

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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FINE MANNERS IN WOMEN.—Is there any barrier against presumption, and against an attempt at equality, like thorough-bred courtesy? "Do what you will, you can never be so thorough a lady as I am," was the impression made upon me by the sweet, luminous, plain dress, the almost forlorn surroundings of Mrs. Curtis, the former mistress of Arlington. It was more what she did not do, the absence of effort, coupled with the desire to make you happy, the thorough breeding, the self-education, the graceful dignity, that made this lady a duchess in her faded realm. Such breeding and such manners as hers are not within the reach of every one—they are partly natural gifts—but the virtues which led to them are to be cultivated by everybody with some hope of success. Miss Sedgwick was one of these wonderful well-bred women. No woman in America was more famous than she in her prime, and she had much of the grace, with little of the formality, of those "old-school" manners in which she must have been trained. Flattery never passed over her lips; she was modest and humble as Madam de Sevigne. Her manner of introducing two persons has never been surpassed; she made them both feel honored and distinguished. Her attitude of listening was itself a compliment, and to the very last she maintained a charm beyond the ephemeral of perfect manners.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A TRAGEDY.—How many acts are there in a tragedy? Five, I believe. ACT I.—Young man starting from home. Parents and sisters weeping to have him go. Wife passing over the hill. Farewell kiss through back. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop. ACT II.—Marriage altar. Bright lights. Full organ. White veil trailing through the aisle. Prayers and exclamations of "How well she looks!" Ring the bell and let the curtain drop. ACT III.—Midnight. Woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck into the broken window panes. Many marks of hardships on the face. Biting of the nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect, cruelty, disgrace. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop. ACT IV.—Three graves in a very dark place. Grave of a husband and father who died of dissipation. Plenty of weeds but no flowers. O, what a blasted wealth with three graves! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop. ACT V.—A desolated soul's eternity. No light, no music, no hope! Despair colling around the heart with unutterable anguish. Blackness and darkness forever. Woe! woe! woe! I cannot bear longer to be a part of this! Quick! quick! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmadge.

A Mrs. Conway has been awarded the contract for building a new road in Maryland, and already has her workmen busily engaged in digging, carting, and track-laying. This is much the most noteworthy of the recent manifestations of female determination to rival man in fields heretofore exclusively occupied by him. We have become so accustomed to the Western girl who cultivates a farm of forty acres, planting, plowing, and irrigating it in manly fashion, that she is no longer an item of interest. Also the young woman who perpetually goes out upon a raging sea in a small boat and rescues imperiled sailors bids fair to excite admiration by her wearisome iteration of what was once a pleasing philanthropic novelty. But a woman who undertakes to build a railway and proves herself a mistress of grading, ballasting and bridging, who understands the mysteries of "chairs" and "switches," and who can oversee gangs of track-laying navvies with discretion and authority, deserves at least a transitory fame.—New Jersey Mechanic.

THE FUTURE.—"Generation after generation," says a fine writer, "have felt as we now feel, and think as we think as our own." They passed like vapor, while nature wore the same aspect as when nature commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they now are around our heads. The sun will shine on the same attractions for our offspring yet unborn as she once had for us children. Yet a little while all will have happened. The throbbing heart will be at rest. Our funeral will wind its way, and graves will be said and then we will be left alone in silence and in darkness for the worms, and it may be but a short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we died; and the eyes that mourned for us will be even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to list our name.

A lady has started a paper at Portland, Oregon, which she calls the New Northwest. Her salutatory opens in this vigorous style: "We have served a regular apprenticeship at working—washing, scrubbing, ironing, mending, patching, plain sewing and raising babies, pulling, charming, and poultry raising. We have kept boarders, taught school, taught music, written for the newspapers, made speeches, and carried on an extensive millinery and dress-making business. We can prove by the public that this work has been well done. Now, having reached the age of thirty-six, and having brought up a family of boys to suit types, and a daughter to run the millinery store, we propose to edit and publish a newspaper; and we intend to establish it as one of the permanent institutions of the country." Which is not only straight-forward, but is a fine piece of poetry, we leave it to anybody, that Walt Whitman's.—N. J. Mechanic.

A gentleman was describing to Douglas Jerrold the story of his courtship and marriage—how his wife had been brought up in a convent, and was on the point of taking the veil when his presence burst upon her enraptured sight and she took him as her husband, and told listened to the end of the story on that quietly remarked: "She simply thought you better than him."

No nation, no religion, no class, no party, no race ever possessed a monopoly without flinging broadway a family of boys to suit types, and a daughter to run the millinery store, we propose to edit and publish a newspaper; and we intend to establish it as one of the permanent institutions of the country. Which is not only straight-forward, but is a fine piece of poetry, we leave it to anybody, that Walt Whitman's.—N. J. Mechanic.

leable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and also that her minor children shall be so protected. I shall give her such advantages as the existing laws must recognize. "But, William, I already own property in the far distant West. I should decidedly prefer not to hold more than the balance of power." "When equitable laws are made, by which the wife may become a recognized financial co-partner in the marriage firm, we'll reconsider this; but, until then, let's talk of something else." We had slowly wandered as we talked, and now we stood before the gate that opened into the dooryard that led to the house from which I had once before, when faint and sick and weary, been rudely turned away. "Come," said my husband, "let's go into the boarding house and hear what the woman of the establishment has to say about the purchase."

"What?" I answered, "go there to be insulted by that dowdy creature in a dirty table-cloth, who met me once at the door and ordered me away? Not if I know myself, my lord and liege!" I was growing angry.

"Come, my dear," he said, coaxingly, and by force of his will I was impelled to enter the door, where we were met by the same woman, with seemingly the same identical apron upon her dowdy person which had so disgusted me once before. The woman greeted my husband with a weary smile, but turned ashy pale when she recognized myself.

"Allow me, good woman," said my husband, pleasantly, "to introduce to you my wife, the recent purchaser and sole proprietor of this farm, the mill and all appurtenances." It was really amusing to observe the woman's fright. She staggered back a pace or two and dropped into a chair.

"Well, really!" she said at last; but still she sat there, gazing at me in blank astonishment. "Come, Mrs. Stone, give us some dinner," said my husband, pleasantly.

"Indeed," said I, indignantly, "I'll eat no food in this house! Do you remember, madam, that you insulted me one day when I came here exhausted and asked you for a lunch?" "I had—no—I had no idea!" she stammered, reluctantly.

"Well, madam!" I replied, "give yourself no further uneasiness. Fortunately, I stand in the social scale far above your power to injure me; but let me suggest to you that hereafter the best plan for you to adopt is to treat strangers decently until they are proven guilty, no matter what rumors may be afloat about them."

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, ma'am. But I had heard such awful stories! And, though I admit your face belied 'em, yet I didn't dare to get my husband and all the mill men a-sneering because I had befriended a bad woman."

"Your excuse is accepted, my poor woman. But tell me, how much pay do you get for all the labor you perform in this house?" "Pay!" and the pale blue eyes stood open at an extra width. "Married women never get no pay! I just expect to go on drudgery this way all my days, without any hope of anything better. I've one consolation, though. I shan't live long."

"Yet, my good woman," said I, kindly, "we women who strive, according to the light that God has given us, to right the wrongs of just such women as yourself are maligned, misunderstood and misrepresented, often by the very unfortunates whom we would befriend."

"But my husband told me that no woman of good sense or good character wanted to get out of her sphere." "That is all true enough; but all women of good sense and good character, who give the matter any thought at all, agree that man has no right to define woman's sphere. From his very nature he is not able to comprehend what her sphere ought to be."

"But tell me," anxiously interrupted the eager listener, "do you believe in free love?" My husband laughed immoderately. "My dear woman, do you believe in it?" I asked. "And would you practice it if you had the right to control your own earnings and shape your own circumstances?" "Madam! if you didn't own this house I'd order you out of it! The idea!" and she rocked angrily to and fro.

"Of course I know you would not practice it if you could help yourself," I said. "But your weary, haggard face proclaims that you are afflicted with legalized lust, and when we women help to make the laws, and thereby make you pecuniarily independent of your husband, you will have opportunity to control your own person, and the men, knowing this, become alarmed, and then, to frighten you, they cry 'free love!'"

"When was that?" I asked, quickly. "While you were unconscious, day before the doctor came. I watched beside you for an hour and made out the prescription which helped to restore you to life and consciousness. A stupid blunder of one of the mill men sent a doctor here, or you would probably have never seen him."

"Well, where did you go after I became convalescent?" "I would not see you again until I could have opportunity to know that you would favor my suit, so I wrote letters to you from a pretended distance, while I managed to get a glimpse of you almost every day."

"The thrifty, tidy housewife excused herself and went out to prepare dinner. "Now, husband mine, explain to me, if you can, why it was that Dr. Gordon took such interest in me. He would tremble like an aspen when I alluded to you; and, really, sometimes I half believed he was yourself in disguise."

"Dr. Gordon was an outlaw, Judith. No wonder the poor fellow trembled when he thought of me! I met him suddenly in the street one day when he was going to your house in the city, and he begged me not to publicly identify him. I watched him, however, for I knew that he had made up his mind to fascinate you. It took all the force of my own magnetic influence to help you break the spell."

"Then you knew about it all the time?" "Of course I did; and, but for the fact that I was determined, if I could win you a second time, you must come to me of your own free will, I should have gone to you and presented my claims."

"No wonder I dreamed I was hanging over a precipice! Tell me, did you kiss me when I lay in a faint that day in your little east room?" "Would you have kissed me under like circumstances?"

"The mystery of the closing incident in my dream was solved. "William, I have often told you of a strange and mystic light, from which your own pure face would beam, and which would appear so vividly real that I could not resist the belief that they were near me. Can you explain it?"

"Tell me of some particular time when you thus viewed my apparition?" "Remember particularly how plainly you appeared to me the day my father died. He was sitting at the window, and he pointed you out and called my attention to you himself."

"I was at that time in Rome, and on that day I went out alone with my whole being wrapped in thought and conjectures concerning you that it seemed that I must see you or die. Suddenly I felt you call me. I do not know how to express the sensation otherwise. I knew I did not hear you, but I was certain I was called. I sat down upon a way-side resting-place and seemed to fall asleep. For an instant I seemed to stand before you, and I saw your father and yourself as plainly as I see you now. Your father sat in a great arm-chair looking out at the window, and you were kneeling by his side. You looked faded, jaded and care-worn; your dress was a dark-colored calico, with a blue-and-white checked apron and coarse brogan shoes. I felt that I must speak to you and promise to explain, but a sudden twinge brought back my consciousness, and showed me nothing but the quiet street and my own lonely life."

"Was this the first time you visited me in spirit?" "Oh, no! I often saw you, but not so frequently before that time as within the past few years."

"How do you account for this?" "My dear, this is to me one of the unaccountable phenomena of which life is largely composed. When you can tell me why you see a color and cannot feel it; when you tell me why the same soil, climate and conditions bring forth sweet and bitter fruit; when you can tell me why my will controls my tongue, or hand, or foot; or why fire blazes; or why ice is cold; or how sentient beings are endowed with never-dying affection; or why—"

"Stop!" I interrupted; "I am satisfied that you do not understand the matter any better than I do. But have you any name for this power, or mystery, or phenomenon, or whatever you are pleased to call it?" "It must be a sort of psychology. Evidently it is the power of one intense imagination over another."

"Did I ever seem to appear to you in the same way?" "No; I never realized that you came to me, but I very often went to you. I have seen the graves on the hill-side in your Pacific home. I am certain that I know just how your house is built, just how the scenery appears, and all about the premises."

"Then why didn't you seek me out in time to prevent my wicked marriage?" "Judith, dear, do you forget that I was a convict—that my native land had banished me, and that I could not visit you when you were John Smith's wife?" "But I did not become his wife for many years. I should think you would have known this fact had you possessed clairvoyant power."

"But I did not discover that I possessed such power; or, rather, I did not understand the power until comparatively recently. I used to attribute all this to an over-wrought imagination."

"It has always seemed to be superstition, I admit," I said; "but I acknowledge that if the whole was a delusion, it was a very soothing one."

"I believe, my dear, that the scientific world is one of the eve of a great discovery in relation to phrenology, clairvoyance, premonitions, or inspirations—it matters little to me what the phenomenon is called. What the discovery may be of course I do not know; but I shall not cease to investigate for myself."

"The bright and busy housewife came bustling in to announce her dinner. "Do you know, Mr. Snyder," said she, gleefully, "the secret you imposed upon me that day—you know what I mean—was almost more than that I could keep?"

"You did keep it, though, didn't you?" "Oh, yes! But I'll not keep another such. I thought sure you'd come back that day; so I dressed my patient in my best wrapper and rigged her up beautifully, just to have the doubtful satisfaction of seeing that upstart of a doctor taken by storm! I had a good will to tell you all about it."

"So you were in the conspiracy against me, too?" I said, laughingly. "Not willingly, but from the force of circumstances," was the quick reply.

"A trace to olden mysteries, and let's eat this elegant dinner," said my husband, leading the way, and we gathered around the well-filled board and, in the same low kitchen where my mother had toiled and drudged, we sat and talked of Auld Lang Syne. (To be continued.)

CALIFORNIA WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION. 314 BUSH ST., SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 10, 1871. Dear Mrs. Dunaway:—Mrs. Gordon requests me to give you a brief statement of a meeting held yesterday in my rooms for publication in your paper; and I find I have only time to say that a preliminary meeting to form a State Central Committee to act in concert with the National Committee of Woman Suffrage at Washington, D. C.—of which Mrs. Sargent and Mrs. Gordon are members for California—was largely attended, and over one hundred dollars were subscribed to help defray Mrs. Gordon's expenses to Washington, where both she and Mrs. Sargent are going to work with other members of the National Committee to obtain the passage of a Declaratory Act at the coming session of Congress, declaring that women have the right to vote under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution.

A second meeting will be held next Saturday, when needed officers will be chosen, and work systematized and at once commenced. Last evening Mrs. Gordon lectured in the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association to a large and sympathetic audience, which aided considerably to the subscription fund.

I read weekly the NEW NORTHWEST and circulate it as extensively as I am able. I am sure it is doing a good work. Some one will furnish you the plans and methods adopted by our next meeting, and I trust the friends in Oregon will unite heartily in this grand effort to put in practice the justice which the framers of a republican government instinctively give expression to while they cling to the barbarism of the past. With best wishes, Believe me yours sincerely, C. H. SPEAR.

COMMON SENSE.—Let us remember that womanhood is the great fact—wifehood and motherhood its incidents. A place in the world of work, in the trades and professions, will enable women to marry from the highest motives, not from their necessities. It will teach them, too, the value of money—to earn what they spend will be the best possible check to extravagance, and end of the domestic contention over the almighty dollar. And this place she is slowly conquering to-day. Let every wise father educate his daughter to self-support if he would make her life happy and independent. If girls had occupation, kind fathers and mothers would not be so often called to deplore the unfortunate marriages so many of their daughters make. If they were kept in colleges, as their brothers are, until twenty-five, studying science and philosophy, they would not commence the study of man at sixteen.—Mrs. E. C. Stanton.

It has been lately decided that hotel-keepers are liable for watches stolen from their guests, although they may have notices posted that they will not be responsible for money, jewels and ornaments, which are not put in the hotel safe, for safe keeping. The court holds that watches are not ornaments, but as useful during the night as during the day. This item of interest hotel-keepers as well as travelers.

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.

Carrie G.: Make your water proof cloak in the form of a loose sack, large enough to fit comfortably over the dress and long enough to protect your skirts from the mud. Button it down the front with large gutta percha buttons and in the waist and sleeves throughout with flannel. Then make a circular cape with a hood attached, and line the whole with flannel of any bright color that is becoming to your complexion. All wool water proof is best. The half cotton wools grey and "seedy" in a little while.

Mollie: "Winesy" is a very durable, heavy dress good, generally woven in two colors. It is very fashionable, but is not in as general favor as the ordinary double-width water proof. "Wigns" is a stiff goods much used for facing dress skirts. We do not like it. Woman's dress should be undulating and drapery-like; anything stiff and unwieldy makes her form appear ungraceful.

George H.: We have not had opportunity as yet to investigate the matter. Mrs. A. G. C.: You ought not to know that you have "nerves." But you will never be well and strong until you learn to take exercise in the open air. A woman with a vigorous constitution would be killed in a month if she were placed in your inert position; and the only reason that you do not die is because, from the force of habit, you have become a lackluster; nobody. You should get angry! If you apply to a physician for relief, you must not complain if the dose is bitter. Get your husband to "let" you arouse yourself from your lethargy, and strike out in the world of work and make a woman of yourself. If he won't "let" you—do it anyhow. The woman who sacrifices her days to a penitentiary hotel and her nights to her owner's bedchamber prostitutes her soul and body for a "support" that brings her nothing but just such a state of irritability and hysterics as you complain of. Take our advice and follow it, and from the ruin of your health and strength you will arise ennobled, strengthened, useful. Go on in the old way and your useless life will soon be spent, and you will pass away and be forgotten. We always get earnest over these important truths.

Mrs. V. G.: We send you the file of back numbers. You will find that the Herald comes in for a fair share of plain dealing. Politically, we are independent of any and all parties; publicly, we are after our opponents with the best weapons we can command; and personally, we are on good terms with everybody. Thanks for the remembrance.

THE HABIT OF LUXURY.—The following is from an article on marriage, by Herbert Stanley, in the October number of Lippincott's Magazine: "The English nobleman who sends to Paris for his daughter's dresses, is reasonably certain that he, and his daughter's husband after him, can continue sending and that in the training of his child he is fostering no habit which cannot be rightly indulged in. The American knows, if he knows anything, that the habit of luxury in which his child is reared unfit her for the duties of the life to which she will in all likelihood be called; but he cannot hope that his family wealth can long survive him, any more than that his daughter will love a man to whom that wealth will be unimportant. Experience and observation alike tell him that wealth in this country rarely continues in a family three generations, and that at any time he may find himself a poor man again. Yet he regulates his life as if that of his children as if his wealth and theirs were assured, and as though the habits of a lifetime were to be broken like wisps of straw. His daughters are not fit to marry any but the rich men they experience so much difficulty in finding, and a man of moderate means is careful to avoid asking them to change their habits of life. There are few sadder pictures than the one we see when some such woman of bravest heart than most of her sex chooses that portion of a poor man's love and vainly seeks to adapt herself to a life of which she has hitherto known nothing. The habits of her girlhood bind her like strong fetters, her knowledge of domestic duties weighs her to the earth, the loss of social position or the several efforts she makes to support it, wear out her life in bitter repinings, until her health gives way and she dies, leaving her family to vex the world in her children, and her virtues undiscovered save by the husband, who hides from himself all else of her memory."

TO HER WHO WILL UNDERSTAND IT. "Send me a word to comfort me for the death of my baby," writes a broken-hearted mother to me. My dear friend, I might tell you that there are thousands of childless mothers all over the land, who, like you, are looking for comfort here and there, and find none; but that would not help you. I might tell you, too, that if you knew all the sorrowful histories that have been told me by tongue and pen for many years, you would be glad that your baby is gone where there is "no more pain," but that would not cause you to shed one tear the less, or keep you from feeling that your sorrow was larger than that of theirs. I could tell you that God is good even in this affliction, but your vision is so dimmed that time only can enable you to see it. It is because I know that nature has a way, or you could not live and bear it, that I can only say to you now, I am so sorry for you. I know just how you go about, listening for the little appealing cry that you may never more hear; touching listlessly the little vest-like clothes that you fasten with your heart so full of love and hope. I too have done all this. I have lain with my cheek close to the grass upon my baby's grave, lest she should be lonely without me, though I know she was not there. And yet I have lived to thank Him who took her so early, that the storms of life which afterward overtook me, did not burst over her little head. So, as I say I shall not return with you now, for that were worse than that uses. I only reach out my woman's hand and clasp yours in sympathy, although we never have and never may meet in this world.

But one thing I know, that in the other world your baby and mine will know us—their mothers, else God were not God. By the strong love that came with them, and the grief that followed, this must be; we could not be so cruelly wretched if this were to be the case. Now, do not sit down and brood over your grief if you can help it. Do not close your blinds and shut out the sunshine. Let it warm you, though you feel that bit of comfort, and you will have felt its little warm clasp even for the brief time, than to not have known the bliss of motherhood, would you not? Well then warm your poor heart with that bit of comfort. For there is a ladder reaching to Heaven, only seen by you, only used by you. Heaven is not now, to you, the misty land I used to believe in. By and by you will see the peace that illumines your face when his name, and one little voice your mother's ear will detect; and none who see the peace that illumines your face will know wherefore, save you, who will know all things well. And so, with my love, I let you. FANNY FRANK.

At Mull's messenger having requested a London clergyman to announce that "if Dr. Leach was among his audience he was urgently wanted," the clergyman added from sympathy, and may God have mercy on the poor patient!"

"I wish I was dead," is the heading to a quack advertisement. This wish can speedily be gratified by taking the medicine.

A Thrilling Incident.

It occurred some years ago in our State that the question came up in public meeting in—tornish whether any person should be allowed to sell rum. One man spoke against it. Strange as it may seem, the clergyman, the deacon and the physician all favored granting licenses. The question was about to be put, when all at once there arose from one corner of the room a miserable woman. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness. "I had that my mother's name was almost ended. After a moment of silence, all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost length, and her arms to their greatest pitch, she called to all to look upon her.

"Yes," she said, "look upon me, and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said in relation to temperance drinking being the father of drunkenness is true. All preachers, all experience, declare its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison, as a beverage, in health, is excess. You all know me, or once did. You know I was once mistress of the best farm in town. You all know, too, I had one of the best, the most devoted of husbands. You all know I had fine, noble-hearted boys. Where are they now, Doctor? Where are they now? You all know. You all know that they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder church-yard; all, every one of them, filling the drunkard's grave. They were all taught that temperate drinking was safe—excess alone ought to be avoided, and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, pointing with her shawl of a finger, to the priest, deacon and doctor as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and prospects with dismay and horror; I felt that we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I tried to ward off the blow; I tried to break the spell—the delusive spell in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had murdered my husband and sons. I begged, I prayed. "But the odds were against me."

"The minister said that the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the deacon (who sits under the pulpit every week) told our farm to say his rum bills sold them the poison; the doctor said a little was good, and excesses ought to be avoided. My poor husband and dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape; and one after another were conveyed to the sorrowful grave of a drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably see me for the last time. My hand has nearly run. I have dragged my exhausted frame to this room; your poor-house, to warn you, Deacon to warn you, false teacher of God's word, and, with her arms thrown high and her tail form stretched to its utmost, her voice raised to an unearthly pitch, she exclaimed: "I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God—I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a witness against you all."

The miserable woman vanished; a dead silence pervaded the assembly; the priest, deacon and doctor hung their heads; and when the president of the meeting put the question, "shall intoxicating liquors be sold in this town?" the unanimous vote was "No."—Lancaster (N. H.) Herald.

THE PHYSICAL STRENGTH OF YOUNG WOMEN.—Some one asked Mrs. C. Stanton if she thought that girls possessed the physique necessary for the wear and tear of a college course of study. Her reply is both sensible and sarcastic. "I would like to see you," said Mrs. Stanton, "take thirteen hundred young men, and lace them up, and hang ten to twenty pounds weight of clothes to their waists, perch them upon three-inch heels, cover their heads with ripples, comb their hair into curls, and stick ten thousand hair-pins into their scalps, if they can stand all this, they will stand a little Latin and Greek."