The New Northwest.

A Journal for the People.
Devoted to the Interests of Humanity.
Independent in Politics and Religion.
Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical 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.

The New Northwest.

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

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The New Northwest.

MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY, Editor and Proprietor.

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[For the New Northwest.]

What is Death?

BY ISOLA WORTH.

What is Death? I've asked my waiting spirit
This vital question o'er and o'er;
What is Death, that mortals quake and fear it,
And cling so closely to the earthly shore?
Is it not a folding of the weary hands
In peaceful rest across the aching heart?
A silent breaking of the earthly bands?
A gently whispered summons to depart?

What is Death? Is it a monster fierce,
With hideous form and mien?
Oh! if we could but for a moment pierce
The clouds which gather o'er the great unseen,
When the dread messenger appears in sight
We would welcome him with outstretched arms,
Seeing beyond this life a beauteous light,
Where we shall rest, secure from all that harms.

There is a solemn grandeur in the thought
That immortality will some day fold
Her spotless robe round us, and we shall float
Out with the ebbing tide to the untold,
Mysterious, grand and boundless land
From whence no one returns; and we
Alone shall float, until the outstretched hand
Of never failing Love Divine we see.

There shall we rest, and eye hath never seen,
Nor ear hath heard, nor yet the mind
Of man hath e'er conceived, the wondrous sheen
Of joys eternal which the Father of mankind
Hath laid up in that blessed spirit land
For those who love Him here; and well we know
That hight, nor depth, nor any earthly band
Shall keep us from the Mighty One who loves us so!

PROFESSOR CHANEY.

EDITOR NEW NORTHWEST:

Permit me, through the medium of your paper, to present a few thoughtts in relation to the great question to which the NEW NORTHWEST is devoted. He who points out our faults is certainly no less a friend than he who commends our virtues. The faithful physician will not withhold the true remedy in consequence of its unpleasantness to the taste of the patient.

What I have to say will be said in the utmost candor, and with direct reference to the good of Woman Suffrage, while I doubt not that my sentiments differ widely from those of many of the professed friends of the cause. I advocate Woman Suffrage simply because I believe it to be just and right;—not because I think men have *failed* to form and administer the Government judiciously; not because I anticipate any considerable improvement in the affairs of our Government from the co-operation of women therein; but because I regard women as the *equals* of men—not their superiors—in all that pertains to real humanity. Woman has as much at stake in the Government as man—as much to gain and as much to lose; has to conform to the same laws, is protected by them, has to be tried by them if charged with their violation, and has to suffer by them when found guilty; therefore I think her entitled to a voice in their making and execution.

But while I advocate and sustain the abstract principles, I am truly sorry to witness the course adopted by many of the professed friends of the cause. The nomination of Mrs. Woodhull for the Presidency is premature, to say the least. It will be abundantly early to present a list of candidates for office when the rights of women to vote and hold office are legally acknowledged. Until then all such demonstrations are fit subjects for the ridicule and contempt of the opponents. Again, were the rights of franchise fully acknowledged, the name of Mrs. Woodhull, associated with the "free love" insanity as it is, would blast and sink the whole thing indefinitely. There is no use to talk about her talents. What of her talents? If they were ten times greater than they are I would not sustain her for any position outside an insane asylum. Thank God, the religious Christian sentiment of this country is too strong, too powerful, to brook for a moment such sentiments as she is charged with advancing.

Once more. If the cause of Woman Suffrage requires the publication of such articles in papers advocating the cause as Prof. Chaney's on "The Status of Woman" in your issue of the 8th inst., I beg to be excused from any connection, either directly or indirectly, with the whole thing. If a *war* upon the Bible is necessary to its success, then I say adieu—an eternal adieu—to Woman Suffrage, with all its concomitants. But I deny any such necessity. It is the teaching and principles of the Bible that have led me to espouse the cause of Woman Suffrage. Put down the Bible, and then what have you left to protect and shield woman from the degradation that heathenism pours upon her? Prof. Chaney's article is infidelity in all its hateful deformity, and I cannot and will not patronize any paper, or support any party, that relies upon such sentiments or teachers for support. The Bible and Christianity have stood the severest tests for some two thousand years, and to-day stand as impregnable as the eternal hills, while all the cavils of infidels have been answered and refuted a thousand times, and to-day are only calculated to mislead, bewilder and *ruin* the inexperienced and the ignorant.

In conclusion, I inquire, is the NEW NORTHWEST to be the advocate of the woman cause upon Bible principles—orthodox Bible principles—or is it to pander to the taste of skeptics and infidels? I trust you are prepared to take decided ground for or against Bible principles and Bible teachings. It will not do to support some portions of the Bible and reject others—that is infidelity. It is either the Book of God, or it is a forgery. "Who is on the Lord's side?"

Respectfully, &c.,
J. H. D. HENDERSON.

MRS. GORDON'S CAMPAIGN IN CALIFORNIA.

EDITOR NEW NORTHWEST:

As Mrs. Gordon was with you so recently, and you are doubtless intimate with the fact of her nomination for State Senator from this county, a few words in regard to the first *election campaign* of the Woman Suffrage party—on this coast at least—will perhaps interest you. You will see from the list of her appointments that she lectured every evening from Monday, the 28th ult., to Monday, the 4th inst., Sunday excepted, and on Tuesday night before election we had another grand mass meeting here, and ours *were* mass meetings, I assure you. The first was held at Mozart Hall, which was filled to overflowing, and hundreds went away, unable to effect an entrance. Through the courtesy of the builder, we were enabled to get the pavilion erected for the county fair for our second and last meeting, and notwithstanding there being meetings of the other parties, and a torchlight procession at the same time, it was computed that our audience amounted to over two thousand people. And when we reflect that probably more than half that number would never have attended a woman suffrage lecture but for the novelty of there being a woman candidate for office, we need not be surprised at the largely increased popularity of our cause in this county. I wish you could have been present at those meetings. The last one, especially, was a scene calculated to inspire the heart of every Woman Suffragist in the land with holy faith in the speedy triumph of our cause.

Mrs. G.'s speech was a glorious success. Even men opposed to the movement conceded that it was the most masterly political address delivered in Stockton during this campaign. For myself, as I listened to her tones of earnest eloquence, and gazed over that sea of eager, upturned faces, my very heart swelled within me, and I thought, "Aye,

"'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter;
We yet shall see the dawn sublime,
And high hopes make the heart throb lighter.'"

The utmost enthusiasm prevailed, and after speaking fully one hour and a half she was concluding, when from all parts of the audience cries of "Go on, go on," were heard, and she was forced from their impetuosity to proceed; and when at last she did conclude cheer after cheer was given for her, and hundreds made their way to the platform to say that "They had been opposed to Woman Suffrage, but their conversion dated from that night." By the way, her aged father and mother were present. It certainly was a proud moment for them.

Well, the election is over, and we are, as we expected to be, defeated. But it is a grand defeat. We have not been able to get all the returns, but we know of 101 votes cast for her; and we know, too, that had it not been for the fact that our opponents worked so assiduously to prove to the people that "if elected she could not take her seat"—they didn't prove it, though—she would have had hundreds more. We have *proved* that we are in earnest; that we mean to carry out in practice the theory we preach, and that *we can work with a will* for its accomplishment. One result we begin to see already, and that is that *both* parties believe in Woman Suffrage; at least so we suppose from the statements of individuals prominent in each.

"Oh, yes, they really do believe in women's voting;" but then they "think it was the wrong time to take such decided steps," though they "certainly are in favor of Woman Suffrage." How very naturally politicians, as well as the rest of mankind, accept the inevitable!

But do you not think it strange that the *Pioneer* should join the opposing faction in denouncing our nomination of an independent candidate as *premature?* We should have supposed it would have hailed the event as "the beginning of *the end*," for which it had been *professedly* striving. If you read an article in the *Pioneer* of July 6th, under the head of "Spurious Woman Suffrage," you will perhaps be surprised to learn that the society there referred to is the one that has brought about these grand results. We are in that article said to be "defunct." I think you will agree with me that we have taken the best possible means in the world to prove that we are

DE FACTO.

STOCKTON, Cal., Sept. 12, 1871.

Place a bone in the earth near the root of a grape, and the vine will send out a lending root to the bone. In its passage it will throw out no fibres, but when it reaches the bone the root will cover it with the most delicate fibres like lace, each one seeking a pore of the bone. On this bone the vine will continue to feed as long as nutriment remains to be extracted.

There are sixty-eight colleges for women in the United States.

CORRESPONDENCE.

This department of the NEW NORTHWEST is to be a general vehicle for exchange of ideas concerning any and all matters that may be legitimately discussed in our columns. Finding it practically impossible to answer each correspondent by private letter, we adopt this mode of communication to save our friends the disappointment that would otherwise accrue from our inability to answer their queries. We cordially invite everybody that has a question to ask, a suggestion to make, or a scolding to give to contribute to the Correspondents' Column.

Mary E. S., whose paper was a short time since returned to this office by the Postmaster, writes to us that she is very much pleased with the paper, and hopes we will not be offended at its being returned, as she was powerless to prevent it. Her husband, an able-bodied, healthy man, who is supported by her earnings at the wash-tub and boarding-table, refuses to take the paper out of the office for her, and so, "in obedience to instructions from the Postal Department," it comes back. It is hard to advise in such an emergency. Under our present anti-woman laws a married woman is not entitled to one cent of the money she earns, or any voice as to its disposition after it passes into the greedy clutches of a tyrannical husband—for none but tyrants would use such an ungenerous and outrageously mercenary advantage. Some day we hope, under the rule of equal and exact rights to all, without respect of race, color or sex, these odious and unhuman laws will be swept from the statute book. No fear of us taking offence. Your case is one of a score or more of similar character which have come under our observation during the brief career of the NEW NORTHWEST. There is one remedy, however, that we think we shall adopt in the future. It is this: In any and all instances coming under our notice of ladies subscribing for the NEW NORTHWEST, and their husbands causing it to be returned against their wishes, we propose to publish the names of such husbands in a BLACK LIST. This may be considered a harsh measure, but we are compelled to adopt it to save ourself from pecuniary loss. We have already a number of names reserved for such an emergency, and if this outrage should continue will most certainly give them and their fellows publicity.

Mrs. L. DeF. G., Mokelumne Station, Cal.: You have indeed good cause for self-congratulation. That a woman, who is considered unqualified to vote, should *receive* the number of votes you did for an important office of emolument and trust, shows that the cause of woman's political emancipation is advancing with rapid strides. Miss Anthony is now speaking in Oregon and Washington Territory, as you have learned ere this from our columns. She is doing a good work. Many thanks for your words of encouragement. We are glad to receive the communication of the lady you mention. Your advice as to nominating women for office is good. It will be tried in Oregon next year.

G. B. B., Jacksonville, Ogn.: Your remittance from Harrisburg was received all right. Traveling agents have the right to canvass in any locality, no matter whether there are local agents there or not.

P. R., Walla Walla: Your valuable donation came to hand in good order. Shall notice more extensively in appropriate columns. Many thanks.

"A correspondent" writes to us: "Who is J. B. Frost?" We take pleasure in answering that we do not know.

"An ill-used wife:" We wouldn't endure it. Women must learn that they must be personally responsible to nobody but themselves for long-continued ill treatment. Do you suppose your husband would misuse you if you possessed equal immunities in all things with himself? Yet, in the same letter in which your grievances are poured out to us you say you "do not want to vote." We confess that we could have no possible patience with such inconsistency were it not that we are compelled to forgive the ignorance that harbors such ideas under such circumstances.

A "Women's Printing-Office" has recently been established in Washington by Mrs. Julia A. Holmes, a lady favorably known to the public as a writer, and for her labors in behalf of education and general reform. Mrs. Holmes designs imparting instruction in type-setting to as many young ladies as possible, being partly actuated to undertake her benevolent work by the knowledge of the number of poor women seeking employment, and the desire to establish a business that would afford them one more avenue of labor. An evening class, in addition, for the benefit of those who cannot attend during the day, is shortly to be commenced. In connection with the composing room is a stereotyping department, in which business instruction will also be given, that employment being equally suitable and offering good inducements to women. An enterprise so worthy as this inaugurated by Mrs. Holmes, as a practical illustration of "Woman's Rights," cannot but accomplish great good, and we trust it may be abundantly successful.

Mary M. Andrews, a girl of fifteen, a resident of Brooklyn, is worth $1,000,000.

Swedenborg says that there are marriages in Heaven, and Heaven itself is a marriage.

Woman's Rights Feeling in Portland.

The recent lectures of Miss Anthony, in this city, on woman suffrage, have had the effect of arousing the weaker sex to a sense of the grand future which awaits it when it has gained the political rights at present usurped by man. Though it may not be apparent on the surface, yet the wives, mothers and sisters of this city have been strongly impregnated with the doctrines promulgated by the woman's rights newspapers, and it is churning in them thoughts which they never before experienced. The women are working quietly, but when they make an effort for the privileges which they claim belong to them, and which are retained from them by the avariciousness of man, that effort will be one at which the supposed lord of creation will open his eyes with astonishment.

When Mrs. Duniway started the NEW NORTHWEST in this city there were but few women here who had given her doctrines any thought, or if they had, it was but a passing glance whenever it was mentioned. But no sooner was that organ fairly started than the timid and perhaps thoughtless creatures began to comprehend their loss and set to work to to gain it.

THE PIONEER SOCIETY,

For the conferring of the ballot on woman was started in this city about six months ago. At first it numbered but three or four gentle creatures, but after awhile it began to increase, until seventeen members were entered on the rolls of the Society. Meetings were held occasionally at the residence of the most prominent advocates of the doctrine, and there they encouraged each other to persevere in the "good cause." Gentlemen friendly to the aspiration of the Society were often invited and took a part in its deliberation, and others who were supposed to be useful to it, were requested to make a call on a certain evening in order that they should be inoculated with the ideas. In this manner the organization flourished, until it presumed itself strong enough to bring a lecturess of some capacity here who would express the doctrine to the public in a fallacious, if not a logical form. The effect has already been seen of the addresses of Miss Anthony, for the Society, which was then scarcely in its teens, now muster sixty-five active and intelligent members, not to reckon the men who lend their sympathy, and promise their aid when the proper time comes. What will

WOMAN GAIN BY THE BALLOT

Is a question we asked one of its lady members, and what does she hope to accomplish with it? The reply came promptly: The right to legislate the same as man; the right to have a voice in who shall govern us, and the right to see that only good and capable men are placed in responsible positions. This is apparently their only desire; but some, it seems, express a desire to do away with the marital bond, which they think is a galling yoke. These, however, are in a despicable minority, notwithstanding those creatures in New York known as Woodhull and Claflin send their paper free to persons for the mere payment of postage, thus hoping to promulgate the filthy doctrine which they teach under the expression, "Every woman has a right to select the father of her offspring."

One of the strongest advocates of woman suffrage, when asked how far this idea of free love—for it is nothing else—had spread among the "strong minded," replied that she knew of but one who entertained the demoralizing doctrine. Her idea was that some laws were necessary to govern society; the marriage law was necessary, and if any woman made a bad bargain in selecting her conjugal companion, she should abide by it. This is all very correct, yet we learn that the Woodhull and Claflin theory is entertained by more than one. In justice to the prominent advocates of woman's rights, it should be stated that this doctrine is an abomination to them. They assert that there must be some powerful monetary influence behind the scenes to enable these notorious women of New York to send their paper free to subscribers.

They have sent to this city for the names of women known as reformers, so that they could send them a copy of their journal, but thus far we have learned of no one sending them a list of such persons.

THE ONE HUNDRED LADIES

That signed the petition of Miss Anthony, urging Congress to declare women voters under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, are not, it is stated, but a mere fraction of those who give the matter their sympathy, and are willing to make a test of the right of women to vote under these Amendments at no distant day. On the principle that the weak must use strategy where strength is lacking the gentle sex is keeping quiet at present, but when the proper time comes many a husband will be surprised at the bold front which his better half will show when she demands a right not conceded to her under the present complexion of politics.

Will women enter the political arena is a question which many a lord of creation may ask himself, and he shivers as he thinks of a refined wife, mother, sister or daughter struggling and jostling with wantons, and the ruder and more ignorant class of females to reach the ballot-box and deposit her vote for a Snooks or Pilkins. Miss Anthony in reply to this states that woman would confine herself to the social and educational questions where her own or her children's welfare would be at stake. This, however, like other assertions of the good woman would accomplish with the ballot, is speculative and theoretical. Woman is said to be

TYPICAL OF MUTABILITY.

And when she received the ballot, her whims and caprices of what she does and does not want to accomplish with it would be as mutable as her fashions are at the present day.

If all writers of prominence, known to history, are taken as authority, woman would not—judging from her character—vote twice on the same subject, let it be for good or evil, as it would weary her, and she would want a new idea evolved, as she would desire a new type of bonnet or mode of dressing the hair. Euripedes, Juvenal, Horace, Virgil, Shakespeare, Racine and other authors high in the world of thought have said woman was changeable, hence the theory must be true that she would desire continual change to keep her interest in politics untiring.

The assertion of mutability may be denied by woman, and the falsity of the theory proved thereby; but Virgil terming the sex "*Varium Semper et mutabile femina*," followed as he is by other writers, entitles it to be considered a truth. The Italians say of woman *La donna e mobile; qual piuma al vento. Muta d'accento—e di pensier; Sempre un amabile*, etc. The Greeks say a "*Gune tupikos epi astasia*," and the Celts have a way "Bann agus gaill graffa." All these unite in declaring the mutability of woman's ideas, and from this theory alone some opponents of woman's rights have declared that the gentle sex, if it should secure the right of suffrage, would not use it reasonably, but would be more apt to use its influence for that which pleased the feelings, rather than for that which appealed to the reason.

This argument may be fallacious, and it is only advanced as one of the class urged by a certain school of philosophers against woman suffrage. The women may dispute the premiss, and prove in this city, as they intend to, that they know how to use the ballot to advantage. —*Portland Herald.*

The Untold Love of Alice Cary.

Alice Cary lived and died a maiden queen of poesy. It had seemed to many impossible that she should have carried her tender and passionate heart through the social and literary thoroughfares wherein she was called to tread, unpierced by any amorous shaft. And it it was indeed impossible. There is a secret page of the history of the deceased poetess which has never been writen, and seldom, of late years, been told. To this Phœbe Cary briefly and indefinitely alludes in the sketch published in the *Ladies' Repository* of last month, and widely copied. The writer says substantially therein that if her sister ever loved there is no line in her published works to tell the tale; over the mouth of the sepulchre of her sad experience she rolled the stone never by herself removed. The doubtful "if" half conceals and half discloses the truth. It seems intended to stop flying rumors, while refraining from an unequivocal and impossible denial.

As the story can only serve as a foil to the virtues and amiable qualities of its subject, we need no further excuse for our efforts to rescue the fragmentary record from the oblivion to which the mistaken and morbid kindness of friends would fain consign it. When the Cary sisters made their first pilgrimage to the Eastern literary Mecca, Rufur Wilmot Griswold was among their earliest acquaintances. This gentleman was a prominent *litterateur* in New York when men of letters were less numerous than at present. He was born in Benson, Vt., in 1815, and was, consequently, but about five years the senior of the elder sister. Having been educated as a printer, he became successively a Baptist preacher, a journalist and an author. As an editor he presided over the destines of the *Brother Jonathan* and the *New World*, mammoth weeklies; the *New Yorker*, a celebrated literary hebdomadal; and *Graham's* and the *International Magazine*. To the first monthly mentioned he added considerable character. The last resembled *Harper's Monthly*, and was bought out by the owners of that magazine after a brief existence. In the wider field of letters he should be spoken of rather as a compiler than as an author. He published various collections of the prose and poetry of England and America, and, in connection with other authors, several works of popular biography. No one was better acquainted with the state of the literary market, or with the publishers of the metropolis, than Mr. Griswold. The two rural devotees to literature from the far West were strangers, and needed a chaperone. He came to the rescue. He gave them a space in his books, flattered them, encouraged their hopes and assisted in finding a market for their wares. Toward Alice he more especially inclined. Their first acquaintance ripened into friendship, friendship into intimacy, and intimacy into love. It was said at last that the parties were solemnly affianced. This was nearly 20 years ago, and Alice had then passed 30. He was still older, and would seem to have passed the bounds of juvenile folly, if those bounds are ever passed by man. But he was a *blase* citizen of the world, and she was quiet, retired, sensitive, domestic, and unassuming. Trouble came between the two in the shape of a woman of society, externally more attractive than Alice Cary. This *liason* produced a separation. The engagement was broken, and Alice, concealing her sorrows, kept herself more closely at home, and turned her attention more assiduously to her special labors. The story needs not to be fully detailed here. It has been told over and over again, ever since the world had a literature. Several years passed, and in 1857 Rufus Wilmot Griswold lay dying of a lingering disease in the metropolis, in poverty, and alone. His literary ventures had brought inadequate remuneration, and he lived a life which it was not altogether pleasant to look back upon. But the sisters had made many friends, and been reasonably blessed by fortune. The injured woman forgot her wrongs and forgave the past with a readiness characteristic of her sex. She come to the bedside of the man who had so grievously deceived her, and watched with him day after day and week after week as life slowly ebbed away. The sick room was made cheerful with books, flowers, and all necessary comforts; and, to defray necessary expenses, the money earned by days and nights of labor with the pen was freely lavished. At his death ended the sufferings of the false lover, and the grave closed over the secret of a woman's sorrow, now for the first time made public.—*Chicago Republican.*

A NEW PAPER IN OREGON.—The NEW NORTHWEST is the title of a good-sized quarto weekly, published in Portland, Oregon, which looks as neat and cheerful as it would if born in Massachusetts. Mrs. A. J. Duniway is editor and proprietor. It is a live paper, and takes broad and liberal ground, as the following extract from its columns show: "The NEW NORTHWEST is not a woman's rights, but a human rights organ, devoted to whatever policy may be necessary to secure the greatest good to the greatest number. It knows no sex, no politics, no religion, no party, no color, no creed. Its foundation is fastened upon the rock of Eternal Liberty, Universal Emancipation and Untrammeled Progression."—*Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.*

Ireland has now less than twice the population of the City of London.

Campaign Song.

WORDS BY MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY.

Air—"Wait for the Turn of the Tide."

We are ready, my friends, for the turn of the tide;
We've counted the scars and the cost;
We all must do battle 'gainst wrong for the right,
And our efforts will never be lost.
Men must learn of our motives not to be jealous;
They must stand by our side in the battle of life;
And where all do their duty, the ministers tell us,
They surely will conquer division and strife.

CHORUS.

Then help in all things to do right, my boys,
As we bravely stand by your side;
And with you we'll work for the right, my boys—
Hurrah for the turn of the tide!

In passing along through the busy street,
Watching the surging sea
Of thoughtful faces we every day meet,
We see much that ought not to be.
A grog shop is there, in the heart of your city;
Another is yonder, right over the way!
A cellar beneath is full, more's the pity,
Of bad men and women to lead you astray.

Then help in all things, etc.

To mend all these matters we women will vote;
We'll sit in the councils with you;
Your good will we crave, but we dont care a groat
For the ballot in the hands of the few.
Then hurrah and ha! ha! for the good time is coming!
Is coming, my sisters? Not coming, but here.
When gin and tobacco won't legislate for us,
But we'll vote for the right with our brothers so dear.

Then help in all things, etc.

A Child's Dream of a Star.

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another, sometimes, supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky, be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hill-sides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good-night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh very, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down toward him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to Heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But, there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had laid upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O, sister, I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star, too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O, sister, I am here!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "O, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago:

"I see the star!"

They whispered one another, "He is dying."

And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened, to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

Mr. Greeley's Course on the Woman Question.

If anybody supposes that we are wanting in respect for Mr. Horace Greeley, he knows little of the more than common affection and reverence which we have always entertained for this honest and noble man.

When, therefore, we say, as we frankly do, that the course of the *Tribune* on the woman question seems to us a daily gravitation farther and faster toward the darkness of the middle ages, we are not making a willing but an unwilling criticism on a journal which, instead of being the chief hindrance, ought to be the best help, to the cause of woman's enfranchisement.

Outside of the Roman Catholic church, we do not know a man so backward in his views, on all that pertains to the status of woman, as Mr. Greeley. He holds for instance, that there ought to be no divorce at all—not for any crime, even the worst. If his ideas on this subject were moulded into the legislation of the land, they would require the reconstruction of the statue-book of every State of the Union, save South Carolina. He holds, too, that if a man marries and his wife dies, there should be no second marriage—on the ground that such a union would complicate the marital relations of the original parties in the other world—although a wiser authority than Mr. Greeley has taught us that "In heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage."

Mr. Greeley's unreasonable tenets on these points, if they were enforced by civil statute or by public opinion, would bear like a galling despotism on millions of human hearts.

It is these views which underlie all the criticisms that the *Tribune* so ruthlessly and rudely makes on Woman Suffrage, and on all the social questions connected therewith. A bitter fountain cannot give forth sweet waters. People who imagine that Mr. Greeley will one day veer round to Woman Suffrage do not understand that he must first change his fundamental convictions of the proper moral relations which should subsist between husband and wife, not only in this world but also in the next.

Mr. Greeley's notion of no divorce for any cause, not even for adultery or any other crime, and his twin notion of no second marriage after the first is dissolved by death, are a brace of theories which, on account of their absurdity and folly, deserve to have no place in the liberal thought of an enlightened age, but which nevertheless have lent to the latter years of the *Tribune* a baleful conservatism which makes us sometimes think that its editor may yet be tempted to end his life in a monastery.

Mr. Greeley is a man of so much catholicity that we are impatient at seeing in him any taint of narrowness. His proper place is at the head of the progressive thought of the present age. But on the woman question, he is more hopelessly wrong than any other of its opponents whom we have ever met. Our esteem for him is so warm and deep that we would rather these words were spoken of almost any other man. But he is a dangerous enemy to a cause which needs faithful friends, and we have no excuse for not striking him a blow which he deserves.—*T. Tilton in Golden Age.*

SUDDEN CONVERSION.—Many are the conversions in our city in favor of woman suffrage since the lecture given by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton. She has left behind her impressions of the most favorable character for the cause among our first citizens. There have been many clear cases of sudden conversions in our city in which somebody went to scoff but remained to pray. However people may differ about the objects of this association of woman suffrage, the ladies who conduct the association itself cannot be laughed down. Mrs. Santon, Miss Anthony, Mrs. Mott, Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Blackwell, and others less known to fame, have no superiors in moral worth and few equals in mental accomplishments. They may be ridiculed by their ignorant opponents, and by journals that pander to a debased public. But even a very mangy cat may stare at a king.—*Vallejo Recorder.*

Celia Burleigh, in one of her sermons, says: "I have known folks who have never committed a blunder, whose hearts are as dry as dust; and others who have constantly transgressed, whose sympathies are as warm and quick as those of an angel."