The New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....JUNE 7, 1872.

HOME NEWS.

Caterpillars are now the nuisance.

Olympia is making extensive street improvements.

Petty larceny thieves are abundant in Salem and Portland.

Crops in Benton county are reported in splendid condition.

Crop reports from all parts of the State are highly encouraging.

The Woolen Mills at Jefferson are to commence running again.

Small pox has disappeared from the Siletz Indian Reservation.

A large number of new buildings are being erected in Roseburg.

Col. Jo Meek is canvassing for Mrs. Victor's book and lecturing.

Letters from Washington state that Garfielde is seriously ill in that city.

The *Daily Mercury* of Salem has ceased publication. Too much election.

The Republicans will hold a grand jubilation meeting next Saturday evening.

The work on the new wall around the Court House block is progressing rapidly.

A line of stages has been put on between Gervais and Wilhoit's Soda Spring.

A recently discovered silver ledge on Goose Lake yields ore that assays $65 per ton.

Marion county is reported as increasing rapidly in population in the rural districts.

Decoration Day was very appropriately observed by the Grand Army of the Republic.

The Grand Jury of Walla Walla county failed to indict Kyger, the ex-Treasurer.

The third annual Territorial Fair for Montana will begin at Helena on the 23d of September next.

Many cattle are being driven from the region of Albany to the eastern side of the Cascade mountains.

All the Indians in the Territory of Utah are soon to assemble in grand council in San Pete valley.

Arthur's Magazine for June, as usual, is spicy and interesting. It is the best two-dollar publication in the country.

Some capitalists have taken hold of the Santiam Ditch project, and there are prospects of its being pushed to completion.

A bill is pending in Congress in relation to the sale of the military reservation at Walla Walla, Washington Territory.

J. M. Murphy, formerly of the *Herald*, is at present engaged in getting up a Business Directory of the Puget Sound towns.

Douglas county contains extensive lime beds, coal beds, gold mines, silver and copper ore, and many other valuable minerals.

The Children's Hour, for little folks, still maintains its reputation as a caterer to the intellectual palates of juvenile humanity.

The *Northwestern Home*, Vancouver, Washington Territory, has closed its first volume. It is enlarged by the addition of four pages.

The California & Oregon stage company is putting on additional coaches, and propose to increase the speed and materially shorten the time.

The county road from Pioneer bridge, on the Yaquina, to Newport, is being worked through as rapidly as is possible with the limited means at command.

The Sunday School children of Yamhill and Polk counties are to unite in a grand celebration of the Fourth of July at the Webfoot or Dayton camp ground.

Rain has been very copious throughout Washington Territory, and reports come up from all sections that crop prospects were never better, especially wheat and grass.

Harrison, Faulk & Co. are now working their coal mine, on North Umpqua, somewhat extensively. The coal is of an excellent quality. They intend advertising it.

Efforts will be made to induce Prof. T. H. Crawford, of Portland, to accept the chair in the Willamette University, Salem, made vacant by the resignation of Prof. Rogers.

Parties who have just crossed the Snoqualmie Pass report the road blocked up with fallen timber and twelve feet of snow on the summit. They pronounce it impassable.

There will be a meeting held on the Ellendale Camp Ground, Polk county, commencing Friday, June 28th, at 11 A. M., under the auspices of the Dalles Circuit M. E. Church.

Wheat in Polk never looked better at this time of year than it does now. It is of good color, and thickly upon the ground. The weather is favorable, and the prospects are altogether flattering.

The State Horticultural Fair will commence at the Skating Rink on Wednesday, the 19th inst., and will continue three days. Music will be furnished every day. All are invited to contribute.

The Vancouver *Register* says: "We have just learned that Gen. T. J. McKinney has been superseded as Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the Territory, and that Robert H. Milroy has been appointed to the place.

The farmers on the Columbia bottom are apprehensive of an unusually high freshet the ensuing month. The crops this year being larger and more promising than ever heretofore, the impending danger is more seriously felt.

Philip Phillips, the celebrated revival singer, who paid Portland a visit last year, has accepted an offer of $5,000 per year from the Central Presbyterian church, San Francisco, to lead in the singing of that church, and also the Sunday School.

The *West-Side* says the dispute about right of way at North Yamhill led to a serious difficulty, in which Mr. Perry snapped a loaded gun at one of the railroad men, and was arrested and put under $500 bail for trial at the next term of Circuit Court.

The numerous friends of Wm. R. McCord will be grieved to learn that he has been lying dangerously ill for the past two weeks at Seattle, W. T. He had, however, at last accounts, slightly improved, and it was thought the crisis of his disease had passed.

A gentleman, says the Albany *Democrat*, has been prospecting the lead mines on the north fork of the Santiam in the interest of a wealthy company of California, with a view of demonstrating whether it is practicable to work them to advantage. His report has not yet been made.

From the Salem *Mercury*: "From a private dispatch received in this city yesterday from Hon. A. B. Meacham, we learn the sad news of the death of his brother, Mr. Harvey Meacham. The dispatch states that Mr. M. was killed by a falling tree, at Lee's Encampment, in the Blue Mountains, May 29th."

The Bellingham Bay Coal Company, of Washington Territory, have completed improvements so that they can now take their coal into cars at the mine and transport the same clear through to the ships on the Bay into which the coal is emptied from the cars directly without re-hauling or breaking bulk.

The *Farmer* says: "By letter from Samuel Handsaker, Butte Disappointment, Lane county, we learn that the old and favorably known 'Pengra road,' leading to Eastern Oregon, is now cleared of all obstructions, and travel has started over it. A store is established at the ferry, and a post office will be located there, named as above."

The concerts of Miss Mehlig, the pianist, last Friday and Tuesday evenings, were well attended. It is useless here to attempt a description of the lady's performance, as she must be seen and heard to be appreciated. Suffice it to say that all were highly delighted. Miss Mehlig gives her third concert in this city this (Friday) evening. Monday evening next she gives a concert at Salem.

The Common School Superintendent of Union county reports as follows: Number of legal voters, 680; persons between the ages of 4 and twenty, 1,046; quarters taught, 2; districts reporting, 15; not reporting, 3; whole number of districts, 18; average attendance, 32½; value of school houses, $400; number of female teachers, 6; male teachers, 15; average wages of male, per month, $75; female, per month, $50.

The Monmouth *Christian Messenger* says: "We have an interesting letter from Brother F. Dillard Holman, of Portland, which cannot appear next week for want of space. It will be forthcoming next issue. Brother Holman is earnest in his purpose to put up a church edifice in Portland, for the Church of Christ. His plan to accomplish this great work will, we trust, meet the approbation and liberal co-operation of every Christian in the State."

The annual report of the Superintendent of Schools for Benton county shows the following: Number legal voters, 955; persons between the ages of 4 and 20, 1,950; females between the ages of 4 and 20, 956; males between ages of 4 and 20, 994; quarters school taught, 45; districts reporting, 30; academies or high schools, 3; scholars in average attendance, 664; amount paid teachers from county fund, $2,463 87; from taxes, $768 70; by subscription, $2,857 88; incidental expenses, $328 91; number female teachers employed, 15; male teachers, 23.

A letter from Umatilla county to the *Farmer* says: "More than usual interest is manifested by the citizens of this section by securing titles to their homes, and stock-men are buying up the watering places, and thus securing the range for their herds. There is a good demand for laborers at present, and will constantly be increasing until the harvest season is ended. Men, for common work on ranches, get from $30 to $40 per month throughout the year, and in saw mills, teaching, etc., from $40 to $60 per month. In harvest wages are $2 per day. School teachers for common schools are paid from $40 to $50 without board."

The common school statistics of Lane county show the following: Number of legal voters, 1,439; persons between the ages of 4 and 20, 2,877; male scholars, 1,406; female scholars, 1,471; quarters taught, 76; average attendance, 24; received from County Treasurer, $3,500; received from State as interest, coin, $1,558 08; currency, $1,574 34; amount for distribution this year, $6,604 42; amount of tax levied and collected, $247 25; amount apportioned to each student, $2 28; number of districts in the county, 64; failing to report, 15; average wages to male teachers, $40; female, $25; number of quarters taught in district, 2¾.

The San Francisco *Alta*, of Saturday, may 25th, says: "The stringency of the money market in Oregon is almost unreasonable. If it be true (and we have no reason to doubt the statement made by telegraph) that money cannot be borrowed from banks even at high rates of interest and on the best security of real estate property; and that some parties would be willing to give five per cent. premium for money to push certain enterprises they had on hand—it shows that foreign capital is not aware of the undoubted security which a judicious investment will find in Oregon. There is no doubt the Northern Pacific Railroad will materially change the condition of the State, and both Oregon and California will be the two great agricultural States of the Pacific, that will supply with grain and fruit of all kinds not only the Western, but the Eastern slope and the European markets."

Mr. Peter Roberts, a young man aged about twenty-one years, was drowned last Sunday in the Willamette opposite the White House. Deceased was well known and highly respected in this community. His untimely death brings poignant grief to a father and sister, who are thus suddenly bereft of one around whom so many bright hopes for future years were entwined. There is something in the taking off of a young life just treading the threshold of manhood that inspires us with awe. It is the course of nature for the dried and withered leaves alone to decay and fall to the ground, and so it is with humanity. Unwilling as we are to behold those of three score years and ten gathered to their kindred dust, we are still more unwilling to behold young and beautiful lives suddenly arrested in their full vigor and pristine purity. To the grief-stricken ones, so suddenly visited by this calamity, we tender our heartfelt sympathy.

[From the New York Herald.]

"The Woodhull's" Convention.

THE NEGRO, THE HEATHEN CHINESE AND THE FREE LOVER TO LIE DOWN TOGETHER.

The party of "equal rights," who have chosen Mrs. Victoria Woodhull as their standard bearer, met again yesterday morning at Apollo Hall, the session of the Convention being continued over the second day for the purpose of allowing debate and discussion on various matters which were not clearly understood the day previous.

The Convention assembled at ten o'clock, and a great weight seemed to have been taken off the minds of the members, for the reason that they had a leader at last under whose banner they might fight with some prospect of success.

The opening of the Convention was a strange thing. A young girl, with rather piquant features, a sailor's straw hat trimmed with cherry ribbon, a red feather sticking out of it, and having a cherry bow fastened at her throat, ascended the platform, with a huge Congregational hymn book in her hand, and after looking around at the wild men and women fronting her in the body of the hall for a moment, in a furtive way, she opened her little mouth, showing thereby a set of pearly teeth, and sang a song or hymn called the Millennium. This song, as a matter of course, promises all sorts of bliss and beatification to the radical reformers of both sexes in this world and the world to come. Several females whose hair was cut very short, and who looked as if they did not comb the capillary covering more than once a week, then ascended the platform and ranged themselves as if they were about to be photographed on the spot.

Judge Carter, of Ohio, then offered some resolutions, which were full of "humanity" and "equal rights," "brotherly love," sisterly affection," &c. These resolutions made the platform—a very vague and cloudy document by the way—a little more clear to the understanding of the members.

A man, with hideous long hair flowing over his shoulders—"Wal, I don't know as how but we ought to look a little closer at that platform. I think it needs a little patching. We rushed it through pretty quick, and I object to the seventeenth section. I think its pretty pro-mis-kew-is. I do indeed."

Another man with tossed hair—Spose we stick a little amendment into that ere platform?

Chairman—I am sorry to say that your amendment comes too late. The platform is not now open to amendment.

Mrs. Spear (a lady with a blazing blue eye and a heavy waterfall)—I think we ought to agree upon some ticket which we may thrust in the ballot-box e-lection day. My idee of a ticket is suthing like this:—

"The Woman's, Negroes and Workingman's Ticket—Victoria Woodhull, of New York, for President; Frederick Douglass, of District of Columbia, for Vice President."

We can vote on that easy on election day.

Here the old Cockney Indian, Father Peter, with white hair and shaky legs, arose and said:—I 'opes in my 'art that you will hadd "and the Indian's Ticket." The old man seemed almost frantic at the thought that the noble red Indian might be left out of the platform.

A short, bandy-legged man with spectacles—"And I have another amendment to offer. Since you include the Indian, the Heathen Chinee and the negro, let us call it everybody's ticket; that will make it pleasant for everybody, and we can all vote upon it."

After this there was an exciting and tumultous debate, every one pitching in at random. The men with the long hair and the women with the short hair bobbed up and down in the Convention like discarded champagne corks in the surf at Long Branch on a summer's morning. Order was finally revolved out of this chaos, and at the close of the hurly-burly a tall lady, dressed in a black empress cloth dress, surmounted by a pink scarf covered with white lace, and wearing her back hair in the style of 1830, having three bands on each side of her face puffed out, advanced to the rostrum, and was announced by the Chairman as Mrs. Bell A. Lockwood, of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Lockwood, on nearing the rostrum, slowly unfolded a huge roll of manuscript, and proceeded with deliberation and emphasis to read her essay on the issues before the Convention. She spoke at length on social topics; the sufferings of woman; the cruelty of mankind; read extracts from different laws which bear upon the subject of woman, and altogether the essay proved to be a very able one, containing varied and useful information, and everything went on smoothly until Mrs. Lockwood, on reaching a certain point in her essay, commenced to read, with better satisfaction to herself, long extracts from the Russian common law, which, she averred, had been forwarded to her by her dear friend, Mme. Surtelmskie, from St. Petersburg.

At this junction the audience turned pale. This dose of Russian common law was too much, and several of the male delegates, who had faced the reading of the platform and the interminable resolutions without blanching, seized their hats, grinned horribly and broke for the door in utter panic. Mrs. Lockwood sat down with a thunderous cheer ringing in her ears. "So glad."

A document was then read from a town with an unpronounceible name in Wisconsin, expressing sympathy and condolence with the Convention and its objects.

A white-headed old delegate, seventy years of age, who has six wives in Utah, then got on his legs and offered a resolution, that the party of equal rights adopt as their political banner the Goddess of Liberty, in pure white, with the words "Equal Rights," in large Roman capitols, underneath.

Another delegate, with a green cotton umbrella, said—"I think that—that our ban-ner should be one with a dove, being a rep-ree-sentative of peace, with the three charming words in its bill, 'Liberty, Justice and Fraturnity.'"

The following resolutions were reported by the Committee on Platform and Resolutions. It is understood they were drawn up by the long-haired Pantarch Stephen Pearl Andrews, and are like most of his productions, full of sound and fury signifying nothing:—

Resolved, That the two fundamental principles of government and the life of mankind are order and freedom, which have always hitherto been in conflict, and frequently in fierce antagonism, but which are, nevertheless, destined to be married and reconciled with each other.

Resolved, That there is a crude, primitive and imperfect kind of freedom, which consists of casting off the constraint of conscience and legitimate discipline along with the unauthorized invasion of foreign authority, while true freedom contributes to order; and that there is also a false and oppressive kind of order, while the higher kind of order is evolved from the very bowels of freedom.

Resolved, That the lordly arrogance of man in determining the "sphere of woman" or of any one human being in determining the sphere of any other human being, is becoming more and more adverse to the spirit of the age; that the question is not, fundamentally, of the right or wrong of any particular course of conduct, but it is one of jurisdiction, or of the deciding power over the very question whether the thing considered be right or wrong; and that the growing spirit of freedom in the world demands that this deciding power be lodged with the individual himself, or herself, whose conduct is in question; and that assumption of the right and authority to interfere with and regulate the conduct of others is becoming more distasteful to every well informed and well regulated mind.

Resolved, That it is written in the destinies now urgently pressing for fulfillment that society shall pass through the experience of the full participation of woman in political affairs; that the fact will have to be accepted, whatever the previous prejudices, speculations and theories on the subject may have been; and that the future form of society will, therefore, be such as shall be developed out of this hitherto untried condition of things; that the sooner, with the less amount of acrimony, and with the more mutual confidence and helpfulness between tile sexes, the transition is effected the better for all.

Resolved, That not only the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments of the Constitution of the United States, but the Constitution itself, the Declaration of American Independence, the spirit of all our institutions and the law of God written upon the rational constitution of the human mind and evolving itself in this age as the science of society—all concur in conferring on every citizen of a competent age the equal rights to participation in the choice of the government which they are called upon to obey.

At this juncture the inevitable Maddox, of Maine, got upon the platform and commenced to saw the air with his arms, and at the same time articulate sounds came from his mouth. Maddox, of Maine, talked Communism. Maddox, of Maine, talked philanthrophy. Then he made another excursion in the air with his arms. Then he condescended to explain to his audience the mode of operation by which the new party were to procure funds. He said it was their intention to issue certificates of indebtedness, to be signed by the chairman, secretary and treasurer of the Executive Committee of the new party. This was to be done in the style of the Fenian bonds. Maddox, of Maine, knew that millions of Americans were ready to buy the bonds, any amount of money could be procured, and in the ecstacy of the sublime thought Maddox, of Maine, metaphorically embraced the whole world in his arms. Maddox sat down at last, his eyes rolling in pious delirium.

Aged veteran named Spear—"We are going to e-lect our can-decdatets, we are, and the good and the great people of the United-e-States will crowd round our victorious President, Victoria C. Woodhull, and escort him to the White House, and our national ex-ecutive committee rally in upon them in perfect showers." Here the aged veteran sat down, his heart beating like a trip hammer.

The names of the National Executive Committee of the new party were read as follows and accepted by the Convention:—A. E. Robinson, Massachusetts; Mrs. Caroline H. Spear, Vice President, California; Otis J. Porter, Connecticut; Judge A. J. M. Carter, President, Ohio; Mrs. Abbie P. Ela, New Hampshire; Mrs. Bella A. Lockwood, Secretary, Washington; John E. Underwood, Virginia; Mrs. Richmond, Illinois; Jennie C. Dundee, Maryland; George D. Coleman, Pennsylvania; —— Mitchele, Maine; Elizabeth A. Mereweather, Tennessee; John M. Spear, Utah; Mrs. Esther Morris, Wyoming; John Helmsly, Idaho; Mrs. E. B. Curtis, Nevada; Mrs. Olympie Higgins, Washington Territory; Robert Dale Owen, Indiana; Newman Weeks, Wisconsin; J. S. Graham, New York; J. B. Taylor, Kansas; Anthony Higgins, New Jersey; Mrs. Lonkham, Rhode Island; Moses Hill, Kentucky; A. W. St. Johns, Missouri; Lemuel Parmalee, Louisiana; Richard J. Irevelich, Michigan; Mary F. Davis, New Jersey, Treasurer.

A recess of an hour was taken to lunch. One old lady, from Woonsocket, Rhode Island, had brought a bag of peanuts with her, and it was a sight to see her as she sat on the stairs munching her lunch like a cat. Another young and beautiful delegate from Ohio offered to share half of her cold chicken with the *Herald* reporter, but it is needless to say the offer was declined, with thanks. Another intellectual looking female, who had evidently slept in her hair, reclined on a lounge during the recess, devouring cold fried oysters and pickles.

After recess Judge Carter, of Ohio, a man with a bushy beard and a good deal of cheek, who sat in the body of the hall, rose and commenced to read a written resolution rather indistinctly.

A voice—Louder, louder. Oh, yet.

Judge Carter continued to read in a low tone, when the same voice broke out again. "Louder, louder, louder." (Cheering and laughter.)

Judge Carter—you see, ladies and gentlemen, the difficulty is that I cannot read my own writing, like a good many other famous people.

The resolution in substance empowered the National Executive Committee of the "Equal Rights Party" to issue certificates of indebtedness, in order that the money could be raised for the coming Woodhull and Douglass campaign. The resolution was passed.

A respectable-looking old gentleman with white hair and a black broadcloth, who was announced as Seth W. Shaw, of Providence, R. I., ascended the platform, and said that he had been a master mechanic twenty years, and that for twenty other years he had never earned more than $2 a day; "but," said he. "I will take $200 worth of these bonds on the spot, and I can answer for $30,000 from my own State, Rhode Island." (Cheers.)

Francis Lyons, of Tioga county, New York, who looked as if he had not the second shirt in the world—"I'm a poor man, but I reckon I can go $100 on them 'ere bonds." (Cheers.)

Dr. E. B. Foote, 120 Lexington avenue, who parts his hair in the middle and sat beside Miss Frank Crocket, the silver-haired blonde—"I have not got all the money now, but I will take $200 worth of bonds." (Wild cheering and a bewitching smile at the Doctor from Miss Frankey Crocket.)

Judge Carter was sitting at the platform, and at this instance of Dr. Foote's liberality the Judge applauded with both feet.

Anthony Higgins, of New Jersey, a fiery little orator, with a roaring voice like Mr. Kean Buchanan—"I am a poor man; I will take $100 worth of these bonds—(cheers)—and I pledge the workingmen of New Jersey for $4,000." (Frantic cheering.)

Here an admirer of Mrs. Anna N. Middlebrook, the temporary chariman, sent her a beautiful bouquet, which she smelled and smelled and then sat down.

By this time Maddox, of Maine, had worked his person from the platform to the back of the hall, and had worked his mind into a furious passion. In one of the back seats sat Mrs. Mary F. Davis, wife of the famous spiritualist, Andrew Jackson Davis. Mrs. Davis is a very quiet, sensible and discreet little woman, and is content to repose under the aegis of her husband's fame. As she sat there she little knew the storm that was about to burst upon her. Maddox, of Maine, was impending. He approached her, rubbing his hands and his eyes glaring, with deference in his manner and a stealthy step. Fixing one eye on the devoted Mrs. Davis and the other on the unfortunate chairman, he collected himself for an effort. With a bound and a yell he screamed out at the top of his voice:—

"Is there any one here dare deny it that there is one woman fitted supremely for the office of treasurer of this National Executive Committee? Aye, did any one say no? Who answered me? Will any one deny that Mary F. Davis, of Orange, N. J., is not the fittest but the best? I would like to know that person. I propose the name of Mary F. Davis for treasurer. There is not another woman in the world like her. Who said no? Eh? Oh! Ah!"

Here Maddox, of Maine, sat down, looking like a dancing dervish, exhausted after his physical devotions.

Mrs. Mary F. Davis (quietly)—I am sorry that I am compelled to resign the office so kindly tendered me.

Maddox, of Maine (in a tempestuous fury)—Eh? what? Oh! oh! yes. Of course (with a a wink at the chairman); oh, I guess we can lay that on the table. (Cheers for Mrs. Davis.)

Mrs. Davis—I regret that I have not the time or the means and my circumstances would not permit me to accept the kind testimonial of esteem offered by the Convention. (Here Mrs. Davis sat down exhausted and disgusted at being so much annoyed.)

Maddox, of Maine, now began to be really unconscious of what he was doing, or pretended to be so. He ran and stamped and swore and frothed at the mouth, giving people an idea that he had been swallowing soap, and all this was because a quiet little woman did not choose to make herself responsible for his actions. But there is a method in his madness—this Maddox. In a few moments he came down the aisle, and several ladies, who were afraid that he might bite them, saw him pass up to the reporters' table, where he screamed out.

"Did any of you take my speech, d'ye hear?"

Herald Reporter—"I took some of it, what it was worth."

Maddox, of Maine—"You should have taken it all and not have garbled it. By G—! I'll not be caricatured in this way any longer. I was caricatured in the *Herald* this morning, and if you do it again (scrowling at the *Herald* reporter), I'll give you hell!" This was queer language, to say the least of it, to be used by a pious radical; but as Maddox, of Maine, does not weigh more than ninety-three pounds fighting weight it is not necessary to state that the *Herald* reporter still lives.

Corresponding Secretary (from the platform)—Mrs. Harriet V. Burton takes $100 worth of bonds.

Chairman—Very good. It's rolling up.

Sarah F. Somerey (the clairvoyant)—I will take $100. (Cheers.)

Mrs. E. C. Curtis (the Horace Greeley farmer of California, who owns 13,000 acres of land, 8,000 of which are wheat)—I will take $100 in bonds and hold them till Victoria Woodhull takes possession of the government. (Cheers.

Mrs. Anna H. Kimball (a very pretty and graceful woman)—I will take $100, and I will give myself to the cause. (Here the old Mormon on the stage smacked his lips and uttered a sigh.) Mrs. Kimball afterwards took $900 worth of bonds, making $1,000 in all.

Mrs. P. M. Kelsey—I will do as well as the rest. I will take $100 in bonds, and my residence 318 West Twenty-sixth street.

Miss Frank Crocket (the silver-gray blonde, with spectacles)—I will take $200, and I wish I had $2,000 to give. (Stupendous cheering.)

Theodore Banks (the Communist house painter)—I am not rich and $50, $100 or $25 is something to me, but I will take $100. (Cheers.

Dr. Stephen Foster, of Boston—I don't believe that these bonds will ever be redeemed, and I don't believe in these words of Scripture, or that they will ever come true about sharing one's goods in common, but I will give $100. (Cheers.)

After some further subscription had been received, and after a long and fruitless discussion, the Convention adjourned until 7:30 P. M. At the evening session speeches were made by Miss Jane Griffin, Mr. Stillman, Mrs. Ruth Scott Briggs, Father Peter, the Cockney Indian, Anthony Higgins, Mrs. Sarah Somerby, a Boston working girl, Mrs. Middlebrook, and Judge Reymert, the chairman. A unanimous vote of thanks was passed to the latter gentleman, after which the Convention—the first and only one that has ever nominated, in any country, a woman for sovereign or chief magistrate, with the exception of the Hungarian Diet, which elected Maria Theresa *viva voce*—adjourned; and now the campaign has opened may the best man (or woman) win.

A WOMAN'S WRONGS.—It is evident that some legislation is needed to give rights to women, when such outrageous frauds can be practised on them without any remedy by law, as in the following incident from English life:

A woman selling oranges in the streets of Liverpool related her history to another woman as follows: Her first husband died, leaving her in possession of a comfortable inn in Liverpool, and one thousand pounds in the bank. She married again. The second husband, after living with her a short time, ran away to Australia, having previously paid a visit to the bank, and drawn out the thousand pounds.

The wife continued her business, by which she was able to earn a comfortable subsistence for herself and a daughter by the first marriage. After a few years, the prodigal husband returned without the thousand pounds, penniless, ragged and ill. He professed penitence for his past offences, and begged of his wife to forgive and receive him. She consented, and took care of him until he recovered.

For a time all went well; the husband was kind and attentive, and the wife began to think they might be happy. One day, the husband observed that he thought a drive in the country would do his wife good, after the care of nursing him through his illness; he would order a carriage for her and her daughter. The wife did not wish to go, but, in order to gratify her husband, she consented, and she and her daughter departed.

On her return she did not see her husband, but found a stranger in the bar. When she asked his business, he produced a bill of sale by the husband to him of the house with all it contained, and the business. The mother and daughter found themselves turned adrift, homeless and penniless, on the streets of Liverpool, without appeal, and without redress. The husband has not since been heard of.—*Youth's Companion.*

Of all the love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is a love pure and noble, honorable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of her husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of the son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out" bad who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant to the girl may cruelly neglect the worn and weary wife. But the boy who is a lover to his mother in her middle age is a true knight who will love his wife as much in the sere-leafed autumn as he did in the daisied spring time.—"*An Old Boy*" *in Hearth and Home.*

A letter from Napoleon, dated Chiselhurst, May 12th, is published, in which the deposed Emperor says:

I am responsible for Sedan. The army fought heroically with an enemy double its own strength. After 14,000 men had been killed and wounded I saw the battle was merely one of desperation; and the army's honor having been saved, I exercised my sovereign right and unfurled a flag of truce. It was impossible that the immolation of 60,000 men could save France. I obeyed a cruel and inexorable necessity. My heart was broken, but my conscience was tranquil.

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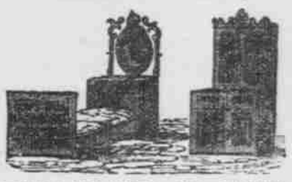

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