be because Elder Chalmers considered himself specially called to the work of a missionary.

The vessel we sailed in was an American three-masted clipper, with a row of outside state-rooms adjoining the Captain's suite on deck, where my husband mercifully hid me away from the sinister sneers of the self-appointed Vice-regent of the meek and lowly one, who not only never gave cause for resentment, but "when he was reviled, reviled not again."

Mrs. Motley took my husband aside and gave him a long lesson of instructions as to his future treatment of the mother of his children, a lesson that was certainly beneficial during our voyage, if not afterward. Gerald was off duty as shipmaster now, and he had much time to devote to me. Gradually so much of my old fondness for him came back that it was no longer impossible, as I had once thought, for me to live in his atmosphere. Gerald, our baby, recovered, too. But his nose was disfigured and his left eye destroyed, while there was imminent danger of a curvature of the spine.

All journeys by sea are very much like those that preceded them. There is the same interminable watery waste, accompanied by the same smelly bilge water, and the same musty bedding. The unending variety of shore line one meets in many voyages is always so nearly the same in general outline that the reader will pardon the paradox made necessary in describing. We were a year on the voyage, owing partly to the detention of our vessel at different trading ports in the Pacific

ocean, and partly to an accident to our mainmast in a storm, which could not be repaired without much, to me, unnecessary delay. My baby Ethel Graeme Grey was born on ship board. What a darling she was! Her father's image, her mother's form. Surely one could desire nothing more in a child. Nature is not always a tyrant; but it is hard to interpret all her freaks. The brief experiences of my married history, outward as they were, had not been lessons lost; and though my life was in many ways a disappointment, it was not wholly bitter, thank God.

To be continued.

The Average American Woman. Now is the time when the average American woman begins to negotiate for a handsome Christmas present for her husband—at some store where his credit is good.—Boone county (Iowa) Republican. Exactly! It is the "average American woman" who tends to the babies, washes, cooks, scrubs, washes dishes, irons, takes and sews, and sits down in the evening tired and discouraged, to take up the weekly paper and read such cruel and insulting language as she hears, because in spite of her care and toil, she is unselfish enough to wish to give her husband a Christmas present.

It is the "average American woman" who earns the ten cents worth of sewing to make a dress of it. Who earns the ten cents worth of bread, and converts it into thirty-five cents' worth of bread. Who earns the bread for the family, the husband who gives ten cents' worth of labor, or the wife who gives twenty-five.

It is the "average American woman" who, when her husband brings home five yards of calico for a child's dress, does seventy-five cents' worth of sewing to make a dress of it. Who earns the ten cents worth of bread, and converts it into thirty-five cents' worth of bread. Who earns the bread for the family, the husband who gives ten cents' worth of labor, or the wife who gives twenty-five.

How TO SLEEP.—Many persons get into a habit of wakefulness during the night which is often very wearing, and all ways annoying and uncomfortable. Some cannot go to sleep until the small hours of the night, others wake at three or four o'clock in the morning, and cannot coax sleep again until it is breakfast time. A writer on sleep recommends such wakeful ones to try the effect of changing to late another room, or move the bed into another position, or lie with the head in a different direction. If you are lying on a high pillow fling it away. If your head is low, raise it. If you have been trying to sleep without a light, strike one; if otherwise, extinguish it. If other means fail, leave the bed and take a chair. Wakefulness is often easily traced to physical causes. But if one does not sleep so much as he thinks, and complains, do not let him know about it or think he must necessarily be sick in consequence. Lack of sleep is bad, but discontent is worse. Let every one be thankful for the amount of sleep he can obtain, and not fret because it is not more.

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.—Waste no time on introductions. Don't begin by laying out your subject like a Dutch flower garden, and telling your motives for writing. The key note should be struck, if possible, in the very first sentence. A dull beginning often damps an article; a spicy one whets the appetite, and compels the reader to follow to the end and reader. Above all, stop when you are done. Don't let the ghost of your thought wander about after the death of the body. Don't waste a moment's time in vindicting your productions, against editors or critics, but expend your energies in writing something which shall be its own vindication.

Gentlemen, ridicule it as you will, the woman who is good enough to pay taxes is good enough to cast a ballot, and the time will come when you'll have to admit it.—New York Advertiser. The reason why some people are so fond of putting on airs is because that's about all they have to put on. It is a double shame to a man to have inherited distinction from his ancestry, if he bequeath disgrace to his posterity.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

The weather has been most changeable here of late. The recent great northwestern storm brought us heavy rains and shut out our warm, bright sunshine with which March has been favoring us, with clouds and chilling winds. With the grass springing up luxuriantly in our parks among the trees, whose swelling buds and blossoms betoken the near approach of settled weather, our people must persevere, in their perambulations, continue their heavy clothing and appreciate that "winter lingers in the lap of spring." Apricot and peach trees, in many places, are in full bloom and after a tempting morsel for Jack Frost to bite, should he pay us a visit, as we fear he may, when we hear of freezing snows further north. It has been several years since February and March have been so devoid of cold and frost as in 1878, and we seem to be entering upon an early and a warm summer, and we hope upon an unimpaired fruit crop. Less of fruit falls heavy upon the agriculturists of this vicinity, for, as a rule, they are an improved class, whose entire crops are often narrowed down to a few peach and apple trees, with a few square rods of peas, beans, cabbage, etc., and whatever shortens their limited stock for marketing produces corresponding curtailment of comfort.

We have not in the past extended much favor to the Union Pacific Railroad, and certainly feel no sympathy for it, now that able Senators are endeavoring to compel it to disgorge some of its ill-gotten gains made by depriving the government of its just dues. To the astonishment of his friends, Senator Matthews, of Ohio, appeared in the Senate, as an advocate of the measures urged by the soulless corporation, as the basis of the sinking fund compromise between it and the government, and of course he urged his views with all the vigor of his undoubtedly great intellect. Were he the lawyer, his speech would be a monument in honor of his legal lore and ability; but as Senator, it will only serve to bury him, should the future bring his name up for preferment, at the hands of the people. The act of Congress giving subsidies to this railroad was right—the theft of the securities by the railroad corporation was wrong, and we have no patience with any man who puts himself between the brotherhood of thieves found in this corporation, and full restitution to the government. As such we interpret Mr. Matthews' action. The Southern Pacific Railroad is still begging to be allowed to extend its track from its present terminus at Fort Yuma, in the Mississippi River, but is defeated so far at all points by the Union Pacific influences. It does not ask for lands—we should give it as much as any other railroad—and agrees to build its track without any kind of grant, if the government will permit. Its representatives here urge their views very warmly. But it seems fated from some cause or other to suffer defeat, and because Congress won't give some other corporation immense subsidies, we fear we will not soon get another Pacific railroad. It is mortifying that we cannot get one, that one can be had by simply granting it permission to build, and we give up the conundrum involved, of why cannot permission be had?

A most disgraceful spectacle was witnessed in the House recently. Mr. Douglass, a member from Virginia, was intempestuously, and insisted on interrupting a member who was addressing the House. The speaker, after vainly calling Mr. Douglass to order, directed the sergeant-at-arms to remove him, which was done. This member has been constantly under the influence of liquor since Congress convened, and should be summarily expelled, as he is at all times wholly unfit to sit as a legislator. In the past he has had high rank as a lawyer, but he is an utter wreck now, and there is constant need in the Capitol for a Murphy.

Our courts have acquitted General Howard. Years ago the government entered suit against him to recover certain moneys alleged to have been retained by him when in charge of the Freedman's bureau. But on its appearing that his subordinate officers got the moneys, and not he, the court directed the jury to bring a verdict of acquittal, which was done, so the General's long fight is ended, though at a fearful cost, as all his property has been sacrificed to meet the expenses involved. We will not discuss this matter at length, though we have strong feelings upon it. We served under him when a volunteer, and know him incapable of theft or conscious wrong doing. That he had men around him who would pluck the government, and to whose hands money would stick, no one doubts; and yet he was as innocent of their malfeasance as President Grant was of the shortcomings of the internal revenue thieves, or as a corps commander could be of the pilferings of a quartermaster. He is perfectly childlike, and so honest without that he never in the past has been able to comprehend that professions of piety and humility may emanate from a Uriah Heep. Reduced now to his pay, and with his home and property wiped out of existence, he is doubtless wiser in worldly ways than he was.

The investigation of the freedman's hospital draws to a close, and this good, if none other, will be accomplished by it; the patients will receive better food and treatment than heretofore. The improvements in these respects, since the investigation began, have been very great, and now there is every promise of continuance. What changes the committee will recommend is not announced, but no one doubts much censure will be visited upon the heads of the managing physicians, who seem to have been derelict in their attention to the patients. It does seem that in every institution, in which there are sick and helpless, needs an occasional stirring up by those intent upon reforming abuses, and this hospital is no exception.

Professor John Brainard, an aged clerk in the patent office, recently died suddenly of disease of the heart. He has taken a prominent part here in scientific matters, and was an enthusiast in everything pertaining to fruits and horticulture, on which subject he lectured whenever called upon by any club or organization with as much zeal and ardor as a beginner in life. Our agriculturists will miss him. One of his suggestions as to the cause of pear blight was discussed last year in all the agricultural journals of the country. The never-ending McGarran claim is again causing the throwing of an immense amount of mud. Our politicians everywhere seem deeply agitated, and all apparently vie with him of old in proclaiming, "Thou canst not say I did it."

The Worth of Courtesy. True courtesy is always agreeable, and exerts a kind of magnetism. It tells even in business, and draws custom. Cyrus Butler, a Providence millionaire, first made his state popular by repaying it one right to send to a little girl a spool of cotton. A lady of great wealth was repelled from a dry goods store by the rudeness of the clerk, and his vulgar conduct toward her, with dollars from the firm. Mrs. Chapman, in the Watchman, tells a charming incident: Late one Sunday afternoon, three or four years ago, two ladies were returning home, when one of them lost a glove. Remembering she had one suitable for church next day, she proposed turning into Winter street to buy a pair. According to the summer rules, the stores had closed early. But one was open, that of a small fancy and trimming store, into which at any other time they would not have thought of going for gloves. When asked as a favor to see their gloves, the young girl, though doubtless away with dollars from the firm, replied very courteously, and manifested as much patience and eagerness to please as if it were only morning, and the fresh for her work, or as if the business were her own. The gloves were bought, and also some other little articles that lay in sight on the counter; and on receiving the money, this young girl said "Thank you," and if the favor had been done herself, instead of her customers. When the ladies had left the store, one of them said to the other: "That is what I call courtesy; now, let's come home again!" Neither had ever been in that little store before, but after that they went there for everything they wanted in such goods. They always met the same patient desire to please, and the right from the proprietor and all the young girls employed there. They mentioned the place to their friends, and they know to-day that they have aided largely to that man's list of customers, although neither he nor any of his attendants ever heard of their first introduction to the store.

THE PLACE WHERE THE SUN SETS A DAY.—Chatham Island, lying off the coast of New Zealand, in the south Pacific ocean, is peculiarly situated, as it is one of the habitable points of the globe where the day of the week changes. It is just in the line of demarcation between dates. There, at high twelve Sunday noon ceases, and instantly Monday meridian begins. Sunday comes into a man's house on the east side, and becomes Monday by the time it passes out of the western door. A man sits down to his Monday dinner on Sunday, and it is Monday noon before he finishes it. There Sunday is Sunday, and Monday is Monday, and Monday becomes suddenly transferred into Tuesday. It is a good place for people who have lost much time, for, by taking an early start, they can always get ahead on Chatham Island. It took philosophers and geographers a long time to settle the puzzle of where Sunday noon ceased and where Monday noon began, with a man traveling west fifteen degrees on a hour, or with the sun. It is to be hoped that the next English Arctic expedition will settle the more mooted question, "Where will one stop who travels northwest continually?"—National Republican.

A. T. Stewart's home for women was opened for the reception of boarders on April 3d. The formal opening took place April 2d. Board and lodging will cost six dollars per week; a single room, one dollar per week extra; a large parlor room may be had from three to five dollars per week extra. The hotel being intended for the use of the greatest number it will be conveniently accommodated, it is desired that each room be occupied by at least two boarders. A limited number of rooms have been set apart for the use of ladies visiting the city on business.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

Oriental explorers say the ancients left a good deal of underwear.—Ec.

When a man wants to call a puppy he whistles, but a girl just walks along with her handkerchief floating across her shoulder.—Boise Sentinel.

Our navy is a sort of fleeting show.

A Journal for the People. Devoted to the Interests of Humanity. Independent in Politics and Religion. Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Fearless in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

ARE MOTHERS TO BLAME?

To the Editor of the New Northwest: Although I have not been a constant reader of the New Northwest from the first issue, and have written considerably on the subject of "woman's rights" for other papers, I don't know that I have written any on the subject for the New Northwest. Not having read a letter in the issue of March 31st, under the title of "The Three Classes," wherein the writer undertakes to show that the principal blame for intemperance is with the parents of boys, and especially with the mother; and having read so many such lessons to weary and overburdened mothers in other journals of the day, I thought I would venture a few lines on the subject, in vindication of the mothers.

Now, in this case the writer does not put the case strongly, but brings it out in the inference. She gives two cases, and shows that by good example and teaching one boy grew to be sober and respectable, and the other, by neglect and the example of drinking at home, became dissipated. Now, as general rules these may do, but as specific they won't, as we have abundant proof, and yet there are thousands of careful, loving, and prayerful mothers who blame themselves for the dissipation of their disobedient sons, because they have been taught from the pulpit and from the press that the mother had the training of the boy, and if they became dissipated, the mother was to blame. How absurd, how unjust, how cruel! The Spiritual Guide says, "Pray for your sons; pray earnestly, and the Lord will keep them sober," and the Temperance Guide says, "Train them by precept and example, and they will keep sober." The distressed mother says, "I have tried to do all this, but perhaps I did not try hard enough, or my boys would not have done better."

I have just been reading a lecture to mothers in the American Home, which brought me to my defense. The writer says, "Intemperate sons are the offspring of either weak or neglectful mothers; for in the earlier stages of their lives they were completely under their influence," etc. Again, "had mothers trained their sons aright, they would not now be standing at the doors of the halls of legislation, knocking for admission, etc." Now just think of it! The mothers of men to blame for their vices—drinking, chewing tobacco, gambling, and debauchery. Preposterous in the extreme! It is the same old story—"the woman you grieved me, etc." But what most hinders justice in these cases is, that so many women believe these absurd allegations, so often made by the men, that they are emboldened to repeat them. Now let me give a case to show our mothers where and how their boys are trained, and in which training the character is formed, in four cases out of five. For many years I lived near the city of Salem, a city noted for its intelligence and sobriety, and having some business with Judge — at one time, I sent one of my little boys to him with a message, and when he had returned I asked him why he stayed so long. He said, "The Judge was not at his office, and I had to look a good while before I found him, and when I did find him, he was at a game of cards in one of the fashionable saloons." "And," continued the boy, "you have always told me that it was not a proper place for respectable people, and if he is not respectable I would like to know why!"

Now right here the boy took a "new departure," for he saw other notables there besides the Judge, and he came to the conclusion that his parents were mistaken about it being improper to be about saloons. He saw these dignitaries there, and they certainly would not be there if it was not a fit place to be, so the mother's teaching and the father's example all went to naught. Now that boy continued in the belief that it was highly respectable and very pleasant to visit orderly saloons and have a social glass, a social cigar, and a social game with such social company, and his two grown brothers share this belief, yet they never saw liquor or tobacco used at home, and this is only one case in a hundred that I might name. None of these boys got drunk, but they are liable to at some time if they continue to visit saloons; and if they do, who is to blame? Their mother? I think not. Just think of the situation of four-fifths of the mothers in our country. They are compelled to bear children, and by the time their boys are old enough to be trained in these matters—temperance and sobriety—they are out in other company and surrounded by other influences, and they soon come to think that their mothers must certainly be mistaken about it being disreputable to drink whisky and chew tobacco, because our learned men and judges, governors, presidents, senators, and almost everybody do so. Are mothers to blame that their sons are led off by such influences? The wonder is that mothers can have any courage at all to do battle against such odds.

Soquel, California, March 25, 1878.

Dr. Adam Clark, who had a strong aversion to pork, was called upon to say grace at dinner, where the principal handkerchief floating across her shoulder. He is reported to have said: "O Lord, if thou dost blot under the gospel what thou didst course under the law, bless this pig."