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The White Slave.

[A London newspaper says that the master tailors pay only fifteen pence, or thirty cents, for making a coat, and then the poor seamstresses have to find their own thread.]

SONORA HEWITT.

BY MRS. SUSIE WITHERELL.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

"My children, the tale which I am about to relate is one of my own life, and a true story. "I was born in Westmoreland, Virginia, and consequently have the honor of boasting of the same State for my birth-place as the father of our country."

The New Northwest.

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Women and Slang.

There is a lengthy article in the Saturday Review, comparing the women of England and those of other nations, which promises to attract no little attention. In the latter half of English existence of a state of affairs in good English society that has no parallel here, simply because our best society is at once neither so good or so bad. There was a time, and within the memory of those who read this, when the English patrician girl was the very type of modesty and sweetness, compared with whom the French girl was a forward, subtle "thing"; but according to the writer referred to, all that has been changed, and a comparison of the two ladies redounds to the disadvantage of the fair young Briton. Slang, it seems, is at the bottom of it. For the last ten years the latter half of English patrician society seems to have been gradually caulked by the introduction of slang phrases. According to the Saturday Review, the ladies of England are breaking up into straggles and stragglings, adopting the usual, explosive, and vulgarisms of the streets. This is a sufficiently startling assertion, but the writer evidently knows whereof he speaks, and gives some fearful examples. It is the characteristic of the publication referred to that it is prescriptively entitled to speak for and of the higher classes of English society. Among that society its circulation is almost universal, and some plain inference is that no significant statements would appear in its columns whose falsity could be speedily exposed. That English society, therefore, has become vitiated by the prevalence of fashionable slang may be accepted as a fact. Unfortunately this slang appears to be of the worst description. The writer even goes so far as to charge the English ladies with "venturing into the region of blasphemy and obscenity, which clearly indicates that slang is allied to irreverence, and that its effects may not be expected to stop at the mere corruption of speech. American society, too, it is feared, if weighed in the balance, will be found by no means free from this social vice upon good breeding. Slang, in one form or another, is almost universal here, but we are happy to be able to add that a stranger to the honor. At all events, if American women—certainly if Southern women—use slang at all, it is innocuous slang, and widely separated from the sort to which the writer refers. The worst that they are guilty of, and it is not a trivial fault, is the assumption of nicknames, which has changed all our Marys and Sarahs and Harriets and Lucys, and has added away with me of most interest to the outside world, is that one woman, by her absolute fitness for her calling, has proved that woman's place is as much in the pulpit as in the parlor. We are human souls, and let us do each our work to which God calls us, whether it be with pen or poet, or broom of housewife.

A Lady Preacher.

I went last Saturday to Brooklyn, to pass Sunday with Rev. Celia Burleigh, the pastor of the single Unitarian church which Connecticut affords. It is an old but comfortable building, this church in which her little flock gather together. They are few in number, but are people of unostentatious refinement, and more real culture than many a city congregation can boast. They are quite able to appreciate the fine discourse which their clergywoman gave them yesterday morning. Her text was from Revelations, that suggestive text which says: "The sea shall give up its dead." Mrs. Burleigh dwelt briefly, but most vividly, on what would be the fulfillment of this passage, according to the old, literal interpretation. What a sight it would be to witness, if the dead, small and great, whom the sea had entombed, should rise bodily. If limbs frozen for ages among Polar ice should melt again into human warmth—if the old Norseman should rise from the waves that had hidden in triumph—if the captains of sunken navies, the crews of wrecks, should come to life—if the awful secrets of crime and wrong which the sea holds were to float up to sight, and confront a world's witness—would it not be a solemn and awful scene truly, but those who have ceased to regard the Scripture's letter, and who reject the old notion of the resurrection of the body, would not yield up its horror and dishonor, the madness and mystery of life?

Medical College for Women.

New York now offers all the manifold advantages of a medical advantage for women, free of expense; such an opportunity as is not offered elsewhere on the continent. The first regular winter session of the College proved a perfect success, and the second regular session commences on Tuesday, Oct. 15th, to continue twenty weeks. Surgical and medical clinics will be given during the whole session. Patients are prescribed in presence of the class. Obstetrical cases are assigned to advanced students, the regular Professor being within call in all abnormal cases. A room for practical anatomy will be open during the session, New York supplying abundant material for dissection. The conditions on which diplomas are awarded are plain and reasonable, attendance on two full courses of lectures being required, the latter at this college. Candidates must likewise have studied medicine three years under the direction of a regular graduated physician, including attendance upon lectures, and also have attained the age of twenty-one years. They are expected to write a thesis on some subject connected with the science of medicine. This College is located at No. 225 East Fifty-third street, where applications may be made after Oct. 8th. We rejoice at the success of a project that opens a new career for women in the field where she is most needed.

THE LACE GITS OF NOTTINGHAM.

Every lace machine employing two men requires 20 to 30 women, who spin the silk or cotton first, and to dress, finish, silk and scopol, and card or fold, and pack up the goods at last. The above is a moderate estimate of the proportion of girls required, especially the warehouse "pattern girls," who make up pattern books, and post up and prepare, ticket and number little packets of patterns to go abroad, and who therefore must have some education, or at least write fairly, get about £1 a week. From 3 or 4 to 40 or 40 of these smart girls are employed in each warehouse. They must be dressed well, and sometimes rather smartly, because they are to be seen in and out the sale rooms, and seen by the buyers. "Jennies," who wind the lace on the cards, get about £1 a week, and finishers generally £2 to £1, 6s. These are "warehouse girls," and though they do not get, on an average, higher wages—if so much—for a clever frame clipper, or winder, in a factory can earn from 18 to 25 shillings a week. "Dressing" is dirty work, done in intensely hot rooms, in enormously large buildings, but the girls wages are very high. This immense demand for female labor the town, of course, cannot supply. The work is so lucrative and so light and agreeable, especially the warehouse work, that young girls are attracted from all the towns and villages around, and even from a considerable distance. These girls live, remote from their friends, in lodgings, sometimes one or two in a room, and rent a house, and live together.

THE WESTERN JOKE.

The Pacific Transcript tells this joke on one of the depositions of that place. Two gentlemen recently went across the river, several miles, hunting snipe. One of them understood the business; the other did not, having only "heard tell of it" and dreamed about it. The man who was posted told the other that he must take a bag, hold its mouth open, and stand quietly until the birds flew into the bag, as they surely would do. So the uninitiated chap took his post to wait for the country of the birds, while the other went into the woods to search them towards the man with the bag. Instead of attempting to scare up any birds he walked leisurely back to the city and went to bed. The uninitiated individual came back about one o'clock at night, complaining that he had not caught a bird, and that his companion in hunting had been lost. When the story came out snipe was mad, but had to treat, nevertheless.

ANTE-NATAL MURDER.

Rev. Dr. Hatfield, a Methodist Episcopal minister of Cincinnati, is creating a sensation by calling attention to the alarming prevalence of criminal abortion among American women. He calls upon the ministers to look the evil squarely in the face and confer together for the best means to check the evil and save American society and American life from destruction. Now, we call brother Hatfield's work a step in the right direction. If mothers only knew the natural consequences of abortion, as they are felt by their helpless victims when ushered into immortal life before being clothed with a well developed mortality, they would stop awe-struck before committing the awful act, and their own harrowing dread of the pains and cares of maternity would bealways borne, rather than that their unwelcome children should

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