The New Northwest.

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OFFICE—Cor. Third and Washington Sts

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

One year.....$2 00
Six months.....1 75
Three months.....1 00

ADVERTISEMENTS Inserted on Reasonable Terms.

The New Northwest.

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

VOLUME II. PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1872. NUMBER 12.

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.

SONORA HEWITT.

BY MRS. SUSIE WITHERELL.

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CHAPTER XV.

DEATH OF GRACE AND LITTLE LINA.

We will invite the reader to take a trip with us to Norwich, where we will stop awhile at Grace Marsh's home.

Mrs. Marsh, who has really recovered her health, is seated by the side of a bright coal fire. Upon the opposite side of the room sit two little boys busy at a game of checkers. At her feet kneels a little cury-headed girl, of five summers, very intent with "Mother Goose's Melodies." To the left, partly reclining upon the old-fashioned chintz lounge, with her feet upon a footstool, sits Cordelia, her second daughter, poring over the pages of the last new novel. On the right, near the window, in a large easy chair, with a heavy tartar shawl thrown over her shoulders, sits our old friend Gracie, looking like a visitant from some spirit land.

"How late is it, mother? I wonder how long it will be before Blanche will be here?" asked the invalid, looking anxiously out of the window upon the now leafless trees, which shaded the walk from the house to the street. I do want to see her once more before I leave this world. I have something to tell her," continued she, as she wrapped the shawl closer about her frail form.

"It is almost four, and she will soon be here if she is coming to-day," answered Mrs. Marsh, as she arose and walked toward her daughter. "Gracie, my child, you are not going to leave us for many years, I trust. Do not talk so—it makes one feel so dreadfully," and the affectionate, doting mother pillowed her daughter's head upon her bosom, while the tears of maternal love flowed thick and fast.

"There is a carriage driving up," exclaimed Cordelia, throwing down her book and running to the door.

"Thanks! thanks! Cousin Blanche has come at last!" murmured the invalid, and as her mother went to meet Blanche she added, "'tis the last time I shall ever see her on earth."

"What did you say?" asked little Madeline, climbing into her sister's lap and putting her arms lovingly around her neck. "Sweet Gracie, what did you say?"

"I am going to leave you, Lina," answered Gracie, "and you must be a good girl and obey mother; and you must take Gracie's place when she is gone—will you not?" asked she, as she parted the golden ringlets and kissed the baby brow.

The child made no reply, for her little heart swelled with grief; but laying her head upon that dear sister's breast, she wept in silence.

"Darling, darling Gracie!" and the arms of Blanche were twined around her.

For a moment there was silence. Then Blanche, releasing herself, stepped back as she fixed her gaze upon her cousin. "How changed!" she inwardly commented.

"I was afraid you would not come, dear Blanche, and began to be impatient, but now that I know that you are here at last, I will lay down a little while and compose myself, for I am not very well to-day, and a little excitement makes me weaker."

Mrs. Marsh assisted her daughter to the next room, which had been fitted up expressly for the dear girl's comfort. Lifting her upon the bed she kissed her pale brow, and bidding her "try and take a nap," drew down the curtains and left her alone, while she returned to the sitting-room.

"How Grace has changed!" observed Blanche, in a subdued voice. "Why, I had no idea she was so ill when she sent for me. She seemed very well the last time I saw her."

"She was always rather delicate, you know," answered her mother; "but her cough has seemed to grow worse for the last year, and her health has been declining ever since. She never complains, nor utters even a groan, but I fear we shall not have her long."

A low sob was heard from the opposite side of the room, when, looking around, they beheld little Lina, her face buried in her hands, weeping as if her heart would break.

"What is the matter, dear Lina?" asked Cordelia, going to her and taking her up.

"O, my dear, sweet Gracie is going to die!" screamed the child, clinging to her sister.

"O no, Lina," said her sister, trying to comfort her. "Who told you Gracie would die?"

"O, no one here. But Gracie said she was going to leave me and I must take her place," sobbed the little creature. "And Lina knows that Gracie will die, for the happy angels told her so," continued she, drying her tears and pointing with her finger to the sky. "Last night I heard such sweet music!—even sweeter than Gracie sings! And, mother, an angel, a bautiful angel, stood by Gracie on one side and papa on the other, and said, 'Come home, Gracie, come home;' and I thought I held her fast, and papa said, 'You shall come, too, my little Lina.' And then such music! O mama! O Delia! I was so happy! But now Gracie is going without me!" and hiding her face, she sobbed louder than before.

All wept as the child finished, and Mrs. Marsh left the room to give way to the feelings she could not control. Poor woman! she feared that her home was twice to be darkened by death's relentless hand.

And her fears, alas! were not groundless, for her first-born was soon to leave her for another world. And this was not all. Her baby, the almost angelic little Lina, was soon to follow.

As her mother had said, Gracie had always been rather delicate, but for the last year, since her return from Bridgeport, she had seemed more so than ever, and when at last she was compelled to give up her pupils, her friends began to fear the worst. At times a deep melancholy would seem to settle upon her, and then again she would rally her spirits and appear quite lively.

At last Grace expressed a wish to see Blanche, and being unable to do so herself, got her mother to write for her, merely saying she was not very well. This letter arrived at Capt. Marsh's two days after Blanche's return from the South. They immediately forwarded it to New York to Blanche, who, directly upon receiving it, started for home, and from there for her aunt's, where she had just arrived, as we have seen.

Gracie arose no more from that bed until she was carried from it to the grave. That night she seemed better; but the next day she was delirious, and for two days following she knew no one, not even her fond mother or darling little sister, who refused to leave her bedside even for her meals, but sat and fanned her heated brow, while a peculiar, heavenly smile seemed to rest upon her baby features.

At last reason resumed her throne. Gracie, twining her arm around her mother's neck, said:

"Mother, I am better, but do not let me flatter your hopes, for I must soon leave you. You have others dear as myself, who must fill my place when I am gone so that you will not feel my loss. I will tell Cordelia to be more domestic, and my two little brothers will soon be a great comfort to you, dear mother; yes, and so will sweet little Lina, our pet," and she pressed the little creature to her bosom saying, "you must comfort mama."

"I will! Yes, I will be her guardian angel!" and pointing her little finger up, she sang:

"In yon fair world, so calm and bright,
I'll soon a happy angel be,
And earthly joys, with transient light,
Can have no charms for me.

"But, mama, when I'm far above,
With golden harp in hand,
I'll pray and ask the God of love
To bring you all to Happy Land."

Mrs. Marsh lifted Lina from her seat upon the bed, and pressing her to her bosom, carried her from the room, fearing the excitement might prove too much for Gracie. As she was about closing the door Gracie called to her, saying, "Mother, send Blanche, if you please, to sit with me awhile. I have something to say to her alone."

About ten minutes elapsed, when Blanche, opening the door, softly entered and seated herself beside her cousin, and, as she commenced fanning her, said, "Did you want me, Gracie?"

"Blanche, my ever dear cousin," said Gracie, in a voice strong from emotion, "you are aware, I have no doubt, that I have but a short time longer on earth, and must soon cease to speak or be with you, until we meet in that happy world above, whither I trust I am going."

Blanche dropped her head upon the pillow, while the sick girl continued: "One year ago last summer I was at your home, and there, for the first time in my life, I saw one whom I could love. Yes, Blanche, though I have had many admirers, still I never saw but one to whom I could give my heart, and to that one my love went forth unasked and unsought. Though I concealed it from him, yet I would have been willing to die for him, for I am a true Marsh and can love but once. And would you wish to know who that one was? I will tell you, for now that I am going I need not blush to own it. It was Harry Hewitt, that noble, whole-souled man," and clinging to the pillows she wept long and passionately.

"Don't give way so, dear Gracie. You will over-exert yourself, I fear," said Blanche, scarcely able to control her own emotions.

"No, it will do me good, for this secret knowledge has worn like a canker into my very heart. Oh, Harry! Harry! why was it not ordained that I should take the place of the happy Adele? But it is nearly over and he knows it not. And now, Blanche, dear girl," continued she, "I have one favor to ask of you. When I am dead give him this ring, which is made of my hair, together with this letter," taking one from beneath her pillow, "and ask him to wear this ring for the sake of one who loved him better than her own life, and dying loved him still."

Sinking back upon the pillow, she seemed utterly exhausted, and Blanche, fearing she was indeed dying, ran to call her mother.

Mrs. Marsh, followed by her entire family, entered the room of the dying girl.

With one bound Lina sprang upon the bed, and uttering one long, deep groan, she threw herself almost lifeless by the side of her idolized sister.

Gracie opened her eyes, and taking the hand of Cordelia, bade her be a dutiful and affectionate daughter to her loved mother, and fill her place that she might not be missed from the circle; then to each of her little brothers she bade an affectionate farewell, and after speaking a few words more with Blanche, took the hand of her mother within her own, and drawing her down, imprinted a fervent kiss on her brow as she said: "Weep not for me, dear mother, but prepare to meet me above, for there I am going to be with father, who is waiting," and closing her eyes she murmured, "I am happy now—happier than I have been for so long! But Lina, darling! Raise her up, dear mother, that I may kiss her a long farewell."

Hearing the voice of Gracie pronounce her name, the child raised her head, and clasping her arms around her, imprinted kiss after kiss upon the lips of the dying sister. Then, nestling her head upon the pillows, she remained perfectly motionless until Gracie, with her last breath, exclaimed, "Farewell! meet me in Heaven!" and with one gasp her happy spirit fled.

"I will! yes, I will! Soon shall I be with you, dear, darling Gracie!" exclaimed Lina, starting from her pillow. "Happy Lina! Papa! Heaven! I come, Gracie!" and with her hands clasped the unearthly child breathed her last.

"Have mercy! O, my Father! Lay not thy chastening hand too heavily upon me!" screamed Mrs. Marsh, throwing herself upon her knees and burying her face within the bed-clothes. "My children!—give me back my darlings! My dear ones, O, come back!"

"Don't, dear auntie, don't give way so! Think of your remaining ones," said Blanche, trying to comfort her as well as her own mournful heart would permit. Then looking at Cordelia, who was kneeling at the foot of the bed, she walked towards her with the hope of comforting her; but, poor girl! her silent grief had been too much for her and she had fainted. Upon the lounge sat the two little boys, weeping over their loss. Poor children, they had indeed met with a loss!

Blanche, who was the only one who had any command over her feelings, left the room to call help, and then, having sent a dispatch to her grandparents, telling them to come immediately, and also inform the Hewitts, she hastily returned to the chamber of death to comfort the mourners.

Three days after sweet Gracie Marsh was followed to her grave, and in the same coffin with her was the little Lina.

They had loved each other dearly on earth, and in death they reposed together.

The Hewitts were very much surprised to hear of the death of Gracie and little Lina, and immediately set out, with Mrs. Summers and daughter, to pay the last sad tribute to their loved and lovely young friend.

Blanche handed the letter and ring to Harry the first opportunity that offered itself, telling him exactly what her cousin had told her. Deep surprise was depicted upon his open countenance as he listened to the recital, and when he stood over the grave he thought to himself: "Would that I had known it before, dear Gracie! I would not have suffered that young heart to have gone down to the grave in sorrow. Sooner would I have been less happy."

But, Gracie, though he would doubtless have made you happy, still you are better off, for you have, no doubt, gone to that better land, and though you have left dear ones behind who deeply mourn your loss, yet it may be the means of bringing them to the foot of the cross, for they know that without the Saviour's redeeming love they can never meet their loved ones in that blessed world which is now your blissful home.

YOUNG MAN, YOU'RE WANTED.—A woman wants you; don't forget her. No matter if you are poor, don't wait to be rich; if you do, ten to one if you are fit to be married. Marry while you are young and struggle up together. But mark, young man, the woman don't want you if she is to divide her affections with a cigar, spittoon, or whisky jug. Neither does she want you if you don't take care of her and the little afterthoughts which are pretty sure to follow. Neither does she want you simply because you are a man, the definition of which is too apt to be—an animal that wears bifurcated garments on his lower limbs, a quarter section of stove-pipe on his head, swears like a pirate, and is given to filthy practices generally. She wants you for a companion, for a helpmate—she wants you to have learned to regulate your appetite and passions; in fact, the image of God, not in the likeness of a beast. If you are strong in good purpose, firm in resistance of evil, pure in thought and action as you requre her to be, and without which inward purity neither of you are fit to be husband and wife; if you love virtue and abhor vice, if you are gentlemanly, forbearing and kind, and not loud-talking, exacting and brutal—young man that woman wants you—marry when you like, whether rich or poor; we'll trust you both on the above conditions, without any further security.

Miss Emma S. Eastman, of Worcester, a former student of Vassar College, and Miss Sophia B. Fleming, of Ithaca, N. Y., are the first lady Students at Cornell.

Big Brothers and Little Sisters.

There was once a tiny girl toilfully going through her Sunday school lesson, and it was observed that, as she studied, the small face grew more and more clouded, until at last she lifted up her voice and wept loud and long, whereat there was great consternation, until it occurred to somebody to ask what was the matter.

"Because—because," sobbed poor little Polly, "the verse says, 'Add to your godliness *brotherly kindness*,' and if that's kindness like Tom's I don't like it at all!"

What did she mean? Well, I suspect she meant that Tom was just such a brother to her as a great many of you are to your little Pollies at home. I suspect she knew what it was to have her dolls hung up in the apple trees, and her kittens' tails tied together, and to be leaped at from behind doors, and to be growled at in dark corners. I imagine she had been tickled and pinched and locked into the closet; she was used to being called a pickle, and a cry-baby, and a little pug, and to trotting with patient feet up-stairs, and down-stairs, out to the orchard, into the tool-room, hither and yon, on errands, for the doing of which she received only a tweak of the ear, or a careless jest, in place of thanks.

Yet, I also suspect that Tom was a generous lad, who despised a "sneak," and who, if he had seen another boy abuse or torment Polly, would have promptly offered to bestow on that individual a black eye. I have no doubt that in the play-ground or at school he was good-natured and honorable, disdaining a "mean" action and emulous to be manly. He would open wide eyes of astonishment at any suggestion of cruelty in his conduct toward his sister, and reply with honest candor:

"Why, it's only Polly. She don't mind."

Ah, boys! "only Polly" has a tender little heart, and it aches many a time, when you don't know it, with the sting of your careless teasing. The words you utter so lightly, and forget in ten minutes, are arrows to her sensitive little soul, and the tricks which seem to you so trifling are weighty trials to her.

"Well, but," says Tom, "it's so silly of her to mind; because she knows we don't *mean* anything."

That is one view of it. I suppose if she were a boy, or grown up, or wise, she wouldn't mind; but being just Polly, little, weak and silly—if that is what you call it—she can't help it. You know if you squeeze a rubber ball tightly in your hand it will expand into as round a ball as ever, and you cannot even see the place where it was compressed. But if you try the same experiment on a handful of rose-leaves the result will be very different. And rose-leaves are not much more easily crushed flat than Polly's feelings. It seems absurd to Tom; but then it is a fact, and facts, you know, even if they are ever so much in the way, cannot be disregarded. Wouldn't Tom be a truer gentleman if he accepted facts and spared Polly's feelings even at the loss of a little fun? After all, is the fun so amusing it can't be replaced with something better? Then, too, Polly loves Tom so dearly; she is so ready to believe in the extent of his strength and wisdom and ability, if he will but leave her faith undisturbed by teasing pranks. Tom has a warm heart under his jacket, and I think he privately enjoys Polly's love and admiration; but I also think it is a pity he covers up his feelings so carefully, and rather snubs Polly's kisses. For the day will come when the little sister's love will be valued at its worth, and, it may be, wished for in vain.

Once we were going on a grand fishing excursion from Cherrywold, and word was brought that a certain famous traveler would like to join us. He was a man that had ridden elephants in India, and polar bears at the North Pole, for all I know! He had hunted lions and been lost in jungles, and been frizzled in hot countries and stiffened in arctic regions, and had been all over the world; he had been a soldier, too; and everybody who knew him knew what courage and patience and nobility made up the man. You can imagine how the boys shouted at the prospect of having *such* a fishing companion, who could tell stories of everything they wanted to know, and answer all their questions, and who *liked boys*, too!

Well, the reality was just as delightful as we all expected, which is saying a great deal, as every one knows who has ever belonged to a debating club and discussed the question about the pleasures of anticipation. After we came home I said to the famous traveler:

"Which of the boys did you like best?"

And he answered promptly, "Jack."

So I asked why, because I thought he would have said Tom, or Dick, or Harry, and this was what he said:

"Because he went back after we were started to kiss his little sister, and was not ashamed of it, either."

Then this brave, wise man—the bravest man I ever knew—told me a secret. Said he:

"The real promise for a boy's future is shown in the way in which he treats his little sisters."

"Dear me!" thought I, "what a lovely time your little sisters must have had!"

But I didn't say that. I only wondered how many of the Toms I know would be willing to have the hope of their future manliness measured by their treatment of their little Pollies.

But oh, my dear boys, I think my traveler was right; for the most truly brave soul is tender toward the little and weak; the most manly heart is the one that loves most; the greatest are the most patient; and the St. Georges who are sure to conquer the dragons abroad are gentlest with the Pollies at home.—*Christian Union.*

A curious portrait of General Washington, on earthenware, is displayed in a New York jeweler's window. It is stated that soon after Washington's death an American traveling in England discovered some sets of earthenware with these portraits enameled upon them. He purchased the whole lot, had the portraits cut out and framed, and distributed them among his friends.

"Ma, why don't you speak?" asked little Jake. "Why don't you say suthin' funny?"

"What can I say? Don't you see I'm busy frying doughnuts? Say suthin' funny, indeed!"

"Wal, yer might say 'Jake, won't yer hev a cake?' That 'ud be funny for me."

Mrs. Greeley.

[Correspondence of the Chicago Post.]

Yesterday I met a lady friend who is intimately acquainted with Mrs. Greeley. The wife of the *perhaps* next President is now in Europe with her two daughters, most kind and amiable young ladies. As Mrs. Greeley may yet be our next Republican Queen, incidents which would otherwise be sacred from the journalistic pen, now become the inheritance of the people, whose servants we journalists are.

The wife of the future President who is to receive the nation's guests in the White House is a legitimate subject of discussion, and Mrs. Greeley now stands before the public no more sacred than Mrs. Grant, or no more sacred than were Harriet Lane or Mrs. Lincoln. The Queen and her household are legitimate themes for the *Court Journal*.

Mrs. Greeley is older than her husband, who was sixty-one on the 3d of last February. She is described as once having been beautiful. For years she has been an invalid, with intermittent spells of love and kindness toward her husband, and then showing long seasons of eccentric stoicism, ingratitude, and even tyranny.

"What has caused this unevenness in her temper?" I asked my lady friend, who knew Mrs. Greeley intimately.

"Well, she was born in the ordinary walks of life. Her mind is strong and without culture. We all consider her a little insane. She was formerly accustomed to occupation, and even to hard work, as a mother and head of a family, but of late years Mr. Greeley's financial position prevents the necessity of labor on her part, and her mind has become uneven and her temperament spasmodic.

"How did she use to be?"

"She was much better suited to Mr. Greeley years ago than now. Then she entered into all of his cold water and vegetarian ideas with a zest worthy of a Roman mother. Mr. Greeley tells even now with great pride with what Spartan stoicism Mrs. Greeley used to preside before company at their Grahamite meals when he was running the *Morning Post*, in 1836."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, Mr. Greeley lived then in a cheap way. Neither he nor Mrs. Greeley ate meat, or drank tea or coffee. Their diet, Graham bread, boiled beans and salt, and cold water, Mr. Greeley has told me about it a dozen times," continued my lady friend; "and he has told me how Mrs. Greeley acted when she had friends to visit her from the country."

"How was that?"

"Well, she would set her little table with Graham bread, milk, beans, salt and water; and when they all sat down she would never apologize, or even explain anything, but leave her company to do the best they could."

"Sometimes," said Mr. Greeley, "I used to suggest to my wife that we ought to explain matters to our visitors, but she said, 'No, no, Horace! What is good enough for us is good enough for them!' The result was," said Mr. Greeley, laughing, "that people who came to stay a week generally stood Mrs. Greeley's cooking about two days, and never repeated the visit till compelled to. They never came back for pleasure."

"How are their relations nowadays?" I asked.

"Well, Horace lets her alone. He never frets, and never chides her, even though in some of her tantrums she acts badly enough to drive him crazy."

"Once," continued my friend, "I was invited to spend Sunday at Chappaqua. Mrs. Greeley was in one of her disagreeable moods. She made Mr. Greeley walk into the farm on foot from the depot to drive two goats; then when we got half-way there, she inquired of the driver his price. This she refused to pay, and we all got out and walked the rest of the distance. When she got to the house, she declared she had lost the key, and when Mr. Greeley came up, she made the poor man crawl through a side window and unbolt the door on the inside, when to the astonishment of us all, she quietly showed us the key, which she had kept in her pocket all the time."

"Was not this done as a joke?"

"No, not at all. It was done out of pure devilry, just to bother Mr. Greeley."

"And Mr. Greeley?"

"Why he neither smiled nor complained. In fact, in his treatment of Mrs. Greeley and her whims, he is the best man I ever knew. He never forgets her, but waits on her and takes her scoldings like a young lover. Indeed, I do believe that Mr. Greeley loves his wife with all her faults. He says he had hard work to get her, that he married her for love, and that he always shall love her—no matter what she does."

"Don't she ever try to please him?"

"No, she tries hard to perplex him. She used to believe that children ought to be brought up in a state of nature, untrammelled by clothing. To carry out this idea, she used to have straw placed on the parlor floor, have the children undressed, and make them run up and down like Raphael's cherubs, and then laugh with the children at their harmless but queer frolics.

"Once I called and found Mrs. Greeley thus exercising the children. I suggested that it was about time for Mr. Greeley to come home, and asked her if I shouldn't help her dress the children.

"'No, no!' exclaimed Mrs. Greeley, 'if Horace don't like my theories he can stay away. I don't do anything to please any fool of a man.'"

"How long will Mrs. Greeley remain in Europe?" I asked.

"She will probably remain in Europe with her two daughters until after the election, unless she takes it into her head to come home. If she does take a freak to come back neither Horace nor ten men can stop her. If she should return she would certainly do something to jeopardize his election. She don't know what the word policy means. She would as like as not do and say ridiculous things, just to bother her husband."

"Would she go to the White House?"

"She most certainly would if she took a notion. No one has any control over her but her devoted daughters. They have really shown something of the angelic in their care for their mother. They have worn themselves out waiting on her."

A negro maid servant, lately from Virginia, recently came down to her mistress, complaining bitterly of a headache. Said she: "I dunno what makes it ache so. Spees 'twas cos I soaked it in kerosene to kill de bugs dar."

What Determination Will Do.

"Arrived, June 27th, nondescript Carrie, Captain Goodenough, twenty-one days from Seattle, W. T., passenger and merchandise to Woodward's Gardens, or the Lunatic Asylum."

The above is the entry that might have been made yesterday at the Merchants' Exchange. The announcement, made a few days ago, that Alexander Goodenough, a practical mechanic, but a "landsman" too, had started from Rogue River in a nondescript craft for San Francisco, created considerable merriment, even at the expense of a man who was thought to be a doomed adventurer. Yesterday afternoon, however, he sailed into port, passed along the water front, and moored his naval curiosity at Long Bridge. The report of his arrival was not at first credited. It was considered a sell until late in the day, when parties came in with corroborative testimony.

On the authority of C. H. A. Brickwedel, corner of First and Brannan streets, we have to base our account of his adventures. Mr. Goodenough is a practical machinist, who has on some occasions exhibited inventive genius. He was engaged to serve as engineer in a saw-mill on Puget Sound sometime ago. Subsequently he was out of employment and desirous of coming to San Francisco. His friends, however, were insufficient to furnish him with the necessary means, so he looked about for some means whereby he might economize and still accomplish his purpose.

While cogitating on the subject, he discovered a useless hull of a cigar-shaped boat, which was given to him by the owner. This hull is twenty feet long by three and one-half feet wide in the center. In lateral form it is round, tapering to points at either end. It is so ballasted that it retains a certain position in the water, and keeps up the open hatchway in the center, which is arranged with a sliding cover. A mast was rigged in this peculiar craft, and bed ticking was made use of for sails. A mainsail, topsail and jib were provided, the gear all being so arranged that it could be worked by a person in the hatchway. Thus equipped, with twenty-one gallons of water, ship bread, canned fruit and blankets, the intrepid landsman embarked on his voyage twenty-two days ago. He was considered insane by many. He had no knowledge whatever of navigation, and was wholly dependent on his inventive mind, assisted only by a small compass.

When out upon the ocean he sat erect in the hatchway, with the sliding hatch drawn close to his body. In this way he prevented water from being shipped. When the sea was smooth and the wind light, he would crawl into his shell like a floating snail and take a nap with perfect composure and comfort.

His shell was called Carrie, and she was well named. On the 20th inst., he left Rogue River, having put in there for a short time for rest and provisions. Sometimes he experienced rough weather, but never shipped a sea. He was only frightened once, and that was when he saw himself, a pigmy in the deep, surrounded by a school of whales. He passed several ships and created no little wonderment at his singular appearance. Once he was hailed as a strayed fisherman, but he only made the wonder greater when he explained his crack-brained purpose. It was a dare-devil adventure, to say the very least, and success adds only interest to crown curiosity.

Having arrived here, during the evening after the story of his successful voyage had been well circulated and believed, there was a general demand that the craft that had made 800 miles at sea should be placed on exhibition. The daring navigator is staying at the Constitution House, corner of First and Brannan streets, where, no doubt, he will be extensively interviewed.—*N. F. Alta.*

OUR MARTHA.—A kind of second mother is our Martha; she not only enters into motherly counsels as to the best way of turning the keeping-room carpet and Bob's worn-out pants—of making Kitty's new frock and Tommy's pinafore, but needles and thread and scissors are implements in her hands by which a share of the work is accomplished. We talk of an associate editor; Martha is an associate mother, and she is also a mediator between parental authority and juvenile trangressors. Her ear is always open to the unheard-of pranks and sly capers of Bob and Ned; and Martha "never tells," but somehow the penalty is made easy after the secret is committed to her keeping.

How often it happens that a couple begins life in a small way, at the very bottom of the ladder, and the oldest daughter must help bear the burdens which grow lighter as they mount upward toward independence, burdens that the younger children never know anything about. As that ancient Martha, acting the part of older sister and mother combined, in her village home near the Mount of Olives, was encumbered with many cares and much serving, so are our modern Marthas—our oldest daughters of the household. We say, God bless them, wherever they are. We pity the home that has no Martha in it, the mother who has no oldest daughter to lift her burdens and enter into her counsels. We pity the little Tommy who has no big sister to build cob houses for him when he is tired and fretty and don't want to go to bed; the mischievous Bob who has no "go-between," when he expects a sharp rebuke; even Tabby, the house cat, feels her cheery presence as she purs contentedly by her side while Martha busily stitches away on Ned's new handkerchief, or mends his torn kite.

SPEAKING HER MIND.—A friend of mine who has a little girl that speaks her mind freely on all occasions, took her along one day on a shopping excursion. After looking at some articles and finally purchasing one, the shopman, who was a bland, grey-haired gentleman, was attracted to our little Minnie.

"Why, how do you do, my little girl?" he asked, with an engaging smile.

"I'm pretty well," said the little one with a pout, "but I've been here all the time!"

"How old is your mamma?" asked a love-smitten old bachelor of the daughter of the widow who had enchanted him. "I don't know, sir; her age varies from about forty-three to forty-five," was the artless reply. The bachelor was disenchanted.

Schumann's "Mondnacht."

Sing me the song again!
The wild sad notes that breathe of haunting pain,
The wild sweet notes that thrill my heart with bliss;
Quick throbbing now with passionate disdain,
Now falling soft as evening breeze's kiss?
Sing me the song again.

Repeat the wondrous tune!
The full broad glory of the perfect moon,
The pearly glimmer of the quivering leaves,
The ghostly shadows of the night's high noon,
My listening soul perceives;
Repeat the wondrous tune!

Sing me the song again!
For through the sudden changes of the strain—
Falling like dewdrops from the flashing keys—
Pierces the anguish of a soul in pain,
That knows not where is peace;
Sing me the song again!

Sing me the song forever!
So shall its passion and its pathos never
Leave the rapt ear, but all the live-long night,
Through the low melody come signing ever
Infinite longing, infinite delight;
Sing me the song forever!

KATE HILLARD.
—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Stamp Duties Abolished.

At the close of the last Congress, an act passed amending the Internal Revenue Act by abolishing, after the first of October next, nearly all the stamp duties. This being a matter of interest to our readers, we give the following list of instruments on which stamps are to be abolished, according to the Internal Revenue circular soon to be issued, which the *Alta* vouches for as being correct:

Contract, for insurance against accidental injuries.
Affidavits.
All agreements or contracts or renewals of the same.
Appraisements, of value or damage or for any other purpose.
Assignments, of a lease, mortgage, policy of insurance, or anything else.
Bill of exchange, foreign inland, letters of credit, or anything of that kind now taxed by stamps.
Bills of lading and receipts, in the United States or for anywhere else.
Bills of sale, of any kind.
Bonds of indemnification, of any kind.
Bond of administrator of guardian, or anything that has the name of bond on it and now taxed by stamps.
Brokers, notes.
Certificates of measurement of anything.
Certificates, of stock, profits, damage, deposit, or any kind of certificate now taxed by stamps.
Charter or its renewal or a charter part of any kind.
All contracts of agreements.
Conveyances and any part of the work of conveying deeds.
Endorsement of any negotiable or not negotiable instrument.
Entry, for consumption, warehousing or withdrawal.
Guagers, returns.
Insurance policies, contracts ticket, renewals, etc., (life, marine, inland and fire.)
Lease. All through the lease list is abolished.
Legal documents. Writ or other process, confession of judgment, cognovit, appeals, warrants., etc., letters of administration, testamentary, etc.
Manifests at Custom House, or anywhere else, or for any purpose.
Mortgage, of any kind.
Passage tickets, to any place in the world.
Pawners, checks.
Powers of attorney for any purpose.
Probate of will of any kind.
Promissory note for anything.
Protest of any kind.
Quit claim deed.
Receipt. Now generally exempt, and if included in present law in any case, will be hereafter exempt.
Sheriff's return.
Trust deed.
Warehouse receipt.
Warrant of attorney.
Weigher's return, of any character.
Stamps retained.—The tax of 2 cents on checks, drafts and orders is all of schedule B that is retained.

And this is the detail of the stamp abolitions in the law of June 6th, 1872.

THE SENTIMENTALIST IN COURT.—"What is your name?"

"My name is Norval on the Grampian Hills."

"Where did you come from?"

"I came from the happy land where care is unknown."

"Where are you lodging now?"

"I dreampt I dwelt in marble halls."

"Where are you going to?"

"Far over hill and dale."

"What is your occupation?"

"I played on a harp of a thousand strings."

"Are you married?"

"Long time ago. Polly, put the kettle on."

"When were you married?"

"'Twas ten o'clock one starlight night. I ever shall remember."

"How many children have you?"

"There's Doll and Bet, and Moll and Kate, and—"

"Was your wife good looking?"

"She was all my fancy painted her."

"Did your wife treat you badly."

"Off in the stilly night."

"What possessions have you?"

"Old Dog Tray."

"What do you propose to do with him?"

"Send him to the other side of Jordan."

"How do you propose to make a living?"

"Pull off my coat and roll up my sleeves."

The judge could not stand anymore, and accordingly shut him up for three months.

That's a sensible lover out in Montana. He found that his dearest and best friend cast her eyes on another fellow, and that other fellow wasn't averse. He didn't get mad and pitch into the girl, nor swear revenge—scratching, terrible, annihilating revenge—not much; but he got his rival in a quiet corner and gave him $50 to withhold his attentions. And the rival consented. Now the girl wonders why it is that he don't drop in once in a while and talk to her as in the days of yore.

Josh Billings never said a better thing than this: "I hev allurs observed that a whining dog is sure to get lickt in a fight. No cur of well reggerlated morals kan resist the temptation to bite a cowardly purp that tries to sneak off with his tale between his legs. The with his tale between his legs. The whinin' business man is just so. A whinin' bark is with more to put greenbax in a man's pocket than forty-two years of whinin'."