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.

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The Little People.

A dreary place would be this earth
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth
Were there no children to begin it;

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands on breast and brow
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

The dearest souls would grow more stern,
Unfeeling natures more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be
Were there no little people in it.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

JUDITH REID;

A Plain Story of a Plain Woman.

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

CHAPTER XXXII.

Midsummer now came upon us, but the nights were cool and bracing, and the heat of the long, bright days was tempered by pure mountain breezes, which invigorated us with their refreshing breath and welcome, health-laden wings.

"The Doctor and his daughter will be here by noon to-day," said Fred, exultantly. The children had forgotten their animosity and really looked forward to the approaching visit with delight.

Our mysterious visitor arose from the breakfast table, stepped nervously to the window and began, mechanically, to arrange the drapery. Then, seeing that the eyes of all were turned towards her, she glided quietly out into the verandah and began pacing up and down its length.

"I believe that woman knows more about us all than she cares to tell," said Winnie.

"If *I* owned this house, she'd leave it in a hurry, if she wouldn't tell her name!" exclaimed Ben.

"What a positive young man you are," said my husband, with a smile.

"And so chivalrous and courageous!" added Winnie, looking wise.

Presently, almost before the laugh at Ben's expense had subsided, we heard the stage-man's horn.

All was bustle and confusion for a few moments, and then the stage coach halted by the gate, and Dr. Armstrong, somewhat inactive from corpulence and age, emerged from the cushions and assisted his daughter to alight.

The children started up, intending to rush out and meet them in a glee, but were stopped suddenly by my husband, who whispered something to each of them, which had the effect to steady their hilarious voices and inspire them with the thought that they had a responsible secret to keep.

The Doctor had grown extremely bald. His shaggy eyebrows were as white as wool and his gray eyes were weak and dim.

Mrs. Lewis looked older by a dozen years than when I had seen her last. The iniquities of the parents had been heavily visited upon her, and my heart ached as I noted her hollow cheeks and sunken eyes.

I glanced involuntarily towards the windows of the guest-chamber, and through the lace curtains I could see a wan and wistful face, whose look of eager agony will haunt me all my life. Her hands were clasped to her heart and her shrinking form was in a violent tremor.

Apartments were awarded to our guests, who retired to remove their dusty travelling suits. When they reappeared, we four sat down to exchange ideas.

"Dr. Armstrong," I began, "there is so much that you can tell me, which I do so want to know! Did your poor wife ever write to you? Did you find out what became of her? Did you ever hear of your—of Dr. Gordon again?"

"One question at a time, dear Judith," said my husband, making an effort to be calm, but he breathed with difficulty in his great excitement and really appeared less calm than I.

"You remember, Snyder," said the Doctor, "that you wrote me of your wife's clairvoyant phases and gave me such descriptions of the scenery which she had given to you as gave to me some clue as to the whereabouts of my poor, misguided family. Acting upon your suggestions, I crossed the Atlantic ocean, visiting one city after another, and finally came to the outskirts of a village, filled with squalid inhabitants, from whom I learned that Henry had died on the very day of the month of which you had written me. My poor wife wandered to Venice, and soon after committed suicide. I visited the lonely graves of each and planted plain marble at their heads. They sleep beside the murmuring sea, and I hope and trust that it is well with them. Poor children! After all, they, like most of earth's unfortunates, were sinned against as well as sinners. Let none but him that is without blame cast reproach upon their memory."

"Doctor," said my husband, earnestly, as he leaned forward and looked his visitor sternly in the eye, "you have never told me what became of my poor sister. My mother told me that she died in an insane asylum, but I have good reason to believe that you know better."

"Why, man!" answered the Doctor, fiercely, "she has been dead for more than thirty years! Her remains lie in an Eastern church-yard. I visited her grave this summer as I was on my way to Rome."

An uncertain step was heard upon the door-sill, and our mysterious guest, closely veiled, glided, unperceived by all except myself, into the parlor.

"But, Doctor, I do not believe that she is dead," said I.

"Would to God that I could know she were not dead!" he answered. "All the remaining days of my existence should be spent in atonement for her wrongs, if I could know that she yet lives. But I know it cannot be. Judith, you once saw her spirit form bending over my dying son. Oh, I know that she is dead!" and he bowed his head upon his hands and wept.

Quietly, the veiled figure stood before him.

"Harry, do you know me?"

The voice was anxious, tremulous and sweet.

"Mary? God help me! Is it you?"

"Met at last! Thank God!" I fervently exclaimed, and my husband and I, taking Mrs. Lewis by the arm, left these long stricken souls alone with their new happiness and God.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," said the Doctor's daughter, who, poor child, had been so deeply humbled by the family's misfortunes that she was ready to purchase peace for her father at the cost of personal pride.

For hours nobody disturbed the two, who were so busy living up the missing links of their past life that they, of course, took little note of time. Finally we went to seek them and announce the dinner hour.

Sitting upon the sofa, with her hands locked in his and the sweet, happy love-light gleaming in her glorious eyes, sat my husband's long-mourned sister and the man who should have been her husband through all the long-gone years.

"Man cannot live by love alone," said I. "We have dinner at the good, old-fashioned hour of noon, and we await your presence."

"I cannot go to dinner, dear," said our sister, in reply. "I prefer to dine in my room to-day. Afterwards I shall hope to join you."

After dinner Dr. Armstrong called for a horse and departed for the village.

When he returned the night had fallen, and the full, round, harvest moon rode regally through fleecy, milk-white clouds and lit the landscape with a radiant loveliness.

Mount Hood, with his hoary head and stately mein, called to the silent "Sisters" in a still, small voice, while they in grace and loveliness stood still and bowed in recognition of his grand salute. The dark, dense forests filed away in vast battalions down the mountains' side or stationed themselves beside the broad Willamette as a standing army, clad in field array.

"Oh, what a gorgeous prospect," said my friend, the Doctor's daughter, as we stood together in the broad verandah and gazed into the beauteous night. "I had not thought of finding such a wealth of gorgeous scenery in these Northwestern wilds."

"Our country is broken and diversified, but it is indeed grand and beautiful. Our soil is fertile, our water pure, our climate excellent and our atmosphere particularly salubrious and bracing," was my enthusiastic reply.

"Come, mamma dear," called my husband, cheerfully, "we have a little surprise for you to-night. Come into the parlor."

Dr. Armstrong and the children of our household were assembled and awaiting us.

"We're to have a wedding here to-night!" shouted Ben, as we entered, and the others clapped their hands in glee.

"Where's the minister?" asked Mrs. Lewis.

"I am a magistrate, madam," replied my husband, "and your wise father has the license ready. I can testify that both are of lawful marriageable age, and I guess all are ready."

Alone I went to fetch the bride. A suit of dimity, of quaint, old-fashioned make, and yellow with age, adorned her slender form. A veil of rich, old-fashioned lace enveloped her like mist, while in lieu of orange blossoms sprays of heart's ease twined themselves all carelessly among her silvery locks.

"Forty years ago to-night I was all ready for this wedding," said she, sadly. "Tell me all about it, please?" I asked, entreatingly.

"I was ready and waiting, but he did not come. They told him I was *mad*. They sent me to an insane asylum, and, when my baby was born, they took him from me and locked me up to die. I bribed the physician, for I had jewels, and he sold them for money—plenty of it. He made believe that I had died, when it was an unknown woman who was dead. So my friends buried her, thinking I was the victim who was dead, and I escaped, to live through all these long years alone. I never saw my boy after he was one month old. I never knew his fate until to-day. Oh, Dr. Armstrong, you are not the only one who has wronged me! Bitterly have you and I atoned for all our wickedness" and she leaned out from the window-sill into the tranquil night and seemed to lose herself in meditation.

"Come, dear," I urged, "the guests are waiting."

"Yes! I remember! I waited once, but he didn't come."

"He is here now, my sister. Come with me."

Taking her by the hand as though she had been a child, I led her through the corridor and down the stairs to the moon-lighted parlor, where my husband pronounced the words that legally wedded these long severed souls.

The Doctor's face was radiant and almost handsome, while from the features of the bride beamed forth a quiet happiness that filled my soul with bliss unutterable.

"What God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

These words, as they fell from my husband's lips, inspired me with such a realizing sense of their deep significance as I had not even felt when, in my loneliness, had come to me the mighty happiness of such a union, long deferred, but not less blissful because my way to it had led me through the blistering by-paths of sorrow, toil and vicissitude, upon which I could now look back with gratitude, as I remembered that I had at last reached the haven of peace and all was well.

The ceremony over and congratulations ended, we gathered around the wedded pair and asked them to relate their history for the benefit of the young members of our household, whom we had managed, up to this time, to keep in ignorance of much that had transpired.

"I am so happy I cannot talk," said the quaint-looking bride, and she settled herself back in a great easy chair and smiled so sadly, and yet so sweetly, that I found it difficult to refrain from weeping.

Dr. Armstrong arose and said:

"Friends and brethren: It is meet that I should speak for both of us to-night. Our life has been a sad and blighted one, the result of a great sin and a greater wrong. We sinned in our youth against ourselves and against our son. We were wronged all through what should have been the best part of our life by fraud and ignorance. I say ignorance, because I full well know that had our relatives known as *I* know, that God had joined us, and that it was therefore their duty to ratify the union, we could together have atoned for much of which we had been guilty.

"The world of mankind has yet everything to learn. Humanity, manhood and womanhood included, is ignorant of the moral and natural laws of constancy and self-control, which can be learned by any eager searcher after truth who studies the great laws of nature.

"Marriage, to be pure and true, should be strictly monogamic. Nothing but high and holy love should for a moment influence two souls to take upon themselves this great, eternal obligation. Each should feel equal responsibility in the great work for which they should alone consent to be united, which is the conscientious discharge of their duty to each other and to posterity.

"Through many strange vicissitudes we have been led—my wife and I—to this, to me, unexpected meeting here to-day. Our sands of life are well nigh run; yet in our few remaining days we hope to live together as we should have lived through all the long-dead years, had not the false society into which we had been thrown by circumstances over which we had no control, contrived to separate us.

"I rejoice, dear friends, my brother and my sister, in your present happiness and prosperity. And if I have been to some extent the author of your sorrow, as well as your joy, I trust that you will forgive the one for your present blissful possession of the other.

"Long ago I learned the bitter lesson that the way of the transgressor is hard. But I have also learned that the ways of virtue and usefulness are ways of pleasantness, and all their paths are peace."

The radiant moonlight flooded the grand suite of rooms and fell upon us like a lambent glory.

Dr. Armstrong seated himself beside his wife, and the deep silence grew almost painful.

"Doctor," my husband said, at last, "I have long been studying psychology or clairvoyance. I felt, when Judith had been entranced one day last May, and when she declared, after the spell was off, that she had seen the spirit form of my sister and heard her loving admonitions concerning yourself, that we had positive proof of her death, and of her return to the earth as a spirit. When she came among us in the flesh, my theories were all upset, and yet it is true that Judith described much else that has been verified. I am all at sea."

"Come, husband," said I, coaxingly, "don't give us any more of your hobbies to-night, please. You know I don't like to hear you talking about Spiritualism, and that's just what this all amounts to."

"What is the ground of your objection to Spiritualism, Judith?" asked Mrs. Lewis.

"Oh, I have never seen any good grow out of it. Spiritualists deny the Bible; they pretend that they get so many absurd revelations and do so many ridiculous things that I don't want to be identified with them."

"And I declare," was the quick answer, "that there is more Spiritualism taught in the Bible than in any other revelation under the sun!"

"Then why do not its advocates all say so?"

"Because, to err is human. Christians, through well-meant ignorance, have stood directly in the way of this reform, and its followers, equally ignorant, to retaliate, have denied the Spiritualism of the Bible."

"This controversy is needless," interrupted the Doctor.

His wife arose, put her hand lovingly over his mouth and said:

"Please let *me* make a little speech? Whether Spiritualism be or be not true is just now a matter of little moment; but I do believe and know that it is possible for the spirit or mind of a person to be sometimes absent from the body while the body lives. I have here a memorandum of what I did and what I saw upon that day in May of which you speak. I was then in Minnesota, where for many years I lived as a school teacher. I was very tired that day and laid down upon the lounge in my room to rest. I fell asleep and dreamed that I saw my son dying in a strange land, and that by his side stood a woman who was his father's enemy. I dreamed that I urged her to deal gently with the lover of my lifetime and the father of my son. When I awoke I was so tired, as if from some extreme exertion, that I could scarcely stand upon my feet. Harry, I believe I visited them that day in the spirit, while my body was asleep."

"I see nothing impossible or unnatural in such a supposition. If the mind can travel when the body is awake, it ought to be capable of action when the body is asleep. What say you, Doctor Armstrong?" said I, earnestly.

"I say that mysteries are all around us. Let each of us this night resolve anew that from this day henceforth we will so live and act that when the hour of death shall come it shall be *well* with us. Let us not assail anybody's theory or religion. Let us rather accord to all a character for common honesty, remembering that such has conscientious and individual rights, upon which no other can or should intrude."

Light breezes stirred the locust leaves, played upon the gauzy curtains and waked the sweet melody of an eolian harp, that had been silent all the evening.

We sat and listened, spell-bound. Presently a wailing miserere rose and trembled and then died away, while sweet contralto caught a glad refrain of harmony and sent it up vibrating upon the lofty ceiling, where it seemed to float and hover in peace and ecstacy.

"It were well worth a life of suffering to know such bliss as this!" I reverently exclaimed, and my dear husband uttered a fervent "amen."

But why linger longer among this happy group?

They are our neighbors now, for they have cast their lot with us, and in the new and splendid residence near ours, in which they are to take up their abode, I hope yet many years of peace and happiness may be accorded them, and that we, as well as they, may be able to say truly, when the end shall come, that we shall leave the world much better than we found it.

Patient reader, the plain story of plain Judith Reid is done, and if you have sometimes loved to linger over the history of her life-vicissitudes, or if, from her trials and victories you or I may gain courage to work and hope and wait, sustained by an abiding faith that all will yet be well with us, my patient toil for weeks and months shall not have been in vain.

FINIS.

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.

Harrisburg: "Bronte" is correctly pronounced Bronta. Authorities differ as to the correct pronunciation of *Bingen* but we believe the Swiss people give the letter *g* the sound of *j* when they speak the word—thus, Binjen. We have, however, heard people of culture say this is incorrect. Will some one of our Swiss subscribers please explain?

"Free Love." From what we are able to learn of *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly* from the mere rights press, we conclude that your communication—which is well written and ingenious—would be welcome in its columns. While we adhere most rigidly to our motto "Free Speech, Free Press, Free People," we do not take sides for or against any of the sectarian dogmas or hobbys of the day; and as your view of "Free Love" is evidently *religious* rather than *political*, it would be out of place in our columns. Your offer of $2 00 for the NEW NORTHWEST for one year *provided* we *print* you, is so magnanimous as to almost make us weep. The subscription price of the paper is $3 00 a year in advance.

Inquirer: English patent velvet can be had in all colors at $2 50 to $4 00 per yard. It is very fashionable as a dress trimming, many suits being elaborately finished with it. Velveteens are cheaper, but some of the popular shades cannot now be obtained in this market, though we learn that all colors and shades may be expected by the holidays.

Susan: "Satine," pronounced *satteen*, is a heavy, durable dress goods, twilled upon the "right" or finished side. It is very elegant and fashionable, and makes up beautifully when trimmed with plush, patent velvet or velveteen. It can be had in all colors, in prices from 62½ cts to $1 25 per yard.

Milliner: Gros Grain silks are heavy and durable. They differ from *Reps* in that they are not so much ribbed in the woof or cross threads of the texture. You should pronounce the word thus: *Gro Grain*.

T. H. B.: Mrs. Miller's poem "To a Poet" was published in the NEW NORTHWEST of November 24th.

Logic of J. Q. Adams.

Mr. Adams says he "shall feel it his duty to stand by the immemorial division of activities and functions" (between the sexes) which seems so him to lie at the very foundation of society. So do we. But what has this to do with the right of woman to give her consent to the laws she is required to obey? Does Mr. Adams really believe that it is one of the functions of men to govern women without their consent? If not, what does he mean?

John Adams, the great-grandfather of Mr. Adams, as one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, asserted that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." If so, governments can rightfully exercise only the delegated rights belonging originally to the individual members of society. In other words, government is only the agent of individual citizens, organized for self-defense. Now, upon this theory, if individual men have a natural right to govern individual women, then government, composed of men in the aggregate, has a delegated right to govern women in the aggregate. Not otherwise. For no man or set of men can delegate a right he or they never possessed as individuals.

Will Mr. Adams assert that every man has a natural right to govern his woman relatives? Has he a right to govern his wife? Or his unmarried sisters and daughters after they have attained the years of discretion? If so, his position is logical. But if not, we respectfully ask, *whence do men derive the right to govern women?* And if women, as individuals, have the right of self-government, how can it be possible that women, as members of society and subject of law, have no right to participate in government?

The great-grandmother of J. Q. Adams, the noble wife of President John Adams and the first mistress of the White House, has recorded in her letters to her husband her immortal protest against a government of men alone, as contrary to the principles of American liberty. Alas, that the descendant of these noble ancestors, who protested against tyranny in the eighteenth century, should publicly uphold it now!

Immemorial usage can never sanctify injustice. Nor is precedent altogether in its favor. In the Convention which framed the present Constitution of Massachusetts, nearly a century ago, every clause which limits suffrage to men alone was earnestly opposed. Three successive motions *to strike out the word male*, wherever it occurs, were made and defeated. Now if the limitation is a precedent, so is the protest. If the restriction is immemorial, so is the struggle for its abolition.

Every candid man is willing to review his opinions. Every wise man sometimes changes his mind. Let us hope that John Quincy Adams will some day reverse his hasty decision, and help us to secure the ballot for woman.

"For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though often lost, is never won."

—*H. B. B. in Woman's Journal.*

A Swiss Romance.

A letter from Vaud, states that a young lieutenant, wounded in the late war between France and Germany, was sent to a quiet village in that canton to recruit his strength. There he made the acquaintance of a young lady of the same village, and the couple became engaged. The grief of the lovers, when the time came to part, may be imagined, but with many vows of constancy, the lieutenant at last tore himself away, and in due time arrived at Berlin. At first his letters were filled with protestations of the enduring nature of his love, but gradually, as time wore on, they became less frequent and colder in tone. Six weeks had elapsed since he had last written, when, instead of a letter full of reproaches, the lieutenant received a telegram from his "dear Marie," in the following words: "Dear Fritz—I have just received a letter, informing me that my uncle, who was a millionaire at Frankfort, in the East Indies, is dead, and that I am his sole heiress." The lieutenant lost no time. He set out for the village. The young lady was overwhelmed with joy on seeing her lover once more, but reproached him for his long silence. "Don't let us talk of it, dear Marie," he replied. "There is now no obstacle to our union. The unexpected good fortune which Providence has sent us has removed the objection of my parents to our marriage—for a fortune so great, so colossal—" At these words Marie looked at him with a puzzled expression, and taking his hand, said, "Fritz, do not make fun of me." The lover drew out of his pocket the telegram he had received, asking her whether she had not written the words, "My uncle has just died a millionaire at Frankfort." Utterly astounded, Marie dropped his hand, and when she recovered the use of her tongue, said sadly, her eyes filling with tears, "Dear Fritz, there is a mistake in the telegram. What I wrote was, 'My uncle has just died a schoolmaster in the East Indies,' and the amount he has left me is just 1000 thalers." The lieutenant returned to Berlin a sadder and wiser man.

The biggest "guns" are often the greatest "bores."

Receipts.

MAINE MINCE PIE.

One bowl of chopped meat; one bowl of chopped suet; one bowl of chopped raisins; one bowl of cider; one bowl of sugar; two bowls of chopped apples; one-half bowl of molasses; three lemons; spice to taste.

MINCE PIES.

Boil five pounds of lean and juicy beef, until tender, and while boiling, keep closely covered; when cool, chop very fine. Chop well, three pounds of nice beef suet; seed three pounds of raisins, and chop; three pounds of well washed and dried currants, two pounds of citron cut into thin slices; grate the rind of six fresh lemons; two tablespoonsful of cinnamon; four good sized nutmegs grated; one teaspoonful ground white ginger; one teaspoonful of salt; chop finely fourteen good sized pippins; mix these well together, and if necessary use more apples; put in a stone pot; cover it with good French brandy and wine; this must be kept in a cool, dry place, and improves by keeping; a little good cider is quite an improvement, added just before it is baked.

MINCE PIES NO. TWO.

Three pounds of tender lean beef, one pound of suet, two pounds of chopped apples, two of raisins, two of currants, one of citron, two and one-half of sugar, a gill of molasses, of rose water, the juice of two lemons, the same of oranges, (peel of latter chopped fine and added) and one pint of brandy; cloves, allspice, pepper, cinnamon, nutmeg, etc., according to taste. Add cider previous to baking.

RICH OYSTER PIE.

Strain off the liquor from the oysters, and put it on to boil, with some butter, mace, nutmeg, pepper and salt. Just as it boils, stir in a thickening of milk and flour, put in the oysters, and stir until they are sufficiently stewed, then take them off, and put in the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, (do not put this in while it is boiling, or it will curdle). Line a dish, not very deep, with puff paste; fill it with white unglazed paper or a napkin, to keep the top paste from falling in; put on top paste and bake. When done, remove the top crust carefully, and take out the paper or napkin, and pour in the oysters. Send it hot to the table.

SEA FOAM PIE.

Take a lemon, grate the peel, squeeze the pulp and juice into a bowl—be sure to remove every seed; to which add a teacupful of white sugar, one of new milk or water, a tablespoonful of corn starch, and the yolks of two eggs well beaten; pour this mixture into a nice paste crust and bake slowly. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, and when the pie is just done, pour it over just to stiffen, not brown.

SARATOGA ROLLS.

One quart of water, two ounces of butter, one gill of yeast, and a little salt. Mix them at nine o'clock at night, as thick as you can stir with a spoon, and put them in a warm place. Next morning two hours before breakfast, take more flour, make them into a light dough, put them in pans, and let them stand until light. Bake fifteen or twenty minutes in a hot oven.

A NICE PLUM PUDDING.

One cup of sweet or sour milk, one cup of molasses, half a cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, half a pound of chopped raisins, half a pound of currants, spice to the taste, flour enough to make it as stiff as pound cake batter. Put it in a cloth, leaving plenty of room for the pudding to swell. Serve with wine sauce.

WOOD STAINING.

A decoction of walnut or hickory bark, with a small quantity of alum in it, to give permanency to the color, will make an excellent dye. Wood of a white color receives, from the application of this liquid, a beautiful yellow tinge, which is not liable to fade. It is particularly adapted for furniture made of maple.

Invention of Printing.

Look at printing, an egg over which thought incubated for thousands of years! The germ of the printer's art is as old as the bricks of Nineveh. The Ninevites printed their records on sun-dried bricks. We know their history in no other way. The same thing is true of the Egyptians. Their monuments were printed by a process that anticipated Guttenberg by scores of centuries. The Romans, not only in their own country, but in their colonies, made use of matrixes in intaglio, which left impressions in relief upon their tiles and pottery. There are thousands of specimens from which by means of printers' ink tolerable impressions could be made to-day. A glance at these tiles is sufficient to prove that there wanted but the merest accident to suggest to a Roman scribe the typographical art; that, in fact, the casual pressure of a palm leaf upon a smoky tile might have led to the preservation of the lost masterpieces of Roman literature.

The art of printing, indeed, was one of those discoveries which was in the nature of things inevitable, and the only wonder is that Europe so long did without it. In China the art was known far back of all record. Theirs is block printing, which will probably long remain in general use among them, as movable types for a language with three hundred characters would be but a source of trouble and delay. Block printing was in use in England in the fourteenth century, and was the mode by which playing cards was multiplied. Books were printed by blocks in the the same century, among which was the "Biblia Pauperum." Moreover, several years before movable types were invented, Albert Durer engraved on blocks of wood his own famous designs, and thus multiplied them for the use of the public. As yet, however, the printer's art, nearly as it was approached on all sides, was but in its shell; and the invention was only fairly hatched when Guttenberg, in 1436, discovered the method of applying movable types to the reproduction of written matter. He was a native of Mentz, pursuing the craft of lapidary at Strasbug. The grand idea was almost thrust upon him. There was no seeking for it. This crowning invention of art was the natural result of a demand acting upon ingenuity and the desire for wealth.

A quarrelsome couple were discussing the subject of epitaphs and tombstones, and the husband said: "My dear, what kind of a stone do you suppose they will give me when I die?" "Brimstone, my love!" was the affectionate reply.

Periodic Deluges of the Earth.

The author of "Cyclical Deluges" argues that the ocean has grand secular tides of deluge, which occur every 10,500 years, two in each cycle of the equinoctical procession. The last deluge was that to which the traditions of many languages refer—"the great deluge" and occurred 4,200 years ago; when, the sun's heat having sufficiently softened the vast accumulation of ice around the North Pole, the fragments of the ice mountains rushed in a body toward the South, causing a sudden displacement of the earth's center of gravity, and carrying with them the gigantic erratic boulders, whose presence in northern latitudes still puzzles the geologists. The next grand break-up will occur, according to Mr. Walker, about 6,300 years hence, when a counter-oscillation of the South seas will occur; the Antarctic glacier will be shattered; the southern waters will rush down upon the northern hemisphere, which will once more be submerged; whilst in the South unknown continents will appear. Admiral Wilkes, of our navy, will look forward with interest to that day. For then the Antarctic Continent which he claimed to have discovered in 1840, but which has since been invisible, and over which Capt. Ross and other voyagers have repeatedly sailed—Admiral Wilkes's continent may then come to the surface of the water; and his memory may cease to be a source of amusement to geographers and nautical men. The theory of the periodicity of great deluges was propounded by Alphonse Joseph Adhemar, in his work entitled "Revolutions de la Mer," where he argues that the waters are now rising in the seas of the Northern Hemisphere, and that the Antarctic ice is already piled up to a height of sixty miles. He invites attention to the contour of the earth's shadow upon the moon during lunar eclipses, with a view of verifying his calculations. The results of these are accepted by the present author, who seeks to sustain them by various arguments drawn from geology. The volume has more of scientific merit than one would suppose it likely to possess after noticing the sensational illustration upon its title-page. The probability of its conclusions, however, is a point that only mathematics can settle. Meanwhile, it is reassuring to be told that the next cyclical deluge will not occur until the year 7382 of our era, even though, upon that occasion, vegetable and animal life on the north of the Equator will in a great measure be destroyed; while the same must happen to the human race on that hemisphere, excepting, perhaps, a few tribes or families, who, escaping to the highest table-lands and mountain ranges of the earth, may survive, only to fall back almost immediately into a state of torpid barbarism.

A Boy's Advice to Old Men.

I cannot pick up a newspaper without "Advice to Boys" stares me in the face. Old men write it, I suppose. Nobody else is capable of giving advice to boys, of course not! They know all about us, they do, 'cause they have been there. Advice is a good thing to have, no doubt, and no family should be without it, but a fellow don't want to be crammed with it all the time to the exclusion of all other diet.

Now, old men need advice occasionally; but in looking through the newspaper I don't see that they get it. So I just thought I would write a little "Advice to Old men" myself. If I am not presuming too much (as Aunt Chloe says), and I presume I am.

In the first place, you old chaps ought to get over telling how much smarter boys were when you were boys than boys are now. You believe it yourself, of course, 'cause you've told it so many times, but we can't see it. We have a notion that boys are boys, pretty much, (except some are girls) the world over, and one generation of them don't lay over another generation to any alarming extent.

Only let you tell it, and you could out run, out jump, out wrestle, and out anything else of the rising generation of to-day when you were a boy. Grandfather, who has got the gout and half a dozen different kinds of rheumatism, is always saying that "I would I were a boy again." I would he were too. If I couldn't beat him running and flop him on his back, side holt, I don't want a cent.

I wouldn't go so far as to say "Parents, obey your children," but I would suggest to fathers that they give us a hearing occasionally on matters in which we are the most interested party. Don't make us go and slide down hill when we want to skate, and make preachers of us when we much prefer to run a saw-mill.

After giving us boys sage advice about our conduct and how to behave, you old men ought to be careful how you get to relating your boyish scrapes to each other, and laughing over them before we get out of earshot.

A LADY PRINTER.—The following is from the Seymour (Indiana) *Times*: "Miss Lulie A. Monroe, the pet daughter of the wretched 'editor' of this paper, becoming disgusted with the troop of gentlemanly roving and unstable printers whom we have employed during the past few months, swapping one for another every few days or weeks, cleared the last one out last week, and determined to do all the work herself. Every type in this issue was set by her nimble fingers, including the new advertisements, since our last issue, and she has three columns over for next week. And besides all this, she did a big washing, read about fifty newspapers, and took two days' recreation at the Mitchell Fair; and this active and spunky little 'printeress' declares her intention to set the whole paper herself hereafter." An Indianapolis paper wonders what the appreciative father was doing while all this work was being performed. It seems fair, at least, that he should assume the weeks washing himself in future.

Bro. Prosch wants to know how much profit we realize out of Mrs. Duniway's co-operation. Quite as much, if not more, than the editor of the *Tribune* realized from the Democrats when he bid for votes for Territorial Auditor by shouting Garfield, in his issue preceding the Joint Convention.—*Olympia Standard.*

GOOD HIT.—The *Bulletin* of Nov. 28th is responsible for this: "Prof. Plummer is studying one of Joaquin Miller's poems. He reads it so well that the author has been able to get a faint idea of its meaning. 'Which is billy for Plummer.'"