The New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....AUGUST 11, 1871.

THE "WEST-SIDE" SPEAKETH.

By dint of indiscr[illegible] perseverance, and the aid of sharp eye-sight and a good constitution, we have been enabled to decipher a column or so of delectable hash, which has been served up in the *West-Side*, a weekly journal, which, like ourself, "got a start in Yamhill," but which, unlike ourself, has failed to improve its opportunities sufficiently to enable it to keep up with the present age of journalistic progression.

This *West-Side* is an interest[illegible] local paper, but it always has a dirty face and mud-be-spattered pantaloons. To be a useful family newspaper it will be necessary for it to wash its face, renounce man's rights politics and establish itself upon the plane of common sense.

This journal prates of the "silly whims" of women, who, alone of all their sex, are seeking to disprove the calumny that is rife among men concerning their frivolity and uselessness as a class of humanity; and by thus prating evinces clearly that it knows about as much concerning the woman movement as a parrot knows of political economy.

"Dabbling in politics," of which the *West-Side* so contemptuously speaks, is a libel upon manhood. Who made politics a "filthy pool?"

Why is it that men "fall from their high moral stand-point upon entering the arena of National politics?" Why cannot politicians "resist the hand of the tempter" when once inside the pale of politics? Hold on, Bro. *West-Side!* Scratch the mud from your journalistic eyes and look us squarely in the face while we tell you why our politicians fall, and why politics to-day reeks as a "filthy pool."

It is because the virtuous, the refined, the sensible, the noble *mothers, wives* and *daughters* of this nation do not assist in the national house-keeping.

Women are not "just as likely to fall into the same snare as men if they mix in politics." Women are the conservators of public and private morals. Where there is one bad woman there are at least twenty bad men; and where good women meet men on a plane of social equality the morals of each are uncontaminated by the vices into which either will naturally fall if left without the harmonizing elements which are necessary to the proper developments and restraining of both.

We have "thousands of ruined men and played out politicians" simply because men alone are unable to resist such temptations as are sure to exist in a one-sexed and unnatural state of society.

Women alone would do no better than men have done, but the efforts of both men and women would soon cleanse the Augean stable around which has collected the "filthy pool" in which politicians so delight to "dabble."

Mrs. Stevens, whom our sage *West-Side* raps so mercilessly over the knuckles in his accusation that she is never satisfied unless "engaged in doing something unlady-like and absurd," can bear, we trust, with our garrulous contemporary, especially as he says "she bears a good moral reputation, which cannot be said of all their leaders." Now, we courteously ask this would-be Sir Oracle if it is any more a matter of wonder that some leaders of the woman movement have false stories circulated against their reputation than it is to be wondered at that many leaders *in* the men movement have true stories in circulation against their public and private character, which cannot be gainsayed? Emily Pitts Stevens' name will be remembered and lauded in the annals of history long after those of the narrow-minded men, who seek to impeach her womanly motives, will have rotted in oblivion.

The allusion of our friend to the "coming reign of Petticoats" leaves us to fear that at home he is sadly hen-pecked. Such men naturally fear the increase of woman's political influence. If "God placed woman just where he meant to keep her," why need our brother worry but He will succeed? And why does man legislate to enforce His decrees? Ah! Bro. *West-Side*, we pity you in your sore dilemma! Let us weep!

N. B. A lady visiting our office, whose attention we have directed to the *West-Side's* article, begs leave, through the columns of the NEW NORTHWEST, to conjure the writer of the same to insure his life. She says he surely can't live *long* after evincing such an astonishing degree of acute perception as characterizes his closing paragraph relating to the decrees of God.

IT'S NONE OF OUR FUNERAL.

In the spring of 1865 Henry Winter Davis, of Baltimore, in an elaborate letter to one of the leading Republican papers, said that the Republican party must of necessity accede to the negro the right of suffrage or die a political death. This was said before one man in fifty in the party ranks had for a moment admitted the probability of enfranchising the negro, but subsequent events proved that Mr. Davis knew whereof he spoke.

Nothing but the enfranchisement of the negro insured the last Republican victory, and nothing but enfranchisement of women will ensure the next one.

But Republican man's rights doctrine dies so hard that we strongly suspect that it will prolong the struggle till the Democracy catches its vital breath and, gathering new life from the inhalation, runs in to victory, buoyed up by Woman Suffrage, the great life preserver of our national liberties.

In the meantime we are like the woman who "looked on complacently while her husband and a bear were in a fight: "We never did see a fight before but we cared which whipped."

CORRUPTION IN POLITICS.

The long continuance in power of any political power—particularly in localities where its members form a large preponderance of the voting population—naturally and almost inevitably tends to corruption in office. This fact is susceptible of abundant proof, which may be drawn from many sources and from different quarters of the Union, both as regards the Republican and Democratic parties, the two great political organizations at present existing in our country, and the principal issue between which seems to be what set of political leaders shall devour the loaves and fishes of public emolument and honor. Members of Congress now-a-days go to Washington penniless, live in a style becoming princes, and return to their tax-burdened constituents plethoric with ill-gotten wealth, and often worth hundreds of thousands of dollars; Governors of States suddenly grow immensely rich on meager salaries; State legislators frequently go back to their homes rich from the capital whence they started poor; even Judges on the bench have been known to rise from poverty to sudden opulence, while receiving salaries barely adequate to defray the expenses of their sumptuous style of living. And thus might we go on enumerating almost indefinitely.

The present Administration came into power with the promise of inaugurating a system of rigid economy, integrity and honesty. A few useless clerks were turned out of office in the Departments at Washington, and some gratifying progress has been made in reducing the public debt. So far, good. But corruption still stalks through every avenue of our Government, and its demoralizing influence, sent forth from the headquarters of the nation, is felt throughout the length and breadth of the land. That President Grant is particularly dishonest we do not believe; but we do think it was a sad mistake which our Republican friends made when they took a good General from his legitimate sphere of duty and made of him but an indifferent Executive. To an impartial observer of affairs, it would seem a very poor way of instituting retrenchment and reform to accept large and valuable presents from political corruptionists, who expect in return—and, we doubt not, often receive—substantial favors and political preferment at the hands of our worthy President.

But the latest and perhaps grandest revelation of fraud yet discovered is now being brought to light in New York city. The New York *Times*, one of the leading newspapers of that city, has published statements of secret accounts kept by the Controller, in which damaging disclosures are made against the "Tammany Ring," the virtual head and front of the Democratic party in these United States. The statements show that Mayor Hall and Controller Conolly signed fraudulent warrants during the years 1869 and 1870 to the amount of near $10,000,000, ostensibly for repairing and furnishing the new court-house! In support of these charges the *Times* gives dates and figures from the Controller's own books. It defies successful contradiction, arraigns the Mayor and Controller as public thieves and dares them to take the matter into the courts. So far the city officials have declined to do so, and have made no explanation that tends in the least to their exculpation.

We have no desire to enlarge upon this disgusting transaction. That such gigantic frauds can be perpetrated in our country is at once surprising and alarming. It calls for a remedy—a radical and effective remedy—which shall hurl from power the vampires and leeches of both parties who are now sapping the very foundation of our national existence.

To neither of the great political parties of the day can this work be entrusted. The necessity is urgent for a new party, composed of the good and true of all political organizations who really desire the welfare of our common country. Let that party, whenever it shall arise, inscribe upon its banner, Universal Suffrage, Universal Justice and Universal Honesty, and its success will be assured.

THE NEXT GREAT POLITICAL ISSUE.

Vallandigham, the great Mogul of the Democratic party, tried three hours to prevail upon his friends in political caucus to insert a woman suffrage plank in the "new departure" platform, and, we doubt not, would have succeeded had it not been that the party is so "eminently conservative that it has to be whipped into recognition of all progressive ideas." Now, if that party is so "eminently conservative" that it must needs fight all vital issues until some other party has, despite its opposition, made those issues a living law, which law, after years of unavailable protest it at last unconditionally accepts, what is it good for as a party except to endorse the measures of its political opponents? Cannot the Democratic party see that by taking the lead *now* in the *greatest* political reform of this or any other age it can have opportunity to vindicate its record?

Again, the Republican party, which accepted the vote of the negro through a political necessity, which swallowed the bitter pill at the time when Northern Democrats and Southern Rebels would else have strangled it, learns no lesson from its past extremities, but, like the Democratic party, waits, trembles, hesitates and procrastinates, intending after a while to endorse woman suffrage, *provided* it can no longer succeed as a political organization without it.

Justice is but a feather's weight with the Republican party when placed in the scale against Expediency. The only issue at present between the two great parties is the spoils of office. They are engaged in a great national lawsuit—bribery, corruption, fraud and intrigue being the order of the day. Justice may cry out for shame, while Virtue weeps and Liberty bewails the departed glory of national honor.

How long, as a nation, are we to endure all this? Certainly the times are rife for a new political organization; one which shall be established on a basis of the fundamental principles of equality, justice and fraternity, which shall ignore alike the aristocracy of sex, the corruption of political intrigues and the demoralizing influence of corrupt corporations.

MUTUAL RELIEF ASSOCIATION.

The time has gone by when persons of ordinary business sagacity cavil against the benefits of life insurance. It is equally obligatory upon the husband and the wife to make provision during life for the family that is liable at any moment to be deprived of one of the main stays of the household. The father who is left at home with a family of little children is in reality left in a far more helpless condition than the mother who is so bereaved. Therefore it is necessary that the mother, as well as the father, have a life assurance policy, or, what is equivalent, an interest in a mutual relief association, which, by the payment of an inconsiderable sum yearly, secures to the heirs of the assured a sum of ready money, at the time when, of all other times, such sum is most needed. In these mutual relief associations no one ever receives a benefit beyond that received by every individual member.

The plan is cheap and safe, and insures to people of moderate means an opportunity to secure benefits while the more expensive modes of life assurance are beyond their reach.

Under the mutual relief association plan any person over eighteen and under sixty may become a member.

The annual payments range from three to nine dollars, according to the age of the member at the time of joining the society. Thus: Persons under 30 years at the time of joining pay a fee of $3 00, and an annual payment of $3 00 each year thereafter; over 30 and under 35, $4 00; over 35 and under 40, $5 00; and so on. These annual payments are not raised above the first payment made when joining. Upon the death of any member of a class each survivor pays the sum of $1 00 to the heirs of the deceased.

MRS. LAURA DeFORCE GORDON.

The lectures of this gifted, logical and womanly woman, at Oro Fino Hall on Friday and Saturday evenings, were attended by small but intelligent and appreciative audiences—the very brains of the city, masculine and feminine, being assembled each evening—and, notwithstanding the excessive and very unusual heat, the utmost attention was manifested through the whole of the protracted argument. Mrs. Gordon takes to the rostrum as though indeed to the manor born, and as we listened to the unanswerable logic, elegant diction and eloquent utterances of this feminine Patrick Henry, we were rejoiced beyond measure at our excellent fortune in thus having found such an able ally in our labors in this quarter of the political vineyard.

The Independent Political party of San Joaquin county, California, having nominated this popular champion of Woman Suffrage for the State Senate from that county, are calling upon her to return; hence her sojourn with us must be brief. She designs, however, to return overland, and will lecture at places along the route if the friends will address her without delay, care of this office. Mrs. Gordon will lecture Olympia, W. T., Saturday evening, August 12th; from there she will go to Seattle, returning to Portland in about ten days. She will probably lecture here on her return.

The NEW NORTHWEST, a paper published in Portland, Oregon, devoted to Woman's Rights, Education, Temperance and Humanity, comes to us regularly. It is ably conducted by Mrs. A. J. Duniway, editor and proprietor. It is a first class family paper, and should receive a liberal support and find a place in every family on the coast. Its sentiments we fully endorse, and as a co-laborer in the great moral reform movement we give it a cordial welcome.

The above is clipped from the columns of the *Weekly Echo*, a lively temperance paper, published at Olympia, W. T. We are happy to be able to fully return the compliments of our editor brother.

MRS. GORDON'S LETTER OF ACCEPTATION.

To the Officers and Members of the San Joaquin Co. W. S. Association, Stockton, Cal.—Friends:—

The letter of your worthy Secretary containing the information that you would be pleased to honor me with the nomination for State Senator for San Joaquin county is received. I should indeed be unworthy your expressed confidence, and the high compliment paid me by the proffered nomination, were I to decline accepting it, though I cannot but regret that at this time your choice has not fallen upon another than myself. But I have learned from years of warfare, waged against the wrongs of politics and the vices of society, that personal inclination and individual interests should be held in abeyance to sense of duty, and this motive prompts my acceptance.

For the information of those who do not understand my views upon the leading questions of the day, that legislation can effect, I will state that, while deception and intrigue are practiced by political leaders, and unjust and unchristian laws are permitted to rest upon our statute books, with scarcely an effort made by our masculine law-makers to remove them; while the penalties for evil doing fall heavily upon the poor and obscure, and fall lightly, if at all, upon the rich and influential; while our homes are impoverished and made desolate by the curse of intemperance that stalks almost unchecked through our land; while the sacred ordinance of marriage is desecrated by wanton infidelity and licentiousness, followed by indiscriminate homicide or suicide, or both; while land monopolies check the development of agricultural resources and industrial enterprises, and threaten to centralize power, by a vast accumulation of wealth in the hands of the *few*, leaving poverty and want the inheritance of the *many;* while ignorance is allowed to increase despite our free schools; while an unjust discrimination on account of sex is made in remunerating labor, even by the Government, doling out to the faithful and efficient woman the inferior salary, and to the often less competent man the larger sum; while the fundamental principles of our Government are ignored by the system of *class legislation* which prevails; while all these and similar wrongs exist, there is need of counter action to correct them. And should circumstances ever place me in a position to oppose them by the direct power of legislation, you can rely upon my certain and unequivocal adherence to such measures as would tend to right them.

Yours for Equal Rights,
LAURA DEFORCE GORDON.

LETTER FROM REV. JOHN SPENCER.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., July 27, 1871.

Dear Editor:—When about to leave for the Atlantic States you requested me to write a little for you. I thought to do so, but somehow till now I have failed to make a beginning.

Since leaving home my wife and I have had nothing in our experience much out of the common order—some sea-sickness, considerable railroad fatigue, and a moderate degree of health. We have had some happy reunions and pleasant memories. But we are saddened everywhere with reports of the death of old friends. We are here too late for a pleasant visit. I was prepared for something of the kind, but not near so much. What havoc death can make in two score years! How important to work while it is day!

In some places considerable is said about Temperance. In several towns the hotels do not sell intoxicating drinks. The quiet and order are quite apparent. What an insult to sense and delicacy the whole license system must ever be! License to sell drunkard-making beverages is simply authority to poison the citizens. Then the guards intended to control the business are mostly to be managed by those who have no *special* interest in putting down the abomination. Ohio is an exception.

Two features in the Ohio law are peculiarly appropriate. One is, the sufferers are to apply the remedy. The wife who is damaged by the poisoning of her husband can prosecute the poisoner. The other is this: The nest of the viper is liable to share in the punishment of the reptile. If the one who deals out the poison is unable to make good the damage, the property on which he does his work is held accountable. That is as it ought to be.

These two points are essential to efficiency: All who sustain damage should be able to recover damage, and all property devoted to vile uses ought to be bound for the consequences. These points are plain. Their constitutionality is not to be questioned.

I think it would be well to say nothing about a prohibitory liquor law at present, and with one united and earnest effort go for something like the Ohio law. I trust the people would sustain the latter, though I fear they would not properly back up the former. Legislation, when in advance of the people, is useless. To do its work it must be the *voice of the people.*

I am pleased with Oregon better than ever. It improves by contrast. The hills here look higher and more repulsive than formerly. The roads are bad. Much of the cultivated land is hill-side—some of it very steep. It rains every day or two more or less. My wife thinks the weather much like our rainy season. I confess it appears much so to me. It is certainly far from suitable for harvest labor. The hay and oats look much bleached. The wheat crop is good in most places. The same is true of oats. The corn looks well. Apples are scarce, many and great trees being without fruit.

But withal I must say the improvements of the past twenty years are wonderful.

JOHN SPENCER.

A ST. LANDRY RANCHE.—The following is from the Opelousas *Journal:*

"It is said that Mr. Lastite Dupre, of this parish, owns about 20,000 head of cattle, ranging over the greater part of South-western Louisiana, from Bayou Teche on the east to the Sabine river on the west, and from Bayou Chicot on the north to the Gulf on the south. His principal vacherie is on the Bayou Nezpique, about thirty or more miles west of Opelousas, on the line between this parish and Calcasieu. His agent or stock-keeper, residing at this vacherie, is a colored man, who has been in his employ for many years, and in whose honesty and ability he has implicit confidence. The colored man is said to be worth about fifteen thousand dollars, made in Mr. Dupre's service. From this stock of cattle between two and three thousand calves are branded every year. The stock-keeper is compensated for his services at the rate of fifty cents in silver for each calf branded, and this is the greatest or only expense incurred in raising the cattle. The entire stock are not worth less than $200,000. The annual revenue derived from the yearly increase cannot be less than $15,00, clear of all expenses—it is probably much more. Mr. Dupre, like many others, lost a large fortune by the war, in other property; but this stock of cattle has kept him rich. And no man better deserves his good fortune, which is simply the result of his industry and good management, than he; for no man is more honest, and few as kind-hearted, charitable and willing to relieve the suffering, as Mr. Lastite Dupre.

The NEW NORTHWEST is $3 00 per year.

Original.

My Mother's 'Grave.

A FRAGMENT.

'Tis my mother's grave. Since when a child,
With childish fear and grief, I saw her laid
Within the damp, cold ground, and heard the clods
Of earth, with rattling and discordant sounds,
Which seemed to harrow up my grief afresh,
Enclose the sacred dust of her to whom
I owe the gift of life, I have not seen
This spot. To other scenes my early life
Was drawn, 'mid them to spend the fleeting years
Of childhood and of youth.

My manhood's day
At length has dawned, and in its early morn
I long to wander back to see the dear old spot,
And there to think of thee, my mother dear,
And 'bove thy grave to shed the filial tears
Of nurtured love.

The thronging thoughts of days
Agone their dreamy spell around me weave.
The pearly gate that leads to memory's store
Of jewels treasured in the passing years
Is opened wide.

Again methinks I see
My mother's loving face; again I rest
My head upon her breast, in childish love
And joy, and listen to her lullaby,
So sweet, so soft, so low, and yet so clear
It seemed an angel sung in seraph strains
The sweetest song of Heaven, and built again
The dreamy path along whose glittering course
The feet of childhood pass from wakeful hours
To find repose amid the flowery realms
Of balmy, peaceful sleep.

And passing o'er
The intervening time, so thickly strewn
With memories fond that trance my soul and cling
Within my inmost heart, I seem to stand
Again beside this open grave, and gaze
On thy sweet face, so beautiful and pale
With death's cold touch, and press thy marble brow
And pallid lips with earth's last kiss of love.
They told me thou wert dead. But death to me
Was then a word whose very name was naught
But mystery. I thought thee in a sleep—
A strange and deep and dreadful sleep—from which
Could'st thou be waked they might not bury thee;
And so I called and called again thy name;
From those mute lips of thine no answer came
To my appealing cries; and as they heaved
The sod above thy form my grief burst forth
In floods of tears and passioned words, until
In my despair they led me from the place
Where she was buried that I loved.

Oh! mother mine,
Thy boy would fain come back to lay his head
Upon thy breast and hear thy song once more.
Alas, the sod of many years, grown thick
With grass and blooming flowers, between us lies,
While miles of dreary distance intervene;
Yet in my fancy now I rest my weary head,
Which aches and throbs for mother's soothing hand,
Upon this green and narrow mound,
Above thy loved remains.

And yet,
While here in thought I linger, lone and sad,
Methinks, although I see thee not, and though
No word of thine comes ringing to my ear,
That thou are here. The air around me seems
All freighted with thy presence and thy love.
My joy-enraptured soul enveloped is
With bliss ecstatic and with peace profound.
Ah, yes! I know that thou art here!

Wemen's Spear.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

If any body had told me when I was first born that I would marry a widower, I would have been provoked at 'em. But, as I remarked to Betsey Bobbet yesterday, "we ought to try to be resigned to the state we are called to live in." Betsey ain't marrried and she don't seem to be resigned to it. Betsey is awful opposed to wemen's rights. She thinks wemen's only spear is to marry. I was jest a readin' a piece of her poetry in the *Jamesville Gimlet* as she come in. It run as follers:—

WEMEN'S SPEAR; OR, WHISPERINGS OF NATURE.

TO BETSEY BOBBET.

Last night as I meandered out,
To meditate apart
Secluded in my parasol—
Deep subject shook my heart.
The earth, the skies, the prateting brooks,
All thundered in my ear,
"'Tis matrimony! 'tis matrimony!
That is a wemen's spear."

Day, with a red shirred bonnet on,
Had down for China started:
Its yellow ribbings fluttered o'er
Her head as she departed.
She seemed to wink her eye to me
As she did disapear,
And say, "'Tis matrimony, Betsey,
That is a wemen's spear."

I saw two lovely roses,
Like wedded pardners grow,
Sharp thorns did pave their mortal path,
Yet sweetly did they blow.
They seemed to blow these glorious words
Into my willing ear,
"R. Bobbet, it is matrimony,
That is a wemen's spear."

Two gentle sheep upon the hills,
How sweet the twain did run,
As I meandered gently on,
And sot down on a stun.
They seemed to murmer sheepishly,
"Oh! Betsey Bobbet, dear,
'Tis matrimony, 'tis matrimony,
That is a wemen's spear."

A rustic had broke down his team,
I mused almost to tears,
How can a yoke be borne along
By half a pair of steers?
Even thus in wrath did Nature speak,
"Hear! Betsey Bobbet! hear!
'Tis matrimony! 'tis matrimony!
That is a wemen's spear!"

Sweet was the honeysuckle's breath
Upon the amblent air,
Sweet was the tender coos of doves
Yet sweeter husbanes are,
All natures voices poured these words
Into my willing ear,
"R. Bobbet, it is matrimony,
That is a wemen's spear."

As I said, I had just finished these verses as she come in. She is a plain looking woman of some 45 summers and winters. Time has seen fit to deprive her of her hair and teeth, but her large nose he has kindly suffered her to keep. But she has the best ivery teeth money will buy, and has 2 long curls fastened behind each ear, and if she wasn't so bald, and if the curls was the color of her hair, they would look well.

As she come in, she sunk into a chair, and says she, "I feel awful depressed to-day."

"What is the matter?" says I, in a cheerful tone.

"I feel lonely," says she; "more lonely than I have for years."

Again says I kindly, but firmly, "What is the matter, Betsey?"

"I had a dream last night, Josiah Allen's wife," says she mournfully.

"What was it?" says I, in a sympathizing accent, for she did look melancholy and sad, indeed.

"I dreamed I was married," says she, in a heart-broken tone, "and I tell you, Josiah Allen's wife," and she laid her breun cotton finger on my arm in her deep emotion—"I tell you it was hard, after dreaming that to wake up again to the cold realities and cares of this life. It was *hard*," she repeated, in heart-broken accents, and a tear gently flowed down, and sadly dropped into her alpaca lap.

"Did you dream who you was married to?" says I.

"I dreamed his name was Mr. Slimpsey," says she, in the same agonizing accent; "it wasn't nobody I ever see."

"Did you dream you loved your husband, Betsey?" says I, fixing my keen gray eye upon her keenly.

No," says she. "You know my mind concerning wemen's spear. I believe it is her spear to marry; that is the important thing; as for love, and respect, and etcetery, I consider them miners, as it were."

"Miners" says I, in a tone of deep indignaty. "Miners, Betsey Bobbet," says I, waving my right hand in a eloquent wave. "There haint a more beautiful sight on earth than to see 2 human souls, out of pure love to each other as if they must, and at least all their hopes and thoughtt and affections running together so you can't separate 'em nohow, jest like 2 drops of rain water in a morning glory blow; and to see 'em nestlin' there not caring for nobody outside the blow, contented and bound up in each other, till the sun evaparates 'em, as it were, and draws 'em up together into the heavens, separatin' 'em up there. Why that is a sight that does men and angels good to look at. But when a wemen sells herself, swaps her purity and self respect, her truth and her soul for barter of any kind, such as being called a married wemen, a house and lot, a few thousand dollars, a horse and buggy, a certificit with a man's name on it, and etecetery, what if she does have a minister for saleman, my contempt for that female is unmitigable."

"We differ from each other in our views, Josiah Allen's wife—you believe wemen ought to have rights—I don't. I believe wemen's spear——"

"Shet up about your spears," says I, getting wore out. "If it is a wemen's spear to marry, the Lord will provide her with a man—it stands to reason He will," says I, with a cutting look onto Betsey. "I have seen wemen that was willing to marry, but the man wasn't forthcoming. What are they to do?" says I, growing eloquent in my deep principal. "Are men to be pursued like stricken dears by a mad mob of humble wemen? Is a wemen going out into the streets and coller a man and order him to marry her?"

"I tell you," says Betsey, waving off the subject, which was, for reasons I won't hint at, odious to her, "wemen hadn't ought to vote, for it would devour too much of their precious time a-studyin' the laws of their country."

"*Precious time!*" says I, in a tone of withering scorn; "wemen spend more time a-frizzin' their frent hair than it would take to learn the whole statue book by heart. And if they get a new dress, they find plenty of time to cut it all up into strips, jest to pucker it up and set it on again; but when it comes to a job about as long as putting a letter into the post-office, they are dreadful short on it for time. Wemen find time enough to read all the novels they can get hold of—why, let one of these very wemen that think the President's bureau is a chest of drawers where he keeps his fine shirts, and the tariff is a wild horse the Senators keep to ride on—let one of these wemen get hold of one volume of a novel, what does she care about time till she reads the other four? and how she will lay awake nights worryin' about the hero? Betsey Bobbet," says I, in a impressvie tone, "if there had been a wemen hid on the Island of Patmos, and Paul's letters to the churches had been love letters to her, Bibles wouldn't be so lonesome as they are now. Wemen," I continued, "find time enough for balls, and theatres, and parties, and to cover their faces with their fans, and giggle, and abuse the neighboring wemen. Why," says I, growing eloquent again, "the very reason that men's talk is nobler than wemen's is because their minds are filled with bigger thoughts. Betsey Bobbet, when did you ever know a passel of men to set down and spend a whole evening talking about each other's vests, and mistrustin' such a feller painted? Fill a wemen's mind with big thoughts, and she won't talk such little back-biting gossip as she does now."

"But the delicacy of voting," says Betsey; "the shock to our wemenly modesty, of going amongst strange men to vote."

"It hain't no shock to wemenly modesty to dance all night with a dress on indecently low in the neck, and a strange man's arm around your waist, is it? I am for wemen's rights, and I say it boldly; but thier hain't a minister, or a presiding elder, or a old deacon in the Methodist church that could get me to waltz with 'em; but these wemen that are too modest to vote, don't make nothing of being jest introduced to a man, who may be a retired pirate, and let him walk up and hug them by the hour to the music of a fiddle and a base violin. I don't want to hear one more werd about wemenly modesty!" and I paused, red in the face with my scornful and lofty emotions.

"I think your views are uronious," says Betsey; "there is a inherient difference between the two sects, as I remarked to the editor of the *Gimlet* last night, a-coming out of meeting; the fringe of my shawl ketched on to one the buttons of his vest, and we was obleged to walk close together clear through the meeting-house. I says to him, after I had enquired all about his sweet motherless twins, says I, 'You don't believe in wemen's rights, do you? Don't you believe it is wemen's nature naturally to be clinging?'

"'I do,' says he; 'heaven knows I do!' and he was so earnest agreeing with me, that he give a real wrench at the button that tore the fringe right out of my shawl. That is the way men are more proud and offish, as it were, and wemen are clinging in their natures, like a vine to a stately tree."

"I never was much of a clinger myself; still, if wemen want to cling, I hain't no objection to it. But supposin' a vine hain't no tree convenient to cling to? Supposin' the tree she happens to cling to falls through inherient rottenness at the core, thunder and lightning, and etecetery—what is to become of the creeper if it can't do nothin' but creep? As long as a woman has a rich home and loving friends, it hain't much matter to her whether poor wemen get the same pay for doing the same work that men do or not, but let her lose her home and friends, and it makes considerable difference to her." Betsey quailed so that I continued in more soft and reasonable accents. "As you say, Betsey, I admit that wemen have a natural hankering after the good opinion of the other sect; but they can do without that admiration better than vittles. Give a woman as many fields to work in as men have, and as good wages, and that is enough. It riles me to hear folks talk about wemen's wanting to wear the breeches! They don't want to; they like muslin and calico better than they do broadcloth. This talk about its making wemen coarse, and making men wash dishes, is all shear nonsense!

"You can't change nature. You may tie up an old hen as long as as you please, and you can't break her of wanting to make a nest and scratch for her chickens; and you may shut up a lion for years in a room full of cambric needles and tatting shettles, and you can't get him to do anything but roar at 'em; it hain't a lion's nature to do fine sewing!" Again Betsey quailed, and I proceeded: "You may want a green shade onto the front side of your house, and to that end and effect you may plant a acorn and set out a rose-bush, but all the legeslatures in creation can't make that rose-bush stand up straight as a giant, or that acorn tree blow out full of red posys; and their being planted by the side of each other, in the same ground, and watered out of the same watering pots, don't alter this natural turn; they will both help shade the window but do it in their own way, which is different. And men and women, voting side by side would no more alter their natural dispositions than singing one of Watts' hymns together would—one will sing base and the other air as long as the world stands."

Jest at this minute we see the editor of the *Gimlet* coming 'way down the road, with a horse and buggy, and Betsey said at once she must be going, for her folks would be werrying after her. "And," she added, "I brought up a piece of poetry that I wrote this morning after I had my dream. The meaning of it is, "I am Married now.' I was going to reed it to you, but I will bring it up in a few days. I shouldn't be in such a hurry now, if it wasn't for my folks werrying so after me."

Says I, as she hurryed to the door, "Mebby you will get a ride."

"Oh, no; I had a great deal rather walk. I think walking is so exercising to the mussels."

As I see he didn't ask her to ride, I am glad she felt so.—*Home Journal.*

A GOOD JOKE.—A stencil man—one of those fellows who go about the country advertising "Ague Kill[illegible]," "Farriers' Friend," "Unk Weed," and other specifies on bridges, fences, [illegible] and every object animate and inanimate—perpetrated a joke on a farmer near Eugene City. The aforesaid [illegible] had constructed a magnificent [illegible] in the midst of a tumble-down fence. The stencil artist went for that gate and literally covered it with advertisements. The owner boiled over with wrath, wanted to whip the artistic chap, the man explained why he began on the gate; it looked so incongruous in the midst of the fence he could not resist the temptation. "But," said the farmer, "there was a bigger gate in the field round the corner; why didn't you go for that?" The artist was dumbfounded; he felt as if he had let a bird go; he couldn't rest that night. At dawn he arose, got out his team, went back four miles and looked for that gate. To his chargin, there was no gate there. He sat on his wagon-box while he cursed things blue. But while indulging in sad rumination on the wickedness of mankind in general, and the owner of the gate in particular, he espied four white horses standing inside the farmer's fence. He became inspired! he caught the animals and took his stencil plates and went to work. When he got through, the horses were peripatetic advertisements of Loryea's remedy. "Unk" appeared between their eyes, "Weed" over the roots of their tails, and "Unk Weed" [illegible] every avail[illegible] part of their bodies and legs. They were unbeatable advertising machines. Upon the completion of his work the artist gimled up his tools and left. But two hours after, the farmer made his appearance in Eugene City, making anxious inquiries for that stencil man. He wanted to put a head on him.—*Jacksonville Times.*

Don't go to "work" to win the affections of a woman; it can't be done in that way. The more you go to work the more she won't like you. Push her into a duck pond and pull her out by the hair. If you are afraid to do this jump in yourself and let her pull you out. Lend her money, borrow some from her. Make her believe she has deeply wronged you, and then forgive her. Deeply wrong her, and don't ask to be forgiven. In short, contrive either to lay her under a lasting obligation to you, or lay yourself under a lasting obligation to her. It does not make the difference of a headless pin which, so far as concerns the result.—*Laramie Sentinel.*

The name of the Turkish woman's paper, *Euridiki*, is in English, *Eurydice*. It is so called in in memory of the wife of Orpheus, who he brought back, or tried to from the realm of death. Its aim is to call women to a higher life, and with this view a series of lives of women distinguished in art, science and literature are being published in its pages.

A Mrs. Johnson, of Leavenworth, was sued by a lawyer for $50. He did a lot of talking to the jury; but all she said was, "I leave my case with the greatest confidence in the hands of such a good-looking jury." In five minutes a verdict was returned in her favor.

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