The New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....SEPTEMBER 8, 1871.

"DON'T WHIP HIM."

ANONYMOUS.

Our Bobby was pinching the kittens,
And kicking the grimmer about,
And pulling a beetle to pieces,
His face all away in a pout;
His mamma, who silent and patient,
Had heard all his fretting and noise,
Now reached for the whip on the mantle—
The terror of four-year-old boys.

But grandma, with snow-white 'kerchief
Pinned over her warm, loving breast,
Where ten little heads had been pillowed
And rocked into childhood's sweet rest,
Looked up from her little wool stocking,
Just finished and laid on her knee,
And said, "Dear, you'll ruin his temper,
You had better let the child be.

"Don't whip him; his father before him
Was flogged and shut up in the dark,
And stood on one foot in a corner,
And disciplined up to the mark;
We gave him no credit for honor,
But watched him as spiders watch flies,
And what did it teach him? Why, mainly
To practice deceit and tell lies.

"We called it affection and duty—
God knows we were fond of the boy—
But I guess his remembrance of childhood
Is not quite a well-spring of joy."
So put up that willow whip, daughter,
And try little Bobby once more;
You see he's forgotten his passion,
And lies, half asleep, on the floor."

Then grandmother lifted her darling,
And patted his head on her breast,
And sang an old favorite ditty,
Till all Bobby's woes were at rest,
And so the wee whip, bright and yellow,
Was laid on the mantle again;
And that is the way these grandmas
Spoil nine little boys out of ten.

JUDITH REID;

A Plain Story of a Plain Woman.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by Mrs. A. J. Duniway, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.]

CHAPTER XIX.

Mrs. Lewis, the widowed daughter of Dr. Armstrong, became my steadfast friend. She was interested, heart and soul, in a movement for the enfranchisement of women. Throngs of wise men and noble women visited the elegant rooms, and many were the discussions pro and con upon the vexed and vexing question.

Partly to gratify my innate but never before indulged desire for good clothes and proper adornments, and partly to please my friends, I began paying particular attention to my scant and unique wardrobe. Under her direction, and with a very moderate outlay of cash, I was enabled to array myself in matronly and becoming garb, well suited to our luxurious surroundings. Therefore, when it became convenient for me to meet my friend's many guests, I was astonished at my transformation from an odd specimen of eccentric scantiness into a well-dressed and by no means homely woman, with expressive eyes and dignified demeanor. The consciousness of being well dressed inspired me with a feeling of self-confidence, and I soon found myself ranked as a star of the first magnitude among the many brilliant people who nightly thronged the parlors. Women whose names are to-day household words in America, whose influence has been felt in Europe, and whose purity of life and action have made fit example for the world to follow, met me there as friends; men and women noted in song and story; men high in political position; men with clerical honors, and men and women who aspired to all these, were my regular associates; and under these favorable influences I was surprised to note my rapid unfolding of personal charms and intellectual readiness.

All this time I was busy solving, or rather trying to solve, the dread problem of my sister Sarah's woes. I consulted Dr. Armstrong upon the propriety of sending my brother-in-law to the hospital, but found that habitual drunkenness was not considered sufficient cause for placing him under scientific medical treatment under the care of the State. Then I tried to get the poor inebriate incarcerated within the walls of the State Insane Asylum, but without success. He was not considered insane by the board of control, and therefore the asylum doors were closed upon him; so I resolved to lay the case before my newly found friends, and see if anything could be done to benefit my unfortunate sister and her miserable children.

Mrs. Lewis, with her large experience and womanly intuition, gave me the first ray of hope. She said the two epileptic children were proper subjects for hospital treatment, and could be placed, under the laws of the country, in the hands of the proper authorities and become patients of the State, to be cared for by the commonwealth. The idiot would be cared for in the insane asylum, in a proper ward.

"But," said I, "my poor, miserable brother-in-law needs the benefit of an asylum for the insane. He is not capable of taking care of himself. He is a curse upon his family, and why have we no legal provisions for the protection of such unfortunates?"

"These glaring discrepancies in our laws will be legislated down some day, I trust," said my friend.

"But how did we ever have such laws thrust upon us? *That* is something *I* cannot comprehend!" said I, very indignantly.

"Our laws, my dear, are just as good as men alone could make them. They were made *by* men and *for* men, and many merciful provisions for the unfortunate which would occur to the intuitive perception of women as necessary for the benefit of humanity do not occur to our law-makers, because they need the benefit of harmony in their laws and regulations, which the feminine mind alone can supply."

"Then, in the name of God and Justice, let women help to make the laws!" I earnestly exclaimed.

"You've come directly to the point, my dear. Woman must arise to a sense of her moral responsibility and take her position as one of the world's reformers."

"Then I'm ready to be a reformer!" I replied, with a decision in my voice and manner that astonished even myself.

I seemed inspired by some overmastering impulse that caused me to arise to my feet, and stepping out on the middle of the room, I spoke for half an hour such utterances as held my hearers spell bound, (similar to) myself and astonished the phlegmatic doctor, who closely eyed me while alternated expressions of pain and pleasure crossed his shaggy face.

Gradually a kind of radiant darkness—no other words will express it—enveloped the brilliant company. Cold currents seemed to chill my marrow bones, a hazy light assumed a human shape, and a pair of beaming eyes met mine. This impression lasted but an instant, and then all was blank before me.

Gradually I recovered my faculties, and moving to a chair, I sat down, too much overcome by inward emotion to consider where I was.

"Will I ever solve this mystery?" This was my mental question, and before it all other matters seemed to me as naught. I forgot all else except that sweet and solemn promise, "I'll explain," and yet I wondered much that I so long and patiently could be content to "wait."

Throngs of friends gathered around me, congratulating, noisy and curious.

"I did not dream that you had a gift like this," said Dr. Armstrong, with emotion.

"Like *what?*" I dreamily asked.

"Like Patrick Henry!" was the quick reply.

"Nonsense, Doctor! I simply spoke the truth. I do not know what I said, but of one thing you may rest assured: While I live, and while there is work for me to do, voice and pen of mine shall not be idle. I have awakened just now to a knowledge of my own power, and—so help me my Heavenly Father!—I shall work with a will in the vineyard of my master, TRUTH!"

A prominent proprietor of a widely circulating journal, with whom I had held much spirited conversation, appointed an hour of the next day for a visit upon business matters—so he said—and soon the busily chatting throng dispersed, leaving me alone with my friends—the Doctor and his daughter.

"Dr. Armstrong," said I, speaking with difficulty, while a great lump rose in my throat and my heart beat in heavy thuds that almost overpowered me, "can you tell nothing of William Snyder?"

Again the same painful expression with which he had so often contemplated me passed over his shaggy face, and when he spoke his voice was constrained and hollow.

"Dear Judith, would to God I could tell you where he is, but, alas! I do not know. After his release from custody he suddenly disappeared, and I have made a thousand ineffectual attempts to learn his whereabouts."

"Doctor, Mrs. Lewis, do you believe in apparitions?"

"What nonsense!" was the reply of my feminine friend.

But the Doctor said, "Under some circumstances I believe it is possible for a person of inspirational temperament to become psychologized with another person's mind; or, to make the matter plainer, your mind or mine may be so directly in sympathy or *en rapport* with another mind that it is possible for us to see such person, even though that person be thousands of miles away."

"Then if you should see such an apparition you would believe it was the ideal form of a living rather than a dead person?"

"Not exactly that, but I think it much more rational to suppose that the mind of one living person can act upon the mind of another in the body than to suppose that a departed spirit can reveal itself to persons in the flesh."

"Dear Judith, what has caused you to ride such a hobby as this to-night?" interrupted Mrs. Lewis. "I thought your sister and her family were your greatest concern. You electrified our company this evening by your wonderful powers of declamation, and made an impression upon a publisher whose coffers your pen will yet unloose, and now you are off on a tangent and talking about apparitions! Stick to your subject, why don't you?" playfully patting my flushing cheek and nestling down on the sofa beside me.

"I live a double life, my friend. My heart is wedded to a memory and my hand to fate. Long years ago I loved, with all the intensity of my soul, a man who might or might not have been worthy of me. He wronged me deeply—so deeply that I learned to hate mankind; but, though I could detest all other men, I never could dislike *him*. To-day, whether he be living or dead, I would freely give my life to know that he was all my once pure fancy painted him."

"Oh, Judith! why did you ever marry another if such was your love for one? I had a better opinion of you than to believe this thing."

"I was *sold!*" I answered bitterly; "yes, sold—*sold*—sold! So, *there!*" arising and rushing out of the house into the grass-clad lawn.

The mellow moonlight fell in shimmering softness upon the lovely scene. Below me lay the silent city, locked in sleep. Afar across the plain the iron horse, with fiery breath, came thundering on, while upon the busy river two brilliantly illuminated steamers were ploughing through the current, lighting up the blackness of their shadows with an unearthly glare. My eyes were riveted upon the hindmost one, which seemed to labor in the current under a double head of steam.

Suddenly, while I gazed, she gave a quick, shivering lurch, a hissing noise issued from her hold, a loud explosion burst upon the air, and cries of agony that well nigh froze my blood went up from the fated throng that had but a moment before crowded the brilliant decks and made the night air ring with merriment. The water grew black with struggling bodies, and the vessel, becoming wrapt in flames, swung heavily and turned upon her side to die.

The city was soon alive and stirring. Hospitals and private houses were alike thrown open to the unfortunate sufferers, whose appalling state no pen can picture.

Dr. Armstrong had early repaired to the scene of suffering. Dead and wounded bodies were hurried to the morgue, and his daughter and myself throughout that awful night worked with him and hundreds of others in the effort to alleviate the horrors of the awful calamity.

The grey of the morning had come before the scene of bustle and confusion began to subside.

Mrs. Lewis and myself were busy in one of the hospital wards, and I, faint from the sight of mangled bodies and horrified by screams of raving sufferers, was almost ready to retreat, when Dr. Armstrong came to us with a haggard face and flurried air that startled us.

"There's work for you at home, Judith!" said he, tenderly. "God help you to endure it!"

"What!" I answered. "Is there anything the matter with my children?" and a great lump rose in my throat that choked me almost to suffocation.

"No, my poor child, not that. Come on!" and we went out to the waiting carriage and were whirled rapidly away to the Doctor's mansion.

In one of the elegant parlors, upon a cot bedstead, lay a moaning, breathing mass of mangled humanity, and as we entered I could hear the object speak my name in pleading, wailing tones.

"For the love of Heaven tell me who this is and what this means!" I said, and kneeling reverently beside the bed, I looked eagerly for lineament or feature by which to recognize the man.

"Is this you, Judith?" asked the frightful object, whose every trace of human features was obliterated by the burning steam, and whose boiled and mangled flesh lay in great hideous rolls upon his face, arms and breast.

"Yes, my name is Judith; but in the name of Heaven tell me who you are!" was my anxious exclamation.

The mangled arms tossed in the air, the victim screamed with pain and wandered off in incoherent mutterings.

"For Heaven's sake, Doctor, explain this mystery, or I shall die!" I wailed.

"God help you, Judith! It is the father of your children and the husband of your life!"

The words of the physician nerved me. Arising from my kneeling position beside the couch I ordered my children aroused and hurried away to a boarding house. I could not bear to cloud their young and tender lives by a sight of their poor father as I then beheld him. My friends quickly caught my meaning, and the children were borne away with the promise that mother would join them at noon.

The Doctor administered opiates to soothe the weary sufferer; counsel was called, and every trial that human skill could invent was made to save him, but he died and gave no further sign.

Carefully attendants composed the mangled limbs, and when the unfortunate remains were ready for interment I robed myself in heavy black and went to convey the tidings to my waiting children.

Their sorrow and lamentations were pitiful, and they returned with me to the chamber of death with a spirit of awe and bereavement. I explained to them that we could not let them see their father's face because of its disfigurement, and the poor children wept and wailed his death, unconscious of his crime, which it seemed to me that Providence had expiated by his awful death.

The simple rites of burial over, my life settled in the same routine as before, only that the suspense about the whereabouts of John was gone. The harrowing fear that he would some day be arraigned for forgery, and thus blight the lives of my innocent children, no longer haunted me.

(To be continued.)

"PRINTERS WANTED."—We copy the following very sensible article from the *Northwest* (Ohio), the editor of which is sound and knows whereof he speaks:

"This heading meets our eye every few days, in both city and country exchanges. 'One competent to take charge of an office' is the usual specification in the country newspapers. There are few such printers to be found. They are not 'on the tramp.' They seldom answer such advertisements, because they have no difficulty in finding work where they are known. A 'good printer,' and one that can be depended on, is a rare animal. A boy of fifteen goes into an office, learns the boxes, and is taught the mystery of 'following copy.' He acquires a little speed, gets the big head, has a fuss with his employer, quits the office and starts on a 'tramp' as a full-fledged journeyman printer. The country is overrun with such fellows. They meet with rebuffs, become discouraged, reckless and dissipated and thus bring odium not only on themselves, but the art which they falsely claim to represent—for one of those roving botches comes in contact with hundreds of people, while the stay-at-home, competent workman is known to but few—and the public have made up their verdict that printers, as a class, are a graceless set of scamps. The fault is as much with the employers as the employes. When publishers resolve to employ no runaway apprentices, boys will not run away after a few months at the case, and none will start on a tramp until they are competent to take charge of an office."

There has been granted by Congress, to aid the construction of railroads of national importance, about 150,000,000 acres of the public lands. Without railroads the Territories, rich in agricultural and mineral wealth, and covering over one-half our public domain, could not be utilized for the purposes of national development or as a short track around the globe for the commerce of the world.

Butterflies have been found flying at sea six hundred miles from land. Their buoyancy is great, and the muscular effort of flying must be small, while the wind drives them forward rapidly over great distances.

CIRCUMSTANCES.

Two children in two neighboring villages;
* * * * * * *
Two strangers meeting at a festival;
Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall;
Two lives bound fast in one with golden case;
Two graves grass green beside a gray church-tower,
Washed with still rains and daisy blossomed;
Two children in one hamlet born and bred;
So runs the round of life from hour to hour.

"KISS MY WIFE OR FIGHT."—There are a few married men who are averse to seeing their wives kissed; but a correspondent relates the particulars of a case in which a newly-made Benedict felt himself insulted because his wife was not kissed. The bridegroom in question was a stalwart young rustic, who was known as a formidable operator in a free fight. His bride was a blooming and beautiful country girl, only sixteen years of age, and the twain were at a party where a number of young folks of both sexes were enjoying themselves in the good old-fashioned style. Every girl in the room was called out and kissed, except R., the beautiful young bride aforesaid; and although there was not a youngster who was not dying to taste her lips, they were restrained by the presence of her herculean husband, who stood regarding the party with a sullen dissatisfaction. They mistook the cause, for suddenly he expressed himself.

Rolling up his sleeves he stepped into the middle of the room, and in a tone of voice that secured marked attention, said:

"Gentlemen, I have been noticing how these things have been working here for some time, and I ain't satisfied. I dont want to raise a fuss, but—"

"What is the matter, John?" inquired half a dozen voices. "Have we done anything to hurt your feelings?"

"Yes, you have; all of you have hurt my feelings, and I have got just this to say about it. Here's every girl in the room has been kissed nigh a dozen times apiece, and there's my wife, who I consider as likely as any of 'em, has not had a single one to night' and I just tell you now, if she don't get as many kisses as any girl in the room the rest of the night, the man that slights her has got me to fight—that's all. Now, go ahead with your plays."

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.—News from St. Johns, N. B., announces the return there from Greenland of the U. S. ship Congress, she having made a voyage of 2,500 miles to Disco, latitude 70 degrees, in less than 13 running days. The Congress left St. Johns August 3d, and anchored at Disco on the 10th. On the trip she passed hundreds of immense icebergs, but encountered no pack ice. The season is very open, not unlike many in New York. On the advance trip day-break was perpetual. The sun sunk below the horizon but for a short time, and twilight was sufficient to read by. The Aurora Borealis was extremely grand. Meteoric light assumed magnificent arches, columns, scrolls and spiral stairways.

The Polaris, with Capt. Hall's party, was found at Disco in good spirits, and hopeful of the enterprise.

A regular summer was found at Greenland. Flowers were blooming, brooklets flowing and birds singing. In going to the big glacier, the perspiration rolled off like rain drops.

A cheerful reception was accorded by the Danish authorities.

HOME COURTESIES.—A retired governess says:

"I am one of those whose lot in life has been to go out into an unfriendly world at an early age; and of nearly twenty families in which I made my home in the course of about thirty years, there were only three that could be designated as happy families. The source of trouble was not so much the lack of love, as the lack of care to manifest it."

The closing words of this sentence give us the fruitful source of family alienations, of heart-ache innumerable, sad faces, and gloomy home circles. "Not so much the lack of love as the lack of care to manifest it." What a world of misery is suggested by this brief remark! Not more than three happy families in twenty!—and the cause so manifest, and so easily remedied! Ah! in the small, sweet courtesies of life, what power redes! In a look, a word, a tone how much of happiness or disquietude may be communicated! Think of it, reader, and take the lesson home with you.

WOMAN'S VIRTUE.—It is a prevailing vice among men of doubting the virtue of women. To us it looks like not only an outrage to good taste, but also betokens a want of intellect. Besides this, it betokens a besotted nature, and passions that would disgrace a beast. The idea of dragging woman down to man's level, in point of virtue is so repugnant to the feelings, so utterly at variance with the truth, that the utterer ought not to have a place in civilized society.

We would wish to impress upon those who cast their slur upon the character of the women of our land, that if what they charge were true, this fair world of ours would be a perfect hell. The women of our land are as far above those who make these assertions, as the heavens are above the earth. Our women are the highest types of purity and virtue; and any craven who would drive them from this high estate, deserves the execration of all good men.—*Ex.*

At an altitude bordering upon 8,000 feet, Monitor can show collections of as fine plants growing in the open air as will be found in almost any place. Among the fine flowers we may mention the Tuberose, Gladiola in great variety, Verbenas, Geraniums, Mesembyranthemum, Chrysanthemum, Balsams, Zinias, Japan Lilies, and others too numerous, to mention. Many a cottage in our town is made cheerful by these silent graces of nature. This the first real effort at out-door embellishment; having met with so good results, we shall expect to see floral-culture greatly extended the coming season.—*Alpine Miner.*

AN UNGRATEFUL ORPHAN.—In a late lecture Mrs. Stanton, among other anecdotes of quiet humor, related a story of how the ladies of a church once picked up "a poor orphan boy," and educated him for the ministry. They paid his tuition, and he gave great promise; and when he graduated they bought him some nice clothes, and were all on the tip-toe of expectation to hear the first sermon. Imagine their consternation when, gravely announcing his text, he quoted from St. Paul: "Let the women keep silence in the church!"

Take a stick of phosphorus and put into a large dry phial, not corked, and it will afford a light sufficient to discern any object in the room when held near. The phial should be kept in a cool place, where there is no great current of air, and it will continue luminous in its appearance for more than twelve months.

There may be something in a name, for the very polite Boston papers call their foundling asylum a "refuge for anonymous infants," while Chicago, with the most finished etiquette, announces a "ranche for babies born on the European plan."

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