Well, I know it is so My wounded heart bleeds, I am faint, and my eyes dim with tears;

But how soon I shall go Is a question of time; perhaps not for m or long years.

Have you never been told That grief kills but slowly? So cruel is grief, Like the savage of old It tortures its victims till death brings relief.

I am pining for love, For sympathy, pity and tender words; And I mourn as a dove Wounded, and caged with rude, foreign bird The sun comes from the East;

It shines on the home where my childhood v Were I from thraidom released I'd haste to lix roof as the bird flies home to it

But the distance is great; My wings are but feeble, and the air is bitt with cold;

I must yield to my fate-The bond that confines me is heavy and strong in its hold.

Oh! beautiful bond 3-So silken and light when I took it on me! But cruelty's wand Hath changed it to iron, and I suffer and long

Were the friends that I left in the pleasant far-away hand, As I laide them adjeu,

If there falleth a tear

Stars that witness my woe, Tell not, I charge you, the tale of my wrong; God forbal they should know That alone with my grief I have wrestled

For a dream of my ii) Would sadden their hearts and disquiet their cheerful and bright. Let them think of me still

As loving and loved -Queen of my home in the But the morning will break, The tempest be husifed, and a calm come

the sea: I shall sleep and awake;-They will say I am dead, but my spirit shall ANONYMOUS.

JUDITH REID;

A Plain Story of a Plain Woman. intered, according to the Act of Congress, in | back to Oregon, for we are the year 1871, by Mrs. A. J. Duniway, in the

said he, bitterly.

"Dr. Armstrong, I deeply pity you; thing of your mother's trials." but God knows that you deserve it all!" I said haughtily. "But tell me all about mother?" want confirmation from your pallid lips. sad soul a dear, long-hidden melody. You sowed the wind in your early manripening age."

son had enticed away my wife?"

great northern lakes. Dr. Armstrong, must reap the bitter consequences." helpless, unhappy wife! You have no whole, untarnished truth?" idea of the magnetic power of this man, "Of course I can! What have I done short, sharp word "atone." your son, whose every human trait has that I should quail before them ?" his false position. Let them go, and know very much to tell." console yourself, if you can, with the re- "We shall see !" flection that justice is ever found upon the offender's track. Your early sin has "to hear our mother's story," found you out?"

man, "my own household upbraids me, poverty and toil, without appreciative willing to compromise her "reputation" and when I turned to you as one whom friends, without books or toys or any of by coming to my aid; but, as my occu-I fondly hoped had sense enough to mete the luxuries that have become indispen- pation as a writer was gone, I had amout justice to my motives, I find that I sable to you, Dr. Armstrong found me ple time to wait upon myself. am deceived! My daughter sits at home at my father's house and, taking a kind I dispatched Minnie with a note to in stony-hearted dignity, my wife is interest in me, he used his influence to Mrs. Lewis, in which I simply said: not, my poor, misguided son is not, and place me in school and gave me food "Forgive my insane rashness. Yes you have taken your sympathy away! and lodging in his house. He was in ev- terday when I addressed you I was not

evening before in high dudgeon, came face bespoke an inward terror. slipping into the room. Indignation "Do not interrupt me, sir," I said,

"It's a pretty tale I'll have to tell "Mother, you-married?"

Jew Northwest

FREE SPEECH, PREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

VOLUME 1.

PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1871.

"The Grundy's will have a sweet mor- accomplice in a great crime. That ac- and only longed to die. sel to roll under their gossiping tongues complice, years afterwards, became my Another letter from William Snyder "All aboard for the Fair-aboard "I wish them joy of it?" I answered, this time I, ignorant of half the wrongs and contained the following:

well that I should get the worst of it. ing that the man whom, in my intense are false? O, Judith !- the one hope of We first look at one, then glance at a score, "A note from Mrs. Lewis, and she says nature, I had loved to desperation, had my brighted me, "are these things so! To see if they're spinirs, or men in disguise I'm to wait for an answer," said a bright mocked my deep affection and made me In my heart of hearts I cannot doubt But we conclude, as we glance at the eye. little colored boy who had been a great the object of stale jokes and vulgar wit- you, but unless you give me word or They're not of the spirits that dwell in the sky favorite with me at the Doctor's resi- ticisms. This feeling of humiliation token by which I may feel that you are And whisper aside, to a friend standing near,

whom but for you I know she never has seen, in which full explanation of sober second thought brought reason to see all sorts of persons and all sorts of style would have met. My father is your ab- my lover's conduct was given. ject slave, and even now I know that he It was curious to note the effect upon Your Judith is as true as steel."

in reply?" handed it to the boy.

"Is that all, ma'am ?" ence and closed the door.

maniacs. ing preparation for their noon repast. identity was so clearly implied by hint. The deep shadows of the vines formed. And, as the speaker's proportions we see

old scalawag has got to leave this house, carnal appetites. or I will! You've become the common No wonder the poor children were un- long white beard.

people do, and they insult me every- thy. that we shan't live here!" Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washing-

saw Dr. Armstrong walking up the excellent. Your mother has through "yours," a look of agony that was plainly born should know all. Eat your lunch and stroked and kissed my aching brow.

"Won't you eat your lunch with us, yet be well."

look for this from you-you whom I "every page of my past life must be read the fact that outward appearances were cup of happiness must be dashed in have sought to befriend in every way, up before my children. So help me God, all against me, I had taken deep umand for whose many wrongs I gladly I will not bear false accusation in their brage at her natural conclusions and rewould atone? Who told you that my eyes. The world may judge my acts as plied to them in a manner sufficient to must never be made to feel that their best it pleases, but at home there shall confirm her worst suspicions. "Nobody, sir! I saw the whole per- be perfect understanding. If you had "Ah, me?" I sighed in bitterness, either with you or me." formance as I lay last night in sleepless only been strong enough to unfold all "this temper will yet be the death of "Right! Judith, as you always are!" agony upon my clay-cold bed. Why I your troubles to your wife and daughter me!"

been outraged by his birth, his shame, "Well, have your way; but you do not aloud, and with this firm resolve came man who, long before you were born, be-

"My children, many years ago, when which I had not dared to hope.

efactor. "God guide and pity you, my poor, "When I grew to womanhood, I vious knowledge of your family desoladistracted friend!" I said, and going up learned to love a man whose sister Dr. tion. May I come to you and bring the to him I stroked his hot and rugged Armstrong had greviously wronged." proof? brow with my trembling, ice-cold hand. "Judith Reid! what are you talking

got the better of my discretion. I turned "Unwisely, I listened to the voice of dreadful day I'm sure I cannot tell.

ried."

the house and ran nimbly over the In the body I have never ...et him more. My heart seemed turned to stone. I "He was arrested by the order of an moved mechanically around the house husband and your father. During all was brought me by the evening post, The echo swells forth, then dies on the air. indignantly, yet I knew that a social I was enduring, was left to bear as best "Is it possible that I have worked and The coaching out "There's yet now for storm was brewing, and I knew full I might the deep humiliation of believ- waited all these years to find that you "A note from Mrs. Lewis, and she says nature, I had loved to desperation, had my blighted life !-- are these things so? To see if they're sober, simple or wise,

dence. He looked significantly at Dr. caused me to marry your father, and pure and true, I cannot see you, but will "They're the spirits that govern the munda Armstrong and eyed me impudently. | you well know the life I led with him. | go away and finish up my life upon the The note ran thus: "Mrs. John Smith, Lately I have been in correspondence earth alone." once my friend, but now my bitter ene- with the man who wronged me in my "My first emotion was a feeling of bit- To visit the sights that make up the Fair. my, I accuse you of bringing devasta- youth. Dr. Armstrong knows more ter indignation, that if obeyed would First, through the pavillon we elbow our way tion into my father's household. My about this matter than he cares to tell." have prompted me to ruin my last Which takes little less than half of the day. mother has become the victim of a man I then read the letter which the reader earthly prospect by a sharp reply. But Then through the Fair Ground we

is finding solace for his great dishonor my flock. Instantly they grew in symplained to them the cause of Dr. Arm- the surface of the summer calm. No-I say "Go to thunder!" I wrote in pen- strong's deep interest in my warped and body visited me; nobody seemed to care All on a level they rush to and fro, cil marks at the bottom of the sheet and struggling life, sparing him, for mercy's for me. My poor sister was my fiercest All dine together, and go to the show.

"Yes, my child. Pil send no verbal Of the elopement of the Doctor's wife I made vigorous preparation for an Hand in hand they saunter along, message. Carry this letter back to Mrs. they of course had heard, for such news early visit to my Pacific home. Lewis and present it with my compli- travels rapidly. Every school, of course, The calm, summer evening was ra- Which, in its confusion, its bustle and noise, ments," and I waved him from my pres- contained a Grundy, and in six hours diant and glorious. Birds trilled their after the elopement became known its evening roundelays and katydids kept At their inseprable forms we long gazed; "Has my daughter written badly of thousand imaginary particulars were up their grand monotony. Bells chimed At their devotion were somewhat amaz And gave all to another-heart, fortune and me?" asked the poor father, timidly. trumpeted through the wards. The in the distance, carriages rolled through But this conclusion we came to at length-"Of course not, sir! Who ever knew newspapers in guarded language "sym- the avenues, pedestrians lingered in the They have for their motto, "Union is strength Now they think of me here

As we think of our loved who have gone to the mansions above;

As we think of our loved who have gone to the mansions above;

As we think of our loved who have gone to the mansions above;

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As we think of our loved who have gone to the mansions above;

As we think of our loved who have gone to the mansions above;

As we think of our loved who have gone to the mansions are mansions above;

As we think of our loved who have gone to the mansions are many than the mansions are mansions at the mansion and the mansions are mansions at the mansion and the mansion are mansions at the mansion are mansion at the mansion are manned to the mansion are mansion at the mansion are mansion are man lumbia!" and I laughed a grating, bit- I was pronounced a scheming, bold, bad come? Hecause I am gone, they say, "she is blest with ter laugh, such as I have heard from woman, an advocate of pernicious doc- I left the parlor, entered the latticed To be owned by man the hignest of all, trines, who was carrying the mischeiv- porch and sat me down to wait. Oh! for No greater delight to her could befull; Across the lawn I saw my children ous effects of her own immoral teach- years and years my heart had learned And if man refuse to give his whole heart slowly walking home to lunch. I had ings into shameless and successful effect. over and over again this trying lesson, Now, we rather think if the truth were divi not until that moment thought of mak- True, my name was not given, but my wait. Excusing myself, I hurried to the kitch- and inuendo that every one who knew a retreat of welcome darkness, and my Thought us mind quite too small for half a en, lit the fire and made everything me could read and understand. The black robe gave little outline of my figmorning papers were full of the shame- ure in the silent gloom. "What's old Armstrong doing here? ful scandal, and so vulture-like were the A kind of hazy, mellow light illumin-

by-word of the city scandal-mongers." willing to go to school. Master Ben re- The face indeed was there, and so as Withered her soul in the springtime of line. "Does my son believe his mother luctantly returned to the work-shop, but well was the tall form and actual pres- o, and are the frosts of life's winter time, my other darlings clung around my ence of the lover of my youth. "Why, bless you mother, no! but the chair and sustained me by their sympa-

where! We won't bear it! You may The morning papers had carried the I will not reveal our further interjust as well make up your mind to go tale of scandal to the home of my pub- change of inward thought. Such facts Fair time passed by, with its joys and its ca back the information that my services guarded from the public eye. Again I Our fireside Joys are returned once again "My children, you have all reached as a writer were no longer needed. The say, as I said in reference to the sweet years of discretion. Your sense of honor letter contained a check for a comforta- hour of communion, when, in our youth And, as we walk forth, there floats on the Looking from my latticed window I is keen, your appreciation of justice ble sum, "regrets," etc., etc., and and hope and inexperience, we held No longer the shout, "All abourd for the Fair"

joy, my pride, may understand some- my dears, and together we shall be sus- heard in union. tained. Only be true to me and all will "Won't you come to the parlor and see

it. Not that I need that you should tell It was blue-eyed Minnie who spoke, cause I talked thus hopefully I had no fully recoiled. me, for I intuitively know it all, but I and her sweet voice brought up in my sad misgivings. In truth I did not "Are they-the children-much like know what to do. Through the night their-like-John Smith?" "I have no need of food, my dears. I that followed I had time to think over "I trust they inherit what good was hood and it is but just that you should leave you to enjoy your lunch, while I the rash act of sending a sharp answer in him," I answered, firmly. "They are to contribute to the Correspondents' reap the whirlwind as a harvest in your go back and tell the Doctor that you are to the accusations of my friend, Mrs. beautiful, sensible and noble boys and Column. coming to the parlor to learn the truth." Lewis. How thoughtless and wicked girls, and unless you can learn to love "Dr. Armstrong," said I emphatically, and foolish I had been! Losing sight of them as I know they will love you, the

saw it I cannot tell. They are going all might have been well with you; but A still, small voice whispered in my that they are John Smith's children. across the water by the way of the you have been a moral coward and you ear the one word, "atone!" I listened Yours only shall they be, and mine." and heard, or seemed to hear, "Mrs. I left him sitting in the alcove and have plty, I beseech you, upon your "Can you face your children with the Lewis will be William Snyder's friend." went in to meet my flock. Again was whispered in my ear the

peace and resignation. A sweet, sound sleep refreshed me, "We have come," said master Ben, and when morning came I arose with a feeling of strength and determination for

"Oh, Judith!" wailed the humbled I was a nervous, morbid child, living in No servant could be found who was

My punishment is greater than I can ery honorable sense my friend and ben-myself. My brain is cool to-day. I am guiltless of complicity in or even pre-Junera." To which was answered at the bottom

Nanette, whom I had dismissed the about?" said the Doctor, and his shaggy of the page the bitter words, "I loathe, detest, scorn you! Do not come!" How I lived through that long and the

threateningly. 'No wonder Mrs. Arm- while yet the burning words of deepest You're not the only woman in the city jects of constant comment by strong couldn't stand all this! She told love remained unspoken on my tongue, that has married men a-pining after me this morning, poor, injured lady, my husband, to raise some funds by a her! It's nobody's business but your join the staff. that she was going home to her mother foolish wager which he had made to fa- own! The Doctor's money's as good as

seen to-day!" and the girl darted from ing me alone in the cold, key dooryard. allusions that I answered never a word. head.

The Fair. BY CONSTANCE.

How the people rush and the little ones ery,

my aid and made me answer, "Come. From the time of our grandmas down to o

is finding solace for his great dishonor my lock. Instantly lifely grew in sympany in your captivating company. I loathe, pathy with the man of whom I had so ging their monotonous lengths along, The youthful, the gay, the plain and the fair, detest, scorn you! What have you to say long dreaded to tell them. Then I ex- without excitement or incident to ripple The rich and the poor, and those with gray

> sake, the story of his son's unfortunate enemy, and her bitterness wrung from Forth through the Fair Ground the lover an me many a sareastic thought. In rural simplicity ever arrayed,

I want to know!" said dear, impetuous people in their grediness for news that ated my retreat. I looked up eagerly, Ben. "Mother," he continued, "that what the papers gave but whetted their expecting to see the usual apparition of Opposed Miss Anthony much to her cost; a beautiful face with beaming eyes and Yet we are not amazed that such was the ca

"Judith!"

"William!"

lisher, and the evening mails brought are sacred only as they are kept securely Grave competitions, its griefs a council together beneath the stars: "Sashaded path. His face was pale, his all her womanhood borne in her soul w "What will we do next, dear moth-cred forever in my heart of hearts are the step unsteady, and as his eye met mine bitter secret. It now is meet that you er?" asked winsome Winnie, as she sweet words which the true soul of love

can coin." of remorse and doubt and shame and then come to the parlor. Dr. Arm- "God only knows, my precious child. The silvery tinkle of Minnie's harp, west is to be a general vehicle for exfear blanched his cheek to a chalky strong will wait till you are ready. In But if my children cling to me and their the decided result of the touch of Win-change of ideas concerning any and all his presence I want to unfold a page of pure love sustains me, I am still rich in nie's fingers upon the piano keys, Ben's matters that may be legitimately dis-"Judith Reid! my roof tree has fallen!" my past history, that you, my hope, my spite of all evil. Together we will work, flute and Freddy's childish voice were cussed in our columns. Finding it practi-

my pets?" I said.

he answered earnestly. "I will forget

interests are a secondary consideration,

"Children," said I, trying to speak composedly, but my voice was husky and "So help me God, I will atone!" I said tremulous, "are you ready to see the

> came your mother's husband?" "Mother, yes!" was the unanimous reply, and in the little, bright and cosy parlor, where the world's cold eyes could not see us or the tongue of scandal mar

To a late hour we all lingered thus, records and see if the divorce had really place. been granted in the by-gone years as my Mrs. B. B. B., Pendleton: You have mother had said, I felt that as a family none nobly. We will send your pre- a meal. my husband, self and children were mium shortly. united, and my spirit rose in silent gratitude to commune with the great Father who doeth all things well.

(To be continued.)

Mrs. M. F. Butts is said to be the only the passages are dull, and some are some an employed on the regular staff of sprightly. Then comes inferences and soda, as many berries as you like. The husband New York Herald. ashy pale and ordered her to leave the premises.

"Unwisely, I listened to the voice of dreadful day I'm sure I cannot tell. of this lady was formerly connected my idol, cloped with him and was marcame with the meat, the baker attempt- she made application for piece-work, which was cheerfullly furnished her. "It's a pretty tale I'll have to tell "Mother, you—married?" ed a jocose and disgusting familiarity, about you when I leave," she said "Yes, children, I was married, and the milk-man said: "Cheer up! ual intellectuality were made the subwhose business it is to look out for tal-ent, and the result was an invitation to

[For the New Northwest.]

Strove to make woman's ambition appear Few women prefer the man to the mind,

much man; His corporeal greatness we all should adore But his smallness of soul we sadly deplore. We would say, "en passant," we think Madam

Front And never would be, at each time and place, Since that cruel frost, with pestilence rife But sadder are those which come in its prime?

Since things that are fair oft-times are it sweet;

More bright that the Fair suspended their and she refused, affirming that his good then, in her blue and white dress, with reign:

SALEM, Oct. 25, 1871.

CORRESPONDENCE. This department of the NEW NORTHeally impossible to answer each correstany, where he lived for years, letters pondent by private letter, we adopt this passing meantime between him and Heloise. mode of communication to save our The reader must not think that because I could see that William Snyder painfriends the disappointment that would convent, passing her life in goodness
the reader must not think that because I talked thus hopefully I had no
fully recoiled. otherwise accrue from our mannity to an-came lady abbess, and enjoyed high rep-swer their queries. We cordially invite utation and respect. After Abelard, now back to the Rev. Mr. Love, as was the everybody that has a question to ask, a suggestion to make, or a scolding to give country, he lived but a few years. At his death, his body was carried to He-young eyes met—met and dropped, and

Miss S. A.: The time is rapidly near- in silence. The burial service was read ing when the meneditors of our country after which his ashes were consigned to can no longer ignore the literary pro- the earth. Heloise survived him twenty ductions of talented women. Aye, and years—a priestess of God, a mourner at when the old fogy superstition of man's the tomb of Abelard, superiority of intellect is brushed away, many of these same editors will be obliged to yield their positions to the very women whose articles they now blespoonful soda, the whites of three chile"—so she took its little breath contemptuously cast aside. And this is eggs beaten to a froth; bake in small away the true reason of the determined effort time.—Rural New Yorker. to keep aspiring women in the back- One Egg Cake.-This makes a very ground. Thanks for kind words. Hope good cake, and not expensive: One egg,

we shall see you soon. "Constance:" Of course we are glad to receive conributions from you. Send us an article whenever you can.

Harry M.: There are none such as you wish in Porland.

Maggie V.: Yes, Glad to hear from of burns from kerosene, etc.: Take sweet you. No time to answer privately. Write often.

and all joined in singing "Home, sweet home."

ahan's or M. Gray's Music Store. Both home."

and all joined in singing "Home, sweet home."

one day last week. In one day last week, her in that disagreeable place, of course; but he pre-burn. She adds: "There will never be he didn't send her flowers; but he pre-burn. She adds: "There will never be her didn't send her flowers; but he pre-burn. She adds: "There will never be her didn't send her flowers; but he pre-burn. She adds: "There will never be her didn't send her flowers; but he pre-burn. She adds: "There will never be her didn't send her flowers; but he pre-burn. She adds: "There will never be her didn't send her flowers; but he pre-burn. She adds: "There will never be her didn't send her flowers; but he pre-burn. She adds: "There will never be her didn't send her flowers; but he pre-burn. She adds: "There will never be her didn't send her flowers; but he pre-burn. She adds: "There will never be her didn't send her flowers; but he pre-burn. She adds: "There will never be her didn't send her flowers; but he pre-burn. She adds: "There will never be her didn't send her flowers; but he pre-burn. She adds: "There will never be her didn't send her flowers; but he pre-burn. She adds: "There will never be her didn't send her flowers; but he pre-burn. She adds: "There will never be her didn't send her flowers; but her flowers, the pre-burn. She adds: "There will never be her didn't send her flowers, the pre-burn. She adds: "There will never be her didn't send her flowers, the pre-burn. She adds: "The sense and enterprise by advertising in and when at parting William Snyder the New Northwest. You will find assured us that he would examine the anything in the music line at either serve hot with sauce.

Next Friday, Next Friday, Each New Northwest. You will find seven eggs; stir as stiff as cup cake; go to join her little waif through the serve hot with sauce.

Our very life is a sermon. Our birth s the text from which we start. Youth s the introduction to the discontinuous forms of white sugar between the slices. is the text from which we start. Youth is the text from which we start.

is the introduction to the discourse.

During our manhood we lay down a few propositions and prove them. Some of and one-half sweet milk, five cups flour, propositions are propositions and prove them. applications. At seventy years we say:
"Fifthly and lastly." The doxology is sung. The benediction is pronounced. It is getting cold. Frost on the window-vinegar, boil them in brass, turn it on and earnestness of discours. pane. Audience gone. Shut up the church. Sexton goes home with the key

The women of Iowa have shown their discretion by resolving to keep their suffrage association distinct from any symthat she was going home to her mother in the South. No wonder she got jeal-ous! I hope she never saw half Pec at my father sdoor and drove away, lesv-ous! I was so stunned and shocked by these pathy or association with any organiza-

The New Horthwest.

A Journal for the People.

NUMBER 27.

Abelard and Heloise.

Of the two Venuses of Socrates, Venus Urania and Venus Polyhymnia, the for-

of fame. At length he compromised by

well-and she received it with tears and Phelps.

in her presence by Peter the Venerable,

Receipts.

one cup of sugar, one and a half cups of flour, six tablespoonfuls of melted but-

cream tartar. Add flavoring.

your onions, and cover them tight.

marrying her secretly, after

which she

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 signaares must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their

How They Fell in Love. They had "grown up" together, in the full sense of the term, and that was the matter. They had eaten each other's mud pies, taken the eroup in each othmer was the type of earthly, the latter of heavenly love. A picture of heavenly love was Shakespeare's Portia, or his Juliet, whose bounty was as boundless as the sea, and whose love was as deep; the more she gave to Romeo the more she had left to give, for the sources of her love were infinite. And such a love as this was that of Heloise for Abelard. She was born in the year 1101, and lived with her uncle, the Canon Fulbert of the Notre Dame, until she was sent to a mer was the type of earthly, the latter the Notre Dame, until she was sent to a convent for education. When she returned at the age of eighteen she had attained to the most surprising beauty, tained to the most surprising beauty, the convent for education of mind for the convent for education. When she returned by the "first case," been required by the "first case," been returned at the age of eighteen she had attained to house-keeping in the peat swamp, at regular intervals, as far back swamp, at regular intervals, and a swamp at resulting the returned by the properties of the returned by the properties of the returned by the properties of the returned by the returned by the properties of the returned by the and acquired a cultivation of mind far superior to that of the priestly guests whom she met at her father's table, and as their memory extended.

superior to that of the priestly guests whom she met at her father's table, and who were at that time the most learned class of the community. She is decribed as possessing large and softly-lighted eyes, dazzling teeth, a long and flexible neck, perfect form, and a great with the community of the class. One day she braided her hair in two little braids behind, and tied it with a pink lute ribbon at three cents a yard. pink lute ribbon at three cents a yard. When they walked home together he neck, perfect form, and a grace and eleneck, perfect form, and a grace and elegance of carriage that delighted all who saw her.

It was about this time that the fame of Abelard began to claim the attention of the world. He was at once a poet, a philosopher, a theologian. Philosophy was his study, songs his pastime. At sixteen he had won all the laurels the schools could confer, and such was his reputation that even at this age he could reputation that even at this age he could find no philosopher to dispute with him.

Added to these surprising beauties of the could not very well help happening, and Added to these surprising beauties of the mind was the most perfect grace of person, which procured among women an admiration superior even to the distinction he enjoyed among men; and it is and that record would come in masses. tion he enjoyed among men; and it is said that people would come in masses, and oftentimes from a long distance, in order to get a sight of the illustrious Abelard. Having disputed with his teacher and propounded to him questions which it was impossible to answer, he founded a school of philosophy and theology at Hilan. Here he was absolutely overrun with papils, and his name rose higher than ever.

It was about this time, when he was

It was about this time, when he was tened. One Sunday it chances that the Rev. thirty-eight years of age, that he first met Heloise. He proposed to instruct Mr. Love, the recently settled and very her, taking up his abode in the same house; and to this plan the Canon Ful-house; felt moved in the spirit to preach house. her, taking up his about in the Canon Fui-house; and to this plan the Canon Fui-house" felt moved in the spirit to preach to his flock a sermon upon Christian to his flock a sermon upon Christian bert assented, like, the doctor says, simple-hearted, wooden-headed, ambitious, vain old fool that he was. Then their infatuation and abandonment the "Sweet Singer of Israel" (just introduced in the "Sweet Singer of Israel" (just introduced in the "Sweet Singer of Israel") (just introduced in the "Sweet Singer") (just introduced in th tious, vain old fool that he was. Then thous, vain old fool that he was. Then the "Sweet Singer of Israel" just may the "Sweet Singer of Israel" just may duced). Ah, you excellent mothers of time in writing verses to the canon's washing days on your minds, and ye fathers struggling to keep your faith when the discovery of Tom's first legant. Even as Hercules laid down his club and took up his distaff because of the blandishments of Omphale, so did the young priest renounce the staff of the colleges and lend all his intellect to the composition of love songs. If then they had been married all would have been wall, but the law of cellbacy for the well; but the law of celibacy for the priest was inexorable. He was no wiser conducted over that admirable hymn? than his age. If he had fought the canons of the church with one-half the
energy that he exhibited in attacking
the professors of St. Denis, the story of
Abelard and Heloise might have been
different. But they did not marrry, and
at length the seandal broke.

conducted over that admirable hymn.

It may be very much too bad, but it is
very much the case. It is quite as bad
in me to suggest the sacrilege to your
young people. Bless your indignant
souls, they stand in need of no suggestion. Ask them. I do not deny that it
is atrocious in me to spoil the hymn for is atrocious in me to spoil the hymn for Abelard offered to marry her then, you; but that is another matter. She was more dear to her than her own name a sunbeam struggling through a little

ground glass gallery window upon her pink bonnet, sang:

retired to a convent, and he resumed his teachings in Champagne. Here "Blest be the fie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellowship of kindred minds is like to that above." were experienced his most brilliant days when it was conceded that he was the greatest expounder of philosophy and theology in all Europe. At one time he It struck him that her voice was less like incense now, and more like melted theology in all Europe. At one time he lectured to upwards of three thousand silver, which was a very good fancy, by pupils, who were content to leave the luxuries of Paris to listen to his teach-

Atterwards he was forced to Britfaltered the little silver voice; and so tinkled into this: All this while Heloise lived at her

"When we asunder part, It gives us inward pain; But we shall still be joined in heart," and he, turning round with the audience loise, who had loved him so well-too the work was done. - Elizabeth Stuart

> THE DIFFERENCE.-Her name is Leah Scarborough, and she lives in Baltimore. She is colored. What gives interest to her existence at the present time is that she is to be hanged on Friday next, because she murdered her infant child when it was a few days old. She confesses the crime. She says: "I

He lives in a handsome brick mansion with marble trimmings. He is a mer-chant, and shows his attractive face on Change. He votes the Democratic ticket, and is horrified at the idea of miscegenation. He exclaims indig-nantly, "You'd have my daughter marry a nigger, would you?" The child was his. The old story. He seduced his ter. If you use baking powder, take a heaping teaspoonful; if not, take one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one of ignorant servant girl, then turne Cure for Burns,-A lady sends an ex- away and left her penniless, to fight the

change the following recipe for the cure battle alone. At present she spends her time in a milk and clear starch, and make a poul-tice; apply as warm as possible; have it draw an hour or two, when it may be removed. Then take down it may be removed. Then take flour and water, one day last week.

vailed upon a elergyman to go and talk to her about her sins. Next Friday, Leah, the forsaken, will Puff Pudding .- One quart sweet milk, probably be betting on the bay at a horse-race. O, yes! We are a pro-To Prevent Bread from Drying.— Keep a wet cloth around the loaf that is being cut from, and wetevery timeafter foundly discriminating people; and we know how to punish crime, -Chicago

Lemons.-Lemons will keep good for Post. Col. Downing, Chief of the Cherokee Nation, has married Miss Ayres, an intelligent and wealthy lady of Philadelphia, who has for some time been en gaged in missionary work among Indians of that Reservation. Col. Downsion to the Government at Washington, making while East a favorable impression upon all by his unaffected manners

Mary Andreef, an accomplished Russian blank To Pickle Cabbage.—Quarter them sian lady of decidedly progressive ideas sian lady of decidedly progressive ideas they are thin enough to let the vinegar strike through; put them down in layers with spice, salt and vinegar; seald your vinegar as often as is necessary to make them tender.

has come to this country with the mention of making it her future home. She is a thorough scholar, and an excellent and experienced feacher of the Russian, German and French languages, sian, German and French languages, till they are thin enough to let the vine- has come to this cou The Tiber is to be drained, and bound-less treasures are expected to be recov-ered.