The New Northwest.

FRIDAY.....DECEMBER 6, 1872.

## DEATH OF HORACE GREELEY.

Since the departure of the lamented Douglass, no man of this Nation has died peaceably in his bed whose services the country could so illy afford to spare as Horace Greeley. Like Douglass, he had become a power of reform among the Democrats, and his place cannot be filled in another decade. For more than thirty years Mr. Greeley has been one of our most prominent public men. As a journalist he has had no superiors and but few equals. His ready pen, vigorous mind and vivid imagination have left their impress upon our Nation's history in deeds of ineffacable good. That he has many times been erratic, making mistakes which have for a time dimmed the glory of his fame, but proves that he was mortal. But above all the blunders of his life-time arises the grand and glorious and abiding truth that he lived to become indorsed by his bitterest enemies, the so-called Democracy of America. What other man has in his natural life-time made up such a record? But his work upon earth is not yet done. Who shall fill his place? Who but Greeley shall be able to hold together the discordant Democratic elements, which he alone could cause to coalesce upon the plane of progression? True, Mr. Greeley's idea of political progress was dimmed at the last by his unreasonable prejudices against Human Rights, as implied in the very foundation of our National superstructure, but the record he has left us also proves that this prejudice was but a blindness of his dotage, and harmed no one except himself. His more vigorous early manhood was opposed to the theory of sexual suffrage, and if in his declining years he yielded to the counsels of bad advisers, who led him astray in this one particular for their own aggrandizement, the satisfaction that their success in winning him to their false theories brought no harm to the unrepresented half of our Republic's humanity should cause us to forgive the error and forget the attempted oppression. But to whom will the routed cohorts of Democracy look for a leader? What progressionist, save Mr. Greeley, will their masses indorse? And who is now to be the Napoleon who shall rally them from their Moscous-like defeat?

## WOMAN'S TEA COMPANY.

This firm, which was organized in the city of New York some two years since, under the financial control of Miss King, a wealthy real estate dealer of that city, has proved a complete success. A first class ship, the Madam Demorest, has been fitted up and paid for, for the exclusive use of thes company, and is the first ship ever owned and employed by women in their commercial enterprises.

It will be remembered that Miss King visited the tea-growing countries of China and Japan, spending nearly two years in the interior, often penetrating where no other American woman had ever been, and collecting the purest tea used by the natives. During our recent visit to New York we enjoyed several delightful drinks of this beverage at the headquarters of the company in the basement of Madam Demorest's Emporium on Broadway, and can say truly that this tea far surpasses the common imported brands. The fine quality of this tea commends it to practical users, and it is rapidly being introduced into every town and village in the Union. Madam Domorest, as President of the company, evinces an executive ability of no common order, and her financial intelligence is only equalled by her ingenuity of taste as queen of fashion and design.

## AN APPEAL FOR AID.

We have received a circular from the proprietors of the well known *Banner of Light* which states that that office and everything connected therewith became a prey to the flames in the late disastrous fire at Boston. This circular is a stirring appeal to Liberals and Spiritualists throughout the world for aid to enable them to re-issue the *Banner*. We think our brethren made a mistake that they did not appeal to Christians also. Certainly no Christian who is not altogether a bigot (in which case he could not be a Christian at all) who has been acquainted with the *Banner* for the last year can fail to acknowledge the good it is doing in reclaiming skeptics from the error of their thought to a knowledge of everlasting life. We know of no journal that can take its place in the unfolding of former day mystery and latter day science, and we heartily say "amen" to the prayer of the publishers that "by the blessing of the Great Father of us all, they may soon be enabled to republish their beloved *Banner of Light*." Address Wm. White & Co., No. 14 Hanover street, Boston, Mass.

## CHANCES FOR SOMEBODY.

One day recently a cheerful-visaged young gentleman introduced himself in our sanctum and subscribed for the NEW NORTHWEST for a family of *seven bachelors*, of which he is an exemplary member. As we jingled the coin in our pocket and placed his name on the mailing list, we breathed an involuntary wish that our journal's weekly visits may open up the channel of communication between each of these deserving disconsolates and some bright-eyed help-meet who will take compassion upon their loneliness and prove to their practical satisfaction that men without wives are only half men, and that it is not good for man to be alone.

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H. W. Scott is soon to take editorial control of the *Bulletin*. We look for great improvement in that journal under the new dispensation.

## "ALL THE RIGHTS THEY WANT."

Women who have never been accustomed to providing wholly for themselves, and consequently know nothing of the hard battle of life as it is often too sadly realized by their less fortunate sisters, very naturally feel that they do not care to possess the ballot; and such women, accustomed to lead off in whatever they consider really commendable, imagine that because *they* have not demanded equal rights no woman should desire to possess them. But let misfortune suddenly overtake these women who have always had "all the rights they want," and let them, with all the disadvantages of woman's disenfranchised position, undertake to find employment to keep the wolf from the door, and the inequality of their position soon brings them to their senses.

An estimable and accomplished young lady of this city, who had been for some time employed as teacher in one of our public schools, suddenly lost her voice. The affliction came upon her in consequence of over exertion in the discharge of her duties. Of course there were gentlemen teachers in the same school, but, though they commanded twice her pay, because of their sex, they failed to do their half of the work, hence the protected(?) woman became a victim of overwork on half pay. The loss of her voice was of course followed by the loss of her situation. Being wholly dependent upon her own exertions for her livelihood, she sought the office of one of our city lawyers, who had told her in the days of her prosperity to come to him if she should ever need a friend. Made brave by the remembrance of this assurance, she applied to him for copying, but her petition for work was evasively answered, and the interview ended by an indifferent invitation to "call again." After a few days the lady again called, and her application for copying being again evaded, assured the lawyer that she knew he had been giving such work to men whose needs were nothing like so great as her own. "True," said the honest lawyer, "but we can't afford to help a woman, for if we do she becomes a dead weight upon our hands at once. It is different with men. If we assist them we have assurance that they can some time return our favors with their votes; but a woman's a dead weight upon our hands, madam—a dead weight." This assurance was conclusive to the mind of our disenfranchised but protected(?) friend, and she emerged from that office a sadder but wiser woman. But how could she help herself?

Often as we hurry past the residences of our wealthy neighbors, whose carriages are waiting for them at their gates, or note their transparent look of "I am better than you," as they bowl along the pavement past our plebian self, we think half audibly, "No wonder you don't want your rights. You have more than equal rights now. *Our* sympathies are with your husbands, whose brains are over-taxed that you may live in splendor. When the great leveling comes, as come it must, here or hereafter, you'll learn how little is the share of life's burdens that you have borne, and this knowledge will enlarge your understanding. But you ought even now, to know that if you do have all the rights you want, the right to censure those who have them not is not one of them."

## EGOTISM.

So many good things are written for our encouragement by friends whose we faces we have never seen, as well as by those who know us intimately, that we are sometimes tempted to give samples of them to the public for the benefit of our few but virulent detractors.

Mrs. E. A. Corwin, of Nehalem, whose husband introduced our Woman Suffrage Bill at the last session of the Legislature, writes as follows: "O, if I could only hear you lecture, I feel that my soul would be satisfied! My husband has told me of you until I feel acquainted, but I have a great desire to meet the woman 'after my own heart.' Go on, good sister, in your noblest of all good works. Pull up by the roots, and scatter to the four winds of the earth, the false ideas of the people. Scatter the seed broadcast whose name is Truth and Justice, and it shall spring up and bear thee fruit a thousand fold. * * * My efforts for the NEW NORTHWEST shall never cease till I or it shall cease to exist. I send you a new subscriber and the cash. I wish I could send a hundred."

C. H. Bean, of Leland, writes: "Please find inclosed a new year's subscription to your valuable paper. I have read it for one year and am highly pleased with it. I wish you success in your noble work."

We might print scores of such letters had we space, but these are sufficient for the time being. To all our noble friends who are using their influence in accelerating our work by remittances and kindly words we return thanks, and we earnestly assure you that your aid is timely.

Now, we ask every reader to see if he or she cannot send us one new subscriber for the coming year. The paper is so popular that you have but to make the effort and you will succeed.

## WE DODGED IT.

Bud Thompson says we've '*bused* him! The child opened his columns recently to a scurrilious scandal—monger calling himself "a woman," whose obscene slang had been refused admittance in the journals of more experienced editors, because unfit for publication, and in our unselfish desire to benefit the *Mercury* boy, we asked the public to "deal gently with the child," and for this reason only, the fellow says that "Mother D. turns upon us and berates us severely."

With regard to the slop-bucket which his chambermaid attempted to empty upon our head last week, we have only to say that we *dodged it*, and it harmed nobody but himself.

## THE "ADVOCATE" SCARED.

We elsewhere print some correspondence to the *Christian Advocate* signed "Credo;" and we now notice the *Advocate's* course towards us in order to please our friends, although we frankly confess that it is not worth the trouble. Mr. Dillon is a genial and honorable Christian gentleman, but he is only a figure-head in the *Advocate* office, and lacks the moral stamina necessary for a man in his position. Hence, while we have every assurance privately of his good will—and we *know* that he respects us and our work—he lacks the back bone to say so openly; and for this he is to be pitied and not censured.

When we first decided to begin our course of Sunday evening lectures upon religious and social topics, Mr. Dillon assured Mr. Duniway that he was pleased to hear it, but was sorry that Sunday evening was chosen, as many church members would be glad to attend who were otherwise engaged on that evening.

Mr. Duniway replied that the hall could not be had on week-day evenings, besides many persons were in the city who could not attend church anywhere, and it was hoped to reach them with these lectures. To which Mr. Dillon gladly agreed, promising to insert a good notice of the forthcoming lecture in the *Advocate*. Mr. Duniway accordingly carried him the proof of our lecture announcement as prepared for the NEW NORTHWEST, and Mr. Roberts, being present at the time, *would not permit Mr. Dillon to do as he had agreed* about its publication, giving as a reason that "they must be very careful and not publish appointments that would interfere with their own church."

Mr. Duniway said: "All right, Mr. Dillon; say just what you think you can afford to say. We don't wish to interfere in any way with your labors." So, instead of the brotherly editorial recognition which Mr. Dillon had promised unasked, there appeared in the *Advocate* the simple announcement that "Mrs. Duniway would begin a course of lectures at once," not stating the time or subject. We find no fault with Mr. Dillon for his course. His bread and butter depend upon his position. He is not an able-bodied man, and we should be sorry to see him lose his situation, the more especially as we know of no other minister who is at all worthy to supplant him; neither do we see how he could subsist without it. But we say to him in all kindness and candor that such un-Christian-like fault-finding as "Credo's" will do more to prejudice the leading minds of this city against the Methodist church than we could do with our religious lectures in a lifetime, even if we desired to injure the church, which our public and private life bears ample testimony that we would not do if we could.

We are sorry Brother Dillon hasn't moral stamina equal to his goodness of heart; or, rather, we are sorry that he is not in a financial position where he can afford to let his light shine in the fullness of its own effulgence; yet we shall not quarrel with him, no matter what his worldly masters compel him to do, but shall hereafter content ourself with publishing such of the *Advocate's* attacks upon us as we deem fit to appear in our columns, claiming the right to make our own comments.

## BORROWERS.

To every borrowing reader of the NEW NORTHWEST whose eyes rest upon these lines we say emphatically, *they are for you*. There is not another newspaper in the State that is as eagerly sought after as is this one. Postmasters have frequently assured us that it is difficult to prevent the papers from being stolen from regular subscribers before they leave the office. And we often receive solicitations for back numbers to complete somebody's files, because the owner "loaned the paper and failed to get it back." Now, we like to have the paper read, but we cannot afford to feed an army of spongers with intellectual food for which they yield us no equivalent. It is no uncommon thing for men and women of wealth to borrow the paper regularly from some subscriber who is herself in arrears, but who begs "for a little indulgence about her subscription because times are hard." We beg each and all our subscribers to send us the names of their borrowers, and if among them are any who plead poverty to such an extent that they cannot pay for the paper, as well as such mental necessity that they cannot live without it, we will send it gratis; but we do want this borrowing business stopped.

## A SPLENDID OFFER.

It is well known that the regular subscription price to *Demorest's Magazine* is $3 00. That our friends may reap the the full benefit of such opportunities as we can command to secure themselves an extra supply of good reading, we have made arrangements by which we are enabled to send the NEW NORTHWEST and *Demorest's Monthly Magazine* for one year for $4 50; or for $5 50 you can have the NEW NORTHWEST, *Demorest's Monthly* and a splendid pair of chromos (Falls of Niagara, and Yosemite Falls), which could not be purchased at the book store for less than $10. Orders of this kind must be invariably accompanied by the cash for both publications at once.

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We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend a wedding that is soon to transpire upon the classic shores of Puget Sound. Particulars after a while.

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The editor of this paper is at present at Forest Grove, where she is spending a few days.

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Bud Thompson calls us his "venerable paternal ancester." Oh!

## PORTLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

PORTLAND, Dec. 4, 1872.

EDITOR NEW NORTHWEST:

Yours Truly is indignant. Where *was* your proof-reader last week, and what have I been and gone and done that he or she should injure me? When *you* undertake to say "divers and sundry" in the paper, making sense, your printers never make you say "*diverse* and sundry," making *nonsense*, and why should they thus abuse Yours Truly, who never injured them? Again, the Methodist preachers are not *hens!* And yet the printers made me say *they set!* I'm disgusted, and I look for nothing else but some one of those ministers will sue me for libel because I intimated that they were *geese*. Don't, brethren, I beseech you, for I never meant it. Again, I didn't promise to be a "chronicle," but a "chronicler." But enough upon that topic.

Did you see the last week's *Advocate?* And did you read what one "Credo" said about you? Are you *going for him?* Oh, what a wicked sinner you are, to "preach in a theater!" And what "a bad record" you are "making up" when you believe in reforms in temperance, politics and religion, and advocate your principles in temperance conventions, on political rostrums, and in theaters!

But I *must* close, and don't, let me beg of you, dear Duniway, let anybody know my name, for if you do the Portland Academy and Female Seminary will call its heads together, sit in judgment on my case and ignominiously expel

YOURS TRULY.

## Easy Chair on Woman Suffrage.

If the principle that there shall be no taxation without representation be correct, there is not, and there never has been, a sound argument for the disfranchisement of women since they have been property holders. A woman might own all the real estate upon the chief street of the village, yet she cannot vote for road overseer. Plainly, if her sex incapacitates her, being mature and intelligent, for controlling her property, it should certainly incapacitate her from owning it. The law that authorized her to earn, hold, and devise property lifted the lid from the ballot-box. And all that the Massachusetts Convention has done is to say, "Certainly it did."

The Convention said that it was the opinion of the party; but that, as we said, we shall now see. We have nothing to do with the party, but this is a question of all parties, especially if, as the scoffers say, every wife will vote with her husband. Of course they always agree in religious matters, so it may be supposed that they will in political. Indeed, there are never any differences between wives and husbands. The husband has only to take snuff, and the wife sneezes. The Spratt legend is a foul libel upon matrimonial tastes. But if every wife is sure to vote with her husband, shall she therefore not have the right to vote? Most youths of twenty-one vote with their fathers—shall they also be excluded from the polls? Shall the rule be extended, and anybody who votes as anybody else votes be disfranchised for that reason? Or shall only those be permitted to vote who can give a sound and satisfactory reason for their ballot? If a wife may not vote because love for her husband would lead her to duplicate his vote, then, of course, all men whose votes are influenced by personal regard and respect for some one else must be set aside. Indeed, it is chiefly when men begin to argue the question of suffrage for women that a grave doubt of their own competency to vote arises.

But if wives are to be excluded because they will vote with their husbands, upon what ground shall we disfranchise those who have no husbands to vote with? Shall we deprive them of the ballot as a punishment for not having husbands to deprive them of it? The same excellent argument would apply to their property; and we ought to confiscate the earnings of spinsters because they have no husbands to manage their money for them. Indeed, the arguments all tend to prove that women should be in a perpetual prostration of gratitude that men suffer them to exist upon any terms whatever.

Certainly no really great movement ever proceeded so steadily and swiftly in the face of curious difficulties as that of woman suffrage in this country. It has had the most whimsical and often absurd and repulsive advocacy. It has often seemed to be the very politics of the moon. Extravagance and folly have beed so hopelessly combined in its behalf that many of its truest friends have wondered that it was not pushed from decent and candid consideration. But such friends cannot too constantly remember that it is the history of every movement which is an appeal to pure reason.

There are no guns or clubs behind the demand for this extension of the suffrage. It is conducted wholly within the domain of intelligence. And if riddled with ridicule, let any sceptic recall the biginnings of Methodism. Read Sydney Smith, and wonder how an intelligent and liberal man could deride some of the noblest and best men that ever lived. The history of the movement for the extension of suffrage to women, like all the other great movements in this country, shows to every youth that he who is hospitable to a liberty which is ridiculed entertains angels unawares. It is safe to heed the counsel of Condorcet, "Do not choose a man who has ever taken side against the liberty of any portion of mankind."—*Editor's Easy Chair, in Harper's Magazine for November.*

## Golden Silence.

*Editor Advocate:*—So it seems at last, that our friend of the NEW NORTHWEST has turned preacher, and discoursed on Sabbath evening on the Christ of Nazareth, from an independent and progressive stand point. This reminds us of a lady cousin we once had, who was a source of no small anxiety in the family. Anna Maria, was an old maid, a very good woman indeed—a woman of exemplary character, of some talent and undoubted piety. She was perfectly unexceptionable at all points except one, and as that could not be helped, it had to be endured. *Anna Maria would preach*, but as she never lectured on politics, and for the best of reasons, gave no curtain lectures at all, we became somewhat reconciled, although the "progression of the primaries" was not sufficiently advanced at that time to enable her friends to feel perfectly easy.

To be plain about the matter, it is our opinion, that after occurrences of the Temperance Convention at Salem, for a lady to drive like a Jehu through a political campaign, and then to lecture on Sunday evenings in a theater on the Christ of Nazareth and the Christ of Christendom is making up a bad record. And withal, very much like what a French writer said of the Pope once, "he has omitted to improve an opportunity of being silent he may never have again."

CREDO.

## TERRITORIAL NEWS.

The Washington Territory papers still continue to publish election returns.

Walla Walla is finishing its new church, and will soon have a brick hotel.

A Washington Territory jury argued half a day over twenty-five cents in their verdict.

Ninety-five thousand seals were taken on the Alaska seal islands during the months of June and July.

Olympia has a club called the "Merry Bachelors." A man is expelled for no offence except getting married.

The Utah wheat this year, it is said, is in quality equal to the best on the coast, and the Mormons have 1,000,000 bushels surplus.

A Vancouver firm has a contract for furnishing parties in San Francisco with one million five hundred thousand hoop poles during the winter.

At the late election in Klikitat county, W. T., Rockland and Goldendale were voted for as the county seat, the former receiving 78 and the latter 77 votes.

Whitman county, W. T., lying between the Snake and Columbia rivers, is being rapidly settled. It already contains between 2,000 and 3,000 inhabitants.

The people of Montana are circulating petitions remonstrating against calling an extra session of the Legislature, which seems to be contemplated by Governor Potts. The object is to loan the credit of the Territory to build or extend the Northern Utah Railroad to Helena.

The Puget Sound *Express* says: There are in Pierce county, Washington Territory, thousands of acres of fertile lands lying in nature's wilderness ready to pour their rich produce into the lap of industry; and hundreds of young men wasting their health in idleness and dissipation.

An Olympia editor has received a specimen from the cinnabar lode lately discovered in Washington Territory. The mine is situated in the Cascade range about a hundred miles in a northeasterly direction from Olympia. The parties who made the discovery do not wish to make it public as yet.

The island of San Juan just awarded to the United States by the decision of the German Emperor, is fifteen miles in extreme width. It has an area of above 40,000 acres, and a population of above 400, of whom one-half are soldiers. The northern port of the island is well wooded. The southern part has a number of open prairies. The soil is rich and the climate not cold. It is an excellent farming country, and the best of all the islands between Vancouver and the mainland. There is an excellent codfishery on the San Juan shore, from which the Hudson Bay Company in past years used to take thousands of fish.

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A STATE RULED BY WOMEN.—Among the Holland possessions there is a remarkable little State which in its constitution and the original customs of its inhabitants, surpass the boldest dreams of American emancipation ladies. Upon the island of Java, between the cities of Batavia and Samarang, lies the little kingdom of Bantam. Although tributary to Holland, it is an independent State, politically without importance, yet happy, rich and since time immemorial governed and defended by women. The sovereign is indeed a man, but all the rest of the government belongs to the fair sex. The King is entirely dependent upon his State council, composed of three women. The highest authorities, all State officers, court functionaries, military commanders and soldiers are, without exception, of the female sex. The men are agriculturists and merchants. The body guard of the King is formed of the female elite. These amazons ride in the masculine style, wearing sharp steel points instead of spurs. They carry a pointed lance, which they swing very gracefully, and also a musket, which is discharged at full gallop. The throne is inherited by the eldest son, and in case the King dies without issue, a hundred elected amazons assemble, in order to choose a successor from among their own sons. The chosen one is then proclaimed lawful King. The capital city of this little State lies in one of the most picturesque parts of the island, in a fruitful plain, and is defended by two well kept fortresses.—*From the November Galaxy.*

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A WIFE'S POWER.—The power of a wife, for good or for evil, is irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness or it must be forever unknown. A good wife is to a man wisdom, courage and strength; a bad one is confusion, weakness and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man where the wife possesses firmness, decision and economy. There is no outward propriety which can counteract indolence, extravagance and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad influence. Man is strong but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action, but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind; and especially if he is an intellectual man, with a whole head, he needs his moral forces in the conflicts of life. To recover his composure, home must be a place of peace, of cheerfulness and comfort. There his soul renews its strength and goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labor and troubles of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, sullenness, jealousy and gloom, or is assailed by complaint sand censure, hope vanishes and he sinks into despair. Such is the case with too many who, might seem, have no conflicts or trials of life; for such is the wife's power.

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A LITTLE HEROINE.—A Brussels correspondent says that recently a poor crippled girl, to save her sister from a week's imprisonment, to which she had been condemned for some slight offence, herself confessed the crime, and went there instead of the offender. The fraud was detected after she had suffered the punishment, and when brought before the judge she was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, which, however, she will now escape. Her answer to the question what induced her to substitute herself for her sister was, that being a cripple, she could not maintain her aged mother, which her sister had done for a long, long time, "and, therefore," she added, "it was better for me to go to prison and let her be free." A subscription has been started for the girl, and much has been subscribed to aid her and the family of so devoted a heroine.

## The Public Lands and the Republican Party.

The measures and policy of the Republican party with reference to securing the public domain for actual settlement has formed one of the first subjects the people have taken into consideration in the campaign. They have asked themselves how far the party has been faithful to labor interests in the disposition of the public lands, and have studied the indications of the future in regard to them. The subject is one of great importance, of course, irrespective of any more party triumphs, for it is intimately connected with national development, with finance, with labor, and with trade.

Now if the Republican record be such that the party can claim to have acted in the interest of the laboring man, it certainly has a right to the consideration which such a fact demands. One of the first measures of the Republican Congress, after some necessary steps had been taken to resist a rebellion, for which the Democratic party was largely responsible, was the passage of the Homestead law. Under that act the public domain was offered to the laboring man as a practically free gift—the payment of some $10 or $12 and actual settlement being the only conditions to secure the possession of 160 acres of land.

At the same time the only policy by which this great opportunity for labor could be realized was not left neglected. Land grants have been conceded to aid in the construction of lines of communication, by which vast territories, little else than an untraveled wilderness, were opened up for the advance of civilization and the creation of wealth. Thousands of new homes have been erected in localities before practically unknown. The possession of the continent with all its wealth of soil, climate and of mineral production has by means of these assisted lines been given to the people. And when these modes of cheap and easy transit were established, or provision for their establishment made, Republican leaders entered what might be called the second stage of the process by which the enterprise and industry of the laboring class might be secured. When the work of opening the vast interior had been assisted, it was deemed proper that the further development of railroad and canal enterprises should be left to the individual States and Territories.

A resolution was consequently introduced and passed in the Congress of 1870, to the effect that public lands of the United States should be held for the exclusive purpose of securing homesteads to actual settlers under the homestead and pre-emption laws, subject to reasonable appropriations for educational purposes.

Here then is one of the things which the Republican party has done and proposes to do for the laboring man of this country. It enactad laws by which the public domain was declared the property of the citizens who were desirous of securing homes for themselves, and imposed conditions for the requisition of such that were merely nominal in character. It encouraged the enterprises by whose means the vast regions waiting for settlement could be rendered accessible. And when these latter had been constructed or sufficiently advanced further grants were suspended, and the immense remaining domains reserved for the use and benefit of the people at large.

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"STOP MY PAPER."—A week or two ago, a man who did not like something the *News* said about him, told one of the carriers with a great deal of bluster to stop his paper. The same individual is said to borrow one every morning. It rarely happens that anybody connected with a newspaper office, except the carrier, knows whether any particular person subscribes for or stops the paper, and yet these people who put on an air of assumed indignation, and imperiously address some carriers who probably never read the articles that gave offense, seem to think that they are doing something that will bankrupt the institution. In reality, they only occasion the carriers a loss of a few cents, directly, and indirectly they benefit him, for whatever makes a man mad enough to give a snarling order to discontinue his paper, is quite sure to meet the approval of the public, in whose interest it became necessary to call attention to the conduct of some public individual.—*Oakland News.*

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SLOW STARVATION.—England allows its paupers two shillings and sixpence (62c.) a week to live upon, or rather die upon. A short time since Miss Fanny Edinborough, who has been in receipt of this munificent sum from "the Parish," was found dead in her bed. The testimony taken before the Coroner's Jury showed that she had died from slow starvation. For months she had not eaten any meat; bread and tea was all she hoped for, and a very little of these. No food was found in her stomach after death, and the facts were that she died of slow starvation. One of the jurymen on the "crowner's quest" said it was "a disgrace to England that people should be allowed to die of slow starvation on 2s. 6d. per week." We think so, too. Such cases tend to lessen the charms of "Merrie England," and make us think that her multitude of sins will not be covered by charity.

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In France the ladies go hunting. A correspondent in Paris writes: There were a few ladies at the Mound Parnassus terminus in fantastic sporting garments. They wore soft felt hats, with tufts of cock's feathers, short brown linen dresses, faced with red, strong, hob-nailed boots fitting very neatly, and brown gaiters. At the country seats of the Legitimist noble ladies often go a-field with the gentlemen to shoot partridges. French women never look so bewitching as in semi-masculine garments.

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WORK OF THE HEART.—A man's total outward work, his whole effect upon the world in twenty-four hours, has been reckoned about 350 foot-tons. That may be taken as a good "hard day's work." During the same the heart has been working at the rate of 120 foot-tons. That is to say, if all the pulses of a day and night could be concentrated and wielded into one great throb, it would be enough to throw a ton of iron 120 feet into the air; and yet the heart is never weary.

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Two neighbors, living in Westchester county, New York, had a long and envenomed litigation about a small spring, which both claimed. The judge, wearied out with the case, at last said: "What is the use of making so much fuss about a little water?" "Your honor will see the use of it," replied one of the lawyers, "when I inform you that the parties are both milkmen!" The roar of laughter which followed proved that the entire audience saw the point.

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"There's no use talking, I'm going to get married," said a bachelor acquaintance the other day, while busily engaged in sewing. "Here I worked just twenty minutes by the watch trying to get this needle threaded, and then just as I succeeded I pulled the thread out. Finally I got it threaded again, and now, after sewing this button on good and strong, I find I've got it on the wrong side, and now I have my work all to do over again."

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THE PHANTOM TRAIN.—A writer in the Albany (N. Y.) *Evening Times* relates a conversation with a superstitious night watchman on the New York Central Railroad.—Said the watchman: "I believe in spirits and ghosts. I know such things exist. If you will come up in April I will convince you." He then told of the phantom train that every year comes up the road with the body of Abraham Lincoln. Regularly in the month of April, about midnight, the air on the track becomes very keen and cutting. On either side it is warm and still. Every watchman, when he feels this air, steps off the track and sits down to watch. Soon after the pilot engine, with long black streamers, and a band with black instruments, playing dirges, grinning skeletons sitting all about, will pass up noiselessly, and the very air grows black. If it is moonlight, clouds always come over the moon, and the music seems to linger, as if frozen with horror. A few moments after and the train glides by. Flags and streamers hang about. The track ahead seems covered with a black carpet, and the wheels are draped with the same. The coffin of the murdered Lincoln is seen lying on the center of a car, and all about it in the air and the train behind are vast numbers of blue-coated men, some with coffins on their backs, others leaning on them.

It seems, that all the vast armies of men that died during the war are escorting the phantom train of the President. The wind, if blowing, dies away at once, and over all the air a solemn hush, almost stifling, prevails. If a train were passing, its noise would be drowned in the silence, and the phantom train would ride over it. Clocks and watches always stop, and when looked at are found to be from five to eight minutes behind. Everywhere on the road, about the 27th of April, the time of watches and trains is found suddenly behind. "This," said the leading watchman, "was from the passage of the phantom train."

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On a recent train bound for Texas, was a sick lady with a little boy aged about seven years. The little boy, while walking about the car, during the evening, fell off. This was not known to the mother until the train had gone two miles. She then begged the conductor to back the train, or to stop it and let her off. He refused to do either, and, in spite of her tears and entreaties, carried her to the next station, where she was compelled to stay over night, and wait for the up train. On returning, she found her boy lying upon the embankment, where he had climbed, with his head resting among the grass and wild flowers. The poor little fellow was dead, having been exposed to the terrific thunder storm and drenching rain of the night.

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Mrs. Sarah M. T. Hunter of Norwalk, Conn., enjoys the distinction of being the first woman in the State to be admitted to the rights of an Elector. On Saturday Mrs. Hunter entered her application to be made a voter, after the approved method, and was successful.

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